



From the Use of Cigarettes.
 I hereby certify that my son became epileptic from the use of cigarettes, and would have died had it not been for the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After using all medicines given by doctors in this city without any benefit I commenced the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and after only a few doses the fits left him and he improved otherwise healthily.

There are many here who can testify to my son's condition and I am willing to prove to all who wish to know what Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done for my son, and I cannot say too much in praise of it.

Edward Morris,
 Dayton, O., September 5, 1911.

I have tried Koenig's Nerve Tonic on a great number of sufferers, and found that in each instance it afforded relief.

W. S. KEMPER,
 Chaplain, Ohio National Military Home.

FREE A valuable book on Nervous Diseases and a complete list of 207 of the best medicines given by doctors in this city. This book is prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of St. Joseph's, N. Y., and is sent free to all who send the direction to the publisher.

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Notice to Creditors.
 Pursuant to order of Hon. J. A. Adlington, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law to all persons having claims or demands against Henry Hertz, late of the city of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, to present the same with the vouchers thereon, to the undersigned, Thomas B. Moore, one of the administrators of the estate of said deceased at his place of business at 107 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 20th day of July, 1912.

THOMAS B. MOORE, Administrator.

ADAM'S CREDIT
LADIES' HATS
GENTS' HATS

A Snap.
 Big Reduction in Price on Cloaks. Easy Terms of Credit.
 No use of waiting any longer, prices on capes, cloaks, furs, overcoats, etc., have touched the bottom, everything reduced.
 Fine heavy cheviot jackets for \$4, and \$5; other houses will ask double that amount for them.
 Elegant jersey jackets, \$10 and \$12, always sold at \$15 and \$16.
 Fur capes from \$6 to \$15, worth one-third more.
 See our elegant overcoats worth \$16, now \$10.50.
 Prices guaranteed 20 per cent. less than other places, and we give you the easiest terms of credit on earth to pay for them.

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MAMMOTH CREDIT HOUSE.
 Over 455 E. Main St., opp. Museum.
 Open Every Evening.

HEADQUARTERS FOR Church Candles.
 Established 1866.
ECKERMANN & WILL'S
 Beeswax, Altar, Candles, ALTAR BRAND, PURISSIMA BRAND.
 The leading brands now upon the market and the most popular with the Reverend Clergy.
 Send for our Price List, List of Premiums and Special Discounts for quantities before placing your orders. Address:
Eckermann & Will,
 The Candle Manufacturers,
 SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Seneca Falls.
 Gus Durbin of Penn Yan, was in town on Sunday; called here by the illness of his mother, Mrs. John Durbin of Bayard st.

Lou Connors of Auburn, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Mame Garaher left last Saturday for Oswego where she will enter Chaffie's business college.

Miss Maggie Lynch has returned to Auburn after a pleasant visit with Seneca Falls friends.

Frank Anderson of Rochester is spending a few weeks at his old home in this village.

The C. R. and B. A. will give a reception at Odd Fellows Hall on Feb. 20.

Geneseo
 Michael Fitzgerald of Patterson, N. Y. was home last week on a visit to his parents. John Gault has been on the sick list.

Bartholomew Hagerly and family of Avon are to move here soon.

Edward C. O'Brien expects to move to the rooms over his market, next week.

Miss Margaret Connor of Avon, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. L. Kelly on Sunday last.

A large congregation was present last Sunday evening at St. Mary's church to listen to Father Leiby's eloquent address on the "Dignity of the laboring class."

The thermometer registered 17 degrees below zero Wednesday morning, the coldest known in years.

Jeremiah Cahill is to have a large auction sale on the Big Tree farm, Feb. 21st.

