

# THE CASKET.

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1912.

Our Italian co-religionists at Whitney Pier were greatly pleased when Bishop Morrissey answered their address in their own language.

There is said to be a great deal of smallpox in the Province of Quebec. We hope the matter is not being overlooked by the health officers in Nova Scotia.

In our London letter last week, the statement that the majority report of the Divorce Commission was signed by "nine persons," should have read "nine persons."

A coal-dealer in New York, on trial for giving short weight, was fined \$500 and given 20 days in jail. "Short-weight" is certainly a particularly contemptible form of cheating.

Remarking on the slogan, "Swat the fly," an American newspaper says, "Better say, starve the fly." There's a good deal in that. Keep things clean, and flies will be scarcer.

The Bulgarians went out to the war, leaving none but the disabled and the women at home. Is there one amongst the "Great Powers" that could command such unanimous effort as that on the part of its subjects?

Rev. Mr. Hincks of Toronto "made oration" in London, England, and the Pope caught it, of course. Mr. Hincks also explained the views of Emperor William of Germany. He understands German politics and the Catholic religion equally badly.

We saw the statement the other day that if the Balkan war continues, the price of eggs may go up in Canada. Our last shred of regard for the Turk goes now. Move him across the Bosphorus without any further delay.

Despatches from London state that Queen Mary is strongly opposed to legislation to carry into effect the report of the majority of the English Divorce Commission. The affection with which our good Queen is regarded will be increased by her attitude on this subject.

"The world's Evangelical Alliance" was told in London, Eng., by Rev. Mr. Hincks of Toronto that "the people of Canada were determined ultimately to have one uniform marriage law." If the Toronto preachers were "the people of Canada" Canada would doubtless have many things that she now gets along without.

Rev. Mr. Hincks says that "no political party in Canada could survive six months which openly endorsed this infamous decree." Poor worried soul! Is he expecting to see the Ne Temere decree take its place beside Reciprocity, or a Navy Policy, in any future political programme in this country? How horrible it must be to have one's nerves in such a state!

President-elect Wilson has fallen heir to the Panama Canal dispute between Great Britain and the United States. It is to be hoped he will take a "surer view of it than some American public men do. Senator Ehliu Root takes a very strong stand in favor of Great Britain's claims. The record of the United States for fair play in international matters is not very good.

Rev. Mr. Hincks was the "star performer" at the "World's Evangelical Alliance" in London, England. He said that "Romanism on the banks of the St. Lawrence was stronger than on the

banks of the Tiber." When he comes back to Canada, he may be able to tell us whether bigotry on the banks of the Thames is as strong as it is on the shore of Lake Ontario; whether the fear of the Pope is as great in London as it is Toronto.

Locomotive engineers on most of the 52 railroads which were before the Board of Arbitration have obtained an increase of wages, the total of which will be over seven million dollars a year. As is usual, neither side is satisfied; but the arbitration which will please all parties is not to be had.

The "judge" who figured last week in the papers, as having acted in an illegal and becoming manner towards the Secretary of the Dominion Temperance alliance, turns out to be a Justice of the Peace. And we draw a distinction. Even Nova Scotia Justices of Peace are not supposed to have the high standards which guide our judges.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that "The Bath Tub Trust" is a combination in restraint of trade and has ordered it to be dissolved. It is said that criminal proceedings may follow. A considerable number of prosecutions for violation of the great commercial statutes of the United States are now going on.

A vast majority of the school teachers of Spain have rejected the scheme of the Socialist, under the guise of a national association of teachers, to get their grips on the schools of Spain. The Cardinal Primate, we learn from America, has advised the teachers to form a great association free from political or Socialist connections or influence.

The recent elections in the United States are regarded by the Socialists with much discouragement. The total vote polled for Debs, for President, was about twice as large as it was four years ago; but there were so many body blows given to the movement in other contests that little importance is attached to that vote, especially as there is not the slightest chance of making the Presidential vote large enough to elect.

America, speaking of the conference in London, addressed by our own unique Mr. Hincks, very pertinently asks—"What would be the effect of should a great Catholic meeting in Rome resolve that there should be a uniform education law in Canada, on strictly Catholic lines?" If we are asked, what would be the effect on Rev. Mr. Hincks, we answer that we should fear the worst.

America informs us that the Archbishop of Mexico founded recently an association of Catholic ladies to restrain public indecency, particularly in the press. In October, two assemblies of the organization were held under the presidency of the Archbishop. At the meetings 2000 ladies were present, and a little later a public protest against an indecent publication was signed by 5000 members of the Association. A good Catholic substitute for the "Suffragettes."

There will, probably, not be much more fighting this winter, in the Turkish war. Winter is a severe season in the Balkan states. Further south, the weather is probably very wet now. The delay will, we should think, tend to a wiser winding up of the matter than might be seen now, if the Balkan allies came to the settling of peace terms fresh and flushed from contests just finished and victories just won. So, if no terms of peace are concluded until spring, it may turn out better for all concerned and for the general peace of Europe.

Bishop Burgess, of the Episcopal Church, of Brooklyn and Long Island has forbidden the use of incense in the mission churches of his diocese under his direct supervision. Disputes are going on in two or three places in that State over the use of vestments, candles and incense. "Father Wilson," we are told, uses them. "The head of the diocese," we are informed, "has doctrinal authority over the larger churches, but the forms of worship are chosen by the rector and vestry." In England, dissatisfied persons could go to the courts and get an injunction and costs; but the American courts afford no relief; so they will just have to fight it out.

It is reported that old St. Patrick's Church in Sydney is to be re-opened, and devoted to the use of the Syrian population. It is a most interesting occurrence. The church was built—we do not know when but certainly more than seventy years ago—by Irishmen and Scotchmen who had found in this new land the freedom and peace they were denied at home. Our Syrian brethren are later arrivals; and they come from the only empire on the Earth where oppression was worse than it was in Ireland and Scotland. Canada gave them welcome; and we hope they may long enjoy the use of old St. Patrick's in which to practice our holy religion, keeping alive the faith which has been kept by them and their forefathers under worse conditions and more grievous pressure than even blood-soaked Ireland and Scotland ever knew, in the empire of "the unspokeable Turk?"

Senator Gore of Oklahoma will probably be the Democratic leader in the new United States Senate. He is 42 years old, and has been blind in one eye since his ninth year, and wholly blind since the age of 11. He managed to get an education, nevertheless, and became a lawyer, and a successful one. He has had everything read to him; and since his marriage in 1900, his wife has read to him. She is said to be remarkably well-informed on law and on public affairs. The difficulties overcome by such men make ordinary difficulties look small. Other similar instances are well known. Francis Parkman, the historian, though not wholly blind, could only read for five minutes at a time, during a period of his life. Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York World, was blind for years, during which time he performed an immense quantity of work. And, the other day, we read of a lawyer, retained in a very important case in the Province of Quebec, who is blind.

The godless education with which the world has been so long afflicted leaves human society weak to resist the crazy theories which obtain a temporary popularity and a vogue from time to time. Here we have an exponent of an American university reported in a New York paper as pronouncing himself an anarchist. "We deny," he says, "the right of any man to determine or influence our conduct in any way. I should say that a man has a right to act as he pleases without regard to the social result of that action." And again he says:

"If a Macnamara feels the highest function of life is in blowing up people it is my point of view he should so conduct himself. The truly anarchist position is to deny the right of standards at all."

In other words, he claims for every man the right of unlimited private judgment, carried out in unlimited personal action. It is the main principle of the "Reformation," carried out to the end, with devilish but unshakable logic. It is largely by declining to accept, or act upon, the logical consequences of their own main theory, that millions of men have kept some check on their evil inclinations and passions.

A somewhat remarkable situation developed at Rochester, N. Y., last week, and one which may afford some thought to agitators who take it to be a settled principle that all combinations of capital are against the interests of workingmen. The American Federation of Labor, in session at Rochester, discussed the Sherman anti-trust law all day; and found fault with it. The particulars do not very clearly appear from the report; but we gather that certain manufacturers have, in a certain case, been prosecuted under that act; and that the men consider that the prosecution, and the part of the act which enables the prosecution, are injurious to them. This is another aspect of the anti-trust movement. It has been assumed that public interests were in all respects being served by anti-trust prosecutions; but if the workingmen find themselves damaged thereby, it may be necessary to reconsider the situation. We have seen laws which were supposed to be for the protection of workingmen opposed by those very men; and the opposition, especially in the case of a new and untried measure, ought not always to be heeded. But the American Federation of Labor, criticizing a long-established law like the Sherman anti-trust law, seems to be in a different position. It will be interesting to watch what the upshot of this will be.

A recent discussion as to miracles in an Anglican conference or synod in England, reminded us of a story that

the late Governor Fraser used to tell Meeting a farmer in Guysborough County one very dry summer, they talked of the lack of rain. The man was greatly discouraged. At length, Governor Fraser said—"Do you ever pray for rain?" "Not lately," was the answer, "What's the use of praying for rain, and the wind from the north." Also, we are reminded of a story told by "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the late speaker of the American House of Representatives. An old woman was driving a pony towards town, when the pony took fright and ran away. Finally the harness gave way. "What did you do," asked Uncle Joe. "Well," said she, "I prayed till the breeching broke, and then I jist give up." It is rather surprising to find educated men take much the same view of the power of the good Lord, after considering the subject carefully. If the physical conditions seem to them favorable, they are disposed to admit a possible intervention of Providence; but that God might send rain with a north wind, or change the wind, or save a life whether the harness broke or not, is beyond their limited understanding.

The following is interesting:

Washington, Nov. 28. — Socialist leaders have been since election actively diagnosing the Socialist party vote in an endeavor to learn just why, while the total vote was almost twice as much as it was four years ago, the party received such decided setbacks in localities which the leaders considered strongholds.

At first glance the fact that the socialist vote was doubled indicated an advance gratifying to the exponents of Socialism and disconcerting to those opposing it, but it is known here that the socialist leaders are far from satisfied with the showing the party has made.

The vote is diagnosed by politicians as indicating a decided gain in the numbers of supporters socialism as a theory, but a defeat for socialism as a conditions, which has materially shaken the confidence of the leaders. They say that where the theories have had a fair trial in practice the fallacy of the party's doctrines has been so readily exposed that defeat was inevitable as soon as the people had an opportunity to judge for themselves the actual result of the practise of socialism.

DEFEATED IN STRONGHOLDS.

The defeat of Representative Victor Berger, the only socialist who ever set in congress, in a supposed stronghold, was the hardest blow the party suffered. Milwaukee, which has had a longer trial of socialism than any other city, for a second time within a year voted to curb the activities of socialism. Schenectady, where a year ago a socialist mayor and a number of the legislature were chosen, expressed its distaste for the experience under the new regime by turning both out of office in no uncertain manner.

Another unexpected failure to gain ground was seen in the return from Massachusetts, where the Lawrence strike, the Eitor trial and the other clashes between socialists and the authorities were exploited as vote-getting propositions. The voters in the mill town took an opposite view of the situation and the Debs vote of 1908 was cut in two.

James H. Maurer, a socialist of Reading, Penn., who was elected to the legislature two years ago, was defeated for re-election. Albert Johnson, of the Second congressional district of Washington, attributes his success to the relentless war he waged against revolutionary socialism in his anti-socialistic paper, The Home Defender.

While the socialists made gains in some states and localities and elected office-holders, almost invariably where socialistic doctrines have been given a trial they have lost, and their gains are in places where only the theoretic side of what the party advocates.

UNPOPULAR WITH FARMERS.

One feature of the return disturbing to the party leaders is the fact that the vote of four years ago was vigorously cut down in so many of the farming districts, evidently owing to a realization of the farmers of what the socialistic platform, advocating the confiscation of all property, including farm lands, and the inauguration of government ownership would mean to them.

The fact that other big corporations are steadily adopting plans by which closer relations with their employees are established, and the faithful employees justly protected and rewarded for long terms of service; the fact that the number of stockholders in all kind of big business concerns is steadily increasing, and the rapid growth of the appreciation of both employer and employed of their responsibility to society for the humane conduct of their joint business, constitute conditions which are making the more enlightened of the Socialist leaders feel that their self-imposed task of grafting socialism on American social, industrial and political life is growing more and more difficult.

Lying for the mere purpose of filling space, in the war despatches, is not the most vicious lying that is going on, we fear. The determined repetition of the statement that war is sure to come between the Great Powers, excites suspicion. There is no more close-mouthed business in the world than diplomacy; and those who are

in charge of the business of the respective foreign offices of the great powers are not likely to be chattering boxes. What is the ground for all those confident assertions? The New York Sun called attention a few days ago to a curious feature of the news reports about the mobilization of the German and Austrian armies. It was the German papers that reported the Austrian mobilization, and the Austrian papers that reported the German mobilization. There are some papers which might be able to explain their present decided taste for alarming headlines if they cared to do so; but there is, it is to be feared, real villainy at the bottom of some of the war scares sent across the cables. It has come to this, that men must inquire closely whether there is a stock-market scheme to be served, and whether this newspaper or that is on the one side of the stock-market or the other, or under the influence of men who are so, before the news despatches can be trusted, nowadays, on matters which may affect the prices of stocks. Right Hon. Mr. Churchill's speech in London last week must be regarded as distinctly encouraging to all who wish for peace. He said:

That while a strong feeling naturally existed between Russia and Austria over the Balkan question a resort to war by them would be a horror utterly disproportionate to any cause existing, or any compensation that might be achieved.

Christian civilization continued Mr. Churchill, looks across the tangles of diplomacy to the Sovereigns of those august Empires, and asks whether kingship might not in these modern democratic days win for itself new lustre, and proclaim to the multitudes of enfranchised toilers in whose hands power is being increasingly reposed the fact that the monarchy is the bulwark of European peace.

A great gulf, Mr. Churchill said, separated the affairs of Russia and Austria from those of the other European Powers, and they had only to pursue the policy of trusting one another which they had been pursuing, and nothing could drive them from the path of sanity and honor. A general war might plunge Europe almost into the desolation of the middle ages. The only epithet history could write upon such a catastrophe, Mr. Churchill declared, would be this, "that a whole generation of men went mad and tore themselves to pieces."

And this view, we believe, will prevail, although, of course, there are danger spots in the situation.

## THE HISTORY OF HATRED.

### IRELAND'S LAST STAND FOR THE STUARTS.

The smartest songs the Scotsman knows are the songs of the lost cause of the Stuart Kings. Where is the Scot who has never thrilled to the stirring strains, the blood-kindling words, of "Cam ye by Athol," and "Wha Will be King but Charlie?" Where is the Scottish heart that ne'er has grown sad to the haunting rhythm and tender pathos of "Will Ye No Come Back Again?"

How have the Scotchman's spirits bounded with the ringing defiance that "Claverhouse spoke" to "the Lords of Convention," as told in the ballad of "Bonnie Dundee."

"It is," says an historian of our own day, closing his chapter on the "Forty-five," "the curious characteristic of the ill-fated House of Stuart that, through all their misfortunes, through all their degradations, they have contrived to captivate the imagination and bewitch the hearts of many generations. The Stuart influence upon literature has been astonishing. No cause in the world has rallied to its side so many poets, named or nameless, has so profoundly attracted the writers and readers of romance, has bitten more deeply into popular fancy. . . . The emotion which finds such living voice in the contemporary poetry, in the ballads that men wrote and men sang, while the House of Stuart was still a reality, . . . finds no less living voice in the words written by a poet of today, though nearly a century has elapsed since the hopes of the House of Stuart went out forever. . . . What was there, what is there, we may well ask, in that same House of Stuart, in that same Jacobite cause, which still quickens in this latter day a living passion and pathos, which can still inspire a poet of today with some of the finest verses he has ever written.

The last stand of the last Stuart who sat on the English throne, was made in Ireland. The last Parliament called by a Stuart king was held in Ireland. We do not enter here into the events of the reign of James II. Followed as it was by the permanent Protestant settlement of the Crown, that reign has been the subject of the eager partisanship of a score of historians who could find nothing in King James but what was useless, or stupid when not tyrannical or bad. In spite of all their efforts, the justice of his expulsion from England has not been proved, and never will be.

With all its faults, the Stuart line

had such a hold on the English people that William III. was never wholly sure of his ministers and advisers; after he was dead, the nation had a strong Stuart faction, even about the throne, all through the reign of Queen Anne; a Stuart conspiracy existed even at her bedside when she was dying; a Stuart Prince, son of James II., was able to make a strong showing in the reign of George I, with the active connivance of Englishmen; and in the reign of George II, the grandson of that same unfortunate king roused Scotland and much of England to a last and nearly successful attempt to restore the Stuart line, when he marched to within a few miles of London in a country openly in sympathy with his claims.

And, nevertheless, the last stand of Ireland for the Stuarts has been constantly treated by English historians as a mere rebellion, entailing, as a just punishment, the century of brutal revenge, rapacity and rascality which followed the last siege of Limerick and the fall of the Stuart cause in Ireland.

Why is this? Scotland fought for King James. So did Ireland. Why are Killierankie and Dunkeld never placed in the same class with Irish battles? Scotland still fought for the Stuarts fifty-six years later. Ireland did not. Why are Culloden and Prestonpans regarded by Englishmen as the honorable struggles of an honorable war, whilst the Boyne, Limerick, Athlone and Aughrim are remembered as the battles of mere rebels against the English Crown?

The answer is—religion, religion, and again religion.

"The Anglo-Saxon and the Celt," says Macaulay, "have been reconciled in Scotland, and have never been reconciled in Ireland. In Scotland all the great actions of both races are thrown into a common stock, and are considered as making up the glory which belongs to the whole country."

But Scotland had become almost wholly Protestant before any such reconciliation took place; and only because she was Protestant, have her fights for the Stuart Kings been enshrined in "the common stock" of national achievements of which both England and Scotland are proud.

But Ireland was Catholic; and therefore, when she fought for a line of sovereigns with whom half of England was, and remained for half a century afterwards in eager sympathy; a line for which Scotland fought at the very same time, and fought fifty years afterwards, Ireland was merely traitorous and rebellious; and no punishment could fit her crimes.

