



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Physicians Couldn't Cure Him. One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely.

People can hardly believe it. I take pleasure in letting you know that my boy is all right now. He has not had any of the spasms since about March 30th.

Our pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

H. KOBBE, THE DRUGGIST. 126 N. Clinton St. Rochester, N. Y.

Catholic Societies.

Official Organ C. M. B. A. All communications to this department should be addressed to Bro. T. H. Donovan.

It is probable a Branch of the L. C. B. A. will be organized soon in St. Peter and Paul's parish.

SOCIETIES MEET NEXT WEEK. Monday, Feb. 2, Branch 134. Friday, " 6, " 121.

The city directory of the C. M. B. A. will soon be issued.

The C. M. B. A. continues to spread westward. A new branch was recently organized in Denver, Colorado.

We reproduce Grand Deputy Ernst's speech in full on an inside page, to accommodate a number of readers who desire copies.

Branch 81 still continues to increase in membership, and at nearly every meeting initiates at least one candidate.

Bishop McQuaid will lecture before the Cathedral Book Club, some time in Lent, on "What Christianity has done for Women During the Present Century." At the last meeting of the club Emilie L. Kehoe played a Valse; Mary Louise Coughlin read a paper on "What Modern Astronomy Owes to Catholic Genius"; Stella Hughes recited "The Story of '98"; Miss McMullen gave a review and criticism of "The Disappearance of John Longworth," a story by Maurice F. Egan, recently concluded in the Ave Maria; Mrs. K. Mahon sang "Sancta Maria," and Miss Flynn contributed an original poem "Our Club."

Rev. F. C. Oberholzer has despatched the following letter in acknowledgment of his election as chaplain of the Roman Catholic Uniformed Union:

Mr. Jos. P. Leinen, Rochester, N. Y. DEAR SIR:

Permit me to acknowledge the official notification of my appointment as chaplain to your honorate body, the Roman Catholic Uniformed Union. Believe me that I fully appreciate the honor and distinction thus conferred upon me. Though circumstances compel me to decline the formal and official offer of chaplain of the staff, your kind offer has drawn me to the duty to take of a special interest in the welfare of my good comrades, and I shall look upon myself as assured. Thank you very kindly for your most respectful and kind regards. F. C. OBERHOLZER. 145 Avon, Rochester, N. Y.

The following is the result of the election made Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 2, 1910.

In Mortal Peril. Dr. C. C. Abbott, in "Outings at Odd Times," tells a tragic tale of an adventure which once befell an old lady, "long, long ago." The spot where she lived was almost a wilderness, and was beset with the perils of a new and scantily settled land.

The now almost forgotten Camden and Amboy railroad was in operation, but though scarcely a mile distant, it was as nothing to her. She knew neither what nor where it was. But where the best whortleberries grew, in the back swamp, that was knowledge worth her possessing.

Although her cousin Abijah had killed a bear there during the winter, she did not stop to think of that, but one day started for berries where few men would care to follow. With a light heart she gathered and gathered, until at length an ominous shrieking fell upon her ears.

"Could it be another bear?" thought she, and turned her face homeward. Her big basket was not quite full, and there were such loads of fruit within easy reach! This was tantalizing, but all her doubt vanished with the second shrieker, more unearthly scream.

The path was no longer plain, nor was she surefooted. As she pitched recklessly forward the berries were bounced by handfuls from her basket, and finally in despair she threw aside the basket itself.

And still sounded through the swamp the terrible screeching of that angry bear. At last she could see her cottage through the thickly set trees, but not so plainly the tortuous path. One miststep and she sank waist deep in the yielding mud of an old well, and there she stood screaming until her husband came to the rescue.

"Do be still, Hannah," was his first remark, after she had chokingly called his attention to the still audible cries of the bear, "that's only the new fangled steam engine whistlin'!"

"And to think," the old lady was wont to remark, on concluding this story, "to think I lost all them beautiful berries!"

Wanted—Lymph. One of the local churches furnishes a calendar every week on which are announced the various services and meetings during the week. The pastor usually has a hand in getting up these calendars, and a few days ago he described a new "disease" which affects church members, and he calls it "Morbus Sabbaticus." He describes it thus: "It attacks church members; comes suddenly, on Sundays, morning and evening. The patient sleeps well on Saturday night, awakes refreshed, eats a hearty breakfast, perhaps reads a Sunday newspaper, but at the ringing of the first church bell (10:15) the sickness begins and continues till the service ends. The patient is then well enough to eat a hearty dinner, after which a walk or a ride is enjoyed. Returning home the supper is greatly relished. But about church time there is another attack of the disease, which lasts about an hour. It is apt to attack the head of the family at first, but the children soon are affected by the contagion."—Springfield Republican.

Cheaper Rings Are Bought. A jeweler tells me that the fashion of buying expensive diamond rings by young men just engaged is gradually dying out. "Understand me," he said, "the girls still get their engagement rings, and they are pretty good, but they don't average over \$70 or \$80 in price. Time was when the haughty bride to be would have turned up her dainty nose at any ring that cost less than \$200, but now, although there is just as much romance and just the same passion for diamonds in her composition, the New York girl rightly reasons that she is living in a practical age, and that a cheaper ring and a more expensively furnished flat will give her the most satisfaction. I know a man with an income of \$10,000 and the satisfaction of being engaged to a millionaire's daughter. How much do you think her engagement ring cost him? Just \$150, and the bride went into ecstasies over it."—New York Star.

