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THE PARDEE MEDICINE CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What is Going on in the Parishes outside Rochester.

Great preparations are being made for the fair to be given by St. Vincent's church congregation, Churchville. It will open Christmas night and continue a week, and perhaps longer. One of the principle features will be a contest for gold watch between Misses Weldon, Brady, Cunningham, Keenan, McGivern and Dorey.

Patrick Meehan and his nephew Owen of Brockport, left for New York on Saturday last, whence they took steamer for Ireland, where they will visit friends and relatives in Dublin and vicinity.

Links from Lima.

A census will soon be taken of St. Rose's parish.

It appears that our church debt will disappear with the year 1889. Quite as a matter of course improvements we expected to follow. The next addition to our parish property will be a new school-house and parish hall. Lima is bound to surpass any country mission in the U. S.

Branch 138, C. M. B. A., will probably take steps to own a hall of its own by the time its membership reaches the hundred mark.

Two festivals are announced for the holidays. One under the charge of the Young Ladies, Friday after X-Mas, Dec. 27. Another under charge of the Young Men, Friday after New Years, Jan. 3rd. As a part of the first entertainment there will be tickets sold on an elegant Parlor Stove. For the second, there will be a fine Cutter.

Danaville News.

Miss Ella Donnelly has returned to her home in Hornellsville, after a long stay in Danaville.

Mrs. L. P. Lipp has gone to Lockport to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Meyers.

James Callahan is the happy 'pa-pa' of a boy born last Friday.

The Young Peoples Society of St. Patrick's church, will meet Jan. 2nd, at which meeting the officers for the year will be elected.

The whole amount realized from our fair is about \$1,253.

Father Day preached a stirring sermon on matrimony, Sunday last, or rather on the manner in which contracting parties have had in being married in St. Patrick's church of late years. So no more marriages at five o'clock in the morning. No more marriages without the publication of the bans.

Mt. Morris C. M. B. A.

Branch 94 C. M. B. A., of this place at a recent meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year. Spiritual Advisor, Rev. C. Flaherty; Pres. John F. Donovan; First Vice-Pres. Patk. McKeon; Second Vice-Pres. John McMahon; Treas. Rev. C. Flaherty; Rec. Sec'y. N. E. Delaney; Asst. Sec'y. Thomas Welch; Fin. Sec'y. Patk. Durkin; Marshall, Geo. L. Smith; Guard, P. J. Kingston; Delegate to Grand Council, Wm. Egan; Alternate, J. J. Barret. This branch is now in a prosperous condition and new members are constantly being added to the roll.

Geneseo News.

Miss Mary Ennis, who has lived with Mr. Peter Carragher since his mother died, some twenty-five years ago, and has seen him grow up from a mere baby to manhood, passed quietly away Friday, Dec. 6th, at 4:30 p. m., after being confined to her bed for over three months. She was 77 years old, and was one of the oldest Catholic settlers in this village, having come to this country over forty years ago. Her funeral took place from the new St. Mary's church, Monday, at 9:30 a. m., Rev. J. A. Hickey, officiating. A large number of friends of the deceased were in attendance.

The choir, under the management of Mr. "Wm. D. Foote," which appeared in the Journal of Dec. 7th as

rendering some very fine music at the dedication service, should have read Mr. Wm. D. Foote.

Miss Mary Ennis was the first funeral from the new St. Mary's church.

The bidding for seats in the new church on Sunday, Dec. 8th was very lively, over \$260 in premiums being realized. Father Hickey acted as auctioneer and made a good one.

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

Aunt Ruth's Letter.

DEAR LITTLE PEOPLE: Again has come the time of the merry X-mas cheer; when all are busy as bees, running here and there, beginning a present and to-day, finishing one to-morrow—thinking what will be best to give father or mother, brother or sister, and with all this fuss and worry the utmost caution and secrecy are to be maintained.

And when you are thinking of X-mas, just stop and reflect a few minutes as to why we should make this season one of joyfulness; think of the time when so many, many years ago Christ came among men, even as a little child, think of how by His coming the gates of Heaven were opened to us.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas I am, Sincerely yours, AUNT RUTH.

The following letter is self-explanatory and proves that the Journal always keeps its promises:

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 19, '89

Mr. E. J. Ryan, Manager CATHOLIC JOURNAL: Dear Sir:—Today I received my second gold ring for getting subscribers to the Journal. I think it is prettier than the first one I received. I will continue to get subscribers for your paper, which I hope will have continued success and prosperity. Hoping that other boys may do as well as I have, I am, Yours truly, DEAN PERCY THOMPSON.

