FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

What the Dominican Nuns Say.

Under date of September 6, 1908.

The Dominican Nuns of Newark, N. J. write—Two members of our community have tried Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with favorable results, it has a most charming effect on the nervous system.

The sisters of the Good Shepherd at Peoria, Ill., write Sept. 2, 1908:—We used 2 bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for a case of aggravated and obstinate insomnia, with extreme nervousness. The second bottle is not finished and a cure has been brought when a physician worked in vain for 2 months. The patient sleeps like a child and the nervousness is less each day.

Randolph, Kas., September 1908.

For sufferers from weak nerves Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is insurpassable, it makes the feeling of anxiety disappear at once, one sleeps better and feels like getting stronger. This remedy is also good for bad stomach. It could not be better. I shall recommend it to all nervous people. MRS. A. WAECKER.

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St. Anthony's Mission

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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 Schools.

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, remember, 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.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and our Holy Patron, St. Anthony of Padua.

EPISCOPAL AUTHORITY.

Dear Father Gray:—You have duly accounted 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 Josephite 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 is 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.

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THAT CAT.

"I'm getting used to that cat now, Mrs. Emmons," remarked the house guest as he watched the Angora taking a leisurely stroll among the bric-a-brac on the mantel. "At first I thought she'd break things, but I see she never does."

"Miss Fanning, I wish somebody would tell me what's the mystery about that cat," pursued the guest, plaintively. "Every time I speak of her I feel a chill in the atmosphere."

Miss Fanning closed the sliding door impressively before she replied: "Mr. Gregor, we don't talk about that cat. She is supposed to be my fault, but she isn't. I was out in the country two years ago and there was a Mrs. Jordan who kept Angora cats that she was willing to part with at $5 each. Though I can't bear cats myself it seemed such a bargain that I just mentioned it in a letter to my sister. She instantly wrote me to send her one. Do you call that my fault?

"Then, when spring came, my sister and her husband were going to travel

and didn't know what to do with Beauty. I simply mentioned that Mrs. Jordan boarded cats for $1 a month. I didn't urge it, but they thought it would be a fine plan. It wasn't my fault that they let the cat remain there all summer and then went to boarding in the fall so that they had no place for a cat. Well, the thing ran along all winter. In the spring, just after I had gone out in the country again, I got a letter from Mr. Emmons telling me to see Mrs. Jordan at once and arrange to sell that everlasting cat at any price. It seemed that Mrs. Jordan had just sent him a bill for Beauty's board—$18—and he was excited. He said life was expensive enough without running a boarding house for cats, and so on—all in a tone, too, as if I were responsible for the whole thing!

"I went straight over to Mrs. Jordan and there, if you'll believe it, was Beauty with six little brand-new kittens. Mrs. Jordan insisted that the owner of the mother was responsible for the support of the family. You ought to have seen the letter I got back from Mr. Emmons when I told him! He was wild. The gist of it was that I was to give all those cats away as quick as I could.

"For one whole week I went from house to house trying to present cats to people. It was a time of sudden showers, remember, so that on three different occasions while I was out giving away cats I was caught in the rain and spoiled everything I had on. It's one thing to rave over an Angora cat as if it were your heart's desire, and it's another to take it into the family—I found that out. At first people would be delighted with the idea, but by the time I got there with the cat almost invariably they had changed their minds about having it. I believe it was the hardest week's work I ever did, but by Saturday night I had given away every one of the kittens and the mother cat, too.

"I was just about to write a glowing account of my success to Mr. Emmons when I got a telegram from him telling me to send two kittens and the mother cat to his office immediately. He had just discovered, I found afterward, that the wife of a man he was trying to interest in a big deal was crazy over Angora cats, and he thought it would be a good thing to make her a present. In the same hour with that message came a telegram from my sister, who was visiting Claribel, asking me to send all the cats down there at once. Claribel wanted them.

"Well, I've always been considered meek and mild, but I took my pen and told them that I had spent one whole week placing cats and that, as far as I was concerned, they would have to stay placed! I never got a word back. I came home after awhile, but those cats were never mentioned by any of us. Then, just as we were beginning to forget about it and treat each other naturally again, an expressman drove up one day and deposited Beauty with a note from her owner saying that, as they were about to move, she was going to return our valuable cat with many thanks.

"I expected the thing would be talked out then, but it wasn't. That cat came and here it stays, like an unmentioned, walking specter. She has simply spoiled our home. Isn't it awful?"