Thus has English history told us of Ireland. And thus, we witness on each recurring twelfth of July a hateful celebration of the Battle of the Boyne by men who would not dream of, nor dare, a like celebration of the battle of Culloden—the battle in which the last Stuart claimant to the English throne was finally and forever defeated.

Cruel and vindictive as has been the English government of Ireland, the false and fraudulent misrepresentation of the Irish people, their lives, their history, their acts and deeds, by historians, some of whom were plain liars and others of whom, who ought not to have been deceived, swallowed the lies without tasting them, has been a greater and perhaps more damaging wrong.

James II. was a Catholic. None of the Stuarts was particularly gifted with good judgment and common sense; but the fact of his religion and the fact of the religious temper of Protestant England in his day, must be kept in the very forefront of any inquiry by which anyone may hope to understand the events of his reign in England and to weigh the arguments that have been brought against him and in favor of his Dutch successor, William III.

But it is with the closing years of James reign in Ireland that we wish now to deal; for the events of those years throw a flood of strong white light on the state of Ireland from that time to this day. If a knowledge of the earlier struggles, the fights for independence and religious freedom, followed by butcheries, confiscations and evictions which went far beyond all conceivable or alleged offences, is necessary to an understanding of latter-day Ireland, still more is it necessary to know the events of the brief time in which James II. expelled from England, was still king of Ireland.

This is one more instance in which Irishmen were expected to follow automatically the turn of English politics, on peril of being classed as rebels. When a traitorous faction in England spun the wheel, and a Dutch-

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Arabs of the Desert.

THE CHARM OF THE SANDY WASTES IS BEYOND THE POWER OF WORDS TO REHOLDERS UNDER ITS SPELL—ITS FREEDOM MAKES IT THE PARADISE OF THE NATIVES—THE JOURNEY OF THE "SHIP OF THE DESERT," A PICTURESQUE SIGHT.

Among the ancients the desert, its dusky sands scattered with oases, tawny, bewitching in a sort of savage beauty, was likened to the leopard's skin, and nothing in all the varying allurement of landscape is more fascinating than the leopard's skin. By day tawny, it is sun-girdled, oppressive; by night, dim, mysterious, cursed by the hyena and the jackal or lion, whose terrible roar wakes the stillness, and causes the Arab in his white-walled hut, or the Bedouin beneath his palm within the oasis to wake in fear and dread and wonder, lest he himself will prove the monarch's prey.

Many and varied are the charms of the desert. In the sunshine, low down among the patches of halfa and grasses of the plains, the swallows eternally skim and the wild gazelle feeds. Here, too, the jerboa nibbles at the roots and grains, and the sand-grouse and crested desert-lark hide away their nests from the watchful eyes of kites and falcons, which here and there hover high against the clear vault on outstretched pinions. Now and again in the barren stretches the lone sand-lily nods its blossoms in the soft wind, and little desert snails hang like racemes of white flower-bells to the under side of the tamarisk bushes and blades of rank desert grass.

In the desert the landscape is generally light against the sky, which in color so nearly complements the orange sand as to intensify greatly the contrast. When the day breaks on the Sahara, the sun shoots long shafts of roselite light through the interstices of the palms; their dark red, violet shadows wriggle and blend away over the gray-pinks and greens of the dew-wet sands. Soon the violet mist have turned to gold, and day has spread its brazen mantle on the sun-scorched desert. One feels the strange weirdness, the uncanny solitude, the oppressive heat and monotony which make the day's work a constant fight against fatigue, ennui, and sometimes sun-madness. Watch the sun sing and the color of its light sift through space as through gems; there, where the blue sky lowers to the hot sand, it might have filtered through some green peridot of the Levant. Such are some of the aspects of the desert, whose charm places one under a spell which is beyond the power of words to make real to the imagination of one who has never seen it.

So writes Charles Furlong in his inimitable book, "The Gateway to the Sahara," but there is terror in the fascinations of the desert as well. Sienkiewicz in his marvelous story, "Through the Desert," writes: "Before the caravan extended a plain on the edge of which a cloud rose higher and higher in columns that formed enormous funnels with wide-spread tops. At this sight the hearts of Arabs and Bedouins quaked with fear, for they recognized the sand-storm. The animals huddled together in a compact mass with their heads turned toward the center. Enormous quantities of sand began to fly. The caravan was enveloped in darkness that momentarily grew more intense, in which they saw black and indistinct objects, like enormous birds or camels, sweep rapidly past them, as if frightened by the hurricane. The Arabs were greatly alarmed, for they thought they saw the souls of the men and animals that had perished in the sand. So terrible was the sand-storm that the Bedouins could neither sit on the camels nor could the camels remain standing. The caravan was blown about in the sand, which pricked like pins, and torn to pieces as though with lashes of sand-thorns. From time to time the sand-whirls dug grave-like hollows beneath their feet, or the sand and gravel, rebounding from the flanks of the animals, instantly formed hillocks which reached up higher than their knees. Then the dark sand-clouds were permeated with bluish light, and there arose in the air the slumbering thunder. From time to time the sound crashed with such terrible force that it seemed as though the firmament was broken and falling to earth. Sometimes it was like a hollow, distant rumbling, then again it broke forth still louder, flashed its blinding lightning, threw thunderbolts, rose and fell and crashed again. Then the wind ceased, as if terrified, there was a long pause, the doors of heaven closed and stillness as of death ensued."

In these varied elements of terror and of charm dwells the Arab of the desert, closely allied by race and clime to his brother of the white-walled town, yet scorning him as "trader," though why this particular epithet should be one of scorn is a mystery, for the desert Arabs barter and sell their own wares. It is in the loss of freedom, far more than in the mercantile aspect of their existence, that the Bedouins pity and despise their town-bred brothers, for to the wild, roving Bedouins the desert is a paradise, their tents enfold them like angels' wings, above them only the deep vault of the sky, star-lit, profound.

In personal appearance the Arabs are far darker than the Moors, and many of them are superbly handsome, with regular features, dark liquid eyes, smooth skins, and erect and supple figure. Men and women alike dress in much the same fashion, in a *baracan*, or loose robe put over their head, and fastened on the shoulder at its two upper corners, pinned with a wooden bolkin, the remainder of the cloth being disposed gracefully about the figure.

The men are decidedly picturesque figures, dashing about upon their Arab ponies, which are beautiful animals and marvelously intelligent, but alas! the chivalric Arab of the days of the courtly Saladdin, endeared to the heart of our childhood by Scott's romantic tales of the crusades, is no more. His descendant of the desert is often thieving and lazy, the desert

free-booter, earning a scanty livelihood by predatory raids upon passing caravans. The traveler alone through these sand wastes, or one attended by a scant native escort, would best beware. He is likely to see the top of a black head above the crest of a hillock, and find himself held up as neatly as a rider of the plains; if he resist his Arab brigand he is still more likely to be left lifeless, his bones to bleach and whiten in the sands, his guides returning whence they came; if ever questioned as to their late master to tell a plausible tale of being set upon by thieves, the stranger perishing because of untimely resistance.

During the winter, wandering like will-o'-the-wisps; in the spring the desert Arab seeks the plain and pitches his tent, or finds a smiling oasis, there to plant corn and wait tranquilly until it may be harvested. The women plant the grain, cultivate it, gather the crop, grind the meal and provide for their families with almost western energy. While waiting for Allah to ripen the corn, they weave and sell their work, sometimes exquisitely beautiful in its daring harmonies of color, and eagerly sought after by the travelers, for very little of it can be purchased at the shops. The result of all these labours does not tend to beautify the Arab woman of the desert. At sixteen Fatima is a vision of loveliness in her sleek suppleness, her dark hair framing a face of such perfection as to make one cease to wonder that, to the Arab, Paradise is a place filled with young maidens, almond-eyed, languishing, ravennared and beautiful.

At thirty, the mother of possibly ten children, Fatima is bent, wrinkled, with skin like brown leather, and pathetic eyes which gaze into yours with a terrible query: "How long may I endure and live?" The wandering desert life is hard, yet not one of them would abandon it. It has for them the one great gift—freedom.

The government—what there is—tribal in form, each family belonging to a set tribe, under the guidance of a Sheikh, each Sheikh responsible to the Turkish Government for the approximate well-doing of his large and somewhat turbulent family. If suspicion of wrong-doing enters the mind of the authorities at Tripoli, for example, in regard to any particular Arab, the head of his tribe, with a dozen of the chief members, is promptly bound and marched off to headquarters until the matter can be investigated and the culprit determined upon.

These summary proceedings naturally discourage the Bedouins from seeking the neighbourhood of the towns any more than is absolutely necessary, and travellers in the desert will find the Bedouin tents scattered all over the sands, their occupants lazily leading a monotonous existence, finding it, indeed, *dolce far niente*.

Of the best class of Bedouins, the upper Arabs of the Desert of the "Great Tents," one must say many good things. Once you are their guest, once you have been within their tent, sent to their hospitality by a friend, or even cast upon their bounty by Fate, they are open-hearted, reliable, hospitable. Break bread with an Arab, and you are safe, for the old time laws of hospitality still exist in the desert, where you will be welcomed, given of the best the tent affords. A bargain once made will be strictly adhered to, and the tent-dweller, with all his indolence, unlike his brother of the town, will treat you honestly.

First of all in the world, the desert Arab loves his horse. His gun runs this a close second, and next comes his oldest son. Last comes his wife, or wives, for he is often a polygamist, and his daughters are merely merchantable articles, unnoticed until he is reminded of their existence by some suitor coming along, and, curiously enough, from the father's viewpoint, wanting to marry them. Fair Kadra—the "Blossom"—has been seen by some desert Mohammed or Ali, because the desert maiden is not so strictly veiled as is the town Arab girl, and his fancy all afire, he feels her the one described by the Arabian poet. "Hair black as the feathers of the ostrich, forehead wide and eyebrows thick and arched, eyes black like a gazelle's, nose straight and finely modeled, cheeks like bouquets of roses, mouth small and round, teeth like pearls set in a coral, lips small and colored like vermillion, neck white and long, shoulders broad, hands and feet small, manners agreeable, laughter delicate."

This list of feminine perfections seems so extravagant as to be difficult to find, yet it is no worse than the things considered necessary to the aristocratic Arab of the "Great Tents," as the better class of desert Arabs call themselves. This warrior must have "the courage of a cock, the painstaking of a chicken, the heart of a lion, the brusqueness of a wild boar, the tricks of a fox, the prudence of a hedgehog, the swiftness of a wolf, the resignation of a dog, the hand always open, the sword always drawn, and one sole speech for friend or foe." If the little Kadra decides that Achmed is all the list of virtues that he thinks is all the list of virtues that she herself, the match is arranged and she is sent to her husband's tent, without ceremony, lucky if she is the first wife, being therefore entitled to more respect, especially if she bears sons, although the Arab is more kindly disposed to all his womenkind than is the Turk or Persian, and far more likely to treat them kindly.

Many quaint sayings adorn the lives of the tent-dwellers handed down from their ancestors—many of them adapted from the Koran. "Go a mile to visit a sick man, two miles to reconcile a pair of quarrelers, and three miles to see a holy man," is an Arab saying, as is also, "When you think of the faults of your neighbor, think also of your own."

Any account of the desert Arab, his home, his family, and his horse, would be incomplete without the addition of some details as to that good friend of desert life, the camel.

carrying his tremendous burdens with a stolid indifference—mere trifles of a hundred and fifty kilos, drinking once in two or three days in summer or every ten days in winter, quite an item in the desert, where water is the most difficult of problems.

The Arabs appreciate their shaggy friends and seldom work them too hard, treating them humanely, if not with the intense affection they show their horses. When a female camel has borne five young ones, she is felt to have done her duty to her day and generation, her ears are bored and she is turned out to pasture, never more to work, her maturity to be respected by any passer-by. No matter how far afield she might stray, no Arab will catch and work her, and she leads a life of luxurious idleness thereafter.

The male camel works as does the male American, to the limit of his strength and frequently temper. His working day is not under the eight-hour law. His day's journey through the desert is from oasis to oasis, incited thereto by punches, beating, oaths and songs, according to the disposition of his driver. One wanders at times which form of punitive encouragement he prefers, or, perhaps, dislikes the least, for the Arab singing is a thing of wonder and amazement. He accompanies it upon a *galoubet*, and his musical ideas being primitive, at least from the western point of view, one cogitates whether the camel's rapid acceleration of speed at sound of the music is due to pleasure in it or horror of it. Is he trying to escape the screeching melody that he runs whenever his driver drones *Quien sabe!* "Between wells" is the day's proper journey of the caravans, and across the waving sands the "Ship of the Desert" sails for eight or ten weeks at a stretch, with a marvelous endurance and a patience broken only by occasional spasms of temper, which his Arab driver endeavors to teach him to control by means of the lash in true, old-fashioned method. Kindergarten methods are not used in cameldom, for the desert is a place of big ventures, and undertakings and strenuous means must be taken to insure success.

A train of camels crossing the desert is one of the most picturesque sights in the world, escorted by its stately Arab drivers in their once white burnouse. This grows each day darker with the desert dust and grime, for clearly as possible about his person, with his three ablutions daily, as prescribed by the Mohammedan law, and frequent baths whenever possible, the Arab never washes his burnouse or changes it until it is a mass of rags and dirt. After his driver stalks the camel, "stately and slow as a ship at sea," upon the back of the stateliest *attach*, or cabin of the ship, the caravan rides with its favourite wife. This is a cozy nest, curtained from the glare of the sun and sheltered from the wind, trimmed with ostrich feathers and beautifully draped with gay colored hangings.

Traveling steadily during the day, stopping only to barter or exchange articles with some passing caravan, at nightfall the caravan has timed its journey so as to rest at some oasis, well known to its guide, a palm-shaded spot, with a well of delicious water, fruit and glowing desert flowers. There is a halt, the Sheikh's huge tent is unstrapped from his camel, and set up in the best place to be found. It is a cut and dried proceeding, every stage of the game prescribed by precedent, and to be done in an exact manner. A huge central post is set up, and two lower posts are set up for the entrance door. The covering is made of alternate stripes of black and white woollen cloth, soon turned brown in the desert suns, sewed together with a strand of camel's hair. Of course there is no furniture, from the utilitarian standpoint the tent is completely furnished. There are a few simple pots and pans, some harness, bags of food, grain, dates, figs, olives, and the dried and pounded fruits, which are carried in cakes to fall back upon in case of a lack of provisions by the way. The prophet stated that nothing in the Arab tent should be of wood or iron, except the tent poles, and all the things used are woven of grass or made from camel's hair; dishes of grass, rugs, and blankets of camel's hair. The women carry *cachettes* or bags, which contain their treasures, their fine veils, their earrings, corals, brooches and chains of sequins, and these bags they use as pillows at night.

Comfortable, even luxurious from the Bedouin point of view, the Sheikh's tent and the Sheikh's wife are envied by all the women of the caravan, for as a rule the Arab woman does not accept to so full an extent as the Arab man, the Bedouin acceptance of all situations with the dictum, "Allah wills it." Woman is restless the world round, and Fatima or Kadra does not see why she must walk, her baby slung over her shoulder, other children about her knees, while the Sheikh's lady is carried about by camels and housed in silken hung tents. However, even Kadra is satisfied with her desert home when comparing it to the white walls of her town-bred cousin, for to the Arab of the desert, as the old Bedouin proverb says, "Better it is to be thirsty in the desert than to dwell within the walls of a city with the water-seller passing every door!"—Benziger's.

Habit of Ridiculing.

The habit of ridiculing everything and everybody is one that every woman should avoid. We always find in others what we look for. It is such a mistake to cultivate the habit of looking for the grotesque or the ridiculous. It makes one's face take on such hard, unpleasant, cynical lines. There are those persons to whom one dreads to introduce one's friends, for one is sure that these friends will come under the merciless and scorching light of ridicule. The worst of it is, these unfair, self-appointed critics are usually more open to ridicule themselves than are their victims.

\* Instrument resembling a flute.



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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. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years standing may pre-empt a quarter section along side his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra. A homesteader who has exhausted his home-stand right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$8 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$500.

W. W. COBY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior



A Woman's Question.

(By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.)
Do you know you have asked for the
costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's
life,
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this
precious thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to
win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?
You have written my lessons of duty
out,
Man-like, you have questioned me—
So stand at the bar of my woman's
soul,
Until I question thee.
You require your mutton shall always
be hot,
Your stockings and shirts shall be
whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's
stars,
And pure as Heaven, your soul.
You require a cook for your mutton
and beef,
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for
stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.
A king for a beautiful realm called
home,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
And say "It is very good."
I am fair and young, but the rose will
fade
From my soft, young cheek one
day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling
leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?
Is your heart an ocean as strong and
deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds Heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.
I require all things that are equal and
true,
All things that man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my
life
To be all you demand of me.
If you cannot do this—a laundress and
cook
You can hire, with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's
life
Are not to be won that way.

ADVICE.

HOW A DEPARTED MOTHER'S SPIRIT OF
TRUTH, SPEAKING THROUGH HER
LITTLE CHILD, BECOMES A
BLESSING AND A BALM.

