

At the conclusion of the labors of the commission of cardinals appointed by the pope to investigate the charges against the Canadian clergy...

With the gradual withdrawal of government aid to the Indian schools, some of the bishops report that a number of the schools may have to be closed.

The plenary council which is to meet in May will be the fourth of its kind held in the United States. Its decisions will determine in a large degree the unity and future prosperity of the church on this continent.

If it rains on the first dog day, it will rain on the other 89, according to weather lore. If, on the other hand, the first dog day is dry, all the rest will be dry.

All printed parliamentary papers for general use may be procured at the general printers in each one of the three capitals—London, Dublin and Edinburgh.

It is said that, judging from the number of bones of the great auk found in the north of Ireland, the bird must have been a common inhabitant at the time when the people of the stone age occupied Whitepark bay, Conny Artrin, and other parts of the coast.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A Cure in Mexico. Has Pedro, Coahuila, Mex., Apr., 1906. The doctor's name is...

FREE. A valuable book on the treatment of rheumatism and a simple method of curing it. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

DR. GRADY'S CURE FOR CATARRH AND DEAFNESS. A while ago you could have shouted in the ears of most of these people...

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DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondent. (Continued from 7th page.)

Mrs. Rose Sweeney was surprised last Thursday by her children and grandchildren on the occasion of her sixty-fourth birthday.

Mr. J. Sullivan's whole family have been suffering for the past week with the grippe.

Miss J. McGrath has returned to the Rochester State Hospital after a two weeks illness with the measles.

Mrs. T. Farrell was visited last week by her daughter and grandchildren from Rochester.

Miss Bessie Mullane was the guest of Miss Alice Burns, last week.

Miss Tessie King was obliged to leave the Pittsford High School on account of ill health.

A number of the young people of this place attended a masquerade ball held in Rochester last week.

Thomas Burns Jr., had a slight attack of la grippe last week.

Miss Rose Foy, formerly of this place has returned from Washington, D. C., where she has been staying with her sister for the past year and a half.

Mrs. Hugh Deady of this place, is slowly improving in health.

Frank Menham, who has been very ill for the past four weeks, is rapidly improving.

Miss Jennie Kelley of this place, who has been very ill, is able to be out again.

The Misses Fitzsimmons of Clyde were in town Sunday last.

Mrs. Margaret McCulloch of Sayannah was in town last Tuesday.

The Misses Parrel of Clyde were the guests last Monday of the Misses Drew.

Daniel Moran had business in Waterloo Saturday last.

Miss Nellie Driscoll has returned from New York.

The Misses Schaub are in New York purchasing their spring stock of millinery.

Miss Mary Drew of Rochester, who has been spending a few days with her sister, has returned home.

Miss Fannie Hendricks of Bergen is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Bergin.

Miss Belle Murphy, who has been spending a fortnight at the southern tier, has returned home.

An anniversary high mass was celebrated last Monday morning at 9 o'clock for Mrs. George Williams Rev. D. W. Kavanaugh officiated.

Next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, high mass will open the Forty Hours Devotion at this place. There is expected a large delegation of priests. An eloquent sermon is to be given each evening.

Mrs. Dr. McDonald and Mrs. Michael Driscoll of Newark were calling on friend about town last Saturday.

Miss Agnes Lester of Clyde was the guest of Lyons friends last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bergin are receiving congratulations over the birth of a daughter.

Seneca Falls. Matthew McArdle is seriously ill at his home on High street.

Miss Rose Costello of Geneva is the guest of her parents in this village.

Miss Jennie Flanagan has returned from her visit with Rochester friends.

WANT TO RAISE CANE.

MISSOURI FARMERS BELIEVE IT WILL THRIVE IN THEIR STATE.

A Big Convention Considers the Subject. Sugar Mills and Refineries to Be Erected—Plans for Experimental Stations and Tests.

The sugar convention held recently at Hughesville, Mo., was a pronounced success. The farmers who reside in Hughesville district, which is the garden spot of central Missouri, have decided to turn their attention from the growing of corn and wheat to that of cane raising, and the convention was held for the purpose of effecting an organization to secure the location of a sugar mill and refinery at Hughesville.