The visitor looked his sympathy. "But surely you would have no trouble giving her away," he protested. "Anybody with sense would jump at getting a cat like that for nothing."

Miss Fanning dropped her embroidery and clasped her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Gregor, would you?" she entreated.

"Well, really—that is—I haven't any suitable place for a cat, you know," was the halting response.—Chicago News.

TIME TO LAUNCH A LIFEBOAT.

Boat Can Be Lowered with Its Crew and Get Away in Two Minutes.

Aboard the Romantic the other day several officers were talking about the length of time required to launch and man one of the large lifeboats that swing from davits on the upper deck, a distance of perhaps sixty feet above the sea. It was agreed that a boat can be lowered with its crew and get away from the ship in two minutes in anything like decent weather.

An instance was related where a man had fallen from the Romantic while she was speeding 14 knots. The alarm was sounded, a boat lowered and the swimmer rescued after a considerable row back over the course to where he was floundering about. The crew had the rescued individual back to the ship with the boat in its chocks in just seventeen minutes, which is regarded a most creditable performance. There was no ice on the rope falls to hamper the work and everything worked smoothly or the boat would have been much longer on its mission.

A steamship of 10,000 tons when going at full speed has momentum sufficient to carry her at least two miles after the engines are stopped, providing the sea is fairly quiet. Crews of lifeboats frequently have hard work cut out for them while going to a rescue before the headway of their vessel has been stopped.—Boston Herald.

Cheap Laundering.

Laundering is cheap or expensive, all depending upon how the family has it done. Of course it is better to do it in one's own private laundry, much cheaper to send it out, and here is why. Scattered all over town are hundreds of "laundries." They send out small boys to collect up all soiled clothes in the neighborhood, but the big wholesale laundries do the washing and usually the ironing, too. There is much profit in this business provided the "laundry" works up a big trade. They charge, say ten or twelve cents apiece for sheets, three or four cents for a towel, and other work in proportion. Say one or two or three families have enough wash to send to the wholesale laundries in the first place. Now what do you think they charge for the work? Sheets, tablecloths, towels, pillow cases, they wash and iron for from sixty cents to a dollar and a quarter a hundred pieces, while towels and napkins are put through for thirty to sixty cents a hundred. A woman's time is certainly worth nothing much if she can afford to do her own washing when laundry prices are so ridiculously low.—New York Press.

Trouble Averted.

A Washington man, much given to long foot tours through Virginia, once came upon an unkempt and melancholy-looking person stretched under a tree, who, upon the approach of the pedestrian, immediately executed a "hurry touch" for a dime.

Now the Washington man had, a short distance back, been talking to a prosperous farmer, who had complained of the difficulty of obtaining labor; accordingly he said to the hobo as he handed him the coin:

"About half a mile down, my friend, there's a farmer looking for men to help him in his fields."

The melancholy-looking person bowed as politely as possible, considering his sitting posture, and replied:

"Thanks. I might er strolled down that way accidental-like."—Harper's Magazine.

Getting Around a Difficulty.

An instructor in a certain boys' school is noted among his pupils for his difficult examination questions. One of the youthful students, after struggling over a particularly strenuous list of questions in geography, came upon the following query, which completely stumped him.

"Name twelve animals of the polar regions."

The youngster scratched his head, thought hard for many minutes, and finally under the spell of a sudden inspiration, wrote:

"Six seals and six polar bears."

The professor was so pleased with his pupil's cleverness that he marked his paper 100 per cent.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Striking the Hot Iron.

The following is the conversation carried on between a blacksmith and his helper; both, as it happened, stuttered.

Blacksmith's Helper—"Sh-sh-shall I h-h-hit n-n-n-now?"

Blacksmith (who is holding a piece of heated iron on the anvil for the helper to hit)—"Y-y-y-yes, h-hit it n-n-now."

Blacksmith's Helper—"Sh-sh-shall I h-h-hit it h-h-har-hard?"

Blacksmith—"Y-y-yes; h-h-h-hit it h-hard."

Blacksmith's Helper — "Sh-sh-shall I-I h-h-hit it h-hard n-now?"

Blacksmith—"N-n-no; i-it's c-c-cold n-now."

Dressed as Scholars.

At the wedding lately of the head master of Eastbourne college, England, the three pages in the bridal procession were garbed as scholars in black satin knee breeches, buckled shoes, scarlet silk gowns, with white shirt fronts. Each carried a mortarboard hat and a scarlet-bound prayer book.

