

**FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC**  
Helpless Condition.

Mr. Geo. W. Flores of Patuxent, Md., writes on March 1, 1917. I was restless, could not sleep and my lower limbs were so weak that they would give way and I would drop down. I took 1 bottle of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic and now I can get around as well as ever and sleep all night.

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Symply bottle to any address. Free patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill., 100 Lake Street.  
Sold by Druggists at 51 per bottle, 4 for \$2. Large Size, \$1.75; 6 Bottles for \$9.

**THOMAS COGGER**  
THE CUT RATE FLORIST OF ROCHESTER

Carnations, Roses, Violets and all choice flowers in season

FLORAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY  
280 Main St. cor. North

Also 128 State Street

**TAFT'S**  
NEW TEETH  
Ready in a Day

**TAFT'S**  
187 Main St. E. cor. Stone St.

**RYAN & McINTEE**  
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106 Main St. West

**THE ECONOMIC DRUG STORE**  
Drugs at Cut Rates

M. R. Connor, 182 W. Main St.

**GARBAGE**  
Collection to insure prompt attention

GENESEE REDUCTION CO.  
Foot of Falls Street

**Matthews & Servis Co.**  
95 STATE ST

**W.B. Tuxill**  
REAL ESTATE  
904 German Insurance Bldg.

**J. K. Post Drug Co**  
Established 1889

**Post's Sarsaparilla**  
50c bottle  
17 Main St. E. Next to Wilder Bldg.

**St. Anthony's Mission**

In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

THANKS A THOUSAND GRATEFUL THANKS TO ALL OUR BENEFACTORS.

Through the generosity of the Catholic public we have been enabled to secure a magnificent site for Church, Presbytery and School. We have already built the Presbytery and Sacristy, the latter of which we are using for a Temporary Church until sufficient funds are in hand to build the Church. On no account will our good Bishop allow us to go into debt. Personally, I am glad, because to go into debt would mean ruin to this poor Mission, and would undo all the good that I have been struggling so hard to perform.

I have no diocesan grant, remembrance, and no endowment except hope. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader! But wait and see, I am by no means discouraged. Much has been accomplished in the past, and—much more is about to be accomplished. I have hope in you, good reader. I greatly hope that you will help us to bring this glorious work, so nobly begun, to a successful and speedy issue. That you, in your zeal for the progress of Our Holy Faith, will extend a helping hand to me. This Mission is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles. My people are poor and scattered, consequently the weekly offerings are necessarily very small. We must have outside help for the present. I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped, I would say "For the sake of the cause, give something, if only a little." It is easier and the more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the blessed sacrament.

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

Dear Father Gray—You have duly accosted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,  
F. W. KEATING,  
Bishop of Northampton.

Help Us To Save the Negro.

For twenty-five years the Jesuit Fathers have labored among the negroes of the state of Virginia. Already nine Mission Stations have been established. These are supported by Saint Joseph's Mission House. Others are badly needed to reach our unfortunate colored brethren. We appeal to the generosity of the faithful to come to our aid in this glorious apostolate. St. Anthony's Union has been established to support the priests who so generously devote their lives to the salvation of this people. There are 400,000 negroes in the state of Virginia, but only 2,000 of them are Catholics; the others are ignorant of the blessings that Christ bequeathed to mankind through His church. Our desire and efforts are to erect a new mission each year. Each mission station costs \$2,500 to erect. Will you join St. Anthony's Union, and help in the salvation of the souls that cost the blood of Jesus Christ to save?

"Of all things the most divine to co-operate in the salvation of souls"—St. Cyril of Jerusalem.

Send a donation to Rev. Charles Hannigan, St. Joseph's Mission House, Box 842, Richmond, Va.

**THE GRAY CARPET CLEANING WORKS**  
Carpets Cleaned by Compressed Air  
FEATHERS AND MATTRESSES RENOVATED BY STEAM

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**Thos. B. Mooney**  
Funeral Director  
REMOVED  
To 98 Edinburgh Street,  
Temporary Office, 263 Plymouth Ave.  
Lady Assistant.  
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**BY AID OF THE ELEMENTS**

There was no apparent reason for Marion Morris to rush off to Europe at a week's notice, except that she had told Robert Bruce, when she had given him back his ring, that she should go.

