MACEDONIAN HEROINE

GIRL CHOSEN TO KILL FEDERALIST LEADER.

Typifies Spirit of Fiery Revolt That Animates Unhappy People, Who Are at War With Conquerors and With Themselves.

Not very long ago, two men and two women entered a box in the third tier of the Dury Theatre in Vienna, Austria. Another man, who had been sitting in a box on the other side of the house, came to them and asked permission to join them. The younger woman, without even raising her large, dark eyes, refused unsmilingly. The others of her party said nothing.

The Viennese fashionable folk who had seen this little incident lifted their eyebrows and whispeingly marveled at such rudeness.

Just before the curtain went up, two men and a woman hurried into the box next to that of the party of four.

"Well, we're on time," the older man said and smiled. He was swarthy and heavy set. On his little finger blazed a diamond ring.

The unsmiling girl in the next box reached for her handbag that had been hanging on the back of her chair, and looked at the others. The three shook their heads.

"Not yet" was what their eyes said to her.

The lights went out and the curtain rose on the first scene of Peer Gynt. For two hours Ibsen's hero posed and postured and whispered and shouted through adventures that took him to mountain tops and ocean bottoms. The audience, immersed in the calm that classics and airless auditoriums create, followed Peer Gynt with only mild interest. The evening was warm, and this was not a first night performance.

Now the ship that was to bear Peer Gynt home rose and Peer Gynt stepped into it. The audience hardly sighed as the ship began to sink. The night was too sultry.

Suddenly four shots rang out—quickly, regularly, deadly.

Roused from its lethargy, the audience stirred and searched each other's faces in the gloom. Was this an innovation for stage effect? But Peer Gynt was mouthing his farewell in stumbling rhythms, his eyes riveted on the box in the third tier where the man glad to be on time had sat.

Two more shots followed, implacable and precise. Groans and a single cheaply cry of "Hilfe!" drowned out the mumblings of Peer Gynt, and the curtain fell.

In the spectacular manner the man who had been glad to be on time was buried by the unsmiling girl. The man was Todor Panizza, leader of the Federalist faction of the revolutionary Federalist faction of the war Menche Karnichi, picked by lot by the Autonomist wing to kill him.

Vienna, hearing that a girl, young and beautiful, had shot and killed a man, immediately assumed that she had been his mistress and had shot him out of jealousy.

But when Vienna heard that both the girl and the man were Macedonians, it shrugged its shoulders and said: "Another Macedonian assassination. Will they ever stop?"

For this dramatic episode is the latest in a chain of Macedonian assassinations that have taken place during the last twenty years.

Out of this continuous tragedy Macedonia has won a Joan of Arc.

Menche is now the heroine of the Macedonians, a people without a country. She typifies the spirit of fiery revolt that animates these unhappy folk, exiled from their homes, at war with their conquerors and with themselves. That territory which once was Macedonia now belongs to Greece, Serbia and Bulgaria. Several million Macedonians were scattered throughout these countries, and like the lost tribes of Israel turn up at odd intervals. In the past few years they have come back to shoot.

The ceaseless tragedy of the Macedonians lies in the fact that they cannot unite. They are split in two warring clans, Federalists and Autonomists or Nationalists. The Federalists are directed by Moscow and have their headquarters in a Viennese cafe, the Atlantic. The Autonomists operate from Bulgaria. In their guerrilla warfare they contribute to what meagre romance is left in Europe.

War of the clans began twenty years ago when Alexander Toduroff, known as "the Man of the Mountains," was trapped and shot on the Serb border by Macedonian Communists. Toduroff was a truly picturesque leader of rebellion, a man of culture and refinement, who devoted his life to the asperities of revolt from a sense of sincere patriotism. He was known as a magnificent horseman and shot, and his murder was most elaborately plotted. His death was the signal for a series of assassinations in Sofia, Belgrade, Rome, Milan, Prague, Vienna. And the feud has not yet ceased.

"I have done my duty. I am willing to die for my country," said the girl Menche in an interview with the writer's informant. "I would gladly die for our cause. One by one those of our race who wish to deliver us to Moscow must be eliminated. Macedonia for the Macedonians, not for the Russians. The Federalists are traitors."