Mr. Thomas Neville, section boss of the Erie railroad, died at his home on Court st. on Sunday afternoon, of pneumonia, at the age of thirty-four years. About a week previous to his death, he had a cold, but no illness was thought of, and on Monday he went to Stafford, Geneseo County, where some work was to be done on the railroad. When he got there he did not feel well, he walked back to LeRoy, and waited for the train to bring him home in the evening. When he arrived here, he went to bed and Dr. Lamond made a call and all that medical skill could do was done but he kept getting worse until he died. Mr. Neville has lived here all his life, except four or five years he was section boss at Chectawaga, near Buffalo, when on account of the failing health of his father, he came back here to act in the same capacity, and has held that position for the past eight years, discharging the duties in a most satisfactory way, and the Erie company has lost one of its most valued and trusted employees. Deceased was a young man held in the highest esteem, and truly could it be said— "None named him, but to praise him." The funeral was held from St. Mary's church at 11 o'clock a. m. Rev. Father Deby, officiating, and was largely attended. Branch No. 157, C. M. B. A., of which he was a member had charge of the funeral, and twenty members led, with the bearers along side the hearse, forming a guard of honor, the long procession to the Catholic cemetery. The bearers were Martin O'Meara, Terrence Mahoney, E. O'Brien, Michael Scully, Michael Cahill and Peter Caragher. An aged father and three sisters, Misses, Eliza, Johanna, and Mary, survive, and they have the hearty sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement.

Macedon.
 Mrs. Michael Nolan, an old resident of this parish who has been sick for some time is now hopelessly ill and no hopes are entertained for her recovery.

Mrs. Wm F. Howe, while attending to her household duties, slipped and fell spraining her wrist, from which she has suffered for the past three weeks, and on Friday last her son John had the misfortune to sprain his ankle. It is to be hoped they may both soon recover.

Miss Frances Sullivan and brother Walter are both confined to the house with the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gorman entertained a large party of their friends on Thursday evening. An enjoyable time was reported and Mr. and Mrs. G. pronounced a most entertaining host and hostess.

Misses Laura Dwyer and Bridget Canney visited at Dennis Dwyers Sunday.

Mrs. Peter Burns has gone house-keeping in Rochester.

Mrs. Anna McGeal who has been visiting her sons John and Lawrence G. McGeal returned home Saturday.

A sleighload of young people took a ride to Palmyra Sunday evening and attended vesper.

C. B. Nelson of Syracuse made his mother a short visit on Sunday.

Mrs. J. H. Murphy has been called to Lima by the illness of her father Mr. Dalton.

Mr. James Connelly who has been ailing for some time past still remains quite poorly.

Mrs. Ellen Carney is visiting Mrs. Alice Griffin at Palmyra. Miss Bridget Lawlor, Mrs. Griffin's sister is also visiting her.

It is quite generally rumored that a commercial fertilizer plant is to be located at Macedon, the raw material to be furnished by Robuster. The people in the neighborhood oppose it.

John McGovern who is attending the Rochester Business University is reported as advancing rapidly in his study of shorthand. We understand he is fitting himself for a Court Stenographer. We wish him success.

Mrs. David Cotter has returned from Illinois where she has been to attend her father's funeral.

Miss Nellie Curran of Farmington has taken up her residence in Macedon.

Mr. and Mrs. James Duggan of Macedon Center visited Mrs. Duggan's parents in Fairport last Sunday.

Miss Mame Brick of Palmyra, spent part of examination week with Miss Alice Quinn.

Miss Alice Hughes is spending some time in Fairport.

Bernard McMahon had his hand badly crushed while coupling cars at Palmyra. Dr. Hennessy attended him and thinks with good care he can save it.

Drumming Up Troops.
 The College Trustees—Say, we are in bad luck. Only 83 new students coming in at the next term.
 The Head of the College Faculty—Never mind, I'll send the football team and two golf clubs out on the road ahead of the other colleges this year.—Chicago Record.

A BULL ON A FLY ROD.

LIVELY EPISODE OF A DAY'S FISHING IN CALIFORNIA.

The Red Shawl of One of the Ladies in the Party Started the Fun, and the Skillful Angler Gave an Exhibition Not Common on a Troutling Trip.

"Traveling overland from Santa Barbara to San Luis Obispo," said a tourist recently returned from southern California, "our journey as far as Los Olivos was by stage. Of the beautiful land and water scenery along the route of our stage ride two features particularly impressed me. One was the backward view from the summit of the coast mountains, with Santa Barbara, 12 miles back, clustered on the left and right of its white Main street, the islands beyond and the blue Pacific.

"The second was the river that we forded shortly before arriving at Los Olivos. It was a type of water course common in California, with a wide, clear bed, perfectly dry, except where a sharp little stream rippled its way along a narrow channel through sand and gravel, winding and eddying round bars and bowlders. A man might leap across it in many places, and the water did not come nearly to the wheel hubs as the stage rolled through it.