"Yes, I know that I need it badly
enough. And I know that you could
throw a lot of business my way," said
Robert Creighton wearily. "But
what is the extra thousand for? You
only paid your extra men five hundred
for the search of each title in that
plot. What's it for?"
"Why for the magnificent
prestige of your name, your reputation,
of course."
Creighton was on his feet: "Mr.
Bailey, you know where I stand, you
know that I'm in difficulties. But
these difficulties do not give you any
right to sneer."
Hold tight, young man, hold tight,
nobody's sneering, I meant just that."
And Bailey, a big loose-lipped, over-
flowing sort of man, stretched out and
pushed Creighton easily back into his
seat. "Here it is," he went on, "you
can take it or leave it. Those other
titles wear clear, do you see. I paid
for having them searched. This one
isn't. Your business is not to search
too close. Now do you see?"
"No I don't," said Creighton, "your
own lawyers could have been as blind as
—necessary."
"Well, then, that's not all of it,"
the big man admitted. "Old Peter
McCarthy is putting up the money for
this plot. He don't know titles but
he knows men—so he says—and he
won't take the word of my searchers or
his own. But he knew your father
and he knows you, and he'll take your
word. That's how it is."
Creighton sat for a time staring
vacantly at Bailey until the latter,
becoming nervous, flowed over the
other arm of his chair. Then Creighton
shook himself and asked drearily:
"Mr. Bailey, do you suppose you
could point out the thing that I've
ever done that makes you think that
I'd sell out my father's good name for
a thousand dollars?"
"O, come!" the other protested,
"it isn't like that, your not doing
McCarthy any harm. He can't lose.
The other people, whoever they are,
will never be able to prove a title—if
there are any of them alive. All
you've got to tell McCarthy is that
there's no law in our title. There isn't—
it'll never be questioned—its the
same thing."
"Come on uptown and we'll talk it
over. I'm going up to the Club.
What do you stick down here in this
rat hole till this hour for? Come on
up where it's light, and clear your
head out." The big man was almost
boyish in overflowing spirits, and he
wanted to get Creighton away from
sober thoughts into the lights and the
crowd. There he could make him see
things as other people saw them.
But Creighton only turned back to
his desk, mulling about things to be
done. Bailey hesitated a moment,
then, thinking better, he went away
without another word. So far he had
won. Creighton had not refused.
Better leave it so than risk more
argument.
Creighton did not do any of the
things he had mentioned. Instead, he
sat, head on hands, looking, mentally,
at himself. And the sight did not
please him.
How far, how very far he had gone
since that night when he held his
young wife's hand and seen her die!
Almost to the last she had gently
pleaded with him to be firm always, to
be true to his best at all times. How
well Monica had known him. She,
with the clear sight of those who are
beginning to break through the veil

of flesh, she had seen that it would
not be principles or understanding
that he would need.
Those latter came with the fineness
of his mind. Rather that he would
need that certain stiffness of character
that every-day bluntness of right,
which breaks through evasions and
distinctions, to get at the open face of
truth. She had supplied that to him.
In the light of "what she would
say," when she was here to say it,
there was no place for shadings of
right or wrong. She saw them one or
the other.
This was the first time he had actu-
ally let people offer him money for a
doubtful thing. But there had been
other things, one after another: a
little weakness here, a little weakness
there, a little lack of plainness there.
He was ashamed and afraid of them
all.
At first the memory of her held him.
But the things of life are very real and
they insist every day, and a memory
is a memory.
Now in his shame and weakness he
was almost blaming her for leaving
him, for having gone away from his
need. He was very lonely and he felt
that things crowded and insisted and
choked him. Also he pitied himself
a little—that is always weakening.
In the end he put out the lights,
rouse the dozing elevator boy, and
was let down and out into the cavernous,
deserted darkness of William
Street. The mood of helplessness, of
desertion, went with him all the way
up the crowded subway until he let
himself into his own dark home.
Monica Vera had known for a long
time that there was something wrong,
but had not been able to say what.
Now she knew that she was very
lonely and had no one to go to.
Yes, there was Ellen, but she was
always busy, hurrying to get the
work done and get out as soon as
Monica Vera was in bed.
But this was not the real trouble.
When one is not quiet eight and is
suddenly confronted by the fact that
one is not fulfilling the duties of one's
state in life, there is much to be
thought of.
Coming out of church yesterday
Monica Vera had walked quietly behind
Mrs. Regan and Mrs. Blain, her neigh-
bors—one across the street, the other
next door on the left. Mrs. Regan
was talking about Monica Vera's
father, and Monica Vera had choked,
but listened.
"His is not at Mass to-day," Mrs.
Regan said, "no, an' I see him missin'
often these last Sundays. He comes
home that late at night, draggin' one
foot ahint the other and lookin' all
tired an' beat. An' my man hears
that he's in money trouble."
"There's not much to come home to
at night"—Mrs. Blain was willing to
see excuse—"with the house all dark
as a pocket, and that blade of an
Ellen out, and the child asleep. Not
a soul to say as much as 'come in' to
him."
"That's the truth, an' its the pettin'
they all needs—every one in his own
way, of course. There's Regan, I'd give
no good at all of him if I didn't give
him a bit of talkin' to once in a while.
He needs that. Others need other
things, accordin' to the make of them.
They're all that helpless together."
"A man," agreed Mrs. Blain pro-
foundly, "a man without a woman in
the house, he's—he's—I'm sorry for
him."
Now when Monica Vera arrived
home her father was in the dining-
room munching gloomily at some
toast. The absent-minded quality of
the morning kiss struck Monica Vera
for the first time. Once she had
known kisses far different from this.
But that was a long, long time ago
and she had almost forgotten. She
did not know what made the differ-
ence. But she knew that her father
sometimes forgot whether he had
eaten his toast or not. Now she
thought that he might as easily for-
get whether he had kissed her or not.
Then her father went away for the
day.
Catechism on Sunday afternoon is
not a joy to all girls. But to Monica
Vera it came as a very welcome break
in a long Sunday afternoon bounded
entirely by the lonely back yard. In
Sunday-school Monica Vera attacked
her problem, or rather it attacked
her in a very determined way. The
lesson was on the matter of the
duties of one's state in life. Monica
Vera knew both the questions and
the answers—she could have conducted
the recitation without a book, but
neither the questions nor the answers
seemed to fit her difficulty.
The long part of the afternoon at
home after catechism went away
somehow and still there was no
answer. She ate her dinner, Ellen
serving, alone—her father insisted on
this—and finally went to bed with her
question. When she heard Ellen go
out she cried a little before falling
asleep. But whether that was just on
account of the dark or the loneliness,
or because she could not find the
answer, I am not sure.
In the morning one thing only was
plain. Mrs. Blain had said that the
real need was of a woman in the
house. Monica Vera was obviously
the woman in the house. Ellen, of
course, did not count. Mrs. Regan
had said that they all needed petting,
of one kind or the other. Monica
Vera had often felt the need of a
little petting herself, though she had
not known what it was. But she
knew of no way of petting her father,
when he went away early in the
morning and did not return till she
had been long asleep.
She could not pet him over the
telephone, he was always busy and
worried anyway when you talked over
the 'phone.
Her prayers that night were
troubled. And Ellen worried her by
coming twice to see if she were in bed.
Ellen was in a hurry to go out.
Monica Vera did not know that the
"woman in the house" must be one
to take her mother's place. She could
not know how great was her father's
need for just the unblinking courage
of right that was her own heritage
from her mother. You could see it
already in the straight line across her
brows, by the clear, steady way she
looked into your eyes. But Monica
Vera had been thinking very hard for
two days—some people would say

that all that thinking was not good
for her—it might make her imagin-
ative. I do not know.
She was sure that she was not
asleep, and her mother whispered in
her ear. Mother used to come often
—just after she went away, but she
had not come much for a year or more
now. The other times were dreams,
Monica Vera knew. But this time
she knew she was awake because she
got up right away and started down
to see the Lady in the alcove. That was
what mother said to do.
The alcove was at the end of the
hall on the second floor. Mother had
curtained off a space, and within the
curtain there was a tiny altar with a
lamp on it and two large kneelers and
a very little one, for a little girl of
five. At eight it is a long time since
one was five, many things are for-
gotten. But Monica Vera had not
entirely forgotten how father and
mother used to kneel on the large
kneelers and she on the very little
one, for a baby of five. And after
mother had gone away father used to
bring Monica Vera to kneel with him.
But one evening when Monica Vera
was sleepy and wanted mother she
had spoken right out loud to The
Lady in the alcove and had asked for
"muvver" and when she was com-
ing back, father had risen and
shrivelled, just as you do when you
are cold, and gone away and they had
never come to the alcove again.
Ellen, for her own reasons, having
to do with thunder storms, kept oil in
the lamp and matches at hand.
Monica Vera did not take the very
little kneeler, but the one that was
mother's.
As the little deep-red lamp glowed
up it showed a very wonderful Lady
in the alcove. She was looking down
into the eyes of the Babe and adoring.
But if you look long into the eyes of
this Mother of Consolation you could
see that they also looked into the eyes
of every troubled child on earth, and
understood. Monica Vera did not
say all this to herself, but she was sure
that The Lady understood her
trouble and would help her to be the
"woman in the house" and to fulfil
the duties of her state in life. And
when she had finished all her prayers
she did not think of going to bed.
Instead she knelt locking into the
understanding eyes of The Lady in
the alcove.
Robert Creighton dragged himself
slowly up the dark stairs of his house
—to the ball on the second floor. His
spirit was numb with weariness, but
his heart ached dully in the desolation
and desertion of the house. His soul
moaned for the presence of her who
had made this house a home.
As he mounted the last step he
stopped and gripped the banister
desperately. A little ribbon of soft
light ran down the middle of the
curtains at the end of the hall. His
heart leaped back to the many nights
he had come slipping into the house
and up the stairs to see that light, just
so, and to find his girl wife kneeling
there within the curtain saying her
night rosary before The Lady.
Then his desolation settled around
him again as he thought: Of course,
Ellen had lighted the little lamp and
forgotten it.
As he pulled aside the curtain the
vague soft light on Monica Vera,
kneeling there in the other Monica's
place, had brought out a little trick
of the curve of her neck, a little turn
of her wrist as it lay on the kneeler.
The resemblance was so painfully true
that for an instant he had
thought—!
He lifted Monica Vera very tenderly
and turned her face to the light. He
was looking for the long, straight line
across the tops of the eyebrows—the
"truth line" he used to call it in the
face of the other Monica. It was here
so clear and so wonderful in the
miniature that he kissed it in wonder-
ing reverence.
Monica Vera stirred at the kiss and
began to awaken. But her first words
came out of a dream. Or some long
forgotten words that she had once
heard turned up to the surface of her
mind, for, as she opened the big,
unblinking, fearless eyes that seemed
to Creighton to look into his very
soul, she said:
"You are very late to-night, Rob."
Creighton almost dropped the little
bundle from his arms. Then he held
her very close. The words, caught
back from some time when she had
heard them, the curve of the little
lips, the wonderful mother eyes of her
struck him dumb with a mysterious
bewildering joy.
In his misery he had almost asked
her to come back. And she had
answered, in this little body and soul,
that she had never left him.
Then Monica Vera became full
awake and found that she was very
happy. She did not know how truly
she had become in the moment the
"woman in the house," but she was
being petted exceedingly and that was
very good.
Even when she was back in bed she
did not wish to go back to sleep
because it was so nice to feel her
father's arm stretched under the
pillow.
Finally, when she slept soundly, her
father stole away very content. Then
it occurred to him that he had
forgotten something. Oh, yes, two
things.
He went down to the telephone and
called Bailey's club. In the "truth
line" and in those eyes he had found
his anchor again, and his soul was
lightly unafraid.
"I guess, Mr. Bailey," he said when
he recognized the voice on the wire,
"you'll have to use your own lawyers
on that title matter. I can not do it
for you."
"Can't?" came back in mumbling
petulance. "Can't? What's the
reason you can't?"
"Well, then, to put it clearly, I've
had, well—advice," he said, half
laughing to himself, "on the matter,
and I will not do it."
He hung up the receiver and went
up to the alcove—on matters of his
own.—Richard Aumerle, in Benziger's
Magazine.

The News Fakirs.
One night last week, at the meeting
of a New York Club, Dr. Williams of
the School of Journalism, speaking of
the new postal law compelling news-
papers to label their advertising
matter, declared that Congress "had
just made a mistake in imagining
that the newspaper needs to be led
in the right path, when, as a mat-
ter of fact, it has been leading in
the right path for sixty or seventy
years."
Such a statement sounds very high
and mighty. It is a thankless work
to take up arms against a powerful
press. A protest may be made against
some of the most glaring faults, but
it is ignored in such a way as to
convey the idea that criticism of
what a newspaper may do is entirely
out of the ordinary man's province,
and that he ought to be glad his
name is not taken off the subscription
list.
As Catholics we have had to protest
frequently against the high-handed
way in which some papers have dealt
with supposedly Catholic affairs, re-
tailing untruths which were evidently
meant to bring discredit on Catholic
persons or things. In many instances
the misstatements were plainly part
of a systematic vilification of the
Church, and that, too, in papers which
would have scorned the imputation
of being other than fair-minded. It
was all, to say the least, a piece of
faking.
Everybody knows that faking news
is not an art foreign to yellow jour-
nalism, and even to the more respect-
able papers. And the man of the
street will take a certain pleasure of
the I-told-you-so-variety in finding his
suspicions confirmed in that strange
and almost unbelievable article in the
current number of the American
Magazine on "Faking as a Fine Art."
The writer of it worked on a paper
which "claims almost half a million
circulation," and "ranks as one of the
great papers of the United States."
The gist of the article is contained
in this statement made by him: "In
the two years that I worked there I
never saw but two pieces of legitimate
cable news in the office. Most of it
was grapevined either by some one in
the office or was stolen or manufactur-
ed in one of the other cities included
in the newspaper circuit and for-
warded over leased wires."
And with this system of getting
"news" this master fakir became one
of the greatest successes in the news-
paper world. In his career he pre-
pared for the consumption of a public
that was anxious for the latest news
twenty-five hundred supposedly true
stories of which "not one was the
entire truth." Many of them had a
bit of truth in them; many of them were
downright lies. It was a great act to
take the fewest possible foundation
facts, uninteresting events, and build
a story about them to such an extent
that the original facts were soon lost
amid the superstructure of lies.
The climax of faking is reached in
the reporter's story, seven columns of
detail,—about the battle of Liao-Yang
in the Russo-Japanese war wherein he
represents himself as the special war-
correspondent and eye-witness, when
in reality the whole thing was con-
cocted in a newspaper office in
America, with no more direction than
the few headlines of a rival paper
telegraphed from another city.
All of which makes very interesting,
if sad, reading. It may be a monu-
ment to the wonderful fertility and
versatility of the author who so
brazenly confesses his iniquity, but
one incident of the kind—but is it a
lonely incident?—makes us wonder if
Congress "had just made a mistake in
imagining that the newspaper needs
to be led in the right path."
The article will make people a bit
wary in pinning their faith to every-
thing they read in the newspaper
merely because it has about it what
the arch-fakir above mentioned calls
convincingness."—The Pilot.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1912

### THE HISTORY OF HATRED.

(Continued from page 1)

man appeared on the throne where the descendant of the royal lines of England and Scotland had a right still to remain, Ireland was expected to fall in line at once. A shrill chorus of wonder has filled the ears of readers of history for 225 years, because she was so abandoned, so unprincipled, so lost to all sense of good conduct, as to still have some regard for the legitimate heir to the thrones of England and Scotland after the topmost faction in English politics had turned against him.

Howsoever their views may have varied on one subject or another, on one point Protestant Englishmen were agreed down to our own day: and that was, that, whoever might direct the business of Ireland, Catholic Irishmen must positively have not a word to say about it. Even so late as thirty years ago, the English members of Parliament ostentatiously walked out of the House of Commons, almost in a body, whenever an Irish member rose to press for some consideration of the views and ideas of nine-tenths of the population of that unfortunate country. Religion, always religion, and still religion.

The generosity with which Charles II had treated the new settlers in Ireland, bore no fruit for his unfortunate successor. The "settlers" in Ireland rose for the Prince of Orange. Then, and long afterwards, they feared for unjust and scandalous holdings of their Irish lands; and that fear, plus their fanatical bigotry, was enough to transfer their allegiance to any Prince who was not a Papist. Dates become important at this point in the story. William of Orange landed in England in November 1688. James left England shortly afterwards. The "settlers" in Ireland took up arms at once for William. Talbot, Duke of Tiroconnell, James' Viceroy in Ireland, and the Catholic troops, remained on James' side. Fighting was in progress before James landed in Ireland, which he did in March 1689, only four months after William landed in England. In that same year the country gentlemen of the old native stock, raised an army of 30,000 men for James. The names of O'Neill and O'Donnell, long famous in Irish wars, together with such names as MacMahon, O'Reilly, Maguire, Nugent, Luttrell, Fitzgerald, O'Marra and Clare appeared as officers of the new army. Before they assembled, several regiments of a regular army were in a state of organization, under Tiroconnell.

Tiroconnell has been made the target for unmitigated abuse by Macaulay and others, hero-worshippers of Dutch William. The organization of these regiments of his has been denounced by Macaulay, and assigned as one of the reasons of James' downfall in England. We have no doubt that it was one of the causes; and it was about as just and reasonable as most of the other causes.

James' crowning offences as King of England were, first, his personal profession of the Catholic religion, and, second, his determination that those of his subjects who did not adhere to the Church of England, that is to say, other bodies of Protestant and Catholics also, should be freed in some measure from the cruel hardships of evil laws and fanatical oppression.

That he interfered beyond his legal or constitutional powers is possible; but the principles he struggled for have been acknowledged as just in later times; and were just then.

To come back to the army in Ireland, Tiroconnell had appointed Catholic officers and enrolled Catholic soldiers. He also disbanded some Protestants whom he suspected of being against the King,—a suspicion amply justified by their subsequent actions.

These regiments formed the nucleus of the army of Ireland commanded, more's the pity by James himself and men whom he personally chose as his generals. For he was no soldier, and he had the Stuart luck, and that was always bad luck.

But, before we tell the details of the last stand for the Stuart line, we must

relate the brief but honorable story of the first and last Catholic Parliament in Ireland—not a Parliament wholly Catholic. Even in the stress and strain of a fight for a throne James and his Catholic statesmen and lawyers in Ireland never for one moment thought of enacting such a farce as had always been enacted by the English and the "new settlers" when they found it necessary to give a Parliamentary color to their deviltries. The Parliament of James II was summoned in such a way as to give full representation to the Protestant minority. A number of Protestants sat there; and many more would have sat there, had it not been for the fact that their districts were in a state of war against the King, and were not in a state to receive his writs of election nor to send members to his Parliament.

Remember, that, in the Irish Parliament of Charles II, only one single, solitary Catholic sat. James had several English Protestants in his Irish Cabinet. For one hundred and eleven years after that, Parliament met every year in Ireland, and in all that time not one Catholic sat in the House of Commons. For twenty-nine years longer, Ireland was supposed to be represented in the British House of Commons; and no Catholic sat there until Daniel O'Connell threw his gigantic shadow across the threshold.