The permanent organization was completed by the selection of officers and a board of managers. The proposed Hughesville sugar mill and refinery will cost \$200,000, and the capital for establishing the plant is assured. The mill will require two diffusion batteries and have a capacity of 800 tons of cane each 24 hours, and 8,000 acres of cane will be necessary to keep the mill in operation during the 100 days of the manufacturing season.

It is estimated that the rich soil of this part of the state will produce from 15 to 20 tons of green cane per acre, while the need, more valuable for stock feeding than corn, will equal 35 to 40 bushels per acre. The lowest estimate of the farmer's profit in raising cane is \$36, while the 8,000 acres of cane would make a profit of \$138,000 per annum to the mill owners, or 80 per cent on the money invested. Each of the farmers who have become members of the association will this year plant from one-fourth to one-eighth of an acre of improved or pedigreed sorghum cane seed, and the crops of cane will be subjected to such tests as may be required by the capitalists who are to provide the mill and refinery. The experimental station and expense of tests will cost \$1,200, and that sum was quickly subscribed at the convention. Probably no better locality in the state than the vicinity of Hughesville could be selected for cane raising. The soil is deep and exceedingly rich and the surface a rolling prairie. The large plant can also be operated at little expense for fuel, as the best of soft coal is found in inexhaustible quantities at a few feet from the surface.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THEY WANT TO DUCK HER.

Neighbors of Mrs. Anselm Would Reveal an Ancient Custom.

Under the old 'blue laws' of New Jersey a common scold, if adjudged guilty, may be ducked in a mill pond. The law hasn't been enforced for many years. The tenants of an apartment house in Hoboken, however, believe it should be in the case of Mrs. Matilda Anselm. She has lived on the first floor for nearly two years. The other tenants, Mrs. Peter Huff, Mrs. Henry Brusse and Mrs. John Heinz, say she has made things exceedingly lively during that time. From interfering in their affairs to creating a racket in her own apartments they say she has no equal, and her tongue, they say, never stops wagging.

With Mrs. Caroline Seigfried, who owns the house and lives in one of the apartments, she went too far. The remarks made by her reflected on Mrs. Seigfried's character. So, with Frank Ludwig, her son-in-law, Mrs. Seigfried called on Recorder McDonough. The latter could not see his way clear to entertain a charge against Mrs. Anselm for her aspersions upon her landlady's character, but he could hold her under the quoniam scold act. This he promised to do if Mrs. Seigfried produced witnesses to prove Mrs. Anselm a common scold.

Danger in Physicians' Beards. Some people in Chicago want to have a law enacted to compel physicians either to cut off their beards or have them disinfected on the ground that when a physician is listening to the heart or lungs of a patient his beard is brought into direct contact with the patient's body, which in cold or damp weather is a source of danger.

Thumb In a Tomato Can. Mrs. Adolph Martin of Passaic, N. J., drew a curious prize in a can of tomatoes. It was a man's thumb, perfectly preserved. It is supposed that a workman in the canning factory had a thumb cut off in the canning machine and that the severed member dropped into the tomatoes.

April Fool. Many times, one waxes the winter. Did he strive in vain to tell How his heart was but a splinter 'Neath the mantle of her spell. After weeks of aggravation, Forced to keep you love from sight, He declared in desperation, 'I will write!' So he bravely set to burning Gallons of the midnight oil, Passed through many a tortuous turning In epistolary toil. Begged that he might forge the fetter That but death (or law) unlocks, And at last he dropped the letter In the box. Dreaming she'd be 'his devoted,' How his soul was stirred to song. As the postman, sober-coated, Trod the drowsy street along. Then one morn that worthy's whistle Shrilled more sharply than before, And there fell a small epistle At his door. Oh, he doubted not the sender, For her name he saw revealed! With what trepidation tender He the envelope unsealed! But the fervor of his passion Grew upon a sudden cool, For she answered in this fashion: 'April Fool!'

Shirts of all hues, from pink, red, green and lavender, will be featured in spring fashions for all well-dressed men.—Daily Paper.

