

Calendar for Mar., 1905.

MOON'S PHASES.
New Moon 5d., 11h., 19m. p.m.
First Quarter 5d., 11h., 19m. a.m.
Full Moon 20d., 10h., 56m. p.m.
Last Quarter 27d., 3h., 35m. p.m.

Day of Week	Day of Month	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Moon Rises	Moon Sets	High Water	Low Water
1 Wed.	1	6:54	6:03	4:02	7:14	6:29	8:29
2 Thurs.	2	6:53	6:04	4:46	8:18	6:27	8:27
3 Frid.	3	6:51	6:06	5:23	9:06	6:25	8:25
4 Sat.	4	6:50	6:07	6:00	9:49	6:23	8:23
5 Sun.	5	6:48	6:08	6:38	10:24	6:21	8:21
6 Mon.	6	6:46	6:09	7:11	10:55	6:19	8:19
7 Tues.	7	6:44	6:11	7:41	11:23	6:17	8:17
8 Wed.	8	6:43	6:12	8:08	11:50	6:15	8:15
9 Thurs.	9	6:41	6:13	8:37	12:16	6:13	8:13
10 Frid.	10	6:39	6:14	9:00	12:40	6:11	8:11
11 Sat.	11	6:37	6:16	9:18	1:01	6:09	8:09
12 Sun.	12	6:35	6:17	9:31	1:19	6:07	8:07
13 Mon.	13	6:33	6:18	9:39	1:34	6:05	8:05
14 Tues.	14	6:31	6:20	9:42	1:46	6:03	8:03
15 Wed.	15	6:29	6:21	9:40	1:56	6:01	8:01
16 Thurs.	16	6:27	6:23	9:35	2:04	5:59	7:59
17 Frid.	17	6:25	6:24	9:18	2:09	5:57	7:57
18 Sat.	18	6:23	6:25	8:48	2:12	5:55	7:55
19 Sun.	19	6:21	6:26	8:15	2:13	5:53	7:53
20 Mon.	20	6:19	6:27	7:40	2:12	5:51	7:51
21 Tues.	21	6:18	6:29	7:05	2:09	5:49	7:49
22 Wed.	22	6:17	6:30	6:31	2:04	5:47	7:47
23 Thurs.	23	6:16	6:31	5:57	1:58	5:45	7:45
24 Frid.	24	6:14	6:32	5:23	1:50	5:43	7:43
25 Sat.	25	6:12	6:34	4:50	1:41	5:41	7:41
26 Sun.	26	6:10	6:35	4:18	1:30	5:39	7:39
27 Mon.	27	6:08	6:36	3:47	1:18	5:37	7:37
28 Tues.	28	6:06	6:37	3:17	1:04	5:35	7:35
29 Wed.	29	6:04	6:38	2:48	1:00	5:33	7:33
30 Thurs.	30	6:02	6:40	2:21	1:00	5:31	7:31
31 Frid.	31	6:00	6:41	1:56	1:00	5:29	7:29

The Silver Lining.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

There was never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But it has had its time of tears
Yet the sun comes out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.
There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.
There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the print of feet;
And we have a Helper promised
For the trials we may meet.
There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between dark and light.
There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look one day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.
There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us
To the "little white gate."
And the angels will only be nearer
To a soul that is desolate.
There's never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal;
There's many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden seal.

Dissolving Prejudice in Scotland.

Among the sad news that the sin of drunkenness in Scotland is still on the increase with its usual train of poverty, crime and immorality, it is refreshing to record a paragraph in a Scottish evening paper, of distinctly Presbyterian sympathies, containing the following remarkable and appreciative notice of the noble work the Jesuits are doing in the slums of Edinburgh. A writer in the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch of December 31, writes thus:

"The Church (Catholic) is, without doubt, resuming the fruits of the talent and perseverance displayed by the energetic little band of priests in Edinburgh. There has been a stream of converts, both men and women, in the city."

Speaking in glowing and eloquent terms of Father Power, S. J., he goes on to say:

"There was some ridicule at the first at the idea of a Catholic priest proselytizing in this form (Father Power preaches in the open air in the Grass market on Friday, and in the Lothian-road nearly at the door of the Lyceum Theatre on Sunday), as it seemed at variance with all tradition, but Father Power has distanced all ridicule, and a Protestant association has even been created to combat him. He is recognized as a most redoubtable champion of his Church, and just the type of man who would succeed in making proselytes and gaining adherents where others would fail."

He goes on further to describe the effort in these remarkable words, full of the appreciation of its author:

"He is an excellent judge of the human heart, and no man knows better how to hold the attention of a chance crowd. Even in controversy he possesses an admirable serenity, and only on rare occasions has he allowed anything like bitterness to mar the force of his logic. Yet he is no mealy-mouthed partisan, and once his imagination is heated, he may indulge in a fine burst of eloquence or some pungent sarcasm. Then, again, he will drop into a vein of real Irish drollery, and the eyes twinkle with humor and there is a dash of smart repartee to the apparent relief of the crowd."