Remember those facts, and then try to form a just judgment of James II,—(the Irish people apply to him a nickname which expresses contempt without bitterness), tumbled off his English throne to make room for a man who had no more claim to it than we have, coming to Ireland to make his last fight; received there by men whose Irish blood and Catholic religion had been the object of almost incredible persecution for a century; sitting down to consult with them and summoning a Parliament open wide to Catholics and Protestants alike. And, then, ask yourselves whether this man and this people can possibly have deserved the unrestrained abuse which scores of partisan historians have heaped upon them.

### The Bishop of Charlottetown, P. E. I., Dead.

Right Rev. James McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown, departed this life on last Sunday. Bishop McDonald had been sick for a long time and was wholly incapacitated of late. His death, therefore, was not unexpected. Bishop McDonald was the fourth Bishop of Charlottetown, his predecessors having been Mgr. Bernard Angus McEachern, died 1835; Mgr. Bernard Donald McDonald, died 1859; Mgr. Peter MacIntyre, died 1891. His Lordship was born at Allisry, St. Andrews, P. E. I., on June 14 1840, so that he was in his 73rd year. He was educated at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, and the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Ordained in 1873, the young ecclesiastic served as professor in St. Dunstan's College for some time, and was rector from 1884 to 1891. The health of Bishop McIntyre failing, Father McDonald was named coadjutor, and on Aug. 28, 1890, he was consecrated with the title of Bishop of Irina. In the following year Bishop McIntyre died, and on May 1st, Mgr. MacDonald became Bishop of Charlottetown. The deceased prelate was a member of the Council of Public Instruction for Quebec, and he was Governor of the Catholic Church Extension Society in Canada. He was zealous and vigorous. A scholarly man, he took a deep interest in education generally. An able administrator, he was beloved by his flock and his death will be very deeply regretted by all.

### Funeral of the late Father Michael MacKenzie.

On Friday, Nov. 20th, the funeral of the late lamented Father Michael MacKenzie, parish priest of East Bay, took place. Many priests and many of his friends among the laity from neighbouring places had gathered in East Bay on the previous day. Many more had expected to be there on the morning of the funeral, but a violent snow-storm had made the roads impassable. Among those who came to Sydney, with the expectation of driving to East Bay on Friday morning, were: Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rev. Dr. H. P. MacPherson, Rev. C. W. MacDonald, Rev. A. R. MacDonald, Rev. J. J. Tompkins, and Hon. H. P. MacDougall.

His Lordship Bishop Morrison celebrated the Pontifical Mass of requiem. He was assisted by Rev. M. A. MacAdam as deacon, Rev. Joseph MacDonald as sub-deacon, and Rev. D. M. MacAdam as Master of Ceremonies, all of whom are natives of East Bay Parish. The other officers of the Mass were: Rev. J. W. MacIsaac, Rev. R. MacKenzie and Rev. D. J. Rankin. Other clergy present were: Rev. J. A. M. Gillis, Rev. D. J. MacIntosh, Rev. Colin MacKinnon, Rev. Alex. MacKenzie, Rev. C. J. Brady, Rev. W. K. Kiely, Rev. Duocan MacDonald, Rev. M. Laffin and Rev. A. G. Macaulay, the last two of whom were classmates of Father MacKenzie during his seminary days and were ordained at the same time. Bishop Morrison preached the funeral sermon and paid a fitting tribute to the character of the deceased priest, of whose virtues and beautiful character he had heard so much.

It may be mentioned here that Father MacKenzie died a very poor man. During his pastorate of about thirty-five years, he was in a position to lay by a considerable

amount of money if he were so minded. He was not a believer in that economy which refuses or neglects to provide for present necessities in order to lay up stores for future needs that are probably never to arise. He was always a good friend of every charitable cause, and no call for any good work in the diocese was ever made upon him that did not find a ready response. Like many other priests of this diocese, he was always a thorough and practical friend of Catholic education. Many a useful and successful man of this diocese owes his start in life to the thoughtful generosity of some priest of slender means. Father MacKenzie helped many a young man to begin his education.

The services at the grave were conducted by the Rev. M. Laffin. The choir was under the direction of Professor Horrigan, assisted by Miss Agnes MacPherson as organist. The church was suitably decorated for the occasion under the direction of Rev. Alex. MacKenzie.

The deceased leaves two brothers, John and Stephen MacKenzie of Hay Cove, and one sister, Mrs. Angus MacDonald of Irish Cove, C. B. I. N. A. MacMillan, Barrister of North Sydney, and F. N. MacMillan, of the I. C. R. Postal Service, are his nephews.

Father MacKenzie was born on July 25th, 1846, and was educated at Antigonish and Quebec where he made a creditable showing in his studies. He was pastor of Christmas Island for twelve years, of River Bourgeois for three, and of East Bay for about twenty-one. It was during his pastorate at Christmas Island that the present parish church was built, and it was considered, at the time, one of the best wooden buildings in the diocese.

### Our London Letter.

LONDON, Nov. 20th, 1912.

#### A CATHOLIC HOSPITAL FOR LONDON.

Quite a sensation has been caused by the public announcement that the new and magnificent Hospital which is building at Dollis Hill, a Northern height above London, is the gift of a Catholic benefactress to the City. One would think that Catholics never assisted the community, in place of many of their number, notably the Duke of Norfolk, being amongst the most generous donors to charities and public objects. The Dollis Hill Hospital of St. Andrew will be, however, primarily a Catholic establishment. A lady who wishes her name kept secret until her death, is paying for the building and has placed in the hands of Cardinal Bourne a sum of £50,000 for the expenses of the Hospital. The building is an imposing one, erected on the very latest hygienic principles. It is constructed of red brick faced with Portland stone, with a central dome flanked by two towers finished with cupolas, the dome and the latter being roofed with copper. It stands high in a beautiful situation overlooking the hills and plains of Hertfordshire, and has extensive grounds laid out in lawns, flowerbeds, and kitchen gardens. On the facade of the central block is a life size figure of St. Andrew, to whom the Hospital is dedicated. There is a noble chapel beautifully decorated, with mosaic flooring and accommodation for patients and staff. The Hospital contains some hundred beds divided between medical and surgical wards, and these will be open to Catholics and French speaking persons in preference to others, but Protestants will be admitted when there is no Catholic applicant. The intention of the new foundation is to meet a long felt want, so small fee will be charged and the patients will be those who, too well off to trespass on the charity of the General Hospitals of London, are yet not in such affluent circumstances as to be able to afford a Nursing Home, or the very high fees charged by eminent surgeons for important operations, in short the Hospital will be a boon to the much neglected Middle Class. The staff will be entirely Catholic. As regards nursing and house keeping the Hospital is in the care of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God. The medical staff will be Catholic as far as possible, and there will be a resident Chaplain. It is hoped that Cardinal Bourne will open the Hospital and bless the wards early in the new year.

#### THE NE TEMERE AGITATION ONCE MORE.

The bigots have been out in full force this week. A crowded meeting of the World's Evangelical Association graced—or disgraced—the central Hall of the new Methodist Ballaba at Westminster on Tuesday evening. Lorn Kinnaird was in the chair and the meeting was called to protest once more against the publication and operation of the Ne Temere Decree in the British Empire. Amongst the speakers on the aggressions of Rome were the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, Sir Robert Perks, Prebendary Webb Peplow, and Dr. Hinks of Toronto. Of the latter the Chairman told the audience that he had taken a prominent part in preventing the Decree from obtaining social force or entailing disabilities in Canada. As a result of the meeting a resolution was passed requesting Parliament in the name of the Reformed Churches to give the necessary relief to those who, while legally married, are subjected to suffering under the terms of the Ne Temere Decree, and the Government was also charged with having taken no action to protect the civil and religious rights of British subjects. Of course all this is very absurd. Why did not the meeting attack the Greek marriage law which, as your correspondent showed a week or two ago, resulted in the annulment of a marriage where one party had already married again meanwhile, an action which has never yet been taken by a Catholic party to any marriage falling under the Ne Temere decree. Why did not the assembly of earnest Evangelicals call upon all their numbers to register

a vow to have nothing to do with Catholics. It is usually the fault of the Protestant party that the marriage falls under the Decree. They refuse to be married in a Catholic Church or before a Priest despite all the efforts of the other party, and then, when their own bigotry is alone to blame, they shout and scream at the consequences.

#### EDUCATION—A NEW ANTIRELIGIOUS CAMPAIGN.

Other serious events of the week in town have been the dropping of the Mental Deficiency Bill for the session, for which Catholics are extremely thankful, since the measure threatened the natural rights and liberties of Man and was not based on Christian principles,—and a meeting of the National Education Association which presages coming legislation of disagreeable kind. At the meeting it was urged by several speakers that the finances of Education wanted putting on a different footing, and the reasons given were significant. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and others declared that under present conditions the educational finance of the County Councils and other bodies who had to find money for this, was a danger to progress and restricted public control. It was decided to send a deputation to the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, as I said, was present at the meeting and is therefore in sympathy with the idea. The deputation was to ask that Educational finance should be provided for in the next Budget on a different footing to formerly. We are in ignorance as to what this may portend, but the significant remark about public control, and other hints dropped, leads us to expect a fresh attack upon our Catholic schools in the coming year, made with the powerful weapon of finance. Some interesting news regarding the Educational situation was expected to be made public at the dinner to be given by the Social Union of Workers connected with certified Schools at which Cardinal Bourne was to be the guest of honour. But owing to His Eminence continued absence in Rome, this fixture has been postponed to January or February next.

#### LONDON AND THE WAR

There is a brilliant round of gaieties promised for the first days of the winter season, and many of them are connected with the war. Thus the Arabian Nights Ball and Greek Cabaret Ball, both of which are under distinguished patronage and will be held at Covent Garden Opera House, will present their receipts to the Balkan branch of the Red Cross Society, and to the fund for the relief of Greek families in Macedonia respectively. Then there is the Christmas Pantomime Ball at the Albert Hall in the first week of December, at which many well known Society beauties and leaders will appear as characters from the fairy stories of Hans Anderson and Grimms to say nothing of later favourites such as Maeterlinck's Blue Bird, etc. The idea is to form processions, each of which illustrates a fairy story in full by the characters represented. Speaking of the War reminds us that an Irish gentleman who wrote congratulating King Nicholas of Montenegro on his splendid lead of what is being termed on all sides "The last Crusade" has received a reply from the King's Secretary in which His Majesty compares the two countries in the following words: "The Irish and Montenegrin peoples have a common standard of life—the love of liberty and of the Christian faith. Mr. Gladstone the great champion of the sacred cause of the Balkan peoples would have been glad to see now the two nations marching on the same royal path and the Balkan Alliance fighting for the same ideals as your own noble country." Before quitting the all engrossing subject of the War another, and this time an unpleasant item, is the news, loudly blared forth, that the British and Foreign Bible Society has been flooding the Balkan countries and Albania with Bibles,—Protestant version of course,—printed in the various languages spoken by the peoples who inhabit these mountain fastnesses and who need no British brewed stimulants in this description to help them in their profession of the Christian faith. A £1000, which might have been given to the wounded and destitute, has been spent in this miserable attempt at proselytism.

#### A LOSS TO PORTSMOUTH.

Another Diocese has lost its Vicar General. This time it is Portsmouth which mourns the death of Canon Thomas Lynch who passed away last Saturday at St. Mary's, East Hendred, in Berkshire. A Londoner by birth, the Canon was educated at St. Edmund's College, Ware, and the English College in Rome. Created a Monsignor by the Holy Father, he became Vicar General of the Portsmouth Diocese in 1900, a position which he filled to the time of his death. A solemn Requiem Mass was sung for the repose of his soul at St. Mary's on Tuesday last in presence of the Bishop, Dr. Cotter, and after an eloquent tribute to his worth, the body was removed for interment. R. I. P.

#### BELFAST IN THE COURTS.

The Belfast riots have given rise to more than one interesting case. The extraordinary situation in the City itself regarding the prisoners charged with causing bodily injury to several Catholic workmen at the Dockyards, entered on a fresh phase this week. It will be remembered that twenty prisoners were brought up in the first instance and after three had been discharged by a packed Bench, the Crown withdrew the prosecution against the others, reinstating it three days later before two Justices known to be utterly unbiased. Then was seen the strange spectacle of seven Justices, some of whom had never sat in that Court before, crowding into the trial and being refused admission, followed by their obtaining a conditional order prohibiting the Justices chosen by the Crown from trying the cases. The latest phase of this extraordinary situation is an action by the Crown in

Continued on page 5.

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GENERAL NEWS.

Open street cars for winter as well as summer are being advocated in Boston, on the ground of health.

A New York coal dealer, who gave short weight has been sentenced to a fine of \$500 and twenty days in prison.

There may be a strike of London bakers at Christmas. A ballot has been arranged for December 21, on the question of a strike to secure a reduction of hours and the redress of other grievances.

Lightning struck seventeen mourners insensible while they were standing at the grave side in Germiston in Rhodesia. One was killed and five so severely injured that their lives are despaired of.

More than one hundred persons were killed in the cyclone which swept over Madagascar, November 26. The damage is estimated at \$2,000,000. Several villages numbering hundreds of houses were levelled, and all communications were destroyed.

There has been much speculation in railway circles of late as to the Canadian Northern Railway's intention in applying to the Dominion Government for authorization to cross the St. Lawrence from Montreal. It is said they desire to connect with the I. C. R.

Kansas farmers will receive \$170,785,000 for their wheat, corn and oats crop this year, according to official reports from that State. This is \$55,000,000 more than they received in 1911 and more than the crops yielded ever before in the history of the commonwealth.

An armistice has been signed in the Turkish war. Greece alone of the allies has declined to sign. It is possible that the war will be resumed, but there is now a strong belief that the suspension of hostilities will end in a permanent peace. It is said no agreement has been reached as to the peace terms, but the Turks are likely to retain Adrianople as well as the Dardanelles.

The Island, Waterford, which is for sale, was erected by the Fitzgeralds early in the twelfth century, rebuilt in the fifteenth century and since added to. It was the Irish home of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of "Omar Khayyam." The greatest care has been taken to maintain unimpaired the distinguished character of this famous old Irish castle.

Immigration figures for Halifax show that in November there were 4,183 arrivals, compared with 1,629 for the corresponding month last year, an increase of 254. The figures every month are showing almost double the number of arrivals compared with last year; and it is estimated that the average increase for the year will be over 100 per cent.

It is officially announced that the Russian Government will publish on January 1, the day of the forthcoming expiration of the Russo-American treaty of commerce and navigation, a statement outlining its future commercial policy towards the United States and also a provisional tariff which will not contain any great increase over the existing tariff.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts has become the storm centre of a bitter controversy. In a speech early in the week he declared that the territorial force, which in England is the second line of defence, was a total failure, that it was more than 30,000 short of its nominal strength, and was largely composed of youths. Lord Haldane says Lord Roberts, while a great soldier, does not grasp the problems of statesmanship.

Archbishop Casey left St. John for Vancouver Sunday evening. When His Grace reached the railway station he found the large building full of his co-religionists and other friends who had gathered to say farewell. They had been gathered, indeed, for a long time, and when His Grace arrived they gave him three hearty cheers. His Grace was visibly affected by the demonstration. He is due to arrive in Vancouver on next Saturday morning.

Dominion Railway Commission Monday issued an order granting the application of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Grand Trunk Railway, Canadian Northern Railway and Michigan Central Railroad to increase their demurrage on freight cars from \$1 per day to \$2 and \$3 from December 15 of this year to March 31 of next year. Henceforth \$2 will be assessed by the railways for the first twenty-four hours after free time, and \$3 for each succeeding day.

What is called "the short session" of the United States Congress began on Monday and will continue until the fourth of March next, when its term will expire by the efflux of time. It is not likely that this session will be marked by much important legislation for both Houses will probably devote themselves to the perfection of unfinished business, and to the ordinary legislative work which arises from day to day. With the expiration of Congress a new president will be placed in charge of affairs, a new administration will be constructed, and the President will be in possession of power with which to call a special session of the new Congress, or to await the legal time for its assembly in November next. It is the general belief that Mr. Wilson will immediately call a special meeting of the new Congress.

At a consistory on Monday the Pope placed the red hat on five Cardinals who were created on November 27, 1911. Cardinals are: Cardinal Francis Nagel, Archbishop of Vienna; Cardinal Giuseppe Maria Cos Y Macho, Archbishop of Valladolid; Cardinal Antonio Vico, Papal Nuncio to Spain; Cardinal Francis S. Bauer, Archbishop of Olmutz and Cardinal Enrique De Almaraz Santos, Archbishop of Seville. The Pope looked very well and his voice was quite strong. The Pope also officially announced the appointments of the following prelates: Right Rev. Dennis J. O'Connell, Bishop of Richmond, Va.; Right Rev. Patrick A. McGovern, Bishop of Ohey-

enne; Right Rev. Austin Dowling, Bishop of Des Moines, and Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco.

Frank M. Ryan, President of the Iron Workers' Union, testified at the dynamite conspiracy trial that his office was "robbed" by detectives when J. J. McNamara, the secretary, was arrested in April, 1911. Ryan, asserting he had no suspicion McNamara had stored explosives at the union headquarters, said he protested when officials of the National Erectors Association joined detectives in searching the files. While he was endeavoring to furnish the combination of the safe, he said, a crackman proceeded to drill the lock. Meanwhile McNamara was being hurried to California. During the search of the premises, Ryan said, he sent for his attorney and compelled the authorities to produce search warrants. Eighty-two quarts of nitro-glycerine later were found in a vault. Ryan also denied, as had been charged, that as early as 1906, W. T. Jerome, then District Attorney in New York, had given warning that explosions were being done by the iron workers.

Beautiful Christmas gifts for all at most reasonable prices at C. J. Macdonald's.

Our London Letter.

Continued from page 4. The High Court to show cause why the conditional orders of prohibition against the Justices Davies and Emerson, should not be removed. The Attorney General conducted the case and spoke of the unparalleled situation created and the violent newspaper attacks on the Crown which amounted in his opinion to contempt of Court. For the defence Mr. Ronan, K. C., said that the Attorney General in declaring the Justices excluded had attacked the character of the latter as Judges. The case was adjourned before any decision was reached.