"At Los Olivos, which we reached at 5 o'clock p. m., one of the dishes served at our excellent supper was trout, caught, as we learned, in the pretty, clear stream we had crossed. That determined us to stay over a day at the station to try the fishing. We got out our tackle and had a day of great sport. To reach the water we had to get down the steep river banks and follow the dry bed through which the little stream seemed to pick its way. The trout we caught were of the black spotted mountain variety, ranging from 6 to 14 inches in length and averaging about three to the pound. Smaller ones we put back in the water.

"But there was an experience more exciting than fishing to come before the day was ended. At noon the ladies of our party came by wagon to join us at luncheon, and they accompanied us in the afternoon's fishing. Toward night, when we had worked well up toward the mountains, some cattle came down to the stream to drink, and without apparent provocation a lively young bull began to paw the ground and bellow unpleasantly and followed these demonstrations up by charging upon our party. Looking up from my fishing at this juncture, I saw that it was the red plaid shawl of one of the ladies that had excited the animal's hostility. Calling to her to throw down the shawl and for them all to run, I threw stones at the bull to divert his attention, while the other gentlemen of the party helped them up the steep bank, when the bull could not follow. The bull stopped at the shawl, tossed it about in an ugly manner, and then, turning his attention to me, gave me a sharp run across the sands to the bank. I got there all right, carrying my rod, with the line and leader flying behind, but just as I struck the top of the bank I felt a sudden jerk of the rod's tip, and turning saw that one of my fly hooks had caught the bull in the nostril.

"It was one of the queerest catches I imagine that ever a fisherman made, and I literally played that bull with a fly rod for a quarter of an hour. I owed him no good will, and besides I wanted to save my tackle. The nostril of a bull, as you probably know, is exquisitely sensitive to pain, and with my strong, flexible split bamboo rod, duplicating reel and stout gut leader at the end of a hundred feet of braided silk I managed to hold the big creature under control. He couldn't seem to make out what had got him by the nose, but he knew that it hurt him worse whenever he tried to break away, and to increase the mystery there was all the time dampling and switching before his eyes a big, bright red bass fly that I had left on my leader as an experiment in trout fishing. He would strike at it with his horns, and his rage at finding he couldn't hit it, and that it came back at him every time, was comical to witness—from a place of safety, of course.

"From time to time the bull would charge upon the shawl and toss that about, and then I had to work the reel and tip for all they were worth to save all my tackle from going by the board. At last, in one of those furious charges, as he lifted the shawl on his horns I felt something give away, and at the same moment the shawl went up into the air. The hook had torn loose from his nostril, and two of the hooks on the leader were fast in the shawl. I dropped the rod and pulled line and shawl in, hand over hand, like a Cape Cod fisherman hauling pullock. The bull didn't tumble to the situation until I had got the shawl nearly to the bank, and then he came for it, but it was too late. I whiplashed the shawl up, to where we were standing just as his head butted the perpendicular bank with a thud that brought down a shower of earth.

"The shawl carried a good deal of sand and had some holes in it, but there was no disposition to complain on the part of its owner. We thought we had enough fishing for one day, and leaving our enemy down in the river bed pawing sand and bellowing his anger we took our wagon thankfully for the hotel."—New York Sun.

The Crispson Cliffs.
 One of the most conspicuous landmarks, or, rather, snowmarks, in the whole of the Adirondic regions is the red snowbank discovered near Cape York, Greenland, by Captain John Ross in the year 1818. For miles and miles the hills are covered with snow that is as red as though it had been saturated with blood. Lieutenant Greeley, who visited that region while on his famous arctic expedition, microscopically examined these blood stained cliffs and reports the color due to a minute organism which he calls *Proteococcus nivalis*.—St. Louis Republic.

DON'T GORGE YOURSELF.

Some Sound Advice on the Subject of Foods and Feeding.

The vast majority of people are absolutely wrong on the subject of feeding. They think that rich and luxurious people, feasting on the richest and most luxurious foods, are the most fortunate and healthy people. I assure you it is just the reverse. I am the director of an insurance company and am obliged often to form an estimate of the commercial value of life. If, then, two persons of the same age and constitutional build come for calculation as to the monetary value of their future lives, and if one be rich and luxurious and the other be competent and frugal, even to abstemiousness, I would value the life of the frugal person as 20 per cent at least better than that of the rich and luxurious person.

