

# THE CASKET.

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A Catholic Journal Non-Partisan in Politics.

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Sixty-first Year

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1913.

From many directions come the proofs of the increased devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, consequent on the promptings of Pius X.

The self-denial demanded of us in Lent is very slight, compared with that which the Catholics of an earlier day cheerfully and faithfully observed.

In these days when many thousands of Catholics are receiving Holy Communion weekly—many daily—surely there will be no one who will neglect to perform his Easter Duty at least!

English magistrates send window-breaking rioting suffragettes to jail. They decline to eat, and the Home Secretary lets them go. The trouble can never be satisfactorily dealt with in that way.

The death is reported of Senor Moret y Prendergast, a Spanish statesman, at the age of 75. The name suggests that, like many of the most illustrious men of Spain, he was a descendant of an Irish exile.

Amongst the most dangerous persons in this world are those who, in the name of art or of literary excellence, recommend to readers the poisonous books in which sins of the flesh are narrated in an alluring manner.

The Lords have thrown out the bill for disestablishing the Church of England in Wales. It is just as well. If they had acted reasonably this winter, the day of reckoning might have been indefinitely postponed. We do not wish to see it postponed.

The war still goes against Turkey. If "nothing succeeds like success," nothing fails like failure. Turkey would have had powerful friends, had she made a good showing. She has no friends now. Well, she does not deserve to have any.

We read that Austria is making regulations concerning foreign airships, and we are told "no crossing of national boundary lines is to be tolerated." Very good; but we are curious to know how the lines are to be fortified or defended, away up in the air.

How strangely must not the cries of narrow-minded and ill-informed men against the Papacy sound in the ears of Pius X., as he bends his brain and his will to the glorious task of drawing all his children, in all parts of the world, frequently to Holy Communion!

Three suffragettes broke windows in Dublin Castle. Dublin Castle has deserved worse treatment than that, not because the women cannot vote, but for graver reasons. But Dublin Castle is going to be swept out and refitted from attic to cellar, politically, in a year or two, and Ireland can hold on that long. And, anyhow, the women must not interfere.

The House of Lords sent the Welsh Bill out to overtake the Home Rule Bill. The Church of England will, for a year or two yet, be called "The Welsh Church," as she used to be called "The Irish Church." She is hardly one degree more Welsh than she was Irish. She can hardly be even called "The English Church" to-day. The Dissenters object to the title, and they are right.

One of the "Old Guard" of the Home Rule Party, Mr. P. J. Power, M. P. for Waterford, died in London in January. He sat for Waterford in the Commons for twenty-nine years. We are told that he was a zealous Catholic; went to Mass every day, and was usually a daily communicant.

He was a deputy Chairman of Committee of the whole House.

America tells us: The Socialists are very much wrought up by the announcement that Andrea Costa, the real founder of the Socialist party of Italy, made his peace with God before dying. Discovering, some time ago, that many another Socialist did the same thing, the Giordano Bruno Society bound its members to have some other member near when death was approaching, to prevent any priestly ministrations. As Costa called for the Sacraments some months before his departure from this world, the watcher was forestalled.

A marked copy of *The Montreal Tribune* came to us a few weeks ago, with an article dealing with Orangeism in Canada. We read it with interest. There is, unfortunately, much life, in Ontario, in that anomalous survival of eighteenth century intolerance, ignorance and hatred. Orangeism is, however, doomed to speedy death without any particular effort to hasten that most desirable event. Freedom and education are twin poisons to it; and it has had to swallow large doses of both in Canada; and may be seen from time to time wrinking up its ugly face to gulp down more. We hear many a groan, and not a few curses; but the medicine goes down.

Referring to the little excursion recently made into politics by a Protestant bishop in Ontario, to which we referred in a previous issue, *America* says:

Here is something worthy of the attention of General Miles, Admiral Baird and the other Guardians of Liberty. It is true that it all happened in Canada; but Ontario is not so far away, and there is not much difference between bishops there and bishops here. If a bishop there dictates politics to his synod and through them to his people, what will not bishops do in this land of free speech. *Caveant Consules!* Let Miles and Baird see to it! It belongs especially to them, because the Bishop of Ontario is a Protestant Bishop. Should a Catholic Bishop ever forget himself so far as to speak in such a strain—an impossible supposition!—the Consules need not take the trouble to act. The Pope would attend to him promptly and effectively.

Cardinal Newman's words on the Mass ought to be indelibly impressed on the mind of every Catholic:

To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but if I may use the word the Evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. There are little children, and old men and simple laborers and students in seminaries, priests preparing for the Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and scope of it!

We learn from *Truth* (New York) that two papers in Italy have come to grief through libelling priests:

*L'Espresso*, an anti-Christian, unscrupulous little sheet published in Rome, discovered last December that it is not always wise to give particulars when attempting to defame the Catholic priesthood. Its manager and its correspondent at Accumoli were sentenced (after their appeal had been heard) to terms of ten months and one year's imprisonment, respectively, for publishing a calumny against the parish priest of Accumoli. The Manager of *La Briansa*, of North Italy, has been condemned to prison for one year and fifteen days for the calumny published against the parish priest and a nun of Monza. The Italian judges give rather sharp sentences in these cases.

English, Canadian and American defamers are more cautious. Statements are made; but names are not given.

Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards of the United States Army, as quoted by *America*, complains of the inaccurate teaching contained in school histories concerning the achievements of American soldiers:

"In all the school histories the children have been taught that our Revolutionary soldiers, without experience or training, won great victories over the seasoned British troops; they are taught that the same class of troops whipped the English soldiers in the war of 1812, and so on through all the wars. There never was such rot put into the form of history. Our fighting in these wars was pitiable and the conduct of the raw and untrained troops, with one or two exceptions, was disgraceful. We were beaten in every battle in 1812 with two exceptions, one of them fought after the war closed and

our capital and public buildings were burned. The same thing came near happening again after Bull Run."

We may say to General Edwards that the United States is not the only country where school histories have deceived the children on a similar subject.

And now it is Hayti that recoils on the anti-Catholic ranters and dreamers:

"Bishop McFaul and the *Freeman's Journal* have good right to complain of a calumny against the Catholic Church published in the *World's Work* by William Bayard Hale, a correspondent whom we have found aforesaid not trustworthy. He said that in Hayti the people are nominal Catholics, but that Vodouism is their real religion; and to justify it he told of his conversation with a bishop there who declared that he received letters from St. John, and that he was himself Philip the Evangelist, who ascended in the chariot of the Banuch of Ethiopia and converted him. The Rev. Mr. Hale says: 'Philip the Evangelist proposed to give me a letter of introduction to the Queen of Sheba.' Investigation by *The Independent* (Dec. 26, 1912), compelled the editor to declare: 'Mr. Hale's story is discredited.'—*Truth, New York*.

Some wagish clergyman perhaps extended Mr. Hale's pedal extremity. *The Independent* will soon have almost as much experience in dealing with these "fakes" as *THE CASKET* has had.

Readers of this paper who remember our articles on Freemasonry two years ago will be interested in the following, which we take from *America*:

### SOLIDARITY OF MASONRY.

The *American Freemason* of February, 1913 (though by a profraternal oversight "1912" appears on the cover) publishes a summary of a circular letter sent by a number of very earnest Freemasons who participated in the recent International Peace Congress at Geneva. The editor calls attention to the fact that "it is signed first by Brother Magalhães Lima, Grand Master of Portuguese Masons, and one of the principals among those concerned in the deposition of royalty in his home country, and establishment of the Lusitanian republic. The circular is at once a warning and an appeal. It sets forth what are alleged to be the designs of the Roman Church—to make itself the supreme, even the sole authority, not only in things spiritual, but also in purely temporal affairs. These efforts, says the circular, are adapted to meet every situation: sometimes made openly, defiantly, brutally; at others proceeding by methods hidden or plausible and Jesuitical. The unceasing efforts of clericalism, continues the circular, have but one aim—to rehabilitate the Vatican as seat of a world power; to elevate the papacy above all governments. After giving several recent illustrations of priestly intrigue, the framers of the circular call upon Freemasons of all countries to forget their differences that they may unitedly face the common danger. Craftsmen are urged to make such preparation that they may resist clericalism at every point. Only thus can the freedom of conscience, gained by past struggles and sacrifices, be preserved from the destroying hands of bigotry and intolerance."

Nor does this article exclude English and its associate American Freemasonry, which have hitherto protested that they had no affiliation with the anti-Christian Grand Orient of France. For in the same issue of the *American Freemason* we are informed that the result of the meeting of the International Masonic Club, held in London on November 15, was the conclusion:

"1. That the Grand Orient of France, with regard to religious tests, is much nearer to the original plan of Masonry, as set forth in the first Constitutions, than is the Grand Lodge of England.

"2. That the French Masons are worthy men, doing a wonderful work for the cause of progress and enlightenment."

"As a matter of fact," continues the writer, "French Freemasonry has ever since 1878 been steadily growing more intelligent and scholarly, more compact, more serene, more self-confident, more effective, and more elevated. At this day it is the model for all the world in respect to these qualities. There is no American jurisdiction that can compare with it."

The good old Catholic custom of having many religious pictures in the home is not as well kept up as it ought to be. This is a subject of some importance, and we find it well dealt with in the following brief editorial in *America* of February 1st:

That "anything is good enough to cover the bare space on the wall," seems to be the principle on which many Catholics act nowadays in selecting pictures for the adornment of the home. Correct taste in art is even rarer in this country than good judgment in literature. For those who exercise some care in their selection of books will buy without hesitation worthless or dangerous paintings and engravings. Yet the character of the pictures in a house is a matter of more importance than the nature of the library's contents, for bad books are harmless till opened and read, but a meretricious painting may be always hanging on the wall for all to see.

Of immodest pictures there is scarcely any need of speaking, for however "artistic" such may be considered, they should have no place of course in Christian homes. The sight of paintings of this kind but too often stains permanently the minds of children who behold them. In buying pictures more pains should be taken to secure the best. Excellent copies of the world's finest paintings may be had now for moderate sums, and the world's finest paintings, it should be said, are the masterpieces, for the most part, of Catholic artists, who found their inspiration, as a rule, in sacred subjects. These are the pictures therefore that should grace the walls of Catholic homes. Good reproductions of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Van Dyke's "Crucifixion," and the like, bear testimony no less to the warm faith than to the cultivated taste of those who select and purchase such pictures for the adornment of the home. Representations of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, and the saints, by being artistic lose thereby none of their devotional character, though some dealers in articles of piety would seem in practice to hold the contrary. Indeed the power of a masterpiece over the multitude is being proved daily in New York by the throngs that flock to see the Raphael in the Morgan exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Arts.

Tasteful and well-executed paintings or engravings of sacred scenes and persons will become a Catholic home. Besides training the household to appreciate what is best in art, they suggest good thoughts to beholders, and on the minds of children in particular make such a strong impression that in after years many a temptation will doubtless be conquered, grace cooperating, through the lasting memory of a holy picture, whose meaning a pious mother had explained to tiny listeners. We seldom forget the pictures we saw in our nursery days. How important then that children should grow up among none but the masterpieces of art.

Excellent copies of most of the greatest religious paintings can now be had for a very small price.

### AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST'S VIEW OF POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN FRANCE.

Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, who has, during the past year, been contributing articles to *The Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia) on American and English politics, has one on politics in France, in a recent issue. Some of his statements agree so well with the statements we have heretofore made in these columns, that we think it may be of interest to quote them:

Still, with a presidential election only six weeks away, the people of France are taking not the slightest interest—and will take no interest. Nothing appears in the papers about the coming election, save a casual paragraph now and then stating that the friends of So-and-So think he might do. So far as the people are concerned it is doubtful whether half of them know there is to be a presidential election, and it is quite true (that not a quarter of them care). It is the same with the other elections. The people as a whole do not do not concern themselves with politics. Politics, they seem to assume, is the business of the politicians. Wherefore let the politicians attend to their business; and if, perchance, there is a vast increase in petty officeholders, and a bit of grafting now and then, the French people shrug their shoulders and content themselves with the reflection that these things go with the game and therefore are to be endured. The abuse of patronage and the use of office for personal enrichment are what politics is for, and Frenchmen who are not in politics keep out and let things go as they will.

Thus this country is the paradise of the politician. He does about as he pleases. He loads down the payroll with jobholders, secure in the knowledge that not only those jobholders but all their relatives and friends, who reflect the glory of the member of the family who has the distinction conferred by a title as a minor officeholder, or by a button or ribbon of a minor order, will continue to support him every time he runs for office. When a general election comes the candidates paste circulars on the walls calling attention to their virtues in the most extravagant language and detracting from their opponent in equally excessive terms; and the people pay no attention to the matter, but vote or not as it happens. The deputies and the senators and the ministers do what they please, enjoy their power and perquisites—and the Frenchmen takes it all as a matter of course!

At the bottom the political divisions are Radical and Conservative. The Radicals, who are now in control of the government, and who are likely to remain in control for some time, are the Radicals *per se* and Socialist-Radicals. The governments are chiefly chosen from these parties—that is, when a ministry falls the new ministry is made up from the majority forces; for in France, differing from England, when a ministry—which is the government—falls it does not mean there must be a general election, a return to the people for endorsement. The powerful politicians simply pick out a new cabinet or ministry, and that collection of statesmen sees what it can do under the circumstances.

Ranging down from the ministers, the senators and the deputies, are the local governments. In these the great genius of the patronage dispenser is shown, for they are divided and subdivided, and again divided into the most minute sections, each with its large corps of officeholders. The unit of government is the commune, each with its municipal council and mayor. There are 36,222 of these. The 36,222 communes are divided among 2911 cantons and the 2911 cantons among 362 arrondissements. Cantons have their governments and so do arrondissements. This arrangement, it would seem, provided a good many places for French politicians; but they needed more. Thus the arrondissements are divided into eighty-six departments, each with a departmental council. Prefects, having great powers, govern the departments, and subprefects govern the arrondissement.

The prefect represents the central government. At the risk of making you dizzy, let me give you a look at the scheme: The president is controlled by the ministry. The ministry, working with the majority politicians, appoints the prefects and the subprefects. The deputies and the senators have much to say as to these appointments. Thus the prefect and the subprefect, owing their places to the ministry, influenced by the senators and the deputies, who assume control of their own departments, work on down through until the man who sits in the humble council of one of the 36,222 communes is—indirectly, at least—at the behest of the minister, the senator or the deputy; and so are his relatives and friends.

Take all that into consideration, and then consider the innumerable places in the national government, the attaches of the various governing bodies, the great army of placeholders in the capital and in the capitals of the departments—and you will see why I have called France the paradise of the politician. The people not directly concerned in the job getting and holding, who have their own businesses or employments, do nothing but pay for all this. They have no voice in it and take no interest in it. The politician can do as he pleases.

The French are in no way peculiar in their use of patronage or in the desire of the voters to get on the payroll. The United States will discover that presently, when those Democrats get after President Wilson! Still, there are remnants of patronage over here that make our rush for office seem very rough and rude. In the first place, you must remember that the average French farmer or wine grower, or small shop-keeper, is ambitious for his sons. It is hard for a boy to be other than his father was in France. It is a father's duty to make it likely the lad will be a baker, and so on. The struggle to get along is almost hopeless. Therefore, when a peasant tilling a few acres, or a vineyardist, or a small shopkeeper, or any other man entitled to a vote, finds that, by the bestowal of that vote and the vote of his relatives and friends, either he or his son may become a petty officeholder, may get a petty title to put on his card, he eagerly bestows all the votes he can control in order that the distinction above his neighbors may be his. It does not take much of a job to make a French son, either in the departments or in Paris or in the other cities, attain a better position—for the family, mind you—than the father has attained; and this desire is especially keen among the middle class—the tradesmen and the other bourgeois. They want to get distinction.