Another case which is arousing wide spread attention and comes from the same matter is the action for libel brought against W. and J. Baird, proprietors and printers of the Belfast Evening Telegraph, by Fathers McDonnell and Cashin and Mr. J. McDonnell. These gentlemen were instrumental in forming the "Belfast Vigilance Committee and Expelled Workers Relief Fund," to deal with the situation created by the bigoted and violent attacks on Catholics recently perpetrated in that City. The paper in question characterised this Committee as a political organisation, and called the movement "part of the same old game." Their defence to the present action is "no libel and fair comment." This case is also adjourned for two or three days, on the application for the issue of a subpoena against Mr. J. Devlin, who, the defendants allege carried on a correspondence with the two Priests, which they demand should be produced. They declare that the Committee organised was unnecessary, but there is plenty of evidence of the want, misery and hopelessness to which the workmen and their families were driven by the intimidation of the earnest and far-minded Protestants of the North of Ireland.

In the South of the same country, Mr. Campbell, M. P., caught in his own net, can only reply to the Archbishop of Dublin by insults and asseverations. He requests all his followers to agree with him in his interpretation of the Archbishop's words, and in answer to His Grace's complete explanation and refutation of Campbell's statements, says that words were given us to cloak our thoughts. Of course he is feeling very bitter because the officers of Trinity College have flung him overboard as a sort of stowaway whose intervention is most unwelcome to them. CATHOLICUS.

Silver mesh bags lined with white kid, dressing cases in silver, ebony, ivory, aluminum, and also cheaper qualities at C. J. Macdonald's.

League of the Cross Referendum

To the Editor of the Casket: DEAR SIR,—At the last Convention of the League of the Cross, held at Whitney Pier, Rev. D. M. MacAdam, P. P., Sydney, introduced the following resolution:

"1. Whereas, experience has taught that absolute prohibition will be satisfactorily enforced only in those cities and towns where public opinion is strongly in its favor. "2. And whereas, the existence in many of our towns of numerous places where liquor is illegally sold is a fruitful source of grave scandals and disorder; "3. And whereas, A large portion of this scandal and disorder would undoubtedly be eliminated if the illegal saloons were replaced by vendors operating under a good license law; "Therefore Resolved, "That the Grand Council of the League of the Cross in the Diocese of Antigonish, through its executive, petition the Government of Nova Scotia to enact a good license law as an alternative to the present prohibitory Act; and that each municipality be empowered to decide from time to time by a majority vote of its electorate which law shall be employed for governing the liquor traffic within its limits."

On motion the resolution was, after considerable discussion, referred to the Executive of the Grand Council to cause a referendum vote of the members to be taken. In accordance with this motion the Executive have decided to submit the following question to the Branches, the vote of the membership of the League to be taken in all Branches on Sunday, the 9th day of February next: "Are you in favour of the League of the Cross asking the Government of Nova Scotia to enact a good license law as an alternative to the present Pro-

hibitory Act; and that each Municipality be empowered to decide from time to time by a majority vote of its electorate which law shall be employed for governing the liquor traffic within its limits."

Any Branch holding its regular meeting on a week day is asked to call a special meeting on the date above mentioned to take the vote of its membership.

The January issue of the "Total Abstinence," the official organ, will publish correspondence for and against the resolution on the following conditions:

- (1) That the correspondent be a member of the League of the Cross. (2) That each correspondence will not, in length, exceed one thousand words. (3) That all correspondence must be relevant and free from personalities. (4) That each correspondent write over his own signature for publication. (5) That all correspondence must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than the 15th of January.

Thanking you for valuable space. I remain, Yours very truly JNO. A. MACDOUGALD, Grand President, L. O. C. Glace Bay, Nov. 30th, 1912.

Personals.

Chief of Police McNeil of North Sydney and bride were in Town last week on their honeymoon.

Mr. Harry Eadie of Clydesdale, Ant. has gone to New Britain, Connecticut, for the winter.

Mr. Allan McPherson, of Cable staff, Hazel Hill, Guysboro, was in Town this week, spending a few days of his vacation.

Among the Advertisers.

Reputation is our sign of merit, Don't be misled, Palace Clo. Co.

Fresh stock raisins, currants, figs, dates, etc., at Whidden's Son.

Cash paid for hides, calf skins, pelts, and pork by C. B. Whidden & Son.

Fresh beef, pork and sausages, at C. B. Whidden & Son's.

Go to C. B. Whidden & Son's for choice tea and doffee.

Now boys get your Christmas overcoat, \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. Palace Clo. Co.

Larrigans, overshoes, heavy wool sock, new stock, best value at McD's shoe store.

Our larrigans are no better than the best, but better than the rest. \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2. Palace Clo. Co.

Our \$6 and \$8 overcoats will put a smile on many a man's countenance. Palace Clothing Company.

Rubber boots, gum shoes, high red boots, for snow and slush, at McDonald's shoe store.

We've the finest overcoat display in Town, but don't take our word for it. Come and see. Palace Clothing Co.

Excuse us, but may we jog your memory a trifle in regard to our challenge sale. Palace Clothing Company.

Your dollars have more value at our challenge sale than that fixed by — Palace Clothing Company.

Our cut prices are being talked about. Boys' overcoats reduced to \$2.50, \$3, and \$4. Palace Clothing Co.

This is the store that sets the pace. See others try to get in. Big bargains in boots, shoes, rubbers, etc.

Found, on Main Street, Sunday, a small sun of money. Apply at Casket Office.

Big discounts show the earmarks of goods priced high. Buy at McDonald's one price store.

Fancy goods, novelties, notions and everything in the toy line from 1c. articles up to \$5.00.

You will be sure to find the right gift for Father and the older brothers — at C. J. Macdonald's.

Lost, in town, on Dec. 2, a ten dollar bill. Finder please leave at Casket Office.

Wanted a first-class cook, highest wages paid to right party. Apply to Merrimac Hotel, Antigonish.

Lost, on College St., a brooch. Finder will be rewarded by leaving at the Casket office.

What we've done for others, we can do for you, ask your neighbor. Big reduction in our shoe department, Palace Clothing Company.

There's a constant flow of bargains from our challenge sale. Have you been in? Men and women's rubbers, 50 cents. Palace Clothing Company.

We're giving the clothing trade in this vicinity a great shaking up these days. Men's overcoats \$6. Palace Clothing Company.

J. Fraser, Harbour Boucher, is selling the remainder of this season's hats at half price. All orders by mail promptly attended to.

A strayed one-and-half year old steer came to the premises of Ronald McDonald, Landing, color red. Owner much pay cost of this advertisement.

Many pretty remembrances for young and old in silk, wool, leather, wood, china and glassware. Also sterling silver, ormolu, gold and brass at C. J. Macdonald's.

The Auction Sale at the residence of Mr. Frank McDonald, Hawthorne St., will be continued to-day, Thursday, at 1 p. m. F. H. MacPhie, Auctioneer.

Strayed, from pasture of Ronald McDonald, Landing, a year and-a-half old heifer, color light with red spots. Information will be thankfully received by Arthur Dexter, Town.

Lost, on the 23rd Nov., at or near the store of A. Kirk & Co., a lady's wallet, containing a sum of money. The finder will kindly leave the same at the Casket office.

DIED

At Cross Roads Ohio, December 2nd, 1912, HAZEL, infant child of Dan A. and Jessie McDonald.

At Georgeville, Nov. 3rd, 1912, after a brief illness, JOHN McNEIL (Tallor), in the 84th year of his age, leaving one brother and three sisters and a large number of relatives and friends to mourn his loss. R. I. P.

At West Street, Antigonish, on Tuesday, November 26, ANNIE MAY McDUGGALL, aged 67 years and 4 months, dearly beloved child of Alexander and Mary MacDougall, formerly of Maryvale, Ant. (Cape Breton papers please copy)

At Antigonish, on the 17th Nov., ult., CATHERINE CHISHOLM, aged 70 years, daughter of the late J. M. Chisholm (Big), Glen Road, leaving a wide circle of friends to cherish her memory. Interment at St. Joseph's cemetery, after a High Mass Requiem, on 18th Nov.

At Mayfield, St. Joseph's parish, Dec. 1, 1912, MARCELLA, aged 91 years and some months. Mrs. McDonald was born in Scotland and came to America with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alan McDonald, and settled in Antigonish. She led a blameless and pure life and had a peaceful death. Interment at Morvan on Dec. 2, 1912. May her soul rest in peace!

At St. Joseph's, Ant. Co., on November 24th, after an illness of two months, LYDIA, daughter of the late DAVID FRASER, in the 81st year of her age. Consoled by the last rites of Holy Church she peacefully passed away, leaving one brother and three sisters to mourn her loss. After Requiem High Mass her remains were laid to rest in St. Joseph's cemetery. May her soul rest in peace!

At Antigonish, on Nov. 29th, DANIEL J. McKINNON, aged 44 years, after a short but painful illness, borne with Christian resignation to the Divine Will. Consoled by frequent reception of the sacraments, he peacefully passed away. Deceased was a son of the late John Charles McKinnon of North Grand. By his cheerfulness and musical talent he won the esteem of all whom he came in contact with. Besides two children he leaves a sorrowful mother, three sisters and two brothers to mourn the loss of a kind father, dutiful son and loving brother. May his soul rest in peace!

At Antigonish, on the 29th ult., ELIZA, relict of the late IUDONAL MACDONALD, formerly of Heatherton, lately of Antigonish. The deceased, who was in her 7th year, was widely known and beloved by a large circle of friends. She was of a kind, charitable, disposition, and had no enemies. Her last moments were soled by all the rites of Holy Church. She was a daughter of the late Sandy (More) Chisholm, of Antigonish Harbor, and leaves three sons, one of whom, Dr. A. Macdonald, of Roxbury, is well known in this county. The other sons are Rod, of the I. C. B., and Joe V. of Antigonish. She was buried at Antigonish on the 4th inst. May her soul rest in peace!

Consoled by the last rites of the Church, on Wednesday, Nov. 13th, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, LAUGHLAN CAMERON, of Salt Springs, Antigonish, passed peacefully away. Mr. Cameron, being in failing health for some time, was advised to take a prolonged rest, and with this end in view he took a trip to Boston. While there he entered the above Hospital and underwent a serious operation. For the first week he was doing well, and his friends were hopeful of his complete recovery. Complications set in, however, making subsequent operations necessary, but all the skill of the best surgeons did not avail to save his life. Mr. Cameron was one of the most progressive farmers in the County. Intelligent, honest and God fearing, he had no enemies, and was a good neighbor and friend. He leaves an aged mother, wife and young family, two sisters and two brothers to mourn their loss. An unusually large funeral attested the universal esteem in which he was held. Many were the expressions of sympathy and sorrow by his neighbors and acquaintances all over the County. May his soul rest in peace!

Resolution of Condolence.

At the regular meeting of St. Bernard's Ladies' Auxiliary, L. O. C., held at Port Hawkesbury, Nov. 27, 1912, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to call to Himself the beloved father of our esteemed sister, Miss Mary MacFarlane; Be it therefore resolved, that this Society tender to sister MacFarlane our sincere sympathy in her sad bereavement; Further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to sister MacFarlane and a copy sent to Antigonish CASSET and "Total Abstinence" for publication. M. T. GILLIS, Secretary.

Acknowledgments.

- S A MacAdam, Malden, Mass. \$1.50
- M A Molins, Dominion No. 1, G B, 1.00
- Lauchlin McKachern, Trenton 5.55
- D D McDonald, Cranbrook 1.00
- Bank of Commerce, Antigonish 1.00
- John A. McDonald, Irish Cove, C B 1.00
- Mrs. Burton J. Hadley, Guysboro 2.00
- John McDonald, mason West Bay Road 5.00
- M P Dowd, Big Lorraine, C B 1.00
- Mrs. M. E. Mould, Irish Cove 1.00
- Duncan D McDonald, Cambridge 1.50
- M A J McDonald, Iona 4.00
- D D McDonald, Glendale 1.00
- James McDonald, North Side, East Bay 1.00
- Hector H McNeil, Shunacide 1.00
- Benjamin P De Coste, Harbor Bouche 1.00
- Alex McDonald, Perth-a-d 4c 2.00
- A D Macdonald, New York 1.00
- Mrs. Allan McIsaac, Westville 1.00
- Wm J Haley, Afton 1.00
- A La Brun, Descousse 1.00
- J E Hill, Kenville 3.50
- Sr St. Mary Magdalen, St Albans, 3.00
- Frank Kirwan, Wallaco, 2.00
- James Riley, Truroville, 1.00
- Clarence Fousere, Frankville, 1.00
- Chas J McKenzie, Morristown, 1.00
- W W Webb, Harbor au Bouche, 1.00
- D L McInnis, Cross Roads Ohio, 3.25
- Mary A Chisholm, Heatherton, 2.00
- St F X Reading Room, 50
- Wm Tate, Heatherton, 1.00
- Ann McDonald, Kenydart, 2.00
- John Grace, Upper Springfield, 6.00
- Michael Brossard, Pomquet Station, 1.00
- J J Chisholm, Croft, 3.00
- Jos McKenzie, Red Islands, 5.00
- R F Nicholson, Red Islands, 1.00
- Nicholls Puroell, Winnipeg, 50
- Dr Cameron, Antigonish, 1.00
- Mrs Lauchlin Cameron, Salt Springs, 3.25
- Harry Raddie, New Britain, Conn. 1.00
- D L Doyle, Cedar Point, 1.00
- St. Marie Dolores, Bourbonnais, 1.00

Men Wanted

For railroad construction work in Kings County, near Kentville, Nova Scotia. Highest wages paid.

KIRK & COOKE, Contractors

10-10-11

Farm for Sale by Tender

The undersigned will receive tenders until

Saturday, Dec. 21st

for the purchase of his farm, the well known farm at Clydesdale, Antigonish, three miles from Town, consisting of 152 acres of good upland. "It is well wooded, and has a bountiful supply of good water. Also a timber lot, with good heavy material on the most of it, at Browns Mountain, about 2 1/2 miles from the above mentioned farm, is also offered for sale.

The highest tender not necessarily accepted.

WILLIAM McDERMOTT, Clydesdale, Ant.

D. A. McISAAC, VETERINARIAN

ST. ANDREWS, N. S.

TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS

West End Warehouse

Dress Goods of style and quality 25c. to \$2.25

Mufflers and Silk Neck Scarfs 50c. to \$1.25

Fine Hosiery 25c. to 75c.

Gloves, Fashion's latest, 25c. to \$1.25

Handkerchiefs a nice line 3c. to 75c.

Sweaters, the newest \$1.00 to \$3.50

Dress Skirts new designs \$1.90 to \$7.00

Holiday Gifts of special merit for women

The things that women appreciate above everything else are the practical gifts of things for everyday use; things that she would buy for herself.

And then, too, you raise her opinion of you just another bit higher when you present her with something practicable and sensible; something she would buy for herself. Everytime she wears the scarf, skirt or waist, or the fur, or dress, or gloves which you gave her she thinks of you. And don't lose sight of the fact that most women instinctively know that anything which bears this store's label is absolutely right in style and dependable in quality.

We box most all Christmas goods appropriately.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

The Store That Satisfies.

BADGES

For the C. M. B. A., L. O. C. and L. A., L. O. C., Foresters, League of the Sacred Heart, Ladies of St. Ann, Children of Mary, And all other societies.

T. P. TANSEY

14 Drummond St., Montreal, Quebec

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President

ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 REST, \$12,500,000

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

ANTIGONISH BRANCH

W. H. HARRISON, Manager

"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.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont. 140

C. F. POOLEY, Roy Building, Halifax, N. S. Travelling Sales Agent



# WANTED

Wanted, immediately, young man of good education and address to study at my expense in Montreal Refraction and the Manufacture and Grinding of Lenses, and on completion of studies to act as my assistant in a large city optical parlor.

**T. J. WALLACE**  
OPTICIAN, ANTIGONISH



## West End Livery Stable

The subscribers have opened a FIRST CLASS LIVERY. Carriages, Harness, almost all new. Good Driving Horses, Double or Single Rigs can be supplied at short notice.

In connection with our Stables, Horses always on hand for sale.

**E. B. WHIDDEN & SON,**  
Head of Main Street, Antigonish  
Telephone 20.

## NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

Women's commonest ailment—the root of so much of their ill-health—promptly yields to the gentle but certain action of Na-Dru-Co Laxatives.

25c. a box at your druggist's.  
NATIONAL DRUGS AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 161

## Home Dyeing



has no terrors for me—It's simply my delight. Even Professional Dyers can't equal my Perfect Results. That's because I use **DYOLA** ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS.

It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy. Why don't you even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are made of.—So Mistakes are impossible.

Send for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and Booklet giving results of Dyeing over other colors. The JOHNSTON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Canada.

## Send your Raw FURS to John Hallam

Sixty Thousand trappers now send us their Raw Furs. Why not you? We pay high best prices and express charges, charge no commission and send money same day goods are received. Millions of dollars are paid trappers each year. Deal with a reliable house. We are the largest in our line in Canada.

FREE Our "Up to the minute" Fur quotations and the last Edition of HALLAM'S TRAPPERS' GUIDE, a book of 96 pages, mailed FREE.

Write to-day to John Hallam, Mail Dept 11, TORONTO, 111 Front St. E.

## WHY KEEP ON COUGHING?

Here is a Remedy That Will Stop It. Do you realize the danger in a neglected cough? Then why don't you get rid of it? Yes, you can shake it off, even though it has stuck to you for a long time, if you go about it right.

Keep out in the fresh air as much as you can, build up your strength with plenty of wholesome food, and take Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne. This reliable household remedy has broken up thousands of hacking, persistent coughs, which were just as troublesome as yours, and what it has done for so many others it will do for you.

### When War is Justifiable.

At a time when momentous war rumors are rife in Europe, the question of the attitude of Christianity toward the "ultimate resort of kings" becomes a matter of unusual interest. The subject is fully dealt with by the Jesuit Father Joseph Keating, in a recently issued Catholic Truth publication. What, he asks, is the Catholic doctrine on the subject of war? What is the teaching of the Church in regard to peace?

In regard to the voice of the Church, says Father Keating, Catholics are privileged to have infallible guidance in moral matters, and therefore are the less excusable if, at the bidding of mere sentiment, they shut their ears to that sure guidance. Hence they are to realize the importance of thoroughly understanding that sound middle course which, in this matter, the Church is inspired to pursue.