Neither was there any reason that the discarded Mr. Bruce should have astoundingly searched the bookings of outgoing steamers and suddenly have engaged passage on the Malopie, coming aboard early on the day of sailing and guiltily hiding in his stateroom for a full 24 hours.

On the morning of the second day he awoke to find the sun glowing a golden path way through the gloom of the narrow room and passenger life already stirring on the big ship. He stretched luxuriously and, jumping from his berth he hastily dressed and went on deck.

The morning was a wonderful thing of color and charm. Blue was the ocean below as blue as the sky above a radiant cloudless, transparent blue reflecting in ether and sea the shimmering dazzling rays of the sun. As he paced the deck he uttered a cry of surprise and was soon at the side of an elderly lady who was conscientiously "doing her mile."

"Miss Kenyon" he cried enthusiastically with outstretched hand.

"My dear boy," she echoed grasping his hand warmly in return. "What a pleasant surprise. I had no idea you were on board. Marion told me of your coming."

"No Miss Kenyon, Marion didn't tell you, for she didn't know it. You see before you a jilted man. Marion has returned my ring."

"Poor boy," she said. "What happened?"

"Don't know. Honest I don't. She said she saw me walking with a girl and requested news of her. I told her I didn't know what she was talking about, and she suggested that I might be a fabricator. That's all she said she was coming over here to get away from me, so I thought I would come, too so as to be near."

**Curious System of Tubes that Run the Length of Their Bodies.**

Landlubber animals have lungs and sea creatures have gills. But insects have neither one nor the other. They have a complex system of tubes running throughout the whole length of the body, by means of which air is conveyed to every part of the system. As they are destined to contain poisons and air, they are strongly supported to guard against collapse from pressure.

This support is furnished by means of a thin thread running spirally within the walls of the tube, much in the same way that a garden hose is protected with wire. There are generally two of these tubes which run the whole length of the insect's body.

Many flies, as larvae, live in the water. Arranged along each side of their bodies is a series of exceedingly thin plates, into each of which runs a series of blood vessels. These plates act and absorb the oxygen contained in the water. The tail ends in three featherlike projections. By means of these the larvae causes currents of water to flow over the gills and thus their efficiency is increased.

The gnat also lives in the water as a larva. But it has no gills. Therefore it must breathe air. This is done by means of spiracle situated at the tip of its tail is prolonged into a little tube. The larva floats along head downward in the water with this tube just above the surface to enable it to breathe. After some time it is provided with two little tubes which act in the same manner.—Chicago Tribune.

Why Spain is Poor.

"With all this intelligence, why is the country so poor?" it will be asked. Why are splendid copper and silver mines left to be worked by foreigners? Why is the name of Spain so often synonymous with stagnation? What is the cause of the inertia, which impedes the circulation of movements for education in the provinces, where people can rarely read and write? What is the reason of the paralysis which checks agricultural work, even in such fertile districts as Andalusia, Valencia, Galicia, etc.?

What is it that prevents the fulfillment of projects of industrial value? To all these questions there is but one answer. It is the want of a pure suffrage and it is the present danger of success in this matter which prompts a new era for the country. Alfonso XIII be allowed to learn the real opinions of his subjects, and to follow his own good sense as a statesman, he will soon steer the ship of state into the harbor of good government.

The Craving for Sugar.

But there is this fundamental difference between the craving for sugar and that for "sour," acids, vinegar, pickles, etc., alcohol and for other keen flavors and highly attractive luxuries, that it is a real food of very high food-value and very promptly and readily absorbable, which none of the others are, except in small doses. As we have seen, this violent craving for sugar, leading to excess, largely disappears in children when their healthy demand for it is supplied by a proper mixture with their foods, while no child yet has ever been afflicted or born with a taste for alcohol, pickles, tea, coffee or tobacco.—Success Magazine.

Patron Saint of Aviators.

It has been stated that the Vatican had been approached with the view of selecting a patron saint for aviators and that it had been suggested that Elijah would be an appropriate person. The originator of the story seems to have not taken into account that Elijah was an Old Testament character and as such would be ineligible. No doubt, going to heaven in a chariot of fire would have made Elijah an appropriate patron. A Paris contemporary suggests that Sainte Colomba should be chosen. Her name alone has much to recommend her. She suffered martyrdom at Sens under Marcus Aurelius.—London Globe.

