was to prove a holy and happy union.

oner at Saint John d'Arce. Damietta was

prisoner, and Margaret was in agony of

terror; for this town was the king's last

stronghold, and if it were lost not only

would his last resource be cut off, but

what would become of her if she fell into

the hands of the infidel? There remained

near her an old chevalier, nearly 80 years

of age, and one day when her hopes of

holding out seemed vain, Margaret fell

on her knees before him, praying him to

grant her a request. The old knight swore

to do so. "Sir Chevalier," said the

queen, "by the faith you owe me, I con-

ure you to cut off my head if Damietta is

"I intended to do so," replied the

chevalier, looking we may well believe

with admiration as well as respect on his

young queen, who knew so well how to

prefer death to such a fate as awaited her

It was not many hours after this that

son was born to the queen, whom she

called Tristram, because of the sorrow

Margaret by her courage preserved Da-

mietta for the king, and it was through

her that the ransom of Saint Louis was

After the king's and queen's return to

France Margaret devoted herself to relig-

ious duties, built convents and made pil-

grimagos, and made Franco her debtor by

persuading the saint king to remain on

the throne when he desired to become a

monk, for a monarch such as he the coun-

She outlived her husband and all of her

children but four, and died at the age of

66 in the convent of the Cordeliers de

It is interesting to learn that the great

king, the St. Louis whom France loves

to honor, had for a mother and wife

women whose strength and piety must

have so increased his own, such a mother

as Blanche of Castile, and for a wife

Margaret of Provence.—Irish Catholic

Our Catholic Youth.

The position occupied by the Catholic

youth is one of great temptation. The

children of the world are wise in their

generation, and many are the snares laid

by them to entrap those who seek to walk

in the narrow pathway. The Catholic re-

religion of activity, of zeal of labor,

ceaseless and untiring. The Saviour

wore the crown of thorns-why should

we seek the roses? To-morrow, the

siren whispers in unsuspecting ears, to-

morrow is the day of repentance; give to-

day to pleasures; to-morrow devote to re-

ligion. "Now is the day of salvation,"

follow, men and maidens, the sublime

and beautiful faith of your fathers, that

that faith which is eternal as its Founder;

or will ye still continue to worship the

world-idols, all of them, perishable and

Be Always Beginning.

that you have attained the end. If we

think ourselves more than beginners, it

is a sign that we have hardly yet begun.

There is no security for perseverance ex-

cept in always advancing. To stand still

is impossible. The past is no guarantee

for the future. All the justice of the

just man is gone in the day in which he

falls, and all his past obedience is no se-

curity against present transgression.

Only present fidelity from moment to

moment is security for the future. What

we have done as yet is little compared

with what remains to do. Let us hear

how an Apostle speaks of perseverance:

"Brethren . . . forgetting the

things that are behind, and stretching

forth to those that are before, I press to-

wards the mark, to the prize of the

supernal vocation of God in Christ Jesus."

Baptismals of Saints in Ireland.

Dr. Healy points out that many in-

stances might be given from the lives of

tised at Temple Douglas, that is, the

sometimes darkened by the floods which

are fold in like manner that St. Finnian

of Clonard, the "tutor of the saints of

Ireland," was baptised by St. Alban at

tains met and on account of the limpid

purity of the water, he was baptised by

the name of Finnlach, the Child of the

Lecturers Most in Demand.

last August is seen in the increased

number of Catholic lectures that have

been given this winter in various cities.

The lecturers most in demand are persons

who took a prominent part in making

the summer school the success it proved

to be at the first gathering.

Limpid Fountain, and so on.

flowed quite near the sacred edifice.

Never think that you can relax,

deeting?—Chimes.

ligion is not a religion of ease; it is the

Saint Clare, which she herself founded.

try could not have easily replaced.

at the hands of the brutal enemy.

taken by the Saracens."

into which he was born.

finally effected.

worthy helpmeet of a saint.