In analyzing the idea of war as meaning armed conflict between two sovereign States, the aim of one State is, the Jesuit says, to enforce its will upon the other, the appeal to reason being postponed in favor of the appeal to force. As the Catholic views this appeal to physical force, he finds that the Church's teaching turns altogether on the moral aspect involved. Inasmuch as it is a calamity brought on by human volition, it has a moral aspect, and its character, good or bad, is determined by the motives and methods of those that will it.

The Catholic doctrine is emphatic on this point, namely, that there are, in this fallen world, circumstances which may justify war as an instrument to attain certain desirable ends. To declare it then arbitrarily, a thing essentially unlawful, is to fly in the face both of reason and revelation. Reason justifies the expedient of war on the part of a State on the same grounds as it justifies defence and prosecution of personal rights on the part of the individual, for the possession of rights implies the lawfulness of defending them by force if necessary against aggression.

The sovereign authority (unlike the individual) having no higher earthly authority to which to appeal, must vindicate its position by its own efforts, and thus reason justifies the use of physical might to enforce moral right.

Revelation, it may be said, however, supports the view that war is unlawful: "They that use the sword shall perish by the sword," to give but one instance from Scripture. It is not to be denied, says the Jesuit, that Christ gave us an ideal to which the notion of war is wholly abhorrent. From the first He aimed at uniting all rational creatures in the harmony of one great family, by the bonds of a common origin, of common duties and interests and a common destiny, "where Christ is all in all" (Corinthians).

This glorious ideal was to be realized only by means of the free co-operation of man, and man has very generally, says the Jesuit, refused his co-operation. Thus, the vast bulk of the race is still outside Christian influences, and even among Christian peoples the principles of the Gospel, rarely practised by the individual, are still less in evidence in international relations. Nevertheless, as the Christian Church sanctions the natural right of private ownership, and blesses the state of matrimony and supports the vindication of all just claims, the individual implying the national, it will also take account of cases of war which are justified from their lawful or moral aspect.

The common epithets "brutal and licentious" have (says the Jesuit) no necessary connection with the soldier, but there is a necessary connection between lawlessness and neglect to enforce the law. Consequently, the Catholic position—that war may be justified—is not at variance with Revelation. To the assertion that Christianity is opposed to war, the Catholic replies that Christianity is certainly opposed to all that is evil in war, to the injustice in which it often originates, to the methods in which it is sometimes pursued, to the excesses of passion of which it is always the sad occasion; but Christianity does not oppose war when it is the sole means of vindicating moral right, for it is then preferable that these incidental evils should occur than that wickedness should triumph unchecked in the world.

Hence the divinely guided Church does not hesitate to countenance war on one occasion; she blesses weapons and consecrates banners to be used in a just cause.

Only as an act of justice has war the support of Christianity. In the ideal our religion supposes the absence of all injustice, the recognition of all rights, the harmony of all interests; but in reality it has to take the world as it is, with all its imperfections, and thus is explained the apparent contradictions of a Church, founded by the Prince of Peace and standing everywhere for the rule of justice, still on occasion giving her sanction to the bloody expedient of war with all its attendant horrors. Not that she thinks there should be one law for the individual and another for the nation.

She does not agree with Othello's view that there are lawless struggles that are comparable with "the big wars that make ambition virtue," but there is an essential difference (says the Jesuit) between the condition of a sovereign State and that of a private person. The private person cannot "take the law into his own hands," since he has the law's authority to appeal to. But for the State there is no supreme authority to which it can have recourse. One essential element in a war that seeks to remedy a wrong inflicted upon it, which is in other words a just war, is that it must be the act of the whole community represented by the supreme authority in the State. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**He Got the Job.**  
Merchant—Aren't you the boy who was in here a week ago?  
Applicant—Yes, sir.  
Merchant—I thought so. And didn't I tell you that I wanted an older boy?  
Applicant—Yes, sir; that's why I am here now.—Boston Transcript.

### Items of Interest.

In the Bank of Commerce, Vancouver, there is a notice card calling attention to exchange, drafts, etc., in ten different European languages. A ship 480 feet long, 46 feet wide and driven by engines of 450 combined horse power is not exactly a great ship compared with an ocean liner; but as a ship for flying through the air it indicates considerable progress. Its speed is usually 50 miles an hour. It is a German air ship called the Viktoria Luise. Regular air trips are now taken as an ordinary means of travel and traffic. It is found that a knowledge of currents is as important in air navigation as it is in ocean navigation.

The "Geographical Journal" says that a depth surpassing all previous records has been sounded by German survey-ship, Planet, forty nautical miles east of Northern Mindanao. The depth obtained was 9,780 metres, or 5,384 fathoms, and the sounding was obtained under conditions which permit the fullest confidence in its accuracy, while a determination of bottom temperature and a sample of the sea-bottom at the spot were also secured. The greatest depth previously known was that found by the American ship Nero near Guam in 1899, which was fixed at 5,268 fathoms. This has now been exceeded, therefore, by eighty fathoms.

A depth of six and one-eighth miles is therefore the greatest ocean depth as far as known. The highest mountain is a little less than five and a half miles above sea level, or eleven and a half miles above sea bottom. A Father Gerenton, a Franciscan missionary, has discovered a burial vault in the south of Shensi, China, which shows that the Catholic faith was known and practised in that district nearly 200 years ago. The tomb is the resting-place of a man named Lian, and the inscription on it was written by himself and cut in the stone while he was living. The Creed and a summary of the Catholic faith, which includes the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, are plainly set forth. It is said that he had many descendants who were all Catholics, but the missionary, at the time he wrote, was unable to discover them. The date on the tomb is 1713.

In a suburb of Cairo stands the national museum of Egyptian antiquities founded fifty years ago by a Frenchman known as Mariette Bey. One department is devoted to an interesting collection of specimens of plants which have been found in the sepulchral monuments of that country. It is remarkable, says a writer, that, although the botanical collection is large and contains many varieties, every plant is still to be found growing in the valley of the Nile. Moreover, the closest examination fails to reveal the slightest difference between the plants that flourished fifty centuries ago and those which the traveller sees to-day on the banks of the river. Flowers, such as the boy Moses or the children of Joseph picked still bloom unchanged. There are to be seen here blue sprays of larkspur which loving hands laid upon the bodies of those who died a thousand years before Abraham and Sarah went down into Egypt. In the tombs of later date have been found, together with apparently simple ornamental flowers, such as holly-hocks and chrysanthemums, the various fruits, vegetables, and grains, for which the land has ever been renowned, such as figs, dates, olives, grapes, pomegranates, onions, barley and wheat. Around the necks and upon the breasts of those who died at the time when Solomon reigned in Jerusalem, about 1,000 B. C., were found garlands of celery, which does not appear to have been used at that time as a vegetable by the Egyptians.

### Health Epigrams.

When in olden times a man polished off a diamond of the mine and it dazzled the universe, the king presented him with a costly present.

In this modern age the token of appreciation became the first evidence of the "back to the farm" movement in that fortunate epigrammatist was presented with a suburban cottage. But in the most modern age we seize these jewels of wit, imprison them in a frame and use them to ornament the walls, and cuss the author by forgetting him.

The modern epigram in its cage of wood and glass is a fad. If it serves no other purpose it gives work to the printers and framemakers. But occasionally those are found which serve other useful purposes—that is, if anything which is strictly ornamental should ever be profaned by becoming utilitarian. In this class are the health epigrams put forth by Dr. S. J. Crumrine, secretary of the Kansas Board of Health.

They might even displace the hallowed "memory gems" of our schoolboy days. Here are a few that every man should know:

An open window is better than an open grave.

A stitch in the underwear may save a stitch in the side.

The man who says he had rather have smallpox than be vaccinated never had smallpox.

If you let the child have measles when he is young, you may save a doctor's bill later on, but you may have to pay the undertaker now.

Whooping cough in children under 5 years of age is a "grave" disease.

Two dollars for a doctor is cheaper than \$100 for a funeral.

If your milkman brings you warm milk, make it hot for him.

A fly in the milk often means a member of the family in the grave.

Scarlatina may not sound as dangerous as scarlet fever, but ask the undertaker.

### After Dinner Stories.

Mark Twain did not cherish a fondness for the average office boy. He had an idea that the genus was insufferable, and invariably when the humorist sallied forth into some business office there was immediate armed hostility between him and the boy. One day Mark went to see a friend at his office, and the office boy on guard, in icy tones, said: "Whom do you wish to see?" Mark mentioned his friend's name. "What do you want to see him about?" came next from the boy. Mark Twain immediately froze up, and then with a genial smile he said: "Tell him please, I want to ask his hand in holy matrimony."

A Western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of the public school. Here are a few passages from the contributions: "Ora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends." "But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers." "My father desired me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gambling-table." "Vat I dell you, vat I dell you," shouted the Irishman. "As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her sigh."

A Scotch lad had his leg injured at a factory, and was treated for some time by the doctor without much favorable result. His mother had great faith in a local bone-setter, and wanted her son to go to him; but the boy objected, preferring, as he said, the "reg'lar faculty." Finally, however, he yielded to his mother's persuasions and was taken to the town where the famous bone-setter resided. The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to pull it very severely, in order "to get the bone in," as the quack expressed it. The patient howled in agony, but at last the bone was "got in," and he was bidden to go home. In a few days he would be all right, and could resume work. "Didn't he do it well?" said the joyous old lady, as they started homeward. "Yes, he did, mother," said the lad; "he pulled it well; but I was no sic a fool as to gie him the sair leg."

King Humbert once visited Florence and at a reception of the aristocracy inquired of each noble presented what his occupation was. "Nothing, majesty," was the uniform reply until it came the turn of the Marquis Ginoiri, who had lost caste somewhat because of his manufacture of pottery. "I am a potter, Majesty—a maker of majolica," said the marquis in response to the king's question. "Thank God!" cried the king, "there is one noble in Florence who does something."

### To Save the Jews.

#### JEWISH PHILANTHROPIST ADVISES HIS PEOPLE TO BECOME CATHOLICS.

The other day in the City of New York, Dr. Max Pam, a medical lawyer, philanthropist, sociological expert and student, announced it as his opinion that the salvation of the congested Jewish districts on the East side of that great modern Babylon lies in their conversion to Catholicity. Dr. Pam, himself a Russian Jew, who came to this country as a barefoot immigrant lad, recently gave a large sum to found scholarships at the Catholic University.

Himself not a Catholic, he has yet recognized the peculiar conditions which menace New York. It must be borne in mind that the gunmen and many of the other strange and bizarre products of the underworld life of New York which have come to the attention of the country recently, are practically all Jewish.

Rosenthal, the gambler, was a Jew, the four gunmen in the Tombs are Jews, Jack Sullivan is a Jew, Selig was a Jew. They are bad and vicious, though not at all because they are Jews. They are bad because the immense Jewish immigrant population of that city has been herded into close and crowded quarters and forced to rub elbows with vice in order to live. Dr. Pam, however, has paid a wonderful tribute to the Catholic Church in his advice to his people. As a close observer of the trend in this day and age, particularly in our great cities, he has seen that the one force which makes headway against Socialism and crime and lawlessness is the Catholic Church.

We are quite sure that if Dr. Pam thought Buddhism or Brahminism or Mohammedanism or Mormonism or Sun-Worship would accomplish the moral exodus of his people from the present state, produced solely by their environment, he would recommend any one of those religious systems quite as scientifically and impartially as he has now recommended the Catholic Church.

Dr. Pam is a true patriot where his people are concerned. He would have them all make as great moral and industrial and religious progress as is possible. He advises them only to do the best thing for themselves. As a great philosopher and sociologist he is of the opinion that conversion to the doctrines of Catholicity and the practice of the precepts of the Church is that best thing.

It is the weighty and candid opinion of a connoisseur in racial, social and religious matters.

### Reasons for Growing Trees.

Trees retard wind.  
Trees prevent drifting of soil.  
Trees lessen evaporation.  
Trees hold snow.  
Trees increase yield.  
Trees lessen the effects of hot wind.  
Trees make a home for birds that eat harmful insects.  
Trees furnish fuel and fence posts.  
Trees make a place homelike and shelter stock, garden and fruit trees.  
When clean cultivated trees will do well, it is to fight weeds and grass they are quite sure to fail.  
Moral: Plant and care for trees.

### For the Sensitive Man.

Accosting the rather shabbily attired man who stood on the corner it was noticed that he was eagerly scanning the want ads. He was looking for a job, as the fact that he needed it was easy to discern. "Tough going right now," he said. "Nothing going on in the line of business and here I am about as good as there is."

He was a window trimmer, or used to be when he was working every day. He had held many good jobs, but every one of them had passed out of his life and he left them no better off than when he started. He had a pretty clear idea, too, as to why he had failed to make good.

"You see, I am sensitive. That sounds funny, maybe it is, but it's a fact. The last job I had was about the best I can never hope to get, but I threw it up quick as a flash just because I couldn't stand for the boss' criticism. I'm like the eye. A million particles of dirt can hit you in the face and you will never notice them, but just the minute one hits you in the eye it hurts."

"Then you get the idea that you are always getting something in your eye. Well, you're not, but I've become possessed with the idea that every employer I have is there to find fault with my work and I simply can't stand it. I think I'm too good."

Not long married, the man fell into the job that he admitted was the best he had ever held or could ever hope to hold. He was associated with a big Chicago store and was admittedly a clever man in his line of work. As long as his ideas were accepted and favorably commented upon, he would work night and day, but as soon as a spark of dissatisfaction appeared, he lost his courage and found it hard to recover.

"The climax came one day," he said, "when I wasn't looking for it. Only the day before the manager had complimented me on the appearance of one of my windows, and I went home light hearted, full of hope, and with my pay in my pocket. My wife and I planned our vacation, for it was coming on summer.

"The next morning I thought I was doing especially good work, and so it was a shock to me when the manager came to me to say that the window would have to be changed. I didn't like the way he told me about it. I told him how I thought the window should look and he laughed at me as though I were a mere novice in window trimming instead of having spent ten years at it. Well, the upshot of it was I left the window unfinished and went home to my wife. We had no vacation, and we never will have one at this rate."

That is the brutality of the sensitive nature. To the right kind of a man criticism helps and urges him on to greater endeavor. This man was out of a job because he didn't want his employer to tell him how the work should be done or how he wanted it done.

### Right!

Get up right in the morning. Go to bed right at night. Start with joy in your heart, hope in the future, kindness in your purpose. If it is a dark day, never mind; you will lighten it up. If it is a bright day, you will add to the brightness. Give a word of cheer, a kindly greeting and a warm handshake to your friends.

If all of us would only think how much of human happiness is made by ourselves, there would be less of human misery.

If all of us would bear in mind that happiness is from within and not from without, there would be a wellspring of joy in every heart and the sun would shine forever.

### Somewhat Unusual Features.

If a story now going the rounds of the press be true, the Australian liquor law presents some features decidedly different from those that mark our legislation. It appears, according to this story, that in Australia they allow as many saloons as there are men willing to pay the nominal license, which is just enough to pay the registration fee. Every man who drinks, or expects to drink, in a saloon, must go to the City Hall and take out a license in the shape of a brass check, on which is stamped a number, and for this he pays five dollars a year and must always carry it with him.

Before he can get a drink in any saloon he must display that brass check. If he is a native regular customer, a barkeeper looks over his book and tallies his drink or drinks. If he is a stranger and has taken out his license the new man is entered on the book with his number, and his drink entered up against him.

Failure to do this, or selling a man a drink without having been shown the brass check means the absolute and actual closing of the saloon, and there is no appeal. Every morning a blacklist is sent out from the City Hall to each saloon, and woe unto any barkeeper who sells a drink to a man whose name is on that list.

### Serbs are a Peasant People.

The inhabitants of the Balkan Provinces are not the warlike, ferocious people that popular imagination in this country is apt to picture them. The Serbians, for example, are a genuine, simple peasant folk, whose home life might be copied with advantage by the populations living under the rule of the great powers of Europe. The Serbians practise the art of co-operation, while civilized people are learning its elements. Every little homestead in Serbia is a family commune, while in some of the mountain districts exists the zadriga, or communal village, where everything is held in common, and where the oldest man is the guide and commander and final authority as to the mating of the people in his district.—London Chronicle.

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## NOTICE.

All parties owing me over-due accounts are requested to settle before Dec. 31st, 1912.  
THOMAS SOMERS,  
Antigonish,  
Nov. 4th, 1912.



Sorrow.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave, God's messenger sent down to thee do thou With courtesy receive him; rise and bow; And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave Permission first his heavenly feet to lave; Then lay before him all thou hast, Allow No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow. Or mar thy hospitality; no wave Of mortal tumult to obliterate The soul's marvellous calmness. Grief Should be Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate, Conflicting, cleansing, raising, making free; Strong to consume small troubles; to commend Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end. Aubrey Thomas De Vere.

Morocco.

The world has been so busy for the last few years in following the various phases of the fight of France in Morocco that it has almost come to imagine that the republic has no other interest in the Dark Continent than what concerns the northern seaboard. As a matter of fact, "her sphere of influence," says E. Alexander Powell, a recent American explorer, "extends over 45 per cent. of the population of Africa." Independently of what it owns along the Mediterranean, the great French Guineas, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, and Upper Senegal-Niger, all of which taken collectively represents an area not far from that of European Russia. Then there is the great colony of Equatorial Africa, and before you arrive at the Sahara you cross the Central African States of Kanem and Wadi, both of which France subjugated about eight years ago. Finally, there are to be counted the million and a half square miles of the Sahara, at which we must not sneer, as if that country were merely a boundless contiguity of sand, endless and arid plains as flat as a billiard table, as we were taught to regard it in our old geographies. On the contrary, the Sahara region has a remarkably varied surface: here rising into plateaus like those of Tibesti and Abgger, there crossed by chains of large and fertile oases, and again broken into mountain ranges with peaks eight thousand feet high, greater than the Alleghanies and very nearly as great as the Sierra Nevadas. Nor are these oases merely a clump of palm trees beside a brackish well—another delusion of youth. Not a few of these stopping places are great stretches of well-watered and cultivated soil, many square miles in extent and rich in fig, pomegranate, orange, apricot and olive trees. The oasis of Kauer, for example, with its one hundred thousand date-palms, furnishes subsistence for the inhabitants of a score of straggling villages, with their camels, flocks and herds. There are said to be four million date-palms in the oases of the Algerian Sahara alone. Moreover, experiments have shown that, like the Great American Desert, the Sahara has an ample supply of underground water, which in many cases is reached at a depth of only forty feet. For transportation across it, the six-wheeled motor sledges, invented by French engineers, which are driven by a light but powerful aeroplane engine that maintains a speed over the sand dunes of twenty miles an hour, remind one of the prairie schooners which preceded the railroads that built up our own Great West. We Americans remember how shocked we were when the Government purchased Alaska. But we think differently of the measure now, and like Alaska, the Sahara may soon prove an immense source of wealth to its owners. Then, apart from all these possessions on the continent proper, it must be remembered that the French own Madagascar, the second largest island of the world, and convenient to it is the French Somal Land, the sole gateway to Abyssinia, the last fragment left of "The Black Man's Africa," which may yet be French.

