

Calendar for Nov., 1909.

MOON'S PHASES. Last Quarter 4.5h. 38m. p. m. New Moon 12.4h. 10h. 13m. p. m. First Quarter 20.1h. 29m. p. m. Full Moon 27d. 4h. 52m. p. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun, Moon, High Water, Low Water. Rows for days of the month from 1st to 30th.

(Continued from first page.)

scribes of the period, but it is the illustrations, borders, initial letters, etc., that render it a perfect house of art. No wonder Giraldus Cambrianus, who was sent by Henry III. on an embassy to Ireland in 1185, should have insisted that it could have been written only by angels. Fancy what seems a mere colored dot to the naked eye becoming, under the power of the microscope, a conventional bunch of foliage, with a conventional bird among the branches. In speaking of the minuteness and almost microscopic correctness of the drawing. Westwood mentions that "with the aid of a powerful lens, he counted within the space of one inch, one hundred and sixty interlacings of bands or ribbons, each ribbon composed of a strip of white, bordered on each side by a black strip."

"No words," says Dr. Middleton, professor of Fine Arts in Cambridge University, in his admirable work on illuminated delicacy of the ornamentation of this book, lavishly decorated as it is with all the different varieties of ingeniously intricate and knotted lines of color, plained in and out with such complicated in reliefment that one cannot look at the page without astonishment at the combined taste, patience, unflinching certainty of touch, and imaginative ingenuity of the artist. With regard to the intricate interlaced ornaments in which, with the aid of a lens, each line can be followed on in its winding and never found to break off or lead to an impossible loop or knotting, it is evident that the artist must have enjoyed not only an aesthetic pleasure in the invention of his pattern, but must also have had a distinct intellectual enjoyment of his work such as a skillful mathematician feels in working out a complicated mathematical problem.

It would be impossible, in our limited space, to enter into an analysis of the different classes of ornaments in this book, the most wonderful example of human workmanship the world has ever produced. One of the most noteworthy is formed by bands or dispers of step-like lines surrounding minute spaces of intricately brilliant color, a sort of cloisonne inlay, suggested evidently by the inlay with bits of transparent caruncle employed by the Irish jewelers in gold jewelry. Another prominent feature is the use of spirals initiated from the application of gold wire to flat surfaces.

It may be as well to state that the scribes of the Irish manuscripts were evidently much indebted to the goldsmith's art, which judging by the museum of the Irish Academy, must have attained an unsurpassable delicacy and beauty in Ireland during the first centuries of the Christian era. Dr. Keller considers the spirals the most difficult of the patterns. "They are," says he, "real masterpieces which furnish magnificent evidence of the extraordinary firmness of the hand of the artist! The beautiful trumpet pattern of which so much has been written is the expansion of the spiral into something in the form of a trumpet." Some years ago an attempt was made to issue a series of photographic reproductions of the principal pages and most striking initials, but it was found impossible to reproduce, by any mechanical process, the colors, which are as fresh and as brilliant today as when the artist laid them on twelve centuries ago.

The Book of Armagh, containing, among many other pieces a Life of St. Patrick and a complete copy of the New Testament in Latin, is almost as beautifully written as the Book of Kells. It was finished in 807 by the skillful scribe, Ferdomnach of A-magh, and is now in Trinity College Dublin. Another book, scarcely inferior in beauty of execution to the Book of Kells, is preserved in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth. It is a copy of the Gospels, now known as the Book of M. Duran, written in Ireland some time from 800 to 850.—N. Y. Freeman Journal

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat and can't get your stomach in shape. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it, it gets tired, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. Nozzer, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

Lord Rosebery Sounds Praise of the Seaforth Highlanders.

Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh on Oct. 9, reviewed about four hundred veterans of the Seaforth Highlanders, including Colonel and Major heroes, and opened a Seaforth Highlanders' Association Club. The occasion was marked by much ceremonial, and was attended by many members of the Scottish nobility, as well as by representatives of Scottish military headquarters' staff. The Club has been formed to make provision in civil life for the comfort of veterans Seaforths. Nothing on such advanced lines exists elsewhere in the country. The premises of the Club are situated in Albany Street, Edinburgh. Its members will consist exclusively of non-commissioned officers and men who are members of the Seaforth Highlanders' Association. For the purpose a mansion-house has been converted into a club. It has been decorated with many of the proud emblems associated with the prowess of the Seaforths in war. Mr. Charles Pelham Burns read the following telegram from the King: Balmoral Castle, 10.30 a. m., Saturday.—The King desires me to thank you for your telegram, and in reply to say that he is glad to hear that the club which is formed for so excellent a purpose, is to be opened this afternoon. His Majesty always welcomes any understanding which provides for the welfare and comfort of his own soldiers, and wishes the club all success. DAVIDSON. (Loud cheers.)

