



From the Use of Cigarettes.

Wilmington, N. C., March 7, 1922.
I hereby certify that my son became epileptic from the use of cigarettes, etc., and would have been cured by the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

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 Pastor Koop's "Nerve Tonic" has done for my son, and I cannot say too much in praise of it.

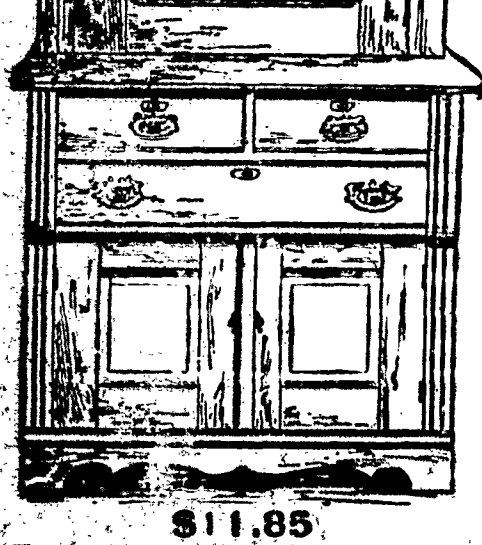
Edward Martin, Dayton, O., September 21, 1892.
I have tried Pastor Koop's Nerve Tonic on a great number of patients, and found that in each instance it afforded relief.

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

FREE A valuable book on Nervous Disorders and a sample bottle for any doctor in this city without any benefit to the doctor.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
49 S. Franklin Street.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per bottle, 6 for \$5.
Roughs, \$1.75. 6 for \$10.00.
For Sale at 126 North Clinton St. Rochester, N. Y.

A SAMPLE VALUE.



\$11.85

For this Solid Oak Sideboard

POLISH FINISH BEVEL MIRROR.
EXTENSION BASE.
Silver Drawer Linings.
4 ft. 6 inch high, 3 ft. 6 inch wide, 19 inch deep.
The above is but one of a thousand reasons why people come long distances to us for Furniture and home furnishings.
Call and see the and the other 999 reasons on our sample floor.

M. B. GRAVES, N. Y.

376, 112 St. St., Rochester, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors.

Pursuant to an 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 Edwin Sabina, late of the City of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, to present the same with the vouchers therefor, to the undersigned executor of the will of deceased at his place for the transaction of business as such executor at 240 State street, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 30th day of April, 1922.

Dated October 26th, 1921.
IRVING PAINE, ARTHUR KEEGAN, Executor, Attorney for Executor, 210 and 212 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.



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 kersey jackets, \$10 and \$12, always sold at \$15 and \$16.
Fur capes from \$5 to \$25, 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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Send for our Price List, List of Premiums and Special Discounts for quantities before placing your order.
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Eckermann & Will,
The Candle Manufacturers,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

FACE TO FACE.

A Story of How a Mother's Devotion Was Rewarded.

BY M. H.

Some years ago in a Southern city the yellow fever was at its height. Day by day and hour by hour death won its victims. The business of the fated city was stopped, and over the people's heart lay the deep, smothering pall of fear and woe, for the pestilence with its contagious elements added dread and isolation to its other evils.

Joy and gladness vanished from the people's faces, and even the children hid the tales of death and counted with childish wonder the numerous funerals, and catching up their parent's cry, "longed for the coming of the frost."

Most of the wealthy people had sought safety in cooler climes, and their elegant houses were closed for the season. But some of the fine residences were still occupied, especially in the suburban parts of the city.

From one of these, early one warm September morning, a lady emerged. She was dressed in deepest mourning, but her heavy veil was thrown aside from her face, revealing its sad sweetness. An irresistible charm lay in the large, dark, pathetic eyes. Otherwise the face was plain. The features stood sharply out from the pale, thin face, marked with heavy lines of some steady-weighting grief.

Years ago Mrs. Ambill had been left a widow, with an only son. For a time the child was her consolation, but as he grew up to manhood he made her life miserable. Wild, wilful, reckless, he rejected all guidance, flung aside the saving restraints of religion, and finally became involved in some gambler's quarrel. Embittered at his own misconduct he abandoned his home without a word of farewell.

Ten years had passed. His mother's efforts to find him had failed, and she had almost despaired of ever hearing of him again when, accidentally, in a Western paper she read the account of his death, shot in a drunken revel by one of his boon companions—Max Glenn. The news crushed her. The name of her son's murderer haunted her. The evidence as to the victim being her son seemed conclusive—age, birthplace and name, Harold Fortune Ambill, all were correct. When she recovered from the first shock she made every effort to obtain further particulars, but in vain. As the affair had occurred upon the plains there seemed to be no hope of further information. Consoling herself as best she could, she had been preparing to visit the place herself when the fever broke out, and she found herself barred within the fever-souraged city.

