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Pays \$5 a week in case of sickness.
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For Circulars, etc., write to THOS. H.
O'NEILL, 38 Wall St., Auburn, N. Y.

Large Writing Unfashionable.

It is not the latest style to write as big
as possible, but it is the latest fad to
make the bigness bigger than any other
woman's if you possibly can.

Also, it is pechutt (not chic any longer)
to put no address on your letter, no date,
and on no account to punctuate it. It is
high style to be misunderstood by all ex-
cept the woman to whom you write.—
Boston Globe.

Contrary Advice as to Eating and Sleeping.

It would be an estimable boon to hu-
manity if doctors could agree in their
advice as to diet. At present the aver-
age man is in a state of pure bewilder-
ment. Only lately an eminent physician
has said that all our ailments arise from
overeating and oversleeping, and that
the golden rule of health is to be sparing
of both. Sir James Sawyer now comes
forward with almost exactly the oppo-
site advice. In speaking of King George
III's oft quoted maxim, "Six hours for a
man, seven for a woman, eight for a
fool," he considers that the poor old
king—whose brain, by the way, cer-
tainly needed more rest than it secured
—had "begun at the wrong end."

From his own experience of his own
calling, Sir James Sawyer is decidedly
of opinion that medical men require
eight hours sleep if they can get it, and
that failing that they should hold on by
"the grand rule," "go to bed when you
can and get up when you must." The
bedroom should be well ventilated, and
the "night cap," in the liquid form,
should be discarded, as alcohol prevents
healthy sleep. It may produce a drowsy,
stupefying effect, but not refreshing
slumber.

His advice as to eating is somewhat
optimistic. "If a man would only eat
naturally and at the proper time and
not eat too much, he might eat anything
he liked."—Chicago News-Record.

How Deaf Mutes Dance.

"I never felt so lonesome in my life,"
said a gentleman recently, "as when I
chanced to be thrown one day with a
picnic party of deaf mutes. They could
understand each other, laughed and car-
ried on and had a good time generally,
while I sat like a mummy, apart, look-
ing on, but unable to participate in any
of the fun.

"One thing that surprised me greatly,"
he continued, "was to see them indulge
in dancing. I had always supposed that
it was absolutely essential to hear the
rhythm of the music in order to keep the
time of a waltz or polka. To be sure,
they had an orchestra on the dancing
barge, and for a time I regarded that as
peculiar, for few if any of the party
could hear the strains.

"After a little thought I solved the
mystery. The mutes could not hear the
music, but they felt it, which was just
as effectual. To be sure of the matter I
spoke to the leader of the orchestra, and
he assured me that my surmise was cor-
rect, and that when he was employed by
the party it was expressly stipulated that
he should bring his biggest bass drum
and bass viola. The deep tones were
more vibratory than the others, and the
mutes kept excellent waltz time by feel-
ing the vibration of the wood flooring up-
on which they danced."—New York
Herald.

Acquiring Foreign Languages.

It is unusual for a person who goes into
a foreign country after he has grown to
adult years to acquire the language of
that country well enough to conceal his
alien origin, but there are exceptions.
There is a German in New York, who
has been here only six years, who speaks
English without a trace of accent, al-
though he never studied the tongue until
he arrived in America. A professor of
French in this city says that Englishmen
and Americans betray themselves more
by stress on the letter "l" when they try to
talk his language than in any other way.
Frenchmen are more "stumped" by the
sound of th than by anything else in
English.

One of them, who declared that he
could pronounce anything in our tongue,
was asked to say "Theophilus Thistle-
thwaite." He threw up his hands and
exclaimed, "Ah, barbarian!" This sound
is trying to the Germans likewise, and
one of the early things in Puck, when
that was a German paper, was a series
of pictures representing a Teutonic
waiter twisting his neck and cracking
his teeth in the attempt to say "Thanks."
—New York Sun.

What Science Has Done in Agriculture.

Not only has intensive cultivation
taught us how to draw a larger return
than formerly from a particular soil and
a given surface, but by the selection of
seeds we have doubled and tripled the
formation of sugar in beet roots; by like
selections, the production of the potato
has been augmented, and we are seek-
ing, with certainty of success, yet more
considerable increase in the production
of wheat. No less progress is reached in
the production of fruits and vegetables
and of cattle, to the daily amelioration
of the general condition of the human
race.