General Forbes McBane, 1st Gordon Highlanders, then invited Lord Rosebery to open the club. Lord Rosebery, who spoke in the open street in front of the club, and was received with cheers, and a voice "And he is not a soldier," said: "A voice from the crowd has reminded me of what I was only too conscious of before, that I am not a soldier. I never have been. I am the wrong man to be a soldier at all. (Laughter.) I am not a Highlander. (Laughter.) I am happy to think that, though I am a staunch Lowlander, I have this consolation that the Seaforths do not belong to the Highlands alone. (Cheers.) They are the property of Great Britain, eye of the Empire. (Cheers.) Nothing is more remarkable in the history of the illustrious corps than the fact that almost all its great services have been rendered in Asia and Africa. (Cheers.) I was reading the other day a short history, in which it appears, much to the shame of the Highlands—that there is no history of the Seaforth Regiment in existence—not of the First Battalion, though there is of the Second Battalion. I read an account of one experience of the First Battalion the other day—of the old Seventy-Second. The first voyage to India lasted not less than ten months, it cost 274 deaths by scurvy alone, and it was but a meagre skeleton of a regiment which landed in India. That meagre skeleton rendered a good account of itself. (Cheers.) Whenever fighting was going on there were the Seventy-Second—(cheers)—and after sixteen or seventeen years in India, they came back home, only to be sent abroad to South Africa, where they secured our predominance in the Cape Colony.

What was their reward for this? They were deprived of their kill. (Laughter.) The explanation of that mysterious denudation, or rather perhaps super-clothing, has never been made clear, but I suppose it was one of those wild and wanton charges in uniform in which the war office in all periods of history has taken so much pleasure. (Laughter and cheers.) Then when they got back from South Africa, after, I think, some 25 years, they at once took service in the Crimea, and there they were shipped to India and served in the mutiny, and wherever they made their name famous. (Cheers.) The unanimity of testimonials to them is most remarkable. Our late Queen, the Great Duke of Wellington, Lord Rosebery, Lord Kitchener and my old friend who has just left us, Field Marshal Sir Frederick Haynes, have all in emphatic words testified their admiration of the Seventy-Second Regiment. (Cheers.) Lord Kitchener, who is not a man much given to praise or speech-making, said, "There is no regiment I would sooner have with me on service than you men of the Seaforths." (Cheers.) Then the Second Battalion—the Seventy-Eighth—have a record no less glorious, though it is shorter by some twenty years. They, again, have seen most of their service in Asia and Africa. They were privileged to take part in that small but remarkable action, the Battle of Maida. Though not conspicuous among the great battles of the world, it has the significance for us that it put heart into the great but defeated armies of the continent, and gave new impetus to a war which ended in the collapse of Napoleon. I think, however, we shall all agree that their most signal service and their most glorious record lies in the annals of the Indian Mutiny. We all know what they did there, and that the Second Battalion of the Seaforths earned the greatest eulogy that perhaps any regiment has earned from any general. Sir Henry Havelock said of them: "I have never seen a regiment behave better. Nay, more, I have never seen a regiment behave so well as the Seventy-Eighth Highlanders—I wish I were one." (Cheers.) The history of both battalions seems to be very much the same. It is summed up in a sentence. Whenever there was hard fighting going and hard knocks to be given and received there they were prominent and illustrious. (Cheers.) But the history of regiments like this is not the history of colonels and officers alone—it is the history of the rank and file as well. It is the history of regiments, it is their pride, and it is their tradition, which makes a regiment illustrious, which makes it formidable in the field and when weapons and numbers will not avail they give the regiment its glory and its confidence. (Cheers.)