Mrs. Ambill, walking quietly along, soon found herself before the doors of an immense building, the City Hospital, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. She entered almost gaily, for the heroic mission upon which she was bent gave new energy to her weary soul and lightened her shadowed heart. She saluted the Superiors in a cheerful tone and then shortly and urgently offered her services.

"You have lost one of your Sisters recently, let me take her place. I want to do something useful, and now is the chance. Let me work with you. For God's sake I will tend these poor creatures, and—you see I am selfish—in opening my heart to them perhaps I shall let out my own grief."

The Sister was surprised. She had long known of the lady's worth and charity, but this self-sacrifice was exceptional. As a friend she was dear to all the Sisters, but the Superior hesitated before she consented.

"You are so unused, dear Mrs. Ambill, to this life, to the close, striding air, to the dangers and discomfort, to all this trying scene. I fear your brave heart overestimates your power of endurance," added the Sister gently, as the remembrance of Mrs. Ambill's beautiful home rose in contrast to their plain surroundings.

The lady at once replied: "Do not fear because of my ignorance of such places, do not refuse me, Sister."

"I dare not refuse you," answered the Sister gravely, "I dare refuse no one, lest perhaps the sick and dying should upbraid me; but I would have you count the cost of your undertaking."

"I am not acting from impulse, I have considered the matter, and without rash presumption, I shall hold to my resolution."

"God bless you, then. I will give you our dead Sister's post. It is in the men's department. Ah, poor mother, you may be as a mother to many suffering ones."
She then led the way to an immense room, a crowded ward, and pointing to a long line of low beds, whispered a few brief directions, and then left the new volunteer nurse to her charge duties. Mrs. Ambill had had little

ner veil and donned a snow-white apron over her black dress. Though extremely simple in her attire, her ladylike air was as striking and attractive as ever. The lovely light of charity gleamed from her expressive eyes as she glanced down the room and beheld the tossing, struggling, fever-burnt patients, whose very breath meant contamination and perhaps death.

Turning to her task, with renewed zeal, she smoothed the pillows, handed water to this one, consulted that one, volunteered crying for food, that must be refused, and busied herself in various ways.

Soon the doctor came on his rounds, and she listened attentively to his different directions.

After he had made his calls he stopped for a few moments to give a short parting advice.

"Give particular attention No. 12, he is the only dangerous case you have. He was found in a raging fever yesterday in the woods. He must have been sick for two days at least. Look out for him. He needs close watching."

No. 12 was at the extreme end of the row; and by order of the physician, his bed was pushed into an alcove beside the window.

The man lay in all the distress of a burning fever, tossing his head from side to side as if to ease his racking pain, and throwing his arms wildly about while his staring eyes shone with all the startling brightness of the fever heat. His high brow, well-formed features and shapely head gave evidence that he must have once been handsome. But now the dishevelled, matted hair, the thick, untrimmed beard, the contraction of the face did not warrant such an epithet.

Mrs. Ambill did not scrutinize his appearance, her quick glance only marked the pained, harassed look, and then seeking to make him more comfortable, she slightly raised the curtain to admit more air.

"Thank you," he murmured, "are you a new nurse? O, I am so thirsty, and so hot?"

"Let me give you your medicine, it is time now. Perhaps you will feel better," said the lady, as she handed him the carefully prepared mixture.

He drank it quickly, then taking a dusty, soiled pocket handkerchief he wiped his lips, and flung it aside.

"Horrid isn't it? I've kept this thing about me ever since I've been sick. My eyes are blurred, but I know it isn't fit to use. I wish I had a clean one!"

"I will go and get you one, there are some in the next room ready for distribution. I will put yours where it will be sent to the laundry. Give it to me."

He handed it to her with an apology, and something of respectful courtesy was in his tone and manner.

She stepped into the adjoining room, selected some clean handkerchiefs, and were about to cast the soiled one aside when her eye fell on the delicately traced letters written in the corner—Max Glenn.

The few letters were quickly scanned, but instantly as if petrified, she stopped, holding it at arm's length in the full light of the morning sunshine, re-read it with a searching gaze—then again, pronouncing the words in a low, awestruck tone—Max Glenn! Then, as if each repetition had added new conviction, as if the utterance of the name had been a lightning flash rifting in twin the last cloud of doubt she flung the handkerchief longingly from her. Staggering as if blinded, she tottered towards the open window, and leaning against it for support, she gave vent to her long pent up feelings.

