

Calendar for Dec., 1906.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter 8d. 8h. 45m. p. m.
New Moon 16d. 1h. 54m. p. m.
First Quarter 23d. 10h. 4m. a. m.
Full moon 30d. 11h. 44m. p. m.

| D | Day | Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thurs | Fri | Sat | Sun | High | Low |
|----|------|--------|------|---------|-------|-------|------|------|------|-------|-------|
| of | Week | Rises | Sets | Sets | Sets | Sets | Sets | Sets | Sets | a. m. | p. m. |
| 1 | Sat | 7 33 4 | 36 5 | 3 10 | 42 10 | 07 | | | | | |
| 2 | Sun | 7 35 4 | 36 5 | 6 15 11 | 20 10 | 36 | | | | | |
| 3 | Mon | 7 36 4 | 35 5 | 7 02 11 | 58 11 | 06 | | | | | |
| 4 | Tue | 7 37 4 | 35 5 | 7 54 12 | 37 11 | 40 | | | | | |
| 5 | Wed | 7 38 4 | 35 5 | 8 51 | 18 | | | | | | |
| 6 | Thu | 7 39 4 | 35 5 | 9 51 | 17 | 2 | | | | | |
| 7 | Fri | 7 40 4 | 35 5 | 10 51 | 16 | 3 | | | | | |
| 8 | Sat | 7 41 4 | 35 5 | 11 51 | 15 | 3 | | | | | |
| 9 | Sun | 7 42 4 | 35 5 | 12 51 | 14 | 3 | | | | | |
| 10 | Mon | 7 43 4 | 35 5 | 1 51 | 13 | 3 | | | | | |
| 11 | Tue | 7 44 4 | 35 5 | 2 51 | 12 | 3 | | | | | |
| 12 | Wed | 7 45 4 | 35 5 | 3 51 | 11 | 3 | | | | | |
| 13 | Thu | 7 46 4 | 35 5 | 4 51 | 10 | 3 | | | | | |
| 14 | Fri | 7 47 4 | 35 5 | 5 51 | 9 | 3 | | | | | |
| 15 | Sat | 7 48 4 | 35 5 | 6 51 | 8 | 3 | | | | | |
| 16 | Sun | 7 49 4 | 35 5 | 7 51 | 7 | 3 | | | | | |
| 17 | Mon | 7 50 4 | 35 5 | 8 51 | 6 | 3 | | | | | |
| 18 | Tue | 7 51 4 | 35 5 | 9 51 | 5 | 3 | | | | | |
| 19 | Wed | 7 52 4 | 35 5 | 10 51 | 4 | 3 | | | | | |
| 20 | Thu | 7 53 4 | 35 5 | 11 51 | 3 | 3 | | | | | |
| 21 | Fri | 7 54 4 | 35 5 | 12 51 | 2 | 3 | | | | | |
| 22 | Sat | 7 55 4 | 35 5 | 1 51 | 1 | 3 | | | | | |
| 23 | Sun | 7 56 4 | 35 5 | 2 51 | 0 | 3 | | | | | |
| 24 | Mon | 7 57 4 | 35 5 | 3 51 | 0 | 3 | | | | | |
| 25 | Tue | 7 58 4 | 35 5 | 4 51 | 0 | 3 | | | | | |
| 26 | Wed | 7 59 4 | 35 5 | 5 51 | 0 | 3 | | | | | |
| 27 | Thu | 8 00 4 | 35 5 | 6 51 | 0 | 3 | | | | | |
| 28 | Fri | 8 01 4 | 35 5 | 7 51 | 0 | 3 | | | | | |
| 29 | Sat | 8 02 4 | 35 5 | 8 51 | 0 | 3 | | | | | |
| 30 | Sun | 8 03 4 | 35 5 | 9 51 | 0 | 3 | | | | | |
| 31 | Mon | 8 04 4 | 35 5 | 10 51 | 0 | 3 | | | | | |

The Christmas Night.

O'er far Judea's hillside bleak and wild
They sought the new-born Child,
And followed where the Star of Beth-
lehem led.

Unto His manger bed.
What time the winter winds were sadly
sighing,
And peace on earth was dying.