This advance has been promoted part-
ly by close acquaintance with the gen-
eral laws of living nature as revealed
by disinterested science—laws which are
the essential foundation of every appli-
cation, and equally and in a way no less
worthy of admiration by the efforts of
inventors, those men of practical ingenu-
ity who labor at the same time for the in-
crease of their own fortunes and for the
good and profit of mankind.—P. E. M.
Berthelot in Popular Science Monthly.

Heroes in Many Walks of Life.

Whoever has a high and worthy pur-
pose at heart, whether of truth or duty
or love, and also has the strength and
courage to work, to sacrifice and to suf-
fer, if need be, for its sake, is worthy of
the name of hero. One quietly denies
himself pleasure or comfort or ease for
the aged parent or sick child. Another
gives up cherished plans because they
would interfere with the claims of a de-
pendent family. One faces the displeas-
ure of friends and society sooner than
forsake his principles; another employs
all his power in defense of the weak
and against the oppressor.—Philadelphia
Ledger.

Large Writing Unfashionable.

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to put no address on your letter, no date,
and on no account to punctuate it. It is
high style to be misunderstood by all ex-
cept the woman to whom you write.—
Boston Globe.

MR. COOPER'S BEAR STORY.

The Low Down Trick That Was Perpe-
trated by President Arthur.

Every clubman in New York city
knows about United States Appraiser
Marville W. Cooper's famous bear story.
Many of them have heard him tell it.
But none of them can relate it accurate-
ly, and neither can he. He deliberately
set to work to forget it a number of
years ago, and he says he has succeeded.
It's a pity. The boys say that he used
to take nearly a whole evening to tell it,
and that there was a laugh in nearly
every line. Mr. Cooper, with a smile on
his jolly face and with his eyes beaming
through his glasses, will tell you if you
ask him for the bear story that he has
made a vow not to tell it again.

It was the plague of his life. Every-
where he went the bear story was called
for. At last he went down to Washing-
ton with a crowd of well known New
Yorkers. The object of the trip was to
present some handsome silver oyster
forks to President Arthur. After the
presentation Arthur sent an invitation to
dinner.

"Lean't—I won't accept," said Cooper,
shuddering at the thought of the bear
story.

"But you must. Why, an invitation
from the president can't be refused. It's
mandatory."

"No, I won't accept," said Cooper. "If
I went some of you fellows would be
calling for the bear story."

"No, we wouldn't," they protested.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Cooper, "I
won't take your word for it, but I'll
swear you."

So he got a Bible, and each man took
a solemn oath that he wouldn't call for
the bear story.

Then Marville consented to go to the
dinner.

He had a good time and was settling
down to an evening of solid enjoyment
and smiling as he thought how he had
headed off the bear story.

Suddenly President Arthur, at whose
right hand he sat, arose and rapped for
order.

"Gentlemen," said he, "by virtue of
the authority vested in me by the people
as president of these United States, I
command the Hon. Marville W. Cooper
to arise and tell his bear story."

Cooper felt for a moment as if the roof
had fallen. His friends had kept their
pledge by not demanding the story, but
had "posted" the president, who thought
the joke delicious.

Mr. Cooper related the story in his
best style, and then said: "And now,
Mr. President and gentlemen, I solemnly
declare that no power on earth will ever
successfully command or induce me to
tell the bear story again. I'll forget it."

Therefore, although nothing would
have been more charming than to have
revived it in this article, Marville W.
Cooper's bear story must rest in mys-
tery, like that other famous untold tale
of "grouse in the gunroom."—New York
World.

How Time Is Reckoned.

The entire world, Russia alone excepted,
begins the new year with the first
day of January; in that country the year
is not ushered in until March 25. This
last date was the opening of the new
year in England and in America up to
within less than 150 years ago. It was in
1751 that the famous Lord Chesterfield
secured the passage of a bill which set
the beginning of the new year for Jan. 1.

In continental Europe, on the other
hand, Jan. 1 has been New Year's day
for more than three centuries. In 1882
it was so ordained by Pope Gregory and
adopted by all Europe, with the excep-
tions of England, Sweden and Russia.

