### Calendar for Oct. 1905. Moon's PHASES.

First Quarter 5d., 6h., 54m. a m Full Moon 13d., 6h., 3m. a. m. Last Quarter 21d., 6h., 51m. s. m. New Moon 28d., 0h., 58m. a. m.

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D	Day	Que	Qum	Maan	Hich	Wat
of M	of Week	Rises	Sets	Sets	High Water a. m.	Hig

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		b.m.  b.m		b. m.	b. m.	b
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2	Mon.	6 14 5 56		0 52	2 29	ft
3	Tues.	6 16 5 54		1 24	3 17	1
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### Evening.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

Slow come the clanking herds to ward pasture bare; Across the bridge loud creak the lumbering wain; The thrush sings as at sunrise

and again Bloom in the skies of eve the lilied

Dim poppies clasp to hearts drowsy sleep The honey bees that waver, tired

of flight;

And butterflies drop anchor for the night Where golden roses ope cool harbors deep.

From wayside tree there comes rustle sweet : (O Angelus of silence

calm !)
And in the boughs there wakes a sound of psalm-The Angel's Ave that the airs re-

peat. Now fades the afterglow in twilight

The wind drops to its nest with falling lark; And only dews toil

through the dark, ng the roof of rose

-Ave Maria.

## Catholic Sweetheart and Spinster.

MARY SARSPIELD GILMORE, IN N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.]

(Continued from last week.)

Mother Church first, and we might almost add "and last," since as yet she has few followers, recognizes the single life as a secular vocation, and the spinster honorable in her observance of it. Therefore the Church is the Catholic spinster's court of appeal and refuge. It supplies all that the blind, foolish world may deny her. In the Church is love-Divine love harmonized in the Sav. iour, idealized in the eucharistic real presence, and vitalized in its tenderest and most appealing incarnate phase, in the crib of Bethlehem. In the Church is friendship of the supreme type that even a Napoleon recognized as "the true image of gently upon the human world and the Deity"-the friendship of the doubt that there is a divinely-ordainfather of souls, of the priestly brother ed place for the spinster, a specific of Oatholic men and women, whose wounds are faithful, and who heals them with sacramental balm. In the Church, too, the arts and acethetics lavish upon the socially isolated woman their purest and highest achievements - classic beauty of architecture, of sculpture, of painting; the divine art of music in its ecclesiastic simplicity, inspired eloquence and orstory, impressive rites, majestic service, a bounty of lights and flowers, all encompassed by the atmosphere of the " peace passing understanding"-that is the desire of all bumanity, yet the world's vain quest, sought outside of the one true "sanctuary." The Catholic spir. ster who loves her church knows that all love, all friendship, all pure pleasures are in it. Possessing it she lacks nothing, she misses nothing, even of heart life, or social life In truth, the Church is the earthly vestibule of the heaven where there is "neither marriage nor giving in marriage."

But the spinster of especially religious instincts is apt to cloister be self in seclusion, so she is less familiarly in evidence than the spinster called to the active life, against whom the world's darts are directed If she serves little children ber " ms ternal passion" is criticized. If she visits the sick, "charity is the resource of old maids." If she is gen erous in alms-giving, "she has no other use for her money." If mode cet means or absorbing life-work compel financial economy, "old maids are stingy, selfish old thinge." If her nature is genial and her you b and beauty not yet of the past, she still lives in hope" or is "setting her SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemiete how bitter was his cup of sorrows, and

## Aching Joints

inflamed and swollen by rheumatism— that acid condition of the blood which, affects the lauscles also. ting or lying long, and their

"I had an attack of the grip which left me reak and helphes and suffeting from rheu-natism." I began taking Hoods Sarsapa-illa and this madiche has entirely cured

Hood's Sarsaparilla Removes the cause of rheumatism-outward application can. Take it

cap" for Mr. Anybody. If she flush nto fame as a genius in any artistic lirection, by what right does she ing of love or write of marriage or paint a lover or compose lullables? Indelicacy, she should ignore such subjects; and how does she know so much about them, anyway? The spiritual Pharisee and social Philisine grant no benefit of the doubt to the intuition of genius. An old maid's intuitions must not be senti-31 Tues. 6 536 07 8 12 0 12 1 21 mental or emotional; and genius is an impropriety on the part of the unmarried woman.

