

TRUST.

me, Jack, and  
ther."

ERMUGOLE.

was promoted to  
er on the Nash  
road, which cuts  
e from north to  
family into the  
standing side by  
y Crane's, on a  
railroad track,  
Antioch. For a  
home most of  
being a cripple,  
ere his own wife  
and protection

re stood on a hill  
at he could speak  
ne engine when she  
e usually did, to

pretty well ac-  
tuated people in  
s not one among  
d, who did  
e's son.

called him; and  
ttled for Antioch  
out for the little  
wood pile to see  
y.

farther than the  
s mother's order;  
and the "train  
times try to coax  
form with apples  
candy. But he  
y curls and throw  
ong train pulled

her would take  
s father, and  
go almost wild  
and the glowing  
bell changing a  
he shrill whistle,  
he had been per-

kes to the engine,"  
ften say: "gets  
And Jack did  
at love for a loco-

head, the train-  
ighbors declared  
sunny, hopeful,  
ole came to their  
one was brought  
both legs mashed  
hile his engine lay  
der a bridge just  
e river.

umped but him—  
all but Jack—  
or your life" the  
to him when the  
ack; and the man  
and the throttle and

ngineer."  
d until the crash  
d when the  
d all the time they  
in he was praying  
ome," they heard  
st long enough to  
with my wife and

anted; he reached  
e loved best on  
he died he  
kerbook under his  
t to his wife.

t, Annie," he said,  
ne, wife,"  
hand on the little  
yn of yellow curls  
e. He seemed to  
only a baby.

d, "I leave your  
e care of her, my  
seemed to wander;  
e one moment, the  
y again.

will do something  
Jack, and always  
arget it, Jack—that  
danger may desert  
e engineer. He  
to his post, Jack."  
y boy's head grew  
ellow choked back  
e hand tenderly on  
The dying engineer  
d smiled.

ine and stand by  
ck," he whispered.  
y's head grew cold,  
ed it and laid it back  
s breast Jack tur-

childish outburst of  
awakening, as if  
ng manhood in him  
rms.  
other," he said, and

's life began in ear-  
e of "Baby Jack"  
a upon his mother's  
in instead "My  
," or else "was  
." So is the heart  
strength that which  
he trusted him en-  
ck mind recognized

no longer confined  
ile, but every morn-  
sounded, the cot-  
pen, the gate click,  
st stockings flash for  
unlight as a pair of  
hurrying down to

stockings went danc-  
platform with unusual  
feed, that the mother

# Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills, aid digestion.

## SCHOOLS

During the coming School Term of 1917-8 we respectfully solicit your orders for the supply of Catholic Educational and other Text books, both in English and French; also school stationary and school requisites.

**SADLER'S DOMINION SERIES.**  
Sadler's Dominion Reading Charts, 26 Reading Charts and one Chart of colors, mounted on 14 boards, size 2 1/2 x 10 inches.  
Sadler's Dominion Speller, complete.  
Sadler's Dominion First Reader, Part I.  
Sadler's Dominion Second Reader.  
Sadler's Dominion Third Reader.  
Sadler's Dominion Fourth Reader.  
Sadler's Dominion Tenth Reader.  
Sadler's Outlines of Canadian History.  
Sadler's Grandes Lignes de l'histoire du Canada.  
Sadler's Outlines of English History.  
Sadler's School History of England, with 5 colored maps.  
Sadler's Ancient and Modern History, with illustrations and 25 colored maps.  
Sadler's Edition of Butler's Catechism.  
Sadler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, Old Testament, Part I.  
Sadler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, New Testament, Part I.  
Sadler's Catechism of Sacred History, large edition.  
Sadler's Bible History (Schuster) Illustrated.  
Sadler's Elementary Grammar, Blackboard Exercises.  
Sadler's Edition of Grammaire Elementaire par E. Robert.  
Sadler's Edition of Nugent's French and English, English and French Dictionary with pronunciation.  
Sadler's (P. D. & S.) Copy Books, A. and B. with tracing.