We have frequently asserted that the political machine of France was the most perfectly organized political machine in the world. Mr. Blythe makes it clear that the peculiar social conditions of the country, the natural apathy of the people towards the whole business of politics, the alignment of parties and their subdivisions, the lack of direct responsibility of a whole party to the people—to be approved or condemned at the poles as a party, and the multiplication of public offices, all work together to one most undesirable end, and that end is, government by small groups under the cloak of representative, responsible government by and for the people.

Such are the political conditions in France; and to them must be attributed the ease with which such very extraordinary measures are carried into effect without the opposition to them being able to manifest itself in an effective manner.

### HISTORY OF HATRED.

#### XVIII.

#### A COMPARISON.

A nice debate might be maintained on the question, which was the worse system of government, that of Cromwell and his time, or that of the so-called Irish Parliament, the "English" in Ireland, in the 17th and 18th centuries?

When Ireland was in arms for King James II. men still lived who had seen the "Puritan" armies, under Cromwell, and others, at work in Ireland. Tyrconnell, James' chief agent in Ireland, fled from Drogheda, a young man, on that dreadful day when the streets ran with blood—blood shed in a massacre after the day was won, a massacre which Cromwell

himself admitted in his despatch to London. Green says:

"Cromwell landed in Ireland in 1649; and his storm of Drogheda in September was the first of a series of awful massacres. The garrison fought bravely, and repulsed the first attack; but a second drove Aston and his force back to the Mill-Mount. 'Our men getting up to them,' ran Cromwell's terrible despatch, 'were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to death about 2000 men. A few fled to St. Peter's Church, whereupon I ordered the steeple to be fired.' 'In the church itself nearly one thousand were put to the sword. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two.'"

Green says that, except the priests, no others not in arms were killed whilst Cromwell was in Ireland. That is false. But let Green go on:

"But for soldiers there was no mercy. Of the remnant who surrendered, through hunger, when they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head, every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes." 'I am persuaded,' the despatch ends, 'that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood in the future.'"

So canted Cromwell, with King Charles' blood on his own hands.

Well, Tyrconnell was in Drogheda that day. He might have been able to tell, what Cromwell did not tell, of that horrible hour when the bloody Cromwellian soldiers went down into the cellar of the church, where women had taken refuge. Anthony a Wood in the preface to *Athenae Oxoniensis*, quotes the statement of his brother, Thomas a Wood, who was one of Cromwell's officers in Drogheda, that 8000, at least, besides some women and children, were killed in that city. After they had killed all in the church, they went into the vaults beneath where all the flower and the choicest of the women had hid themselves. One of them a most handsome woman, kneeled down to Thomas, with tears and prayers to save her life, and being struck with pity he carried her out of the church, intending to put her outside the town; but a soldier ran his sword through her body. Similar scenes were enacted at Wexford, Cashel, Kilkenny and other places, though probably women and children were not killed in all those places. In Kilkenny, the beautiful marble finished cathedral was made a stable; beautiful statuary was destroyed; vaults of the dead were violated, and the bodies exposed to be eaten by ravenous dogs; the soldiers fired volleys at the great crucifix in the market square of Kilkenny; and, in some places, the soldiers dressed themselves in the vestments of the priest, and made a most profane mockery of the sacred ceremonies.

Priests, and even bishops, were not all of them non-participants in that war; and some of them had, perhaps, to expect to live or die on the same terms as soldiers. But the women and children were non-combatants; and even the slaughter of the soldiers was often done in defiance of the rules of civilized warfare. And, years after the war was over, the killing and torturing of priests and nuns went on. The story is too long to tell; but no story in all the history of mankind is more tragic or more terrible than this storm of the ferocious attempt to exterminate Catholicity and the Celtic race, in Ireland, by the sword, carried on for years after the war was over. Three hundred priests were put to death; and the sufferings of those who escaped were frightful.

Even in the far away West Indies, whither thousands of men, women and children were transported and enslaved, murder, torture and massacre pursued the unfortunate people. Even there, their faithful priests to the best of their power attended them. Even there, the wretched victims were true to the Faith.

Well, the two plans may be contrasted. They differed; but only in method; not in origin; not in spirit; not in aim. Of the two, we think the Cromwellian plan of the sword was certainly the more honest; and the plan of the Penal Laws the less manly, the more contemptible, the more hypocritical.

The sword struck, and the victim died. The swordsman passed on. In the nature of things, murder, and especially wholesale murder, must be, against a whole people, only a temporary expedient. The Cromwellian horrors lasted for eleven years; the Penal Laws lasted for a hundred years in full vigor; and the

(Continued on page 4)



Montreal's Expansion a Wonder of the Age.

The statistical story of a city's growth and development may not be the best way of recording its activities, but in a modern material age there seems no other way.

Montreal, founded in 1642 by Maisonneuve, is rich in historical associations. It was from here that the first pioneers and explorers set out on their voyages of discovery.

Statisticians point out that Montreal, as the national port during the season of navigation handles a greater monthly tonnage than any port on the continent, except New York.

step in and buy up the old farms, which contributed so largely to the peculiar charm of the city's surroundings.

To those who are interested in the growth and prosperity the following statistics will throw some light on the remarkable expansion which has taken place in Canada's commercial metropolis during recent years.

The population of Montreal proper is now 167,000 and of Greater Montreal 650,000. Ten years ago the population of Montreal proper was 287,000. Her assessed valuation to-day is \$901,000,000; ten years ago it was but \$188,000,000.

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The New Catechism.

(Suggestions or criticisms are to be addressed to Rev. H. J. Canning, 5 East Street, Toronto.)

Q. What is the sin called which we commit ourselves? The sin which we commit ourselves is called actual sin.

Q. What is actual sin? Any willful thought, word, deed or omission contrary to the law of God.

Q. What is omission? Not doing what we ought to do.

Q. What are the greater sins called? Mortal sins, because they kill the life of grace in the soul.

Q. What are the lesser sins called? Venial sins, because they are more easily pardoned.

Q. Can sinners be saved? Yes, if they are willing to do what God tells them.

Q. Would God forgive the greatest sinner that ever lived? Yes, if he was sorry for his sins and turned away from them.

Q. What does God say? "If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow." (Ps. 1:18)

Q. Will all sinners be saved then? No, many die in their sins.

Q. How is it that many sinners die in their sins? Many sinners die in their sins because they do not repent, and as a rule men die as they live.

LESSON SIXTH.

The sin of our first parents is called original sin because it goes back to the origin of our race and is the origin or first source of all evil. Of all evils in the world sin is far the worst.

GOD THE SON.

Can we by ourselves get rid of our sins? No; we cannot by ourselves get rid of our sins; we are quite helpless.

Who can help us to get rid of our sins? Only God could help us to get rid of our sins.

How does God help us? Through His only Son whom He sent into the world to become man.

Did we deserve this that God would send His only Son to become man and save us? No; God took pity on us.

What is the name of the Son of God made man? Jesus Christ.

What does the name Jesus mean? One who saves us from evil; Saviour or Redeemer.

Who was the holy man that watched over Jesus and His Blessed Mother? St. Joseph, a carpenter.

Was he the father of Jesus? No; Jesus Christ has only one Father, the Father in Heaven.

Is Jesus Christ really God? Yes, He is God the Son, Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

Where was He before He became man? He was in Heaven.

How did He become man? He was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary.

Is Jesus Christ two persons, God and man? No; He is one Person, but He has two natures, the nature of God and the nature of man.

Is the Virgin Mary the Mother of this Divine Person? Yes; she is the Mother of God, and she is the mother of all who are children of God.

LESSON SEVENTH.

God our Father so loved us as to send His only Son into the world to save us from our sins. The night He was born in Bethlehem angels sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Who were God's people before the coming of our Lord? The Jews. How do you name the new People of God? The Catholic Church.

VIII. JESUS CHRIST AS KING.

How do you speak of Jesus Christ as King? We speak of Jesus Christ as King when we call Him our Lord.

What did our Lord do as King? He formed a new people of God (Acts xv. 14).

Who were God's people before the coming of our Lord? The Jews. How do you name the new People of God? The Catholic Church.

What is the Catholic Church called in Scripture? The Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Heaven, the Body of Christ.

What are the marks of Christ's Kingdom? It is one; it is holy; it is Catholic; it is Apostolic.

Whom did our Lord make the first rulers of His Kingdom or Church? The twelve Apostles.

What power did He give them? Power to bind and to loose; to make and unmake laws; to teach all nations.

Did our Lord make any of the Apostles equal to Him? No, He named Peter to act for Him as Head of the Church.

What do we call a man who acts for an absent King? A vicar or viceroy.

Who succeeds St. Peter as Vicar of Christ? The Pope, or Bishop of Rome.

Why? Because St. Peter lived and died as Bishop of Rome.

LESSON EIGHTH.

There can be only one true religion because there is only one God. There can be only one Kingdom of God, because there is only one King of kings, our Lord.

There can be only one true Church, because the Church is the Kingdom of God on earth. The Apostles, who were the first pastors of the Church, preached the same Gospel and set up the same religion in every land.

That Gospel is the Gospel of Christ; that religion is the Catholic religion. The word Catholic means universal, i. e., one and the same everywhere and always.

Our Lord tells us that every kingdom divided against itself shall fall. So His Kingdom is not divided against itself, or else, it, too, would fall. He has set up His Kingdom or Church upon a Rock, and the gates of hell, He tells us, shall not prevail against it.

The greatest of all blessings is to belong to Christ's Kingdom, to be a member of the Catholic Church. Millions have laid down their lives rather than give up the faith that made them Catholics. You may not be called on to do this. But you are called on to live for the faith that makes you a Catholic, and live up to it. The worst enemy of the Catholic Church is the bad Catholic.

IX. JESUS CHRIST AS PRIEST.

What is a priest? A priest is one who offers sacrifice to God for the people.

What does a priest offer in sacrifice? A victim.

What is a victim? A victim is that which is slain to show forth God's power over life and death.

Which was the chief victim in the Old Law? A spotless lamb.

What was this lamb a type or figure of? It was a type of our Lord, who is called the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world (Jno. 1:29).

When did our Lord take away the sins of the world? When He died a victim for sin on the Cross.

Is the Sacrifice of the Cross over and done? No; Jesus Christ is "a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec." (Reference.)

Who was Melchisedec? A king and priest who offered sacrifice in bread and wine.

How is our Lord priest forever after the order of Melchisedec? He is forever offering sacrifice under the forms of bread and wine.

Where did He make the offering of Himself as a victim? At the Last Supper.

Where was He slain in sacrifice? On Calvary.

Where does He offer His sacrifice now? On the altar, by the hands of His priests.

What do you call this Sacrifice? The Holy Mass.

Is the Mass the same as the Sacrifice of the Cross? Yes; the Priest is the

same, the Victim is the same, and the Action is the same.

What do you mean by the Action? The act of offering in the consecration.

Whose is this act? It is our Lord's act, and it changes the bread and wine into His Body and Blood.

Do the words show that it is our Lord's act? Yes; they are our Lord's own words: "This is My Body; This is My Blood."

What does St. Paul say about the Mass? He says it "shows forth the death of the Lord until He come," at the end of the world.

LESSON NINTH.

The greatest thing in a religion is the sacrifice. The only good and divine religion is the Catholic religion, and the Mass is the sacrifice in the Catholic religion.

Through it the work of redemption, the work of ransoming souls from the captivity of sin, is evermore carried on. By the mouth of the prophet Malachy God foretold the Mass as the clean oblation that should be offered up among the Gentiles from the rising of the sun to its going down.

The Last Supper and Calvary together make one sacrifice, which is prolonged or kept up evermore in the Mass, where our Lord offers Himself to God under the form of wine and is given as food to the people. Try to hear Mass every day. In hearing Mass think that the same thing is being done on the altar that was done at the Last Supper and on Calvary. Pray God earnestly that you may share in the fruits of this wonderful sacrifice.

Here could be the place to mention the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Which means that the foundation of the Church is to last for all times and that no human or infernal power will ever be able to destroy it.

Mention to be made of the privilege of Indulgibility.

A question and answer for the word "transubstantiation."

Ice Skating.

Ice skating is one of the most healthful exercises for obvious reasons. It takes one out of doors, it brings into play almost every muscle in the body, and by properly breathing, through the nose and not the mouth, strengthens the lungs.

Under no circumstances take stimulants while skating. Coffee and tea are almost as injurious as alcoholic beverages. Long, slow, deep breathing through the nose will produce the same effect in a perfectly healthful manner.

If the weather is very severe an added precaution may be taken to protect the chest by placing under a sweater a piece of brown paper.

All should wear substantial laced shoes with heavy waterproof soles. Whenever possible an extra pair of shoes should be used for skating.

The better grades of skates are sold in styles to be permanently attached to the shoes. This eliminates the danger of their working loose and flying off.

One's feet feel so much better and rested when a change of shoes can be made when walking home.

The first maxim when learning to skate is to throw fear to the winds. The minute you gain confidence in yourself just that soon you can skate, no matter how apparently weak your ankles are.

In putting on the skates kneel on one knee and fasten the skate on the foot of the other leg. Beginners will find it helpful to provide themselves with a strong, light pole, about six feet long, with a spike in one end.

This is of great assistance in rising after having put on the skates and will tend to give one more confidence at the start.

Do not try to strike out as you may see others do. This will only end in pain and disaster. Walk slowly, taking small steps at first, keeping both skates on the ice; gradually lengthen the step, keeping the ankles as rigid as possible.

Remember, the only difference between yourself and the boys and girls around you who are skating is a little practice and a lot of confidence.

We have just received a large stock of New Canned Goods, including Tomatoes, Peas, Corn, String Beans, Baked Beans, Peaches, Pears, Plums, etc., etc.

We also have New Raisins (all kinds), Cleaned Currants, Citron, Figs, Green Grapes, etc.

We have a good stock of Spices and Essences for the Holiday Baking.

We will have our Christmas Confectionery and Nuts in very soon, and our stock will then be complete for this season of the year.

We aim to give our customers the best quality the market affords, and if you give us a trial order you will be convinced.

We want good Butter, Eggs and Poultry, and pay the highest market price in exchange.

DAVE McDONALD, Ballentyne's Cove, 1, 30, 3m.

D. R. GRAHAM CASH PAID FOR HIDES

HEALTH and vigor are the basis of profitable dairying and stock growing. Authority is carried at a loss, and a disgrace to the farmer. Immediate improvement in condition follows the use of

Pratts Animal Regulator

the world's greatest conditioner for horses, cattle, sheep, hogs. It improves the appetite, strengthens the digestive system, puts the stock in shape to work hard or produce heavily. That brings satisfaction and profit.

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Gate's Nerve Ointment C. GATES SON & CO. GENTLEMEN:—I had the misfortune to freeze my toe which caused me a great deal of suffering, and although I had it treated yet without success till I used your Nerve Ointment which has completely cured it. And I have no hesitancy in recommending it to others as the best I ever used, Yours Sincerely, MATTHEW WOOD, Port Phillip, N. S.