> But meantime the spinster goes her way undaunted. Not unwounded-O, no, she is only a woman! But the hurts and the stabe are but her thorn crown and heart cross, and her strong spirit carries them gravely. If she has achieved her vocation through voluntary choice, be sure she has followed her heart and is recompensed for her loss of love; her genius or zeal, or whatever impulse she has obeyed, being her ruling passion. If the single state has seen thrust upon her by any human mischance representing God's Providence, she has but to rise on the stepping stone of dead self to reach heaven by the short-out of resigna-

fate of the spinster than of the wife

and mother. She misses the trials as well as the joys of married life, and the world ignores her compensations when it pities here. There are women to whom absolute liberty is not a luxury but a necessity-who orave independence, who must live their own lives in their own way, and who would suffer intolerably in the married relation. There is a virginal type of soul to which marriage would be impossible; a soul not less tender and loving for its vestal chastity. It is an angelic spirit that cannot submit to human intimacy. Intrusion upon its privacy is its exquisite agony. It has the sensitiveness of a modesty which has no morbid sentiment, but a rare and beautiful spiritual grace. There is a type of intellect that demands perfect solitude and seclusion whose fruition depends on its aloofness from the social atmosphere, and which is never less lonely than when alone. There is a temperament to which individuality is as the breath of life, and which cannot conform or affiliate itself, bowever docile its intention. Above all, there are many classes of women whose innate tastes and preferences are antagonistic to the domestic and social obligations of the married state. These would be both sorry and sorrowful failures as wives and housewives and mothers, while in the single life they achieve content and success. All

happy though a spinster." Seriously, can we look out intellifield for her unfettered energies? There is a call for corporal and spiritual works of mercy from quarters that the active religious orders do not because they cannot reach; and to which the wife and mother whose charity begins at home, and whose first duty is to her husband and children, cannot, even when she would, respond. There are universal causes to be served by the life free of personal ties. There are movements of social reform for which exclusive devotion is necessary-there are in-

these types represent the incredible

woman, who knows "how to be

## The Better Way

inflamed and irritated; you Archbishop of Cosenza and the tion-more coughing, You take two letters lying near the foot of the a cough mixture and it eases the orneifix. Until a few days ago no-

and it cures the cold. That's Even the irreligious papers, have what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because ruined villages of his diocese. it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's bas to say to me," said the Pope, how Scott's Emulsion deals with taking up his letter and beginning to or bronchitis.

tellectual labore which only the soli- how many claims there were on his MISCELLANEOUS tary life has liberty and leisure to charity. But he was driven to it. pursue—there is a spiritual orusade His doicese was a heap of ruins; he

Unjustified, unrecompensed, vocaonless, barren and wasted, is it, then-the life of the Catholic spinster? Not in the light of heaven, not in the eyes of the angels, not in he records of the Book of Judgment, ven though the world and mankind etain eternally their narrow and ulgar conviction !

But no! Let us accredit poor irth with its vaunted "progreson" and anticipate the day when recognition of the true sisterhood of Oatholic sweetheart and spinster will establish their just social equality!