When one remembers, as the

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cape Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

writer does, that only thirty years ago a Jesuit priest hardly dared to walk down Leith Street, it is a marvel to see Father Power often addressing from two thousand to three thousand people Sunday after Sunday, with no uneasiness of conscience. True his personality has something to do with it, but he had to make his personality liked and respected, and the following remarks of the same writer give indications of the cause:

"The name of Father Power will be fragrant in the dark parlors of Edinburgh slums for a long time to come. His young proteges are legion; ever the firm friend of the distressed, he spends hours daily counselling and advising the poor. Whenever possible he sees his boy friends put to a trade, and otherwise concerns himself in their welfare. Many neglected children owe their first steps on the way to becoming good members of society to Father Power. He is a great believer in saving the children from their environment while they are still bright and pure, and before they are old enough to have been seriously tainted by their surroundings, which only tend to their growing up savages in the streets. He is listened to with the utmost respect, and though enervating skirmishes do occur among the drunken and riotous inclined on the outskirts of the crowd, the preacher never invokes the aid of the police, but is invariably successful in passing it off with a kind word or jest. Every Friday evening Father Power walks halloo, and ringing a bell, from the handsome Church of the Sacred Heart, Lauriston, to the Grassmarket, and a chair is soon brought from an adjoining house. Were there a dozen clerics with the same personal force and energy as Father Power working in that smitten field, the problem of the regeneration of the slums would be in a fair way to be solved."

The above extracts will show how a change, and a real change, has come over Scotland. All classes of Presbyterians now speak of Roman Catholics and their religion with respect if not with love (some do even that). A lady remarked to us, when she noticed the large crowds of Catholics going and returning from the churches, where they had been keeping their Jubilee obligations: "Ah! you Catholics are real, you believe in your religion; I wish I could do so in mine." Her Scotchness is passing through religious throes at present. The old belief in the Shorter Catechism, once so tenaciously and fervently held as though it was an inspired document, is gone. But what is to take its place? God only knows. But surely all Catholics might say a prayer that the real and true faith might be restored to Scotland, and greater blessings yet showered down on the efforts of our noble and brave Jesuit Fathers.—London Tablet.

For the Sick.

It is the correct thing to know that only those in danger of death by sickness can receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; that soldiers going to battle, persons in a storm at sea, criminals about to be executed, can not receive it.

To know, however, that soldiers who have been wounded, persons dying from an accident, those washed ashore in whom life is not yet extinct, can and should be anointed. To know that those dying impatient, or in a state of mortal sin—as a drunkard in his drunkenness—or in the commission of a crime—is a man shot in a duel—can not receive this sacrament unless there is some reason to think that at the moment of death there is sincere penitence.

For all present at the administration of the last sacraments to join in the prayers for the dying.

If the patient be a woman, for another woman to make the sign of the cross upon her forehead, mouth and breast, if she is unable to do so herself at the proper time in the prayers for the dying.

For a patient to accept the illness as coming from God, and to bear the suffering in union with the sufferings and death of our Lord.

To be patient and resigned. To take the medicine and nourishment prescribed.

To have a rosary, a rosary, and some holy water within reach.

For relatives and friends to be as calm and composed as possible. To exclude all worldly considerations from the chamber of the dying.

For some of those in attendance on a dying person to keep reciting suitable prayers until the soul has left the body.

To have one or more blessed candles lighted near the bed. To press the patient to the dying lips

Water Finding.

A curious subject, that of the genuineness of the gift of water-finding, or divining by means of a hazel twig, is undergoing discussion in the correspondence columns of The Times. Innumerable instances are cited pro and con, but the balance of evidence seems to be in favour of the existence of the faculty, although there may be charlatans who feign it or possess it only in an imperfect degree. Scientifically inexplicable though it may be it is a purely physical phenomenon, with no suspicion of witchcraft or diabolism attached to it, whatever may have been the case in olden times. One of the most interesting letters is that of an expert who claims to be a waterfinder of thirty years' standing, who writes like a thoroughly well-educated man, and who signs himself "Waterfinder and Engineer."

The sensation experienced when walking over subterranean water is a vibration in both arms, sometimes strong enough to be distressing, ascending rapidly and centering in the heart. The intensity of the sensation is due to the volume of water, and its depth may be estimated by the area over which it was experienced, which is larger in proportion as it is nearer to the surface.