**D. & J. SADLER & CO.**  
CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.  
123 Church St., MONTREAL, QUE.  
1699 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL, QUE.

**O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR**  
372 Richmond Street.  
Good Business Suits from \$15 upwards. The best goods and careful workmanship.

**CONCORDIA VINEYARD SANDWICH, ONT.**  
**ERNEST GIBRARD & CO.**  
Altar Wine a Specialty.  
Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the clergy and our Clergy will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.  
For prices and information address,  
E. GIBRARD & CO., Sandwich, O.

**WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY**  
The Catholic Record for One Year FOR \$4.00.

By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers.  
The dictionary is a necessity in every home, school and business house. It fills a vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which no other hundred other volumes of the choice are called and ignored. Rich and Poor, about have it within reach, and refer to it contentedly every day in the year.  
As some have asked if this is really the Original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary we are able to state that we have learned from the publishers the fact that this is the very work complete, on which about 60% of the best yearling of the world's life were employed in writing. It contains the entire vocabulary of about 100,000 words in the English language, and is the regular standard size, containing about 1,200 square inches of printed surface, and is bound in cloth.  
A whole library in itself. The regular price of Webster's Dictionary has here before been \$12.00.  
S. B. Dictionaries will be delivered free of all charge for carriage. All orders must be accompanied with the cash.  
Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, ONT.

**Father Damien, S.J.**  
One of the most instructive and useful pamphlets extant is the lecture of Father Damien. They comprise four of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church, the only true Church of God," "Confession," and "The Real Presence." The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Order may be sent to Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London.

**FRENCH BORDEAUX CLARETS**  
Which will be sold at the lowest price  
**JAMES WILSON**  
388 Richmond St., London, Phone 650.

**PLUMBING WORK**  
In operation, can be seen at our waterworks  
Opp. Masonic Temple.

**SMITH BROS.**  
Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers  
London, Ont. Telephone 688.  
Sole Agents for Ferris Water Heaters