Dives dies in plenty, Lazarus in poverty. Do not die like Lazarus if you can help it, and do not die like Dives if you have the opportunity, but find the happy condition, easy enough to find if you determine to learn how on least food you can do the most and best work.

Never eat until you are satisfied, never eat in the day one heavy meal, but divide your food into three light meals, equally distributed as to time and quantity. Eat slowly, take small mouthfuls, masticate, or chew, your food well, touch your food with your fingers as little as possible, do not cry out for animal food more than twice a day at most, have all animal food well cooked and do not forget fruit as food.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the oranges, the golden fruit of the Hesperides, might find its way to the queen's table, but such fruit was indeed scarce. Joints of meat were cut up with the grill of pepper round the end of the joint to hold by, for the being unknown, and her loyal subjects, a short-lived race, knowing little how to make the most of life in the matter of feeding and drinking, suffered from diseases which were of the most avoidable as well as objectionable character. We, fortunately, live in a different reign. We have fruit galore and have clean forks, instead of dirty fingers, to rub our food with, two advantages equally sweet and wholesome, though so different in kind.—Sir B. W. Richardson in Longman's Magazine.

DEER HORNS AS MEDICINE.

This Queer Remedy Is In Use In The Flowering Kingdom.

Dear horns are used by the Chinese for medicinal purposes, and consequently the value to a Chinaman of a pair of horns depends upon the quantity of the medicinal property contained in them. This property, which may almost be called the "virtue," is said to be greater in the young horns, and to get rarer as the horns grow older. The deer from which the horns are obtained are a true species of deer, the females having no horns, and this, as Darwin has pointed out in "The Descent of Man," is the case with all kinds of deer proper, the reindeer only excepted. In substance the horns are not horny like the horns of a cow or an antelope, but are, when young, composed of a very delicate venous substance, covered with a velvety coating, and when old are osseous rather than cellular.

For some months after they begin growing they are very tender, and the deer, not liking to touch them against branches of trees or bushes, a thing they are almost sure to do in the forest, will remain in the open, deserting cover, and so many times exposing themselves to greater dangers than the ones they flee from. After a time, as the horns grow older, the velvet covering begins to peel off, and while doing so causes an irritating, itching feeling, that makes the deer rub them against twigs, mossy bark or any other yielding substance not hard enough to hurt. This rubbing assists the velvet to peel off, and the horns then enter the second or intermediate stage. They are no longer tender, nor are they so hard as they eventually become, but are still going through a process of development.

Eventually their growth is perfected, they stand for a time, are shed, to be replaced by new ones, and become the property of the first forest or hunter who has the good fortune to find them. These shed horns, together with any horns taken from deer when they were approaching the time of shedding, have reached the third or final stage and are the least valuable.—Chinese Imperial Customs.

Special Pins For Insect Collectors.

"Much care," said a taxidermist, "has to be taken in selecting the long, fine pins used in fastening the specimens in insect collections. For cheap collections of butterflies and bugs we use the ordinary brass pins mostly, but every one of these must be carefully examined before impaling the insect to see that it is well timed, for were the tin coating imperfect or the slightest flaw evident it would be in nine cases out of ten liable to oxidize in the body of the insect, and thus destroy it. We also use black varnished pins, but they are almost as bad, for the glazed coating soon cracks, leaving the metal exposed, and consequently it is not very long before oxidation sets. Even the more expensive kind, the nickel plated pins, are a touch better. The latest things we have now are solid silver pins and bronze pins, and there is being used as an experiment a nickel and aluminum alloy, which possesses decided advantages over all the others kinds used."—New York Sun.

Where Could He Be?

It is whispered that a thoroughly Parisian divorce, which has been for some time in question, is imminent. The parties are the granddaughter of a great poet, deceased, and a literary man, son of a famous author. The young wife, it is stated, has returned with her baby to her mother. A curious thing is that, incompatibility of temper being the sole cause of the rupture, it is not yet known whether a divorce can be obtained.—Paris Herald.

Amusements.
COOK OPERA HOUSE.

Cook Opera House.

