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THE CASKET.

\$1 Per Annum.

A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

\$1 Per Annum.

Fifty-eighth Year

Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Thursday, December 29, 1910.

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THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29.

The SS. "Mauretania" has reduced the single trip record across the Atlantic to 4 days and 20 hours; and the return trip record to 12 days. This is a wonderful performance; and, in view of the new developments, and pending developments of motor-engines and air-ships, the idea suggests itself that the "Mauretania" may have achieved the last great ocean record of steam. It is possible.

The special number of The Worcester Catholic Messenger, devoted to the County and City of Worcester deserves special notice; and is a credit to our active and excellent contemporary. Comparing our Catholic exchanges to-day with the same papers and others of ten years ago, we find, in the greater number of them, a very considerable improvement, in both matter and appearance. Knowing ourselves how arduous is the struggle in newspaper life, we offer our hearty congratulations; and we wish all our contemporaries a happy and prosperous New Year.

The London Times quotes The Major Boat as saying that motor engines for a battleship of the Dreadnought class are now being built in England, but not for an English ship; "the first motor-driven Dreadnought will be owned by France." There are two great changes indicated here, the opening of a new and vast field for motor-engines, and the great change in English habits of thought which makes it possible for France to have machinery destined for such a purpose manufactured in the stronghold of her ancient enemy.

Pere A. Brou, writing in the Etudes, Paris, gives some facts respecting the present position of Catholic missions. The provinces of China served by the Lazarists number 280,000 Christians, whereas fifteen years ago there were only 100,000. Within the past three years nearly 80,000 natives have been baptized—in 1907-08, 32,000, in 1909 more than 26,000. In the province of Kiang-Nan, the number of baptisms increased by 10,000 in 1909. For the whole of China, the Church had an increase of 68,000 last year. In Madagascar, despite persecution of the missionaries said to have been dictated from Paris, the number of Catholics has risen from 100,000 in 1900 to 180,000 in 1909. In Batavia, there are 60,000 Catholics, 30,000 of whom are natives. In the mission of Geylin, the number has risen from 117,000 25 years ago, to 220,000 now. In 51 years 150,000 converts have been won in the diocese of Calcutta, in India.

A Pittsburg girl was ordered to an hospital for an operation for appendicitis. She signified the occasion by giving a party in the evening, before she went to the hospital. The party, we are told was a great success, "most of the highest social set," in which she moves, attending. The operation, also, was a success, though it at one time threatened not to be. The other day the papers told us of a young woman going into the clergyman's presence to be married, leading a pair of dogs, ornamented with ribbons. We were told also that the dogs howled; apparently noising, what the lady had not, some notion that they were out of place. The vagaries of the idle and foolish rich mark a stage in American social change, which can hardly be said to be the change of progress. No wonder that earnest men are calling aloud for a return to elementary Christian principles.

Pope Pius X. has, on so many occasions, spoken with all the force of expression which is in so high a degree, the value and importance of the press, and the necessity of supporting it. The following are the following words:

lated a new story of Pope Pius at a Y. M. C. meeting in San Francisco to illustrate the point of his remarks on the value of the Catholic press. In Venice, he said, the former home of Pius X., is to be seen a model little building over the entry of which is a brass plate, bearing this inscription: "The greatest work of Pope Pius X." That inscription was placed there by the Pontiff's order. What is the "greatest work" of Pius X.? A Catholic newspaper office founded by the Holy Father. When he came to Venice he saw the great need of a worthy Catholic paper, and he lost little time in establishing one. He himself went about canvassing advertisers; he wrote for the paper, spending many a busy hour in the printing office; he exhorted pastors and people to support and read the paper—in short, he made the paper a success. And this he has stamped as "the greatest work" of his life.

An esteemed contemporary deals as follows with some contradictions which have amused us of late. And it is another case of "I'll lick Maria anyhow":

To find fault with the Pope comes easy to many minds. It used to be cause for complaint that the Pope was said to be a puppet in the hands of the Cardinals. Now that he is showing to all the world that he himself is in very truth, and no one else, ruling the Church, some of our Protestant contemporaries are absolute because (they say) he is too weak—he is not ruling according to the constitution of the Church! It is well for the Church and the world that our Holy Father is not trying to please non-Catholic editors.

Some other critic recently said that the Jesuits controlled the Pope. Still another said that the Jesuits were looked upon at Rome with grave suspicion and concern as being rivals of the Papacy for supremacy. Well let them get their views settled in some way on the question, and not swing all round the compass.

1910-1911.

In a few hours, the old year will have taken its place with all the years that make up that mighty space in the world's life which we call the past; and we shall have entered upon a new year. That it may be a happy new year for all our readers, is our earnest wish; and we do not use the phrase lightly or carelessly; for we wish them more than merriment or superficial pleasure.

"The year that's a'wa'" has brought some changes and events that will cause it to be long remembered by nations, peoples, and communities. In this Empire, we have had a change of sovereigns, losing one whose intentions were good, and whose acts were equal to his intentions; receiving, in his stead, one who gives much promise of being a worthy and progressive King. The Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has been shaken by an agitation which aims at radical changes in the ancient constitution by an extensive alteration of the powers of the House of Lords; an agitation which goes further than that, and proposes changes which will eventually, in all probability, largely destroy the social and political power of that ancient order by forcing, in a constitutional and gradual manner, the great landlords to dispose of their vast holdings of land. The time must come, in England, when the land will be possessed much more equally by its people; and the successful inauguration of an agitation looking to that result, justifies the long, long, struggle that Ireland has made for many generations towards a similar end. The principles which have acted and a score of others fought for and at last been adopted in England itself; and it is merely a question of time now—and not a long time—when these principles will be worked out to their logical conclusions.

It is very fitting and just that Ireland, which suffered most from what we may call "unrestricted landlordism," should be now—as apparently she is—about to benefit largely, through the turning of the minds of Englishmen against that system, and their tardy recognition of the fact that the system under which single individuals hold immense areas of land in an over-crowded country has become beyond endurance; and that when any artificial system becomes untenable, it must be changed, but changed in an orderly and peaceful manner.

The British people have acted admirably. There have been two general elections within a year, with these great and burning questions in the forefront; yet, no serious disturbances have occurred; peace has prevailed, making due allowance for ordinary election excitement; and the nation has merely affirmed and reaffirmed, quietly, its determination that the old order of things shall be changed.

In the United States, an important change has occurred in political sentiment, produced largely, as it is believed, by the increased cost of living.—a complicated problem, the factor in which are not all in the power of legislators to control, though some of them are. It is significant that prices of foodstuffs have shown a tendency to come down in that country, since the November elections; but what elections can affect that very important factor in the problem—the constantly growing habit of buying and having many things that are needed; the habit of living up to every new increase in the annual or monthly income; the great neglect of saving, of putting anything by "for a rainy day." This is a factor in the problem; and its worst effect is that it plays into the hands of the combines and of corporate greed, until the two together, with other forces, produce high prices and an increased cost of living.

Turning to Europe, we have seen an able and conscienceless band of political pirates continue the old endeavours to destroy the power of religion, in order that they may set up the republic of "nature," and of "reason," and we have seen the people remain helpless, just as the people of the greatest cities in North America have remained helpless whilst their business and their happiness were injured by men whom they despised, but for whom they were no match at the game of politics.

In Spain, we have seen the first movements of a similar campaign, checked for the time by popular protests, and perhaps, by the premature explosion in Portugal.

In Portugal we have seen that, as days are not yet come when a handful of conspirators can not seize the machinery of government. We have seen, not progress, but a reversion to the practices of the French Revolution; soldiers hustling, beating, and insulting helpless women, aged and unworried men, who know better how to console and save the sinner and the sick, than how to resist organized conspiracies. Here, the 20th century shows us, that the Church of God is still the same; as in the 16th and 18th centuries; for, were she not, how could it be that the attacks upon her could be made by men of the same evil character, accompanied by the same blasphemous denials of God, and concentrated in similar brutal and unmanly assaults on her religious leaders; murder, murder and confiscation. An excellent test of whether the Church has been faithful, is this—who assails her? The irreligious schemers of the 18th century assailed her; the French Revolutionists massacred her priests, and stole her property. History has given them their true place. Their successors in Portugal, Spain and France are worthy of them; but have in no way altered, or improved upon, their methods.

In Canada, we have seen our great west filling up and our Dominion rapidly increasing in importance in the eyes of the world. We have seen the beginnings of the policy and system of defence, which marks our growth and is a sign of that growth; a policy which will unquestionably deeply affect our future, and possibly the future of the Empire.

This being a political question, in some of its aspects, we comment no further upon it.

In the Eucharistic Congress, of September, we have had in Canada, one of the greatest religious demonstrations ever witnessed in the world; and we hope for great benefits to the Church and to religion therefrom, by reason of the increased devotion to the Blessed Eucharist which it is the great object of these congresses to promote.

In Nova Scotia, Governor Fraser, who represented the King, in this Province, and who was much beloved by our citizens, passed away within the year. Coming home to our own diocese, we have sustained a loss, which, while it could not in any case, have been much longer averted, is one of the most severe that could possibly have befallen, in the death of our beloved bishop, who was, indeed, a pillar of strength to the Church in Canada. Gone to his reward, his memory will be green for many a long year to come; and his career an inspiration to the priesthood of this diocese.

Looking hopefully ahead, we could wish that the occurrences of 1911 might all be pleasant and happy ones; but that is not the way of the world. Yet, standing at its threshold, we heartily and sincerely wish to all our readers, and to all men, a happy New Year.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

In a series of lectures at the Church of England Institute at Halifax, reported in Church Work and the daily press, we find the expression of a curious theory which seems to be in a fair way to become popular in the Anglican Church. They have, for some time past, felt the urgent necessity of being rid of Henry VIII. The public archives of England, however, show that Henry was by his own proclamation and by act of Parliament, made Supreme Head of the Church in England, with a deciding power, and a veto in matters of faith and religion, and full appointing power in the filling of the bishoprics. The state papers show that he made Thomas Cromwell his "Vicar-General." Cromwell was a layman, and a wicked and unscrupulous layman at that; but he presided in Convocation, and took precedence of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and Henry, at his head off, which was a somewhat heady way for the head of a church to dispose of his Vicar-General; but a very fitting way to deal with the arch-robber of the monasteries, Thomas Cromwell. This truly religious and pious "Head of the Church," and his equally pious and holy "Vicar-General" had the invaluable assistance of that other saintly man, Cranmer, whose record and character, as given by the anti-Catholic Lord Macaulay, we published in a recent issue of this paper. Cromwell died before Henry; but Cranmer lived longer, and would have lived much longer than he did, had his six recantations, particulars of which are furnished by Dr. James Gardiner, a Protestant historian, availed to avert his fate. But he was an undoubted traitor. As Macaulay relates, he was up to his ears in the open treason of making Lady Jane Grey Queen; and she was, in fact, Queen for nine days, so far as Cranmer and his fellow-traitors could make her Queen.

Henry was succeeded by Edward Sixth, a boy of ten years; and he was "Head of the Church," at the age of ten. His functions, however, were discharged by a Council; and under this Council the work of plunder and destruction went on. Henry himself, at the height of the pillage of the monasteries, when in one of his rages one day, said, swearing an oath,—"My whole kingdom would not staunch their maws." The estates of the monasteries had been divided between Henry and his leading "converts." Plunder, greed, rapacity, were the main springs of the "Reformation" in Henry's day; and the same influences continued under the "Protectors" of Edward VII. Being a child, his Council had the power; and that power drifted into the hands of one man after another, called "The Protector." When Somerset was "Protector," and was the de facto "Head of the Church," he pulled down half a dozen churches in London; and on their ruins he built for himself Somerset House, which is there to this day. And it would have been most remarkable if he had not done so. Nearly all the politicians of his time were in the plunder up to their necks. In those days were laid the foundations of many hundreds of those splendid estates which have kept the people of rural England in social serfdom from that day to this. Moreover, the new order of landed proprietors which then arose, collected higher rents than had ever been paid to the abbots and the priors; and they did not spend those rents in the countries where they were collected. The monasteries were the free hospitals, the free schools, the free dispensers of poor relief, the bankers and the custodians of the public records. They were most easy and indulgent landlords. Without a trial, without being faced not even in one instance,—with a witness, or an accusation, their lands and savings were confiscated; robbed, to use the right word; and given out, not to the people, but to favored courtiers, politicians and panderers to the vices of the court. While destroying thus the old order of things, no provision was made for doing any part of the works of charity and mercy which the monks had done. No hospitals were established; no free schools were instituted. All the most ancient colleges of England were founded under the old regime, by the application of Church revenues. Those revenues now supplied a Henry with the means of indulging his vices, or enabled a Somerset to build a huge mansion. Nearly every one of the public evils which have, since those days, confounded the statesmanship of England is traceable, directly and unmistakably, to the wanton destruction of the only social power which could stand between pri-

vate greed and individual poverty, between the avaricious land-grabber and those who were not well qualified by nature for success in the affairs of life. The Monasteries of England, and the Catholic Church in England, stood there, a neutral and impartial institution, between the two classes who were at loggerheads then as they are to-day. Was a private land-owner disposed to ask unfair rents for his land? The abbot of the neighbouring monastery had land to let, and, also, he had a conscience and the intention of saving his soul.

Now, let us say, right here, that all the foregoing statements are made by us upon the authority of Protestant historians. We have not space for particulars, just now; but if any man challenges any single statement we have made, we shall quote to him Protestant authority, book and page, for everything we have said.

Well, it is no wonder that modern Anglicans have given up all attempts to defend these persons and their acts. Nothing more could reasonably be required for the condemnation of the "Reformation" in England than a list of the Acts of Parliament, 100 in number, passed during the "Reformation period," with a brief note of the legal effect of each. Someday we may set such a list before our readers—that is to say, if the Anglican clergymen of this Province continue to announce such theories as have recently been announced in the Church of England Institute at Halifax. They have felt the urgent necessity of being rid of that unsightly bunch of sinners, Henry, Thomas Cromwell, Cranmer, Somerset, Elizabeth, Burleigh and Walsingham. Therefore, they have conceived the simple, yet extraordinary, plan of ignoring them. There is a sect we understand, the members of which reason thus: "You say you have a cold; your nose and eyes give the symptoms usually giving rise to such a belief; a rasping sound issues from your throat, which is commonly posed to indicate inflammation; yet, all this is superficial and unreal; take thought; believe firmly that they are not real; that nothing is wrong; and, presently, you will find, to your great delight, that your 'belief of a cold' has departed."