who was following, had scarcely reached the platform when No. 6 pulled up, and Engineer Robinson dropped from his engine and caught the boy in his arms and tossed him up to the fireman.  
"Catch the little engineer, Sam," he shouted. "I've promised to let him run No. 6 to day."  
There was a happy little laugh, and then a vision of golden curls at the window.  
"Mother, mother! Can you spare me a whole day?"  
She smiled and nodded.  
"I'll come back at 5:10"—the wheels began to turn—"and the wood is in, mother"—the train was moving—"and the kindling"—the rattle of the cars drowned his voice—"box full"—how the steam roared! Not one word of what he was saying could reach her now, but he talked on, and when the steam ceased to roar, and the train glided smoothly out, he leaned from the window. "Good-by, mother."  
She heard and waved her hand. And then Engineer Robinson pulled him back to look at some roasted chestnuts the "train butcher" had sent up for him.  
It was a marvellous ride to the boy who never ceased to wonder at the proud old engine and its magnificent strength. But for all the pleasure and freedom there was a shadow all day on the boy's face, which neither the good things nor the wonderful stories which Engineer Robinson brought to his entertainment could quite dispel. He would climb up to the engineer's velvet cushion and lean his elbow on the window sill, and dropping his cheek into his hand, fall to dreaming while he watched the clouds or the trees flitting by.  
Once the train stopped to wait for a delayed freight, and the engineer spoke to the boy sitting silent at the window.  
"Hello, Jack!" he said. "You're not asleep, are you? An engineer can't sleep, sir, remember that. Whatever other folks may do, he's got to keep his eyes open."  
Jack's eyes filled as he looked at his old friend.  
"Yes, sir," he said, "that's just what father used to say."  
Engineer Robinson turned to look out at the other window, down the track—the straight, treacherous track along which poor Jack Connor had travelled to eternity.  
Young Jack talked on, softly but distinctly: "And father said, the night they brought him home, sir, he said: every man may jump but the engineer."—the engineer must stick to the engine." And he said, father said, away off it seemed to me, like you try to speak when the steam's a sizzling, sir; he said: "Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack." And I've been a thinking, Mr. Robinson,—the engineer leaned farther out the sleeve of his blue overalls brushed his face, while Jack talked on, "I've been a thinking 'all day as maybe I ought not to have left her by herself a whole day."  
The engineer answered without turning his head:  
"Oh, she's all right, Jack; she's safe."  
"But you know what father said. 'Stand by your mother, Jack,' and here I am away off on your engine, sir."  
The delayed freight rattled by twenty minutes late; the firemen threw in some coal, the steam began to puff, and No. 6 sped on its way.  
The wind, cold it have spoken, must have carried strange stories of what it saw and heard in its passage through the engine box that day: strange stories of rough forms and gentle hearts, gruff voices and tender words, bearded chin and childish cheek pressed together in sympathy and love.  
No. 6 drew up on time at Antioch, 5:10. A door flew open as if it said, "Here I am, mother."  
A little form was lowered from the engine and went flying through the mist and fog towards the lighted doorway. As the train pulled out Engineer Robinson learned from his window.  
"Here I am, mother," the joyful greeting rang out, and the engineer saw Jack go straight into the arms opened to receive him.  
"Here I am, mother,"—that became a very familiar cry among the nearest neighbors; and more than one eye filled up and ran over as little Jack Connor's voice, thrilling and hopeful, rang out on the frosty air of a winter's morning.  
One evening he was late returning from an errand upon which his mother had sent him. The clouds were heavy, as if they might hold snow.  
Mrs. Connor knew that Jack would be cold and tired when he returned, so she took his basket and went out to the woodpile.  
"I'll gather the chips," she said, "and save him that much work."  
But she had scarcely begun her task when Jack came panting along.  
"Why, mother," he called "didn't you know I was coming?"  
He expected her to lean upon him. As he grew older the feeling grew, and he was always disappointed if she failed to do so.  
