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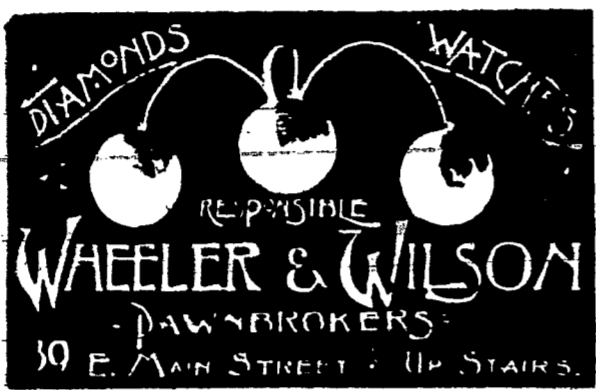
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A FOOTMAN'S LOVE.

An Honest Scotchman Loses His Heart to the Daughter of His Master.

Here is another absolutely true love story. A citizen of the Murray Hill stamp was asked by a valued footman for a private interview...

"Maister," he gasped, at last, "I maun gang awa' the morrow."

"I cannot let you go, Donald, without a good cause. What are your reasons for wishing to go?"

"Oh, maister," the poor fellow groaned, with an effort, "the bonny lassie, Miss Bessie—I canna, canna stay, sir!"

"Miss Bessie, man! Has Miss Bessie treated you unkindly?—I would not suppose it possible."

"No, ma, sir," and then by much prodding of the reluctant man it transpired that Donald had lost his heart to the 15-year-old daughter of his employer...

"Does my daughter know this? Have you spoken to her? Why, Bessie is only a child, you rascal!" exclaimed the father, in rising passion.

"Miss Bessie's na bairn, sir; Miss Bessie is an angel!" declared Donald, with a vague impression that in speaking of the angels age is never mentioned...

"Oh, come, my man, this is too silly. I don't want to lose you and you don't want to throw up a good place. Confound it all, this is preposterous!"

"So it is, sir," assented Donald, humbly, "but oh, maister! yestere'en when Miss Bessie came from her drive in the park her fut slipped on the step—I caught her—oh, maister," with a dramatic gesture toward his broad chest, "she do have sick een, and sick a fut! I maun gang awa'."

And go he did. The morning afterward Miss Bessie's maid found a small box at her mistress' door, addressed in a painful scrawl. The wondering Miss Bessie found that it contained a bunch of Scotch heather and a gold ring—a plain band engraved with a thistle, Scotland's national emblem...

De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum.

This polite fashion of saying nothing but good of the dead has, like the dead, been run into the ground. It has done positive harm to the rising generation. Men have died who ought to have died sooner. There was no good in them to speak of, and they have occupied such prominent places in the affairs of the world that they could not well be left out of conversation or history without making a hole in it...

He has sugar coated other unsaintly characters, and made them sweet and pleasant for the plastic minds of youth to bask. The eulogies of dead congressmen by congressmen living are full of complimentary matter that would not have stood a minute on the stump in face of the opposition...

moral person—to know what to say of the dead, standing there between the dead and the living. They might speak the truth; but that would offend the living, and in the clergyman's case it is the living that must be considered.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Chinese Way.

"I was passing by a Chinese laundry in a basement, and, chancing to look in, I saw a pigtailed Mongolian sitting in the corner with a pile of those jim-jam looking figured slips of yellow paper in front of him and the list book open on the table where you go to pay for your washee, washee."

"Nothing funny in that."

"No, it was rather tragic, though I said funny at first."

"Was he skinning a rat?"

"No; he had a log chain fastened around his neck secured by a big padlock, and there was a look of remorse and resignation on his saddle colored face that awoke my sympathies. Walking in I was met by another Chinaman, who came hustling out of an adjoining room, his face wreathed in smiles and soapuds. Said I, 'What's the matter with this man, Gin-Sling?'"

"Dis man, eh? He-he! Dis man clerkee. Keepee cashee. One day say Canada. Now he sleepee here allee timee. Eh? See? Hei he!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Carving Fowls.

A goose is carved the same as a wild duck (this is also the case with a tame duck) and should be served up with turnips or olives. It should be sufficiently well done for it to be possible to carve it with a spoon or the point of a knife. Pigeons when roasted are divided into four pieces. When no company is present the most equitable way is to cut a pigeon in two longitudinally.