Some similar mental process seems to have been passed through by the reverend lecturers at Halifax. Bishop Burnet goes overboard. He said that some such man as Henry VIII was necessary, in order to bring about the "Reformation." The Church of England, as it is to-day in England, is, it should seem, not descended from the religious changes of the 16th century. It is descended from the Church of St. Augustine's times; and that Church, we are coolly told, was not "subject to a foreign yoke," by which it is meant that the Catholics of England were not in the same relations with the Holy See of Rome in St. Augustine's time as they were in later times; and that "Rome" conquered them later, and brought them into subjection. We are, then, to contemplate, if you please, a Church in England, in the days of St. Augustine, which was different from the Catholic Church as we know it to-day, and also different from the Catholic Church which Henry VIII, Cranmer, Cromwell and Somerset chased out of England, and it is to this ancient Church known in England but for a short time, and which had fallen into subjection to "Rome" before the time of Henry VIII, that the Anglicans of to-day trace their descent; and it is that "Church of England" that we have in Nova Scotia to-day, whose ministers are now lecturing at Halifax. This Church, we are asked to believe, is similar to the Church that was in England in St. Augustine's time; but different from all others;—different from the Catholic Church as Henry VIII knew her in his youth; different from the Church which came into existence by the efforts of the worthies we have named, and their hundred Acts of Parliament; different from the Catholic Church of to-day; and this Church is here in Nova Scotia. How did she get here? How did she overleap the centuries, to alight unharmed in this 20th century? Was it a case of suspended animation? We commend the suggestion to the earnest attention of our Anglican friends; for it offers, we think, the further theory which is the necessary complement of their main theory. This Church of St. Augustine, which is not to be identified with the Catholic Church, nor yet with the "Reformed" Church which was the product of the exertions of the aforesaid worthies, must have been concealed somewhere, or resting in a comatose state for two hundred years at least. It certainly could not have

held up its head, in Henry's time, unless it was prepared to let him take new wives as readily as men trade horses; and we hardly think that the religious principles of St. Augustine were so easy and lax. Nor would the Church of St. Augustine have fared better in the time of Somerset, nor in the time of Elizabeth; for Somerset would have plundered any Church if the ruins of her property would help him to build his palace; and Elizabeth was a woman and "Supreme Head of the Church," and it seems to us that St. Augustine neglected to provide for a female "Head of the Church." In fact, St. Augustine's grave was desecrated by the agents of the "reforming" rulers,—and that did not show any very tender regard for his memory or for his Church.

And yet, if the Church of St. Augustine is the Anglican Church of to-day, our Anglican friends are, we must suppose, ready to tell us how she escaped the dangers and trials of two centuries, to reappear pure, free and glorious in this 20th century. Was it suspended animation?

CONSPIRACIES AGAINST RELIGION

XIX.

Senator Ross, in his letter published by us on December 15th, says: "The writer has been a Master-Mason for 67 years, and has passed through all its stages, as grand secretary and grand master, has attended the meeting of our lodge with much regularity, and we never heard an expression uttered that could not be said at a prayer meeting. Do you really believe that I would continue to belong to the Order if there was anything in it that reflected on your church?"

We do not know how much Masonic learning we should expect a man to have, who has passed through the Masonic career indicated by the worthy Senator; but we do know the standing of certain eminent Masons who have made Masonic literature in the old world and the new. We have quoted largely from some of them, notably from Sovereign Grand Commander Albert Pike; and yet, it seems, we have not succeeded in giving General Pike his true place in Masonry; and we hasten now to do so. Here are some further testimonies to his standing in the Order: "The world-renowned Brother Pike is generally admitted as the best authority on the Masonic jurisprudence in America."

Norton, reported in The Freemason's Chronicle, 1888, II, 179. We may explain that this journal, publication of which commenced in London in 1875, and which reproduces the best Masonic articles published in America, offers a good general survey of Anglo-American Masonry. Gould, whose History of Freemasonry is of high repute in the Order, says that the Chronicle is "a first-class Masonic newspaper."

"The greatest Masonic scholar and writer of the 19th century, whose name has been a household word wherever Masonry is known," Grand Orator Robert, Indian Territory, reported in The Freemason's Chronicle, 1893, I, 25. "Rogard as the foremost figure in the Freemasonry of the world," The New Age, 1909, II, 456. "The greatest Freemasonry of the 19th century," "The prophet of Freemasonry," The New Age, 1910, I, 22.

"His great work—his Magnum Opus—as he called it, was the Scottish Rite Rituals, as they were revised and spiritualized by him," The New Age, 1910, I, 54. "The Supreme General of the Order," The Handbuch, 2nd edition, 1879, IX., 138. "The uncrowned king of the High Degrees," Findel (German Masonic historian) Banthuck, 1891, 126.

Such was the Masonic standing of Albert Pike. Have we done any injustice to Masonry, in taking him for a guide in explaining its doctrines and its teachings? If we have, then the order must blame Albert Pike, not us. He does not, however, seem to have been blamed. On the contrary, he seems to have been very highly praised and honored. Yorker, a well-known English Mason, said:

"The late A. Pike . . . was undoubtedly a Masonic Pope, who kept in leading strings all the Supreme Councils of the world, including the Supreme Councils of England, Ireland and Scotland." His book, *Morals and Dogma of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry*, from which we have quoted so much in these articles, is highly recommended to all Masons searching for serious and sure information, by the celebrated Masonic scholars, Temple (Brussels) and Speth, the late secretary of the learned Quatuor-Corona Lodge at London. (Freemason's Chronicle, 1883, I, 389.) The Bulletin of the Supreme Council of Belgium, 1888, 211, said that his

Elections and Ethics.

No one, we suppose, will affirm that a General Election is calculated to display human nature in any of its more lofty or more edifying moods. A great national calamity—such as the death of King Edward—does chasten the national mood and lift it to higher levels of thought and emotion. It makes the whole nation kin, and fuses it in an unwonted harmony of good will and fellow feeling. But a General Election—oh! what a falling off is there! The great assize of the nation takes on the guise of a welter of animosity, turbulence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation. We tolerate declamation which at any other time raise our gorge, — though, to be sure, there are signs here and there that our gorge is not always easy to raise even on occasions which offer less excuse. We allow ourselves to be flooded with "posters" which inflame the passions of the populace without even attempting to refine the popular taste or to appeal to a legitimate sense of humour. Every man of delicate ethical sensibility must leave much of his ethics and all his sensibility at home before he can descend with any hope of success into the turbid and turbulent arena of a contested election. He must deal exclusively in "downright affirmations and burly negations," as Lord Morley once said, and eschew, at any rate for the nonce, all those fine distinctions and legitimate reservations which in any other controversy he would deem essential to the adequate presentation of his views. He must see no merit or sense in his opponent's views, and no flaw of any kind in his own. He must canvass from house to house, kiss babies and flatter mothers, and all for the sake of cozening a vote out of a man who, if his political opinions were worth anything, would give his vote without fear or favour, without fawning and flattering, for the side which enjoys his political sympathy and support.

Is all this necessary, is it decent, is it even tolerable to any right-minded politician, whatever his political complexion may be? Let us act as if we really believed the voter to be what we pretended to think him—namely, an intelligent citizen who has his opinion, no matter what, on the political issues referred to his decision, and is prepared to record his opinion in the ballot-box. Surely it is enough for the candidate to let the electors know what his political sentiments are, and to defend them to the best of his ability on the platform. We would not curtail the elementary right of free speech in the least. On the contrary, we would encourage it. Every candidate should seize every opportunity of addressing the electors from the platform. What we would discourage is the absurd, antiquated, and degrading custom of personal canvassing—degrading as like to the canvasser and to the canvasee. The electors can put a stop to it if they choose by resenting the house-to-house visitings and the hole-and-corner persuasions which often differ little, if at all, from covert and even open intimidation. But it needs the co-operation of candidates themselves to get rid of it once for all.

Why should not candidates cooperate in this very laudable enterprise? They would lose votes, it may be said. But the loss of votes on one side might well be expected to balance that on the other; and though the total poll might be smaller, its moral effect would be greater, because it would be purged of the votes of those who care so little for the political issues referred to their decision that they will not vote at all, unless their self-importance has been flattered and cajoled by being asked to do so. We very much doubt, however, if the total poll would, in the long run, be smaller; and whether it were or no, it would certainly be purer of extraneous and irrelevant considerations and of influences which are rarely legitimate and sometimes sinful. We would speak in the same sense of the party leaves and posters with which it is now the fashion to flood the consciousness during a contest election. These are in large measure, the mere superstitions and idols of the Tapers and Tadpoles of politics. They are always one-sided, nearly always misleading, and only too often positively mendacious. They never convince a man of sense; we doubt if they ever win a vote by any means of persuasion that can be regarded as legitimate, and for the most part they do nothing but lower the tone of an election. Finally, we would ask if some general understanding could not, with advantage, be come to between candidates and election agents with regard to the common use by both sides of crutches, and especially of motor-cars, lent for the purpose of conveying voters to the poll. This would make it well beside the advantage of the side, whichever it may be, which is supported by the less wealthy classes of the community. We are by no means sure that it would; for even if a motor-car takes a voter to the poll, it cannot make him vote for its own sake when it gets there, and there is a piquancy which appeals to the humor of many a voter when riding to the poll in a motor-car which represents the opposite side. But even if the common use of motor-cars did make, in some degree, for the side which can borrow fewer motor-cars than the other, it remains, nevertheless, a question whether it is altogether wise, in a democratic age, for wealth thus to advertise its party propensities in times of public excitement. Be this as it may, we cannot but hope that the good sense, good taste, and good feeling of the country may tend more and more to the discouragement of the more ignoble and degrading features of a contested election, and lead in time to their final disappearance.—The Tablet.

The Evils of Bad Reading.

"An enemy speaketh sweetly with his lips; but in his heart he lieth in wait to throw thee into a pit."—Ecclesiast. xii; 15. Forest fires—we have oftentimes read of them, and we may perhaps have said, "Oh, how dreadful," but it is only those who have seen the black, parched earth, the cracked, roofless walls of the home-steads, and the

sodden misery of brave men and virtuous women who have lost a home and the earnings and savings of a lifetime, it is only these, I say, who can form some little notion of what a fire fiend is.

Cholera strikes a country, and the brave and the pure, the joyful and the sorrowful, the saint and the sinner, lie festering in a heap with no kind hand to lay them under mother earth.

Contending armies devastate a country, and smoking cities mangled corpses and ruined lives are the outcome of a kingdom or government seeking another little patch of earth to add to their dominions. The forest fires, the cholera and the ravages of war, and these other evils that have blackened the face of mother earth and torn the very heart of humanity, are truly dreadful, but there is in our midst today a plague, the awful consequences of which no human pen can portray, no human voice can tell. I mean the plague of immoral and infidel literature. No country is free from that plague, no age impervious to its attacks. Sound minds in sound bodies are the most priceless treasures these mortal times afford. They are the stay of virtue and of right, they are the strength and joy of the union.

Let us enter one of the many American homes and here is what we find: Seated in an easy chair is a young girl and in her hands is a plague spot in the shape of a sickly trashy novel. We glance at the first page. Yes, it has a hero and a heroine, and sickly love and supper parties and theatres and divorce running through it. The girl's mother is baking or ironing in the kitchen. She calls on her daughter to help her. But the daughter heeds not, she is too much immersed in her hero and heroine. Her mother is only a commonplace woman, and her daughter must rise above the sphere of cooking and baking and ironing.

Ah, there are many beautiful flowers on this earth, many that the sun kisses and lingers over, "that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of them," but so far as the heavens are above the earth is the pure-souled strong-minded, self-respecting girl above the fairest flower that ever bloomed in an Eastern garden. She is, indeed, a heroine. She will be the constant wife, she will be the fond mother, and from her will spring sons and daughters who will proclaim God and bless their country. The reader of the sickly, trashy love stories, reeking with filth, inconstancy and divorce, will be a heroine, a heroine of paint that will stain, of dress that will never be paid for, of a husband that will cast her off as a doll, of a divorce court that will forever mark her as a faithless wife.

We now come to the young man of the American home. I remember to have met a poor simpleton once, who when questioned about his knowledge, replied in a simpleton's vacant way: "O! I know the world and Asia Minor." Let us come to the young man of the many American homes. He has graduated at some high school, and he knows the world and Asia Minor. His father works in a store or in a mine or in some other such position. Our young man is not with him; no, he is engaged at the present time reading a work which has for its object, the thorough explanation of the heavens and the earth, and the writer lays particular stress on these points: "There is no God, no hereafter, no hell." A God, a heaven and a hell were all very well as far as the olden superstitious, know-nothing world of ours was concerned, but modern thought, mind and invention have searched heaven and found God was not there, have searched the Bible and found it spurious, and have searched this earth and found that we eat drink and make merry upon it, live and die and then—oblivion—and our young man reads, and in that book he finds his faith and hope and chivalry, and in that book, too, he finds everlasting death. But that is not all. Soon after he meets a young companion, and after the usual sickly salutation, he says: "Did you read such a book, by such an author?" It's just clever, it's just fine; I'll give it to you. I don't believe in God now, and whisper, I'm never going to church again. My father and mother are just silly to be going there. They may insist upon my going there, you know, but if I go, it will be just to bite my nails and laugh at the preacher. Give us.

"God-fearing men, Tall men sun crowned."

The men in the past plowed the deep and found for us this glorious America, locked up to their God in their hour of trial and struggle. The men who in the past opened up America and made of it a beautiful habitation for the children of distressed nations adored their God when the sun kissed the peaks of the mountains and the shadows fell, and oh! the men who fought and died for her independence carried the name of God upon their lips, and the love of Him in their hearts, and men to-day, the sturdy, virtuous men, whose arms and brains are America's strength, have these words upon their banner: "In God we trust." The gallant hearts and the stout hands of the olden day, and the gallant hearts and the stout hands of this our day, were and are no readers of that vile, immoral, infidel stuff that enervates the brain and enfeebles the body. They had all of them a sound mind in a sound body.

We are still in one of the many American homes in which is the plague spot, and we see there a boy of nine or ten years. A book is in his hands. Surely it is one of his school books, and he is learning his lessons for the morrow. We look over his shoulder and, lo! there is the penny dreadful, with its chapter after chapter on the dark deeds of outlaws, shooting and gambling in saloons, and yes, a touch of sickly love here and there to add more darkness to the already for a young boy's mind. Ah, many a young boy owes the first step in his downward career, which ended in the penitentiary or at the end of the hangman's rope, to the reading of those sheets which make little of life and mock death, to those sheets

which make a base adventurer a hero and a low adventress a heroine. Blighted women of the underworld, unfaithful women of the divorce court, hopeless beings of the penitentiaries, raving maniacs of the asylums, intoxicated victims of the street corners, come forth this morning and let us ask of you all one question. "What was the cause of your now dark and hopeless life?" and in tones of bitterness and despair nine out of every ten will answer, "It was bad reading."

Without God, His truth, His justice and His morality, what are we? We are but straws carried down the dark whirlpools of time to a destruction which is eternal, and anything that tends to blot out God, His truth and morality, is the direst enemy that ever struck at humanity. Bad books do this: they pollute the home, the most hallowed place upon this earth, they vitiate honor and those other fine feelings which make men brave and good and true, and women constant and gentle and loving. They blot God from the human soul, and place there the seven unclean spirits. Bad books, thy darkness is of hell and thy stench arises therefrom. Yes, of bad books we may well repeat the description given by the Holy Ghost, of a deceitful woman: "Her lips are like the honeycomb dropping, and her throat is smoother than oil. But her end is bitter as wormwood and sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down into death, and her steps go in as far as hell."

As nothing is more injurious to the individual and the nation as a filthy press, an immoral book, so nothing is more conducive to their well being as a healthy press, a good book. A good paper and a good book entering a home is like an angel's visit. There is in both of them instruction, there is in both of them lessons which are conducive to a clean upright living and a peaceful, holy dying. We want not the dregs of the divorce court, we want not the sickly loves of those who have never known the beauty, the strength and holiness of love as it springs from God's right hand. We want not the opinions of self-conceited philosophers who fain would tear truth from its eternal pedestal, and give us a tattered fabric built upon a lie. We want not the recital of social sins and social infidelities; no, we want none of these things. Let them all lie hidden in the darkness to which they belong, but, oh, give us the beauty of virtue, the strength of honor, the constancy of love. Give us these, I say, set them down in newspaper and book that the boy may read and be a boy, that the man may read and be a man that the aged may read and, reading, may thank their God that there is still upon this earth simplicity, truth, justice, constancy and virtue. Yes, God's smile lights up the pages of a pure newspaper, God's whisper runs through the pages of a good book.

