

Calendar for March, 1910.

Table with columns for Day of Week, Sun, Moon, High Water, Low Water. Includes Moon's Phases and specific dates for the quarter moon.

Pains in the Back

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back and builds up the whole system.

A Timely Warning.

A gathering of probably 1800 men and women attended a mass meeting of the Suffolk county branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies held on Feb. 20th in St. Alphonsus Hall, Roxbury, Boston.

An African Martyr

In the ancient country of Monomotapa (Rhodesia) which was the scene of the martyrdom of Father Gonzalo-Silveria in 1560 a movement has been commenced, in which Protestants enthusiastically join, to erect some permanent monument to the memory of the protomartyr of Southern Africa.

The Fieldsmarshal's Rosary

In the year 1848 Count Radezky, the Austrian fieldmarshal, at the head of a brave army, inflicted a series of defeats on the Piedmontese. The victory of Custozza decided the issue of the campaign; but in spite of their brilliant success, the Austrians had much to suffer.

CHILDREN

In disorders and diseases of children drugs seldom do good and often do harm. Careful feeding and bathing are the babies' remedies.

Scott's Emulsion

is the food-medicine that not only nourishes them most, but also regulates their digestion. It is a wonderful tonic for children of all ages.

Could Not Sleep In The Dark.

Doctor Said Heart and Nerves Were Responsible.

There is many a man and woman tossing night after night upon a sleepless bed. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Cynicus—"When a man gets all the money he needs there's only one thing he wants." Sillicus—"And that is?" Cynicus—"More money."

Sprained Arm.

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DROP IN AND INSPECT. JAMES KELLY & CO. June 28, 1909-3mf

One day an Austrian reconnoitering party was attacked by Piedmontese sharpshooters.

Several men fell, and, after the enemy was driven off, one wounded Austrian was laid on the turf by the roadside.

The army chaplain who happened to be with the party, instantly came forward; and he had just left the side of the dying man when the General, Count Radezky, rode up with his staff.

He stopped; and, on being told what had occurred, he dismounted, and, with the kindness which endeared him to his troops, and won for him the title of Father Radezky, he approached the wounded man.

"None at all, your Excellency. Shot through the lungs," was the reply.

"Is there a priest here?" was the next question. "Yes; the chaplain. He has already done what he could for him."

On hearing this, a gleam of satisfaction passed over the features of the General, heightened by the sight of a Rosary in the grasp of the dying man. It is well known that the Count was a pious Catholic, and that the Rosary was his favorite devotion.

Radezky knelt down by the side of the soldier, who lay awaiting the last dread summons.

"My son," he said, have you any wish that I fulfil for you?" The soldier—a fine, stalwart man in the prime of life—opened his eyes on hearing his General's voice, and, with a faint, sad smile, murmured: "Must I really die?"

"Yes, my son; I will not deceive you: your hours are numbered. A warrior must not be surprised at this; but it is not death bravely in the face."

"Oh, it is not of myself I think! I have made my peace with Heaven, and am prepared for my last conflict. But my wife and children—"

Two tears rolled down the cheeks of the dying man, and his voice faltered. He was entering on his last agony.

Radezky raised him in the kindest manner, and poured a few drops of brandy between his pallid lips.

"Tell me," he said again, "what you wish; and if it is within my power, it shall be done."

The soldier made a supreme effort. He held out his Rosary, a small silver one, with a cross of peculiar, antique form.

"If your Excellency," he gasped, "would tell my wife (he gave her name and the village where she lived) that I died in the service of my Emperor. And if you would send her this Rosary? My eldest boy is to have it, as a memorial of his father, that he, too may serve his Emperor and his country. For the rest I commend my family to God. May he be their help!"

So saying, he sank back with a groan on the cloak his comrades had rolled up to support his head.

The General looked curiously and with evident emotion at the Rosary which was of fine workmanship, quite unlike what is generally seen in the hand of a peasant.

"My son," he said in the gentlest manner, "where did you get this Rosary?"