One morning she went out to her milking, and a strange dog met her and sprang upon her. Scarcely knowing what she did, she threw the milking pail at him and screamed for Jack.  
He came with a bound, seizing a club as he passed the wood pile.  
"I'm coming, mother." Old Peter Glass, passing near, heard Jack's cry and ran down to see what was the matter. There he stood between his mother and the mad beast, flourishing his club and bidding the dog be gone.  
Peter relieved the loyal little fellow by killing the dog, which he afterwards declared to his wife was "raving mad."  
"But mad or not," he added, "it wouldn't a hindered that boy's pitching right in to fight for his mammy. It's always brings the tears to my eyes, somehow, when I come in contact with that manful little chap of Jack Connor's."  
Peter Glass was not the only one whose heart softened for Jack Connor's son. Aye, many an eye wept and many a heart bled for him when the little fellow ceased to appear on the hill above the railroad track.  
It was June, glad, sunshiny June, when Jack's mother went one morning to call on a sick friend, an old neighbor, at the station just above Antioch. Jack thought he had never seen so fair a day—the sun shone, the birds sang, and the flowers were everywhere.  
"You can come to meet me at 12 o'clock, Jack," his mother said, as she kissed his cheek. "I'll be sure to come on that train unless something happens."  
"I'll be here, mother," said Jack, "to every train until you come."  
The sun still shone when the train came in at noon. Jack thought the whistle sounded mournful, somehow. And the engine "sloped up" sooner than usual, so that the train came in "slow and solemn like."  
And the telegraph operator laid his hand in a very gentle way on the boy's head as he hurried past him. And Engineer Robinson never once looked out to speak to his face the other way and had turned his shovel. The brakeman leaned on his brake and never lifted his eyes as the cars pulled up. Jack thought it all very strange.  
"Here I am, mother."  
The conductor cleared his throat when the well-known welcome rang through the train. Passengers turned from the windows and put their handkerchiefs to their eyes, as if the sight of an eager little face aglow with expectation and delight were painful to them.  
"Here I am, mother." He was scanning every face eagerly, longing when the conductor stepped out.  
"Jack," he said, "she isn't aboard."  
A shadow flitted across the bright countenance. The conductor took the boy's hand in his and held it close.  
"Jack, my boy," he said, "you must be a man. Your mother will not come,—will not come, Jack. Your mother is dead, my son."  
And the sun still shone, but not for Jack.  
He never knew the terrible story, how in stepping from the train her foot slipped and she fell beneath the wheels, which passed over her body. He never knew anything, except that she never came back to him.  
Day after day when the whistle sounded a little figure—Jerry Crane's—climbed the wood-pile now—to watch for his mother.  
"Here I am, mother," the shrill, clear voice would ring out. And when the train had passed on some one would explain: "It's poor Jack Connor come to meet his mother." They grew accustomed to seeing him there as the days drifted into years.  
"Every train until you come back," he had said; and day or night, winter or summer, the trainmen would see the cottage door open, and knew it was Jack waiting for his mother.  
One day they missed him; he was ill, raving with fever. Jerry Crane's wife bent over his pillow: the poor little life was going. At 10 o'clock he opened his eyes.  
"Is No. 6 in yet?" he asked.  
"No, yet, Jack," they told him.  
He smiled and closed his eyes again.  
"She'll be here on that train," he said. "I must go down to meet her when No. 6 comes in."  
At eleven he started and sat up in bed. "Is she in yet?" he asked.  
"Is No. 6 in?"  
"Not yet, Jack, dear," they told him, and dropped back among the pillows, where he lay for an hour talking, first to the engine, then to Engineer Robinson. Then his mind wandered to his father and the night he died.  
"Stick to your engine and stand by your mother, Jack," they heard him whisper.  
At midnight a whistle sounded sharp and shrill, and Jack raised himself in bed and gave a cry of joy: "She's in!" he shouted. "No. 6 is in. Here I am, mother!"  
The train pulled up and stopped. It was only a freight stopped for water, but that was nothing to Jack. A smile flitted across his face. "She's come," he said, and with a look of unutterable peace held out his arms and went to meet her.—McClure's Magazine.