Fathers and mothers, upon you today devolves a solemn duty; and it is to guard your homes and your little ones against that plague of bad reading which today pervades America. What father in America today is there, who, if he knew an enemy was coming in the stillness of the night to kill his manly boys that lovingly call him father, and those girls the sweetness of whose kiss is more to him than the sweetness of the sunshine, what father is there, I say, who would not stand in the doorway and with all the strength and grace that God gives to a noble man, defend his little ones from the enemy?

A mother's love is stronger than a father's. Christ, the great Master, has likened His love to a mother's. Though His love is infinite, still a mother's love for her children was the comparison He chose to take, from which we infer that after God's love a mother's love comes next. It is so, and being so, the mother gathers her boys and girls into her embrace to shield them from the enemy, to shield them though her heart's blood rushes out hot, warm and loving upon their bodies. Fathers and mothers, the enemy in the shape of bad books is at your doorway, may be inside, the enemy that will not only kill the body of your boy and girl, but their immortal souls, and deprive them forever of the God for whom they were created. Fathers and mothers, stand in your doorways and repel the enemy, and if he is inside rest not, sleep not, until he vanishes from a home, the purity, the faith and the peace of which he is blasting. Catholic fathers and mothers, I know you will do your duty. Duty well performed has God's smile upon it. Duty well performed has the applause of angels and good men. Do your duty to your boys and girls. Keep away from your homes, rich or poor as they may be, immoral literature, and then when the shadows fall and the night winds sing a requiem over your mortal remains, your children will come after you to carry your name bright, pure and unsullied through the fleeting days of this world and home to God.

One more word in conclusion. In every Catholic home there should be two books, the Holy Bible and the Imitation of Christ, and I would ask the mother of the family when the shadows fall over the mountains, and the father, partner of her joys and sorrows, after his day's work and a supper which she has prepared for him with loving hands, sits beside her I would ask her then to take the New Testament and read for her boys and girls and for him the Sermon on the Mount, or part of it, and then on another occasion she will turn to the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul, to the Corinthians, and read for them those inspired passages upon charity, and on all occasions, she will wind up her reading as she takes her husband by the hand, and looking upon her children with a look in which is concentrated all a mother's love and hope, on all occasions, I say, she will wind up with these beautiful words of St. Paul to Timothy: "For even now I am ready to be sacrificed, and the time of my dissolution is at hand; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the Just Judge, will render to me on that day, and not only to me but to those who love His coming."—Catholic Universe—Amen.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29.

CONSPIRACIES AGAINST RELIGION

(Continued from page 1)

circulants (letters) were "true codes of Masonic wisdom."

Now, let us see how, in the opinion of this "uncrowned king of the High Degrees," men may go through a long course in Masonry, and know little, at the end, of the real doctrines and teachings of that system.

"The Masonry of the higher degrees teaches the great truths of intellectual science; but, as to these, even as to the rudiments and first principles, Blue Masonry is absolutely dumb. Its dramas seem intended to teach the remembrance of the body."

"The Adept to understand the meaning of the symbols." *Morals and Dogma*, p. 82.

"The Freemason's Chronicle, 1878, II, 28, says that the great majority of Masons are far from being initiated, and 'are grovelling in Egyptian darkness.' (Italics ours.)

This is not an enviable position for men to be in, particularly when already oath-bound; but, when a man has climbed fairly high in the Order, does he then always know what the whole thing means? Apparently not.

"Brethren high in rank and office, are often unacquainted with the elementary principles of the science." *Oliver, 'Theocratic Philosophy,' 355.*

"Masons may be fifty years Masters of the Chair and yet not learn the secret of the Brotherhood. This secret is, in its own nature, invulnerable for the Mason to whom it has become known, can only have been received from anyone; he has discovered it because he has been in the Lodge, marked, learned and inwardly digested. When he arrives at the discovery he unquestionably keeps it to himself, not communicating it even to his most intimate Brother, because, should this person not have a capability to discover it of himself, he would likewise be wanting in the capability to use it, if he received it verbally. For this reason it will ever remain a secret." *Oliver, Historical Landmarks, I, II, 21; Freemason's Quarterly Review, I, 31; Cassanova in Pagan, 'Rit. 3rd Degree,' 35.*

In a series of articles, which is growing somewhat long, but not longer than the importance of the subject—a live and present-day subject—justifies, we have been following General Grand High Priests, and Sovereign Grand Commanders, 'uncrowned kings' and 'venerable doctors,' 'lodge orators,' journalists and historians, jurists and reviewers and antiquarians—all of the Masonic Order and all high up in Masonry; whilst they told us of 'novices' and 'knife and fork' Masons, 'Parrot Masons' and 'Bright Masons,' and the 'Blue Degrees,' until we have come with Herbert Pike, the 'uncrowned king of the High Degrees' up to, and into, his instructions to the 'Knight Kadosh,' or 30th Degree of Scottish Masonry.

Upon the testimony of eminent Masonic writers, many Masons never get beyond what they laughingly call the 'Knife and Fork Degree' (referring to lodge banquets, etc.); many more never get beyond the stage of 'Parrot Masons' referring to those who have a certain portion of the formulas and other matter by heart and can recite it but do not understand it. Others get to be 'Bright Masons,' by which is meant those who know the ritual, forms and ceremonies well but who are not necessarily 'learned Masons.' 'Multitudes' are in the 'Blue Degrees;' and at these the 'depts' of the High Degrees openly appear for their lack of knowledge. And, finally, we come to the 'High Degrees,' and we take Albert Pike, their 'uncrowned king,' as their representative and exponent. We have been quoting Pike for weeks. Pike attacked Jehovah, by suggesting that He from the Old Testament is that the great secret He said that the God of the Christian world is only some pagan deity under another name. Is that the secret? Jesus Christ was merely a great law-giver, like Confucius and Zoroaster. Is that it? Surely this 'uncrowned king of the High Degrees' discovered the secret!

Applying plain, hard common-sense to this Institution, we are bound to say that, were it not for the mystery, the secrecy, the gradations, degrees, symbols, and all the artificial paraphernalia that goes with it, it would certainly have faded off the face of the earth long years ago. Upon the testimony of its greatest writers, the Masons of the lower degrees never learn anything that could not be learned as well in a common school, and, as to the 'High Degrees,' we are brought at last to face the strange statement that each man must discover 'the Secret of the Brotherhood' for himself. The Masons of Continental Europe and South America have found it for themselves; and they declare it to be, that there is no God; that the human mind is supreme; that the reign of reason is to be brought about by Freemasonry; that Christianity is superstition; hell is a bugbear to frighten children with; and all the saints and martyrs have been fools or frauds.

And, there is so much support for those views in the writings of American Masons that we think Senator Ross might well hesitate, on careful reading, to classify them much higher than he classified the Grand Orient of France. The Masonry of the High Degrees is unquestionably pagan. And it is the Masonry of the High Degrees that must be expected to give the tone to the whole Order. We can readily believe that Senator Ross still retains his faith in God. He has reason to thank God for it. Perhaps he has never studied the works of the 'uncrowned King of the High Degrees.'

But, the great, great pity is, that, though so many Masons never get near the real secrets of Masonry, or its real teachings for such must its secrets be, yet they all take oaths. We shall have something to say about these oaths next week.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Dec. 15th.

It is quite remarkable how even Nonconformist statesmen, who on other occasions are to be found shrieking against our schools, or 'Rome on the Rates' as some of their supporters call it, can be found to give us our due in Election time when so much depends, especially in Ireland, on the Catholic vote. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at a great meeting the other night, pointed out the absurdity of the Ulster lie—that if Home Rule were granted, the Catholics would persecute the Protestants out of existence. He reminded his hearers that in the past there were other persecutions than those by Catholics, and declared the day of religious intolerance had long since passed away. Of course we know by bitter experience in our own affairs, particularly our schools, and by the situation in too many of the Catholic countries abroad that it has not passed away. But it is perfectly true that the Irish Catholics would be far less likely to persecute if in power than Ulster would be if it held the reins of government of the land. Mr. Redmond emphasized this at a meeting on Sunday, when a Protestant candidate was put forward for a largely Catholic district, and the men of Ulster themselves, the decent Protestants amongst them, have signed a manifesto declaring perfect confidence in their Catholic fellow-countrymen, and pointing to the good relations which exist between Catholics and Protestants in all those parts of Ireland where there are no Orangemen to stir up bad feeling. There has been during the past few days a presentation to a departing Protestant Minister in which the local Catholics of Kilmallock were largely represented, and often Protestant Clergymen are to be seen on the platform when tribute is paid to the worth of an Irish Priest. So much for the imputations made against the charity of the Church.

One of the reflections of the 'surprising Election' is the pity of it that Catholics have not such a centre party here, as the Irish Party. For we are informed by Liberal and Tory alike that the call of the Nation to the polling booth has left matters in the same state in which it found them, i.e. with the Irish leader at the head of affairs and able to dictate his own terms. And the centre party which is fighting for Home Rule consists of only some eighty members. Surely the Catholics of Britain and Ireland could muster amongst them, such a number of able men pledged to fight for the rights and privileges of Catholics and for them alone. The North of England is very strong in Catholicity and should be able to return many a Catholic candidate. Of a surety, with Socialism looming ahead and the possible withdrawal of the strength of the Irish Party from the British Parliament the need of such a Party is far more urgent than most Catholics seem to think.

A magnificent act of thanksgiving and reparation to God for the plundered shrines of the past, in one part of the country, has been followed by a terrible sacrilege in another part during this week. Last Thursday, the glorious Church of St. John at Norwich was solemnly opened for public worship. This noble structure which stands in a most commanding position in the chief town of Norfolk has been built by the Duke of Norfolk at a cost of some £250,000. It was commenced many years ago, as a thank-offering for his happy marriage, and for some time service has taken place in the nave. But now the whole edifice is finished and it rivals, so far as any modern work can rival, the grand old Cathedral which stands in the same city and which has been despoiled from the use for which it was created—the Holy Mass. St. John's is the work of G. Gilbert Scott, the son of the great architect upon whom tell some of Sir Gilbert's mantle of talent. Its style is early English, very richly embellished and with a profusion of beautiful carvings. It consists of a central tower, nave of ten bays, chancel and aisles of four bays. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk brought a large house party from their Norwich seat for the occasion, the High Mass being sung by the Bishop of Northampton, while the sermons, morning and evening, were given by a special preacher, the Very Rev. Monsignor Grosch, one of the finest orators of London.

But, alas, only two days after we had contemplated this splendid sacrifice of wealth and skill and care in the service of God, we have to sorrow over an abominable act of sacrilege committed in the capital itself. Last Sunday night burglars broke into the great Cathedral of St. George, Southwark, just across the Thames on the Surrey side of London. After endeavoring in vain to wrench open the door of the Tabernacle, and finding nothing of much value in the offertory box which had recently been cleared, these determined scoundrels made their way over the roof of the Sacristy into the quadrangle which separates the Cathedral from the Bishop's house. Here they tore up a grating and gained access to the cellars. Gaining the Secretary's office they ransacked that, flinging valuable papers in all directions, but the safe resisted them here, and they would have got away with small booty had they not unfortunately made their way to the Bishop's Reception Room. Here stands a crystal case containing many ecclesiastical treasures, and this the thieves demolished. Eight valuable chalices, a large number of signet rings of former Bishops and of ancient sees, and worst of all a collection of sacred relics which of course were seized for the sake of their rich reliquaries were all taken from here. The worth of some of the precious mementoes of the Saints is priceless, but the value of the property taken is estimated at £1,000. The burglars did not even spare a Crimona medal, won by Dr. Butt, the late Bishop of the Diocese, and it is surmised that they may attempt to dispose of the antiques and relics abroad or in the States. This is quite possible, for only a week or two ago, in a London auction room, a small case was offered said to contain a finger bone of St. Calixtus and was knocked down to an unknown bidder for the sum of eight shillings and sixpence! Amongst the relics stolen was an altar stone of the twelfth century set in silver and of course containing relics. Only a few months ago at the very same Cathedral a service of reparation took place for a similar attempt which ended in the Cathedral, however, and in which the Tabernacle door, though nearly wrenched from its hinges had again defied the efforts of the ruffians. The thieves must have displayed some ingenuity in their work and it is strange they were not disturbed, since not only did they first break one of the great windows of the Cathedral to effect an entrance, but they then climbed out again and crawled across a roof to get into the courtyard, yet there were no policemen to see these manoeuvres. Consternation and grief prevail in Southwark, and this side of the water the question of the advisability of a night watchman at Westminster is being discussed, to guard the treasures of that vast edifice.

A Scotch lady who endured a good deal for the faith has just passed away in the person of the Hon. Mary Stuart, daughter of the late Lord Bantyre. She was received into the Church as long ago as 1886, by one of the Jesuit Fathers at Farm Street, and though she met with much opposition from her father, she became one of the most generous and enthusiastic supporters of Catholic charity and endeavour. It is related of the old Earl that when in Eskrine House, he used to bring every method of physical force to work to prevent his daughter from hearing Mass and as the nearest Church was at Houston, seven miles away, a favourite dodge was to confide the Hon. Mary's boots. But the old Scotsman had to deal with a Scots woman as determined as himself and with all the native loyalty to a cause once espoused. Miss Stuart, refused the carriage and her footwear, would tramp the fourteen miles to the Church and back on foot and come in after Mass with a smiling face. She never married and her health was affected by these long journeys sometimes over sodden roads or through the snow, and very often fasting, that she might receive Holy Communion. It is said her faith was also the bar to her happy union to a well-known land owner of the country. May she rest in peace for her journey is now at an end.

Even now there are some Catholics in the far Highlands and the Hebrides who must rise with the dawn or long before it in winter, and gladly do these sturdy mountaineers plod over the hills for sometimes as many as twenty miles rather than miss their Mass upon a Sunday. But these men and women are of a different mold to the town bred Catholic who cannot make a quarter of an hour's walk through a rain shower for his Sunday Mass. Only last week there passed away in Inverness a man said to be the oldest Scotsman living, James Grieve was a boy of fifteen working in the fields when Waterloo was fought, and well he remembered the general rejoicings. He had seen

and spoken with men who had served Prince Charlie, still the darling of every true Scot, and he had worked as a shepherd tending his flock amongst the mountains through rain and shine and frost and snow for ninety-five years. Yet at the end of what most people would call a hard life the old man retained his faculties in a marvellous degree. He never wore glasses, used no stick, had never an illness and was accustomed to take a daily walk of several miles up to within a few weeks of his death, yet he was 110 years old when he died!

The Vice Rector of the Scots College in Rome, Monsignor MacIntosh, who has been on sick leave at home, has now left for Rome. He underwent a severe operation while in Edinburgh, but is now much improved in health.

The three well-known Brighton clergymen who so recently made their obedience to the Church, and have since visited the Eternal City, were the happy recipients of the tonsure about a week ago, conferred by the Bishop of Southwark in the private chapel of the Bishop's House. It often happens that convert clergymen devote a large part of their career in the Church to preaching the word to others, and with marked success. The appearance of the Rev. Mr. Coeks in a Catholic pulpit is likely to draw many non-Catholics since he was an eloquent preacher when in the Anglican establishment. Close upon the news that these distinguished converts have been elevated to Holy Orders comes that of another conversion. This time it is a London cleric, the Rev. Martin Buckle, Curate of Holy Trinity, Hoxton, who has been received at Erdington Abbey, by one of the Jesuit Fathers of Farm Street. This gentleman is well-known in a large East end Parish and was greatly beloved. He is a B. A. of Oxford and studied theology for the Anglican communion at Ely. He, like the other clergymen having no encumbrances, will probably study for the priesthood.