"I had it from my father. I believe it was given to him by a officer to whom he rendered some service. I know no more about it, except that he gave it to me when he was dying, and bade me reverence it and say it daily."

Radezky was deeply touched. "I was that officer," he said; "and your father saved my life. He would not tell me his name. Thank God, I can now pay my debt of gratitude to him in person of his son! Do not trouble about your wife and children my man; they shall not want a friend and protector whilst Radezky lives."

The poor fellow looked up at his General with thankfulness and relief. He tried to articulate a few words; but his strength failed him; and he quietly passed away to the world where strife and warfare are unknown.

His comrades dug a grave; and, while the officers stood around with uncovered heads, they laid him to rest in his last long sleep. Then they returned to the camp. In war there is little time to indulge sentiment. What is one man's lot-to-day, is perhaps another's to-morrow.

Radezky rode to his quarters in silence, serious and sorrowful. His thoughts recurred to the past; to the time when he—now the highest military commander in Austria, on whose breast the Emperor had pinned the Grand Cross of Maria Theresa, which he himself was wearing,—was an insignificant captain, stationed in a remote town. He remembered how one day, when he was riding out, his horse, usually most gentle, proved strangely restive. On leaving the town and passing into the country, the animal was unmanageable; tossing his head violently from side to side, he set off in a wild gallop, heedless of the voice or hand of his rider, who had no slight difficulty in keeping his seat. In fact, a fresh plunge on the part of the horse, over which he had lost all control, would probably have flung him on the rough, stony ground. In his great distress all Radezky could do was to commend himself to God and our Blessed Lady. This he did fervently; and the next moment he saw a man approaching, apparently a farm laborer, who, perceiving the peril of the rider, boldly and adroitly caught the horse by the

bridle; and forcibly held down his head, so as to allow time for the captain to spring from the saddle. But it required no little strength to hold the restive horse. He endeavored to strike his head, and his bloodshot eye had a look of anguish. Suddenly the country-man perceived a smell of burning; putting his fingers into the horse's left ear, he pulled out a twist of still smouldering tow.

"This is what has driven your horse wild, sir," he said to the captain. "Poor brute some one has played him a cruel trick."

The captain turned white to the lips. He guessed who the miscreant was. That morning, being a strict disciplinarian, he had administered a sharp rebuke to some of his men, one of whom had taken the retipman in all part.

"But you," he said, taking his rescuer by the hand,—"how can I ever thank you enough? Only for your timely help I might be lying dead by the roadside."

"You owe me no thanks, sir. I have only done my duty as a Christian."

"A duty, my friend, that few would have performed so promptly and so bravely. What is your name, please? And what can I do for you?"

"Never mind about my name, sir. I am quite content to have saved the life of one of his Majesty's officers,—and a gallant one at that, to judge by your looks."

"At least take this Rosary, as a token of my gratitude. I shall never forget this day; and if ever I can be of service to you, come with this Rosary, and ask for Captain Joseph Radezky."

So saying he put the elegant silver Rosary into the man's rough hand.

"I will accept the Rosary with thanks, but I hope I shall not need to call on you for help. I shall keep it carefully, and pray God that, if it be His will, you may do many a brave deed on the battlefield and attain great honors."

These words now seemed to the field marshal to have been prophetic, though he hardly heeded them at the time. He had never seen his rescuer again; and to-day, through the providence of God, he had met the son of that worthy man, and the sight of that Rosary reminded him of the debt he owed him. Now the time had come to repay that debt, and the white-haired General resolved to do so to the utmost of his power.

Radezky kept his word. He wrote a letter with his own hand to inform the widow, as gently as possible, of her husband's brave death, assuring her that she and her children should not feel the pinch of poverty, as was often the case when the breadwinner fell in the field. He placed the eldest son, to whom his father's Rosary was duly forwarded, in a military school; and he in his turn became an able officer, who ended his life only too early on the battlefield. The other members of the family were also provided for; and to each was given a silver Rosary, with the request to say it sometimes for their benefactor the then aged veteran, Radezky.

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