**SHERIDAN'S RIDE**  
One Who Was with Him Describes the Historic Incident.  
One of the aides de camp (there were only two of them) whom Sheridan took with him on that famous ride to Winchester has written a graphic account of the ride itself and the turning of the tide of battle which followed. The events which led up to the battle and Union repulse, Sheridan's "enforced absence" from the field and his arrival at the disastrous news and need to be repeated here. We quote a portion of the description of the ride itself as given by the author of the article in question (General George A. Forsyth) in Harper's for July. The general, his two aides and a small escort had left the town of Winchester for Mill Creek, a mile to the south:  
"We could occasionally hear the far-away sound of heavy guns, and as we moved out with our escort behind us I thought that the general was becoming anxious. He leaned forward and listened intently, and once he dismounted and placed his ear to the ground, seeming somewhat disconcerted as he rose again and remounted. We had not gone far, probably not more than a mile, when at the crest of a little hill on the road, we found the pike obstructed by some supply trains which had started on their way to the army."  
They were now halted and the wagons faced one way, part the other; others were half turned round, in position to swing either way, but were huddled together, completely blocking the road.  
Groups of fugitives and the wreck of munitions soon apprised Sheridan of the gravity of the situation, and he galloped ahead.  
TO STEEM THE TIDE OF RETREAT  
General Forsyth's description here is very graphic:  
"Within the next few miles the pike and adjacent fields began to be lined and dotted everywhere with army wagons, sutlers' outfits, caissons, and supply trains, disabled caissons, and drifting teamsters with led mules, all drifting to the rear; and now and then a wounded officer or enlisted man on horseback or plodding along on foot, with groups of straggling soldiers here and there among the wagon trains, or in the fields, or sometimes sitting or lying down to rest by the side of the roads, while others were making coffee in their tin cups by tiny camp fires. Soon we began to see small bodies of soldiers in the fields with stacked arms, evidently cooking breakfast. As we debouched into the fields and passed around the wagons and through these groups, the general would wave his hat to the men and point to the front, never lessening his speed as he pressed forward with a familiar black horse and they knew him, and starting to their feet, they swung their caps around their heads and broke into cheers as he gathered up their belongings and shouldering their arms, they started after him for the front, shouting to their comrades further out in the fields, "Sheridan! Sheridan!" waving their hats, and pointing after him as he dashed onward; and they too comprehended instantly, for they took up the cheer and turned back for the battlefield.  
To the best of my recollection, from the time we met the first stragglers, who had drifted back from the army, his appearance and his every shout of "TURN BACK, MEN—TURN BACK!" Face the other way!" as he waved his hat toward the front, had but one result: a wild cheer of recognition, an answering wave of the cap. In no case, as I glanced back, did I fail to see the men shoulder their arms and follow us. I think it no exaggeration to say that as he dashed on to the field of battle for miles back the turnpike was lined with men pressing forward after him to the front.  
The way the presence of the commanding general put nerve into the men and how they turned upon the enemy is told in crisp narrative, and then we have this fine bit:  
It must have been nearly or quite 12:30 o'clock by this time, and as soon as the skirmishers were thrown forward the troops were ordered to lie down; an order gladly obeyed, for they had been on their feet since day-light, fighting and without food. They were to have but a short period of rest, however, for in a few moments the low, rustling murmur that presages the advance of a line of battle through dense woods (the Ninth corps was formed just at the outer edge of a belt of heavy timber) began to make itself felt, and in a moment the men were in line again.  
A patterling fire in front, and our skirmishers came quickly back through the woods and were absorbed in the line; then there was a momentary lull, followed by a rustling, crunching sound as the enemy's line pressed forward, trampling the bushes under foot and crowding through bits of underbrush.  
In a flash we caught a glimpse of a long gray line stretching away through the woods on either side of us, advancing with waving standards, with here and there a mounted officer in rear of it. At the same instant the dark blue line at the edge of the woods seemed to burst upon their view, for suddenly they halted, and  
WITH A PIERCING YELL  
poured in a heavy volley that was almost instantly answered from our side, and then volleys seemed fairly to leap from one end to the other of our line, and a steady roar of musketry from both sides made the woods echo again