A Theory.

City Man—I wonder if Adam had any regrets when he left the Garden of Eden?

Urbanite—It's a safe bet he didn't if he tried to raise his own vegetables.—Chicago News.

HER LATEST.

The place is the millinery department of a big downtown store. It is just after luncheon time and the extremely elegant young woman with the exceedingly large golden pompadour is readjusting this adornment before one of the many mirrors. Her skirts trail languidly on the floor and she moves with fawnlike grace modified by the effect of a very much-dipped belt. She speaks to a second person as impressive appearing as herself who is assorting some velvet flowers from the case.

"Hello, Mayme! I haven't seen you to speak to all morning. Why didn't you go to the party last night? Indeed and I didn't go with Harry. He's not in it with the gentleman who took me. His name? Why, it's Mr. James D. Kenna and he's a broker. No, he really doesn't own the office, but the man couldn't do business without him. How'd I know? Why, he told me himself. He keeps books there, if you really want to know—I never saw such an inquisitive person as you are, Mayme! Say, you ought to see his ties—and he has the most elegant manners! He makes Harry look like 29 cents. Somehow I think selling dress goods doesn't give a man any fascination. Harry is getting awfully humdrum. Now, Mr. Kenna—yes?

"Oh, that hat, madam, is $20. No, we've nothing anywhere like it cheaper.

"Did you ever see such a rig, Mayme? I know her kind. She'd have bothered around three hours if I hadn't scared her off with that price, and I do want to tell you about Mr. Kenna. It has all been so romantic. The first time we met, or that I noticed him, he helped me off a street car. He said he had seen me first a long time before and despaired of ever getting acquainted. He was so gentlemanly that afterward I bowed to him. I do despise a girl who doesn't show ordinary politeness when a man is courteous to her, don't you? He has the loveliest eyes and such a way of glancing at you—as though at last he had found what he was looking for. No, Harry didn't like it at all. He said Mr. Kenna was a dude and a conceited idiot. But then he was jealous. You've no idea how awkward he seemed the night he called and Mr. Kenna was there, too. His hands and feet appeared to bother him so. Mr. Kenna just smiled such a condescending smile! Like that actor we saw last week, you know!

"Yes, madam, in a minute—can't you see I'm busy now?

"Well, Mr. Kenna——

Certainly I can show you some toques—I assure you there is no need to call the floor walker. Do you think you really want a toque? I fit so many women I can see at a glance what is becoming to any one, and with your narrow face and colorless complexion I really don't think— Why not try this big drooping black hat? It will throw your face into shadow and people really won't notice what you look like. No, I wouldn't advise burnt orange. It takes a beautiful skin to stand that shade. Observe the effect when I have it on and then how it looks on yourself. Well, it certainly is queer you can find nothing to suit you in this great assortment of hats.

"Did you ever see such a crank in all your days, Mayme? You can break your neck for a woman like that and then she'll go away and complain about you!

"Where was I? Oh, yes. You ought to see how swell Mr. Kenna looks in his dress suit. He doesn't rent one like Harry—he owns it. He was the best-looking man at the party last night, if I do say it, and the girls were all so crazy to get introduced. I wore that new cerise dress of mine. Mr. Kenna said I was a dream. What do you think? He said he used to be so afraid of me before he knew me—that I had such an air he was certain I would never notice him. He said he used to get real blue and despondent thinking about it. It's just because of that, but I can't help it. My mother's sister, you know, married the man who lived next door to the estate of an earl or something in England. Why, he kept the grocery in the village, if you must know. I wish you wouldn't interrupt to ask foolish questions. But his customers were all of the nobility.

"Mr. Kenna is so observing. He said my hand was the smallest he had ever seen. Now, Harry couldn't tell whether I wore a No. 6 glove or a No. 7. It's the little things that count with a girl. I said as much to Mr. Kenna and he said it made the supreme happiness of his life to have me feel that way about him.

"Yes, I suppose you can try that white hat on, but we hate to take it out of the case for fear of soiling it. How can you tell whether you want it unless you see if it is becoming? Well, women who have lots of hats—the sort who would be apt to buy that white hat—can judge by looking at a hat whether it is their style. Oh, of course—

"Wasn't she agravating, Mayme? Made me try on her every white hat in stock just to be spiteful. I'd like to strangle a woman like that, I certainly would!