Lo! when the midnight plains were
dark and dim
The watchers sought for Him,
And when the air was keen and still
and cold

They crossed the dreary world,
To find at last the Christ-Child safely
sleeping,
While Mary watch was keeping.

It was a star that led them where He
lay,
Amid the knee and bay;
It was a light that flashed from out
the dark—

A God-sent guiding spark—
That bade them search for Him the
royal Stranger,
Within a distant manger.

Ab! tell me not that Star shines not
to-night,
And sheds its holy light
Throughout the earth, to all on this
Christmas Eve

• If thy sad heart would grieve,
It gleams above the sanctuary railing,
Its tranquil light ne'er failing.

And He, the self-same Christ that
woke the earth
When Mary gave Him birth,
Reposes near for those who seek for
Him

At morn or evening dim.
And yet how few a Christmas watch
are keeping
Where He lies, never sleeping!

—The Sentinel.

Priests at the Wreck.

On Sunday night, November 11th,
says a correspondent of the Catholic
Columbian, two sections of an emi-
grant train on the Baltimore and
Ohio road were rushing westward
through Northern Indiana bearing
167 passengers. The night was
dark, and a terrible snowstorm was
raging. In the coaches were emi-
grants from the far-off banks of the
Rhine and from the mountains of
Bohemia and a large number of
Lithuanians and refugees from Rus-
sia, all seeking homes in the land of
freedom. Their destination was
Chicago, and they were buoyed up
with hope and looking forward to
Christmas, when they would be
settled in their new homes.

The train was divided at Garrett,
Ind., and 167 men, women and chil-
dren were known to be in the second
section. Both sections were to run
as one train, and were given the
right of way to Chicago. Little did
the passengers in the second section
dream of the fate in store for their
sixty miles westward, at the little
station of Woodville, in Porter Co.,
Indiana. About two miles west of
Woodville a heavy freight east-
bound was side-tracked to clear the
way. The first division rushed past.
The conductor of the freight saw no
danger signals to indicate that an-
other section was following, and im-
mediately pulled out on the main
track and proceeded on his way east-
ward. At Woodville, two miles east
on a high embankment, where the
road curves south, the second section
came on, unconscious of danger, at
fifty miles an hour. There was a
crash as the trains came together
and the engine of the freight plowed
its way through the passenger
coaches, setting them on fire. Then
ensued a terrible scene.

It was 4.20 in the morning, and
murky dark; the storm still raged,
and the snow fell in blinding sheets.
At Chesterton, two miles north, live,
Father Herman Jersabek, at whose
church the Forty Hours' devotion
was in progress, and he was being
assisted by a number of priests,
among whom was Father John Berg,

When the two priests arrived the
air was filled with the screams and
groans of the wounded and dying,
and the murky sky was lighted up
by the glare of the burning cars.

The four emigrant coaches were a
mass of tangled wreckage, from
which human beings were being
taken; but the fire was gaining upon
the heroic crew that were working
with axe and lever to liberate the
imprisoned passengers.

Father Jersabek is an accom-
plished linguist. He called out in
a clear, loud tone in the German
language that he was a Catholic
priest, and was immediately answer-
ed by a young girl who was pinned
down by a beam which crushed and
broke her lower limbs. The fire
was creeping up to her. She reached
into the bosom of her gown,
displayed a medal of the Blessed
Virgin and said: "I am a Catholic."

Father Jersabek was immediately
at her side and administered the
rites to the dying. He called out
again in Polish that he was a Catho-
lic priest, and was answered by a
poor fellow who drew from his
bosom a scapular. He left him in
charge of Father Berg and rushed
on, announcing in Lithuanian and
in Polish who and what he was, and
was answered by scores of suffering
men and women, who handed out
their prayer-books and rosaries. He
was instantly among them, giving
absolution and the last rites of the
Church.