Civilities Exchanged. A French gentleman who was staying at the Bellevue hotel stepped out of the hotel one morning and walked to the corner of Broad and Walnut streets to wait for a Chestnut street car. An organ grinder with a monkey started to play the "Marseillaise." The monkey tripped across to the French gentleman and held up his paw. The foreigner placed therein a coin, and the monkey took off his little red cap.

Without a thought the polite Frenchman immediately raised his own silk hat in return to the salute, and the monkey ran to his master chattering with delight, a broad grin spreading over his little brown face. Philadelphia Press.

An instance is on record of a pigeon flying twenty-three miles in eleven minutes, and another flew from Rouen to Ghent, 150 miles, in an hour and a half.

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

How the Baby was Found.

Two things were suddenly missing one day.

One of them was the baby. He could not have gone far, for he wasn't a year and a half old.

Grandma thought he was upstairs with mamma. Mamma thought he was in the kitchen with Hannah.

Hannah thought grandma was getting him to sleep in his crib.

Grandpa came in just as they missed the baby, and without a word to scare any of them, took his cane and hurried down through the garden as fast as he could, for the river ran just below. To be sure, baby had never walked a quarter part as far.

Mamma went out to explore the barn, Hannah hunted through the lower part of the house, while grandma toiled up into the chamber and the attic, all calling "Baby! Baby!"

The other missing thing was a piece of dried beef, all there was in the house.

Hannah was sure that she laid it on the kitchen table. Passing through grandma's bedroom, Hannah heard a little noise like a mouse gnawing, nibble, nibble, nibble.

Lifting the spread, there sat baby on the floor under the bed, gnawing the dried beef!

In the Mail-Box.

In a warm bed in an old soap-box in the cellar old Tabby kept her three little black kittens. But sometimes when she sprang into the cellar window and went to the box, she found it empty. Then she always went upstairs to the sitting-room to look for her kittens, and she was sure to find Lulu playing with them.

Lulu was only four years old, and she liked to play with the kittens better than with her dolls. She would dress them up in the dolls' clothes, and take them to ride up and down the room in her little carriage, and put them in the dolls' bed and try to sing them to sleep.

Lulu was very fond of her little cousin Amy, who lived in another part of the city, and came to see her sometimes, and she thought she would like to give Amy her kittens.

So one day she put the three kittens in her apron very carefully and carried them to the street corner, on which stood a big mail-box, painted red.

It was for packages and newspapers that could not be put in the little box.

Lulu had very often seen her mamma put packages in there to send away, and she thought that in order to send the kittens to Amy she had only to put them in the box.

So she lifted the lid, and dropped the kittens in one by one. Then she ran home, very happy over what she had done.

When she had played with her dolls a little, while she went upstairs to her mother, and asked if five o'clock had come yet.

"It is almost five," said her mother. "Then Amy will almost get my kittens," said Lulu, for she had heard that the carrier came every day at five o'clock to take up the mail.

Her mother asked her what she meant, and when she heard that the kittens had been put in the mail-box she laughed a great deal.

"I think we had better go out, and see if the they are still there," she said to Lulu.

They reached the mail-box just in time, for the carrier had opened it and taken the kittens out, and very much surprised he looked. He was very glad to put the three mewling little creatures into Lulu's apron, and she carried them home again, where Tabby was looking for them and growing very uneasy.

Amy was given one of the kittens the next time she came to see Lulu, but she carried it home in her arms, and did not try sending it by mail.—Youth's Companion.

Connelly's Quotations!

Table listing various goods and prices under categories: MISCELLANEOUS, TOBACCOS, SOAPS, TEAS, COFFEES, MOLASSES AND SYRUP, and SPICES. Items include Ginger Snaps, Milk Crackers, Oyster Crackers, etc.

Our Meat Market

Is in connection with our grocery, wherein we carry the Choices Meat, Poultry, Fish, Oysters and Clams, Etc.

Crockery and Glassware Given Away with Tea. C. E. & T. F. Connelly, One Block E. of N. Y. Central Depot, 232 & 234 Central Ave., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

W. MERK, Bookseller and Stationer

234 E. Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y. Catholic Prayer Books in All Styles and Binding. Crucifixes, Candlesticks, Statues, Scapulars, Medals, Lace Pictures. The Best Assortment of Religious Pictures in the City.

FOR BOOTS and SHOES

That Are Reliable, Try J. P. BYRNE, 408 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

MUSIC.

Sheet Music and everything in the Musical Line. Best Quality and Lowest Prices. GIBBONS & STONE PIANOS

AND MANY OTHER KINDS. Estey Organs, Empire State Organs, Fine Viollns, Guitars, Banjos, Etc. GIBBONS & STONE, No. 110 East Main Street.

Are you acquainted with these two Fellows? Do you know where their office is? If not, it will pay you to Find Them. Images of two men in suits.

Rossa & Nolan, Leading Installment Jewelers.

Sell Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware on weekly payments. You can make your own terms. The spring will soon be here. Don't fail to call and see our display. Good Goods Over Carroll, Beadle & Co's. 146 East Main St.

Vertical text on the right margin including VOL., GOL, Mother's Pity, February A Cen What's where Scriptio Industr, Mothe or non-C for that hears the love and labored i mileston removed land mar place it Many a in years- under th Hieronyi privileg motherly spared y good wo prayer ( article.