New Canned Goods We have just received a large stock of New Canned Goods, including Tomatoes, Peas, Corn, String Beans, Baked Beans, Peaches, Pears, Plums, etc., etc. We also have New Raisins (all kinds), Cleaned Currants, Citron, Figs, Green Grapes, etc. We have a good stock of Spices and Essences for the Holiday Baking. We will have our Christmas Confectionery and Nuts in very soon, and our stock will then be complete for this season of the year. We aim to give our customers the best quality the market affords, and if you give us a trial order you will be convinced. We want good Butter, Eggs and Poultry, and pay the highest market price in exchange. DAVE McDONALD, Ballentyne's Cove, 1, 30, 3m.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made in certain cases. Duties—Six months' residence upon cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least eight acres solely owned and occupied by him or his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister. Duties—Six months' residence upon cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter a purchased homestead in any district. Price \$3 per acre. Duties—Six months' residence in each of three years. A homesteader may acquire three years' residence six months in each of three years. W. W. COOY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.



The Things We Do.

It isn't the things you do, dear; It's the things you leave undone...

A DAY-DREAM.

The wage earner mechanically swallowed the last mouthful of her lunch. She had to swallow twice...

Too exhausted to resist her drifting thoughts, her mind inertly roved beyond those prison-like walls until...

Then, in a second's flash, that invisible door closed—the sunlight vanished—for shrilly the whistle announced that the recess was over...

"But what are you doing here? And let's get away from it," he added, assisting her to the outskirts of the crowd...

"But why did you stop writing?" "I couldn't write after father's failure."

What's Your Rut?

What's your rut? Maybe you don't treasure one among your personal belongings. In that case let Aunt Bride offer her heartiest congratulations...

One may sometimes look with suspicion upon the friend who tells us of our faults. We know of several beams in her eye, of course.

If we could only post these stumbling blocks along the social road, put large warning "danger" signs on them, everybody would make the widest possible detour.

But Aunt Bride asked what is your particular rut? She hopes it isn't the looking backward rut. So many cherish that pernicious habit.

Send for the priest, even if the man has apparently died suddenly—he may have had only a fainting spell, a shock of apoplexy, a fit, in which animation is suspended.

The chamber of the sick person should be as clean as possible. In it should be a table covered with a clean white cloth.

Every Catholic family should be supplied with these requisites. Sickness or accident may come into any family at any time.

One more word. Every Catholic who does not live at home, who is a boarder, or lodger in the house with others, and especially if he lives with non-Catholics, should have in his trunk a crucifix, holy water, and two blessed candles.

WOODEN culverts are unsightly, dangerous, expensive, short-lived.

CONCRETE culverts are neat, safe, need no repairs, and are ever-lasting.

So he goes along, day after day, sin clutching him harder and harder, his conscience becoming indurated, attempting to excuse his crimes by all sorts of sophistry...

In case of serious illness, what is your duty to the sick person? Simply this, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

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some Catholic friend or fellow-employee. Non-Catholic acquaintances seldom think of spiritual attendance unless requested.—The Pilot.

Liquor May be Seized on I. C. R. Premises.

MINISTER OF RAILWAYS ISSUES ORDER.

As a result of representations made at the request of the Nova Scotia Temperance Alliance to the Minister of Railways through Rev. Dr. Shearer, of the Moral and Social Reform Council of Canada...

"Notify all agents and employees of the Railway, giving directions that all officers of the law must be given access to any and all of the premises

where freight is kept so that they may enter, inspect, search and seize liquor improperly shipped in contravention of any of the following laws:

It must be very gratifying to Temperance workers in the Provinces that our request has been granted.

The liquor traffic in the provinces is doomed. H. R. GRANT, General Secretary N. S. T. Alliance, Feb. 6th, 1913.

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GOVERNMENT ANALYSIS

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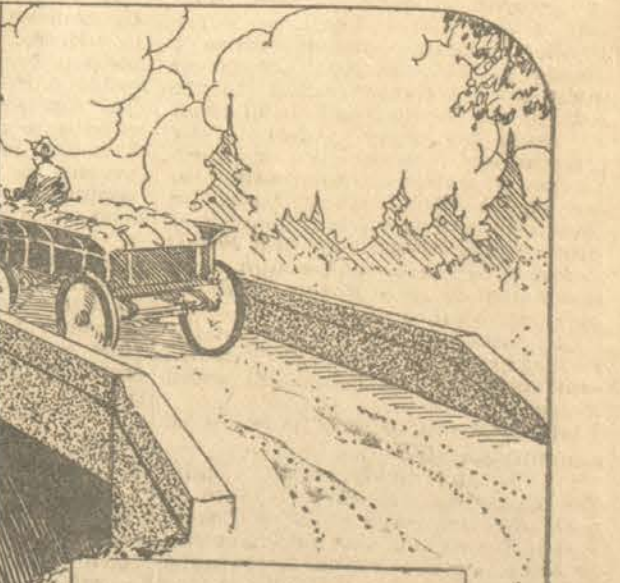
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Every farmer owes it to himself to insist that the money he pays for road-taxes be spent to the best advantage. As a taxpayer, he is entitled to the best roads that can be made with that money.

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THE CASKET

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1913

HISTORY OF HATRED.

Continued from page 1

system which enacted them, the system which they in their turn helped to shape and solidify, is still in existence, and has champions in and outside of the British Parliament at this moment.

The life and strength of a nation can better endure a few years of the sword than the slow, grinding unceasing degradation of laws which make them ignorant, make them poor, crush ambition, freeze courage, and turn the virile man into an automaton.

Neither the sword, nor the penal Code could ever change the Irishman's religion, nor, in any great degree, his simple piety and manly virtue. Injured in all else, no means have yet been found to damage very seriously the honest, manly, goodness of the Irishman born and brought up in Ireland.

"The Celts are gone," shouted the English press, after the "Great Famine." And this is 1913; and the Celts are stronger than ever.

To proceed with the Penal Laws—Men lived and suffered under the penal laws, who had seen the sack of Drogheda, and the massacre at the market cross in Wexford; and the storm of the church at Cashel, and the soldiers firing on the crucifix in Kilkenny, and had seen the slave-ships start for the West Indies, and had seen bishops hanged, and blood-hounds tracking the priests up the mountain-side, and non-combatants hiding in the furze when the soldiers set it on fire and burned them alive.

We have seen a good start made towards preventing "the further growth of Popery." A very tenacious thing, this "Popery." We dare say English wise men frequently assured themselves that the devil was in it,—it flourished so well under all their ingenious contrivances for making an end of it.

(9) By the Statute 2 Anne, chapter 6, any person "who shall attend or be present at any pilgrimage, or meeting held at any holy well, or imputed holy well," was to be fined 10 shillings in default of payment, whipping.

(10) All magistrates to demolish all crosses, pictures, and inscriptions that are anywhere publicly set up, and are the occasions of Popish superstitions.

(11) "That no Papist shall serve, or be returned to serve, on any grand jury in the Queen's Bench, or before Justices of Assize, etc., unless it appear to the court that a sufficient number of Protestants cannot then be had for the service; and in all trials of issues (by petty juries) or any presentment, indictment, or information, or action on any Statute, for any offence committed by Papists, in breach of such laws, the plaintiff or prosecutor may challenge any Papist returned as juror, and assign as a cause that he is a Papist, and the challenge shall be allowed."

(12) Another Act "to prevent the further growth of Popery." This was duly approved in England, and passed in Ireland:

(a) No Papist to hold or enjoy an annuity for life.

(b) On the conversion of a child, the father was compelled to state on oath the full value of his property, real and personal, and the Chancellor to make an order for the independent support of the converted child, and as to the share of his father's property he should have after the father's death.

This was to get over the fact that children would not always start the robbery soon enough; and now the court did the job for them whether they wished it or not.

(c) Jointures to be set off for Popish wives who should change from their husband's faith.

The other enactments encouraged

strife between fathers and sons; this one promoted trouble between husbands and wives; and the two together promoted heart-burning and distrust in Catholic households.

(d) No Papist to act as tutor or usher, even as assistant to a Protestant teacher.

(e) A salary of £30 offered to any Popish priest who should leave the Church.

(f) Reward of £50 to the informer for the discovery of an archbishop, bishop, or vicar-general; for a monk, friar, or priest not duly registered, £20; for a Popish school teacher or tutor, £10.

(g) Magistrates to summon Papists, and examine them on oath as to when and where they last heard Mass. Who were present; and the residence of any priest or schoolmaster. Penalty for refusing to answer, £20, or a year in jail.

(h) A proclamation in the same year ordering all registered priests to take the oath of abjuration (which no Catholic could take and remain in the Church) before March 25th, 1710.

Priest-hunting now began in earnest. Venerable priests, on their way to comfort the sick, or give the Last Sacraments to the dying, were dogged by despicable informers, and brought in in batches of four and five. Penalty, for a first offence, banishment from Ireland. Beautiful Christian government, was it not?

Our London Letter.

LONDON, Feb. 7th, 1913.

CARDINAL BOURNE.

The Lenten pastoral of Cardinal Bourne, which was read in all the churches and chapels of the Archdiocese on Sunday last, is a document of great importance which received a good deal of attention from those outside the fold, as well as ourselves. His Eminence impresses on the Catholics of these isles the need for the conversion of England and of the English-speaking peoples of the earth. He calls for renewed prayer and a deeper interest in this work, seeing that its success would mean a gain to Catholicism of 132,000,000 in an area where there are at present 28,000,000 Catholics. We may ascribe the long delayed answer to the petition to our own indifference, the Cardinal thinks, and he enjoins on priests that they should give the definite significance in their people's minds, to the Benediction offered every month on the second Sunday for the conversion of this country, by a course of special addresses. He desires that these addresses, which shall be continued on the Sunday mentioned for some lengthy period, shall deal with the true circumstances of the Reformation, that the people may be led from this to study the lives of those noble Catholics who were martyrs for their faith, and from thence step back into the past to look upon the great British Saints who laid the foundations of our once magnificent Catholicity. Cardinal Bourne owns that the conversion of the English-speaking world seems humanly impossible, but nothing is impossible to God, and he calls upon his people to beseege Heaven for this great end.

Passing from this to a burning topic of the day His Eminence issues grave words of warning. Speaking of the Women's Suffrage movement he says it is not his duty to praise or condemn the movement itself. Catholics are free to hold what opinions they choose on the question of the franchise. But those who have convinced themselves by careful reason and consideration that the vote for women is a desirable thing must be ever on their guard against outraging justice or charity by any of those attacks on person or property which have disgraced the movement and which constitute grave sin in the eyes of the Church. The Cardinal does not wish any Society to be formed to combat such methods. He rightly says that these mushroom societies give people wrong impressions of Catholic aims and endeavour to clothe themselves in the authority of the Church. But he asks those who belong to existing Societies to use their influence through those on behalf of law and order and decency.

Further he has another grave word, called forth by another movement of the day, in which the Women are, alas, very much to the fore. He denounces the publications which have recently flooded the market and the proposals for public instruction, in delicate matters of which the modern Eugenicist would make young people of both sexes fully acquainted. The Cardinal says that when knowledge is necessary, and not before, it must be imparted by the proper persons in the proper spirit. The pamphlets dealing with these questions of nature and sex—which are to be found in the window of every Sofrage shop—he unhesitatingly condemns, declaring that not only is their tone out of touch with Catholic morality, but much of the information they profess to give is incorrect and therefore harmful in more ways than one.

The strong and dignified words of Cardinal Bourne dealing directly with problems of the day have very favourably impressed our fellow countrymen. The Anglican Bishops have little to say on these burning questions of the day, and the new Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, the Rev. Russell Wakefield, is chiefly concerned to see that his flock does not mortify itself in Lent. He hopes his people will not indulge in bodily fasting. Lent is such a time of mental stress that fasting would be very detrimental to the physical well-being of the Anglican community. No need to warn moderns against too much self-restraint. The mental stress, which seems no greater in Lent than at other periods, generally results from a desire to see, do, and

eat more than nature will permit. No one wears dark colours now in Lent, nor is there any falling off in the number of private entertainments or the attendance at public places of amusement. So the Bishop may make himself easy, indeed his "Warning against Fasting" has been gleefully quoted all over the country and the pious bon vivants of Society would never question the infallibility of that utterance.

WANTON DESTRUCTION.

By the way, the Kensit ruffian who recently smashed to pieces with fiendish glee a statue of the Madonna and Child in a high Anglican Church at Sheffield has been committed for trial, much to his surprise and disgust. His counsel, carefully instructed, got the Vicar of St. Mathews to admit that he had put up the statue without a faculty, but this did not appear to the Magistrate to justify wanton destruction, and they accepted the Vicar's statement that there was no fear of the statue receiving superstitious worship. Members of the congregation are subscribing for a new statue and the young men of the parish are again undertaking the guarding of the Church during the hours when it is open for prayer. A sharp sentence may deter the Kensit stalwarts from further outrages on the liberties of their fellow citizens.

For Catholics the Lenten season brings many missions and special preachers. At Westminster Cathedral Father Bampton, S. J., of Farm Street, is preaching an important course on "Modernism" which is attracting great attention. The eminent Jesuit proposes to deal in turn with the rise, aims, spirit, dangers, and fallacies of this new heresy so insidious and so far reaching. Father Arthur Allchin, whose eloquence draws large congregations, many of whom follow him all over London, is preaching at Kingsway on "Sunday mornings on 'Calvary.'"

Father Robert Kane, S. J., the blind Jesuit of Dublin, is giving a retreat for men at Farm Street for a fortnight from Ash Wednesday, and then there is the new departure of the Catholic Missionary Fathers—the course of lectures at Kensington Town Hall. These lectures strike a new note, they are not distinctly religious, rather do they lead up to Catholic thought and ideals by the paths of intellectual knowledge and culture. Moreover the lecturers, their subjects and the Chairman have been chosen with very great deliberation and a strong sense of what attracts the British public. This new effort may be said to be an assault on that citadel of Protestantism, the middle classes. Held in Kensington Town Hall, they appeal to the habits of that professional, literary and artistic neighbourhood. Everybody is interested in Cardinal Bourne, who gave the first lecture on Syndicalism last night to a packed audience, many hundreds waiting at the doors in queues as they are accustomed to do at the theatres before a very attractive play commences. Then Mr. Wilfrid Ward, of the "Dublin Review," is a man of strong and interesting personality, and he is to speak on that subject he has made his own by his fine biography of Cardinal Newman, for he treats of "The Genius of John Henry Newman." Mr. Gardner and Mr. Urquhart of University College, London, and Balliol College, Oxford, respectively, are both well known lecturers holding high degrees, at whose feet sit devoted students, and they will discuss "Jacopone da Todi and the Poetry of the Franciscan Movement" and "Mediaeval Democracy."

There follow Monsignor Burnes and Dr. Aveling, both distinguished converts, now priests who deal respectively with "The Origin and Growth of our Public Schools" and "Facts and Fallacies of Psychology." The lectures will be held each Thursday during Lent and the list of Chairmen impresses the audience with the fact that Catholics have among their ranks not only the poor and the illiterate, but the rich, the renowned and the successful. The Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshall of England, presided last night. He will be followed by Lord Ninian Crichton Stuart, an M. P. and a rich man with large commercial interests in Cardiff, of which his family are public benefactors. Then comes a leading Naval Officer, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr G. C. B. The Earl of Denbigh is renowned for his interest in the territorialists and the volunteers, and Alderman Sir John Knill represents the City and has held the highest civic honour that it is possible for this centre of Empire to bestow. There is no need to say if the experiment is a success, for last night's reception of the Cardinal is sufficient to show that, but this course of lectures will assuredly be followed by others in other intellectual centres, so that not only the man in the street, but the artist in the studio, the lady in her boudoir, the literateur in his study the stockbroker in his office, and the doctor in his consulting room will begin to dwell upon the claims of the Catholic Church. CATHOLICS.