in every direction. Gradually, however, the sounds became less heavy and intense, the volleys slowly died away, and we began to recognize the fact that the enemy's bullets were no longer clipping the twigs above us, and that their fire had about ceased, while a ringing cheer along our front proclaimed that for the first time that day the Confederate army had been repulsed.  
General Forsyth's article destroys one tradition long connected with the famous ride. He says:  
His (Sheridan's) appearance was greeted by tremendous cheers from one end of the line to the other, many of the officers pressing forward to shake his hand. He spoke to them all cheerily and confidently, saying: "We are going back to our camps, men, never fear. I'll get a twist on these people yet. We'll raise them out of their boots before the day is over." At no time did I hear him utter that "terrible oath" so often alluded to in both prose and poetry in connection with this day's work.

**HOW TO HEAR MASS WELL.**  
On our deathbeds one of the greatest sources of regret will be the remembrance of good actions badly performed. We will then call to mind many thousands of distracted and profane prayers; numerous receptions of the holy sacraments with cold, indifferent, or even unworthy dispositions; works of piety and charity, vitiated by worldly or evil intentions—these, and hundreds of other holy actions, badly performed, constitute an immeasurable store of acquired merits to counterbalance our manifold sins and defects. And not the least inconsiderable of neglected graces, will be the many Masses we have heard with no fruit or profit to our souls.  
We come to Mass, but we do not come alone. We bring with us our cares, our trials, our pleasures, in fact, all the multitudinous affairs of our daily existence. We can scarcely help it; they cling to us so that it is difficult to shake them off. The sacrifice proceeds; the All-Holy Victim is immolated; His graces descend upon our souls and find them already occupied. This is the old, old story, oft enacted and oft repeated, of God's beneficence and man's indifference.  
Spiritual writers have suggested many pious methods of hearing Mass devoutly. Almost every prayer book contains beautiful prayers especially adapted to this end. This is perhaps the best method for those who cannot meditate, or who find by experience that they become distracted when they take their eyes off the prayer book. The recitation of the rosary joined with meditation on the sorrowful mysteries has many advantages. Undoubtedly the best method is to occupy the whole time of the Mass in meditating upon the sufferings and death of Christ. One of the chief ends for which He instituted the Holy Sacrifice was that He might keep that sacred Passion ever present before us. "As often as you shall eat of this bread and drink of this chalice you shall show the death of the Lord until He come." (1 Cor. xi, 26)  
"The Sacrifice of Trent," says the Council of Trent, "is the same as that which was offered upon the Cross; it is the same Victim, for He Who offered Himself on the cross is the same Who daily offers Himself by the minister of the priest, the manner of offering alone being different." "The Saviour of the world," continues the Council, "having offered Himself a sacrifice for us upon the cross, was not content that His sacrifice should end there; but because He was a priest forever, He ordained that this sacrifice should forever continue in the Church, as a most real and lively representation, and renewal of His passion and death."  
Such being the case, we should assist at Mass in the same spirit as the Blessed Virgin, St. John and Mary Magdalene, standing at the foot of the cross. We see, with the eyes of faith, Jesus dying through love; we try to love Him in return. We know that love alone is the cause of all His sorrow, and we beg the grace never to offend Him more. God alone sees the treasures of grace acquired by a soul during one Mass heard in this holy manner.  
According to St. Leonard of Port Maurice it is a good plan to divide the Mass into four parts, corresponding to the four principal ends for which the Mass is offered, and which are, at the same time, the four principal duties which we owe to God.  
In the first part, which is from the beginning of the Mass to the Gospel, we strive to acquit ourselves of our first duty, which consists in adoring and praising the majesty of God, Who alone is worthy of infinite honor and praise.  
From the abyss of our nothiness we can offer Him the adoration, praise, homage and supreme worship of the adorable Victim of the altar.  
In the second part, viz., from the Gospel to the Elevation, we offer up the infinite atonement of Christ in satisfaction for our many sins, asking God, in His name, the forgiveness thereof, and the remission of all the temporal punishments due them.  
In the third part, which is from the Elevation to the Communion, we endeavor, in union with Jesus Christ, to return thanks for the many graces and favors, spiritual and temporal, He has heaped upon us.  
In the fourth and last part, that is, from the Communion to the end, we petition God for all the graces of which we stand in need, putting no limits to our demands, since the offering we make Him is of infinite value. I say