"Mother let us say the Rosary—then Our Lady will surely bring father and Frank home safe," said little Jane, drawing her beads from out of the folds of her kerchief

Mother and child knelt before the fire, and as they prayed, ever and anon a wild blast of furious wind shook the little log house, and the mother would turn her gaze anxiously toward the door for fear it had been beaten in by the wind and snowdrift.

Scarcely had the cadence of the sweet "Salve Regina," sung in Jane's childish treble died away when the rich tones of Frank's voice assured them that all was

*A rough night, mothers Here, little one, help the old father getsoff his boots. Why, child, what is the master? Why are my lamb's eyes full of tears

"Perhaps, father, because you forgot to bring the sugar-loaf from Simon Day's store-house." teased Frank.

"Nay, not so," said the little maid. had no thought of the sugar-loaf. I was afraid for thee, my father. The night is wild-and, hark! even now is there a wolf at the door."

Frank seized his gun-"Ah! Frank, do not will the poor beast. Let him go, but let us thank Our Lady for keeping you safe."

"You make me ashamed, little sister. Yes, let us thank Our Lady."

Around the fire knelt this humble family, the light of the flames illuminating their faces and casting long shadows in the dark room. Again the childish voice was raised in prayer, and the rafters and rough walls of that rude log-cabin framed a picture worthy of a nobler setting. Apparently there was no one to appreciate its its beauty, but who can doubt but that Our Lady looked down and smiled as the angel of prayer presented her with those words of thanksgiving changed

"into flowers in his hands, Into garlands of purple and red."

The vears sped away. Dangers from father and son, and as often been warded off by the prayers of the watchers by the

"Surely, Our Lady protects the mountain," said the mother.

Jane grew to fair maidenhood, and then, just as the pure flower was blooming into maturity, the Master culled the sweet mountain blossom and laid it at the feet of His Mother, Our Lady of the Rosary. Then came the first of those long-remembered events.

The people of the valley were one day awed and surprised to see a weird procession wend its way down the steep mountain path. At its head came a youth carrying a garland of evergreens, then the father bearing on his shoulder the people, inspired to the thought by the rude coffin which enclosed all that remained of his beloved child. Supporting ory, and on its base inscribed: himself with a staff the father carried, alone and unaided, the precious burden. Behind walked the mother and son and the few dwellers of the mountains. The ground was covered with snow, the air keen and bitter; but those hardy mountaineers walked with heads uncovered in the presence of the silent dead. On and on came the simple procession till it reached the old churchyard, and there was laid to rest the body of the sweet child of the mountains.

Again the years flew by, and again the father bore his dead to the last resting. place. Now it was the mother, and the same weird procession wended its way nainfully down the mountain side. Henceforth the lonely man and his son must face the dangers of storm and night to return, alas! to the deserted fireside of an empty home.

wild, desolate spot, lived a widow and was preaching upon the Trinity, and her only child, a crippled boy. The which his hearers did not seem to underfather had died some years before, but stand. This illustration of three leaves the woman, from living so long alone. shrank from contact with her fellow-man. | their difficulties, and they accepted A strange woman,—yes, and made more strange by this life of isolation.

Frank and his father often climbed rugged mountain path to urge her, for the sake of her boy Bernard, to move down into the valley settlement, or, if she preferred the mountain, at least to be true, St. Patrick could have chosen no come nearer to where they lived.

up with a look of hope. But no, the says of it: woman was inflexible, and Frank's heart would melt with pity as he saw the light fade from the patient's eyes, and the Oh, the shamrock, the green immortal sham poor lad fall back wearily on his rude

couch. "I will do something for the boy," was Frank's resolve. But what could he do? True to the teachings of his mother and the example of his little sister, he turned to Our Lady for help. She would show him some way by which he could lighten the burden of pain laid so heavily on the poor lad. The opportunity soon came. The good word spread throughout the countryside that a holy priest, urged on by a zeal for souls, had come to this remote region to gather and tend the scattered lambs of the fold.

Frank's parents, as we know, were deyout Catholics, clinging to our holy faith with fervor, and implanting the same precious gift in the hearts of their children.