Monday, Feb. 11th, for three nights, and Monday and Tuesday matinee of the Big New York success "Special Delivery" will be the attraction at the Cook Opera House. The New York Reporter says:

Postmaster Dayton and Mayor Gilroy, with their families, occupied boxes at the Columbus Theatre last night, when the initial production of David H. Scully's play "Special Delivery" was given. The play is an up-to-date comedy drama of Metropolitan life and will be a success. The postman who delivers "Special Delivery" letters has already won the love of the banker's daughter and it is to ruin him that the villain has a letter planted in the postman's pocket by a confederate after complaint has been made and inspectors are watching. In the last act the confederate confesses, and all ends happily. While the story is of a conventional pattern, the parts are well distributed, and the special features introduced are striking. The Postal Quartet renders several pleasing songs in the Post Office scene in Act 3.

"Cook Hollow" is by no means a clapnet melodrama. It is natural and pastoral in its atmosphere, and a strong dramatic plot. The comedy is new and refined, and it will be given here with the splendid original New York cast. In the language of the New York Herald: "It is a play with a plot and a heart story."

The exhibition of a dam in the play of "Cook Hollow" is one of the most thrilling effects on the modern stage. The return of the lovers by means of a shot which cuts a vine and enables them to ascend a cliff, is novel and interesting.

"Cook Hollow" will be the attraction at the Cook Opera House for three nights, commencing Thursday, Feb. 14, with a Saturday matinee.

WONDERLAND MUSEE THEATRE.

J. H. MOORE, Proprietor.

THOS. G. SCOTT, Manager.
 Week commencing Mon, Feb 11, CUBO HALL.

A big list of First-Class Attractions, headed by Prof. Woodward's

Trained Seals and Sea Lions.
 A performance that cannot be duplicated by anyone.
 THEATRE:
12 VAUDEVILLE STARS 12
 Headed by the Great **FONTE BONI BROS.**, Spanish Duettists and Bell Imitators.
 Ladies' Souvenir Day, Friday.
 4 PERFORMANCES DAILY, 4 Afternoons at 2:30 and 4:45. Evenings at 8:00 and 9:30.
10c Admits to All. 10c
 Best Seats, 10c. Balcony, 5c.

Electric Motors At Cost.
Gas Stoves and Appliances at Cost.
 On exhibition at our show rooms, Mumford street. Cook delivered at \$3.25 per ton. Most economical house fuel.
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The best and most reliable Tonic for Stomach and Nervous Troubles.

CURRAN & COLER.
 44 West Main St.

A Tribute to Dr. Freeman's Skill!

BY A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.

Mr. T. A. Widmer the well-known grocer formerly in business on Plymouth ave., and now connected with the Armour Packing Co., residing at 350 State st., was until three years ago a great sufferer from Catarrh and Dyspepsia resulting from it. Many days during his business career as a grocer, he was unable to wait upon his customers. Intense headaches, and dizzy spells accompanied by vomiting, distress after meals, bloating and shortness of breath, were his almost constant companions. All these distressing symptoms were the result of Catarrh whose secretions constantly dropped from the hawk into the throat. He was obliged to hawk and spit continually in an effort to raise this thick tough slime. The throat became sore and the chest painful. His lungs also became affected and the cough was persistent and annoying. He lost flesh, strength and ambition rapidly. At this point he began treatment with Doctor Freeman's medicine, 105 Franklin st., and in a few weeks he was a well man, and has remained so for a period of three years which time is sufficient to prove that Dr. Freeman does cure Catarrh, Dyspepsia and other Chronic diseases, and that his cures are permanent, which cannot be said of any other system of treatment.

Dr. Freeman's charges are low and in case he fails to cure you he will refund all money paid him. What farther proposition could be made?

Do not waste money trying uncertain remedies and unreliable doctors but go at once to Dr. Freeman 105 Franklin st.

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 Leave Buffalo 7:30 p. m. Leave Cleveland 7:30 p. m.
 Arrive Cleveland 8:30 a. m. Arrive Buffalo 8:30 a. m.
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Academy of Music

Prices, 10c to 50c.

L. C. COOK, Manager.
 Every evening and Tuesday, Thursday, and Sat. matinee.
 Week commencing Monday, Feb. 11, ED. F. DAVIS'

Magnificent Scenic Production of the Original Dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's Immortal Novel,
Uncle Tom's Cabin,
 Harry Webber, Carrie Webber, and the Famous Hyer Sisters,
 40 People; 3 Palace Cars; 20 Ponies, Donkeys and Burros; 8 Original Plantation Jubilee Singers.
 Next attraction—The City Sports Extravaganza Co.

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