Those connected with the Seaforths have been sedulous in cultivating what I may call the family pride of the regiment. For twenty years they have had an association which has flourished until now it numbers 200 men, and today it is embarking on a new venture, which I did a little wonder why you fixed this home here. I thought that with the traditional contempt of the Lowlands (laughter) we should never get any men of the Seaforths to settle about here. But I understand that they have overcome this contempt, and that some 200 are content to live south of the Forth, and there to avail themselves of the advantages you offer in this club. What these advantages are I am not at this moment in a position to say (laughter), but I shall be better acquainted with them than I am. Here it is that Mr. Pelham Burns will smoke his quiet cigarette of an evening (laughter), and here it is that he will renew the associations of his youth. But I trust that all who live near Edinburgh and all who pass through Edinburgh will not neglect to visit and see this Club. That it may be worthy of the regiment depends upon yourselves. I thank you for the privilege you have given me today in opening this Club, and I thank you very much more for the privilege I have had in walking down your ranks and seeing that splendid gallery of history, that superb record of military service which shine upon your breasts. I declare the Club open. (Loud applause.)

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The Cross and the Crescent

After the followers of Mahomet had established their government firmly in Spain, the next step in the march of conquest was, France, which, not yet formed into a kingdom or a single nation, and treat with conflicts of its great chieftains, seemed to offer itself an easy prey to those warriors of the desert. They crossed the Pyrenees and swarmed like locusts in the plains below. They were met at Toulouse by Budo, the brave King of Aquitaine and beset back with great slaughter in May, 721.

But Budo, being himself engaged in constant conflict with Charles Martel, Duke of the Franks, who claimed supremacy over all France, could not follow up his victory, and the year 759 saw the Moors creeping up in myriads to the walls of Bordeaux.

Two days they stood there facing each other, as fearful to begin a battle on which the fate of the world hung, for the army of Charles destroyed, there was none other left to oppose the advance of the Moslem. The Franks, half-barbarians, gazed with wonder at the myriads of tawny warriors, with their white berousses and turbans, their clouds of cavalry mounted on fleet Barbary steeds, flying hither and thither like the wind, and obscuring the heavens with the dust of their horses' hoofs.

Briefly on the morning of the seventh day the Moors came out of their tents to the cry of the muzzettes calling them to prayer, after which their commander gave the signal for the battle to begin. Without a murmur the Christian army received the showers of gall arrows that rained thick and fast on them from the archers of Barbary; then the mighty masses of the Moslem cavalry hurled themselves against them.

Down they came like an avalanche all along the Christian line. But the Franks withstood the terrific shock, as the writers of the time tell us "Like a wall of iron, like a rampart of ice, the people of the West stood locked together one against another, as though they were men of Lead." Twenty times did the Moslem turn back, only to return with the rapidity of lightning. Twenty times did their impetuous charge break itself hopelessly against that invincible barrier.

Mounded high on the great Flemish horses, the Frankish giants steadily awaited the successive shocks, receiving the Arabs on the points of their long swords, and striking downward, smote them through and through with their terrific stroke.

Thus did the battle rage all day, Abder-Rahman still hoped to weary out the resistance of the Christians, when about four hours after noon there arose in the Moslem rear a terrible tumult. It was the brave Budo, who, with the remnant of his forces, had reached the Arab rear, massacred the guards and thrown himself upon the camp of the invaders. Straightway a large portion of the Moslem cavalry abandoned the combat for the defense of the treasures stored up in the tent. Abder-Rahman's order of battle was disarranged.

In despair he strove to arrest the retrograde movement and reform his broken lines. Then the wall of ice broke at last and through the breach rode Charles, with his Franks charging in their turn, smiting all before them, and sweeping everything from their path. Abder-Rahman with the flower of his comrades thrown from their horses, went down and disappeared, crushed beneath that iron mass. Just when the sun sank behind the horizon in the confused crowd of the Moslem forces fled in terror to their tents, pressed all over the battlefield by a moving forest of swords that rose and fell with monotonous regularity.

At daybreak the Franks saw the white tents of their enemies gleaming and in the same order as on the night previous but not a sound was heard, nor a movement visible in the Moslem quarters. Charles' force made their way through the camp, but it was empty. The remnants of the Moslem army had sped away in silence under cover of the darkness, leaving all behind them save their horses and their arms.—The New York Freeman's Journal.

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Henry VIII. of England, while sojourning in America, visited a divorce court in Chicago. "And to think, I was only able to get rid of five of 'em in forty years," he moaned, as he saw the judge uncouple couples at the rate of three an hour.

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