"Mr. Kenna is going to call to-night. He is so devoted. He said he had something special to tell me and I can't help thinking. Say, Mayme, would you be married in white satin or a traveling dress—that is, if you get married? Well, you needn't get huffy. I suppose you'll have a chance some day, too. Harry always kind of admired you and maybe now—

"Yes'm, just take this chair and I'll try on some street hats for you!"

[illegible]

[illegible] Being Allowed [illegible]

From her role of [illegible] to man, penned up in the [illegible] the zenana (woman's apartments) the woman of Hindustan is rising to equality with man. India is daily getting anxious to accord its women a humane and a just treatment. [illegible] inequality had decreed that while the widow was forced to remain a widow. This injunction is no longer being faithfully observed. Widows of the highest castes are being allowed to marry. Moreover, Hindoos are making special efforts to establish homes where young and old widows are kindly treated and taught how to be nurses, doctors, teachers, and missionaries. The aim of these institutions is to inspire the widows to help toward the uplift of East Indian society and also to make them capable of supporting themselves instead of being charges on their relatives, as has been the case heretofore.

Polygamy was never very common in India, but to-day it is doomed. To-day the woman of India is leaving the privacy of her apartments, going to modern schools for education, and entering the arena of public activity, to help along the evolution of Hindustan. Schools and colleges, especially designated for girls and neighborhood centers meant for the advancement of matured women, are coming to be pronounced features of East Indian cities.

Liverpool's Drunkenness.

In no centre in the Kingdom have more earnest efforts been made to fight drunkenness than in Liverpool, but the latest report of the head constable shows that no great success has attended these efforts. Indeed, the convictions under this head, which in 1903 were 7,377, and in 1907 were 8,725, were last year [illegible], although it should be stated that the head constable regards the figures as indicative of the measure of police activity rather than of the amount of drunkenness. The supervision of the public houses is very strict, and the causes of the evil appear to be an increase in drinking in the home fostered by carts going from door to door and supplying beer—if need be, on credit; the resorting to public houses of women early in the morning, and grocers' licenses. The Liverpool city justices have just been considering these matters, and have passed a series of resolutions in favor of action concerning them. Liverpool has already initiated many reforms in regard to licensing; we trust the latest efforts to further cope with a great evil may again be fruitful of results. —Westminster Gazette.

A Powerful Remedy.

One day while running a fox over some very rough ground, Major —— was violently thrown from his horse on a very spirited horse, and [illegible] as insensible. Until a doctor could be procured, his old colored servant was asked to care for him.

When the doctor arrived, he found the major quietly smoking on the veranda, and was curious to know what medicine had effected such miraculous results.

Uncle John, being questioned, explained his mode of treatment as follows:

"Massa bus' his insides an' I give him alum an' rosum."

"What for!" asked the astonished physician.

"De allum to draw de parts together an' de rosum to sodder dem."

The Burglar was Married.

"James," cried Mrs. Timmid, sitting up in bed, "there are burglars downstairs."

"Oh, no, there ain't, my dear," replied Mr. Timmid.

"I'm sure there are."

"I'm sure there ain't."

"I tell you there are."

"I tell you there ain't."

"Your husband is right, mum," interposed a low-browed individual, who thrust his head into the room at this juncture. "We're upstairs."

And as he started down the stairs he was heard to say to his pal: "I always believe in helping a husband out whenever I kin. I'm a married man myself."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Misunderstood.

From a crowd of rah-rah college boys celebrating a crew victory a policeman had managed to extract two prisoners.

"What is the charge against these young men?" asked the magistrate before whom they were arraigned.

"Disturbin' the peace, yer Honor," said the policeman. "They were givin' their college yells in the street an' making trouble generally."

"What is your name?" the judge asked one of the prisoners.

"R-ro-robert Ro-ro-rollins," stuttered the youth.

"I asked for your name, sir—not the evidence."—Everybody's.

Britain's Coal Troubles.

We hear a great deal in these times of the folly and wickedness of war between civilized peoples. What, then, shall be said of industrial civil war in our midst? In every dispute there must always be a reasonable middle course. If it cannot be found that is nothing short of a disgrace to our civilization.—London Weekly Dispatch.

Exclusive.

"Where do the [illegible] live, Mary?" a public-school teacher asked one of her pupils. "I don't know, ma'am," said Mary, primly. "Ma won't let me visit any of the people in this neighborhood."—Youth's Companion.