A marked and remarkable revolt is beginning to spread in Catholic circles against the hideous fashions which are verging on indelicacy and which are to be seen in our London Churches as well as the London streets. Several writers to the press deprecate the skin-tight dresses, the extravagance of raiment, and the enormous hats which distract the mind from prayer, and even conceal the altar from many worshippers while they are a source of annoyance and disturbance to the priest in giving Holy Communion. Bishop Casarotti of Salford has now come forward with the counsel that our Catholic women should make a visible protest against at least the enormous hat, he infers they will not wear the immodest dress, by imitating their Catholic sisters in other lands and coming to Church in the becoming and graceful mantilla which was largely worn at the National Catholic Congress, the consecration of Westminster Cathedral, the Eucharistic Congresses and other great religious ceremonies. His Lordship suggests that the Midnight Mass this Christmas should be the first public occasion of this very picturesque and becoming protest. CATHOLICUS.

Inverness Notes.

On Friday evening, of last week, a number of the members of Stella Maris Branch of the L. O. O. met in the C. M. B. A. Hall and presented Father J. A. DeCoste, C. C., Spiritual Director and President of the Branch, with an address and a purse. Daniel McNeil, K. C., presided, and H. P. McKinnon, Chairman of the Committee appointed at a previous meeting, for the purpose of arranging for a suitable Christmas testimonial to the Reverend President, read the address, which bore testimony to the zealous and energetic work of Fr. DeCoste in behalf of Total Abstinence. Father DeCoste, although not apprised of the object of the meeting made an eloquent reply, thanking the members for their presentation as well as for the manner in which they were supporting the League and the good cause for which it stands.

Christmas Mass was celebrated here at midnight, Father McDonald, the pastor, being the celebrant and preacher. The sermon was an able discourse on the Nativity of our Lord and the incalculable benefits conferred upon mankind by the Coming of the Saviour. An edifying feature of the Service was the large number who received Holy Communion. The Members of the League of the Cross, the A. O. H. and the C. M. B. A. receiving in a body, together with a large number of the parishioners, not connected with either of these Societies. In all two hundred and ninety approached the Holy table.

At last Sunday night's meeting, of the League of the Cross, the following were elected to fill the various offices of the branch during the ensuing quarter: President, Rev. J. A. DeCoste, C. C., Rec. Secretary, Archie D. Kennedy; Fin. Secretary, John Archie McDonald; Marshal, Joseph Kennedy; Ass., Marshall, Alex. H. Campbell; Door Keeper, Morey Chinnson. Stella Maris Branch has now a membership of considerably over a hundred and its affairs are in a very flourishing condition.

Late reports from Regina say that the defeat of local opinion in a large number of places in Saskatchewan in the recent elections was due to frauds of various kinds, including much perjury. These are things of which the men of the liquor traffic are regularly guilty.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, Ministry of Finance, was at his office, Ottawa, Friday, hard at work. He states that his health is much improved, and that he will be in the House when the session re-opens on January 11. Hon. L. P. Brébeuf has just sold his Ottawa residence.

Save money by buying your High-Class Goods

A. KIRK & CO.'S

CUT GLASS, COPPER GOODS, SILVERWARE, CHINA, BRASS GOODS, GLOVES, BELTS, COLLARS and MUFFLERS; WAISTS in LAWN, LINEN, SILK and NUTT in all the leading shades; FUR and FUR LINED COATS, STOLAS, COLLARS, MUFFS, and TAILORED SUITS and COATS.

In our Dress Goods Department we have always been known to carry the most up-to-date line shown in Antigonish. Don't you think your Wife, Sister or Sweetheart would appreciate a Suit or Blouse length of fine English or French material for a Xmas present.

The very best in DRY GOODS, FANCY NOVELTIES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, FURNITURE, Are shown by us.

To many women this is the most puzzling problem that Christmas brings. It is so much harder to buy for a man than for a woman. Have you thought of any of the articles in the following list: Any of them will make an excellent gift for him.

- MEN'S DRESSING GOWNS \$7.50
SMOKING JACKETS \$5.00
SUITS, \$6.00 to \$22.00
OVERCOATS, \$5.00 to \$8.00
COAT SWEATER, \$1.25 to \$5.00
FANCY KNIT VESTS, 50c. to \$5.00
KNIT MUFFLER, 45c.
SILK MUFFLER, 75c. to \$1.00 and \$1.25
INITIALED SILK HDKS, 50c., 75c. and \$1
LINEN HDKS, 6 to a box, \$2.25
SILK TIES, 25c., 35c. and 50c.
SILK TIES, one in a box, 60c., 75c., and \$1
FANCY ARM BANDS, 5c. and 60c.
FUR-LINED GLOVES, 4.50 and \$3
WOOL-LINED MOCHA GLOVES, 60c. to \$2
WOOL GLOVES, 50c. to 75c.

Please do your shopping early, as it will be better for you and better for us. We will give a

10 per cent. Cash Discount for the rest of this month.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Table with 2 columns: Item (Capital, Reserve Fund, Total Assets) and Amount (\$6,200,000, 6,900,000, 95,000,000)

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Accounts of Firms and Individuals carried upon favourable terms. Out-of-town accounts receive special attention.

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS OF \$1 AND UPWARDS may be opened in the names of two or more persons. Either to withdraw

F. S. C. HARRIS, Manager; Antigonish Branch

THOMAS SOMERS GENERAL STORE

PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES Flour, Oatmeal, Bran, Oil, Cakes meal and all groceries found in a first class grocery store, kept constantly in stock. Our 'Shamrock' Brand Tea is the best tea value to be had. Get your winter's supply of it and enjoy good tea.
BOOTS AND SHOES. It is true economy to provide good footwear for yourself and family. We are admitted leaders in offering good substantial footwear. Besides 'AMHERST' Shoes for men and women, boys and girls, we also carry a large assortment of other reliable makes, sourced from the recent advance, which we still offer at old prices. Our stock of Boots and Shoes has never been as large or as well selected. Gum Shoes, Overshoes and Luggage arriving daily.
CUSTOM TAILORING. Just received, a large assortment of Suitings and Overcoatings, both fancy and staple. Place your orders early and secure first choice. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.
CLOTHING DEPARTMENT. Up-to-date Ready Made Suits, Overcoats, Ulster-Coats, Saskatchewan Coats, Reversible Leather Coats. Men's Pants, Overalls and Jumpers, Winter Caps, Mitts and Gloves and a large stock of STAIN-FIELD UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR and Bed Clothing. In this department, particularly, we have close to the line, let the chip fall where it may.
SUNDRIES. Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes, light, driving and heavy Team Harness, Cart Saddles, Pads and Blitchens. Highest Market prices paid for all Country produce.

THOMAS SOMERS Antigonish N. S.

General News.

At Sandusky, Ohio, two trains collided on Saturday and eight passengers were killed and twelve were seriously injured.

There will be eighty-four local option elections in Ontario on Monday, January 2nd. Three of them are attempts to repeal the law.

It is announced that Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, will soon retire to a seat on the Quebec Supreme Court bench.

An American who has been ten days with the insurgents forces in Mexico reports that the latter recently executed ten civilians hostile to the revolt. Their number included one judge.

All is now ready for starting the postal banks throughout the United States on Jan. 3 next. Forty-eight postmasters, each representing a State, have been in Washington acquiring information.

On Saturday a fast express train filled with passengers bound for their homes in Scotland collided with another train near Hawes Junction, Eng., and eight were killed and twenty-five were injured.

All records at the Montreal post-office have been beaten by easily thirty per cent. during the Christmas rush. It is estimated that the post office is handling about 2,000,000 letters a day. Big increases are shown in post office orders to the Old Country, and especially in registered parcels.

More than 300 colliers lost their lives Wednesday of last week in an explosion in the Little Hulton, Eng., colliery. The explosion occurred soon after the miners had entered the pit to begin work. Its force was terrific. Heroic efforts were made by rescue parties all day long, but a fierce fire which followed the explosion prevented the rescuers from penetrating beyond 400 yards into the workings.

Gloucester was visited by a disastrous fire Friday afternoon which resulted in the destruction of almost the entire wholesale stock of Mr. R. W. Boper, general fruit dealer. The entire building was gutted and little of the stock was saved. The building was owned by the Harris Abattoir Company. The stock was valued at about \$5,000 partly covered by insurance.

As the Sydney express was running through the Truro yard Monday morning the engine and three cars jumped the track at a point below Young street crossing. No one was injured but the damage done to the roadbed and to the running gear is great. The engine and tender were derailed and rolled over the track and the two cars following plowed up the ground for about fifty yards and both were lying almost on their sides.

In its announced population of the United States the United States census bureau figures—as before stated—are 91,077,267. In these figures are not included those of Alaska and the Island possessions of the nation. When the figures for these places and for the army and navy are properly apportioned and included, the census of the United States for the year 1910 will easily show ninety-two millions. The increase in ten years is twenty-one per cent., which is two and a half millions greater than the increase in the ten years 1890 to 1900. The Scientific American points out that the significance of this will be realized when it is stated that previous to the present ten years the percentage of increase had been falling.

Although the British parliament is called to meet on Jan. 31st, it is expected the date of meeting will be changed to about the middle of February, to allow the ministers time for a rest, and to prepare for the coming session. The first thing to be done after the opening will be to present again the Parliament Bill, which deals with the House of Lords question. This will be followed by an Electoral Reform Bill, which will abolish plural voting and establish the one-man-one-vote principle, and also provide that all elections shall take place on one day, as well as make other important changes. Plural voting and elections spread over a fortnight have always handicapped the liberal party—some politicians say to the extent of forty seats. At the general elections in January it was shown that rich Londoners voted in eight constituencies.

A terrible catastrophe cost the lives of four young children at Warwick, Que., as they lay in bed Saturday night awaiting the gifts they expected Santa Claus to bring them. The cause was an explosion of acetylene gas at the residence of M. Baril, a leading merchant there. Accompanied by Madame Baril, about half past eight he went to the cellar carrying a lantern. Immediately there was a terrific explosion from escaping gas which set Madame Baril's clothing on fire. With difficulty M. Baril rescued his wife who was badly burned. In the meantime the fire spread upstairs, where Mr. Baril's four children, three girls and a boy, were all in bed, full of excitement as to what Christmas would bring them. The force of the explosion hurled the bed out of the building, killing him outright. The three children were engulfed in the flames, and speedily burnt to death, despite the heroic efforts of the father, who received severe burns in his attempt to save them. The building was completely destroyed, and the calcined remains of the three children were discovered after the flames had extinguished. Madame Baril also suffered such injuries that her life is in danger.

Death of Miss Mary McNeil. A telegram was received here yesterday announcing the death of Miss Mary McNeil of Dorchester, Mass., formerly of Baddeck, C. B. Miss McNeil was well and favorably known in Antigonish, having attended St. Bernard's Ladies College for

Death of S. S. Dickenson.

Yesterday the body of the late Samuel S. Dickenson, the distinguished cable expert, Vice-President and General Superintendent of the Commercial Cable Company, was laid to rest in St. Ninian's Cemetery here. The news of Mr. Dickenson's death at his home in New York on Friday last, in spite of the fact that his health had been failing for some time, was a shock to his wide circle of friends in Nova Scotia. The former superintendent of the Hazelhill cable station was intimately connected with Antigonish through his marriage in 1880 with Sophie, daughter of the late Duncan Grant. He was a man whom to know was to honour and esteem. A non-Catholic until within a short time previous to his death, he scrupulously observed the obligations he assumed upon his marriage, of having his children brought up in the Catholic faith,—an obligation which solemn and sacred as it is, many who would otherwise resent any reflection upon their honour, lightly disregard.

The phenomenally successful career of the deceased in his chosen calling is thus briefly summarized by the New York Herald:

Mr. Samuel S. Dickenson, general superintendent and vice president of the Commercial Cable Company, died of a complication of diseases at his home, No. 430 West 160th street, yesterday morning. He was born in Plymouth, England, in 1852. After some years with the English telegraph he went to Nova Scotia, where, in 1874, he helped to establish the Torbay station of the Direct United States Cable Company. He particularly distinguished himself as an expert in the then little understood art of applying the duplex apparatus to submarine telegraph cables. In 1884 he joined the Commercial Cable Company, just then organizing. He established its cable station at Hazelhill, Canso, Nova Scotia. He was its superintendent for twenty years and made it a model of efficiency. Meantime he undertook important work for the same interests in other parts of the world. In 1900 he established the Commercial Cable Company's station at Fayal, Azores, and opened up the first cable communication between Portugal, the Azores Island and North America. For his services in this connection he was decorated by King Carlos. In 1901 he was sent to Honolulu, Midway, Guam and Manila to select landing places and sites for the Commercial Pacific cables and stations. How well he succeeded is attested by the fact that the cables remained undisturbed and uninjured in the places he selected. Mr. Dickenson was a member of the British Institute of Electrical Engineers and of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

The remains, accompanied by Mrs. Dickenson and her eldest son, arrived in Antigonish by the night train of Tuesday night, and the funeral, at which Rev. M. A. MacAdam, Rector of the Cathedral, celebrated the Requiem Mass, took place at ten o'clock on Wednesday. Three representatives of the Company's staff at Hazel Hill—Messrs. F. S. Burstall, acting superintendent, D. Carmichael and H. Hughes—were present. Mr. E. H. Cunningham, a former member of the staff, came with the remains from Moncton. Mr. Martin B. Dickenson, of Sydney, brother of the deceased, was also present.

Besides his widow, three sons, Arthur, of Viscount, Sask; John, district superintendent of the New York Telephone Co., at Albany, N. Y.; Ernest, student in engineering at Columbia College, N. Y., and Miss Mary, survive him. Mrs. Dickenson and her family have the deepest sympathy in their bereavement. R. I. P.

Personals.

Mr. Eugene McDonald, of River Denis, C. B., is visiting in Antigonish.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Williams of Sydney spent Xmas in Antigonish.

Rev. Michael Gillis, C. C., Antigonish, is spending a few days at Soldier's Cove, C. B.

Mr. John Chisholm of Antigonish arrived home last week from Kauloops, B. C.

Miss Janie McDonald, North River, Antigonish, left on Thursday last for Tecopa, Cal.

Mrs. W. S. Brown, of Canso, was in Town yesterday to attend the funeral ceremonies of the late S. S. Dickenson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McDonald of Worcester, Mass., are visiting Mr. McDonald's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McDonald, Antigonish.

Mr. Rod. McDonald of North Grant, who has spent the past two years in Vancouver, B. C., returned home last Wednesday.

Miss Delia M. Clark of Pugwash, N. S., teacher in Westville school, is in Town, the guest of Miss M. F. McDougall.

The following gentlemen were in Antigonish yesterday for the funeral of Mr. Dickenson: Rev. James McKeough, P. P., Canso; P. A. Mahoney, Larry's River; Capt. John Keating, Mulgrave.

Mr. Gordon Miller, Accountant at the Canadian Bank of Commerce here, was transferred last week to the Company's branch in Sydney. Mr. Miller, who was a highly popular young man, was presented on the eve of his departure by the Neptune Club, of which he was a member, with a handsome set of pipes and a complimentary address.