The fire gained on the crew and
the heroic farmers, who rushed to
rescue from the neighboring farm-
houses and did everything that
could be done to aid the emigrants,
and one hundred were saved. As
the fire crept onward, those upon
the scene knew that the remaining
sixty-seven, women and children,
were doomed. Father Jersabek's
hands were blistered and he was
drenched to the skin, and as the fire
reached the last car his tall form
stood out against the inky sky as
with impassive face and eyes turned
to heaven he raised his hands and
gave conditional absolution to the
dying. Death had silenced the im-
prisoned passengers, and no sound
came from the cars but the roar of
the flames. The injured, the
wounded and the dying lay around
in heaps. It was still dark and
raining, but through the darkness
of the night Father Jersabek and
his assistant, Father Berg, labored
among the wounded and the dying
until the gloom lifted and grey dawn
settled slowly upon the dreadful
scene; they had done all that man
and priest could do.

Father Jersabek is a native of
Germany, and little thought the poor
emigrants from the Rhine and the
far-off countries of Europe that in
their dying hour and dire distress
God would send a priest of their
religion and of their race to minister
to them in this lonely and desolate
outpost of a strange land. What
must have been their thoughts when

they heard the dear language of
their fatherland and the comforting
voice of the Church? A spectator
who witnessed the terrible scene
informed the writer that when the
priest called out in German and
made known who he was, the
answer was a great cry of joy, and
the composure, fortitude and pati-
ence of the victims was wonderful
causing an onlooker to say, "My
God! What faith is theirs! It is
supernatural!"

May God give them rest. And
may He eternally reward His two
worthy ministers who showed them-
selves so filled with the charity and
zeal of their holy office.

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or
stagnant condition of the kidneys or
liver, and are a warning it is extremely
hazardous to neglect, so important is
a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss
of energy, lack of courage, and some-
times by gloomy foreboding and de-
pendency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble,
and became so weak I could scarcely get around.
I took medicine without benefit, and finally
decided to try Doan's Sarsaparilla. After
the first bottle I felt so much better that I
continued to use it and six bottles made me
a new woman. When my little girl was a
baby, she could not keep anything on her
stomach, and we were her Doan's Sarsapa-
rilla was recommended by Mrs. Thomas Linn,
Madison, Wis., Oct."

Doan's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, re-
news the back, and builds up the
whole system.

of Whiting, Ind. The first glare of
the holocaust lighted up the spires of
Chesterton Church and fell upon the
windows of the rectory. Father
Jersabek awoke and, seeing the
light, thought it came from the farm-
house of one of his parishioners who
lives near the scene of the accident.

He rushed to the telephone, and was
informed of the terrible wreck on
the Baltimore and Ohio, and that
the cars were burning and human
beings perishing. His duty was
there. He called Father Berg,
ordered his horse, ascended the Holy
Eucharist, sprang into his buggy,
leaped his horse into a mad gallop,
and rushed through the blinding
storm to the scene of the wreck,
arriving there twenty-five minutes
after the crash.

When the two priests arrived the
air was filled with the screams and
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At the Night-workers' Mass.

The Diocesan Director of the Pro-
pagation of the Faith, was present
at the Night-workers' Chapel Sun-
day, Dec. 2, at the usual hour for
services, 3.30 a. m., to celebrate
the second anniversary Mass of this
little congregation in the heart of
the city, of which the Rev. P. J.
Lyons is the pastor. This little
chapel, which is otherwise known
as the chapel of the Immaculate
Conception, and the "Newspaper
Row Chapel," is located at 397
Washington Street.

In his sermon Father Walsh
spoke of the unusual fact of Mass
being celebrated in Boston at such
an hour as that for the night work-
ers' service. "You have come," he
said, "after your night of toil to
meet within these humble walls in
the small hours of Sunday morning.
And what brings you here? Not the
alluring joys of the world; not the
love of companionship; not wealth
of art or architecture, or music, or
the attraction of speech, but your
own love of Christ in the sacrament
of the altar—a love practically ex-
pressed, not by word, but by act, for
the test of love is sacrifice, and it
costs a sacrifice for you to be here.
You come to this abode of peace and
prayer because of the love that is in
the world and has been from the
beginning of eternity."

"While the world about us sleeps
you have come to assist in the cele-
bration of the Mass; the only spot
in our great city, the only place in
New England where such a service
at such an hour is held. It is
strange, it is touching, but it shows
the depth and force of the faith that
is in your hearts. In this little
chapel, with its absence of rich
and beautiful works of artists and
sculptors, the Kind of Kings, the
Lord of heaven and earth is present
at the holy sacrifice of the Mass,
just as he is present in the most
magnificent cathedral erected in his
honor in any land."

