



The Rev. A. Antoine of Refugio, Tex., writes: As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffers from a most painful nervousness as I did, I feel now like myself again after taking the Tonic.

A Strong Proof.

ORILLIA, ONT., CANADA, June, '98. I was first attacked by epilepsy in November 1875, residing in New York I consulted the best physicians, but they could only arrest the disease, the honest ones told me then there was no cure for it—I was compelled to give up my occupation and return to Canada in 1878; since then I tried innumerable remedies and consulted some of the best physicians, but nothing benefited me until I began to use Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic in September '98, since then I had not a single attack.

M. J. CLIFFORD.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and those patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO., 23 West Madison, St. Chicago, Ill. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.

H. KOEBE, THE DRUGGIST, 126 N. Clinton St. Rochester N. Y. Dealer from Electric Fans.

An accident has just occurred in Georgia which shows the necessity of the guard which is now generally fixed over the ventilating fans worked by electric motors. The manager of the engineering department of an electric light works had been supervising the putting in of a new exhaust fan, and was watching its first trial. As he was feeling the shaft to see if the journals were hot the suction drew his hand in, and in an instant it was cut off between the wrist and the elbow. The fan was revolving at the rate of 1,000 revolutions a minute, and it is said that the arm was cut off as clean as if it had been done by a knife.—Detroit News.

Preparing for Winter.

A real estate dealer who missed a number of signs he had planted in the northeastern part of the city took a scout among the inhabitants, and in one back yard he found no less than twenty different "For Sale" signs, several of them bearing his own, "Apply to —." When he undertook to recover his property, however, a Polish woman set a dog on him and ran him off, accompanied by an exclamation which seemed to interpret: "If my husband was only here he'd teach you better than to come around trying to steal the fire wood we've laid up for the winter!"—Detroit Free Press.

Melrose Abbey.

There is no doubt that Melrose abbey is yearly visited by more strangers and pilgrims from foreign lands than any other great abbey, castle or palace in Scotland, not excepting Holyrood palace, in Edinburgh, and briefly recalling its environment and history will have interest to many. The vale of Melrose, lying in the very heart of the valley of the Tweed, just below the confluence of the Gala water, the Yarrow, Etrick water and the river Tweed, is perhaps seven miles long.

The Tweed gently curves around it from Abbotsford on the west to the vicinity of Drygrange on the east, bordering and intersecting central spaces of about a mile in breadth surpassingly rich in pastures, groves, orchards, haunts and mansions. These are protected by heights picturesquely diversified with tender recesses and wooded braes, while immediately behind the town, to the south, rise those weird Mons Tremontium of the Romans, the Eldon hills.

Tradition has it that they once formed a single cone, which was cleft in three during an ecstasy of rage on the part of Scotland's once famous wizard—a real character of flesh and blood and authenticated black art power—Sir Michael Scott. They are noble heights, around and between which banners of mist are forever floating, as if still signaling to the old Roman hosts, the wizards, the Picts and the Druids they once knew. Sixteen grand terraces rise their lofty sides, recalling those marvelous nature riddles of the north, the weird and wondrous parallel roads of Iona and far Glenroy.—Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

A "Dimple" and a Spark.

There was caused in a singular way one day in Highland Park, opposite Oswego, N. J. The handsome residence of Peter Zimmerman were to be on fire. The flames were in a bay window at the third story hall, where a lightning struck. It is concluded was started by a dimple in the sun's rays contracting the sun's rays were quickly extinguished by water from the tank on Philadelphia Ledger.

An Eleven Ton Powder Blast. The huge blast of powder at Port Crescent, for which preparation had been so long and carefully made, was successfully fired at 5:30 o'clock the other afternoon. The day had been very misty, which prevented the actual movement of the rock being seen, but the effects produced are prodigious. The weight of the powder used was 22,000 pounds, and it was disposed in six chambers along a transverse tunnel seventy-six feet from the face of the bluff which projects out at the western side of the harbor. It was calculated to displace about 65,000 tons of rock, or 820,000 cubic yards. The wires formed a circuit of 40,000 feet, and the shot was touched off by means of a dynamo-electric machine.

