Calendar for Dec., 1909.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter 4d. 12h. 13m. p. m.
New Moon 12d. 3h. 59m. p. m.
First Quarter 19d. 10h. 18m. p. m.
Full Moon 26d. 5h. 30m. p. m.

D of M	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Moon Sets	High Water a. m.	High Water p. m.
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
1	Wed	7 33	4 40	8 55	0 24	2 23
2	Thu	7 24	4 40	10 04	1 03	3 14
3	Fri	7 35	4 40	11 10	1 47	4 05
4	Sat	7 36	4 40	a. m.	2 45	4 57
5	Sun	7 37	4 39	0 23	3 55	5 47
6	Mon	7 38	4 39	1 15	5 21	6 30
7	Tue	7 39	4 39	2 16	6 50	7 11
8	Wed	7 40	4 39	3 18	7 57	8 43
9	Thu	7 41	4 39	4 20	8 48	8 36
10	Fri	7 42	4 39	5 24	9 32	9 01
11	Sat	7 43	4 39	6 28	10 14	9 32
12	Sun	7 44	4 39	[illegible]	10 54	10 05
13	Mon	7 44	4 39	5 19	11 35	10 38
14	Tue	7 45	4 39	6 15	12 20	11 14
15	Wed	7 46	4 40	7 22	1 05	11 53
16	Thu	7 47	4 40	8 30	.....	1 31
17	Fri	7 48	4 40	9 43	0 35	2 39
18	Sat	7 48	4 41	0 58	1 24	3 27
19	Sun	7 49	4 41	a. m.	2 27	4 13
20	Mon	7 49	4 41	0 11	3 48	5 00
21	Tue	7 50	4 42	1 26	5 06	5 52
22	Wed	7 50	4 42	2 40	6 20	6 45
23	Thu	7 51	4 43	3 57	7 33	7 37
24	Fri	7 51	4 44	5 17	8 42	8 25
25	Sat	7 52	4 44	6 32	9 46	9 09
26	Sun	7 52	4 45	[illegible]	10 44	9 52
27	Mon	7 52	4 45	5 30	11 39	10 36
28	Tue	7 52	4 46	6 36	12 30	11 23
29	Wed	7 53	4 47	7 44	.....	1 17
30	Thu	7 53	4 48	8 52	0 08	2 00
31	Fri	7 53	4 49	9 59	0 54	2 40

(Continued from first page)

in a few minutes if he does not get "fresh air." And they all denied themselves "fresh air" until Father Heaney had anointed that poor man before he died. When they heard that others were probably alive in the mine, Walter Waite, one of the rescued men, cried out: "Then I am not going out of this mine until I get the others," and he had to be carried out by force. Could a gentleman be more heroic?

Waite's son, Leonard, a little crippled boy, had thought his father dead. When he heard his father was alive he "threw away his crutches and ran without aid for the first time in his life." That the son of such a father should possess such vital force is not incredible.

The story strengthens one's faith in human nature. "Gentle" men are more numerous than "gentlemen." The word had a fine significance when men of English speech reverenced and strove to imitate "the gentle Saviour." It was then the "gentle is as gentle does" grew to be a proverb. The Cherry coal miners have stood the test. God's image shines as brightly in coal-mines as in clubs.—America.

Mary of the Rose.

(For the Freeman's Journal.)

One lovely autumn afternoon
We reached the Poconos
Where nature all her matchless gifts
With lavish hand bestows.
The mountains in their autumn garb
Of scarlet, brown and gold,
With here and there a tint of green,
Were wond'rous to behold.

And not less fair the distant scene
In various shades of blue,
Off where the famous Water Gap
Adds interest to the view.
We passed around High Knob and gazed
Adown the wooded glen,
The like of which we may not see
In this fair world again.

They call that valley Paradise—
'Tis worthy of the name—
We fancied every crimson branch
An angel sword aflame.
Sweet are the legends men relate
Of how the settlers came
And gave that charming little glen
Its still more charming name.

O, they were noble pioneers
Who bravely toiled along,
And cheered each other on the way
With strains of sacred song.
Far over on the mountain side
Within God's sore green
They rest, who once like us admired
The beauties of that scene.

We fondly trust they live with God
Who faithfully through life,
Clung firmly to the holy Faith
'Mid hardships, toils and strife.
That they rejoice now to behold
Far up the mountain height,
The symbol of that living faith
Gleam out in golden light.

It marks the soul-inspiring church,
St. Mary of the Mount,
The dearest place in all the land
Whose beauties I recount.
Within that consecrated shrine,
New beauties we beheld,
Where rustic colors still prevailed,
In softness unexcelled.