Mr. Daniel McInnis, the superintendent of the woodwork on the new Science Building of St. F. X. College, left here on last Saturday for Newport, Rhode Island, where he will be similarly employed on a large building which McNeil Brothers of Boston are erecting. Mr. McInnis is a very competent workman, as his work on the new Science Building amply shows. He made many friends in Antigonish.

The following former residents of Antigonish were in Town for Christmas: Daniel M. Donald, Sydney

Mines; Neil McArthur, barrister, Glace Bay; D. D. Boyd and J. P. McIsaac, law students, Halifax; the Misses Ella and Agnes McIsaac, Montreal; Miss Sadie McIsaac and Miss Nano Chisholm, Glace Bay; Miss Margaret McDonald, Inverness; William White, of Winnipeg; Hugh Chisholm and Ronald McIsaac, of the Transcontinental Railway; Miss Helen McDonald, Halifax; Angus N. McGillivray, New Glasgow, Miss Lizzie Sears, of St. Peter's; John A. Chisholm, of Halifax; Frank Chisholm, of Lunenburg; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Willis, and two children, Port Hood; Joseph Landry, of the Agricultural College, Truro; Hon. C. P. Chisholm, Halifax; Miss Agnes McIsaac, Christmas Island.

DIED.

At Beaver Meadow, Antigonish, on the 22nd inst., Miss MARGARET McLELLAN, aged 81 years, daughter of the late ANGUS McLELLAN. Three brothers and two sisters survive to cherish her memory.

At Heatherton, Dec 26th, 1910, after a lingering illness, ELIZA, wife of THOMAS FRASER, aged 74 years. She leaves a husband, two sons and one daughter to mourn the loss of a faithful wife and a loving mother. R. I. P.

At Antigonish, on December 10th, ANGUS McGILLIVRAY (Vainey), aged 59 years. Deceased was the eldest of a good family of twelve, and was predeceased by two other members of the family a few months ago. He died conspired by all the rites of Holy Mother Church. May he rest in peace.

At Victoria Mines, Dec. 24th, JOHN McSWEN, aged 60 years, leaving a widow, five sons and one daughter. He was a good living man and a good neighbour. Fortified by the last rites of the Church, he passed peacefully away on the morning of 24th Dec. May his soul rest in peace!

At Brookton, Mass., on the 16th inst., after a lingering illness, JAMES RYAN, aged 73 years, son of Mrs. Widow Ryan, formerly of West Street, Antigonish. He was conspired by a devout reception of the last rites of Holy Church. Besides his sorrowing mother, two sisters and four brothers survive to mourn his loss. May he rest in peace!

At Scasid, Port Hood, C. B., on Dec. 26th, 1910, ALEXANDER MacEACHERN, Sr., in the 82nd year of his age. Mr. MacEACHERN was the oldest Justice of the Peace in Inverness County, and was universally respected and esteemed. He was brother to Alexander MacEACHERN, Jr., State Attorney of Oklahoma, U. S. A., and of the late John MacEACHERN (the first Grammar School Teacher in the County of Inverness).

At Sydney, on Dec. 18th, 1910, CATHERINE MARGARET, wife of JOSEPH E. McLELLAN, aged thirty-three years and nine months, leaving a bereaved husband and four small children. She was a kind, gentle, dutiful, wife and mother, and bore her illness with true Christian resignation to the Divine will. She realized that her end was approaching and devoutly prepared to meet it. May her soul rest in peace!

At Pleasant Valley, December 15th, ANN MOONEY, widow of the late ANGUS McISAAC, in the 82nd year of her age. Consolled by the last rites of our Holy Church she peacefully passed away to the enjoyment of her eternal reward. By her hospitable, kind and charitable disposition she won for herself the good will of all who knew her. She leaves four sons and six daughters to cherish her memory. Interment took place at Antigonish cemetery. May she rest in peace!

At Cape George Point, on Nov. 30th, 1910, of consumption, in the 34th year of her age, ELIZABETH CHISHOLM beloved wife of GEORGE L. McEACHERN. Deceased, who was always noted for her kindness, bore her illness, with Christian fortitude. The sympathy of the community goes out to her grief-stricken husband and five little children. Fortified by all the rites of Holy Mother Church, she calmly yielded her soul to God, with the firm hope of enjoying a glorious immortality. R. I. P.

At Big Island, Pictou Co., on Dec 13th, 1910, conspired by the last rites of Holy Mother Church, of which he was always a devout member, ANGUS CHISHOLM, aged 86 years and 7 months, uncle of Rev. Archibald Chisholm, Judge, and the late Rev. J. J. Chisholm. Mr. Chisholm was born at Lismore, Pictou Co., and was the last member of a family of eleven. He is survived by a widow, one son and two daughters to cherish the memory of a loving husband and father. R. I. P.

On Dec. 9th, 1910, at Johnson, Vermont, DANIEL J. McLEAN, eldest son of John A. McLean, Park Street, Glace Bay, C. B. His remains were conveyed to Glace Bay, accompanied by his father's widow and sons. The deceased was a young man of sterling qualities and had many friends who greatly regretted his untimely death. He is survived by his widow and one young son, his father, step-mother and three half brothers. The funeral took place on Sunday, December 18th, to St. Ann's Church, where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Thompson, after which his remains were laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery. R. I. P.

At Montague, P. E. I., on the 14th Dec, inst. JESSIE McGILLIVRAY, relict of the late Angus Nicholson, aged 74 years. The deceased was a daughter of the late Donald McGillivray, Gulf, Antigonish, N. S., and cousin of the late Father McGillivray, Charlottetown. She leaves to mourn one sister, Mrs. Campbell, who devotedly attended her during her last illness, Mrs. Nicholson was a quiet, unassuming woman, highly respected by all who knew her. A member of the League of the Sacred Heart, she was always attentive to her religious duties, she had the consolation on her death bed to receive the last rites of Holy Church from the hands of her pastor, Rev. T. P. Heelan. Her remains were interred in the cemetery adjoining St. Mary's Church, Montague. May her soul rest in peace.

Acknowledgments.

- Stephen McDonald, Monks Head \$1.00
James Somers, Briley Brook 1.00
John J. McLean, Riverview Jct. 1.00
Geo. F. Kenny, Sydney 1.00
Andrew B. Sears, Copper Lake 2.00
Duncan Grant, Heatherton 1.00
Alex H. McPherson, U. S. River 2.00
Lauchlin Gillis, McNabtown P. O. 2.00
Peter McIsaac, Livinatons Cove 4.00
A. A. Cameron, Glen Head 1.00
Donald Gillis, Arisaig 1.00
Dan Connor, Pleasant Valley 1.00
Chris McDonald, Harbor Side 1.00
Allan C. McDonald, New Bethelton 1.00
Allan B. McDonald, Grandbrook 1.00
Angus Gillis, West Newton 1.00
W. F. Smith & Co. Amherst 1.00
Rev. J. S. O'Leary, S. J., Guelph 1.00
Peter Dhooge, Big Tracadie 1.00
A. K. McIsaac, Glace Bay 1.00
J. J. Ross, Krievag 2.00
Rev. J. A. McDonald, Grand River 2.00
Rev. David Gillis, St. Andrews 2.00
Chas. Kane, Charlottetown 1.00
John Kinty, Sumersville 1.00
Rev. I. H. D. Kinty, Koxbury 1.00
J. W. Doyle, Sydney 1.00
Council of St. O. L., Brockville 2.00
Thos. J. Bourke, North Bay 3.00
Angus D. Heelan, Dawson 2.00
Angus Chisholm, Antigonish 1.00
Daniel McLean, Prince Rupert 2.00
W. J. Carter, Cascade 1.00
Rev. J. O'Connell, Summerside 2.00
Joseph McIsaac, Foxton's East Bay 1.00
Mrs. John J. McPherson, McKays Corner 1.00
M. A. McMillan, Blue Lake 1.00
Malcolm Smyth, Brighton 1.00
Lewis F. Smyth, Brighton 1.00
John D. McMillan, Port Hood Mines 1.00
Patrick J. McMillan, Harford Lakes 1.00
Miss A. Hannagan, " 1.00
Philip Hanigan, " 1.00
Miss Murphy, Murphy's P. O. 1.00
Marcelle Lunn, Emerald P. O. 1.00
Thomas C. McDonald, Brookville 1.00
Chas. F. Connor, N. S. Margaree 1.00
Boris & Cassie, West Pictou East Bay 1.00
John B. Cassie, West Pictou East Bay 1.00
Angus McIsaac, Providence 1.00
J. McIsaac, M. D., Mulgrave 1.00

(Many acknowledgments crowded out)

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

If you want a machine to give good satisfaction, get easy and last a lifetime, BUY A SINGER. Get our prices and terms before purchasing elsewhere. S. G. KEATING, Agent, College St., Antigonish

Xmas Gift Suggestions

Only Three Ways to Your Christmas Shopping

Everything that could be done to make a store an easy, pleasing and satisfactory place for Christmas shopping, has been done at this store where the best gifts for ladies and gentlemen will be found here.

- WOMEN'S SLIPPERS, 75c., 90c., \$1.75.
NECK MUFFLERS, 25c. and 50c.
HANDKERCHIEFS.
GAITERS, 65c., 75c., 90c. and \$1.100.
OVERSHOES, \$2.00 and \$2.65.
HOSE, 25c., 40c., 50c., 60c., 75c. and 90c.
SHOES, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00.
KNIT SWEATER COATS, \$1.75, \$2.25 and \$2.50.
WINTER COATS, \$8.00, \$10.50, \$13.00, \$15.00, \$18.00 and up.
WINTER COSTUMES, \$10.50, \$12.50, \$15, and \$18.00.
SILK WAISTS, \$2.50, \$3.75, \$4.25 and \$5.75
SEALETTE COATS, \$20.00, \$22.50 up to \$37.50.
RAIN COATS, \$7.75, \$10.50.
FINE FURS.
MINK STOLEES, \$7.75, \$10.50, \$13.75, \$18.50 and up.
MINK MARMOT STOLEES, \$2.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and up.
MINK MUFFS, \$9.75, \$10.50 \$5.75 up
MARMOT MUFFS, \$9.75, \$10.50, \$15.75, up.
MINK MARMOT MUFFS, \$6.75.
FANCY STATIONERY, 50c., 75c., 90c., \$1.25 and \$1.50.
PAROLS, \$1.25, \$2.00 \$2.50 and \$3.25.
JEWEL CASES, 25c. and 50c.
TOILET SETS, \$7.50.
GLOVE and HDKE BOXES, 50c. each.
MISSES' WINTER COATS, \$2.25, \$4.00, \$6.00, \$8.00 and up.
MISSES' OVERSHOES, \$1.75, \$1.90 and \$2.00.
GAITERS, 85c., \$1.00 and \$1.25.

- SUIT CASES, \$2.50, \$2.95, \$3.50 \$4.50 and \$7.50.
OVERSHOES, \$1.80, \$2.00, \$2.65 and \$3.25.
MENS SHIRTS, \$1.10 \$1.25 and \$1.50.
FANCY KNIT VESTS, \$2.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.
MENS NECKWEAR, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents
GLOVES, 90 cents, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.
SUSPENDERS, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00.
SLIPPERS, 75 cents, \$1.50, \$1.75, 1.90.
HOSE, 25 cents, 40 cents, 50 cents, 60 cents, 75 cents.
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, 50 cents, 60 cents and 75 cents.
UMBRELLAS, 75 cents, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.50 to \$4.50.
COAT SWEATERS, \$1.75, \$1.90, to \$3.50.
HOCKEY BOOTS, \$3.00 and \$3.50.
SHOES, \$3.00, \$4.00 \$4.50 and \$5.00.
SMOKING SETS, \$2.50 and \$3.00.
MILITARY BRUSHES, \$1.50, \$1.90 and \$5.00.
SHAVING MIRRORS, \$1.25.
FOUNTAIN PENS, \$3.75.
COMBINATION TRAVELLING SETS, \$1.50.
BOYS HOCKEY BOOTS, \$2.95, and \$2.50.
BOOTS, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50 up to \$3.00.
OVERCOATS, \$5.50, \$6.50 up to \$10.50.
GLOVES, 25 cents to \$1.25.
SWEATER COATS, 80 cents, 90 cents, \$1.00 and \$1.2.

Everything Displayed Where you can readily inspect the goods and make your selections however busy we may be

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

Bob-Sleds for Sale Four sets of Bob-Sleds, single and double, for sale. Apply to DOUGALD McEACHRAN, Church Street, Antigonish.

High Grade SLEIGHS HARNESS ROBES LAPROBES BELLSETC. For Xmas. D. McISAAC, Antigonish, N.S.

Watch Where You PUT YOUR MONEY Do not deal with strangers. Take no chances with "peddlers" cream separators. Do not be deceived by catalogues or advertisements. You can and should see for yourself The World's Best Cream Separator. Write us for the name of some neighbor who is using, or some reliable dealer in your neighborhood who is selling the universally satisfactory SHARPLES Tubular Cream Separator The latest product of the oldest cream separator concern on this continent. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. When you buy a cream separator buy the best; buy one that you will be proud to have your neighborhood know you own and who guarantees it. Write for Catalogue No. 340 THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

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Session opens

August 30th, 1910.

For information and calendar address

DR. FRANK WOODBURY, Dean
192 Pleasant St., Halifax, N. S.

DI AND

Prosperous Mexico.

MEXICO CITY, Dec. 2, 1910.

The eighth of December of this year marks the beginning of a new era of prosperity for the Republic of Mexico. On this day President Porfirio Diaz took the oath of his high office for the eighth time, and the better elements of Mexican society congratulate themselves that the old general is still able to be at the head of the government, and to devote all his energies to the development of his country. The fact that Diaz is once more President of Mexico, is a guaranty to all those who have interests in this country; it means that peace will continue even as during the last thirty years, and that every foreigner who wishes to cooperate either with his money or his talents to the prosperity of Mexico shall receive a hearty welcome from the man whose chief policy has been to promote and encourage by all fair means the investments of foreign capital in this country.

The firm step and pleasant smile of Gen. Diaz showed that he was in the best of health; and the cheering of the people as he passed by is a proof that he is yet the idol of his country. After he took the oath of office the president returned to the National Palace, there to receive the congratulations of the diplomatic body, the army and the people. The words of the Hon. Henry Lane Wilson, the American Ambassador, are a valuable recognition of the work of Gen. Diaz, and show the confidence which foreign governments place in the present administration.

"The marvelous development of Mexico," said Mr. Wilson, "during the successive administrations to which your excellency has been called by the mandate of the suffrages of your fellow citizens; the moral and material progress which has been achieved, the firm position of the public credit, and the faith felt by the nations and rulers of the world in the stability and responsibility of this government are matters of common history, which, however well known, may be repeated with profit upon this occasion which is so profoundly significant for the future of the republic."

It is to be remarked that this happy event was in no way marred by the petty disturbances which have occurred in some parts of this country during the last few weeks. False accounts of this disturbance have been sent abroad by the few partisans of a certain very wealthy man by the name of Madero, and the yellow press has not been slow to make the most absurd commentaries on them. But these disturbances were far from being as reported. Americans and all foreigners who have interests in this country must be very careful in crediting such reports, the sole purpose of which is to unsettle the minds of foreign investors and to breed discord where greater confidence than ever should be felt.

No thinking person will ever give a second thought to this Madero and his plans. It is enough to study his personality, and the means by which he tried to subvert present prosperous and happy condition of Mexico, to be convinced that he belongs to that school of petty and ambitious mischief makers who are the cause of the continual civil wars which clog the progress of the Central American Republics.