### A Night Interview With linen that could be rescued from his the Pope.

It was after the Ave Maria one ight this week, and the Vatican was wrapped in darkness, except for etray light here and there in one or other of the windows. The Swise on guard opened the wicket of the pronze doors in answer to a knock, He at once recognized the priest outside, and with a friendly " Bouns sera," allowed him to pass unquesioned. The salutation was repeated at the head of the staircase opening on the Court of San Damaso by the gendarme on duty, and at each landng of the Scala Regia where a soliary guard paced to and fro in the im light. A minute later the priest was making his way through a long Cosenze and Mileto. series of silent, empty halls-not s guard did he meet, or a chamberlain. or a servant, and not a sound was t be heard, not even of his footsteps as they moved over the carpets But his goal was in sight at last, when he beheld a thin line of light outting the floor for a few feet at the end of the passage. He paused for a moment at the door of red baize to wipe away the perspiration from But sorrow is less commonly the his face, for it was a close night, and he had mounted several hundreds of steps since he had said "Buona sera" to the Swiss at the bronze doors. Then he tapped on the wooden frame of the baize door.

THE CRUCIFIX AND TWO LETTERS. "Avantil" called a voice from within, and the priest entered. The room was very large, so large that the far end of it was buried in gloom; stupid formalities have been multiplieven the book-cases and busts and ed. The Holy Father's alms have cognizable from memory rather than and with discretion, by the priests and from sight. All the light of the Bishops. After the last great earthapartment was concentrated in a quake which devastated Calabria in Burns, etc. little space on the right of the door; the eighteenth century, a rather an electric reading-lamp threw a interesting pamphlet was printed to flood of brilliancy on the big desk, prove that the Jesuits were the real pamphlets. But there was a free the Civilta Cattolica have been wily animal's mouth and blow." space in the centre, evidently used for writing, and here the rays from the lamp fell directly on the crucifix, for the sufferers in the columns of and on two letters that lay open might read them. There was a thousand, which have been at once der myself." Bishop's crest at the head of each of turned over to the Holy Father to be

A PENNILESS PONTIFF. The only person in the room when the priest entered was the Holy Father himself. He was seated close to the desk, but not writing, and he put his hand up to his eyes to shade off the light so that he might see the features of his visitor. "Ah! it is you, father,' be exclaimed, as he stretched forth his hand, while the priest knelt to kiss his ring. "Well | and what good news have you for me this evening ?" But in spite of the cherry greeting the priest saw at once that something was the matter. The Pope looked unusually pale and sad, and he hardly smiled when he spoke; his face was drawn, and there was a care-worn expression in his eyes, " Has your Holiness had any further news from Calabria?" the visitor asked, with a suspicion that the cause of his distress might be found here; and he was right. "Ab ! yes," said Pius X., "I have had news, of course. Every day brings its tale of sorrow, and every day's news is more distressing than the

last. You know how I have sent the bishops and priests all the money that I possessed or could gather together. It was little enough, but it was more than could be spared, and just when I am empty-handed I The tissues of the throat are receive these two letters from the cough, and there is more irrita- Bishop of Mileto," and he pointed to irritation-for a while. You take body outside his own large diocese had ever heard about Mgr Morabite, the young Bishop who has ruled over Mileto for the last seven years, but now his name has become almost a household word throughout Itlay.

" POVERO POPOLO, E POVERO PAPA! 'This is what the Bishop of Mileto a sore throat, a cough, a cold, read. It was not a long epistle, but there were no superflous words in it. The Bishop was pained to have to write to his Holiness, for he knew

which only virginity can carry to had passed through it to find his cently presented his better half with victory, repeating the history of Una churches and presbyteries thrown in a handsome dining room lamp on shapeless masses on the ground, or her birthday.

seamed with crevices and unsafe as He was much flattered when she places of worship; he had seen little told him she intended to give it his orphans cry over the mangled re- name, until he asked her seasons for mains of their parents as, the bodies so peculiar a proceeding. were dug out from the debris of their "Well," said she, "you know,

nomes; thousands of empty hands dear, it has a good deal of brass were stretched out to him for relief about it, it is handsome to look at, wherever he went. And until now requires a good deal of attention, is ne had been able to do a little remarkably brilliant, liable to exthrough the offerings he had received plode at times, flares up occasionally, from many parts of Italy, but he was it is always out at bedtime, and is at the end of his resources. That day bound to smoke " he had stood near the threshold of

### Doctor the Horses.

what had once been his residence,

distributing relief to the famishing

write you; my people are crying out

to me for bread and covering, and I

have no longer a house of my own or

penny to buy to-morrow's dinner.

so I throw myself on your father's

heart, begging you for God's sake to

help us." The Pope laid down the

etter and looked at the priest, and

then the priest flushed and grew pale

again as he saw the tears fall from the

Pope's eyes on the open letter. "Just

at the moment when I have nothing

to send him," said the Pope:

povero popolo, e povero papa!