In Bulgaria, where 600,000 Macedonians have found refuge, the sickly girl has become a second Joan of Arc. Her mother was showered with gifts to bring to her daughter in prison. When the white-haired old lady went to Vienna she told the local newspaper writers:

"When my daughter dies she will be brought back in state to Bulgaria and buried as a saint. Her grave will be a shrine to which thousands will make pilgrimage. Her name will live forever. I am proud to think I have given birth to a saint."

WEDDING.

RASBERRY—NICHOLSON.

At Pine Grove farm, Nelson Township, on Dec. 5th, a charming wedding, in the presence of fifty guests, took place, when Miss Vera Nicholson, daughter of Mrs. George Coverdale, Kilbride, was united in wedlock to Russell Charles Rasberry, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Rasberry, of Milton. The bridesmaid was Miss Beatrice Edwards, of Hamilton, the groomsman Archie Rasberry, of Milton. The flower girls were Miss Dorothy Rasberry and Miss Edith Coverdale. The officiating minister was Rev. H. E. Walker, of Carlisle. Mr. and Mrs. Rasberry, under showers of best wishes, left for Rochester and other American points.

[illegible] Bakeries, Toronto, will send you a cake of their famous Pleasure [illegible] if you mention this paper.

PASSED BY THE EXPERTS.

Technicalities of Stage Production Checked by Men Who Know.

It is very rarely that a serious play is criticized as not being true to life in dealing with technical points as to professional and sporting practice, says a writer in Answers. As a rule, theatrical producers are sticklers for accuracy, and where there is any doubt on a point of this sort they seek expert assistance to get things just right.

In this way the writer has been called in to give advice on a subject of which he happens to have special knowledge—namely, salmon-fishing. The play was a one-act piece, in which there was a salmon-fishing scene, and he was asked to advise as to the details of the anglers' dress and tackle and to instruct one of the actors in the methods of casting.

Similarly, a policeman has been called in to a rehearsal to show exactly how a prisoner should be handcuffed, while a well known West End surgeon has more than once been engaged to give advice as to the setting of a scene when a hospital or operating-theatre was staged.

In "The House of Temperley," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's boxing play, there are two pugilistic scenes, one in a sparring-booth; the other—the principal—on Crawley Downs. When this play was first introduced the management engaged a well-known boxing instructor and made him responsible for all the details of the two big fights.

The production of "The Flute of Pan" meant four years' work on the part of its author, "John Oliver Robbes," and twelve months' hard labor for Miss Olga Nethersole. The big scene in this play represented the abdication of Princess Cristina of Sweden, and a distinguished official, who had stage-managed real Court scenes, attended dat rehearsal to see that all the Court etiquette was absolutely correct.

Upon another occasion, when "Richard II." was being produced at His Majesty's Theatre, the person who supervised this great historical pageant was actually "Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms" of the Heralds' College. The coats-of-arms of all the chief personages in this play and their banners were carefully copied from facsimiles in the possession of the College of Arms.

In the matter of pageants there is usually an equal effort on the part of the managers to obtain absolute realism. Upon one occasion, when a great pageant representing the South African War was being prepared in America, one of the actual leaders in that war, the Boer general, Ben Viljoen, was engaged to go to the United States and supervise the whole production.

Although the expenses were very heavy, the public appreciated the efforts of the producers, and the pageant proved extremely successful.

COSSACKS OF THE DON.

Have Warlike Character and Skill In Horsemanship.

Once more I see the vast steppes of Southeastern Russia, the banks of old calm Father Don, writes Prince Alexis Opolenaky in a London paper, and the big settlements, with their clean white houses surrounded by fruit trees, and vineyards famous for their sparkling wine. Memories crowd thick upon me—memories of a peaceful country of sunshine, song, and beautiful women, fields of wheat and rich grain lands, during the long summer days of Southern Russia.

To understand these remarkable people you have to go back to the sixteenth century, when the most independent spirits refused to submit to the czar's laws and fled to new territories. In this way Siberia was conquered in the reign of Ivan the Terrible by Yermak, a Cossack chief and pirate.

The czars recognized these settlements and gave them rights of land ownership and self-government. In return the Cossack had to fight the wild Mongol and other hordes that poured in from the east and south. Thus they developed a resolute independence, a warlike character, and a skill in horsemanship that put them among the finest cavalrymen of the world.

The Don Province alone sent more than 100 regiments to the German front in the war. They were the last to surrender to the Red yoke which now rests on my unhappy people. They fought gallantly in the White armies for their own homes and land, and I do not believe that even now the Red rules have wiped out the old Cossack traditions. One cannot change in a short time the soul of a people.