The whole population, including many visitors, retired to a safe distance, and all doors and windows were left wide open. The battery was touched off by Miss Adeline J. Boehler, of Seattle. The displacement of rock is something over 20,000 cubic yards, but no estimate can yet be ascertained, as the rock is cracked all around within 150 feet.

The blast made an opening of about 125 feet by 75 deep, and was a complete success in every particular. The concussion was very slight, and no damage to surrounding buildings or other property was done. Not even a pane of glass was broken.—Cor. Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Strange Hallucination.

Ralph Blood, of Waterbury, Conn., a remarkably well read man, is slowly starving himself to death, the victim of a singular monomania. Two years ago he was afflicted with a slight mental aberration, from which he speedily recovered under treatment, but not until he had attempted to stab himself with a penknife, inflicting a slight wound in the breast. He thinks this wound has not healed, and under the direction of the spirits, as he believes, he has refrained from eating or drinking for nearly two weeks in order that he may be cured. He says he has not suffered from hunger, but that he would be willing to give \$1,000,000 to take a good drink of water. Within this time he has lost over forty pounds in weight and appears twenty years older.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reads Like a Miracle.

Walter C. Scott, a war veteran, lives in a small frame house at Alburta. Everybody in that section knew him as a great sufferer from injuries received in the artillery service, his nervous system being shattered, and an incessant shaking of the head was one of the outward effects. Friday his spasms were unusually severe and then ceased altogether. Then Scott got up, walked away perfectly cured and jumped over a fence next day to prove to the doctors that he was not shamming. The case puzzles the local medical world, and the only thing that worries Scott is the idea that he may lose the \$75 monthly disability pension allowed by the government.—Philadelphia Times.

An Odd Game.

A game almost unknown in the United States was heartily enjoyed on Mr. Schepflin's green, at Dunellen, N. J., Thursday. About ten years ago, while abroad, Mr. Schepflin was invited by an English gentleman to take part in a game at bowls on a green near Liver pool. Mr. Schepflin was so pleased with the game that after reaching home he built a green and procured bowls from Scotland, and invited a few of his friends to share with him the pleasures of the game.—Philadelphia Times.

A curious fact is developed by the arrest of the men in Washington who had made preparations to steal the telegraphic reports of sporting events from the Western Union wires, and that is that there is no law there against the tapping of wires. The parties were arraigned as suspicious characters.

There has never been such a peculiar season as this in the Arctic, only one whale being killed by the natives of either the west or east coasts. The winter being so mild, the only heavy ice in the ocean was from icy caps, and this in no way has impeded the navigation.

No Smallpox in Ireland.

Not a single death from smallpox was registered in Ireland last year. From this source, at all events, "the distressful country" appears to be gradually freeing itself. Over the last ten years the average annual number of deaths was 180, but this average is due to the more serious state of things prevailing in the early stages of the decade. Since 1883 there has only been one year in which the number of deaths from smallpox was as high as fourteen. That was in 1887. In 1885 there were but four deaths from smallpox registered in Ireland; in 1890 two; in 1894 there was only one; in 1904 there were three, and, as above stated, in 1889 there was not one.—London News.

The Bones of Mirabeau.

A couple of years ago there was a great quest for the bones of Mirabeau. Now it is for the bones of Mirabeau. The playground of a boys' school near the Boulevard-Saint Marcel has been torn up, and an amazing number of bones and skeletons have certainly been discovered, but no one can say which of them are the remains of the great hero of the Revolution. The skeleton, wherever it is, has had strange experiences. Mirabeau died in 1791, and on the 4th of April his body was conveyed with extraordinary pomp to the Pantheon. His was the first interment in the great temple that was to hold the ashes of the noblest Frenchmen.