For a moment she remained thus, forgetful, heedless of all else, realizing only the terrific import of that name. She had beheld the murderer of her son, and as if anguish must be weighted with torture, she found herself acting as nurse to the destroyer of her own child.

At first she faltered, bitterness, wrath and hate struggled in her heart. Nature vehemently asserted itself, claiming its dues from a mother's love. She raised her eyes despairingly, half resolving to abandon her new found charge. She looked with a vacant stare far out on the city beyond. Her gaze was drawn almost magnetically to the cross of St. Peter's Church, high in air, it rose almost upbraidingly before her, teaching her anew the lesson of self-sacrifice. She saw in vision the dying Christ, and the mother standing beside Him receiving us all—the crucifiers of her Child—as her own children. Quick to her soul came the question: "Could any mother love as she loved?"

She fell on her knees; the Crucified and the Mother of Sorrows had wrought their effect, and the frail, quivering heart of the woman, strong in Christian faith triumphed. Raising after a prayer for strength, she returned again to her duties, feeling that God would aid her in her hours of trial.

Her mission was not fulfilled without

enduring keener pangs than any bodily pain. Every moment was brewing its own bitter draught as she hung about the sick bed of her strange patient.

Every groan from his lips, every sigh, every touch of his fevered hand, even his very mutterings added a fresh sting to her maternal heart and recalled the proud, handsome face of her lamented child.

And so the days wore on. No. 12 was rapidly growing worse, and Mrs. Ambill, fearful lest he should become delirious, tried to suggest to him some thoughts of God, and of preparation for death.

But the man fretted visibly at her words:

"Not now; don't talk to me now, if I had got home to my mother she might, but—am I going to die? Don't tell me I am going to die!" he exclaimed wildly, clutching the lady's hand.

"We will hope not," she said softly, alarmed at the effect his agitation might have upon him. "Try and be quiet, and if you wish, I could sing for your mother," added Mrs. Ambill, all her sympathies going out to the unknown mother.

"No—no—no," he repeated fiercely; "not here. She thinks I am dead, and it would only break her heart over again. If I die here it will be better for her not to know," and he groaned and writhed at the agonizing thought.

Mrs. Ambill, seeing further exposition was unwise, left him to his solitude to attend to her other patients, but made fervent aspirations to God for the poor soul.

Soon afterwards No. 12 became delirious, and as Mrs. Ambill lingered beside the bed she could not fail to hear the strange, incoherent words, the wild meaningless exclamations, and wilder oaths, while now and then, like fragrant flowers among the thorns of his rough language, came the word "Mother—mother."

Once from his fever-paroled lips, with a strange emphasis, fell a short sentence, "Harold Fortune Ambill—you—you—"

Mrs. Ambill clasped her hands convulsively, the words and tone, pressed strongly on her language, and it required all the force of her resolute nature and lofty virtue to still the tempest unwittingly aroused.

But her very emotion worked her to greater watchfulness, and, fearful of leaving anything undone, she bestowed extreme care upon her strange charge.

After some time the patient fell into a refreshing sleep, and his face took on a more natural expression.

Mrs. Ambill, glad of the change, attended to the needs of her other patients. When No. 12 awoke Mrs. Ambill perceived at once that the fever had decreased, and that he was rational.

For the first time since she had seen him his eyes had lost their unnatural brilliancy, and the glow of fever was replaced by an ashen pallor.

"Do you feel better?" she asked hopefully.

"Yes, I'm not burning up now. Shall I die?"

"I hope not but—"

"I shall die, he said interrupting her: "I shall die, young as I am, and—my soul will be lost for ever!"

"Don't say that," said Mrs. Ambill tenderly. "One instant's time is enough to save you if you but repent."

"I can't help it," he exclaimed bitterly, "dying—all my life wasted—gambler—drunkard—nothing but sin! It is all before me now, my whole life, and there is no hope! no hope!"

The lady fell on her knees. "Christ's Blood has atoned for all," she whispered reverently, "will you not pray for mercy?"

"Hark! that bell. What is it? Listen!" he cried, "listen!"

The dying man strained his ear to catch the sound as the bell rang out with its peculiar pauses.

"I used to know it long ago, when I served at Mass."

"It is the second-day Angelus bell," said Mrs. Ambill gently. "Repeat the words as I say them, and the Mother of Sins will surely aid you."

His falling voice joined in the Hail Marys, and the lady was surprised and pained. Yet she made no farther remark as she arose, but silently moved on to the other sick beds, feeling that grace would soon win his newly awakened soul, and that a little quiet reflection would best suit his present needs. Coming back after a short interval, she noticed him start as he watched her intently with a pained, wondering look. As she came near him he seized her hand, and, holding it, looked fixedly into her face, then over the man's face came a look of pain, followed instantly by an expression of profound joy. Great tears rolled down his cheeks as he turned his face away, burying it deep in the pillows.