Bernard's mother was nothing; and bepoint a little curiosity no feeling could be aroused in her narrow soul by the advent of the missionary. With Bernard it was different. From the moment Frank had resolved to devote himself to the boy, the one had been master, the other pupil, in the sacred school of Jesus Crucified, and the poor boy found the strength he longed for in the example held up before him, mid the love for which his lonely heart crased in the service of Our Lady, in

New the interiorary had come. Frank Manage to make his first commu-

priest had visited the mountain he and Jane were little children, too young to understand. The only drawback to his happiness was that Bernard could not share the same joy.

But love is ingenious and strong; and Frank having gained a tardy and longdeferred permission from the mother. undertook to carry Bernard to the valley, to care for him during the days of instruction, and to bring him back safe after his first communion. "I fear it is too much for thee, my

lad." said the father. "Our Lady will help me. Do thou but

say the Rosary, and all will be well." And so the feat was accomplished. With many stops and much bravery on both sides the descent was made. For Bernard, it was the first glimpse of the outside world, and he clung trembling to

his valiant friend. "Oh, there are so many people here!" he cried, affrighted. Soon, however, he became accustomed to the people, and the timid hermit-boy blossomed out into a sociable, loving lad.

The time wore on; the instructions were completed, and the great day dawned. I cannot tell you of its simple beauty, nor of the joy of the faithful. One picture stands out. After all had received our dear Lord, Frank approached the little altar carrying Bernard in his strong, young arms. Laying him tenderly at the feet of the priest, he stooped to support the poor boy's head, and then knelt to receive the Blessed Sacrament.

Can you not imagine the picture? The people said afterwards, that even then they noticed a pale, almost unearthly look on Frank's face.

Later in the day the painful homejourney began. Willing and strong arms were offered to assist.

"I am afraid you would hurt Bernard. He is so timid. And he is used to me." said Frank, with a smile of gratitude. "Now, you say the Rosary, Bernard,"

said Frank when the steep, rugged path was reached, "and we will go on brave-Up and up they went, till the watchers

saw nothing but a speck moving along in the sunshine. Finally that was lost. All night long the father and the holy missionary waited in the log cabin for

Frank's return. "Perhaps he has concluded to stay over night. Bernard may have been exhausted

and needed him," said his father. "My son," said the missionary, "s thing tells me we must go in search of

At the break of day they found him. In a few broken sentences he told them that Bernard was safe at home-that he had turned to come back, but that just as he reached the top of the mountain he suddenly felt unable to go farther-then he knew no more till they came.

A smile was on his face, his Rosarv in his band. "My son, my son! you have given your

life," cried his father in despair.

"He that looseth his life for My sake shall find it," quoted the priest. They buried him on the spot where he had died, and in a few months the missionary, erected a cross to his mem-

"Greater love than this no man hath THAT HE LAY DOWN HIS LIFE

John, xv., 13. Bernard died in a little while, and by nis own request was buried by the side of Frank's grave.

You ask, perhaps, could it be possible that such a hero be found in so untaught. so uncivilized a region. Yes. God is allpowerful and all-seeing. He stretches His hand through time and space, and in His wisdom adorns every portion of the fair world with His heroes.—Little Mes-

Ireland's National Flower.

The shamrock, a trifoliate-leaved plane like the clover or oxalis, is said to have been the national emblem of Ireland since the fifth century, when St. Patrick On the other side of the mountain, in one day used it to illustrate a sermon he in one was so simple that it removed all Christianity, says the Ladies' Home

Pliny tells us that serpents are neves seen upon the trefoil (Shamrock,) and that it prevails against the stings of in sects and the bites of scorpions. If this more fitting emblem for Ireland. con-During these conversations, Bernard's sidering that he is said to have driven all eyes would shine and his whole face be lit such reptiles from this island. Moore

> "A type that blends Three God-like friends, Love, Valor, Wit, forever

Of bard and chief, Old Erin's native shamrock!"