Yellow and green and red And violet, pink and blue, The shirt of the spring Is now on the wing. Disparting in every hue, It's red as the rose, red rose; It's blue as the butterfly, And the woodland pink That the goldenbees drink. That they flutter about the plumb. It's an iris of shirly joy! To our primrose fancy pipes, All the shirly glee That is bounding free In its certified checks and stripes. It's a dream of the moonlit mead; It's a sympathy of the sea And the cocktail red As the tulip head, That the shanghai holds in fee. It's a fantasy of the spring; It's the presence of sunshine white, And our dream of bluebirds. While the lamb it glids On the shore of our appetite, In a rose-bud garden of shirly We wander on pinnions free, Where no sweeter groweth, And dimly howlth In its horrible old-time gloe. 'Tis the bud that brooders the breeze And makes the apple bloom stir, And it curvets along Through our Eden of song Like a celestial butterfly. Through our vision it gleams fits, A thing of beauty, a peach, And flaps its wings While it blithely sings. 'Apprentice, four dollars each.'—'April Fool!'

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COW SWALLOWS A CLOCK.

Chimes of the Timepiece Lead to the Detection of the Culprit.

George A. Newman of Louisville has a cow with an appetite for clocks. A servant left a small silver clock which she had been cleaning on the kitchen steps while she stepped into the house for a moment, but on her return the timepiece was missing and despite the most diligent search could not be located and was given up for lost.

The evening the small boy of the Newman household was in the yard. Suddenly a silver chime floated on his ear. He listened—another and another, until five times the chime had sounded, and he recognized it as coming from the lost clock. But where was the clock? There was nothing near but the cow. The boy searched all around the yard and then concluded, as it afterward proved correctly, that the clock was in the cow. He rushed to his father with the news of his discovery.

"The cow's swallowed the clock! The cow's swallowed the clock!" he shouted. Mr. Newman did not believe the boy. The latter insisted. So at 5:55 Mr. Newman went out in the yard and took his position a few feet from the cow, which was still cropping grass in reflective fashion. In five minutes a silver chime floated again on the still air—another and another, and this time 6 sounded. While they were sounding the cow lifted up her head in that inquiring style peculiar to cows and listened. When the sounds had ceased, she resumed her browsing, satisfied that she was keeping right time and did not have to be wound up.

Mr. Newman decided that his son was correct, and a doctor was sent for. He said that probably the cow had swallowed the clock and that it had not gone farther than her first stomach. It would not change position until it came time for the cow to chew its cud, when the bolus would be placed in the painful position of having to chew a hard bit of silverware and steel springs. A powerful emetic did the work. The clock was a little discolored, but was still ticking away.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LIKE AN ARABIAN TALE.

Record of a Modern Bluebeard Who Poisoned His Wife.

A recent trial in Vienna, which ended in a sentence of death, showed what an important part arsenic plays in the domestic economy of the inhabitants of Styria. A peasant named Schmalhofer began shortly after his marriage in 1891 to have intimate relations with a servant, Marie Penzipp, with whose assistance he poisoned his wife by mixing arsenic in her food. He married his paramour, and on her foster sister, Katharina Millek, then only 15 years old, entering his service in 1895 he also became intimate with her and murdered his second wife as he did the first, by sprinkling arsenic over pieces of meat on her plate, which, while she was away, were turned over in order that she might not see the powder on her return to the table.

The two children, girls of 2 and 8 years, asked their mother for more meat, and as she gave it to them from her own plate the father had to sit by and see his children eat poison. He man aged, however, to keep silent in order not to betray himself. The children recovered, but the mother died. Suspicious being aroused, the examination of the first wife took place, and, speaking of it in court, a chemist made the remark that all the village cemeteries in Styria were full of arsenic.—New York Sun.

Rajah Broke His Cast. Sir Portab Singh, rajah of Jodhpur, in Rajputana, is the hero of an extraordinary act of chivalry. Though a Brahman of the highest caste and blood of India, he recently broke his caste to help prepare for burial a young English officer, a complete stranger, who died in his city. He helped put the body in the coffin and carry it down stairs to the carriage and later to the grave.

Papal Enterprise. The pope has set aside a sum of nearly \$100,000, the interest on which will be employed in constituting a certain number of prizes for the best Catholic historical works which may be published in Italy or abroad. With this object his holiness has appointed an official commission in order to examine the works and has himself sketched out the programme of the competition.

The Shirt of 1897. Shirts of all hues, from pink, red, green and lavender, will be featured in spring fashions for all well-dressed men.—Daily Paper.

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