"O, I beg you not to distress yourself," she said imploringly; "the fever will return under such excitement."

But he did not answer her look up—only his face more completely as if unwilling or afraid to look upon her.

Disturbed and perplexed, Mrs. Ambill moved aside, trying to conjecture the reason of his emotion. She wondered if in any way he could have discovered her identity as his victim's mother, feeling almost certain that some inkling of it had come to him.

After a long time he raised his face, but determinedly restrained his eyes from resting upon her.

"Madam," he murmured, "your words and prayers have borne fruit. Stand for a priest."

Two hours after Mrs. Ambill re-entered the ward. In the meanwhile she had dined and rested, having placed one of the men nurses as substitutes in her place.

"How is No. 12?" she asked of the nurse as she met him in the entrance of the ward.

"No. 12 is all fixed up, ma'am. He is all prepared for death, and nothing would please him but I should shave his beard all off and out his hair. It seems, ma'am, as if he wants you so, and thinks you ought to be everlastingly beside him."

"Poor fellow," murmured Mrs. Ambill, "perhaps he is thinking of his mother."

She went at once to No. 12. The change in his personal appearance struck her forcibly.

The beard was shaved off, and the white face looked almost boyish, the neatly brushed hair showed the high, white brow. A look of humble peace had effaced all traces of bitterness, and brought back an expression of almost childlike innocence.

He was looking eagerly towards her as she approached him, and something startlingly familiar shone in the yearning soulful concentrated gaze.

Impelled by some strange hope, she rushed forward, pulled aside the curtain and stared at him spell bound as if paralyzed by the awful suspense.

The full brightness of the light fell upon his upturned face, and his sweet child's smile hovering on his lips answered her love's bewilderment. With a mute appeal, the arms were held out to enfold her, and the weakening voice found strength to speak the gladness of the heart. She saw no longer the murderer of her boy, but her boy himself! She heard the echoes of his childhood, in the thrilling cry: "Mother! Mother!"

He could not speak. Still clinging to him in that first rapturous embrace, heart and soul flooded with the rush of profoundest joy, she could only live—speech and action were beyond her. It was enough to see him, to hear him, to clasp him as her very own.

Her silence spalled him.

"Mother—mother—have I killed you?" he exclaimed, brokenly.

Tears relieved her swelling heart, and then her love found words.

"God be praised! O my child! to have found you—nursed you—seen you restored to God's grace—this is not like death!"

"It is—like heaven, mother, to have you here. I didn't know you until your prayer, when the Angels rang, and then all of a sudden the resemblance I had been trying to trace shone out, and I knew you. But I wouldn't tell you then, mother. I knew you would know me if they fixed me up. And so, when I got the wickedness off my soul, I made them out my beard and freshen me up—and—"

"I knew you, O Harold, you look like yourself now! and with the sin all the hard, bitter look has gone from your face. But I—"

"You thought me dead; you saw it in the papers maybe."

"I did; and I mistook you for Max Glenn—the handkerchief!"

"Poor mother! how it must have made you suffer! Max and I quarrelled and fought. They thought I was killed, but I came to life, and Max bound up the wound with his handkerchief. I kept it over since until you took it. But pray—now—mother—I am—going—"

His voice died away in a meaningless sound.

His mother, perceiving the signs of death, and unable longer to restrain her emotions, beckoned to one of the Sisters to read the prayers for the dying.

And then, in prayerful sorrow, the mother watched him to the last, praising God for the prodigal's return to his Father's Home, and for permitting her to meet him, face to face, in the full happiness of mutual recognition. —America Messenger.

Most of Them Quacks.

From a tabular statement published in the Japan Gazette it appears that Japan has altogether 39,601 doctors, of whom only 19,553 are qualified on modern principles; the rest, over two-thirds of the total, being old stagers of the purely native school, the champions of frogs' toenails and burnt joss paper.

Japanese Methods.

It is said that robbers are convicted by a vote of the community in some parts of Japan.

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Prices 75c and 50c. Matinee 25c and 50c

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Mr. T. A. Widmer the well-known grocer formerly in business on Plymouth avenue, and now connected with the Armour Packing Co., residing at 319 State street until three years ago a great sufferer from Catarrh and Dyspepsia resulting from it. Many days during his business career as a grocer 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 head into the throat. He was obliged to hawk and spit continually with an effort to raise this thick brown 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 at his Institute 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 fair proposition could he make?

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