Specially important railway legislation is before the British Columbia legislature, two bills having been introduced by the Government. The bill guarantees the bonds of the Canadian Northern railway for an additional \$10,000,000 in the original bill, dealt with the Canada Northern, and guaranteed the bonds of the Canadian Northern main line up to \$35,000 a mile from the Yellowstone Pass to the Gulf of Georgia. The bill provides an additional guarantee on \$10,000,000 at the rate of four and one-half per cent. for terminals to be constructed on a vast scale at Vancouver, Port Mann and Victoria, and for a branch line from Port Mann to a point near Stevenson on the Fraser River. The previous guarantee was at 4 per cent., but as financing at that rate is now difficult in London, the schedule of the bill introduced provides a rate of interest guarantee of four and a half

St. Martha's Hospital and Its Future.

Mr. Editor:

A recent visit to the local hospital of Antigonish town some weeks ago prompts me to corroborate in this number of THE CASKET the statement made by a "Citizen" in the last issue with reference to the institution in question, and convinces me of the fact that whatever the size of a town may be, things great, if not in extension, at least in usefulness can be accomplished.

The healthy location of the building, which, by the way, is situated on a hill overlooking the whole town and within easy access of the railway station, the perfection of its entire plan answering the requirements of modern nursing, its careful management, all these things considered, are evident proofs of the foresight of the authorities at the head.

Since its reopening at the beginning of the new year, operations, internal for the most part, and therefore very dangerous, are performed frequently, as was intimated by Mr. Citizen; and it is a noteworthy fact that they have all been successful. Among the striking cases, I may allude to that of a young boy about ten years old brought in, in a very critical condition and suffering with acute pneumonia and appendicitis. Operated on for the latter disease and properly treated and nursed for both, he is on the way to recovery.

Little wonder if such satisfactory results crown the efforts of the staff in charge. Keen perception and judgment in the difficult art of diagnosing, exceptional skill in the handling of surgical instruments acquired at the school of surgeons reputed to be the best on the American Continent, the experience already gained in the treatment of an enormous variety of cases such as are found in the County of Antigonish to-day, the scrupulous care and attention with which every doctor looks after his patients, such is the compendium of qualities which all four medical men of St. Martha's Hospital have the good fortune to possess.

With so distinguished a staff of doctors, strengthened by the unflinching assistance, self-sacrifice, energy and devotion of the Daughters of St. Martha, this modest hospital has a bright and promising future before it. Not many years will elapse before it will rank among the foremost institutions of its kind in the Province. GRADUATE NURSE. Inverness, C. B., Feb. 18, 1913.

The results of experiments to find the origin of cancer are published by Professor Johannes Fibigre, director of the Pathological Institute at Copenhagen. Professor Fibigre succeeded in producing cancer by feeding the parasite eggs of cockroaches to rats. The experiments are considered as of great importance as they form the first experimental production of the disease.

Fifty women, representatives of all sections of British Columbia, waited on Premier McBride at the executive legislative buildings last Saturday and presented a petition signed by 10,000 people, praying that the franchise be extended to women upon equal terms with men. The Premier informed the ladies that the government had never made the question a factor in their policy, because upon mature consideration it had been impossible to agree that the end is one to be desired. He promised consideration by the cabinet next week, and indicated ways by which the petition could be brought to the attention of the legislature in the event of the government deciding adversely.

Germany has intimated a change has taken place with respect to her attitude in regard to naval expansion, and the news was well appreciated by Britain. Hopes were formed therefor for a better outlook for continued peace between the great European nations. The apparition of possible war in Europe, however, seems to be ever present, and now it is France that is alarmed at Germany's conduct. The latter country is increasing her land forces rapidly. France considers this action a threat at her, and is alarmed accordingly. The press is giving the matter earnest attention, and leading editorials advise the Government how best to proceed to meet the new danger. A general demand is made to increase the army.

A parliamentary return tabled at the request of Mr. Wilson, M. P. for Laval, shows that between October 1st 1911, and January 10th, 1912, the first three months of the present government was in power, the number of dismissals made, exclusive of the Post Office department, was 552, made up as follows: Public Works, 300; Railways and Canals, 59; Indian department, 50; Marine and fisheries, 17; Customs 50; Inland Revenue, 8; Militia, 11; Labor, 13; Printing Bureau, 8; Justice, 2; Immigration, 12; Interior, 10; Agriculture, 3; Trade and Commerce, 11. In the case of the Public Works, the return shows that about half of the 800 whose services were dispensed with during the period mentioned had completed the work on which they were engaged when the present government came into office.

Montreal Star: The appearance in the city of the president of one of the largest shipbuilding organizations in the world has caused a great deal of speculation, and rumors are afloat in shipping circles that Mr. G. B. Hunter, president of the Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, of Wallsend-on-Tyne, is in Canada with a view to the erection of shipbuilding yards. However, no confirmation is forthcoming. Speaking to a representative of the Star Mr. Hunter said there was nothing to announce at present, as his business in the city was more or less of a private nature. They have bought land at Halifax and have watched conditions in Canada and in designing have conformed to the limitations of the canals. Since Mr. Hunter's arrival he has spent nearly all his time at the offices of his Canadian representative, Mr. Clarence de Sola, where he has interviewed many of the prominent shipping men of Montreal.

HARDWARE, PLUMBING, HOT AIR, STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING.

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We are making a special bid for out of town trade and will cheerfully furnish estimates of any job on application. We have added several skilled employees to our staff lately, and are now in a better position than ever to attend to and fulfill your requirements. Satisfactory work absolutely guaranteed.

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Always in stock at lowest prices. Before purchasing a range, see our Enterprise Monarch for coal, and Modern Alaska for wood, the best ranges on the market. We are offering a Nelson steel range for wood, a dandy stove, at Thirty Dollars. Get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

A. KIRK & CO.

The End of our Clearance Sale

is fast approaching. It will be necessary to act soon in order to benefit from our

CUT PRICES

- White Mercerized Bed Spreads, good size, 98c. Hemstitched Cotton Sheets, 8 x 4 size, 79c. each " " " 9 x 4 size, 89c. each A Combination Lot of Dress Goods, 25c. yard All-Wool Suitings, good heavy weight, 45c, 65c. yd Striped and Fancy Wrapperettes and Flannelettes, 8c, 9c, 10c, 12c, and 15c. Fancy Cretonnes in nice patterns, about 400 yds. in lot, 12 1/2 c yard Unbleached Cotton, 32-inch, 6 1/2 c yard; 34-inch, 9c per yard; 36-inch, 10c per yard Heavy Bleached Twilled Sheeting, 8 x 4, 27c yd.

Broken line of Lace and Muslin Curtains at less than half regular price. A line of Men's half hose, 15c. pair, two pairs for 25c. All other goods marked away down. Space will not allow us to enumerate.

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of all kinds, in any kind of wood, all styles of finish, at the wood-working factory of

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References - Bishop Morrison, Antigonish, N.S. Rev. F. W. Eley, P.P. North Sydney. Rev. J. W. Melman, Boss d'Or, N.S. The Catholic Clergy of P. E. Island.



GENERAL NEWS.

House of Lords rejected the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, 232 to 51.

At Elk Lake, Ont., Saturday, by the burning of a hotel, five persons lost their lives.

The new Governor of Newfoundland, Hon. Walter Davidson, G. C. M. G., assumed office last week.

September 30 to October 4 is the time set for this year's Cape Breton Island Exhibition.

Alex. McDonald, aged 22 years, died in jail at Stellarton Monday night or Tuesday morning. He had been locked-up for drunkenness.

Hon. Mr. Ouderre, Canadian Secretary of State, is appointed Minister of Mines also. The Mines Department was hitherto under the interior portfolio.

The Dominion Iron and Steel Company intend to test the iron ore at Glencoe, Inverness, C. B. A trial shaft, 10x12, will be sunk 300 feet. The ore is reported to be 63 per cent. iron.

Present returns from the general elections being held throughout China indicate that President Yuan Shi Kai will be returned to office by a substantial majority.

Three of the assassins of the late President of the republic of Salvador, Dr Manuel E. Araujo, were shot by platoons of soldiers on the Campo de Marte race course in the presence of a large party of people Tuesday.

The Congress of the United States has passed a resolution favoring a single term of six years for the President. The resolution will not become effective until three-fourths of the forty-eight States of the Union have approved of it.

A meeting of the Grain Growers Association at Saskatoon, called last week to discuss the question of forming a third party in Canadian politics, decided against such a step at the present time.

Three horses were killed at Leitche's Creek, C. B., on Saturday, by an I. C. R. train, two outright, the third dying later. They were owned by James Dunlop, merchant, and were being driven to water by a boy.

A "Pickpocket Trust" and other compact organizations of criminals exist in New York's underworld, according to the testimony of Judge Edward Swann, a witness before the committee investigating vice conditions.

President Taft has vetoed the Dillingham-Burnett immigration bill which would revolutionize the immigration policy of the United States by imposing a literary test upon all foreigners seeking a home in America. An effort will be made to pass the measure over the President's veto.

John Horne, of Westville, N. S., aged 38 years, was found dead on Saturday. Death was due to exposure. He had fallen from his sleigh while driving home from New Glasgow, and being unable to regain his sleigh crawled to some bushes at the roadside, where the body was found.

The Mexican rebellion is over, at least for a time. By a plot, in which General Banquet, a Federal leader, was an active principal, President Madero was arrested, likewise a number of his Cabinet. General Huerta, commander of the Federal forces, was proclaimed provisional president.

Three hundred and fifty clergymen of New York City, representing more than forty denominations, met at a luncheon in New York on Monday in honor of Hon. James Bryce who has announced his impending retirement as ambassador from Great Britain.

The report of the Radium Institute, published in the British Medical Journal last week, indicates that, besides a list of minor non-malignant conditions, radium often cures and almost always improves the health of patients suffering from cancer. It is to be hoped that there is no mistake in this statement.

Not much has appeared in the week's dispatches about the war in the Balkans, other things—the Antarctic disaster and Mexico's troubles—having the large place in the public thought. The fighting goes on, and the Allies, as before, are making steady gains. Conditions in Constantinople are said to be very bad. Talk of renewal of peace negotiations continues.

The Island of Crete was finally evacuated by the protecting powers, Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy on Saturday when the Greek flag was hoisted amid enthusiastic demonstrations by the Cretans. The British cruiser Yarmouth landed a detachment of bluejackets and marines in Suda Bay and these men hauled down the flags of the powers which have flown since 1898 as well as that of Turkey, with full military honors. The flags were handed over to the consuls of the respective countries, that of Turkey being placed in charge of the German consulate.

The week in Parliament: The vote on the Naval bill was reached on Thursday. The amendments by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and two or three others were defeated; the resolution was carried by a majority of 32. Seven Nationalists voted against the bill. The committee stage of the bill will be reached on Tuesday. There is likely to be much discussion.—The following resolution was adopted: "That in the opinion of this House the question of bringing about a better and cheaper system of agricultural credits should receive the early attention of the government."—Mr. Emerson sought information regarding ticket or train agents on the Intercolonial Railway. The minister of Railways answered: In the opinion of the management, the employment of train agents has resulted in a safer and better service to the public and an advantage to the railway in increased passenger revenue. The conductors are enabled to devote more time to the handling of the trains and looking after the safety of

the passengers, while the train agents willingly and courteously answer any questions and look after the comfort of the passengers. The increased earnings in May, 1912, in the Halifax and St. John district over the corresponding month of the previous year was \$4,720.54 or 9.79 per cent., or an increase of 5.23 per cent. over district not covered by train agents. For Sept. 1912, in the Truro and Sydney district there was an increase of \$5,632.54 or 12.06 per cent. over the same month of the previous year or 82 per cent. increase over district not covered by train agents. In October, 1912, in Truro and Sydney district there was an increase of \$8,500.03, or 31.21 per cent. being an increase of 11.42 per cent. on district not covered by train agents in the same month of the previous year. For the same district in November, 1912, there was an increase of \$3,301.91, or 15.84 per cent. which is an increase of 14.48 per cent. on district not covered by train agents in the same month of the previous year. The total increase for the above period would be \$12,155, or 15.88 per cent. An unusual circumstance is before Parliament. By the order of the speaker Mr. R. C. Miller of Montreal, former President of the Diamond Heating and Lighting Company, has been committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms, which means imprisonment in the Tower. Mr. Miller stated that he had paid \$41,023 for the purpose of receiving Government contracts. He was summoned before the House and questioned as to whom he paid the sum. His refusal to answer is the reason for his arrest.—The Scott memorial was the subject of some appreciative addresses.

Among the Advertisers.

Palm wholesale at Bonner's. Palm for Palm Sunday at Bonner's, wholesale.

Go to C. B. Whidden & Son for good molasses.

Another lot best quality granulated sugar just received at Whidden's.

I car fertilizer and slag just received by C. B. Whidden & Son.

Wanted, one good fresh calved cow, C. B. Whidden & Son.

For sale, some loose hay, choice timothy, about 20 tons. Apply to D. G. Kirk.

Found, a sum of money. Owner can have same by applying at Casket Office.

Wanted, girl for general housework. Good wages. Apply to Mrs. A. W. Girror.

Don't forget if you want best American kerosene oil to go to C. B. Whidden & Son's.

T. J. Wallace will be at his Antigonish store from Feb. 22nd to March 3rd. Eyes examined and glasses fitted.

Hay and good seed oats (White Banner) for sale for cash.—Wm. D. Cameron, McPherson's P. O.

Wanted, a respectable girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. G. B. Oland, 6 Inglis St., Halifax, N. S.

Coffee—No stale canned coffee with us. We grind fresh white you wait, right from the fresh whole bean.—Bonner, the family grocer.

No raise in the price of our gasoline engines. Others have raised 25 per cent. Don't buy till you call or write.—T. J. Bonner.

Bread—The bread of breads is our Cream loaf. Our bread trade has increased 200 per cent. Quality did it. Fresh daily baking, doughnuts, drop cakes, pan buns, etc.—Bonner's.

Don't buy a gasoline engine till you call on me. Others have raised their price (which was high enough before) 25 per cent.—Our firm sells same as last year.—Bonner's.

Gate's Nerve Ointment

C. GATES SON & CO. GENTLEMEN:—I had the misfortune to freeze my toe which caused me a great deal of suffering, and although I had it treated yet without success till I used your Nerve Ointment which has completely cured it. And I have no hesitancy in recommending it to others as the best I ever used.

Yours Sincerely, MATTHEW WOOD, Port Philip, N. S.

Prayerbook Sale

Child's Prayerbook, 5 cents. Child's Prayerbook, 10 cts. Vest Pocket Prayerbook, 40c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00 \$1.25, \$1.50. Prayerbook with Cross in Cover, \$1.00. Assorted Prayerbooks, From 50c. to \$2.00.

J. J. M. LANDY

Catholic Church Goods 408 Young St., TORONTO, ONT.

Report on Free Transportation of Hay.