"So silently, swiftly and unobtrusively," says the author above referred to, "says the French empire-builders worked that even those of us who pride ourselves on keeping abreast of the march of civilization are fairly amazed when we trace on the map the distances to which they have pushed the Republic's African frontiers. Did you happen to know that the fugitive from justice who turns the nose of his camel southward from Algiers must ride as far as from Milwaukee to the City of Mexico before he can pass beyond the shadow of the tricolor and the arm of the French law? Were you aware that if you start from the easternmost boundary of the French Sudan you will have to cover a distance equal to that from Buffalo to San Francisco before you can hear the Atlantic rollers booming against the breakwaters at Dakar? It is indeed not the slightest exaggeration to say that French influence is to-day prominent over all the expanse of the Dark Continent lying west of the Nile basin and north of the Congo—a territory one and a half times the size of the United States—thus forming the only continuous empire in Africa, with ports on every seaboard on the continent."

All this acquisition of territory has been accomplished generally, but not always, by what is called "pacific penetration." Perhaps the chief instrument of this marvellous conquest are the railroads that have been constructed in this land of darkness. Indeed, it is a by-word in Africa that when an Englishman arrives in the country he builds a custom house, a German builds a barracks, and a Frenchman builds a railroad. Hence in French Africa there are already 6,000 miles of railway, 25,000 miles of telegraph, and 10,000 miles of telephone, the two latter being the almost necessary appendages of railroad construction.

But there are other schemes to be magnified, and perhaps the most magnificent of all is the one that is now being planned. It is no less than a railway from Tangier on the Mediterranean to the French port of Dakar, in Sahara. It would first connect with Fez, then cross the Sahara and go down to the Niger at Timbuktu. Three hundred miles of this route would be through a most hopeless desert country. From Timbuktu the line would go to Dakar, where there is a splendid commercial and naval harbor looking out into the Atlantic. The last feature in this daring scheme is to establish a line of fast steamers which would reach Pernambuco, in Brazil, in three days, the distance being only 1500 miles from Dakar. So that by this route the traveler could leave Madrid and in twelve days find himself in Rio Janeiro. The project is dazzling.

However, this is only the old French character revealing itself in another field. "The same adventurous spirit which shone so resplendently when the French *courcours de bois* roamed, or rather rushed, through aboriginal America, is again in evidence in Africa with the practical element added. He retains, besides, his natural sociability, and just as he had no difficulty in fraternizing with our primitive red men whom he did not think himself commissioned to kill, so he is at home with the blacks of Africa, and they prefer him to any other European.

What concerns us now, however, is that part of Mr. Powell's book which gives us new and unexpected information about Morocco. That Africa, with its diplomatically vanishing Sultans, the diplomatic tourneys of Germany, France and Spain struggling for possession of the country; the bloody battles that have been fought and perhaps also the mystery that has hung over Morocco for centuries, and finally the terror that its terribly corsairs inspired even in America in times past cannot fail to be of interest.

The name Morocco is a European corruption of Marakesh, as the principal city of the country is called. Notwithstanding the common impression, Morocco is not a desert. On the contrary, it is a rolling country that reminds the traveller of Ohio and Indiana. The soil is extremely fertile, though not cultivated, for the Moors have no reason to raise crops which will disappear in a single state visit of their Sultan. For these royal progresses are generally made with an army of 20,000 or 30,000 men, who have to live off the land. The result is a wide-spread desolation such as would follow one of the own raids on the lands of the Christians. Neither are there any trees which might afford shade or fruit for the inhabitants, for no Moor ever planted a tree to replace the one he had cut down, but, unlike Algeria, Tunisia and Tripolitania, it has superb navigable waterways which run hundreds of miles inland. The Muluja, for instance, can be travelled for 400 miles from its mouth; but none of these magnificent water courses are used either for traffic or irrigation. The apathy of the inhabitants or their innate dislike of change explains the neglect of these natural advantages. The climate is extremely healthy, and malaria, the scourge of other parts of Africa, is unknown. In the regions lying between the central range of Atlas, which runs east and west, and whose snow capped summits reach the skies, the thermometer seldom rises above 90 degrees, or falls below 40 degrees, the mountain wall serving as a protection against the scorching winds of the Sahara. The winter is the season of rains, and they are terrible, but when they have ceased the soil is carpeted with flowers of every hue. There are minerals in plenty in the Sus and Rif regions, but they are the two danger points of Morocco. The latter is in the Atlas mountains, and the former in the valley by the sea. The inhabitants of the country are not homogeneous. They are made up of Berbers, who are unmistakably a white race, they are mountaineers and fierce fighters.

Then come the Arabs, who live in the cities and plains. A third section consists of the imported negroes, whose blood has vitiated both races; finally the Jews. As for the general morality of the people, the writer does not hesitate to say that "these decadent Moors are probably the most licentious race in both thought and act in the world. Compared to them, the inhabitant of Sodom and Gomorrah were positively prudish." Added to this, there is a bitter racial antagonism. The only bond of unity is their religion, and that succeeds only in producing a hatred of the unbeliever. It does not make for peace or public much less private decency. The French have a difficult problem before them in dealing with such a composite horde, but they have a way of flattering these wavering chiefs by bestowing decorations on them, bringing them on ceremonial visits to France, teaching them the science of war, for which the Moors, especially the Berbers, have a passion. So that to all appearance the system of pacific penetration may succeed here as it has in other parts of Africa.

Back of this peaceful method, however, there is said to be a warlike purpose, and it is suggested that Germany's demonstration at Agadir was prompted by fear that the armies of France might be increased by countless levies from these mountaineer warriors. Indeed, has not the proposal been seriously made in France of bringing countless black legions even from Senegal? The Sultan of Morocco, of course, will remain ostensibly in power, but the country will be ruled by the French Resident General in Fez. Youssef, the present ruler, governs only in his imagination, for his predecessor, Mulai Hadid, on March 30 placidly signed the paper which turned "the tail of the peacock," as Morocco is called, into the "tail of the Gallie cock." Is he or any other subsequent Sultan ever attempts a rebellion he will be promptly transported to a villa in Algiers near the residence of the ex-Queen of Madagascar and the ex-King of Annam.

What a contrast all this is to the disastrous failure of French colonization in America in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Those wonderful pioneers had explored and taken possession of by far the greater part of North America. From the Atlantic out to the Rockies or out to the Vermilion Sea, they roamed unchallenged. New York State was theirs, and down the valley of the Mississippi to where the great river empties into the Gulf the redskins welcomed them. And yet all this vast domain has slipped from their hands. A few regiments of soldiers might have kept them in possession against any invaders. But the regiments never came, and even the citadel of Quebec was for years in a state of decay. They were great heroes in those far away days, but unlike their descendants in our times, they were not practical men. But neither was the world in which they lived practical. The age of great material development had not yet come. But in any case, the success of the French in Africa to-day dispels the delusion that the Latin races have not the business and administrative capacity of their Anglo-Saxon rivals.—X. in America.

Triumph Over Anti-Clerical Tyranny. REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION AT LE MANS.

Those Catholics who are at all interested in the doings of their coreligionists in France and are keen to know how the church is faring under the present regime, will welcome the departure made by the people of Le Mans in openly resisting the Mayor's prohibition to the citizens to give the customary reception to their new Bishop on his entrance to his cathedral city. The sectarian fiat was scorned, and in response to the invitation of their clergy, which was made known by means of public placards, the inhabitants assembled in their thousands and GAVE THE NEW BISHOP AN OVATION such as none of his predecessors are known to have had. The following details are given by "La Croix": More than ten thousand persons belonging to every class of society, working men and employers, peasant and gentle folk, rich and poor, assembled on October 15th in the square called 'La Couture' and greeted the new prelate as in purple soutane he mounted an open carriage, accompanied by his Vicars General. From this point as far as the cathedral the cortege

the enthusiastic crowd crying out as 'the Bishop passed 'Long live the Bishop! Long live Liberty! Bouquets of flowers and green leaves were thrown into the Bishop's carriage, whilst his Lordship, visibly moved by the ovation continuingly blessed his people, as with difficulty he made his way through the enthusiastic crowd. The same cries of welcome came from the balconies, which in the twinkling of an eye were draped with tricolor flags and banners of Jean of Arc. Wherever the Bishop's carriage passed rounds of applause, HURRAHS AND LOUD CLAPPING OF HANDS, greeted him from all sides. Suddenly, halfway between 'La Couture' and the Basilica of St. Julian the crowd burst forth into song. It was the 'Credo.' "At the entrance to the Place du Chateau, situated near the Cathedral, an incident took place which deeply impressed the populace and roused their enthusiasm to a still higher degree. Certain workmen engaged in the building of a new house dropped their tools as his Lordship approached, and standing at attention, bareheaded, waved each a tricolor and acclaimed him as the people had done, crying: "LONG LIVE THE BISHOP! LONG LIVE LIBERTY!"

The Bishop, rising from his place in the carriage, turned towards them and blessed them. This was a signal for further outbursts from the crowd, which now intoned the 'Te Deum,' and continued singing it till the Bishop arrived at the Cathedral. "During this time the police dared not interfere, though they had received strict orders to stop any attempt at a public manifestation. The task of controlling the movements or acclamations of such a crowd was on the face of it utterly impracticable, for the people were driven to offer this ovation to their Bishop not only by the force of their religious feelings and their reverence for his person, but also by their "INDIGNATION WITH THE AUTHORITIES, who had tyrannically attempted to curtail their liberty."

This bold act of the Catholics of Le Mans has sent a thrill through France, and will have many beneficial effects, one of which, and no small one, will be that it has opened the eyes of the actual ruling powers to a realization of the deep religious instinct still prevailing in the country, with which it will not do to trifle. The people are tired of Masonic oppression.

A Boston Baptist Minister on the Divorce Evil. In two crimes the United States has the bad eminence of leading all civilized nations: murder and divorce. Now and then these crimes are complicated one with another. Sometimes suicide is the complication. Some time ago at Tremont Temple, Boston, Dr. Corland Myers discussed especially the prevalence of divorce. Said Dr. Myers: "The trouble is that we have too little of the law of God in our marital relations. There is the shameful poison of Mormonism, with its representatives in the United States Senate boasting that they have the same number of wives they formerly had. It is a cuttle-fish reaching out over all portions of our fair land. Utah is the blackest spot on the map of the United States. "But what is the difference between driving a team abreast or tandem? The terrible process of divorce is going

on all the time. Next to Utah is Nevada, a cesspool of infamy and shame. There are some States where the ratio of divorces to marriages is one to four. For the whole country it is two to ten. There have been a million divorces in the country since 1835 and 999,000 of them ought never to have been granted. This is six times as many as in France, the blackest place in Europe in this respect. Even Japan is better than the United States. We are leading the world in infamy and shame. But Boston is comparatively free from the divorce evil. Why? Because the bulk of its citizenship belongs now to that Church which will not tolerate even the idea of divorce with permission to innocent or guilty to remarry. The paradise of divorce is "the smart set" of the great cities, from which most of the Catholics, fortunately for themselves, are not rich enough to win recognition; and the small towns, in which family relations are so tangled that a stranger has to be greatly on his guard. As our crown of infamy we have even what is now known as "the divorce car," going right to the place of easiest breaking of the marriage-tie—Reno, Nevada. Dr. Myers longs for more of the law of God in marital relations, and with him are all men who really believe in God and who love their country. Well, there is only one way—put marriage back to its place among the Sacraments, with a universal restoration, such as our Baptist friend suggests, of the discipline which granted separation when necessary, but never divorce.

We cannot improve on the teachings of the Divine Christ. He restored marriage to its pristine honor and purity; a union, unbreakable save by death between one man and one woman. The moment any cause is tolerated as a reason for breaking the bond, comes in, as the more thoughtful of our Anglican friends recognize, danger of collusion between two persons who for one reason or another have wearied of each other's society. Dr. Myers blames for the increase of divorce the tidal wave of immoral literature, "damnable stuff," as he properly calls it. Here, however, Boston must hang its head, for it was a Boston novelist of high standing who first availed himself of the divorce court as the means of bringing happiness to his much-tried heroine. He has had many imitators since; one at least in his own class and others in the lower stratum. The theatres are worse than the novels, for the appeal is even grosser, but not so many can be reached. Dr. Myers sees one way of counteracting the mischief for the rising generation. He says: "Children are taught many things in the public schools which might well be omitted even to sewing on buttons. But we are afraid to teach morality."

Again, why? There must be a spiritual sanction for morality. If there is no God, no personal accountability, no reward to hope for in the life to come, and no punishment to fear, there is no argument for the most of men why they should in anywise deny themselves. The widespread loss of definite faith in the great fundamental principles of religion has brought our country to its present pass in the matters of divorce and murder; its dangerous accumulations of wealth on the one hand, and its frantic, half-taught anarchism on the other. What national calamity will be great enough to make us look in a large and generous spirit at the vital problem of teaching both religion and morality to the youth of the nation, and to solve it according to common sense?—Boston Republic.

China Appeals to Christian Charity. Some extracts from a letter of Bishop Reynaud, Vicar-Apostolic of Che-Kiang, describing the terrible cyclone which, in August, devastated the two immense prefectures of Wenchow and Chuchow, destroying thousands of lives, and reducing innumerable others to misery, besides causing the ruin of many flourishing missions, prompts us to renew the appeal already before our readers for the famine sufferers of the district, now the victims of another disaster, no less overwhelming than the first. The sorely-tried Bishop writes, in part, as follows: A cyclone of unheard of violence on the night of August 29 to 30 covered with ruins and corpses all the south of the Vicariate. After twenty-four hours of torrential rain the swollen rivers broke over the banks, carrying all before them, overthrowing entire cities, leveling numberless villages, and bearing to the sea thousands of houses, with their unfortunate inhabitants. Over 50,000 corpses were seen dragged along pell-mell by the angry waters, with beds, cupboards, tables, beams,

coffins, and other wreckage. The number of homeless families is estimated at 100,000. The local press declares that 225,000 inhabitants were either drowned or maimed by the catastrophe; and that several millions are condemned to die of hunger or plague, if they are not promptly succored. Who can enumerate the terrible scenes of despair on that night of death! The sky was black, rain fell in torrents; flashes of lightning showed on all sides families clinging to the roofs of their houses; while the wail of the wind mingled with the roar of the thunder, the falling of houses, and the cries of despair from the victims engulfed in the rushing flood. When one questions the few survivors who have saved themselves by clinging to the wrecks, tears are the only response. A little pagan girl—a mere child brought down to Wenchow on a beam—is the only survivor of a wealthy family of twenty persons. One could not but weep on seeing this child turn to the river and call for her father and mother. Two young Christians, clinging to some woodwork were carried out to sea and brought back by the tide. They had struggled against death for eighty miles,—the sole survivors of their families. These terrible, heartrending scenes were not isolated facts or in special places: they were repeated on all sides in thousands of cases, with the same tragic circumstances, over the extent of 8500 square miles of territory. No, this is not a giant steamer, like the Titanic, that goes down with some thousand victims; nor is it a city of 30,000 inhabitants, like St. Peter at Martinique, that is buried in ashes and lava: it is a vast region entirely devastated, a catastrophe without precedent that has sown death and mourning on all sides. And the survivors! In a certain sense, from a purely human point of view, are they not more to be pitied than the dead? They remain to suffer without hope, for they have lost all. Yesterday they had a home, a family, provisions, furniture, garments; to-day they are homeless, without clothes or food; they are calling for those who are gone and who do not answer. What will the morrow bring to them? Their fields destroyed, their crops buried in a thick bed of sand, mud, and ruins.

What relieves this harrowing story more than anything else is the fortitude evinced by our missionaries. Bishop Reynaud says that, having recovered somewhat from the strain imposed by the famine, he was about to write to express his thanks to all who had come to his assistance, and to give them some idea of the blessed fruit of their alms, when he was interrupted by the heartrending cries of distress and appeals for help from the victims of the cyclone. Could anything be more touching or edifying than the words with which this true missionary concludes his letter? Dear benefactors, in spite of your recent and generous sacrifices for the poor famine-stricken of Shaohing, I venture to come and claim your charity again. Do not, I beg of you, say, as to those poor who return to knock at the same door: "I gave to you yesterday." No: see clearly I am not the poor of yesterday: I am one who is even more miserable, more worthy of your charity. I beg for those unfortunates who have lost all, who are without home, food, garments. Nothing is left to them. And I entreat you look more closely into the midst of these heaped-up ruins; do you not see a soil fertilized by trial and sufferings that promises a rich harvest,—richer even than that from the famine? If God asks of us a few seeds for the planting, can we refuse them?

C. B. Whidden & Son would like their customers to make payment on account now, as they will want unpaid accounts settled by December 20.

ROYAL PURPLE Stock & Poultry Specifics

FREE We will send absolutely free, for the asking, postpaid, one of our large 64-page books (with insert), on the common diseases of stock and poultry. Tells how to feed all kinds of heavy and light horses, colts and mares, milch cows, calves and fattening steers, also how to keep and feed poultry so that they will lay as well in winter as in summer. It contains 399 recommendations from all over Canada, from people who have used our goods. No farmer should be without it.