Speaking of the Catholic Church
Father Walsh said it had advanced
more in the nineteenth century than
in any other century of its history.
This progress has been made
primarily by the shedding of the
blood of martyrs and the ceaseless
work of missionaries. In the last
century 25,000,000 adult converts
have come into the Church,
throughout the world. "There was
more blood shed for the Catholic
religion in the nineteenth century
than in any similar period of the
church's existence," said Father
Walsh, "strange as this may seem
to many. In fact, the martyr spirit
is still alive today, as is shown by
the slaying of thousands of Chinese
Catholic men, women and children
for their faith."

After the services at the chapel,
each member of the congregation
received souvenirs of foreign mis-
sion work. Sacred Heart Review.

"The Queen's Tragedy."

(Sacred Heart Review)

In "The Queen's Tragedy" by the
Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, the
author gives us vivid pictures of the
reign of Queen Mary of England,
the half sister of Elizabeth and of
Edward VI. The story is remark-
able for its acute delineations of
character, and for the dominant
teaching of a loyal fidelity to honor
and to truth. He portrays of this
fidelity in Jane Dormer and Dick
Kearley, and its gradual growth in
Guy Manton is something well worth
careful study, and it is to be seriously
recommended to the world of today.
It was a fidelity shown, not to a Queen

of winning manners, shrewd address,
and personal charm, but to a sov-
ereign striving to do her duty, who
had no personal graces to hold men's
loyalty, a sovereign, too, who failed
in her undertakings and was griev-
ously disappointed in the carrying
out of her holy aims. Therefore the
fidelity of the few who stood
faithfully by her, despite the failures,
serving her because loyalty was duty
and because of a noble affection, is
something very uplifting to read of,
and makes this work attractive in an
extraordinary degree. The por-
trayal, too, of Mary's strong endeavors
for Christian unity, of her devout
life, of her ardent seeking for God's
glory, should rouse the reader to
noble things, and the tender de-
scription of her death-bed is sooth-
ing to one's own saddened soul.
There is a certain grave restraint
about "The Queen's Tragedy" that
distinguishes it from the author's
story "By What Authority?" a vivid
portrayal of Elizabethan days. One
feels a conviction that the author will
yet give us a portrait of the last years
of Elizabeth, as he has already so
well portrayed her sister's closing
days.

The book shows some degree of
hasty writing—though it is very
brilliant writing on the whole—a
few odd mistakes should be
rectified. For instance, on page 247,
we are told that "the Queen was
sitting with her hands empty in her
lap, and her head on her hand, smil-
ing with a puzzled look." Such
things can be easily corrected, later.
What lingers on the memory is the
majestic and upright soul in Mary's
poor, worn, stricken body; her faith
in the coming of God's kingdom;
her seeking Him through all mistake,
all failure; and then, the marvelous
pictures to win the end, the death,
when she who had failed to win the
love and understanding of her people
beheld the love and the loveliness
of her God. That the book will arouse
questions and dispute as to Mary's
character, even now, is probable.
That it ought to arouse in thoughtful
men very serious and reverent con-
siderations, is sure. We shall never,
here, sufficiently fathom the weight
that God's judgments allow to the
real "intention" of the acts of those
in authority. Publisher, B. Herder,
St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.50.

\$10 Course in Penman-ship.

Free, to every student
entering the Union Commer-
cial College. This month we
will give absolutely free our
Special Course in Penman-
ship, value \$10, two experi-
enced teachers in charge.
One of the best courses ever
taught in this Province. One
of the best business training
courses in Canada goes with
the above. Everybody is
recognizing this institution as
the "good school." It
costs no more than interior
schools. Enter now and secure
the above course free.
Address W. Moran, Prin.

Our mail order depart-
ment is growing rapidly—
every mail brings us orders
from different parts of the
country, and we have invari-
ably given the utmost satis-
faction. If anything by any
possibility might be wrong,
we are always here to make
it right. Stanley Bros. The
Always Busy Store; Char-
lottetown.

If you want anything at
any time, and cannot come
yourself; just drop us a postal,
and we shall be pleased to
send you samples and give
you any information of any
line of goods offered in a
first class store like ours,
Stanley Bros.