Another change besides that of alter-
ing the date of the new year was made
by Lord Chesterfield's reform. Up to
that time the English calendar was 11
days behind that of other foreign coun-
tries—that is, when it was June 1 or
July 1 in England it was the 12th of
the month in continental Europe. By
the Chesterfield change the calendar
date was advanced 11 days. This change
is what brought about the transition
from "old style" to "new style" of reck-
oning.—Philadelphia Press.

Nature Does Not Like Extremes.

There is a disposition among Ameri-
cans to go to excess in everything they
undertake. A generation ago athletic
sports were almost unknown, and the
wise men predicted the extinction of the
American. Now we have swung to the
other extreme, and athletic sports are all
the rage, especially among college stu-
dents. It seems that many students are
now devoting more attention to the ac-
cumulation of knowledge. The situation
is a perplexing one to the authorities of
the colleges, and they are now endeavor-
ing to discover a method whereby stu-
dents can be persuaded to take exercise
moderately.

There is need for action of this sort.
Too much athleticism is even more dan-
gerous than too little. There is danger
in overtraining of the body. All the
noted athletes have either died young or
broken down before they reached middle
life. Nature does not take kindly to
either extreme, physical or intellectual
development, and those who press her
too far must pay the penalty.—Altoona
Tribune.

M. De Lesseps and Arabi Pasha.

When Lord Wolsley was at Ismailia
in 1882, he had reason to suppose from
information received that M. de Lesseps
was in communication with Arabi Pasha.
In consequence a close watch was kept
upon the movements of the grand Fran-
ciscan with the result that he was detected
in the act of telegraphing to the rebel
leader advising him to attack the British
force at once. If the message had been
sent and the advice followed, there can
be no doubt that a heavy blow would
have been inflicted upon the English
force. News of the incident was wired
home at the time, but presumably for
reasons of international diplomacy was
never made public. M. de Lesseps, how-
ever, was kept practically under lock
and key for some time afterward, and
was only allowed to drive out once a day
in a carriage under military escort.—
Cor. Yorkshire (England) Post.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

IT IS THE LEAVEN THAT PURIFIES
THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE.

Self Denial Is the Central Idea of Catholi-
city, and Against It Is Arrayed the Prin-
ciple of Selfishness That Is Governing the
World.

In our days the truth of that saying of
our divine Saviour that his church is a
city placed upon a high mountain is ap-
parent to all who attend to the signs of
the times and the march of events. The
foes of the Catholic church confess its
power over the souls of men by their
fear and persecution as much as its
friends by their love and loyalty.

Mighty men in these times have stum-
bled against the church, and while they
expected to kick it out of their path or
to trample it beneath their iron bound
heels have been dashed to pieces. A so-
called philosophy a century ago professed
that it would destroy the Christian re-
ligion, but it has gone the way of all
things false and human, and yet Chris-
tianity is a living power. A pseudo sci-
ence today promises that it will sup-
plant faith, but like the fabled warriors
who sprang from the dragon's teeth the
various scientific systems are destroying
one another, while the faith beholds
them die and rot.

Like its divine Master, the church is
in the world, but the world will know it
not. It comes like him unto its own, to
the inheritors of the civilization it has
created and fostered, but they receive it
not. The world hates it now as of old
without exactly knowing why. The same
false accusations are urged against it
that were urged against the Redeemer
of mankind, and when we come to ex-
amine the work the church has done for
humanity we are driven to ask, as he
did, for what one of its good deeds is it
persecuted? These great truths, then,
meet every serious individual on the
highways of observation—that the Cath-
olic church is in the world, but not of
the world; that the world is its enemy;
that its work in the world is the salva-
tion of that world.

To understand the spirit and work of
the church among men we must go
back to the testimony of him who found-
ed it. Our Lord compares his church to
a little leaven that being hid in the meal
leaveneth the whole mass. The leaven
makes what would otherwise be a gross
indigestible mass good and wholesome
food—the staff of life, as it is properly
called. So the Christian religion, even
the little of it that is among the entire
vast mass of humanity, keeps man from
being utterly corrupt and degenerate.

Even among the faithful care of things
of the spirit occupy their time and
thoughts very little compared to what
time and thinking they devote to worldly
matters. But whatever of good we do
and whatever of evil we avoid is done
and avoided in many cases wholly and
in every case somewhat through the in-
fluence of our faith and its sanctions.