THE SEASON OF GIFTS.

The season of gifts is almost now. Anxious people are beginning to wonder what they shall give the expectant. And it is this anxiety, this feeling that must be expected, that spoils the serenity of the season.

Somebody recently told a story of a rich man whose life was burdened by the fear that Christmas Eve would pass without his having found a suitable gift for his nephew. Late on that day it was discovered that he had secured a silver bootjack, set with brilliants! He knew that his nephew already possessed all manner of things; he felt much was expected of him, and he wanted to live up to these expectations. The consequence was, a gift which in its ostentation and uselessness represented truly his condition of mind. The bootjack neither pleased him that gave nor him that received it.

Christmas finds too many unfortunates in the state of mind of the purchaser of the bootjack. If simplicity were the fashion—if people were civilized enough to be simple—the artist would, as Emerson says, give the work of his brush, the author, of his pen, and even the little child something made by his own hands! But it will take many years and many Ruskins to make simplicity possible.

Many of us, who do not want to be ostentatious even if we could afford it, are puzzled as to what to give our friends, and perhaps somewhat overburdened by feelings of gratitude to them, and a fear that our means of showing it may not be adequate. Any cheap attempt at competition is always vulgar as is the spirit of competition in giving. When gifts come to be measured, they undergo a process the reverse of that which changed the bread in St. Elizabeth's apron into roses;—the roses of gratification, which should idealize the smallest gift, turn to ugly objects in the garish light.

We are always safe in giving books. Everybody, not absolutely imbecile has some favorite book. It is easy to find out what it is. A book outlasts a life, and to how many good impulses does it give new energy? It is a gift which will always live and never fail to recall the giver. It is a compliment to one's good taste to get a good book from a friend. We know that he has bestowed some thought on us and on our taste. Other gifts, however, beautiful, disappear in time; other gifts, however useful, leave but little impress on life; but a good book influences our whole life-long.

Let us give books, then, by all means. They need not have costly bindings, but let them have bindings that will not lose a look of having been born for festive occasions. The "show book," made especially for sale at periods of gift giving, is better than a bootjack set with brilliants, and yet is not what we

mean as an old favorite or a new favorite of your own—but the "old are best," and you may be sure that your gift will brighten, not only Christmas Day, but the whole year.—Maurice Francis Egan, in Ave Maria.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Overlook! In the old, beautiful, dull city of Chartres, there hangs daily a chime of very ancient bells. The men, women and children come from the scattered uplands about, and passants from the vineyards of La Brie, and from La Perche, the great orchard country; and from La Sologne, the marsh lands over by the Loire; and from La Beauce, the land of corn, they troop in to hear what the bells say—particularly on Christmas Eve, when the legend goes to say that four angels came down to ring the chimes, and that each bell tells a secret, which reaches the ears for which it was meant, and tells its tale to no other. The bells are named Anne; Elizabeth, Fulbert and Plat. A great fee for Anne, who rings only for rank, consideration and eloquence. Elizabeth comes next; she costs six francs. For a carillon of marriage, Fulbert is a prudent four-guineas bell; he costs but three francs, while Plat, poor pauper, is only two francs, and he rings for the greater part of the time, so much do the poor outnumber the rich in this strange world—so says the old bell-ringer.

But on Christmas Eve four angels come down and relieve the martinet of his daily toil; his messages of warning and his messages of comfort. Strange! It is on the great, powerful bell, whose tone is so rich and golden, that the solemn words of warning are rung out. Great Anne is made to say "Warning to all those who talk scandal and bear false witness." Then come proud Elizabeth and her silver tongue goes clang, clang, clang, clang. "Warning to all those who love money." Then comes the gracious angel with comfort, and Fulbert rings out in lordly music: "Comfort to all prisoners, and to those who suffer oppression, and are falsely accused." While to humble Plat comes a messenger from St. Michael himself, and in the softest chords there floats on the Christmas air the blessing translated into all tongues: "To all men, persons and to young children, Christ is with you."

Chapter for the Season.

The honor conferred by the Senate of North Dakota on the Rev. F. C. Foxworth of Mandan, is one rarely accorded to a Catholic priest. It speaks well for the liberality of the Senate of North Dakota, that its members should have voluntarily made choice of a Catholic priest to act in their chapter, and also goes to show the esteem in which the Rev. Foxworth is held by his fellow-senators.