Anecdote of Shurman's Son A detachment of soldiers were told off to take charge of young Tom (now Father) bridge across the Potomac when the armies of the country were coming to Washington take part in the great review there in 1865. He was then about eight years old. One of the men asked him if he expected to grow up as smart a man as his father, the general, and he promptly answered, "No!" "Why?" was the next question: "Well," he replied with the same readiness, "there are plenty other men who have grown up, and why ain't they as smart as my father?"-Philadelphia Times.

Children.

No home with young children in it should be without its "children's nour." The hour after supper cannot be used to better advantage, even by the father and mother, than to give it up to "getting acquainted with the children." Play with them, if that is their mood. What zest it gives to the merriment if papa shares. or better vet causes it! Or if stories or quieter games are desired, how happy and profitable may be the hour spent around the table. And then what a famous time to the little knowledge-glesners to ask

SHE SAVED DAMIETTA. CHRIST'S LIFE IN COLORS. Courage of the Wife of the Smiptly

lic Church in Chicago.

Beautiful Decorations in a Catho-

The Work Done in Oil By an Italian Artist of New Orleans-Pictures of the Church Delicately Treated By the Painter in Work of Original Conception,

Not many Catholic churches in the country and not another church in Chicago are as fortunate as Columbkill's, at Paulina and Indiana streets, says the Chicago Sunday Post. This is a fine edifice itself, the pastor, Rev. Father Burke, is a man beloved by his flock, and the congregation is large, thrifty and wellsatisfied. These things are of themselves enough to make any church fortunate, but St. Columbkill's is especially blessed in that it has, perhaps, as fine mural decorations as exist in the West. For two years an artist of great ability has been at work upon the ceilings and the walls of the church, and he has just left them illuminated and beautified, with a great number of exquisite pictures as admirably done as devotion itself could

criticism could ask. This artist is A. Perreti, an Italian painter of New Orleans.

wish, and as full of feeling and farts as

The paintings are not frescoes, but a done in oil, and, as is to be expected, i lustrate subjects appropriate to the local feeling. On the rounded wall about the center of the sanctuary, is portrayed the death of the church's patron saint. Columbkill flourished in Ireland in the fourth century, and is one of that nation's favorite holy men. In Perreti's picture the aged saint, clothed in dull gray, almost white, his great snowy beard streaming over his breast, reclines in the arms of a friend, peacefully passing away to the reward of his life's long work. Coming to gather in his soul is a host of angels, crowding by degrees into the background of invisibility.

On the right of this the panel tells the birth of the Saviour. There are the stable, the manager, the Mother, the wise men from the East, and the light from the magic star shining through the open portal. The decoration of the panel to the left portrays the first apparition of Christ after His death on the cross. A figure of white light is seen by the startled Magdalen as she turns from her watch of penitence and love at the mouth of the sepulchre, from which the stone has been rolled away.

Over the altar of the Virgin, at one side of the main altar, is a painting of the Annunciation. There is the angel with uplifted hand, speaking to the maiden Mary the words that have come down so far through the centuries: "Ave Maria! Gratia plena!" On the other side of the main altar, over the altar St. Joseph, is the story, in color, of the flight into Egypt, a subject essayed by artists of all nations and all times since the story of Christ has been known-the hurried departure of Joseph and Mary with the child carried in the little cart drawn by the ass. This is one of the most deli-

cately-treated pictures in the Church. In the center of the ceiling is Perreti's largest and best piece. It is the ascension into heaven of Christ, with the Apostles looking up at the glorified figure from below. The dimensions of this piece is 20 feet by 84 feet. The artist has handled his light and shade with consummate skill in this piece. At the four corners of the ceiling are the figures of the four Evangelists-Matthew. Mark, Luke and

A very fine painting indeed, is that of the agony in the garden. The attitude of the figure is that of the real agony, the lines of the face are those of real pain, and the entire study has in it so much truth, so much honesty, so much real force and quality of genius that its beauties grow the more the longer it is regarded.