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 you will see the marvellous result which will be obtained. Our Stock Specific will increase the milk flow three to 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.

Royal Purple Stock Specific, 50c pkgs.; four 50c pkgs., in an air-tight tin, for \$1.50. Royal Purple Poultry Specific, 25c and 50c pkgs., and \$1.50 air-tight tins that hold four 50c pkgs. Royal Purple Lice Killer, 25c and 50c tins; 30c by mail. Royal Purple Gall Cure, 25c and 50c tins; 30c 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. Royal Purple Roup Cure, 25c tins; 30c by mail. Royal Purple Worm Powder, 25c tins; 30c by mail.

Manufactured only by The W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co. London, Canada

Royal Purple Supplies and Booklets may be obtained from

SOMERS & CO. Antigonish NOTICE

All persons having legal demands against the estate of John MacDonald, late of Pomquet River, in the County of Antigonish, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to ARCHIBALD A. CHISHOLM, Pomquet River, Executor October 29th, 1912.

—you can save \$10 a month

—buy a lot at NEW HAZELTON

the most important City on the Grand Trunk Pacific in Interior British Columbia.

NEW HAZELTON is the commercial and distributing centre for

- the rich Silver and copper Mines. —Immense Agricultural District. —the famous Anthracite Coal Mines. —the manufacturing of central British Columbia.

You men who are tired working your head and hands off, with nothing to show for it at the end of the year,

TEN DOLLARS will start you as owner of "close-in" property that will make you big profits.

You can't lose by following the Union Bank, the bank of Vancouver, and other large mercantile and financial institutions. Price of Lots, \$100.00 up.

FREE MAPS and information will be gladly sent you.

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Dalhousie University Faculty of Dentistry Maritime Dental College FORMERLY

Advantages for Canadian Students For information and calendar address DR. FRANK WOODBURY, Dean 318 Pleasant St., Halifax, N. S. The University has teaching facilities in Arts, Science, Engineering, Law and Medicine also.

A Prize Food for Prize Stock You can raise "fall" pigs and have them fine and fat for the May market. All you need is a little extra care and "INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD." Feed "INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD" with a combination of ground corn, oats and rye—and they will not only keep healthy, but also fatten up in a way to astonish your neighbors. The average pig does not digest more than half of the grain fed. The other half is wasted. "INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD" tones up the digestive apparatus, insures perfect digestion, and thus saves this waste in grain. "INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD" is a purely vegetable preparation—a wonderful tonic—that keeps hogs well and vigorous, and protects them against the ravages of Pneumonia and Cholera. 78 Make a nice profit on your "fall" pigs by feeding "INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD." Get a pail to-day from your dealer. INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., LIMITED TORONTO



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Turnips for Sale—Thos J Grant, page 8  
Hay for Sale—James McGee, page 8  
Hackney Horses for Sale—Dr C H Webster  
Opera Company—Celtic Hall.  
Holiday Gifts—West End Warehouse.

LOCAL ITEMS

WALDREN'S Photo Studio will not be open as advertised, owing to serious illness in Mr. Waldren's family.

MR. MADRICE Pitts of Linwood asks us to state that the fire which destroyed his barn was not caused by ashes from his pipe, but by ashes from pipes which boys were smoking. He was in the woods all day.

MORE ABOUT OXFORD ATHLETICS.—At the inter-collegiate athletic meet between Queen's College and University College, Oxford, in the shot put, open to the other Colleges of the University, Mr. J. M. P. Coady won the trophy, valued at \$3 10s. Mr. Coady is the St. F. X. Rhodes Scholar of whom mention was made in our last week's issue.

INCREASING THE POOR MAN'S BURTHEN.—The Nova Scotia coal barons, not satisfied with the high prices charged for coal in late years, last October made a further increase of 25 cents per ton. This week a new regulation has been issued which tends to further increase the cost of fuel. Hereafter coal will be sold by the short ton, 2000 pounds, and at a rate that makes the cost greater than even of late.

THE CARD PARTY at the Celtic Hall last Thursday evening was in every way a success, the Hospital Building Fund netting therefrom almost \$110, while the large number of patrons enjoyed a very pleasing entertainment, the young lady promoters having arranged, at the cost of much labour, a night of social pleasure. The promoters wish to extend their sincere thanks to all who contributed in making the event a success, also to the many who attended.

ON THE ORDER Paper of the House of Commons for Tuesday, the 26th inst., Mr. William Chisholm, M. P., has some questions inquiring if the government has arrived at a decision regarding the application for free transportation of hay into this County, and what relief if any was proposed. We understand he had previously interviewed the Ministers of Railway and of Agriculture on this subject, and was informed that the matter was under consideration.

BISHOP-ELECT LEBLANC of St. John, N. B., was tendered a grand reception by the people of St. John on the occasion of his arrival in the city, Tuesday evening. The demonstration in his honor was one of the greatest ever seen in St. John, nearly ten thousand people meeting him at the depot. At the Cathedral he was presented with an address and a purse of gold on behalf of the Clergy by Rev. J. J. Walsh and with an address and a magnificent chalice of solid gold by Dr. R. E. Quigley on behalf of the laity. The Bishop replied to both addresses. The consecration ceremonies take place on next Tuesday.

THE POLLARD'S Juvenile Opera Company will be at the Celtic Hall, Antigonish, on the evening of December 14th. Everywhere this favorite company is received with enthusiasm, the singing, individually and in chorus, is delightfully refreshing, the youthful, unspoiled voices rendering the musical gems in the operas of the Company's repertoire with marked pleasing effect. The repertoire includes three popular operas—The Mikado, Gilbert & Sullivan's world wide popular production; Sergeant Brue, and the Toy Maker. It is believed the Hall Management will succeed in having the Mikado presented.

HYMENEAL.—A very interesting event took place at the church of the Immaculate Conception, Sydney Mines, on November 20th, when Chief of Police McNeil of North Sydney and Miss Margaret McDonald, registered nurse, of Sydney Mines, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. C. F. McKinnon. The bride was assisted by Miss Katie O'Handley while Mr. K. I. McNeil did the honors for the groom. The happy couple left by the early train on a short trip through the provinces. The popularity of the young couple was shown by the many handsome gifts tendered them by their friends.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MORRISON finished his confirmation tour in Cape Breton on last Tuesday. On Friday he was at East Bay, attending the funeral of Father McKenzie. On Saturday he went through to New Glasgow and Lourdes, administering confirmation at both places on Sunday. Monday he returned to Antigonish, and on Wednesday he left by the early morning train for Charlottetown, to attend the obsequies of Bishop MacDonald. We understand he will be the preacher on this occasion. He is accompanied by Father Michael Gillis. It is thought he will proceed to St. John, N. B., for the consecration services of Bishop LeBlanc, which take place on the 10th inst. The number of children confirmed in Cape Breton during His Lordship's visit was upwards of 4,000.

MAYOR MacDonald of Glace Bay died on Monday, of Bright's disease, at St. Joseph's Hospital. To many of his friends the news comes as a shock, as they were not aware of his serious illness. He was at his office on Monday, though suffering from his trouble, of which he was a victim apparently for some time past. Mr. MacDonald was an active citizen, interested in all movements for the public good. Of St. Joseph's Hospital he was a loyal supporter, being one of its founders and its Treasurer. He was serving his second term as Mayor of Glace Bay and had been a Councillor of the Town for four successive terms. Previous to the incorporation of Glace Bay he served the district in the Municipal Council. He leaves a widow, but no children. R. I. P.

IN COURT.—Two criminal cases are to be tried in Antigonish. Mrs. Esther Ashe (colored), of Antigonish Town, has been arrested charged with breaking and entering the store of Chisholm, Sweet & Co., on the night of November 23rd. Her son, Rawley, is under arrest, too, accused of an attempt to poison horses of C. B. Whidden & Son, his late employers. At the preliminary investigation of the mother, last Saturday, before Stipendiary Magistrate Chisholm, the accused was sent up to the Supreme Court for trial. She first elected to be tried before a jury at the Supreme Court sitting, next June. Since she has changed her mind and asks to be tried under the Speedy Trials Act. The son was examined by F. H. MacPhie, Magistrate. He also was sent up for trial, and has elected to be tried by the County Court Judge. His trial will begin to-day.

PAPAL ABBEGATE TO VISIT HALIFAX.—A meeting of the parishioners of the three Catholic parishes of the city was held Sunday, for the purpose of arranging a fitting reception to His Excellency Right Reverend Monsignor Stagni, Papal Ablegate, who is expected to arrive in Halifax on December 12. There was a large meeting, at which were Archbishop McCarthy, Right Rev. Monsignor Daly, V. G., Rev. Gerald Murphy, Rev. Dr. Foley and the priests of the Cathedral staff, Sir M. B. Daly and many prominent Catholic laymen. Sir M. B. Daly presided, and it was decided that a committee of five from each of the parishes be appointed to arrange the programme for the reception and report at a future meeting. It is understood that besides the people in general of the different parishes, all the Catholic societies of the city will take part in the reception.—Acadian Recorder.

THE ANNUAL Meeting of the Highland Society was held last Saturday night, a goodly number of members being present. Routine business over, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Allan McDonald, Barrister. Vice-President, R. M. Gray. Secretary - Treasurer, J. C. MacNaughton. Managing Committee, J. M. Broadfoot, A. O. Phillip, Dr. McKinnon, John McIntosh, R. A. McDonald. After discussing a proposal to hold a Highland Ball this winter and Highland Games next summer, the matter was referred to the Managing Committee. Judge MacGillivray favored the meeting with an interesting address on the History and Characteristics of the Scottish Race. A resolution of condolence with the mother and sister of the late President, A. D. Chisholm, was passed. Fraternal greetings were exchanged with the North British Society at Halifax.

VESSEL WRECKED.—The schooner "Una" was wrecked on Bowman's Head, Tracadie, Ant., on last Friday morning. She left Souris, P. E. I., on Thursday, 29th inst., with a cargo of grain for Parker Bros., Halifax. During the heavy gale and blinding snow storm that raged all Thursday night the vessel was rendered helpless, when off Cape George, her sails being carried away. She drifted into Tracadie, and was carried right up on shore, her crew having no difficulty in making land. They suffered much during the night while exposed to the fierce winds, awaiting anxiously the fate of their schooner which they feared would be cast at any moment on a dangerous coast. The schooner was condemned by Captain Hebb, representing the Underwriters, and she was sold yesterday, together with the cargo. Captain Simon Benoit of Tracadie bought the hull and rigging for \$475. The cargo of oats was sold in small lots and realized about 40 cents a bushel. The Captain, E. Young, and crew belong at St. Jacques, Newfoundland. They are still at Tracadie. The schooner was owned by Peter MacNutt & Son of Malpeque, P. E. I. Insurance on the vessel was \$2,000 and on the cargo \$1,970.

FARM PROPERTY.—Three farms at William's Point, Antigonish, have been bonded to Mr. W. W. Dyer, with every likelihood of a sale. The farms are those of the late Archibald McGillivray, Angus William McGillivray, and a farm owned by F. R. Trotter, M. P. P., three adjoining properties. Mr. W. W. Dyer is the gentleman who is negotiating the purchase. He returned recently from British Columbia, where he has been farming for some years. After visiting the Annapolis Valley and parts of Hants and Colchester Counties, he has decided to settle in Antigonish. On Thursday and Friday last the bonds for the sale were drawn up. We understand Mr. Dyer proposes to go into dairying and sheep raising on quite an extensive scale. He is a practical farmer and comes of a family of agriculturists. Born in the Middle Western States, educated in England, a resident of our Canadian West, where he farmed extensively, he has knowledge of conditions in agricultural pursuits in various places. His decision, therefore, to settle here speaks well for our farming possibilities, of which he has great hopes. The growing activity in the manufacturing and mining communities of our Province he claims must make for increased opportunities

for our farmers. Antigonish, situated near the industries of Pictou and Cape Breton, naturally should feel the benefit of the bigger markets these adjoining communities afford. After deciding on his location, Mr. Dyer had Mr. A. H. Outten of the Nova Scotia Immigration Department, Halifax, come down and help him put his deal through. Now, that there appears to be a tendency to examine the East on the part of emigrants from the old Countries, we trust that many of them may be induced to come to Antigonish and settle our vacant farms.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF ANTIGONISH MAN.—Prescott Smith, the subject of the following sad paragraph from the Cartwright, Manitoba, Review, was a brother of Herbert Smith, of Clydesdale, Ant. Deceased left here twenty years ago for the Canadian West, where he met with good success. He was one of the prosperous farmers of his district, his estate being worth \$25,000. A widow and five children survive him: "One of the saddest and most distressing accidents in the history of this community occurred on Tuesday evening, October 22nd, about 8 o'clock, when Prescott Smith came to a sad end by being crushed to death beneath the wheels of his own gas tractor. The unfortunate man and his engineer were moving the threshing outfit from one setting to another after dark, and in their course they were obliged to cross a prairie trail, and it was here that the fatality occurred. Mr. Smith was guiding the engineer by walking ahead of the machine carrying a lantern. The engine had been turned into the trail and the engine driver had turned around to see if the separator was coming alright when he

heard a shout, but before the engine could be stopped it had run up on the body crushing life out almost instantly. What actually caused him to stumble and fall in all probability will never be known, but so far as can be learned from the engineer, the deceased was walking about eight or ten feet ahead of the engine at the time when the former's attention was directed towards the separator which they were pulling behind: this is all he knows, except that when he stopped the engine the front wheel had passed up the left leg and was resting just above the hip. The engine was immediately removed, but when the body was lifted life was extinct. The deceased and the engineer were the only ones with the machine at the time."

FOR SALE.

A wood lot of 110 acres, with heavy timber, both hard and soft. It is about two miles from James River Station and will be sold at a reasonable figure. For further particulars, apply to MRS. CATHERINE MCADAM Lochaber.

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.

D. R. GRAHAM CASH PAID FOR HIDES

NOTICE

To Whom it may Concern: Parcels to be sent by the Isaac's Harbor stage line can be left at Sears & McDonald's store, but in all cases parcels must have charges prepaid before we will accept same for delivery. T. J. SEARS.

Boarding Stables

Church Street Boarding Stables, next to A. Kirk & Co's. Transient and permanent boarding. Warm stables, good attendance. Moderate Charges. FRED CHISHOLM.

Girl Wanted

A general servant wanted, for family of two. Must be plain cook. Give reference. Address P. O. Box. 446, Antigonish, N. S.

Special Notice

Extraordinary reductions in ladies' costumes and skirts! We are clearing out our entire stock of ladies' costume and skirts at prices never before offered by us. Fifty costumes and skirts. See the Prices. \$ 9.50 Costume ... for \$ 5.95 12.00 " " " " 7.95 13.75 " " " " 8.95 15.75 " " " " 9.95 16.75 " " " " 10.75 2.50 Skirts ... for 1.75 3.50 " " " " 2.65 6.75 " " " " 4.75 7.25 " " " " 4.95

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WINTER GOODS

Save money by buying your Winter Footwear Including Knee Boots, Lumbermen's Rubbers, Overshoes, Gaiters, etc.

Winter Clothing Heavy Overcoats, Usters, Reefers, Sweaters, Sweater Coats, and Top Shirts for Men and boys. Sweater Coats, 65c. to \$2.50; Children's Sweater, 35c and up.

Winter Underwear Nova Scotia Unshrinkable all wool Underwear in medium and heavy weight. Also Fleece Lined, all sizes.

Winter Headwear Men's and Boy's Heavy Winter Cloth Caps, with fur ear bands, for 40c, 50c and upwards. Also Children's Toques.

McDonald's Clo. & Shoe Store

FOR SALE.

300 bushels turnips for sale cheap. Sold in any quantity. THOS. J. GRANT. Supt. County Home Antigonish, Dec. 5, 1912.

HAY FOR SALE

To be sold at public auction on the premises of the undersigned on Saturday, Dec. 14, At eleven o'clock a. m.

20 Tons Hay, best quality timothy and clover; also a few tons straw. Terms of Sale—Ten months' credit with notes and approved security. JAMES A. MCGEE, Knoydart, Pictou Co., N. S.

FOR SALE

Imported Hackney Stallion 'Risplith Garton Duke' (11547)-(616) Foaled 1908, dark bay, one white hind pastern. A fine big upstanding colt weighing over 1200 lbs. Broke and not afraid of autos, etc. Would also sell a few registered Mares and Foals one and two years old. Bargains for quick buyers. DR. C. A. WEBSTER, Box 609, Yarmouth, N. S.

CELTIC HALL

Saturday Even'g Dec. 14, 1912 Pollard's Juvenile Opera Co. Finest aggregation of juvenile Singers now travelling.



Misses Eva Pollard, Pattie Hill and Queeny Williams as the "Three Little Maids" with the Pollard's Juvenile Opera Co.

F. H. RANDALL Buyer and direct Shipper of RAW FURS HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID. 10-31,tf.

Challenge Sale A GOOD, SAFE AND SENSIBLE BUSINESS POLICY DEMANDS IT We're going to do things. We're going to hold a Challenge Sale for the holiday season, and we challenge the whole clothing fraternity to offer better CLOTHING, HATS, TOGGERY, BOOTS and SHOES, RUBBERS, ETC. at lower prices, 20 to 33 1/3 per cent. cut off Some lines 50 per cent. off our regular prices, and no hedging. No sale equalling this in Town. Shifts, shirks or fakers not allowed here. Our entire new stock goes into this sale. MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOY'S SUITS. MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOY'S OVERCOATS. MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOY'S REEFERS. MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOY'S RAINCOATS. MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOY'S SHEEP LINED COATS, PANTS, OVERALLS, HATS, CAPS, UNDERWEAR, SWEATERS, BOOTS, SHOES, HOCKEY BOOTS, OVERSHOES, RUBBER LARRIGANS, ETC., ETC. Mr. Workingman, it's up to you. Don't be misled by windy announcements. Come and see. Your eyes, your fingers and your good judgment will say, "buy here," at the old reliable, your money back if you want it. The Palace Clothing Company Home of Good Goods This Sale for Cash or Produce only

Cold Weather Goods At D. G. KIRK'S

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