

The Dead Pontiff.

(Written for The Catholic Bulletin by James C. Nolan.)

God's silent Messenger, great Pontiff, sped, And called the deathless soul to Him; and now, An added majesty upon thy brow, Men bow their heads in grief that thou art dead.

When I Stand at the Judgement Seat.

After my years of labor, After my life of toil, Alas! I find but empty hands And a lamp devoid of oil; And my soul is filled with a terrible dread As it nears the judgement seat, Then Jesus, mercy, Christ, have mercy.

What Mother Says.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet, The traces of small muddy boots; And I see your fair tapestry glowing, And spotless with blossoms and fruits.

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.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

And that your own household most truly In immaculate purity stands. And I know that my parlor is littered With many old treasures and toys; While your own is in daintiest order, Unharmful by the presence of boys!

A Brave Woman.

By Jacques Normand.

(Translated for The Ave Maria, by H. Twitchell.)

"The story? Do you want to hear it again, child?" The speaker was my Aunt Hermine, a frail little old lady, with a faint voice that seemed to come from a distance.

This was "the story":

One evening about ten o'clock, Mme. Marchal and I were sitting before the fire, chatting. Mme. Bedouillet was doing as the hour was late. The wind blew violently, making the sparks dance upward from the blazing logs.

Suddenly we were started by a faint rap at the door. That you may understand our exact situation, I will mention that during the day a company of soldiers—about one hundred in all—had come to Abbaye for lodgings.

Flying Machines. A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was Scott's Emulsion in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Diseases.

was absent; Mme. Bedouillet was a widow, and I was an orphan. We had securely locked the door of our apartment, which was on the ground-floor between the road and the chapel.

The rap was soon repeated, louder this time. We looked at each other with eyes full of fear. We were tempted to feign deafness or sickness; but in those stirring days no one dared pretend. If we were to refuse hospitality to the Revolutionists, we should be considered as suspects, and the guillotine awaited such.

Mme. Marchal began to say her prayers. Mme. Bedouillet, roused by the rapping, sat helpless, trembling in every limb. I was young and it was my duty to open the door. I did so and saw outside a body of men wearing broad-rimmed hats making a black spot in the moonlit road.

I was about to close the door precipitately, when one of their number came forward, with outstretched hands and in pleading tones.

"Have pity on us, citizenship, and give us shelter for the night! We are worn out with fatigue and hunger. Have pity!"

"Who are you?" I asked. "Fugitives. Members of the Girondins. We are pursued by our enemies. Save us!"

"You poor fellows!" I replied, sympathetically. "I can not keep you. You must hurry away. The chapel is full of soldiers. If they were to see you, it would mean certain death to you all."

A moment of hesitation followed.—Then a pale, delicate young man, who was leaning upon a companion, faltered: "I can't go any further. March on, comrades, and leave me! I can only die."

But the Girondins were brave men, and they had no idea of abandoning one of their number.

"Is there no place where we can rest for two hours—just two short hours?" begged the leader. "No place but this room," I replied but the door at the end which you see leads into the chapel. The soldiers have no other way of getting out."

An expression of despair settled on the man's face. "Good-bye citizenship," he said. "The country is full of men hunting us. Pray that we may escape."

I was overcome with pity for the suffering men. In fact my pity quite overcame my prudence. I was seized with a sort of fever or exaltation, and as they were about to go, I said:

"There is perhaps a means of saving you, but it is a very dangerous one."

All crowded forward to listen, and I could hear exclamations of dismay from the women behind me.

At the farther end of the chapel, over the altar, is a loft. Once there, you would be quite safe. But to get there—"I paused to collect myself, then continued:

"You would have to walk along a narrow projection, a cornice bordering the high wall, directly above the heads of the sleepers. If one of them should wake and look up, you would be discovered."

"Who will show us the way?" asked the leader with fresh hope. "I will!" I replied, scarce knowing what I said.

I seemed to be inspired, to no longer belong to myself. To save these men was my only desire. They held a short consultation, then their leader said:

"Thank you for your kindness, citizenship! We accept your offer."

I threw open the door, and they all tiptoed into the room. There were ten of them, and they certainly looked as if they were in need of help.

"These stairs lead up to the cornice," I said pointing to a staircase on one side of the room. "At the top there is a door. I will open it and will look down into the chapel. If everything is quiet, I will give you the signal to come up. You will follow me along the narrow ledge, until we reach the door into the loft. Once past that you can rest. The soldiers will leave early in the morning."

The Summer Complaint of Infants

IS CHOLERA INFANTUM

Many Children Die from this Trouble When They Could be Cured by the Use of DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

A remedy which will quickly offset the vomiting, purging, and the profuse diarrhoea, accompanying a case of this nature.

Mrs. George Henley, Roxbury, Ont., writes—"I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Cholera infantum. My little girl was so sick I did not think she could live, as we could not lift her up, for when we moved her, her bowels would move. I gave her 'Dr. Fowler's' and the first dose helped her, and one bottle cured her. I recommended it to my sister whose child was sick, and it cured her also. Then again I have told other friends about it, and they have found that it is a grand medicine to have in the house all the time."

There are many preparations on the market to-day, claiming to make the same cures as 'Dr. Fowler's,' but these no-name, no-reputation, so-called strawberry compounds are nothing more or less than rank imitations, and are liable to be a detriment to your health.

When you ask for 'Dr. Fowler's,' be sure you get it. Do not accept any other as these substitutes may be dangerous.

See that our name is on the wrapper. Price, 35 cents. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"She tried to make a fool of me," said Sapp, "but couldn't do it."

"Of course she couldn't," Tapp replied, nature had beat her it."

—Boston Transcript.

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GENELEMEN—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Lagrippe and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in case of Inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"Forget-me-nots," answered Brown as he hurriedly left the room.

Mary Orington, Jasper Ont writes—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days Price 25 cents."

Gobang—I wonder why so many men marry the wrong women.

Ukerdek—Guess it must be from habit.

Occasionally a girl marries man just to keep him from hanging around the house every evening.

And many a horse has been badly raced because money talked to the jockey.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford 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."

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Mrs. John Hewson, Caledonia, Ont., writes—"I feel it my duty to let you know of the great benefit your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. I suffered for four years with heart trouble and nervous prostration. I was so bad that I could not go upstairs without sitting down at the top before I could go to my room. I couldn't sleep nor lie on my left side, for it would seem as though my heart would stop. I thought my time had come. I was doctoring with the doctor, but didn't get any benefit. I was advised to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I got two boxes, and after I had taken one box I began to feel better, and after I had taken two I could go up and down stairs without resting, so I took eight boxes, and I am enjoying good health again. I consider it a Godsend to have your pills in the house."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box or 2 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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