Happily his Holiness was able to

send another large sum next day to

four thousand pounds; collections

have been made in the ceurches

processions have been formed in the

streets of the large towns to gather the

alms of the charitable, industrial

societies have made offerings that

may well be considered handsome for

Italy, but it is to be feared that too

much red tape has sometimes been

used in the distribution of the relief.

Instead of handing the money, food,

and covering over to the clergy and

local authorities, as it arrived, useless

committees have been formed and

een distributed quietly, promptly

enough to divert suspicion from the

company by opening a subscription

distributed as he thinks best .-

The woman who buys

Dress Goods now-a-days

has yet to buy right, but

matter of "How Cheap.

A-how cheap dress that is

old fashioned and that will

sample.-Stanley Bros.

London Tablet,

men and women and children, and when he stopped he had nothing writes: "My husband would not be more to give-even the beds and the without Hagyard's Yellow Oil in the house, as he uses it a good deal for house had been distributed. " And doctoring up the horses and considers now, Holy Father," the letter conit splendid." Price 25c. cluded in substance, "you know why

> A certain man had, somewhat late n life, taken unto himself a wife. who was, to put it temperately, not precisely in the first bloom of her youth. At the wedding the man's mother took occasion to say . " Ves. I'm glad to see John married and settled at last. An' I'm really pleased at the choice he's made, too. He couldn't 'a suited me better. Ye see, young girls is skittish and hard to manage, and widders is set in their ways, but old maids is always so thankful and willin' to

### Neuralgia.

"I had been suffering about six A great wave of public aharity has months with Neuralgia when I wept over Itcly since the morning started taking Milburn's Rheumatic when the first news of the catastrophe Pills. They did me more good than became known; all the great newsany medicine I ever used. Mrs. papers have opened subscriptions Annie Ryan, Sand Point, N. S. some of which have realized three and

> The schoolmaster of a certain vilage asked the pupils the following question :-

"Suppose in a family there are ive children and mother has only our potatoes between them. Now, she wants to give to every child an equal share. What is she going to

Silence reigned in the room.

Everybody calculated very hard, till a little boy stood up and gave, to the great surprise of the school master, the following unexpected

" Mash the potatoes, sir."

Minard's Liniment cures

"Thomas," said a gentleman to his groom, "I want you to give the showing it to be piled high around cause (if not the authors) of the horse a powder. Put the powder the edges with papers, books and calamity. This time the Jesuits of into a tube, place the tube into the

A few minutes later the groom ushed into his master's presence in a state of great excitement, and being their famous magazine. Their own asked what the matter was, replied : near the foot of it, almost as if they offering was 10,000 francs, and lo a "Oh. sir, I had just got the tube had been placed there so that the few days their friends and accomplices in the horse's mouth when he eyes of the suffering Christ have run up the amount to over sixty coughed-and I swallowed the pow

## A Well Known Man.

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not stand the wear and tear A lady who had tsken several is not the one wide awake equestrian lessons asked ber English people buy. They want a instructor one day, "Well, Mr. dress right up to-date in Pummell, have I made good prog-

every particular. Quality, ress?" "Weli, I can't say, ma'am," said style, we have, and good wear the instructor, "as 'ow you rides resisting qualities. This is werry well as yet, but you falls the kind we sell. Send for hoff, ma'am, a deal more gracefully as wot you did at first !"

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Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera

Morbus, Cholera Infantum,

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