The partisans of Madero (happily few in number and of no influence) go to the United States, and there clamor against what they, and they only, call the tyranny of General Diaz, and of the large party which supports his Government. They bring the yellow journals of the United States, and therein write articles like the "Barbarous Mexico" series, which are no thing but lies on their native land. These men who by such means seek the sympathy of the American people, are the very ones who incite the Mexican populace to insult peaceful American citizens in the streets of Mexico, because a motley mob recently burned a Mexican in Texas, and seek thus to foment international discord.

To bring about the discredit of the Diaz administration, even at the expense of their country's honor, is the chief aim of Madero and his henchmen. As for Madero himself, what has he done to entitle him to occupy the high position to which he aspires? Surely no thinking person would like to see such a man take the place of the Maker of Modern Mexico.

The work of General Diaz has been often studied; but that work cannot be understood fully till one considers the state of this country previous to his time. The treasury was in a state of bankruptcy; the few railroads and the insignificant telegraphic lines which then existed, were constantly destroyed by bandits and revolutionists; the lives and property of foreigners as well as of Mexicans were in constant danger; national credit did not exist; the lack of discipline in the army was no orious. Troops sent in 1847 to fight the enemies of their country pointed their rifles not at the lines of the enemy, but at those of their countrymen who supported the established government.

This attempt of Madero has not been without good fruits. The "Revolution" has given us the opportunity to see the loyalty and efficiency of the army. The trouble makers were obliged to pry open two prisons in the small towns they captured in order to swell with criminals their meagre ranks. The people remained silent to sedition. This means that the Mexicans are a peace loving people. It also means that after Diaz there shall be "deluge," but the continuation of the grand era of peace and prosperity which he established thirty years ago. This great country of a million square miles, and millions of people well impelled towards civilization and prosperity shall not turn back. Benjamin Molina Cirerol, A. E., in America.

Ethel, aged four, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee, and was telling him of her visit. "Papa, every night John and George say their prayers, they ask God to make them good boys," said she. That is nice, said papa. Then thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He ain't done it yet."

The Need of Catholic Self-Assertion.

The need today of Catholic men and women who will courageously and intelligently, in public and in private, stand for the principles of the Catholic faith, must, says a writer in *The Catholic World*, be evident at once to any one who walks with his eyes open.

In private life there was never greater opportunity than now for the Catholic layman who can, without giving the slightest offense, show the worth of spirituality to a world that is rapidly growing more materialistic; the worth of principle to a people that rushes after pleasure; the value of Christian dogma to souls that know no certain starting point, no place of rest; the strength of the man who knows whence he came, whither he aspires to go, whose universe has its sure terms of beginning and of end, who reads that universe in the reasonable harmony of the revelation of God through Christ—to show all this to his acquaintances who may not understand, but who will certainly admire and inevitably be attracted.

To live happily with others does not mean that we must never speak of those things which ought to be most important and most sacred to all. We need not argue; we need not intrude where evidently we are not wanted; we need not seek to oppose. But there is a kinder and more effective way apparent when the opportunity comes to the Catholic layman whose faith is his very life. And the opportunity will inevitably present itself to everyone.

We are living under sorely artificial conventionalities. We speak of everything except that one thing which is everything. Let us not be deceived by the generally accepted agreement to relegate religion to the distant background and never to allow it to be exposed in any public way.

And one may be certain that however blatantly the self-satisfied commentator on modern institutions may protest to the contrary, there are many within his immediate circle of acquaintance, who will be interested and perhaps honored, and, best of all, perhaps comforted and guided aright, if at the acceptable time he speaks to them, courageously, intelligently zealously of those things which make life so worthy and eternity so real. He will find to his joy that he is doing the work of the Master, and that the hearts of his hearers also may burn within him.

If we but bring the consciousness of our Catholic faith, our Christian responsibility, into the whole of our life, and really make ourselves new men in the sight of God, if we but do even this, we are surely and eloquently preaching the Gospel of Christ and extending Christ's Kingdom among men. If we but live for another world, if we are constantly looking out for the things that are to come, the very fixity of our vision will teach other men that there are things beyond worth living for. One of the dangers of democracy is that every man will think he ought to do as the crowd does. The crowd, believing that every man is equal, that no one should act differently from any one else, will freely criticize and criticize adversely democracy may be more tyrannical than absolutism, and it often places upon the individual the burden of defying the crowd, whereas the crowd ought to encourage and help the individual to attain the highest fulfillment of his personal ability.

Are we living and working in this spirit? How far does the contrary spirit of the world eat into our souls, and through compromise, through cowardly self-consciousness, weaken the vitality and the watchfulness of our Catholic dignity and our Catholic responsibility? Personal indifference, personal laziness which have led us to neglect the powers of our intellect and our will, have deafened the ears of our soul.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

An Eloquent Voice from Portugal.

The pamphlet printed by the Portuguese Provincial denouncing the new Republic for expelling the Jesuits from their native land, has produced a profound sensation in Europe. It is of great value as a historical document.

After a pathetic introduction, every word of which comes from a heart overburdened with its sorrow, the writer says: "In a century which boasts of its freedom, and is continually invoking the principles of equality for all alike, three hundred men and more, all citizens of the country and living in twenty different houses in Portuguese, European and Colonial Possessions, have been driven out of Portuguese territory without being convicted of a single offense, without being afforded the opportunity of saying a single word in their own behalf, without being given the chance to carry away with them any thing but the clothes on their backs. Their notes, their manuscripts, their books which are the fruit of long years of labor and research are all lost."

"In the name of liberty they have been robbed of scientific collections of incalculable value, of museums of natural history, of physical cabinets, and laboratories in the colleges of Campolide and S. Fiel, which had been created by fifty years of unremitting and disinterested economy and toil. All these possessions belong to us and to no one else."

He gives us some valuable and at the same time some very startling information about the experiences of the Jesuit prisoners in the artillery barracks.

"During the night, the guards threatened to shoot any one who should attempt to rise from his miserable couch. They even went so far as to introduce into the guardroom a number of abandoned women who, poor wretches, withdrew of their own accord, overwhelmed with shame in the presence of the austere virtue and dignified bearing of the prisoners."

represented to one of the officers, he answered: "Well! wait here till you rot, and then some one will furnish money enough to set rid of you."

Friends outside the jail heard of it, and the needed help was furnished, but before they were put out they were all subjected to the Bertillon system of measurement usually applied to criminals, and thus, venerable old men, men eminent for their learning at home and abroad, priests admired for their many virtues, and young men on whom the shadow of evil had never rested were compelled to submit to the degrading process. All the indications were photographed then and there, as is usually done with the outcasts of society, and were reproduced in the papers with the names of the victims affixed.

"And yet," the indignant writer continues, "what have these alleged criminals done?" He then enumerates the six charges against them. 1st. Their concealed weapons and subterranean passages. 2d. Their wealth and their capture of inheritance. 3d. Their inveigling subjects into the Order. 4th. Their secret organization. 5th. Their hatred of the Republic. 6th. Their reactionary influence. He then proceeds to demolish those charges one by one. Needless to say, he does it most effectually.

He closes his presentation of the case in touching words of thanks to friends and benefactors. He forgives the executioners of himself and his brethren and expresses the wish that Portugal may prosper, and return to proper sentiments of peace and justice.—America.

the scales that conceal the coveted seeds. It is only a record of the quest for food, the perpetual necessity of animal life, but it seems endowed with the interesting spirit of newness when imprinted on nature's clean white page.—Toronto Globe.

France.

What to us in America would be a very unexpected result from the new regulation about the early Communion of children has occurred in the very Protestant section of Audincourt in France. The Protestant ministers in those quarters have been for years very busy in visiting Catholic families to inform them that it was no sin for a child to change its faith before First Communion and Confirmation. They are said to have had considerable success in winning over by this falsehood a great many children. According to the present regulation a good many years will be lopped off for this kind of proselytism.—In connection with Mme. Curie's candidacy for membership in the Academy of Science it may be of use to recall that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, several women occupied seats in the Institut. They were Catherine Duchemin, Genevieve and Madeleine de Boulogne, Sophie Cheron, Anne Stresor, Dorothee Masse, Catherine Pareot, Rosalba Carriera, Marguerite Havetmann, Marie Therese Roboul, Dorothee Leincinska, Marie Girouet, Anne Vallayer, Labille des Vertus, and finally and above all Mme. Vigeon-Lebrun. Napoleon excluded women from the Academy.

At a meeting of the "Teachers of



THE NEW SCIENCE BUILDING, ST. F. X. COLLEGE.

A Record in the Snow.

The new world in a transient mantle of white seems eager to record and declare every experience. All the relics of summer's changes and autumn's decay and death are covered up or transformed by the immaculate shroud. All things are made new, and the footprints of the early morning are as clear and distinct as if the life of the open world were but beginning. Through the long years of forest growth that deepened and enriched the soil giant trees have weakened with age and succumbed to the violence of the storm, slowly returning to the earth that supplied sustenance of their youth. Squirrels have chattered and clucked among branches that have long since mingled with the earth. The endless panorama of life has passed with perpetual sameness and perpetual change. Perhaps the giant oak that seems as eternal as the hill in which its roots are buried and entwined sprang from an acorn carefully hidden in the ground by an ancestor of the squirrel whose leaping track imprints the new snow with the clearness of an etching. The clean, white newness of it all obliterates the past, and seems to rebuke even a fanciful retrospect. In the transformation of the landscape the burden of the dead past is lifted. The unconcerned ancestor-worship of the adjacent city, which binds on the dead and increasing load as if fearful lest some of it might be escaped, can be forgotten in the contemplation of the white expanse. Although the life of the wild things may have been active and incessant through a long descent from the antiquity of extinct forms, the track in the new snow is as clear and distinct as if it were the first imprint on the face of mother earth.

The squirrel was leisurely in his morning excursion. Of course he leaped, for his race is incapable of any other gait, but his leaps were short, and the long twin imprints of his hind feet are not widely distended. The tracks of his hind feet, large and long, are in advance of the small, paired imprints of his fore feet, for, although these reach the ground first, his hind feet are carried outside and beyond them. He does not, as was said of the crab, go ahead by going backward; but wherever he leaps his hind feet make the more advanced impressions. This reveals his direction at once, but the course in the new snow is more interestingly shown by the distended toes and claws which have clearly and distinctly imprinted the plastic surface. He went resolutely toward a small maple, and the eye naturally searches the convenient seats in the branches and in the adjacent tree which might have been reached by a gliding aerial leap. A track always bears witness that at its end somewhere there is an animal. No little rodent is visible in the trees, so the record of his snow is searched again. He did not climb, for the regular and deliberate leaps are continued over the white surface. There is companionship in a clear and distinct track, even if the animal is hoarse as a mouse. The little pioneer of the new world can be freely forgiven for entering the snow with the brown scales of a pine cone he demolished. His feast was held on an old stump, a decaying relic of lumbering operations. The cap of a new snow was destroyed, and the hard, brown scales were scattered about where they disfigure the white that rises to the uncovered roots. The discarded core of the cone is left on the stump, only partly stripped of

the Seine," M. Maurice Faure reiterated the old declaration that the duty of the country was to support the lay-schools. He complained that the bill which his predecessor had presented to the Government had been pigeon-holed in the official desks of the Palais Bourbon. If the lay-schools were not maintained the principles of the French Revolution would be ignored, and the clerical schools, which objected to certain books would be soon objecting to the Republic. Of course, he said, "I believe in religious freedom."—The Royalists are at odds with each other and the Duc d'Orleans writes to one of his supporters complaining of the dissemination and of the disregard of orders.—The *Eclair* of Paris complains that justice in France is a very costly affair if one desires to go to, and to illustrate its as-evision it adduces the case of a poor woodcutter whose chest's had been seized and put up at public auction. Between the cost of summonses, postage stamps, official notices, newspaper notices, affidavits, etc., the cost ran up to almost 271 francs, much more of course than all the rubbish was worth.—The Court of Inquiry in the Rochet Case in which Clemenceau is alleged to have been implicated, finds that the Minister of the Interior interfered with the working of the court, and also that the Prefecture of Police, on the recommendation of a newspaper manager interested in the swindle introduced a bogus plaintiff supplied with fraudulent securities. It is impossible at this distance to know how far this concerns the famous Prefect of Police Lepine.—A new condition of things presents itself in France where in former times drunkenness was considered to be non-existent. Briand describes the situation as terrible, and hopes that the Senate will pass the Bill now before it on Alcoholism. One would almost imagine he was preparing for war. He considers it to be a measure of national defence—A credit of \$1,100,000 has been voted by the Parliament for the relief of the flood victims.—America.

"The Stranger in Town."

"The non-Catholic who unites with a Protestant Church has great chances of being admitted into self-respecting family circles," remarks the "Intermountain Catholic," "because among Protestants the church organization is the social hub. If he make the acquaintance of his pastor and engages in a reasonable amount of Church work, he has offered to him a hundred opportunities of spending his evenings agreeably and profitably. But a young Catholic, a stranger in our midst, may assist at Mass, Sunday after Sunday, without once receiving the slightest recognition from people among whom he habitually kneels. The young Catholic stranger without letters of introduction to some Catholic family, is in a position similar to that of Moore's Peat at the gate of Paradise. That he is a Catholic, one of the household of the faith is no recommendation whatever to the heads of the families who see him in church every Sunday. There is no complaint to be made of this. The Church is not an organization created for social purposes, and there is no reason why a Catholic father should be expected to invite to his home every strange young man he meets at church. Nevertheless, a little kindly interest and a little quiet inquiring into the character of these strange young men would be very Christian, and perhaps be, in its results, the means of saving them from dangerous associations."



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The Stores of Jerusalem.

HOW THEY DO BUSINESS IN THE HOLY CITY—THE JESUIT AND THE BETHLEHEMITE—CANDLE PEDDLERS AND THE HOLY PILGRIM—THE CAVE-LIKE BAZARS—A PUBLIC BAKERY—HOW OLIVE OIL IS MADE—JERUSALEM CHICKENS—A CALL ON THE GOVERNOR AND A TALK WITH THE MAYOR.

If you would be cheated out of your eye teeth, come to Jerusalem. Its bazaars are filled with tricksters and rogues, and it has its usurers and money changers as in the days of the Saviour. The people prey upon the pilgrims and tourists.

The rosary business is one of the chief of Jerusalem. The beads are cut in great quantities at Bethlehem and are sold in Jerusalem by the millions.

They are sent to the Holy City for sale, and there are some stores which have nothing else, except perhaps crucifixes and collection plates.

The merchants who sell rosaries are often great rascals, and I know one, a Bethlehemite, who has just received a lesson which he is not likely soon to forget. The man's rosary store is situated down Christian street, not far from the place where you turn in to the church of the Holy Sepulcher. His lesson came from a Jesuit priest who lives in Chicago and who is just now starting home. The Holy father had come into the shop to buy some rosaries to carry back to his friends. He had picked out a half dozen beautiful ones and had paid the price without bargaining. As the storekeeper wrapped up his purchase, he looked at him out of the tail of his eye and saw him slip the rosaries he had selected under the counter and put some cheaper ones in their place. The Jesuit said nothing, but he took up several beautiful carvings representing the crucifixion and ascension, each of which was worth about twice the amount of the rosaries he had picked out. Handing these to the man, he told him to wrap them in paper, and upon this being done he took both parcels and started out of the store. The Bethlehemite merchant ran after him and told him he had not paid for the carvings. The father replied:

"My friend, I saw you change those rosaries and give me the cheaper ones and you may consider this a judgment of God upon you for cheating. I shall keep those carvings and if you do not immediately return to your store I will report you to the Mohammedan courts."