In the forepart of the ceiling is the representation of the Apostles in the room when the spirit decends to them. This picture is the weakest one in the collection. It is quite large, 15 by 26 feet, and the artist seems to have fallen a trifle from the high standard expressed in the

At the east of the ceiling is seen St. Peter and St. John in act of performing their first miraculous cure on the body of the cripple. The opposite piece is the stoning of St. Stephen, who was the first martyr in the cause of Christianity. About the organ loft are the figures of the six saints-Patrick. Catherine of Siena. Barbara, Cecelia, Rose of Lima and St. Thomas. The face of the latter is a likeness of Father Burke, the pastor.

Pereti's work is original in conception. He has not borrowed from the other or greater painters in the delineation of his subjects-so many or, in fact, all of them so old and so widely dealt in by hundreds of artists in Europe. The church, with its new addition of art, has now a notable interior. The cost of the work was \$10,

The Immaculate Heart of Marv.

We can only dream and picture, and faintly imagine the wondrous simplicity of life within that holy house of Nazareth. Angels have not dared to whisper; never can it be written in human words; I rish saints to show that it was customthe pens of the Evangelists have failed ary from the earliest times to baptise the before the task of telling in detail how faithful in the wells near the churches, Jesus grew in wisdom and in age, and in | which thus not unnaturally acquired a grace with God and men. And yet it has character of special sanctity. For inbeen written—and written for our in- stance, the great St. Columba was bapstruction in the volume that was worthy of such a record—it was written upon Church of the Black Stream—it was the Immaculate Heart of Mary. "His Mother," says the Evangelist, when he

was about to leave unwritten the story

of the life of Nazareth. "His Mother." he

adds as if to show where the deficiency

these words in her heart."

Christian Marriage.

might be supplied. "His Mother kept all the place where the streams of two foun-

Christian marriages, as the world has known it, is the creation of the Catholie Church, taught by her divine founder. Typifying the union of Christ and His Church, matrimony, raised to a sacrament, rose above the marriage of the Hebrows, and far above the ideas of marriage that prevailed among the most cultared of heathen nations. By Christian marriage woman was exalted from the position of a slave or a chattel to a higher

GEMS IN VERSE

Two Pictures from Life. When Louis IX, of France, the saintly Great God, when I look round me and survey king, was 19 years of age, his mother chose for him, according to the custom

of the time, a wife in the person of the In open doorways, suffering by the hour The bitterest terrors of this wintry day, Princess Margaret, daughter of the Count My heart swells full of anger, and I pray of Province, a girl herself of about 15 With ceaseless, longing yearning for the power years. The marriage was celebrated To raise the standard of revolt and slay with greatest rejoicings, and, which is The sins that work such ill. The lowliest flower That nestles in the lap of Mother Earth not always the case in royal weddings, Is tended with a kindlier, gentler care Than these rank offshoots of a luckless birth. Louis loved his girl-wife most tenderly, Dread victims, from their cradle of despair and she found in him the sum of her Nurslings of crime whom rigorous laws conearthly desires and admiration. She was But leave untouched the ills that bear on them.

girl educated with more care than most princesses of her time, but no But turn ye from such sights to that blest place Where nestles all that's holiest; turn to where record of extraordinary talents possessed Thy young eyed cherubs wait thee on the stair, by her has come down to us; her reputa-Sounting each flying moment till thy face is solely that of a devoted mother, the Jurst in upon them and thy fond embrace Rewards their loving vigils. Gaunt despair Finds here no habitation; love keeps pace When the great Crusade was preached With jocund mirth and gladness, making fair the king took the cross, and Margaret The little world around thee. And when sleep prepared to follow her husband to the Enfolds thy darlings in his sheltering arms, Holy Land. She was at Damietta, which Haply thy grateful heart asks him to keep Their pure young souls from sin's alluring town the king had entrusted to her gov-

ernment, when St. Louis was taken pris-And whilst thy dear ones press their warm. snug couches besieged by the Saracens, the king a -Liverpool Mercury.