No man will deny but he will be in
every way a better man if he keeps
God's law, nor will any man deny who
knows by experience what it is to be a
Catholic that the teaching and guidance
of the church, the light and grace that
through her are given to her children,
make it easier and sweeter to keep the
commandments. So much, then, for the
purifying power of religion on the life of
the individual. Next let us see how it
affects the mass of mankind.

The comparison of the kingdom of
God on earth—that is, the church—to
leaven signifies rather the work that
the church through her ministers does
for the whole human race. That Chris-
tian civilization is the work of the Cath-
olic church no one will deny. That Eu-
rope is so far ahead of Asia and Africa
in civilization and the advanced condi-
tion of her population is due to Chris-
tianity. Both of these continents had
the start in the race.

The great power that civilized, refined,
purified and educated was the power of
Christianity. While the customs of the
middle ages, derived from the customs,
laws and traditions of paganism, held
that the peasants were the chattels of
their lord, the church taught that they
were as precious in God's sight as he
was; that as men their real worth was
equal to his, and wherever it was possi-
ble to do so the church interposed and
caused these lords and masters to set
their serfs free.

But Christianity did a far greater thing
than this by establishing the family on
a proper basis and defending the inviol-
ability and sanctity of marriage. The
family is the unity of society. Man
and woman God created hand in hand.
He joined them together in paradise, so
that they should be two in one flesh. In
our fallen condition the man is the head
of the woman, not as a master or a ty-
rant, but as a protector, defender and
sustainer. The wife is the helpmate,
not the slave or play toy, of the husband.
Both have their duties and their rights.
These duties and rights as established
by God and confirmed and reassured
by Christ are everlastingly defined and
maintained by the church. If this con-
dition of things be disturbed by the
granting of divorce or the prevalence of
any of the other abuses of marriage that
have at times existed on a larger or
smaller scale, the collapse and ruin of
society will inevitably prevail.

It has been said that we are living
among the ruins of Christian civilization.
This is unfortunately too true. The Pro-
testant revolt of Germany, England and
Scandinavia in the sixteenth century, the
French revolution in the eighteenth cen-
tury and the widespread defection of the
present time have so far destroyed the
influence of Christianity in the govern-
ment of nations, in the schools, in litera-
ture and in the social and business re-
lations of man with man, that society can
be truly said to live no longer according
to Christian ideals. "Let him who would
be my disciple," says our Saviour, "deny
himself and take up his cross and follow
me."

The central idea of Catholicity is self
denial. Self denial is indeed the central
idea of every system of thought and liv-

ing that ever elevated humanity or af-
fected anything really great. The cry
of the world today is "eat, drink and be
merry; for tomorrow we die." The prin-
ciple of selfishness is now governing the
world. It is destroying the family; it is
brutalizing man and woman; it is array-
ing the poor against the rich. It has to-
day made an armed camp of Europe; to-
morrow it may murder millions of men.
Yea, today it is murdering millions of
men before they are born. It is murder-
ing their souls and bodies from the cradle
to the grave. It is cursing the marriage
bed with barrenness, the marriage bond
with insecurity. It is arraying parents
against children and children against
parents. It is warring on God and na-
ture. It is the ally of the devil and the
ruin of the human race.—Father Keegan.

ST. PATRICK'S VISION.

Beyond the Gloom He Saw the Light on
the Hilltops of the New World.

There is a legend of olden times which
tells of a vision seen by the apostle of
Ireland a short while before his death.
In that vision he is shown the future of
the island for whose good he had dared
and done so much. The sight, full of
sorrow, of trial, of suffering, of anguish,
wrung the apostle's heart, and he cried
aloud in the darkness, "Will God thus
cast off his people forever?" and then a
voice bade him look into the distant
future, for beyond the gloom there was
light, and beyond the sorrow there was
hope.

Yes, there was light far away in the
west—out in the great ocean—far down
below the sunset's farthest verge. From
westernmost hilltop the new world lay
waiting for the light. It came, borne
by the hands of Ireland's starving chil-
dren. The old man tottered with the
precious burden from the fever stricken
ship, the young child carried the light
in feeble hands to the shore, the strong
man bore it to the western prairies and
into the vales of the snowy Sierras, the
maiden brought it into the homestead
to be the dowry to her husband and a
legacy to her children, and lo! ere fam-
ine's night had passed from Ireland the
church of Patrick arose o'er all that vast
new world of America, from where the
St. Lawrence pours its crystal tide into
the daybreak of the Atlantic to where
California flings wide her Golden Gate
to the sunset of the Pacific.