The man saw he was caught and let the priest go.

THE CANDLE SELLERS.

Another large business is the selling of candles. Jerusalem is full of shrines, and the pilgrims buy candles to burn at the holy places. They set them up at the score or more sacred spots in the church of the Holy Sepulcher and at the stations along the Via Dolorosa where Christ walked on his way to Golgotha. They carry them to the Mount of Olives and to the Garden of Gethsemane. Some buy several candles for each shrine, and some buy many colors. Some of the candles are of the size of your finger and others are as big as a man's leg.

I have been in Jerusalem at Easter and have seen the miracle of the Holy Fire as performed by the Greeks. It is at that season that the chief candle-selling goes on. The pilgrims who are here by the thousands, buy great bunches of candles to take into the church, and light them from the fire. They can be blown out and if lighted again at their altars at home will preserve them from harm, I am not sure but that they believe they will like them to heaven. This holy fire is supposed to have come down from heaven and to blaze inside the church of the Holy Sepulcher, where it is located the tomb in which our Saviour was laid. There are holes in the walls of the sepulcher and the candles are thrust through them to light the tomb. The lights burn for three days and nights. From this light the candles are made and the pilgrims have their own candles, or as they get a light, they hold their hands around the candles, endeavoring to carry the candles to their homes in time.

Some of the candles are made with me for a walk the bazaars of Jerusalem. We network of vaulted tunnels, on each side with cave-like and filled with a crowd of Bedouins, Armenians, Jews and picturesque characters of the east. The arched lighted only by holes in the shelves have neither window nor door. They seem to have cut out of the walls, and the light is not more than 15 or 20 feet up. Some are so narrow you can just get through and reach both with your hands, and none is much higher than your head. Nevertheless each is a store, and it is walled with shelves filled with goods. There is only enough room outside the shelves for the merchant to sit, and the customers must stand in the street as they shop.

COBBLENDERS AND TINNERS.

These bazaars are classified, one business being devoted to each. There is a shoemakers' bazaar where scores of cobblers are working. At the entrance to each cave-like shop two shoemakers sit with untanned calfskin aprons tight about them, sewing away. Between them on a block of wood, an olive tree stump it may be, rests a slab of white marble. This is the shoemakers' bench, upon which they pound with what looks like a brass paper weight. It is as big around as a tumbler and of about the same height, tapering from the top to the bottom. The shoes are all made with needles and thread. The soles are of camel hide and the uppers of kidskin and goatskin. These are the common shoes of the present, selling from 30 cents to \$1 per pair, according to size. As I watched the cobbler I asked as to their wages, and was told they received from 40 to 60 cents for laboring to sunset. The tinner's work is to make pots and pans. Their shops are not much bigger than cupboards, and the workmen are long-bearded men in fez caps and gowas.

The cock concert begins with sunrise and keeps on until evening, when the donkeys and camels begin. The former utter brays stronger than those which spoke unto Balaam, and latter whine and grumble all night. In addition to these noises, there are others which trouble the tourist. The people rise with the chickens and the stone streets re-echo their notes. At the same time the bells begin to ring to show it is day, and the trumpets of the Mahometans sound in David's Tower add to the din.

One can easily sleep in a broad depot or near a boiler factory, for the noises there are of one or two kinds and the ear comes to know them. Here there is a new sound every minute and a new smash every hour.

A CALL ON THE GOVERNOR.

During my stay in Jerusalem I have called upon the governor of the city. This city belongs to the Mahometans and it takes two great Moslems to rule it. The governor is the executive and the mayor works under him. The governor is about forty years of age. He is a fine looking man with a white face and brown eyes and hair. He dresses in European clothes, and wears a fez cap. He speaks French, and is not very talkative about the situation in Palestine. The new Turkish government has materially changed the position and that the people will be a better off than they were in the past. He expects that it will take some time to educate them so that they may govern themselves.

I asked his excellency whether travel was safe and whether individuals and parties could go about the Holy Land without danger. He replied that anyone might go anywhere, but notwithstanding that I notice that he has taken the precaution to send a soldier with me on my expedition into the wilderness of the sea and beyond the Jordan.

The mayor is likewise confident as to the peaceful conditions, but I observe that every native traveler who goes toward the Jordan carries a gun, and I hear of frequent robberies and stories of men who fall among thieves. I have been privately advised to have weapons when off the main routes, and I am to pay for my guard to the Jordan.

After my talk with the mayor and governor I went through the municipal offices and visited the judges who are holding courts of one kind and another. The plaintiffs and defendants were Mahometans, Christians and Jews and were of a half-dozen races. The Mahometans pass judgment upon all. They have much the same place as the Romans had when Christ lived, and the absolutely control everything in and about the Holy City. They hold the keys to the church of the Sepulcher and open it as the Christians request. Otherwise, it is said, the Greeks, Armenians or Copts might take the keys and keep the other side out. At all great festivals a tomb of our Saviour there are Mahometan soldiers on guard. They are stationed at the birthplace of Christ and, indeed, at every spot that is sacred.—Frank G. Carpenter in the Boston Globe.

The Power of Water.

When a swimmer slaps the water forcibly with his hand, or takes a back dive from a pier and lands squarely on his back, he realizes that the unstable liquid offers not a little resistance. That it is surprising to learn what water will do under certain conditions.

A stream from a fireman's hose will knock a man down. The jet from a nozzle set in place in mining in the west cuts away a large piece of land in a day, and with great boulders as if they were pebbles, and would shoot a man over the country as though he were a projectile from a cannon.

There is a story of an eastern of great strength who wagered that he could knock a hole through the jet of one of these nozzles with a sledge hammer. He lifted his arms, swung his sledge and came down on the ten-inch stream with a force that would have dented a blacksmith's anvil. But the jet, never penetrated, whisked the big hammer out of the man's hands, and tossed it many feet away into the debris of a gold-bearing gravel.

A cavalryman thought that he would have an easy job in cutting a two-inch stream with his sword. He made the attempt at a power plant in Colorado. It was a valiant attempt, but the result was that his sword was shivered in two and his wrist broken.

A little thinner jet of water descending fifteen hundred feet to a manufactory at Grenoble, and travelling at the moderate speed of one hundred yards a second, fractures the best Toledo blades.

AT THE JAFFA GATE.

Let us go to market at the Jaffa gate and see what the people have brought in from the country for sale. There are scores of women with baskets of vegetables before them. They have lettuce and eggplants and beautiful cauliflower heads with heads as white as snow. They have lemons and oranges from Jaffa and apples and pears from the highlands of Judea. Many of the sellers are Bethlehem girls, with high heads and fair faces, and among the buyers are fierce Bedouins from the desert, their heads bound round with rope. Many of the men have guns in their hands, for no one thinks of travelling far in Palestine unarmed. There are Syrians and Jews and Russian pilgrims who are buying apples for the hospice, called Little Russia, which lies outside the city. Here are many people selling beads, although the most of the bead sellers are about the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The beads are of glass and they come from Hebron, not far from the cave which is Abraham's tomb. Hebron is the chief town of South Palestine, and is a manufacturing center. It makes lamps and bottles as well as glass tanks and glass beads, which are sold all over the Holy Land.

THE HOUSES OF JERUSALEM.

Every family here keeps its own rooster. There are so many that the city resounds with their music, and about daybreak they set up a concert which is heard all over the city. I am living in a house in Jerusalem. I might as well be in a barnyard.

appointment revived many beautiful stories of those boyhood days and of the strong and forceful years of his young manhood, when fired with ambition to rise to the very highest rank in his chosen profession, the law, he was never too busy to pause to lend an ear to the voice of suffering or sorrow, or go in person to succor the helpless and distressed.

"Ned" and "Sue" and "Jim," that was the way the brothers and sister were called, so near were they to the people, so charming the personality, so gracious the tender relationship between them, so thoughtful the devotion of all to the younger brother, A. R. Brousseau, the only child that survived by their mother's second marriage. And how proud the sister and younger brothers were of their splendid brother "Ned," and how the people, knowing their true and beautiful lives, shared this laudable pride.

"Miss Sue"—lovable, gracious Miss Sue—as she was known to all the old French Quarter, was never so happy as when making her rounds among the poor and helpless of the district, to whom she was a veritable angel of mercy. Many a time would this elegant lady be seen hurrying out the Rue Esplanade into some by-street, bearing a bowl of soup or some other necessary or dainty to some poor invalid; and many a time was "Ned," her big brother, seen hurrying after her to slip something into her hand "that he might have a share," as he would laughingly tell her, "in her good works."

The devotion of the new Chief Justice to his aged mother was beautiful to witness, and the old Creoles love to dwell upon the distinguished courtesy with which he always approached her; the tenderness and solicitude with which he watched over her; the courtly old time grace with which he conducted her up the aisle of the church on Sunday to the family pew in the old St. Mary's Church, or the Jesuits' Church, and his grief when this dear mother was called away.

Let others tell of Judge White, the great and influential planter, the distinguished jurist, the illustrious Chief Justice; The Morning Star desires to emphasize all these, but it desires above all to show Justice White, the noble Catholic following the faith of his fathers, and living it by every act of his noble and upright life; Justice White never missing a mass on Sunday or failing in his religious duties, Justice White proving the fallacy of the statement that a man cannot be a good Catholic and citizen and public official. He is the second Chief Justice of the United States to bear the title Catholic, Chief Justice Taney having been the first, and because of his magnificent citizenship, because of his splendid abilities and thorough fitness for the place and experience on the Supreme bench, President Taft has honored himself in the appointment of such a true and upright and honest and capable official to this highest office within his gift.

Mr. White will make a great Chief Justice. May he be spared for many years to stand an honor to Christian manhood to his native State and to this glorious Republic, of which he is such a great and illustrious citizen.—New Orleans Morning Star.

Things to Remember.

The road to ruin is always kept in good order. Keep your face always to the sunshine, and the shadows will fall behind you. One's personal enjoyment is a very small thing; one's personal usefulness is a very important thing. Many an honorable career has resulted from a kind word spoken in season, or the warm grasp of a friendly hand.

Work in this busy world is likely to bring a great many failures, with only an occasional success. The failures are discouraging for the time being; but the only way is to keep on in spite of failures until the next success is attained.

When a swimmer slaps the water forcibly with his hand, or takes a back dive from a pier and lands squarely on his back, he realizes that the unstable liquid offers not a little resistance. That it is surprising to learn what water will do under certain conditions.

A cavalryman thought that he would have an easy job in cutting a two-inch stream with his sword. He made the attempt at a power plant in Colorado. It was a valiant attempt, but the result was that his sword was shivered in two and his wrist broken.

A little thinner jet of water descending fifteen hundred feet to a manufactory at Grenoble, and travelling at the moderate speed of one hundred yards a second, fractures the best Toledo blades.

Let us go to market at the Jaffa gate and see what the people have brought in from the country for sale. There are scores of women with baskets of vegetables before them. They have lettuce and eggplants and beautiful cauliflower heads with heads as white as snow. They have lemons and oranges from Jaffa and apples and pears from the highlands of Judea. Many of the sellers are Bethlehem girls, with high heads and fair faces, and among the buyers are fierce Bedouins from the desert, their heads bound round with rope. Many of the men have guns in their hands, for no one thinks of travelling far in Palestine unarmed.

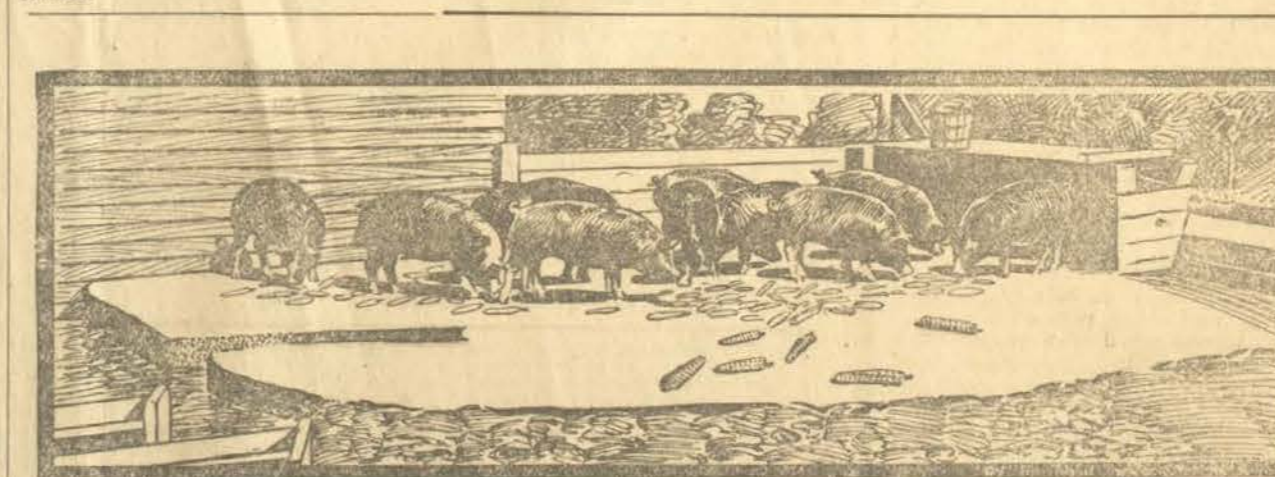
Every family here keeps its own rooster. There are so many that the city resounds with their music, and about daybreak they set up a concert which is heard all over the city. I am living in a house in Jerusalem. I might as well be in a barnyard.

Justice White is a man of the highest ability and profound learning, his knowledge of civil law is greater than that of any man in the nation, and the most profound of any justice who has ever sat on the Supreme bench of the United States. Here in Louisiana where the family has resided for generations and where his father before him occupied the highest office within the gift of the State, the people love to think of Justice White, not as the great and learned leader of a nation's tribunal, not as the profound student or distinguished controversialist, but simply as their own "Ned," as they love to call him, a man of charming personality, noble and generous heart and kindly impulses, who long ago, when a boy on his old plantation home in Lafourche Parish or in his elegant old Creole home in Esplanade Street, won and kept their hearts, because of his splendid character and surpassing excellence and worth. The

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLET. relieve and cure indigestion—acidity of the stomach—biliousness—flatulence—dyspepsia. They re-inforce the stomach by supplying the active principle needed for the digestion of all kinds of food. Try one after each meal. 50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet, send us 50c. and we will mail you a box. National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Beaver Flour IS A Pastry Flour. Beaver Flour makes the lightest, flakiest, tastiest Pie Crusts you ever tasted. Beaver Flour makes the most delicious Cakes, Buns and other Fancy Pastry. And Beaver Flour makes the whitest, most nutritious Bread. Beaver Flour is the family flour for all kinds of baking, as good for Pastry as for Bread, and best for both. Your grocer has it, or will get it for you. DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.

Father Morrissey's "No. 10" (Lung Tonic) is made of Balsams, Roots and Herbs, and is absolutely free from Opium, Morphine or any similar dangerous drug. "No. 10" quickly relieves and permanently cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and other troubles of throat and lungs, including even mild cases of Consumption. Moreover it strengthens the lungs and the whole system against further colds. Trial size 25c. Regular size 50c. At your dealer's or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd. CHATHAM, N.B.