We, the undersigned, duly appointed to ascertain whether the hay for farmers, which has been and is now being imported into this County from Amherst and vicinity by C. Edgar Whidden has been and is being imported free of freight charges to farmers of Antigonish County, beg to report as follows:

1. That we have examined all books, vouchers, letters, telegrams, invoices, bills of lading and quotations in the hands of the said C. Edgar Whidden relating to the importation of the said hay, and have ourselves obtained quotations from dealers, and find that all hay so far imported by Mr. Whidden has been sold to farmers at the selling price of said hay in the open market at Amherst and vicinity; and that no freight charges from Amherst and vicinity have either directly or indirectly been charged the farmers on said hay. We further state, that this hay is being bought at the lowest market price at Amherst and vicinity, and is sold to farmers at this price. Farmers not only receive this hay free of freight charges, but pay no commission or charges of any kind for the ordering, handling or distributing of said hay.

We further undertake to see that all hay so imported up to the 15th of March next shall be sold to farmers under the same conditions as above set forth.

Dated at Antigonish, N. S., the 17th day of February, 1913.

J. G. TAYLOR, A. D. CHISHOLM, D. D. MACDONALD, J. H. STEWART, H. H. CHERAR.

DIED.

At James River Station, on Dec. 19th, 1912, CHRISTY FORBES, in the 70th year of her age. Consolled by the last rites of the Church, she peacefully passed away, leaving one brother and two sisters to mourn her loss. May her soul rest in peace.

At Port Hastings, on the 23rd January, MARY McVARRISH, aged 48, daughter of the late John and Mary McVarrish of Orignalish. She had an attack of pneumonia about two years ago, which later developed into tuberculosis. She bore her long and distressing illness with edifying patience and resignation to the Divine Will. She received the last sacraments devoutly. May she rest in peace!

At North Grant, on Feb. 16th, 1913, consolled by the last rites of Holy Church, Mrs. ROSE McDONALD, in the 23rd year of her age. The deceased had been ailing for several months during which she was never known to murmur. Just one year and eight months before, she became a happy bride. Now she leaves a sorrowing husband, one child, mother, three sisters and two brothers to mourn her loss. Interment on the 12 inst. after Requiem High Mass. R. I. P.

Acknowledgments.

- Stephen J. Nicholson, Barrachol's Harbor \$1 00
George Baxter, Pleasant Valley 2 00
Collin Chisholm, New Glasgow 3 00
Sister Superior, Roseland, B. C. 1 50
Joseph McKinnon, Newport, R. I. 1 50
Sisters of Charity, North Sydney 2 00
Alex. Boundreau, East Tracadie 3 00
Finley Chisholm, Antigonish 1 00
Sara McKinnon, Aliston, Mass. 1 50
Wm. McKinnon, Lenox 1 00
A. A. McDonald, Maryvale 1 00
Mrs. Patrick Woods, Bilerica Centre 1 00
John A. McDonald, West Lakevale 1 00
R. McNeill, Tracadie 1 00
Mrs. C. D. Terrio, Arichat 1 00
Mrs. Dan A. Gillis, Grand Mira North 1 00
Annie McEachern, Grand Mira South 1 00
W. J. McDonald, Chelmainus, B. C. 50
D. Gillis, Misconche, P. E. I. 2 00
T. E. Flynn, Bangor, Me. 2 00
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Rev. St. Margaret, Waterbury 3 00
Duggan & Sons, Halifax 3 00
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Rev. Fr. Eichelberg, Glen Rivers 1 00
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James Meagher, Canso 2 00
Wm. Gillis, Courtenay 1 00
Mrs. Eliza Walsh, Dorchester, N. B. 1 00
Mrs. Lena McFadden, Hazel Ridge 1 00
J. A. McLeod, Harbor Road 1 00
Mrs. M. H. Neville, Everett, Wash. 1 50
Mrs. J. E. McNeill, Jersey City 2 00
D. J. McNeill, Iona 1 00
Mrs. James Roach, Pictou 1 00
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St. E. Eliza, Montreal 1 00
Maggie Campbell, Gillis Point East 1 00
H. F. McNeill, Middle Cape 1 00
Peter Rogers, Glen Road 1 00
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Mrs. Lydia Chisholm, Dorchester 1 00
John N. McDonald, Suids Cove 1 00
Wm. Chisholm, Glen Road 1 00
Mary J. Carroll, Beaulieu 1 00
Alexander Manson, North Lochaber 1 00
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Rev. E. A. Ix, Ixville, Que. 3 00
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R. J. MacNeil, Mabou 1 00
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C. H. Ryan, Mulgrave 1 00
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W. J. Walsh, Fairmont 1 00
Sr. M. Michael, West Hildozan 3 00
Arch. Chisholm, McPherson's P. O. 3 00
Dan McPherson, Miram. 2 00
Douglas McDonald, S. S. Harbor 1 00

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New Bias Corsets.

No woman can expect to have a fashionable figure if she does not begin with a fashionable corset. The new Bias models represent the very last work in corset styles, and their full beauty and value are recognized the instant they are fitted. We want a chance to show you the Bias principle of construction, and to explain why these corsets are so much more comfortable and serviceable than the ordinary straight filled. Models specially designed for women more slender or larger than the average. A correct style for every figure. The remarkable flexibility of Bias Corsets assures absolute ease and comfort under all conditions.

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is now ready to supply your drug wants. We carry a complete line of pure drugs and chemicals, toilet requisites, patent medicines, choice cigars and tobaccos. Orders by mail receive careful attention and prompt delivery. Have us dispense your prescriptions and supply your disinfectants. Prescriptions our specialty. J. P. McKenna Dispensing Chemist, Main Street One door East of Presbyterian Church.

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EASTERN CANADA'S GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE 46 Barrington St., HALIFAX, N. S. St. John, Amherst, Monoton, New Glasgow, Sydney, Glace Bay

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Do you have any trouble getting Catholic Books? Why not get them from us! The variety is endless. When you want a Catholic book, tell us the name, and the name of the author, if possible, and we'll get it for you, and quickly too. Religious articles of all kinds.

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Advertisement for Enterprise Steel Range Monarch. Features: This will introduce to you the Enterprise Steel Range Monarch. The leading range of a leading line, distinctly popular because of its simplicity of operation, beauty of design, and the number of its labor-saving devices. While artistic and ornamental in any kitchen, every Monarch is built to "stay" and maintain its record as an A1 baker without waste of fuel, time or temper. No complicated drafts and unexpected things "going wrong" with the Monarch. We furnish a written guarantee with each one sold. All the leading stove dealers handle it. If yours does not, write us for illustrated circular and full particulars. THE ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY CO. Manufacturers SACKVILLE, N. B.

Advertisement for Free Watches, Jewellery and a Magnificent Camera. Includes images of a watch, jewelry, and a camera. Text: FREE Handsome Watches, Jewellery and a Magnificent Camera. BOYS AND GIRLS. A solid gold watch costs \$25.00 to \$50.00. Don't throw your money away. We are giving these exquisite watches to you absolutely free. The handsome watch you have ever seen. It is fully engraved, has a rich gold finish, or solid gun metal case, beautiful engraved locomotive back for boys, and exquisite small size imported Swiss chateaufort style for girls. With your magnificent watch, we will give you ALL these beautiful presents of exquisite jewellery, consisting of a handsome watch chain, a pair of gold finished, stone set cuff links, a dandy engraved heart brooch and neck chain, and a beautiful solid gold shell ring set with three brilliant diamonds, and a beautiful diamond ring. These handsome watches and exquisite jewellery, you can also get this famous Eastern Camera, that will make perfect pictures with view finders, carrying strap, and extra lens. Such magnificent premiums were never offered before in Canada. READ OUR WONDERFUL OFFER. THIS IS A LIFETIME CHANCE. We want everybody in the land to try "HEARTS OF FLOWERS" the new delicious PARFUM and perfume. So we are giving these exquisite watches and magnificent jewellery to every boy or girl who will send only 30 of these lovely perfumes for us at just 10c each. We send all the finest odors that everybody wants: White Rose, Heliotrope, Lily of the Valley, Jockey Club, French Carnation, Jasmine, Beauty Balm, etc. It is the biggest, handsomest line of perfumes ever put out. Our elegant 10c size will perfume more articles than a dollar bottle of ordinary perfumes, so it just sells like hot cakes. Returns us the money, only \$3.00, when you sell the NATIONAL PRODUCTS LIMITED, DEPT. W. 142 TORONTO, ONT.



The Bishop of the Arctic.

(By Mrs. Arthur Murphy, in B. C. Orphan's Friend.)

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION OF BISHOP GROUARD'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Half a century ago Bishop Tache wrote a letter to France, in which he asked for missionaries. I, response to this appeal a certain young Grouard was sent to Fort Garry. When Bishop Tache looked over the tender striping he said, "I asked for a man, they have sent me a boy." But a year later he wrote again, "Please send me more boys." This was fifty years ago, and from that day to this the northern world has had but one opinion of Grouard—he "makes good." He is a worker who sticks to his text. Today he is the head of the Catholic missions in the far north, and his diocese, until lately, included the very Yukon.

He is seventy-seven years old, with a leonine head, an unruffled face, and a chest like a draft horse, an erect man who commands the instant attention of whatever company he enters. Assuredly, he is the type of "the sound mind in the sound body." It is not to be wondered that his attractive personality made him the cynosure of all eyes, and that his name was on every tongue when, several years ago, he went to England to attend a great conference of his Church.

Bishop Grouard is alert in manner, and has a kindly consideration for the poorest person. Attend you, sirs and madame, to observe the Old World courtesy in its highest perfection; you must see it in the person of a French gentleman who holds a position of honor in the far, far north. It is absolutely truthful courtesy, that has its roots in a big warm heart, so that it becomes the very bone and fiber of the man. By way of placating our more southerly invidious comparison, it may be urged that Bishop Grouard's urbanity has never suffered such cross-currents as the municipal watering cart, speed limit fines, or the bill collectors, for, as yet, those well-conceived but ill-approved institutions are entirely unknown in the strangely blissful regions north of fifty-five.

It is for the fiftieth anniversary of Bishop Grouard's consecration as a priest that all of us have gathered from Edmonton to Hudson's Hope to celebrate. We are assembled at Grouard on Lesser Slave Lake, the missionary post that was built here forty-nine years ago and named after the hero of this day. Our assembly is what smart society reporters would describe as "mixed," and the word would be correctly used; nevertheless, the interest and color of this occasion are in no inconsiderable measure due to this very fact. Besides, ours is a good fellowship. Here we have Father Ortolan from Rome, who has written books on astronomy; Jake Gandette, who was born in the Arctic circle; Indian chiefs from near and far, with their wives and children; big Jim Cornwall, the Cecil Rhodes of the North; Bishop Jousard, the coadjutor, a short man, with a hard-bitten, sun-scorched face; factors and traders from outlying posts (believe me, right merry gentlemen); Judge Noel and his legal company, who have been dispensing justice in the regions beyond; lean-hipped, muscular trappers, who toe-in from walking on the trails; equally lea-hipped river-men, who toe-out from keeping their balance on a log; children from the mission schools; black-robed nuns, doctors, Government officials, and stalwart ranchers in homespun and leather—even bankers. This short gentleman, who always looks as if he had just heard a good idea, is George Fraser, wit and journalist. The tall man in khaki with the positive shoulders is Fred Lawrence, pioneer and trader, likewise Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; these and other interesting folk, the pictures of whom even my newly cut quill tops short at delineating. In truth, they are all here—the world and his wife—excepting only white girls. "It would seem too much like a special miracle," explains an Irish rancher, "to find half a dozen colleens set down here in Grouard—something like finding peesles in the snow of December." And this good Bishop Grouard is overcome because he doesn't deserve the homage of these people. "Truly, Madame, I did not think to receive all this honor. I am only an old voyageur, a poor old fellow who gets near to the end of the river."

"Does the paddle grow heavy, monseigneur," I ask, "or is it that the journey is long?" "Non, non, madame, it is the thought of home at the end and the loved ones." "But surely, monseigneur, the end is yet a long way off. Your eyes are not dimmed, neither is your natural force abated. And did we not this very day hear you speak to the tribes in six tongues?" "Six was it?" queries the bishop. "Six! Ah, well! they seem to come to me easily. I feel like the man who had only to open his mouth to have roast ducklings fly therein."

Now this old Northern man has a close grip on twelve languages—it was Father Failor who gave me the list—so that his modesty is truly disconcerting in an age wherein vanity seems to vary inversely with talent. He is a master in the use of Greek, Latin, French, English, Cree, Eskimo, Rabbitskin, Chippewalan, Beaver Slavis, Dog Rib and Loucheux.

He built it. Bishop Grouard is an exegete and printer of no mean order, having translated the service book of the Catholic Church into seven languages and printed them himself. I do not know if the printing press he brought into these northern fastness was the very first, but if not, it was assuredly the second, for there is only one other. What these books have meant to the tribes it is not for mere terrestrial folks to say, but if the Catholic doctrine of supererogatory works be a reasonable and true one, of a surety it is a splendid balance that is laid up to the good bishop's account. In the more southerly provinces, where

people like books, it is an easy matter for Messrs. the Publishers to roll out scores of editions to the greedy public, but up here in the North publishing a book becomes both a joke and a tragedy. In the first place, people do not care for books; in the second, the people do not know the alphabet. This was how Bishop Grouard came to build schools for the children. He had to teach the Indians to read. If you care to, you may go to the bishop's driveway and see the children. There are hundreds of them, or even more, but if you wait a while they will go together, for they are giving a play to-night, and at this moment are rehearsing their parts. It was Sister Egbert and Sister Ignatius who wrote the play, and the theme, I have heard, is an incident in the life of the bishop. But it takes a long time to learn reading; besides, there are many distractions. And then the older folk whose eyes are smoke-dimmed by the tpee fires may never hope to con the letters. It were ill reasoning to suppose so. For these people who are less literate the kind bishop painted pictures of angels on the walls, and he made one of the Crucifixion, over the altar, a glowing canvas instinct with living reality. The onlooker may truly say of this what Ruskin said of Raphael's "transfiguration": It goes directly to the heart. It seems also to call you by name.

If you have lived long in the north you will have been wondering this while back how our workaday ecclesiastic get his materials into Grouard. How came his printing press, his type, his papers, his canvases, and his paints? Where did this man get the furniture for his hospitals and his church? Where did he get the boards for all these buildings?

The boards, curious person, were cut at his own sawmill, from which boards he fashioned the furniture with his hands. "But how," you persist, "did he bring in the machinery for his saw-mill?"

"That was easy; he brought it here in a steam-boat. Anyone could tell you that."

"But where did he get the steam-boat?"

"Oh, he built the boat himself—the first steam-boat on the Lesser Slave Lake. In it, if he cared, he could carry his printing press and his canvases also."

It will not be surprising if the historians of the future appraise Bishop Grouard's combination of wisdom and action as something akin to genius. Indeed they are almost sure to.

I cannot tell you what the anniversary services meant—it cannot be expected of anyone who is versed in the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church instead of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin—but I came away from them with languorous impressions of golden robes, silver censers and wavering lights, the odor of lilies and lilies that wilted in the heat; a suspended cross with an agonized Christ, wan and attenuated; of purple and scarlet cloths, of dark-haired young priests, husky and brown-skinned. There were other things like the shepherd's crook, and smoke of incense, but most of all, there was a music that mothered you and stayed with you. In some way or other these old plaintive songs of Egypt seem fitted to the boreal regions, but why I cannot explain.