These are the data by which the spring is located. The writer is led to assume that the "shock" is of electrical origin by the fact that it is unfelt when standing on a board insulated by glass over a stream previously located, although it is undiminished when crossing the spot on horseback. This, if true, is surely a very curious fact, and one that should be easily brought to the test. The "finder" declares himself willing to be experimented on by authorized persons, and seems anxious that those with the requisite scientific knowledge should investigate the cause of this strange effect. Among the spectators there are always numbers willing to try their skill with the divining-rod, and it is found that a much larger proportion of women than of men are sensitive to its action. Correspondents on the negative side describe experiments in which the "finders" have been failures, and the rod gave false indications. A third writer claims to be able to discover loads of copper and other minerals by the same means, giving instances of his having done so successfully.—London Tablet.

The New Saints Canonized at Rome.

Of the two new saints recently canonized at Rome, Alessandro Sauli and Gerardo Majella, the Northwest Review, of Winnipeg, gives interesting brief sketches:

Alessandro Sauli belonged to one of the noblest families of Lombardy. His early piety was wonderful; even as a boy his heart-stirring sermons wrung tears from the eyes of a pleasure-seeking crowd. Entering the Congregation of the Regular Clerks of St. Paul, commonly called Barnabites, founded by Antonio Maria Zaccaria, who was canonized by Leo XIII., in 1897, Sauli became its Superior-General at the early age of thirty-two. This was in 1555. Five years later Pius V. made him Bishop of Alessandria in Corsica. That island was then in the most deplorable condition. Not only were the clergy as much in need of instruction as the people, but the people themselves had abandoned their towns and cities and lived like savages in the forests and mountains, for they were prey to the terrible corsairs that infested the Tyrrhenian Sea. Bishop Sauli visited, consoled and instructed all his scattered flock, encouraged them to rebuild and inhabit their towns, to drive back the pirates, to lead truly Christian lives. He reformed and organized the clergy, winning all hearts by his self denial, his eloquence and boundless charity. So great was the fame of his virtues and spiritual conquests that he was known all over Italy as the Angel of Peace and the Apostle of Corsica. Tortona and Genoa asked him to be their Bishop, but he would not leave his poor and struggling diocese till Gregory XIV. obliged him to accept the Bishopric of Pavia in 1591. He died the next year, Oct. 11, 1592, and was beatified by Benedict XIV. in 1741.

Less striking in the eyes of the world, but far more wonderful to those who knew him, was the career of Gerardo Majella. He sanctified himself in the humble duties of a lay brother in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, in which he lived during the lifetime of its founder, St. Alphonsus Liguori. Although he had no part in the government of this zealous and fervent order, he is the first, after its founder, to be canonized. His heroic virtues were equalled only by his extraordinary gift of miracles. Even if a severe historical criticism were to eliminate half the supernatural events of this holy lay brother's life, enough would remain to prove that, at the end of the eighteenth century,

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.

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Obstinate Coughs and Colds.

The Kind That Stick.

The Kind That Turn To Bronchitis.

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The Problem of the Unemployed.

Writing in the Nineteenth Century and After, of January, J. Keir Hardie, M. P., in his article on "Dealing with the Unemployed," says of England: "The total number unemployed cannot be accurately given, but that it is very large the numerous agencies and activities now at work to cope with the distress bear only too convincing testimony. . . . I estimate the minimum number of unemployed during this month to be 700,000. . . . It is obvious that the proper solution of the unemployed difficulty lies in keeping men constantly employed. To deal with the unemployed, and not with employment, is to deal with an effect and leave the cause untouched. . . . Spasmodic attempts at relief when the crisis becomes acute, and when despair is beginning to make men desperate, are but a poor substitute for that system and carefully thought-out efforts which all who have had dealings with the unemployed difficulty know to be necessary to any adequate solution. . . . In Germany the bureau system has reached its greatest perfection. There the Labor Registry offices, partly, by the way, under the management of the working classes themselves, are so federated and linked up by means of clearing-houses that unemployed workmen, even in remote villages, are put in touch with employers in a matter of hours, almost irrespective of distance. Lists showing the number of employed for each occupation are posted up side by side with lists of vacant situations, and the telephone is freely used for bringing together employers and workmen mutually in need of each other. The whole of Bavaria, which covers 29,000 square miles and has nearly 6,000,000 inhabitants, is grouped under one system, and in 1903 the Munich registry found 21,664 unemployed persons, being 65 per cent. of the names on the books."

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

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Antas A. McDonald—P. J. Trainor.

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MONEY TO LOAN.

Which is the Oldest?

\$5 Prize for photograph of either the oldest dwelling now occupied, the oldest vessel now rigged and in active service, or the oldest person now living in the Maritime Provinces or Newfoundland. Send brief history with each. \$100 in prizes for names of natives of Charlottetown now resident in New England. For particulars write THE INTER-NATION, box 2106, Boston, Mass.

Jan. 11th, 1905—41

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Executed with Neatness and

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