Nearly 1,400 years have passed away.
New faiths have arisen; new languages
have sprung up; new worlds have been
born to man. But those 14 centuries
have only fed the fire of that faith which
he taught the men of Erin and have
spread into a wider horizon the light
he kindled. And if there be in the great
life beyond the grave a morning trump-
et note to sound the reveille of the army
of the dead, glorious indeed must be the
muster answering from the tombs of 14
centuries to the summons of the apostle
of the Gaels.

Nor scarce less glorious can be his tri-
umph when the edge of sunrise, rolling
around this living earth, reveals on all
the ocean isles and distant continents
the myriad scattered children of the
apostle, whose voices, answering that
sunrise roll call, re-echo in endless ac-
cents along the vaults of heaven.—Ex-
change.

Anecdote of Father Burke.

Every one knows that the late Father
Burke was a ready wit, brimful of gen-
uine Irish humor. From a mass of an-
ecdotes we select the following as an il-
lustration of his happy method of enforc-
ing the truth: He was lecturing on "The
Vitality of the Catholic Church."

"When Pius VII was imprisoned and
the great Napoleon pursued his victo-
rious career through Russia in his march
on Moscow, there was a poor gardener in
Ireland who worked for a Protestant
gentleman. He was in the garden one
morning when he was accosted by his
employer thus:

"Well, Pat, you'll have to give up the
pope at last. He is gone. He'll never
come back to Rome again."

"Do you tell me so?" said Pat.

"Oh, it's a fact. You'll never see a
pope in Rome again."

"Well," said the poor man, "I can't
believe that."

"I will lay you a wager it's a fact," re-
plied the gentleman.

"I have no money," answered Pat,
"but I have a little pig, and if you lay a
£5 note against the pig I'll lay a wager
that before the pig is big enough and fat
enough to be killed the pope will be back
again in Rome."

Napoleon fell like the temple of Dagon
when Samson pulled the pillars from
under it, and Pius VII came back to
Rome. Then the poor man went to his
master and received the £5. But when
he took the money home to his wife she
said, "Oh, you had no business to keep
the dacent man's money. The bet wasn't
a fair one; you knew beforehand how it
would turn out." So the man went back
to restore the £5, saying to his master:
"It wasn't a fair bet. I was sure of the
pig all the time."—Exchange.

Catholic Notes.

At the recent Brazilian elections sev-
eral priests were returned as members of
the republican congress.

The Franciscan sisters of Little Falls,
Minn., have purchased a handsome resi-
dence in a beautiful location at Rock
land, Ills., for \$5,000 and will establish a
mercy hospital at once.

The Catholic population of the Indian
empire is 1,502,729, plus the Catholics of
French and Portuguese India; in all,
1,900,991. The Catholic population from
1881 to 1891 increased 300,000.

The children of the Indian school of
the mission of San Diego, Cal., are en-
deavoring to raise funds through the vis-
itors' mitebox for the rebuilding of the
old mission buildings erected by their
ancestors 120 years ago and are meeting
with considerable success.

The congregation of the Most Holy
Name, Troy Hill, Allegheny, has decid-
ed to offer the heirs of the late Father
Mollinger \$30,000 for the Church of St.
Anthony and the relics, also the resi-
dence adjoining the chapel.

**FATHER KOENIG'S
NERVE TONIC**

A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hyster-
ics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness,
Hypochondria, Melancholia, In-
ebriety, Sleeplessness, Diz-
ziness, Brain and Spi-
ritual Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon
the nerve centers, allaying all irritabil-
ities, and increasing the flow and power
of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless
and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Dis-
eases and a sample bottle to any man
dressed. Four patients also get the medi-
cine free.

The medicine was prepared by the Rev. Father
Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now
under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5.
Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$5.

Louis Ernst & Sons,

DEALERS IN
Mechanics' Tools,
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129 AND 131 EAST MAIN ST.
Two Doors East of So. St. Paul St.

DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?

FATHER BURKE, Priest-Physician
of Troy Hill, Allegheny City, Pa.

His name is a household word
throughout the United States.
His medicines performed such
cures that they were called
miracles. His original pre-
scriptions are in the hands of
his druggist, A. F. Sawhill,
who filled over 80,000 of them.

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