In the city we must perforce set a stage for a drama but here nature has made a setting for us high on a hill overlooking a wide meadow that slopes to the bay. You have read something like this in classic myths, or maybe it was in Shakespeare, but it doesn't greatly matter; the play is the thing. For myself, I make believe this is the slope of Parnassus—for the Pythian hero was also a promoter of colonization, a founder of cities, a healer of the sick, an instigator of games, a patron of arts.

It is on this outdoor stage in its Juneteide glory that we banquet; and we sing; that we play our parts. And it is here that Keenosew the Fish, chief of the Crees, with rapid rush of speech and voice of military sharpness, presents the homage of his tribe. In like manner also do the other representatives of other northerly tribes. Each chief wears a treaty medal as a pledge from her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

It is here also that a fair faced young woman of our company expresses the reverence of her sisters of the diocese, for Monseigneur the Bishop, and as a token of the same, presents to him a plate heaped high with coins of gold.

And from this hill it is that we ride through the newly cut road, a thousand men and women of us in stately procession, but withal girly caparisoned. Observe, if you will, our ribbons and fringes of gold; the little flags in our bridles; our lynx-skin saddle clothes, and the wreaths of purple vetch that hang from the pommels. Look well at our black soutanes, scarlet coats, gray homespuns, and yellow moose hides, for we are proud this day and wear our finest feathers. It is not well to be disturbed by the untamable naughtiness of our horses, for the northern trailer, you must have heard, has no stomach for glitter of trappings, neither does he like the feel of neighbors, as we ride down a white aisle of birch and poplar. The feet of our horses tread out for us the odor of fresh leaf mold which odor is the medicine of the world.

Neither are we knights who sally forth to right wrongs, albeit we have the truest knight of all with us—he who has snow on his head and fire in his heart; he who has taught these tribes by doing.

This day we ride without review or forecast. We ride because we are glad. All we ask of life is room to ride down this long white pathway in this young world. It is the best that life can give—room to ride.

Hell on Earth.

This story of the horrors of the rubber trade, as it was carried on in Putumayo, is a tale of fiendish cruelty. No one can read it without feeling disgust at the atrocities committed on the weak and defenceless natives. It is a record of deeds of shame and disgrace and wanton murder and senseless mutilation such as makes a reader hang his head in the despairing thought that our boasted progress of civilization marches upon the bodies of the victims who are crushed to make way for its advance. Was it not always so? Has the so-called civilized nation, be it which will, ever made its conquest of barbarous—an inscription not always true—peoples, and not at the same time treated them with indignity and cruelty to their final destruction? I have never read of any colonizing and conquering nation that has not cause to do the white sheet of penance and dwell with memories of penitent remorse. If records are to be believed, Spaniard and French and English and German have so much to forget and be forgiven for their treatment of the native races whom they conquered and controlled or where they died not out, control still. It is the saddest page of history, that which tells of the white man's opinion of the rights of his black or colored brother and sister. Often the memory of happy, simple, and innocent tribes of what were called "barbarians" is the sweet musical names left by them of rivers and hills and mountain peaks; sole remnants of the tongue in which they told their words of peace and war and love and hate and all the varied needs of human service.

A DEADLY CIVILIZATION.

The white man came with a deadly civilization and the poor untutored savage died away before his face unable to withstand his vices or to understand the virtues of his unbidden visitor and master. No doubt, much of the glamor attaching to the wild life of the savage tribe of wandering natives is poetical imagining. But, it was the life they chose, and when it was made impossible any longer, they just sickened and decayed and died. Their own hardships they could bear. The hardships inflicted by their new masters killed them. So it has been, so it is perhaps yet, in the devil's paradise, the Putumayo, where the simple Indian tribes were the victims of the rubber gatherers' cruelty and lust and greed.

It is a horrible book, because it is full of horrors, of stories of shameful and merciless deeds such as make the cheek bleach and the heart thrill with awe at man's inhumanity to man. These poor, uncivilized natives were happy in their forests till the white man came and his spirit of commercialism changed the scene.

A CHRISTIANIZED COUNTRY.

Mr. C. Reginald Enoch, who contributes an admirable preface, after telling of the peace and prosperity of the people of Peru under the rule of the Incas, says: "Under the Peruvian Republic and the regimen of absentee capitalism to-day, tribes of useful people of this same land have been defrauded, driven into slavery, ravished, tortured, and destroyed. This has been done, not in single instances at the command of some savages potentate, but in tens of thousands under a republican Government, in a Christianized country at the behest of the agents of a great joint stock company with headquarters in London, the 'crime of these unfortunates being that they did not always bring in rubber sufficiently fast—work for which they practically received no payment—to satisfy their taskmasters. In order to obtain rubber so that the luxuriously-tired motorcars of civilization might multiply in the cities of Christendom, the dismal forests of the Amazon have echoed with the cries of despairing and tortured Indian aborigines. These are not things of the imagination, but a bare statement of actual occurrence, as set forth by the various witnesses in this volume." And he goes on, drawing what is the important moral of this terrible record of human depravity and commercial selfishness, to say: "The occurrences in the Amazon Valley, which under the name of the Putumayo Rubber Atrocities and aroused wide-spread horror and indignation—atrocities worse than that of the Congo—cannot be regarded merely as an isolated phenomenon. Such incidents are the extreme manifestation of a condition which expresses itself in different forms all over the world—the condition of acute and selfish commercialism or industrialism whose exponents, in enriching themselves, deny a just proportion of the fruits of the earth and of their toil to the laborers who produce the wealth. The principle can be seen at work in almost every country, in almost every industry; and although its methods elsewhere are lacking in savage lust and barbarity, they still work untold suffering upon mankind."

It is easy to condemn off-hand the nation of Peru, under whose nominal control the foul spot of the Putumayo exists, and to whose negligence and cupidity the blame for the occurrences is largely to be laid, but the conscience of world-wide commercialism ought also to be pricked. Yes, that is the truth, the stern truth, which so many dislike to bear.

But has commercialism a conscience? What can it feel, or see, or hear? Are not men blind, especially where their self-interest lies in the continuance of self-sacrifice by others? Who has never known good and pious men, persons of fine moral instincts, who yet, where money is concerned, are deaf to all plaints, all pleadings, all pressure, all proof. Man, eager for wealth, fails to hear the thunder crashing in mid-heaven. He does not recognize his own negligence, his own offence. In no other way can a reader of this dreadful story of atrocity and brutal crime explain the failure of those who profited by the results of them to stop them at every cost. That they do not know of the foul misdeeds of their agents may be possible; in any case,

their position is under investigation. It is not possible for anyone to deny, that, in the main, the story of the atrocities is true; the evidence is given with too much authority and circumstance to admit of hope of denial. The men who let the world know of the misdeeds committed in the dark forests of the Putumayo rubber region are men of unquestioned integrity and fearless character.

They ran serious risk, as indeed they found serious difficulty, in getting a public statement of the dead crimes which they had discovered to be going on in that distant hell upon earth. No pen would dare to describe, no press would venture to print, a tithe of the horrors to which they bore witness. "It was averted," says Mr. Enoch, "that the peaceful Indians were put to work at rubber-gathering without payment, without food, in nakedness; that their women were stolen, ravished, and murdered; that the Indians were flogged until their bones were laid bare when they failed to bring in a sufficient quota of rubber or attempted to escape, were left to die with their wounds festering with maggots, and their bodies were used as food for the agents' dogs; that flogging of men, women, and children was the least of the tortures employed; that the Indians were mutilated in the stocks, cut to pieces with machetes, crucified head downwards, their limbs lopped off, target-shooting for diversion was practised on them, and that they were soured in petroleum and burned alive, both men and women. The details of these matters were almost too repugnant for production in print, only their outline was published." But the above summary enables us to understand how it has come to pass that 30,000 poor Indians have been swept out of existence by this infernal lust for gold, which the rubber of their native forests produced for the exploiters of their fears and toil. Did those who have profited by these horrors know of their agents' crimes?

They should have known. They, no more than other principals, can escape the moral responsibility of their position and of the deeds of those who serve them. Yet, says Mr. Enoch, "There are hundreds of rubber, mining, oil plantation, railway and other companies, with scores of noblemen—lords, dukes, baronets—as well as doctors of science, bankers, and business men, and even ministers of religion, distributed among their boards of directors. What knowledge have these poor gentlemen of the condition of the poor native laborers under their control? There is a grave responsibility, which has been very easily carried, about this system of absentee capitalism."

Yes, and of the truth of that statement, the disclosures in this book are an instance and a warning. A good man needs in these days to look closely at his dividends, and that he will bleed upon them. No stockholder will read this volume of horrors without fearing for the cleanness of its profits, and in so far, it will do immense good, and I hope it will be widely read. Further, it will awaken renewed interest in the mission which the Franciscan Fathers have undertaken to the natives of this region of the white man's shame. Those noble Fathers will, by their presence and example, do much to turn the hearts of the exploiters to better aims. They will bring the spirit of Christ into Putumayo and defend from farther cruelty and lust the scattered remnant of those simple and inoffensive tribes whose darkness of barbarism was as the light of high heaven in comparison with the civilization of the rubber agents and their fiendish tools.

May those good missionaries and the horror of which this terrible book tells the graphic story, truly a story of tears and blood and shameless lust—*Papirus, in the Liverpool Catholic Times.*

An English Prelate's Views on Literature.

Some excellent and most timely advice about the class of reading matter that should be found in the Catholic home was given by the Bishop of Northampton, England, in a recent pastoral letter. The Bishop ruled the press as an almost boundless influence, for good or evil, according to its character.

In Catholic countries there is some restraint, through legislation prohibiting the use and circulation of bad books; but when such restraint is not in force the responsibility of priests, parents, and teachers, greatly increased. The civil law occasionally intervenes, but only in extreme cases. "Young people are depraved by plays, songs, pictures, novels and pseudo-scientific treatises, which the public censor is unable to interdict."

Therefore the protection of the young must be assumed by pastors and parents the Bishop asserts:—

A Catholic parent's first duty is supervision. He is bound to know not only what company and what hours his children keep, but also what books they read, what places of amusement

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they frequent, and the character of the entertainments. Good parents and wise parents are faithful in their discharge of those obligations. But many parents are too careless to be good, and too worldly to be wise. They shirk their duties while the children are young. When the seeds of early corruption are bearing fruit they find their authority gone. A son grows up vicious because he learned to question the religious truths which would have restrained the first riot of his passions. A daughter grows up vain, selfish, proud, unruly, and discontented because she has been allowed to feed herself upon unwholesome fiction, and misses at home the flattery and indulgence which she has come to regard as her right.

Bad literature must be banned, but that is not enough. Good literature must be provided. Too many Catholic homes are without such literature. And why? Not because there is not an abundant supply, but because of the indifference of the head of the family. The English prelate says truly:—

Years ago it might have been pleaded that Catholic literature was scarce and dear. That excuse is gone. Catholic newspapers and magazines are as cheap as any. Catholic books are brought out by non-Catholic as well as Catholic publishers, at the usual trade prices. For the benefit of our poor, the Catholic Truth Society and similar associations are actually able to undersell the market owing to the generous and gratuitous services of their writers and others concerned in their publications. Thus, for many years past, there has been a continual and copious outflow of cheap, varied, and excellent literature, which has excited the envy if not the admiration of outsiders. Every class of readers has been catered for. There are grave books for the working man; tracts on religious questions, tracts on social questions; biographies of saints and biographies of Catholics eminent in secular life; refutations of anti-Catholic calumnies, exposures of anti-Catholic bigots; answers to all the usual objections drawn from history and science; prayer-books, books of instruction and devotion, and the Book of Books, the inspired Word of God.

And for those who crave fiction there are stories by most talented writers, for the same small sum that buys the flamboyant, suggestive sheet or novelette.

The Bishop, after enumerating the various classes of Catholic writings, asks why this wealth of Catholic thought and feeling, this specific against the poison of an infidel and immoral press, is practically a buried treasure to the great majority for whom it is intended:—

The answer is unquestionable. For wont of circulation. We are so accustomed to have everything brought to the door that we begrudge the infinitesimal pains requisite to obtain anything that is not "stocked" by the trade. In most places Catholic books and newspapers can be had at a bookstore; yet how often is that medium of trouble taken? Public libraries will usually subscribe for Catholic books for which there is any demand; yet how seldom do we take the trouble to make the necessary requisition! Our Catholic novelists alone would exercise a wholesome influence on the largest and most susceptible class of readers if only their work were "pushed" as assiduously as inferior and exceedingly mischievous productions.—S. H. Review.

Warder—Your wife's outside and wants to see you. Prisoner—Oh, tell her I'm out.

NOTICE. All persons having legal demands against the Estate of Angus P. Pherson, late of South River, Pa., deceased, are requested to render account duly attested to within year, from the date hereof, and persons indebted to said Estate requested to make immediate payment to MARY McLEAN, Sole Administratrix. Dated South River, McPherson Co., Feb. 2nd, 1913.



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## Winter Bathing.

What form of bath can we take before breakfast, during winter weather, without endangering health? There are two kinds of bath which are not only admissible, but, save to actual invalids, are beneficial, viz., the wet and dry friction bath. The first is taken as follows: Procure a pair of mittens of hair, crash; or any rough, coarse material. Wring them out in cool water, and rub trunk and limbs quickly but not with violence. Wipe the moisture with soft towel, and repeat the rubbing with the dry hands. The process may be completed in two to three minutes. There should not be a drop of water visible upon the body. In general, I think it quite enough thus to rub arms, shoulders, and chest. The result is a delightful glow, a sense of stimulation, an agreeable warmth. There should be no delay in putting on the clothing, for the skin must not be allowed to lose the new warmth brought by the bounding blood, otherwise the tonic effect of the bath will be lost.

This manner of bathing may be considered exercise before breakfast; but, of course, I mean to be reasonable in my theory. A quick, light rubbing of the skin of three minutes' duration can hardly be called exercise. It does little more than wake up the system; but it will be found that the latter will not only respond kindly, but will be vigorous all day long. Moreover, there is no better protection against cold, so better defense for sensitive lungs. Take this form of bath for a week, then omit it, and the body will actually beg for it. In connection with the wet friction bath, the morning ablution of face, neck, and ears is to be followed in the usual manner. In using this bath, it is a good plan to add to the water a little aqua ammonia or alcohol. Either is cleansing and stimulating. In cases in which a decided tonic is necessary, I advise the patient to procure a pint of alcohol or cheap brandy, put it into a quart bottle, fill up with water, and add rock salt until it remains at the bottom of the bottle undissolved. A cork perforated by a quill completes the affair. On rising, shake enough of the mixture upon each mitten to wet the palm, then rub. Water ammonia and salt, or water bay-rum and a little tincture of red pepper, and several other mixtures, will answer nearly as well. Such a bath is an excellent tonic at any hour.

The dry friction bath is an air-bath. Drop the clothing and expose the body to the air, meanwhile using the mittens as before, but in this case they are to be dry. Their roughness may be much increased by dipping them the night before into a strong solution of salt and water, then drying them in readiness for the morning. The tonic effect of the dry friction bath arises from the exposure of the skin to the air, followed by the rubbing. — *Catholic Citizen.*

## Daily Paper's Tribute to Nuns.

The other day we sat in a street car opposite two quite calm faced Sisters of Mercy and smiled and wondered if any among their fellow-passengers recognized them as representing perhaps the earliest type of strong-minded women the Christian word has known says a writer in *The Baltimore Sun.*

We are well aware that as a class nuns, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity and other religious, are among the gentlest women, and we often confuse their gentleness with timidity and shrinking from the world. Rather the daughters of the Church who withdrew within the confines of convent life are among the strong and independent few who have possessed sufficient force of character to choose a path for themselves rather than follow the beaten road, who have chosen to guide their own little ship of life rather than drift with the tide of human affairs.