This Feeding Floor Could Be Built in The Fall and it would help greatly to preserve the condition of your live stock in the Spring. Every farmer knows that in the Spring of the year his barnyard is almost bottomless. The live stock mire down into the mud and almost float around—greatly to the detriment of their physical condition. By building a Concrete feeding floor in the yard, this trouble is done away with. A Feeding Floor of comparatively small area and built this Fall, would pay for itself next year. Concrete is the only material that can be used in this way at a moderate cost. Will you ask for your copy of the book which we have prepared for you—"What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete"? It's free—and, take our word for it, you'll find it one of the most interesting pieces of such literature you ever read. And profitable, too—because it will save you money.

Ask for a Copy of This Booklet To-Day. A Postal Will Bring It Promptly. Canada Cement Co., Limited. 51-60 National Bank Building, MONTREAL.



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Discount Sale—Palace Co Co, page 8
Job bids for Sale—E. F. McDonald, page 8
Woodland for Sale—Wm McDonald, page 8
Eucharistic Congress Moving Pictures pg 8
Sharples Tubular Separator—page 5

LOCAL ITEMS

Dr. Cox will be at the Merrimac Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, Jan. 3rd and 4th.

THE CORRECT date for the Short Course at the Agricultural College, Truro, is from January 3rd to January 13th. We learn that there are already four hundred applicants.

THE TREASURER of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul gratefully acknowledges a bequest of twenty dollars from the Executors of Roderick Macdonald, late of St. Ninian's Street, in the town of Antigonish.

PRESENTATION.—Rev. J. J. McNeil, the zealous pastor of Port Hawkesbury, was waited on just before Midnight Mass on Christmas by representatives of the parishioners and presented with an address and a purse of money. Father McNeil highly appreciated the kindness and generosity of his parishioners, and in his reply to the address sincerely expressed his feelings.

JOHN CAMERON, Fairmont, a young man, one of a gang of lumbermen at work felling logs at the North River, Ant., was found lying unconscious by a companion last Thursday evening. Apparently a log he had just cut fell on a tree and swung around, hitting him in the face. He received the full effect of the blow in the mouth. Had he been struck higher up, it is thought his injuries would have been serious. Happily he only sustained some bruises and some severe cuts, necessitating a number of stitches. He was taken to the local hospital for treatment.

HYMENEA.—Quite an interesting event occurred at the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Vancouver, B. C., on the morning of Oct. 25th, when at Nuptial Mass Rev. Father Welsh united in holy matrimony Miss Catherine McPhee, formerly of Antigonish County, N. S., to Mr. Walter Burke of Vancouver. Although the hour was early at which the beautiful ceremony took place, many friends assembled to wish the happy couple a long and prosperous life as they boarded the boat to spend their honeymoon in Victoria, Seattle, and other Coast cities.

THE FISHERMEN of Canso and vicinity are doing unusually well for the last ten days. Coming after a bad summer, the good catch of haddock with the high prices, 2 1/2 cents per pound fresh from the water, is giving much satisfaction to the fishermen and to the business people. The latter enjoyed a really good Xmas trade. Each day of the six of last week the fisherman was able to follow his calling, so that the returns to the boats were perhaps record ones, the highest being \$90 to each man, while others returned \$70 and \$80.

AN order-in-council has been passed declaring that: All lobster traps constructed after the 31st of December shall have the laths on all portions thereof not less than one and a quarter inches apart, while netting must have meshes not less than three inches extension measurement. Lobster traps constructed before the said date may be used for the catching of lobsters without being remodelled to meet the requirements until the 31st of December, 1912. Berden of proof as to the date of construction of the traps is on the user.

THE REV. JOHN O'NEIL DOYLE of Margaree Forks, Inv. Co., received the Holy Order of Priesthood on the 19th Dec., inst. He was ordained by the Rt. Rev. I. B. Morris, Bishop of Little Rock, Ark., assisted by seven priests, for that diocese, and celebrated the first Holy Sacrifice on Christmas day, in the Cathedral. His many friends in these parts, while regretting his departure from his native land owing to ill health, are pleased with his success abroad, and particularly with the fact that he is enjoying the best of health in that delightful south western climate. He is now teaching in the diocesan College and attending to mission work. We heartily wish him ad multos annos.

CHRISTMAS AT ANTIGONISH.—Mild weather just previous to Christmas made it pleasant for shoppers who found it convenient to visit the stores. On the other hand, persons residing at a distance found the bare roads rough and driving disagreeable; no doubt many remained at home for this reason. On the whole there was an average Xmas trade. Christmas Day was unpleasant, the weather being cold and wet, so that few people were on the streets. The Town was quiet and peaceful. An alarm of fire on Christmas morning, just when people had retired after returning from Midnight Mass, was most persistent and disquieting, particularly when it was a false alarm. No satisfactory reason is given for the alarm.

THROGGED with devout worshippers, bright with electric and candle lights, beautiful with chaste floral decorations on the main altar, the Cathedral presented a brilliant and deeply religious scene on Christmas night, when High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Dr. McPherson, Rector of the College, with Rev. M. Gillis as deacon and Rev. M. A. MacAdam as sub-deacon. Immediately following High Mass were two Low Masses. The choir of the Cathedral, always painstaking in its efforts to supply appropriate music for Divine Service, showed by the choral service on Christmas night that it is as anxious as ever to sing God's praises in a becoming and befitting manner. Father Gillis was the preacher and his discourse on the Example of Humility in Our Saviour's Life was instructive. The City was filled by large numbers. Numerous

of learning, we receive the following respecting a Canadian hockey team that is about making a tour of the Continent to present the lively Canadian ice game to the peoples of the different countries. It is deemed that this experiment will tend to make Canada better known in Europe: The Oxford Canadian Hockey Club has decided to send a team to tour the Continent of Europe during the past three weeks of January. Games will be played in Brussels, Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Prague, Munich, St. Moritz, Les Ayants, Chamonix and Paris. The players include: C. A. Adamson (Univ. of Manitoba); H. R. L. Henry (Univ. of Toronto); J. G. Higgins (St. John's); G. Lanctot (Laval) Capt.; W. Marten (Univ. of Toronto); E. A. Munro (Dalhousie Univ.); A. Tait (St. John's). Rhodes Scholars from Newfoundland may become members of the Club through ordinary proposal and election. All Canadians in Oxford are ordinary members.

CHRISTMAS AT GLACE BAY.—Xmas night was bright and clear, and long before the hour of twelve large numbers were wending their ways to St. Ann's Church. When Mass was begun every pew was crowded and many were obliged to stand in the aisles during the services. The main altar was most elaborately decorated with potted plants and cut flowers and shone forth brilliantly in its array of electric lights and candles. A representative of Bethlehem occupied a place at the altar of the Blessed Virgin. At midnight the Very Rev. Dr. Thompson celebrated solemn High Mass, with Rev. Dr. Viola and Rev. H. J. McDonald deacon and sub-deacon. The large pipe organ pealed forth melodiously. The surpliced choir occupied places in the sanctuary, and, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Pickup, gave a beautiful rendition of the Mass of St. Cecilia. At the Communion it was edifying to see the large number that approached the rails to receive the Holy Eucharist. The surpliced choir knelt and received while the members of the League of the Cross and the ladies of St. Ann's Society approached in a body and over a hundred not belonging to either society were also receiving. At the close of the first gospel the Rev. Dr. Thompson went into the pulpit and preached a most eloquent sermon on the Saviour, Whose coming to save not an individual, not a people, not a nation, but the whole world and for all eternity was celebrated to-night in the unity of faith throughout the whole Christian world. At 1:30 Christmas Day Rev. Hugh J. McDonald celebrated High Mass and Rev. Dr. D. C. Gillis of St. F. X. College preached a sermon in which he portrayed the conditions that obtained at the beginning of the Christian era and the influence the coming of Christ had

upon these. He pointed out that the civilization of that day was lacking in one thing, it had no moral side to it, and this Christianity did and alone could supply to it. The Rev. Dr. Gillis is no stranger to the parishioners of St. Ann and his interesting discourses are always appreciated by them.

Among the Advertisers.

Found, a purse with small sum of money, on Hawthorne Street. Owner please call at Casket Office.

Lost, gold filled watch and fob. Finder please leave at Casket Office.

Waldren's studio will be open all day Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 4th, 5th and 6th.

Strayed to the premises of Alex. McPherson, North Grant, a ewe. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this adv.

My \$16.50 watch may still be bought for \$2.00 a month, write for free trial now. Sale closes in January. Wallace, the optician and jeweler, Antigonish.

Guaranteed, watch repairing at Wallace's. Send your watch to my Inverness or Antigonish store for expert repairs. Wallace, the optician and jeweler.

Town Lot for Sale.

The undersigned will receive tenders in writing up to DEC. 31ST INST., for the purchase of that very desirable business stand, on Main Street, Town of Antigonish. The lot is about 32 x 80, with the privilege of an 11-foot right-of-way, extending the depth of the lot. The building is about 30 x 52 feet. The right to reject the highest or any tender is reserved.

MRS. D. MCKENZIE, Main St. Antigonish, N. S., Dec. 21st, 1910.

Final Notice

Unpaid Taxes and Water Rates WARRANTS will be issued against all persons whose taxes are unpaid after the 30th inst. Besides, ratepayers who do not wish to have the "thin red line" drawn through their names on the voters' list must see to it that their taxes and water rates are paid at once

Any person who neglects to pay his taxes and water rates after this notice and finds his name struck of the list of voters, for non-payment of same, can blame only himself for it.

D. C. CHISHOLM, Town Treasurer, Town Office, Antigonish, Dec. 21, 1910.

Birch Timber Wanted

Wanted, by the subscriber, 400 Tons Birch Timber, must be well made with two sides straight, free from rents, rind shakes, rotten knots, bark all removed and delivered alongside railway by May, 1911. JOSEPH McDONALD, James River, Dec. 15th, 1910.

Hand-Made Sleighs For Sale.

The undersigned has a few FIRST-CLASS Hand-Made Sleighs for sale at reasonable prices. R. CHISHOLM, St. Ninian St., Antigonish.

FOR SALE. A Sett of Bob-Sleds

Apply to C. F. McDonald, B. S. Wood Land For Sale. Thirty acres Woodland at East Harbour Bouche, Antigonish Co., all hardwood. Tenders received to Feb. 15th, 1911. Apply to WM. McDONALD, Mulgrave, N. S.

Don't Miss the Eucharistic Congress Pictures Friday and Saturday Nights A chance for everybody to see moving pictures of the great processions, etc. Other good pictures also shown, with Different ones on Saturday Night

America's Leading Pianos Direct From Factory to You. It is an established fact that America leads the world in the manufacture of fine Pianos. No piano is better or more favourably known than the Hallet & Davis. Endorsed by the world's leading musicians since 1838, it today enjoys the distinction of being the world's leading piano for the lowest price. The advantages of buying direct from the factory are many. You pay one profit and only one. The instrument is guaranteed by the maker—direct. The output of the second largest factory in America to select from. In connection with the Hallet & Davis, I am direct factory representative for eight other makes of pianos each being the best obtainable in its class. Prices on these instruments from \$250 upwards. Each instrument bears a tag on which is marked in plain figures, the selling price. THIS PRICE IS FINAL. NO CUTTING. Catalogs and information free on request. Write for them today. Easy terms of payment to responsible persons. H. H. MacDONALD 140 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Wallace's Suggestions for New Year's Gifts.

- FOR THE LADY. A Gold or Gold-Filled Watch. A Plain or Gem set Bracelet. A Rope or Link Watch Chain. A Gem or Signet Finger Ring. A Silver or Gold Wristlet Watch. A Strand of Pearl Pendant Necklace. A Swan Fountain Pen. A Plain or Gem-Set Locket. A Silver Photo Frame. A Silver or Gold Watch Fob. An Ebony Bush Comb and Mirror Set.
FOR THE BABY. Rings. Spoons. Cups. Necklaces. Child's Sets. Bracelets. Brooches.FOR THE MAN. A Pair of Ebony Military Brushes. A Gold, Silver or Nickel Watch. A Single or Double Watch Chain. A Signet Finger Ring. A Pair of Cuff Links. A Gillette Safety Razor. A Swan Fountain Pen. A Silk or Gold Watch Fob. A Kingcenter Razor. A Watch Locket or Charm. A Silver Photo Frame. A Gem or Signet Stick Pin.

BARGAIN T

The Holidays are nearly over, Stock-taking our Stock. So bargains must do it.

See what we are offering. This adv. gives Prices or in Goods.

- FOR MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN. CRAVATS, 25c. to \$1.25. MUFFLERS, 25c. to \$3.00. SUSPENDERS, 25c. to \$1.50. FANCY SOCKS, 15c. to 50c. KID GLOVES, 75c. to \$2.50. LINEN HDKFS, 15c. to 50c. SILK HDKFS, 25c. to \$1.00. GENTAL HDKFS, 15c. to 50c. CUFF BUTTONS, 25c. to \$1.50. STICK PINS, 25c. to \$2.00. UMBRELLAS, 75c. to \$5.00.

So don't fail to take advantage of this also big bargains on Shoes, Overshoes, Slippers, Rubbers, etc. For months we have been working, planning, searching, buying, preparing, assortment of holiday goods for men that notorites have ever vied to get the very newest and best in Gentlemen's correct apparel, and you purchased here are sure to be highly appreciated. The reliable store for

Don't Forget the Clothing and Shoe Discount.

Palace Clothing Antigonish.

Important

It is important to get the best quality at the lowest reasonable price, and you will always be sure of that if you trade at Graham's Grocery.

New Seasonable Goods My stock is large and well assorted. We have everything to be found in a first-class grocery store.

Tea and Coffee a Specialty All kinds of country produce wanted in exchange at highest market price. Wishing all my friends and Customers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

D. R. Graham NOTICE.

The attention of the members of the Scotia Snow Shoe Club is drawn to the following extracts from the Club by laws. The entrance fee shall be one dollar for gentlemen and fifty cents for ladies, payable on or before Dec 31st, and if not paid on or before Jan. 15th, the name to be members of the club. R. H. McDONALD, Sec.

TAX NOTICE.

Owing to the illness of Collector Chisholm, of Antigonish Harbor, Mr. John McGillivray, his near neighbor, has been furnished with a new Tax List. Payment of County and Poor Rates can be made to him by all persons in that section of Morristown district. F. H. MACPHIE, Municipal Treasurer, Antigonish, N. S., Dec. 13, 1910.

Pure Bred Shropshire Jams For Sale.

I am offering for sale 15 pure bred Shropshire rams—yearlings and lambs, yearlings sired by ram imported from Scotland by Senator Edwards of Rockland, Ontario, and lambs by stock imported by Logan Bros., of Amherst. I will sell cheap in order to clean out the lot this fall. They are all in splendid condition. Write or telephone CHAS. T. LOGAN Amherst Point N. S.

We own an Canadian Cereal 6 per cent. First Mortgage 1st June, 1910. These Bonds are attractive principal and in interest, ment yield. Denominations \$1,000, \$500, \$100, \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5, \$2, \$1, \$0.50, \$0.25, \$0.10, \$0.05, \$0.02, \$0.01. J. C. MACK Estate Members of the Halifax, N. S.

COLD WE D. G. Kirk's Coal and Wood Stoves, Stove Pipe and Double Bitt Saws, Genuine A mac and Autom Sticks and Puck Driving Harness, Spring and Caul Robes, Coats and We sell Ladies' Astracha Cloth Coats, Men's Heavy Cio Mitts, which we manufacturer's stock of Coats at purchasing.

D. G. Kirk FOR SALE A fine residence in Town several good farms.