**Dream of A Home**

For years Miss Lucretia had chafed at a dream, but only one person had ever known of it. Since she had used to play house with her little friends when she was a child she had longed for a home of her own. After her elder sister's marriage she had often gone to visit her, and she had watched her around her home with wistful eyes. But she had never allowed Jeanette to catch that wistfulness.

The neighbors said that the reason why Miss Lucretia had not married was because she had been too broken up over Jim Kaylor's leaving the town and marrying a Western girl. They had been the same as engaged for once was right. But the whole truth about the affair had never been revealed. Lucretia had been very fond of Jim, and she had expected to marry him, but she had wanted a home, too, and when he had said that there was plenty of time to get that after they were married, the girl had told him that she would never marry unless a man could take her to a good home.

A quarrel had ensued and they parted in anger—Jim soon leaving for the West. The following year the news had come back to the village that he was married. Miss Lucretia appeared to take it very quietly, but in reality was a blow to her. Someone had said that perhaps John Hill had something to do with her apparent indifference over the news, but she decided that it could have been only a friendship between Lucretia and John when the man married another girl in the village only six months later. And it had only been friendship between them then. Lucretia had cared too much for Jim Kaylor to forget him so soon.

Two years later her mother had died, and for a while she looked after the home for her father, but this was not like a real home somehow, she would often say to herself. Several years afterward her father had married again, and she had moved down to the farther end of the village and hired a small cottage. She had thought that now her dream of a home would be realized. She fitted it up prettily, hanging dainty curtains at the windows and filling every conceivable nook with plants and vines, but still the home was not as she had dreamed it would be. There was a restless, unsatisfied longing in her heart.

One by one the years had gone by until now Miss Lucretia was almost 40 years old. Time had dealt kindly with her and she did not look nearly her age. Not a word had been heard of Jim Kaylor since his parents had moved away from the village five years before. The villagers were therefore greatly surprised when there appeared among them one afternoon, there was a prosperous looking about him which had not been there in his youth. They wanted to ask him about his wife, but there was that in his manner that kept them from trying to satisfy their curiosity.

Miss Lucretia was sitting down to supper that night when a rap came at her door. She was startled upon opening it to find Jim Kaylor standing after.

The first moment of surprise and embarrassment she greeted him cordially. She forgot for the time that there might be a Mrs. Kaylor somewhere in the village.

He accepted her invitation to take tea with her, and not until they had finished did she once think to inquire for his wife.

When she asked him about Mrs. Kaylor, the man reddened.

"I might as well—make a clean breast of it," he stammered. "I have not got—any—wife—I never had any."

But the news came back here that you were married," interposed Miss Lucretia, a wild happiness leaping into her heart.

"I heard that John Hill was getting pretty fond of you," began the man in explanation, "and the folks thought you liked him considerable. As I was pretty proud I didn't like to think that you had forgotten all about me so quick, and I went back the next day when I heard that you were married. I kept thinking I'd contradict the story, but somehow I felt kinder ashamed to. I haven't been idle all this time, Lucretia," he added. "I've tried to amount to something and to get a home established, and I've made good. I've never left off loving you all these years. There's a good home waiting for you out there, and I've come to take you back with me."

There was a look of intense happiness in the woman's eyes as they met his. Lucretia knew that her dream of a home would soon be realized.—MRS. ANTRISS A. NICHOLS.

The Army of Barbers.

Is the American too lazy to shave himself, or does the barber go into his business, trade or no trade, because it is easy? A list of selected mailing addresses, by classes, shows 84,931 barber shops, as against 11,000 bakers, 30,000 creameries, 10,000 milk dealers, and 24,000 druggists. The roll had 6,757 barbers in New England, 17,127 in the Middle Atlantic States, 18,505 in the Central, 5,908 in the West, and 5,738 in the Southern States.

Not Disinterested.

A Massachusetts professor says that beef is as nourishing as the choice cuts. Sounds like the utterance of a man who owns a dental parlor or a pepita factory.—New York Evening Telegram.

**Curious System of Tubes that Run the Length of Their Bodies.**

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