The Cossacks' soul is well expressed in the traditional songs. They reveal all the average Russian's instinct for harmony plus an Oriental color. Characteristically Russian, too, is the note of abiding sadness. To sit by a camp fire and hear a band of these wild horsemen sing beneath the stars is an experience that cuts deep and leaves memories that ever haunt you.

Congo's Big Game Disappearing.

It is reported that 30,000 male elephants are being killed every year in the Belgian Congo, and the native custom of elephant trapping has resulted in the death of a larger number of female and young elephants without tusks and therefore useless for the ivory market. Natives were leaving agricultural work in order to look after elephant traps, which captured, of course, all classes of elephants and not merely ivory bearers. As a result the whole breed is being reduced, the average weight of tusks being eight pounds less to-day than before the war. Hippopotami and rhinoceroses, gorillas and antelopes were also fast disappearing from certain districts, while certain varieties of small and gay-plumaged birds formerly plentiful in the Congo are now seldom seen except on women's hats. More severe enforcement of existing hunting regulations and the taking of new and stronger measures for the preservation of big game by marking out forest reserves where hunting would be forbidden, is being advocated.

GORDON HOME.

Donations gratefully received :—

Cream and cake, High School; sandwiches and peaches, Knox Church bazaar; apples, Mrs. Percy Lamb; pears, Wm. J. Hartley; sandwiches, Junior Farmers' and Junior Women's Institute; apples and carrots, Mrs. Chas. Yates; vegetables, fruit and honey and $12.00, Christie Sunday School; chicken, Reginald Akins; apples, J. Elliot; sandwiches, St. Paul's United Church; fruit, Mrs. Storey; apples, Albert Peddie; fruit, Women's Institute, Acton; $5.00, Women's Institute, Georgetown.

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ROMANCE OF DURHAM

IN MIDDLE AGES BISHOP EXERCISED ROYAL AUTHORITY.

This English City Has Had a Remarkable History—Castle Is Now the Home of University—Relics of the Past.

Whether or not we are to believe the story of St. Cuthbert's cow revealing the site of Durham Cathedral to the fleeing monks of Lindisfarne, there could certainly have been no more suitable choice at a time when an abbey had to be well hidden or stoutly defended.

Durham stands on a rocky eminence, almost entirely surrounded by a horseshoe loop of the River Wear. The Anglo-Saxon name of Dunheime meant "the hill with the girdle of water," and there is only an isthmus of some two hundred yards to prevent the elevated tongue of land from becoming an island; there is, indeed, something wonderfully impressive about this ancient city gradually climbing the hillside and culminating in the marvellous cathedral that stands out against the sky like a mitre on the brow of its prelate.

In the Middle Ages England was divided into two enormous dioceses, the southern administered by the Bishop of Ely from his island, the northern and by far the more important by the Bishop of Durham in his peninsular hill-fortress. And the Bishop of Durham exercised really royal authority over the county, which was known as the Palatinate of Durham, administering and defending against the Scots. To quote Sir Walter:—

Grey towers of Durham,
Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot

From 1179, when Durham became a borough, the bishop represented both Church and State to the citizens. All government depended upon his charterr, and it was not until 1673 that the city was deemed sufficiently a part of England to return members of Parliament.

He had his own mint and struck his own coins, some of which have been found of recent years on the battlefield of Neville's Cross, which a Bishop of Durham routed King David Bruce in 1346.

The temporal power of the Prince Bishops was impaired by Henry VIII but not finally abolished until 1836, and to this day the Saturday market is still held under the charter of a prelate who died more than seven centuries ago.

The only thorn in the side of the magnificent bishops was the monastery, for the monks of Durham, were obstinate men. St. Carileph, Bishop of Durham, had brought monks there in the eleventh century, instead of ordinary clergy, thus sowing the seeds of endless troubles; for the time came when they resented being cast out of their own church, and having their powers usurped by their secular rivals, and they were sure to resist any scheme proposed by the intruders.

One of the most striking reminders of their powers is a large cross on the pavement of the cathedral, marking the place beyond which women might not pass in the days of the monks.

The cathedral is considered the grandest Norman edifice in the country. It aimed at solemnity rather than beauty, and certainly accomplished its purpose.

As we enter the nave of the north portal, we realize its astonishing length in one unbroken stretch with massive piers disappearing into the distance. Most of the stained glass is modern, for Scottish prisoners did much damage here after the battle of Dunbar, but the wonderful stone rib-vaulting which supports the roof is remarkable as the earliest specimen known either in England or France.