"we make Him," for the people present join with the priest in offering the Mass for themselves and their intentions. The priest reminds the congregation of this at the "orate, fratres," when he says: "Pray, brethren, that mine and your sacrifice may be pleasing to God, the Father omnipotent." Though the priest alone has the power of consecration, the sacrifice is for all and in the name of all.  
When the priest communicates, all should communicate, at least spiritually, by invoking Jesus Christ to come and dwell in our hearts, by acts of faith, desire and love. The venerable servant of God, Alphonsus Rodriguez, declares that "God often bestows the same graces to those who communicate spiritually, as to those who really receive under the Sacred Species."  
Such are the methods recommended for hearing Mass. Let each one adopt for himself that method from which he believes himself to derive the most spiritual profit. The end of all methods is to enable people to hear Mass devoutly. If that end be attained, all is well.  
We think it is scarcely necessary to treat of willful irreverence and distraction during Mass. We believe there are very few Catholics so un-mindful of the greatness and divinity of this mystery of Divine love as to be guilty of willful irreverence under the very shadow of the altar. "How is it possible," asks Bl. el Leonard, again "that any one can remain in the presence of the altar with a distracted mind and dissipated heart, at a moment when the angels hover there, trembling and astonished, absorbed in contemplating the effects of so stupendous a work?"  
There is one fault of which we have not thus far treated, which every Catholic should guard against. It is that of coming late to Mass. To be absent for any considerable portion of the Mass on Sundays and holidays is a mortal sin, if it be without an excuse and not made up for by hearing another Mass.  
On a late Mass coming late to Mass is liable to be a cause of distraction and dissipation. We should endeavor to arrange our affairs so as to be there, if possible, a few minutes before Mass begins to the end that we may derive from so holy an act, every possible fruit. Let Catholics never look upon that time as lost which is spent in storing up merits for ourselves in heaven. For better or one day in Thy courts above thousands. How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts? My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. Thy altars, O Lord of hosts! My King and my God. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, O Lord. Thy shall praise Thee forever and ever."

**Facts About the Popes.**  
Eighty of the Popes are honored as saints, 31 martyrs, and 43 confessors. St. Agatho was the only Pope who lived to be a centenarian, as he is also the only one, after St. Peter, who may be honored with the title of miracle worker. St. Agatho died at the age of 107. The Popes have been drawn from all classes of society. Many were nobles in rank or of great wealth. Others sprang from obscurity. Sixtus VI. was the son of a fisherman. Alexander V. was the son of poor unknown parents and passed his first years in begging from door to door. Adrian IV., the only English Pope, was abandoned by his father, and had to subsist on charity until, going to France, he entered a convent as a servant, where by his intelligence and by his virtues he was afterwards deemed worthy to be received into religion. Sixtus V. had for his father a poor laborer, for mother a servant, and for sister, a laundress. St. Celestine V. was the son of a simple farmer. Benedict VII. was the child of a baker, and had to subsist on charity until, going to France, he entered a convent as a servant, where by his intelligence and by his virtues he was afterwards deemed worthy to be received into religion. Sixtus V. had for his father a poor laborer, for mother a servant, and for sister, a laundress. St. Celestine V. was the son of a simple farmer. Benedict VII. was the child of a baker, and had to subsist on charity until, going to France, he entered a convent as a servant, where by his intelligence and by his virtues he was afterwards deemed worthy to be received into religion. Sixtus V. had for his father a poor laborer, for mother a servant, and for sister, a laundress. St. Celestine V. was the son of a simple farmer. Benedict VII. was the child of a baker, and had to subsist on charity until, going to France, he entered a convent as a servant, where by his intelligence and by his virtues he was afterwards deemed worthy to be received into religion.

**Three Great Irishmen.**  
The most prominent and popular figures in the procession, always excepting the Queen herself, says The London Spectator, were all Irishmen—Lord Wolsley, Lord Charles Bessford and Lord Roberts. The last named, as he rode by himself in the colonial procession on his famous gray Arab—wearing the medals bestowed on him for his services in the field—met with a reception all along the route second only in enthusiasm to that bestowed on the central figure.  
"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" asks Macbeth. Certainly, my lord; the condition of the mind depends largely, if not solely, on the condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels, for all of which complaints Ayer's Pills are "the sovereignest thing on earth."  
Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware of danger's near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.  
Tired Mothers find help in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives them pure blood, a good appetite and new and needed STRENGTH.

**Windsor Salt**  
For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

**Always Felt Tired.**  
"I suffered with severe headache and loss of appetite and I always felt tired. I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking one bottle my headache disappeared. I continued taking it until now I am never troubled with headache and my appetite is good." LAURA GARLAND, 247 Claremont St., Toronto, Ont.

**Hood's Pills** act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache. Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Expeller for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.