There through the mullioned windows came
The waves of tinted light
And lit the marble altar fair
So perfect and so white.
The statues placed on either side
Possess a thousand charms;
The Foster-father with the Child
Reclining in his arms.

And oh! sweet Mary of the Mount,
Our Lady full of grace,—
The sculptor surely was inspired
Who wrought that lifelike face.
The pleading look in those calm eyes
Would melt a heart of stone—
What must it mean to really stand
Before her heavenly throne?

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 sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"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 Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, 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 gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." MRS. THOMAS IRWIN, Wallenburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

In reverential awe, I knelt
Before the silver fair,
And thanked the Eucharistic God,
Who deigns to linger there,
For all the beauties I beheld
In nature and in art,
O, may they serve to draw more souls
Still closer to His heart!

MARY ROSE.

Scranton, Pa.

A Word for the Trained Nurse.

The trained nurse! Despite the beneficent change she has wrought in the sickroom, we cannot disguise from ourselves the truth that there still lingers in the minds of some sane broadminded people a certain prejudice against her and her methods. So strong is the disfavor with some that the nurse is occasionally obliged to lay aside her uniform and feign to be a neighbor who has "just stepped in to lend a hand with the nursing." It is maintained, and not without reason, that the very sight of the cap and apron is a danger signal to a nervous patient. She must be very ill, or a trained nurse would not be engaged.

She is an expensive luxury, urge other protestants, to say nothing of the tyranny some of the guild exercise over the whole household that is so unfortunate as to need her services. I could fill this and twenty more pages with authentic anecdotes in support of this objection to the sisterhood and not exhaust the stock at command of memory.

These and what may be catalogued as "sentimental reasons" incline many families to dispense with the salaried ministrations of the trained nurse and to depend in illness upon relative, friend or neighbor, who curses for the love of the calling or for the patient and those to whom the sufferer is dear.

Since I began this paper, what I reckon as a coincidence brought to my study a young kinsman recently recovered from a somewhat serious attack of illness. Knowing that he had been nursed by a favorite maid of his mother, who had begged for the privilege by virtue of her long residence in the family and natural aptitude for nursing, combined with experience, I catechised him upon the subject in hand.

"I have had trained nurses in several previous illnesses," he testified. "Two were methodical and perfunctorily attentive. I recognized myself as a part of the machinery of which they were the motive power. They were quietly despotic, taking absolute obedience on my part as a matter of course. If I were cross, it mattered nothing to them personally. After representing professionally that excitement would raise my temperature and retard recovery, they disregarded ebullitions of temper and lowness of mind. It was like being in a refrigerator. No. 3 of the bespapped and bespectacled sisterhood was fast to acidity, if I ventured to demur to any of her measures. She dragooned my poor mother and scolded the servants, raised a tempest in a teapot generally in the well-ordered household. I got well as fast as possible to get rid of her.

"Recollections of her reign were my chief reason for seconding Mary's petition to be allowed to take care of me in the last attack. She is a watchful and tender nurse, and it sounds horribly ungrateful to criticize her methods—bless her old soul! But you want the truth, you say.

"In the first place she set the room in order for a siege by arranging the medicine bottles and boxes, etc., upon a table not far from the bed, and in full sight. The table was spread with a clean napkin, renewed daily, and the bottles and boxes were in straight line, the biggest in the middle and graded down to each end. I used to lie and stare at them, and wonder which was which, and wish they had not a sort of fascination that forced me to look at them. My professional nurses kept the paraphernalia of medicines, plasters and the like out of my sight, and, I think, out of the room. Many pounded each dose at my bedside, counting the drops audibly. I never knew how much I had to take in a day till I saw the stuff until the table and nurse had spoon or glass at my elbow. I was administered silently, the glass of water that was to take out the taste was held to my lips, and the thing was over. Mary 'wondered if it wasn't time to take the next dose,' or that 'bother'g alcohol bath,' or 'wasn't I hungry, and couldn't I think of something I should like to eat?' or 'was the room not light?' or 'didn't I think that I could sleep if she read the evening paper to me? There was a story of a murder that might interest me.' Oh! Wouldn't I like to have her read the report of the big football game?'

"I couldn't hurt her feelings by saying that she reads badly and that I should certainly jump out of the window if she tried to 'render' the sporting page. So I pretended to be asleep, and she dozed in the room until I could just make out the outlines of the awful array of bottles and boxes on the stand (she never threw one away and I could hear her 'snuffle-snuffling' the family on in the hall for the long hour, and she asking under her breath the name of Mr. Philip has dropped off to sleep, so mustn't be disturbed on no account whatsoever.'