One of the most remarkable curiosities of the cathedral is the sanctuary knocker on the north door. It is a grim gargoyle head, gripping a ring by its teeth, and was used by accused persons, both innocent and guilty, coming to implore the protection of St. Cuthbert against the maximidons of the law.

Over the doorway were chambers where two monks slept and watched in turn as they waited to admit fugitives, who would be shielded and fed for not more than thirty-seven days.

The shrine of St. Cuthbert was first used as a sanctuary of Offa, a relative of King Eadbert. Offa was forcibly removed and killed, but the King revenged himself upon the bishop, who was thrown into Bamborough Castle.

The last time the knocker was used was on September 10th, 1524, but there are still traces of the two chambers where the monks used to watch.

The old Benedictine monastery has been radically changed. The Priory has become the Deanery, the monks' old dormitory is now the New Library, while the Refectory is known as the Old Library. This contains some wonderful Anglo-Saxon vestments found in the coffin of St. Cuthbert, and described as "perhaps the most exquisitely delicate work in existence." St. Cuthbert's relics still lie below the reredos.

The cathedral is built mainly of the local red sandstone, but the castle is of Norman materials and workmanship. Since 1833 the University has been housed there, the Keep having been fitted up to provide rooms for the students.

There is a fine fourteenth-century dining-hall, and a seventeenth-century black staircase of carved oak. An attempt had been made to found a university here in 1657, but it did not prove a success and was dissolved at the Restoration.

Another point of interest at Durham is Elvet Bridge, where one or two houses still remain, and it appears to be the only English bridge except High Bridge at Lincoln and Pulteney Bridge at Bath on which buildings stand.

Forests In Russia.

Forest cover two-fifths of the total area of Russia.

Awful!

Violette: "I say, what do you think? Jack was held up last night by two men."

Claude: "My hat! Where?"

Violette: "All the way home."

Slavery In Canada.

Slavery existed for many years in Canada, and as early as 1689. The Upper Canada Legislature was the first legislative body to pass an Act, in 1798, gradually abolishing slavery, which was followed by its abolition in British Colonies in 1834 by an Act of the Imperial Parliament.

Share!

"How is it, Bridget, that I saw you treating your young man to my cake and pie last night?"

"Because Oi thought ye was going, mum."

Death of John Coulson.

Esteemed and beloved by all who knew him, there passed to his reward on Friday morning, December 4th, John Coulson, a lifelong resident of this country, and for most of his life domiciled in Nelson township. Mr. Coulson, who died at the home of his son, E. B. Coulson, with whom he had lived recently, was the son of Thomas Coulson and May Fox, and was born February 10th, 1843. He was one of a family of ten children, of whom two brothers and two sisters still survive, namely: William, Frank and Janey, of Lowville, and Mrs. Millard, of Manitoba. Sixty years ago last March he married Frances Colling, who died in October, 1917. Their happy union was blest with ten children, eight of whom are living and reside in the district. They are Mrs. John Peer, Mrs. Emerson Colling, Mrs. George Cudmore, Ed. B. Coulson, Wilfred Coulson, Arthur Coulson, Mrs. W. Gunby and Mrs. Clarence Gunby. Another son, Baxter, was killed in 1887, while Lottie (Mrs. Chas. Readhead) died in 1922.

After a short service held at the family residence on Sunday, Dec. 6th, at 2 p.m., the funeral proceeded to Lowville United Church, where, in the presence of a large congregation of sorrowing relatives and friends, the pastor, Rev. W. K. Allen, conducted the memorial service. The choir of the church rendered appropriate selections. After the church service, interment was made in Lowville Union Cemetery, the pall-bearers being six nephews of the deceased, Messrs. Sherwood Coulson, Burness Coulson, Albert Coulson, Arthur Colling, Milford Colling, of Lowville, and Frank Millard, of Toronto. The floral tributes were very beautiful indeed. The family has the sincere sympathy of the community and surrounding district in their sorrow and loss.

Kitty Danced— And Now She Pays

She is tall and slender, with coquettish blue eyes and hair that is very decidedly auburn, bobbed, of course, for Kitty is nothing, if not up-to-date. Yet her up-to-dateness didn't include the ability to guard her health. Dances and parties, cold and weak spells, then more parties and more sick spells brought on what her mother might have foreseen had she lived.