The Song of Work. Work! Work! Work!

With brain, with heart and hand. Workl Workl Workl Till plenty fills the land. For every stroke which labor gives Increases that whereon it lives. All wealth is made by labor's power.

Work! Work! Work! And be a nobleman. Work! Work! Work! As long as e'er you can. The man who works enjoys his food: And that he eats, it does him good. With plenty food and little toil Muscles will rot and brain will spoil.

Work! Work! Work! On that which yields return. Work! Work! Work! No honest labor spurn. It matters not what you may do-To make a nation or a shoe-For he who works an honest thing In God's pure sight ranks as a king.

Work! Work! Work! The planets in their spheres Work! Work! Work! Through days and months and years. They never stop, but onward go-A lesson of steady work they show. The hand that made them never tires Replenishing their inward fires.

Work! Work! Work! And never idle stand. Workl Workl Workl Be one of Nature's band. She always works that things may grow, Sometimes fast and sometimes slow. Her work is never done in haste. She works all up and leaves no waste.

Her Name. "I'm losted! Could you find me, please?" Poor little frightened baby! The wind had tossed her golden fleece: The stone had scratched her dimpled knees. I stooped and lifted her with ease And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid; I can't find you without it." "My name is Shiny Eyes," she said. "Yes. but your last?" She shook her head. A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you? Dust Shiny Eyes." A bright thought came: "Yes, when you're good, but when they You, little one—it's just the same— When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma neber scolds," she moans. A little blushing ensuing, "'Cept when I've been a-t'rowing stones. And then she says," the culprit owns,

'Mehetable Sapphira Jones, What has you been a-doing?' -Anna F. Burnham. Friendship.

One day my bookish zeal led me to look Through the rough pages of a dog's eared book That lay with many others on a stand says the inspired volume. Which will ve Where musty volumes posed as secondhand. A friend, a fellow of the nicest taste. Was with me and entreated me to haste. Yet ere he snatched me from the tome I caught faith which bears on it the seal of heaven, From its stained leaves the kernel of a thought.

pleasures, the riches, the honors of this I mused: "How small is friendship and how I've known my friend for years, and yet I'wis

He never gave me such a thought as this."

Next day once more I passed the bookstall by Again the musty volume caught my eye. My friend was not in sight. With furtive joy I took it up as children clutch a toy, And then I saw, half stricken out with age, His name engraved upon the title page. -Tom Masson.

Faith. I will not learn to doubt my kind.

If bread is poison, what is food? If man is evil, what is good? I'll cultivate a friendly mind. I see not far, but this I see-If man is false, then naught is true:

If faith is not the golden clew

To life, then all is mystery. I know not much, but this I know-That not in hermit's calm retreat. But in the thronged and busy street The angels most do come and go.

Who to the Infinite would rise Should know this one thing ere he That all its steps are human hearts; To love mankind is to be wise.

I will not learn to doubt my kind. If man is false, then false am I; If on myself I can't rely, Then where shall faith a foothold find? -Christian Register.

When Love Goes By. When love goes by what can woman do? s there no prayer to pray, no suit to sue? Though he be fled beyond the wintry sea. Will not his errant steps come back to me? Will he not answer to my heart's low cry, Though he goes by?

Nay, sweet, upon thy yearning lips command The seal of silence. Reach no asking hand To love once flown. Go on thy lonely ways: Turn thee a face of smiles to the world's gaze Or else sink down upon life's thorns and die When love goes by.

-Kate Field's Washington.

True Valor. He's truly valignt that can suffer The worst that man breathe, and make his

wrongs His ontsides—to wear them like his raiment carelessly. And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart. The good effect of the Catholic sum-To bring it into danger. mer school, that was held in New London

True Friendship.

His is the truest friendship whose high calm lath reined his first flerce pity and upborne By his strong presence thine own weariness. Then after silence and the soothing balm Of blessed tears, he best with thee may moura Who hath well learned how only tears can bless, -Frank Wolcott Hunt.

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