"She asked the doctor in my hearing one day if he didn't think that sleeping so much was a bad symptom?' and I burst out laughing in her face. That was another difference between her and the trained nurse. She either revealed the secret of symptoms, temperature and other features of the case audibly to him in my presence, or, what was worse, she took him to the far side of the room and imparted them in a sepulchral whisper that made my blood run cold. The trained nurse passed over her chart silently and out of my sight, and, while the doctor read it, busied herself quietly and naturally around my bed that I might not notice what he was doing.

"I used to wish I could beg Mary not to lean upon the foot rail of my bed while she talked to me or watched me eat and drink. She always took her stand there and crossed her arms upon the rail, her eyes bored ponderously upon me, and chattered in an undertone, as in a death chamber, after she had made my bed or given my medicine or brought in my meals.

"Don't forget to speak of these meals. She cooked every mouthful I ate with her own hands. She is a capital cook, and her entreaties that the doctor would allow the poor young gentleman nourishing and tasty food were heartrending. I detest that word 'tasty' as violently as you do, and she was positively addicted to it. When she had wrung from the worried practitioner permission to broil an oyster or roast a squab or toast up an omelet, or stew a sweetbread or some other 'tasty' treat for me, she made hot haste to get it ready, and would let nobody else bring it to me. For luncheon the first day I was permitted to touch meat after the fever went off she brought a big tray and placed it right beside me, cooing over me as a robin who brings a particularly fat slug to her nest.

"The sweetbread was the piece de resistance, but in case 'the poor dear young gentleman might not relish it,' she flanked it by a poached egg—'poached in cream, dear, to make it real tasty'—a plate of creamed toast, one of thin graham bread and butter and one of dry toast, for my choice. Then there was a cup of tea and a crisp stalk of celery 'just to chew and put a taste into my mouth.'

"I had the grip, you know, and maybe you know, too, that it is accompanied by dumb nausea, indescribably distressing. I did my best to eat a bit of the sweetbread, and tried not to see that loathy poached egg! It almost broke her heart. I am sure, but she thanked me for saying it was 'nice' and hoped my appetite 'would come up soon.'

"She asked me forty-eight times in one day, 'How are you feeling by now?' and twenty-seven times, 'What would you like to have me do for you, Mr Philip, dear?' I counted them all. Somehow I couldn't help doing it. The nervous fret brought up my temperature, and she assured the doctor that I had been kept perfectly quiet all day and had not been allowed to speak a word.

"I feel like a cad in telling you all this, auntie, although you say it may be pro bono publico. My own blessed mother could not have nursed me more tenderly. I suppose it is not to be expected of human nature that a professional nurse could engraft tenderness upon skill and tact. The kindest-hearted woman alive has not tenderness enough to go around a circle of cases. It is inevitable that the chilled services they render at so much 'per' must be more or less perfunctory. I wonder if it is an impossibility for the mothers and the Maries who love us too much to resign the care of us in sickness to hirelings, to study the methods by which they supplement the physician's efforts in our behalf?"

I give the tale as it is told to me. If I might add anything to be true narrative of the stalwart six footer, whose present condition may be in part owing to the faithful nursing of the devoted amateur, and is undoubtedly due in a large measure to subsequent toil in garden and field, in which one of my boys once pined for when ill in the city, as "a whole skyful of fresh air"—if I might, I say, supplement his graphic report, it would be to substitute the claims of the trained nurse upon our confidence by asking if her very freedom from the anxiety mother and Mary must feel on behalf of the sufferer be not one element of her success? Her perspective of the case in hand is not blurred by loving dreads, and her judgment is not weakened by personal partiality for this particular Philip above a dozen other boys who have grip or measles or typhoid.

The cool common sense that withholds the surgeon from operating upon wife or child or mother indicposes the amateur from taking the sole responsibility of nursing one of her own kith and kin, or one in whom her professional interest may be colored by affection. All the same, mothers and Maries may learn much from watching the ways and means of the professional nurse.—The Irish Packet.

Grand Trunk Railway System

DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE.—THE CALL OF THE WEST.