No, you can't blame Kitty. Her youth, her prettiness and her vivacity were false friends to her. She is only 18. Another year in the hospital care of the Muskoka Sanatorium for Consumptives, with rest, good medical attention and nursing, may, if she perhaps can her restless to [illegible]

Contributed [illegible]

W. A. [illegible]

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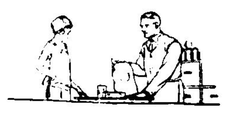

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THE GREAT WHITE FAST.

The Jew Must Make Peace With His Enemies.

Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, is sometimes called the Great White Fast, because of the white praying-shawls and white caps worn in the synagogues. No work is done on this day, and no food is eaten. No one will even drink a glass of water or smoke.

On the evening before the fast those Jews who are in possession of other people's goods are commanded to make restitution. All Jews must also ask pardon of those they have injured, and forgive those who have injured them.

At sunset the worshippers proceed to the synagogue. There each man lights a taper, prays, and confesses his sins. After three hours of this prayer and confession, they may go home to bed. Many, however, remain in the synagogue all night and all the next day.

While the evening service is in progress at the synagogue the women, who stay at home, light candles and lamps, carefully watching how they burn. For this night the future may be divined by those who have skill to read the message of the flickering flames.

[illegible]

and affecting scenes are witnessed as old quarrels are made up. But occasionally the reconciliation is only skin deep. In one such case, after the reconciled had shaken hands, one of them said to the other:

"I wish you all that you wish me."

"There you are, beginning again," was the disgusted reply.

50,000-Years-Old "Venus."

In the "Mammoth" caverns at Pollau, near Nikolsburg, in Moravia, now in Czecho-Slovakia, but only a few miles from Vienna, has been found a wonderful "Venus," six inches high, estimated to be 50,000 years old, says Tit-Bits.

It is of fine-grained sandstone, and dates from the Old Stone Age. Pollau's hills are 1,800 feet above the sea, and there the prehistoric men dwelt towards the end of the Ice Age. They knew nothing of the Venus myth, of course.

About a dozen skeletons of mammoths have been found near Pollau, as well as those of reindeer, foxes, wolves, and many kinds of fish.

The Pollau "Venus" is remarkable for the delicacy and finish of its workmanship. It represents the ideal woman of 50,000 years ago.

[illegible]

"MAKE IMMIGRA[illegible]
C. P. R. PRESID[illegible]
WHITE PA[illegible]
TE[illegible]

E. W. Beatty, K.C., Chairman and President of the C.P.R.

A[illegible] at W[illegible] Beatty, of the way[illegible] sig[illegible] en[illegible] all [illegible] the [illegible] econ[illegible] view, [illegible] influ[illegible] ship, [illegible] "leads [illegible] division that the federation [illegible] national u[illegible] fathers [illegible] not be [illegible] pulation, [illegible] tal attitude which comes fr[illegible] education.

In order to achieve [illegible] extensive immigration polic[illegible] the "largest undeveloped co[illegible] tion to make in respect to [illegible] would suggest that we take i[illegible] in the field of human relati[illegible] who come to our shores are [illegible] British or Continentals with or [illegible] beings, members of families who [illegible] homes in some cases centuries [illegible] neighbours, if we are willing [illegible] citizens if we only hold out [illegible]

"We realize how great th[illegible] some bring with them a hand[illegible] for them to die in Canada it m[illegible] der how many Canadians, who [illegible] have ever thought to carry with [illegible] immigration scheme for Canada [illegible] allowance is made for such hum[illegible]

On the same occasion Sir Th[illegible] of Finance, paid a high tribute to M[illegible] had always looked upon Mr. Beat[illegible] typified the qualities which are to [illegible] Beatty had carved his own niche [illegible] b[illegible]n was in the world as in the [illegible] Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr [illegible] [illegible]ness in the Dominion and was [illegible] [illegible]ness, and Sir Thomas liked to th[illegible] a characteristic Canadian.

Referring to the improvement [illegible] former Finance Minister pointed [illegible] and the Company were intertwined [illegible] Canadian Pacific Railway had stood [illegible] enterprise and courage in the face of [illegible] Sir Thomas also commented favorably [illegible] Pacific Railway had done during the Gr[illegible] ahead with work, at the request of the G[illegible] employment to soldiers who were returning [illegible]

IT PAYS TO ADVERTIS[illegible]