A couple of years afterward papers were discovered that proved the people's idol had received considerable sums of money from Louis XVI. So it was decided to cancel the public burial, and, in fact, to remove the bones. This was in effect done; but they should be buried somewhere. The leaden coffin was carried off to the cemetery of Saint Marcel, a grave yard used for the interment of criminals. And now when the bones are wanted they cannot be identified. No leaden coffin can be discovered, and the authorities are uncertain whether to select a skeleton and do it vicarious homage or let matters revert to their old condition.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Mad Bull and Iron Horse.

A big black and white bull undertook the task of butting a train off the track of the Port Townsend Southern road, about four miles north of Tenino, one morning. It seems that a former attempt had been unsuccessful, and undoubtedly maddened at the failure of the first attempt he determined to clean the whole train out this time or die. He died.

The train was under fair headway when his mightiness was seen by the engineer in an attitude of defiance directly in the middle of the track. The engineer blew the whistle and put on the air brakes, but Sir Boos not only refused to give way to the approaching train, but even with lowered crest charged upon it. The shock was a great one—for the bull. The pilot struck him full in the head, killing him instantly and throwing the body slightly to one side.

The combination car scraped by the body and remained on the track, but the rear trucks of the following car left the track and traveled from one side of the right of way to the other, bumping over the ties and tearing up both sides of the embankment. Two wrecking frogs were soon produced, and in ten minutes the train was on its way again.—Centralia News.

Made His Will Before Robbing the Train.

A startling feature of the train robbery near Brewton, Ala., was developed recently. Criminal court was in session, and Solicitor Stallings had been active in having the robbery fully investigated. He says the evidence is conclusive as to Rube Burrows being the perpetrator. He has positive evidence that only two days before the train robbery Burrows called on Capt. Green, a prominent attorney, and disclosing his identity under professional honor, asked him to write his (Burrows') last will and testament.

He said to the lawyer that he had been outlawed without a show, and a large price had been put upon his head. He expected to be killed at any moment, and he wanted to dispose of the little he possessed in due form. He said he had some money, and his family would know where it was. He has a sister living about thirty miles from Brewton, just across the Florida line, and was stopping with her at the time he had the will written.

It is generally believed that Burrows had in contemplation the Escambia river bridge train robbery, and was preparing for all emergencies.—Mobile Register.

Ruined by Chess.

In the communal of Fred Elder, of Detroit, for vagrancy is written the close of the life of one of the brightest newspaper men Michigan ever saw. Fifteen years ago Elder, who had graduated at Amherst college with high honors and obtained his diploma from the law school, came to Michigan as a newspaper man. His mind was of the brightest, keenest kind, and he could call to mind the very page and paragraph of any quotation from Blackstone or Kent, and was a perfect encyclopedia on Shakespeare. He learned to play chess and became enraptured with the game. His love for chess overcame his care for food and his profession, and he lost his position. Step by step he drifted down, sacrificing anything for the game.—Detroit Cor. Philadelphia Press.

A grocer of Keene, N. H., sold powder by lamplight twenty years, and some people think that the explosion which killed him the other night was the natural kind of death he could have had.

WARNER & BRADLEY, 4 OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

Boulevard Lot Association,

Has Contracted for the Convent Track, joining the Burke Property.

152 LOTS MUST BE CLOSED AT ONCE

In Order to Organize the Association.

Prices to the Association are Barely Half Value of the Property.

\$10 DOLLARS DOWN AND \$10 PER MONTH.

Nearly one-third of the Shares were sold the first day they were offered for sale. An Ideal Situation for a Home, combining the advantages of a City Residence and a Country Home.

COMMANDING SITUATION,

With a Grand View of Lake Ontario.

Amid Palatial Surroundings. Electric Cars to the City and Charlotte.

Opposite Seneca Park, commanding a beautiful view of the Lower Falls, and second only to Niagara Falls Park. One hundred and fifty-two lots only are offered in the Boulevard Lot Association and the remaining lots are offered for sale. All lots are placed at about one-half their actual value and are considered the best investment ever offered to the Rochester Public. The Association lots are offered on the section plan. Each subscriber selects his section.

\$10 Secures Any Lot. \$10 Per Month.

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