The new territory in the Western Canada which the Grand Trunk Pacific is opening up is so attractive to farmers, prospectors and investors in the Western States that Minnesota and other States in the Union interested are organizing through their commercial bodies movements designed to counteract the heavy migration that has set in the to north. A meeting of the Minnesota commercial organizations has been called for November 23rd to develop a method whereby some obstructions can be placed in the way of his emigration. The "St. Paul Despatch" of November 10th says that—

"Considerable interest in the gathering has been manifested by cities in North Dakota, and several requests that they be permitted to be represented have been received. While it was at first proposed to have the conference discussed only the possibility of securing settlers for Minnesota, it is now possible that a united effort will be made to keep American farmers on this side of the Canadian border. The conference will prepare literature showing the actual land conditions in Minnesota and North Dakota. This literature will be scattered broadcast over the country and special efforts made to see that it reaches the persons who are at present interested in Canadian lands.

It is said that thousands of farmers, who have sold their land in Eastern States, pass through Minnesota annually on their way to Canada. It is thought that if the advantages offered here could be shown to the immigrants a large portion of them would make this their home."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

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 reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1908 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Madigan.

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Our mail order department gives immediate and careful attention to all orders received by mail or telephone. There is no reason why you should not enjoy all the advantages of a large and carefully selected stock. We can do as well for you as any house in Canada. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. We prepay the freight on all parcels over $5.00 in value.

Troubled With Constipation For Years.

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous to your health and should be corrected at once for if this is not done constipation and all sorts of diseases are liable to attack you.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation and all Stomach, Liver and Bowel complaints.

Mr. Henry Pearce, 49 Standish Ave., Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—"Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying various so-called remedies without giving me no good whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial; they are, indeed, a splendid pill, and I can heartily recommend them to all those who suffer from constipation."

Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for $1.00 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Two well known wags were ambling homeward at an early hour after being up nearly all night.

'Does your wife miss you, on these occasions?' asked one.

'Not often,' replied the other. 'She throws pretty straight.'

Patrick Jones, New York's superintendent of school supplies, was talking at a dinner about corporal punishment.

"Corporal punishment in our schools is no more," he said, "and that is a good thing. Undeniable tho, many a boy showed wonderful pluck.

"I remember a boy named Bill, Bill, brave fellow, was doing miserably one day in geometry recitation.

"'Now, sir,' said the schoolmaster savagely, 'for the last time, what is the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle equivalent to?'

"'It's equivalent to a lickin' fer me sir. There's the club,' said Bill."

A Sensible Merchant.

Mrs. Fred. Lane, 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."

Don't you know, little boy, that it is ungentlemanly to shout your neighbor's name?

"I don't, ma'am. Maw won't let me play with 'em."

Minard's Liniment Cures colds, tec.

A magazine contributor, being hard pressed by his creditors, recently wrote to his editor, "Please send check at once, as my gas bill is due!" The candid editor replied in his brief fashion: "So is mine, God help us all."

Muscular Rheumatism.

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

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

A young captain, who was drilling the awkward squad, commanded thus:

"Now, my men, listen to me. When I say 'Halt!' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air, and remain motionless."

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

"Bronchitis."

THE SYMPTOMS ARE

Tightness across the Chest, Sharp Pains and a Difficulty in Breathing, a Secretion of Thick Phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color coming from the bronchial tubes when coughing, especially the first thing in the morning.

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather and when neglected will become chronic.

Chronic Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption. Cure the first symptoms of Bronchitis by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Bronchitis Cured.

Miss Martha Bourget, Little Paboos, Que., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, had a bad cough, sick headache, could not sleep, and was tired all the time. I consulted two doctors, and both told me I had bronchitis, and advised me to give up teaching. I tried almost everything but none of the medicines gave me any relief. One of my friends advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had scarcely taken the first bottle when I began to get better and when I had taken the fourth bottle I felt as well as ever, my cough had left me and I could sleep well."

Dr. Wood's is the original Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents. There are many imitations of Dr. Wood's. See that you receive the genuine when you ask for it.

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TEMPERANCE DRINKS!

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, etc.

If you need anything in Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars or Cigarettes, we can supply you.

DROP IN AND INSPECT.

JAMES KELLY & CO.

June 23, 1909—3m

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Mrs. Larter, Proprietress.

Will now be conducted on

KENT STREET

Near Corner of Queen.

Look out for the old sign, King Edward Hotel, known everywhere for first class accommodation at reasonable prices.

June 12, 1907.

Pressed Hay WANTED!

We will buy some good bright Timothy Hay.

C. Lyons & Co.

Feb. 10th, 1909—2i

Montague Dental Parlors

We guarantee all our plate to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

Teeth pulled and extracted absolutely painless.

A. J. FRASER, D. D.

Aug. 15 1906 —3m

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