Renunciation generally demands greater courage than action. It should be remembered that during the Middle Ages absolutely the only freedom for a woman was that of the convent. Popular opinion upheld a father's complete right to dispose of his daughters as he willed in marriage. It was only when she chose to assert her determination to follow a religious vocation that her individual right dared not be infringed upon. High-spirited girls of the twelfth century escaped from parental authority to the freedom of a convent with all the secrecy and eagerness of a modern maid eloping with her lover. St. Clara, who founded in Italy the Order of Poor Ladies, secretly left her father's princely house by a sealed doorway, usually opened for the passing of the dead, and significant of the irrevocable nature of her departure.

As a scholarly author of the present day has said: "No great movement of the world has succeeded without the help of great women." Many of the greatest works of past centuries have been materially aided by the spirited, yet low-voiced, quiet women, whose lives are cloistered, set apart from the world, yet whose influence has been so powerfully and benevolently felt of all men.

## Note Book Got Him a Raise.

"Harris," said the boss as the junior clerk entered his private office, "do you ever think of any suggestions or ideas for the betterment of the business?" "Once in a while," the junior clerk replied. "Got any now?" The junior clerk took a small notebook from his pocket and began to turn the pages. Now and then he would stop to ruminate a moment, then go on. "About the best thing I can offer is this," he said at last. "Our lobby down stairs is too small. We do a business that brings a lot of people from the country who know nothing about the working of the store and how to get to the various departments. They stand around in each other's way and often become embarrassed and

leave the place without even looking around and giving an order. Now what we should have would be a series of guides, something on the order of bellboys in a hotel, who would take these people to the departments to which they desired to go. When a man comes here to buy he usually expects to buy enough for us to afford spending a little money on him, and I think the guides would more than pay for themselves."

The boss jotted down the notation on a piece of paper.

"Anything else?" he asked. Harris turned the page of his notebook and soon had given another idea. He turned a few more pages and then came forth with another. The boss smiled to himself and waved his hand.

"You have given some mighty good suggestions," he said, "but the best one hasn't come yet. Whatever put that idea of carrying a notebook into your head?"

Harris laughed in an embarrassed manner. "Well," he began, "when it first became known that you wanted ideas for the betterment of the business I found that they did not come to me down here, but that they arrived after I got home in the evening and when my mind was free from other things. I tried to remember the ideas and invariably found I forgot them by the next morning, and so I just got this notebook to jot them down in that I might have them at hand when you ask me for them."

"That is the big idea I was talking about," said the boss. "If every one in this establishment carried a notebook, and jotted down the ideas as they came to them, business would jump \$10,000 a month. I am going to give orders this morning for seventy-five notebooks to be distributed to the entire office force, and, by the way, you remember that I said I would pay a bonus for ideas that helped? Yours will be a raise of \$5 a week, beginning next Saturday."

## Among the Sick and Wounded Turks.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF DEATH AND SUFFERING WITNESSED IN THE CHARNEL HOUSES OF STAMBOUL.—THE CHOLERA CAMPS AND THEIR STORY.

(By Robert W. Service in New York Tribune.)

Pera, Turkey, Jan. 15. — When the famous American general made his memorable pronouncement that "War is hell," it is my humble belief that he expressed himself in a manner inadequately mild and conservative; for the happenings of the last few days have convinced me that war is hell, indeed, but hell in a special de luxe edition, with cuts, steel engravings and the autograph of Lucifer himself. For long and long will the sights I have seen stay vitriol-bitten on the plates of memory and the belief grows in me that those responsible for war should forthwith take their places in the lurid front of battle itself.

Thinking that by so doing I might succeed in getting to the fighting lines, I volunteered for the Red Crescent, which is the Mahometan equivalent for the Red Cross. Furthermore, I pledged myself in being accepted to say nothing unkind of my dear friend, the Turk; so I will have to tell you what a wonderful fellow he is, how full of resource, energy, decision; how solicitous of his wounded; how admirable in the conduct of field hospitals.

## THE RED HORROR OF IT ALL.

Those there are who may assure you that he had no field hospitals; that his men deserted in thousands, knowing that if they fell they would never be picked up; that those who reached us managed somehow to write unaided to a train and jolt their way Stamboulward, that on the battlefield the swing of a gun butt or a bootheel jammed into the mouth of an unconscious man saves a lot of trouble; that in short, there was the absence of provision for the wounded that characterizes a barbarian horde. And you will here a Stamboul surgeon bitterly comment: "I haven't cut off a leg two weeks; the interesting cases never reach us."

But, in truth, there are enough interesting cases to give one a faint idea of the red horrors of it all. Let me take you through one of the wards of one of our many makeshift hospitals. It is the ancient museum, whose lofty halls are being put to strange uses in these evil days.

Between two rows of cots you pass, and from the depths of fevered pillows the tired brown eyes peer at you. Over the gulf of pain they peer, and you gaze at them wondering, noting how fine they are, how purged by suffering. Then, as you move, the eyes in the tired brown faces follow you, follow you, shining and dark and piteous. They never leave you, those haunting eyes; they beseech you with the infinite appeal of dumb brutes stricken unto death.

It is the shrapnel that makes all the trouble. Ugly stuff, that shrapnel! The bullet is a gentleman, does his work in a clean, efficient way. But this shrapnel is a coarse fellow, a brute, a butcher in the art of destruction.

Here, for instance, is a naked man lying on his face, with one of his hips shot lavishly away. For days

he lies like that, and sometimes you wish he would hurry up and die, because there is no hope, and his body where he rests is raw with bed sores.

In the next cot is a man who has just had his leg shaved to prepare for amputation. He looks at you very sadly, and you wonder how you would feel if you were going to have a leg taken off. Alongside him is a comrade who had one amputated yesterday at the hipjoint, too. A few hours after, he had regained consciousness and asked for a cigarette. He is smoking now, but his eyes burn vividly, and in the night he will die. This you know as surely as you know there will be coffee for breakfast. As you note the bedding sag in the place of the missing limb you shudder and pass on.

By way of a change here is a fellow who sturdily sits up in bed. He has a jaw broken where an ammunition wagon ran over it, and he is now trying to feed himself with a spoon. He is one of the lucky ones who will recover.

You cannot say as much for his neighbor there, with head ensnared in blood-corroded clots. This man was peering out of a trench, when a bullet took off the top of his skull, as you chip your maternal egg. He is conscious and speaks sensibly, but his brain is woefully exposed, and there is no hope.

See, on his left, another doomed one, a poor fellow who had his inside torn open by a shell. Through that jagged hole you can see the inner workings of the machine, and it's not pretty.

## THE BLACK SHADOW OF DEATH.

So much for one little corner in one little ward in this city of many hospitals. And mostly the wounded come to die.

What is remarkable about these men is their grip on life. But for their vital tenacity they would have died in trenches. Be it remembered they must have lain for days and nights with neither food nor shelter ere they reached a transport train, for in nearly all cases full-grown worms were writhing in their wounds. Then there was that hideous jolting journey in a cramped and cumbrous train, so that when they arrived at last with rotten clothing and filthy bodies they bordered on delirium. No wonder, after such exposure, such contamination, many died in the agonies of tetanus. Yet bad as they were, they were loath to mount the operating table.

## THEIR STOICISM UNDER PAIN.

Another remarkable thing is their stoicism under pain. In all that weary caravanerai of woe it is rare to hear a murmur or a groan. A surgeon, extracting a bullet from a patient's shoulder, also pulled away a large fragment of the bone in which it was embedded, yet that Turk never made a whimper.

But most remarkable of all is that those who recover are anxious to get back to the front. When you consider that they are treated like dogs, that an oligarchic government, selfish, graft-obsessed, will hardly be likely to recognize their devotion, you marvel at such patriotism. Yet perhaps, it is because they look on this war as for their religion; perhaps they think that a glorious death on the battle-field will be a passport to that hour-haunted heaven of their dreams. Callous, procrustinating, incapable the Turk may be, but surely he is no coward.

## SOMETHING MORE PLEASANT—CHOLERA.

If I have dwelt too long on these things it is because I can see only the dark side of war. But now I will go on to speak of something more pleasant—to wit, cholera.

For some days past I have been in charge of a transport of supplies between Stamboul and the great cholera camp at San Stefano. I have procured one of the hateful fez things, which I don where there are no Europeans near to witness my shame, but which I find to be the open seam to many a door hitherto barred.

San Stefano is a little coast town all of an hour's trip by boat from Pera. Steaming out of the craft-crowded Golden Horn, we round the point on which glowers that monument of bloodshed and mystery, the Old Seraglio. We are now in the mouth of the Bosphorus, and on the Asiatic shore the minarets of Scurtai glisten in the sun. Across these blue waters on this bright morning Stamboul itself surprises us with a strange, bizarre beauty. Rising in terraced splendor from the sunlit sea, it curves in a gleaming crescent of cupola, roof and tower. In the enchantment that distance lends you do not see its furtive alleys, its mildewed tombs, its seething, sullen throng. You see only those golden domes, those minarets of slender light, those brilliant courts, those dusky cypress groves. And lo! there it smiles, the Stamboul of your dreams.

The coast undulates in curves of marmoreal monotony, and the aged land is bleak and barren! Round one of these curves suddenly you come on San Stefano, with a crowded wharf and a vista of summer villas. A steamer from Asia has just arrived, and promptly disgorges a regiment of Anatolian cavalry. Their horses, of the Arab type, are in fine condition, but their carbines are old-fashioned and the scabbards of their heavy sabres are red with rust. Yet the men themselves seem very fierce and fit, as with their rags fluttering in the breeze they clatter off to the front.

San Stefano from the wharf looks innocent enough. The white-walled villas gleam in the winter sunshine; the long, low seas, heavy with jelly-fish, crash on the rugged shore; the thin, bare boughs wave in the salt breeze. No sign of horror here. Yet go but a little way up the miry street, and abruptly a sharp odor greets you, the pungent smell of ammonia. Then turning a corner you are suddenly on the edge of the cholera camp.

The ground is white with quicklime and in the centre of this blanched Devil's Acre squats the Greek school with about a hundred tents clustered around it. In that stunted building there are stowed away over six hundred cases of cholera, while in the tents are probably three hundred more. Beyond are other camps of greater extent, but less under control.

And here I would say that I think the cholera scare has been greatly exaggerated by the Turks to check the Bulgarian advance. At no time in this, the largest of the isolation camps, did the number of cases exceed four thousand, and at the date of which I speak it was probably only half that number. Part of the great retreat lay through a land of vines, and the fleeing soldiers, ravenous with hunger, ate avidly of the sour rotted fruit. The result in their enfeebled state was an acute and deadly dysentery which even the cleverest doctors could hardly distinguish from cholera.

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You can fatten cattle and hogs in a month's less time by using our Royal Purple Stock Specific than you could possibly do without it, thereby saving a month's feed and labor and the cost to you will not be more than \$1.50 for six pigs or \$1.00 for one steer. It will keep your horses in show condition with ordinary feed. If you have a poor, miserable-looking animal on your place try it on this one first and see the marvelous result which will be obtained. Our Stock Specific will increase the milk flow from five lbs. per cow per day, while being fed in the stable. A 50c package will last a cow or horse 70 days.

**ROYAL PURPLE POULTRY SPECIFIC** will make your hens lay just as well in the winter as in the summer, and will keep them free from disease. These goods are pure and unadulterated. We do not use any cheap filler to make a large package, entirely different from any on the market at the present time.

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Royal Purple Lice Killer, 25c and 50c tins: 50c by mail.  
Royal Purple Gall Cure, 25c and 50c tins: 50c by mail.  
Royal Purple Sweet Liniment, 50c bottle: 60c by mail.  
Royal Purple Cough Cure, 50c tin: 60c by mail.  
Royal Purple Disinfectant, 25c and 50c tins.  
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Boys and girls, young and old, enclose 10 cents coin or stamps for 7 elegant post cards—usually sold 3 for 5—Easter, Valentine's, Views, St. Patrick's, comics, etc., any kind you want, 15 for 25 cents, 32 for 40 cents. To merchants \$1 per 100—mailing free. Write at once. We are selling thousands all over Canada.

AGENTS SUPPLY CO., Antigonish

## FOR THESE REASONS

To tell all the reasons why we believe your choice of a cream separator should be the Standard would be impossible in this space, but here are four: First, because the



# Standard

Cream Separator under ordinary conditions skims to .01 per cent. or less. It loses but one-tenth of a pound of butter fat in 1000 lbs of milk skimmed. The ordinary separator loses a full pound. Second, because the Standard has a wide open bowl, and no cream or milk tubes to clog up. Everything easy to clean. Third, because the supply can is more than a foot lower than on ordinary machines. No high or awkward lifting to do with the Standard. Fourth, because the Standard has a self-oiling system and lubricates its working parts automatically all the time it is running.

The Standard will save more time and labor, and make more money for you than any other cream separator. Try one, and let the machine prove these facts.

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## "BEAVER" FLOUR Makes the True Home-Made Bread Your Mother Used to Make

"Beaver" Flour is a blended flour—really two flours in one. It contains the quality, nutriment and flavor of Ontario fall wheat and the strength of Western wheat. "Beaver" Flour is a perfectly balanced flour. It makes baking easy because it is always the same in strength, quality and flavor. Your grocer has it. Try it. DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.



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LOCAL ITEMS

A MUSICAL and dramatic entertainment will be given at Mt. St. Bernard's Convent on Thursday evening, February 27th, by the pupils.

CURLING.—The Halifax and North Sydney curlers are expected here today to play for the Johnston cup. After the trophy game both teams will likely play friendly games with the local curlers.

IN THE REPORT of play "Old Maid's Convention," at Mulgrave, last week, mention should have been made of Mrs. James Morrison, who delighted the audience with her selections on the piano; also of Miss Crispo of Harbour Boucher, who treated the audience with instrumental music.

HOCKEY.—The St. F. X. High School defeated the L. O. C. hockeyists of Glace Bay at the College rink on Monday evening; score 11-1. On Tuesday evening the Shamrocks of New Glasgow and the College senior team met at the College rink, the latter winning; score 6-3.

HYMENEAL.—At St. Croix Church, Pomquet, Ant., on January 21st, Miss Emelia Boudreau of Pomquet and Mr. George Landry of South River, Ant., were united in holy matrimony by Rev. Fr. Cormier. They were attended by Miss Ellen Landry and Mr. Nicholas Landry. The evening was pleasantly spent at the groom's home, the wedding party and neighbours enjoying the usual wedding festivities. The happy couple were well remembered, many handsome presents being presented to them.

THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPH from a letter received yesterday from Bishop MacDonald, Victoria, B. C., will be read with interest: Thus far at least this winter I have been quite free from scotia. Upon the whole we have had some of our worst winters in years. And yet I saw roses in bloom in the open as late as Jan. 6, and yesterday, itself, I saw some well developed buds that had survived the frosts—such frosts as we have, twenty-one degrees above being our coldest this winter. To-day is a lovely sunny day and it looks as if our winter was over.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE.—St. Francis Xavier's and the University of New Brunswick will meet in inter-collegiate debate on March 18th, in Antigonish. The question for discussion is one which claims considerable attention in many Canadian cities, and which takes the form of the following resolution: "Resolved, that in the cities of Canada a Commission form of Municipal Government, based on the Des Moines system, is preferable to a Mayor and Council system." St. Francis Xavier's will argue for the affirmative of the resolution. The St. F. X. representatives are: W. F. Obisholm, (Leader), J. D. Keane, and A. L. McDonald. The debate will probably be repeated in Sydney on the night following the debate in Antigonish.

LARGEST MINE HOIST IN THE WORLD.—An order, for what is thought to be the largest size hoist in the world, was recently placed with the Nordberg Manufacturing Company, Milwaukee, Wis., in competition with both German and English builders. The hoist is to be used at the Inverness Railway & Coal Company's mine at Inverness, Cape Breton Island, N. S., and is of the Nordberg Corlies duplex double drum type. The cylinders are 34 and 34x72, and the hoist is equipped with two drums, one of which is equipped with Nordberg axial clutch and post brake, enabling independent operation of either drum. The hoist is designed to lift the following load: A train of 12 cars, each car weighing 1,150 pounds, and containing one long ton of coal. It will be required to pull this load up a 10,000 foot incline, which is 16 degrees at the surface and 35 degrees at the bottom. This makes the stress on the rope about 41,000 pounds, and in view of this rope stress and the length of the cable, this hoist is thought to be the largest ever constructed. Hoists with larger cylinders have been built for the copper mining business, notably the two Nordberg hoists at the Tamarack Mines in Calumet, Mich., but these are surpassed in the present case in the two particular features mentioned. As might be expected, the brakes, clutches, reverse and throttles are not operated directly by hand, but by auxiliary engine.—American Machinist.

THE CLAIM so often made that our winters are changing, are gradually becoming milder, with less snow, and fewer storms, is certainly open to dispute, and present conditions are a strong refutation of the theory, held by many, that our winter weather is less rigorous than formerly. A reason, we believe, for the supposition that we have now milder winters than formerly is that a severe winter, one with deep snow, many storms, drifts and had roads, leaves a lasting impression on the mind, the distress consequent upon such a winter is remembered long after, while the mild winter with its freedom from climatic hardships, its pleasant days and enjoyable outings, leaves no impression, is forgotten. Therefore when we make mental comparison with the former and present years we recall only the ones from which we suffered, the long dreary winters with heavy snow and blocked roads, and are apt to conclude that our winter season is not now so bad. Looking at prevailing conditions, however, we are reminded that we have all the essentials of the good old-fashioned winter. Lately we had zero weather as bad as any in many years past. To-day we have snow in abundance, piled in high drifts too, and travelling is as difficult as could well be imagined. On Tuesday afternoon and Tuesday night a blizzard raged, the

strong north winds driving the snow before it so violently that travelling was almost impossible. All the I. R. C. trains were delayed. The express C. trains were delayed Tuesday only due here at midnight Glasgow, where it got as far as New Glasgow, where it was cancelled. Tuesday's express for Sydney, which leaves here 1.00 p. m., managed to get as far as Orangetdale, where it was all night. The night train for Halifax on Tuesday did not leave Sydney. Yesterday's noon express managed to reach here at 4 p. m., so that we had no railway communication for upwards of 27 hours. Several cars of a special left the rails at Mulgrave, occasioning a serious delay in getting the snow plow from Mulgrave to work. All the stage routes likewise suffered by the storm, not one of the various mails by stage reaching here yesterday.

Town Council.

The first meeting of the new Council was held on the evening of the 11th inst., all the members being present. The following standing Committees were duly appointed: Public Accounts, Finance and Tenders—His Worship the Mayor, Councillors Angus McGillivray and J. P. Gorman. Commissioners of Schools—The Mayor, Councillors Daniel A. MacDonald and Gorman. Police and Licenses—Councillors Cunningham, McGillivray and Daniel A. McDonald. Poor and Insane—Councillors Cunningham, Peter McDonald and Daniel A. McDonald. Public Property, Roads and Streets—The Mayor, Councillors McGillivray and Cunningham. Fire, Pumps and Tanks—Councillors Peter McDonald, Daniel A. McDonald and James W. Taylor. The following other Committees were also appointed: Arbitration Committee—The Mayor, Councillors McGillivray and Gorman. Assessment Appeal Court—The Mayor, Councillors Peter McDonald and Cunningham. Water Commissioners—Councillors Cunningham, McGillivray and Taylor. Councillor McGillivray was appointed Presiding Officer. The following officers were also appointed: Fire Wards—P. S. Floyd, C. Edgar Whidden, David Somers, Peter McDonald and Dan. D. McDonald. Town and Fire Constables—R. L. McLean, Angus R. McDonald and Thomas McAnis. Surveyors of Lumber and Wood—Alex. McDonald, John McDonald, Allan Gillis and Rod. A. McDonald. Lock-up-keeper—John McDonald. (Policeman). John McDonald was re-appointed policeman and James Dunphy Supt. of Water Works at same salaries as paid last year. Dr. J. J. Cameron was re-appointed Health Officer at same salary. The following firmen were appointed: James McDonald, (painter), John McPherson, (James' son), and Elmer Cunningham.

John MacDonald, Clydesdale, tendered his resignation as caretaker of the water work's reservoirs and the Council was obliged to reluctantly accept it, as Mr. McDonald intends leaving for the West in a short time. He has had sole charge of the reservoirs for the past seven years and proved himself a most competent and careful as well as an obliging official. In fact he had assisted in looking after that end of the water works system since it was intalled twenty-one years ago and was, therefore, thoroughly acquainted with everything that required attention. He was a faithful and painstaking official and the Council feels that it is losing the services of one whose place will be hard to fill. Having worked under the superintendent of construction while the work was in progress he gained a thorough knowledge of the whole system and his departure from the community will be, therefore, a distinct loss to the Town.

Mr. Alex. McDonald (Clydesdale) was appointed to succeed him and will no doubt also prove a competent and careful official.

Green Oats and Hay For Sale. For sale, a lot of green Oats and Hay. Good quality. Prices and terms reasonable. Apply to W. P. McDEARMID, Clydesdale. 2-20,1f

HOGS and VEAL WANTED. Cash paid for nice fresh killed hogs, and good veal calves dressed with pelts on. SEARS & McDONALD, Ltd. Antigonish, N. S.

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NO MONEY ASKED IN ADVANCE. We treat you with the same honest extra care and then return our money, only \$2.00, and this amount can be paid in a few days this magnificent phonograph will be pleasing everybody in your home. Address: NATIONAL PRODUCTS LIMITED DEPT. P. 141 TORONTO, ONT.

Personals. Senator Girroir left for Ottawa on Tuesday. Mrs. Duncan Cameron, St. Peter's, C. B., was in Town this week. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Landry, of Antigonish, arrived home last week from their bridal tour. Miss Christine McKinnon of Antigonish, who has been attending the Normal College, Truro, has returned home. She was successful in obtaining Superior First Rank diploma. Miss Annie L. Webb, milliner, of Port Hawkesbury, and her sister May have gone to New York and Boston on a month's vacation. They will attend the spring millinery openings in above cities. Miss May Cameron, senior nurse St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Boston, left for Boston last Friday, after a two weeks' visit to her father, Hugh H. Cameron, who is at present a patient in St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish. Glace Bay Gazette.—Town Solicitor Neil R. McArthur, leaves for Ottawa, in connection with the militia bill against the town. F. Mitchell, Mayor of Dominion, and other representatives of the towns and municipalities throughout the province, will also be in Ottawa, to interview the government in an effort to have the present militia act changed respecting the liability of towns and municipalities for payment of the militia when called out to quell disturbances.

T. J. WALLACE OPTICIAN. Requests all those who wish to have their eyes examined to call at his Antigonish store between SATURDAY, 22nd Feb. —AND— MONDAY, 3rd March. Mr. Wallace will be at PORT HOOD, on March 4th INVERNESS, on March 5, 6th HAWKSURRY on March 7th These dates will be adhered to

FRESH FISH. We have some extra choice Herring in stock. But the supply is limited, so call and get yours before they are all gone. —ALSO— Best Boneless Codfish, Finnan Haddies, Fillets, Dry Codfish and Hake. In meats we have Hams, Breakfast Bacon, Sausages and Fresh Beef. We would like your orders for any of those lines, also for Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Oil, Canned Goods of every description, etc., etc. We guarantee the quality. All kinds of produce taken in exchange. D. R. GRAHAM Butter and Eggs Wanted.

MAKE MONEY. Boys and girls, any age, in spare time, all over the Country make lots of money. Buy 100 beautiful Assorted cards: comics, views, Easter, St. Patrick's, etc., mailed free, \$1.00; sell to your friends at regular price, 2 for 3; make \$1.50 clear profit. Just think! Invest \$1 or write us and make 150 per cent. Borrow \$1.00 from your parents, or a friend, send to us, get 100 cards, sell 2 for 3c., nets you \$2.50; pay your \$1.00 back and have \$1.50 left clear money. Invest again your own \$1.00, keep going now and you are started in an easy, pleasant, honorable and honest business. Makes you sharp and bright and full of business. Don't delay. Begin today. Don't let every boy and girl get ahead of you. Enclose \$1.00 to us and get 100 beautiful Assorted cards, post free, \$1.00. AGENTS SUPPLY CO., Antigonish

Dr. H. S. TOLSON DENTIST. In Dr. Agnew's Office over Copeland's Drug Store.

INSURE Against Loss by Fire. To the Farmers of Antigonish and Guysborough Counties: There are not many men to-day but will acknowledge the advantage of insuring their buildings against loss by fire or lightning and the question arises where shall we insure. Shall we insure where shall we insure. Shall we insure among ourselves and keep our own money or shall we give it to some outside company to help them build big offices, and after paying a lot of large salaries be able to pay big dividends? The Antigonish Company offers you all the advantages at about half the price, and instead of your money going to enrich a lot of outsiders you own it yourselves. Do not be led astray by the soft tongue of some of these agents, who tell you that your own Company is no good. But apply to GEORGE VINTEN the Secretary or one of the Agents of the Farmers, who will be pleased to give you every information. But do it to-day. Do not wait till you have a fire.

Rock And Stump Lifter. This is a very strong and well made machine and is very useful in clearing the fields of the old stumps, or lifting rocks. It is so constructed that one man can easily mount it on three poles, and as it has a very strong purchase it will easily lift 5 tons. It has a long lever which operates a ratchet wheel, over which the chain which is attached to the stump, runs, and with this long leverage it has great strength. We would be pleased to send circular describing this machine on request. Price, freight paid to your nearest railway station, \$11.50, cash to be sent with order.

Bridgetown Foundry Co. Ltd. Lock Box 249. Bridgetown, N. S.

Cheaper Living. Do not pay extravagant prices for butter (use Olive Oil). We guarantee Olive Oil is cheaper and is just as good for all kinds of cooking. "Come and ask about it." For sale in all quantities at C. B. WHIDDEN & SON, Antigonish, N. S.

HOMES WANTED. We want good homes for a few Roman Catholic boys, ages from eight to thirteen years. Apply to ERNEST H. BLOIS, Superintendent Neglected and Dependant Children. 1-30, 44. Halifax, N. S.

Hay for Sale. For sale, 100 tons hay to be pressed on the Ethridge farm at Salt Springs, March 1st. F. R. TROTTER, Antigonish.

FARM FOR SALE. For sale at a bargain, the very desirable homestead farm at Maryvale, formerly owned by the late James G. Ross, containing 125 acres more or less. New house, two barns and outhouse on property. Farm is very well wooded and watered. Title is good. Church and school close at hand. There is right of way by deed across lands formerly of Colin Ross from November first each year to first of following May to woodland on property for purposes of hauling wood. Apply to MRS. ELLEN ROSS, Box 131, New Glasgow. Care of John McDonald, Tanner. Or to J. A. Wall, K. C., Antigonish. 2-13, 2m.

SYDNEY SLAG ... BASIC SLAG and CROSS'S MIXED FERTILIZER. Every bag stamped and guaranteed. The Cross Fertilizer Company guarantees the soluble phosphoric acid in their Sydney Slag and the farmers know what they are getting. We also carry a full line of Cross' Mixed Fertilizer. Don't buy your fertilizer for this season until our agent calls on you. If there is no agent in your district write us direct. A. S. MacMILLAN Representing the Cross Fertilizer Co. in Antigonish and Guysborough Counties.

Stock Reducing Sale 15 to 25 per cent. off. Some Odd Lines 50 per cent. off. If we were operating under "old foggy" business methods we would not consider the idea of selling our stock at one-fourth off. To us a loss would not be in accordance with old business rules.

The New Way is to close out the stock on hand at the end of each season, force it by the powers of cut prices. This is the modern business method and the right one. Everything goes at once. Men's and boys' Suits, Overcoats, Coats, Raincoats, Pants, Overall, Hats, Caps, Fur Caps, Underwear, Sweaters, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Gloves, Boots, Shoes, Lumber, Rubbers, Larrigans, etc., etc. Nothing reserved. The goods are marked in plain figures, take the discount off and they're yours. the bargain opportunity of the year. Don't miss it.

The home of good goods and low prices. Palace Clothing Co. The Outfitters

Cold Weather Goods At D. G. KIRK'S

PARLOR and HEATING STOVES COAL and WOOD RANGES STOVE PIPE, COAL HODS, SHOVELS SINGLE and DOUBLE BITTED AXES CROSS CUT and TREE SAWS CANT HOOKS PEAVEYS and PIKE POLES HORSE RUGS and SURCINGLES, SLED PADS and BREECHINGS DRIVING HARNESS, BELLS and WHIPS AUTOMOBILE, VELOX, REGAL, MICMAC and STARR HOCKEY SKATES SASKATCHEWAN BUEFALO ROBES, COATS and MITTS.

All robes and coats bearing the Saskatchewan trade mark are interlined with rubber and are absolutely wind and water proof. Look for the diamond trade mark on each robe and coat with the manufacturer's name, Newland & Co., is the diamond. We have in stock a few ladies' and men's ASTRACHAN CLOTH COATS which we offer to clear at less than half price.

D. G. KIRK, Antigonish

The D. G. Kirk Woodworking & Cont. Manufacturers of DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS and FINISH OF ALL KINDS, BRICK, LIME, LATHS, PLASTER, Etc. BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE. ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

Men Wanted For railroad construction work in Kings County, near Kentville, Nova Scotia. Highest wages paid. KIRK & COOKE, Contractors 10-10-1f

Speculators, Attention! The subscriber offers for sale to the highest bidder his farm at Arisaig, Antigonish County consisting of 100 acres, situated in the midst of the Iron Ore District. It is a Soldier's Grant. If desired, will sell the Iron Ore separate. It is the only Farm in the District with an abundance of hard and soft timber on it. Tenders received until the 1st of May, 1913. JOHN H. MACPHERSON, 20 Newburg Street, Roslindale, Mass.

FOR SALE A wood lot of 110 acres, with timber, both hard and soft, about two miles from John Station and will be sold at a reasonable figure. For further particulars apply to MRS. CATHERINE Mc... F. H. RANDALL Buyer and direct Salesman of RAW FURS HIGHEST CASH PRICE 10-31,1f