Chickens and capons are carved very much in the same way as turkeys. The legs make two pieces, the wings three, the white meat is left in whole slices, and the carcass is separated into six pieces. Chickens and capons are much improved by the use of truffles, but, as George Grant will tell you, truffles cannot be got in America.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

The Outlaw Stud.

There is said to be a large band of wild horses, known to stockmen as the "Outlaw Stud," ranging between Truckee, Nevada county, Cal., and Avine, Nev. Years ago the stallion, a thoroughbred racer, escaped to the mountains, and has since defied capture. By desperate riding stockmen manage to get into the band every year and drive out the colts. The horses range on the highest peaks, beyond where cattle or sheep often go. They only go to water once a day, and then in single file down the mountain trail as fast as they can run. They go back at their leisure.—Montreal Star.

Which is Your Right Hand?

An anatomist told me the other day that I could not tell him which was my right hand. I immediately held out my right hand, but he objected. He said that he did not say that I could not show or extend my right hand, but that I could not tell him which was my right hand—that is, that I could not describe it in words, so that one who had never heard of the distinction we make between the right and the left hands would be able to find it. I thought that would be easy enough also until I took time to think the matter over, then I gave it up, for on the outside of the human body there is nothing to distinguish the right hand from the left. No one can describe it in words so that an ignorant person (one not knowing the distinction we make) can find and locate it.—St. Louis Republic.

BALDNESS AND ITS CAUSES.

Some Claim That Too Frequent Cutting Is Detrimental to the Hair.

There are many different opinions as to the cause of baldness. Some of the eminent medical authorities state that it is caused by a form of dandruff. This, it is claimed, has been verified by taking the hair which has fallen off in such cases, rubbing it up with vaseline and after applying the ointment so made to the fur of rabbits baldness has rapidly made its appearance on the parts so treated. When vaseline alone was used this result did not follow. The same authority says that the disease is spread by hair dressers, who employ combs and brushes on their customers, one after another, without regard to the cleanliness of those articles. Women are less liable to be affected by this form of baldness, for the reason that their hair is usually dressed at home.

On the other hand some claim that too frequent cutting of the hair is detrimental. The hair in some respects resemble a tree. Suppose the gardener were to clip all the limbs from a tree, regardless of the season of the year, as soon as they were two or three feet in length. How long could the tree be expected to survive? There is a fluid substance in each hair from which the hair gets its nourishment the same as the tree gets its life, and growth from the sap which is conducted from its roots. Break the bark of a tree and you will soon see the sap running down the trunk. The same thing is believed to take place when a hair is cut, only it is not visible to the naked eye.

A number of the better class of barbers is endeavoring to overcome this evil by singing the ends of the hair after cutting. This hermetically seals the ends and prevents the escape of any fluid. This operation is performed with the aid of a small wax taper. The hair is raised from the head with a comb and the lighted taper passed rapidly across the ends. The operation is neither tedious nor unpleasant. Those that practice this style of treating the hair state that much good has resulted from the process.—Washington Star.

Cupid in China.

A traveler from Lien-Kiang, in the Foo-Chow prefecture (China), relates the following curious custom prevalent there among the superstitious people: "Just outside the city gate of Lien-Kiang is a lake, in area over 100 'king,' (a 'king' is 100 'mow,' or 15.18 acres). By the lake is an ancient tomb of some distinguished officer of state, before which, as guardians, stand facing each other two colossal statues, one representing a civil and the other a military official. The former has his back to the lake and his face to the west, the latter has his back to the hill and faces east. Long years have they stood there, in lifelike attitude, absorbing the warmth of the sun by day and bathed in the pure rays of the moon by night, until at last, in popular belief, they have become living—acquired life and power. The people have recourse to the stone civil in all love-troubles. The perfumed smoke of incense curls round his kindly, thoughtful face, and complaints of conjugal unhappiness and longings of suffering lovers for a meeting are whispered into the cold ear of this mandarin, but only whispered so as not to be overheard by his military colleague, who stands there forbidding and frowning as if he had sterner affairs to attend to than poor lovers' woes."—New York Times.

How to Distinguish It.

"I don't like Wagner's music." "I inferred as much." "Indeed! How?" "Because you call the composer 'Wagner' instead of 'Vogner.'"—Pool.