Our store has gained a re-
putation for reliable Grocer-
ies. Our trade during 1906
has been very satisfactory.
We shall put forth every ef-
fort during the present year
to give our customers the best
possible service.—R. F. Mad-
digan.

Up! Up! Up!—Step by
step the Union Commercial
College has gradually gone
ahead until today it stands
in the front rank of business
schools. It helps students to
positions, it teaches every
branch, it advertises, it does
not deceive the public. Write
today. W. Moran, Prin.

Millinery at Stanley Bros.
—This year we are better
than ever prepared to give
you only the best in millinery.
We have a larger stock, a
better assortment, and Miss
Sullivan has more help—con-
sequently if we have no hat
readymade to suit you, we
can have yours trimmed for
you before you go home.—
Stanley Bros., The Millinery
leaders.

A Boston schoolboy was tall,
weak and sickly.

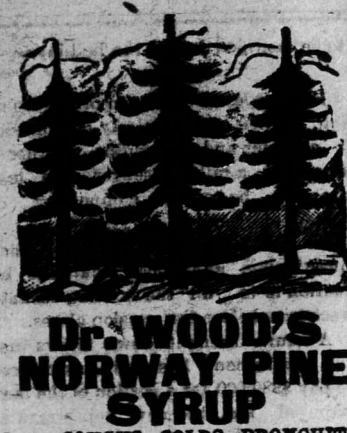
His arms were soft and flabby.
He didn't have a strong muscle in his
entire body.

The physician who had attended
the family for thirty years prescribed
Scott's Emulsion.

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you
would think he was apprenticed to a
blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.



**DR. WOOD'S
NORWAY PINE
SYRUP**
Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS,
HOARSENESS and all THROAT and
LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence E.
Mallman, New Germany, N.S., writes—
"I had a cold which left me with a very
bad cough. I was afraid I was going
into consumption. I was advised to try
DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.
I had little faith in it, but before I had
taken one bottle I began to feel better,
and after the second I felt as well as
ever. My cough has completely disap-
peared."
PRICE 25 CENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"John dear," wrote a lady from
the continent, "I enclose the hotel
bill."

"Dear Jane, I enclose a cheque,"
wrote John, in reply; "but please
don't buy any more hotels at this
price—they are robbing you."

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont.,
says:—"It affords me much pleasure
to say that I experienced great re-
lief from Muscular Rheumatism by
using two boxes of Milburn's Rheu-
matic Pills." Price 50c a box.

"How is your youngest daughter
getting along with her music?"

"Splendidly," answered Mr.
Cumrox. "Her instructor says
that she plays Mozart in a way that
Mozart himself would never have
dreamed of."

I was cured of painful Gout
by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
BYARD MCULLIN.
Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Inflammation by
MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. W. H. JOHNSON.
Waltham, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by
MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. H. BAILEY.
Parkdale, Ont.

Diner—Now, waiter, what do you
mean by keeping me so long? I've
been waiting here nearly half an hour

Waiter.—Lor' bless you, sir, I've
been waiting here nearly ten years.

Mrs. Fred Laine, St. George, Ont.,
writes:—"My little girl would cough
so at night that neither she nor I
could get any rest. I gave her Dr.
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am
thankful to say it cured her cough
quickly."

"What is a domestic animal,
mother?" asked a little boy.

"A domestic animal," replied the
lady, with a scornful glance at pater-
familias, who was putting on his
coat, "is one who does not spend all
his time at the club."

Sprained Arm.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont.,
writes:—"My mother had a badly
sprained arm. Nothing we used did
her any good. Then father got Hag-
yard's Yellow Oil and it cured
mother's arm in a few days." Price
25c.

Binks, an American, was hurrying
across the street, in an English city
wrapped in thought and a heavy
overcoat when his contemplative
mood was brought to a sudden ter-
mination by a cab almost running
over him. Oddy pulled his horse
up with a jerk and gave his opinion
in plain English about absent-minded
people.

"Couldn't you see the bloomin'
'oss?" he asked, with a withering
glance.

"See it!" gasped Binks, looking
contemptuously at the specimen be-
tween the shafts. "I didn't see