### OUR NEW PREMIUM FOR 1897.

Have you seen our premium for 1897 which we are going to present to paid in advance subscribers this year? It is a handsome picture of the Crucifixion, 17-24, beautifully colored in artistic shades, and is certainly a picture that should be in every household in the diocese. Every subscriber, both old and new, that pays $1.00 in advance, is entitled to one.


**Do You Want—**

Everybody wants a perfect light, satisfactory in every respect, if they can have it at reasonable prices. The Welsbach fills every requirement.

GRAY & HITCHCOCK,
28 North Fitzhugh street.
'Phone, 1598.


Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headaches.

**Accomplished Wonders.**

Offerle, Kan., June '96.

My nervous system was much run down. I suffered much from violent headache and a feeling of weight in the pit of my stomach, so that I could not keep my food and felt like fainting; often these feelings were very distressing. I spent many restless nights, was troubled with bad dreams, numbness in my arms and often with violent cramps in my right leg. Two years I suffered in this manner, tried medicines without permanent relief; 2 months have passed now, since I took only 2 bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and not a symptom of all the troubles described above I experienced. *N. E. Cullen.*

**Of 17 years Standing.**

Baden, Can., May, '96.

It is now 17 years since I had the first attack of epileptic fits. I tried doctors' medicines without any relief, but since I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic about 2 years ago I had but one slight attack. *Mrs. Thos. Butler.*

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.

This remedy has been prepared by Reverend R. Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

**KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.**
**49 S. Franklin Street.**

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

For Sale at 125 North Clinton St.
Rochester, N. Y.



# Rheumatism !

Can it be cured so that it will never return again? This question is answered by the eminent and successful chronic disease specialist. The medical profession puzzled at his wonderful cures.

# Dr. Grady

His cured cases of muscular, sciatic and inflamatory Rheumatism where the patients have been confined to their bed for 12 and 18 years.

## Catarrh

CANNOT BE CURED

This is the general belief of thousands of catarrh sufferers. Dr. Grady, the eminent and leading specialist of Rochester, says catarrah can be positively and permanently cured right here in this city. There is no need of going to another climate. Dr. Grady will cure catarrh or charge nothing.

His success is based on facts. First—Practical experience. Second—Every case is specially studied, thus starting right. Third—Medicines are prepared in his laboratory exactly to suit each case, thus effecting cures without injury.

Dr. Grady has had a vast experience as a specialist and is able to tell you the causes and conditions of your complaint and prescribe proper remedies to effect a cure. If your case is curable he will tell you so; if not, he will tell you, for he will not undertake a case unless confident of effecting a cure.

Write or call on his patients and investigate for yourself. Call on Mrs. C. Prince, Old Ladies' Home. She will tell you she was cured of Catarrh, Creeping Paralysis and Deafness; Mr. William Lacy, Avon, N. Y., cured; Mr. John Moore, 52½ Ontario street, cured; Mr. John Lee, Powers Hotel; Miss O'Laughlin, 88 Campbell street; Mr. Strief, 1 Bismark Place; Mr. Horn, 55 Hollister street; Miss Jennie Shaefer, 35 Concord Avenue; Mrs. Burk, 4 Central Park; Mr. Reets, 409 Clifford Street; Mrs. Strief, 1 Bismark Place, and hundreds of others.

Consult the European specialist on all nervous and chronic diseases. Those suffering from rheumatism, sores, ulcers, tumors, cancers, or any form of skin or scalp disease, should visit Dr. Grady at once. Remember, consultation, advice, services and surgical treatment absolutely free until cured.

Patients at a distance successfully treated by mail. All letters promptly answered; inclose stamp.

The doctor can be consulted from 10 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 9 every day, except Wednesdays and Sundays. Private consultation rooms first floor. Take elevator.

**Medical and Surgical Institute,**

Permanently Located,

**16 State St., Rochester, N. Y.**


# DIOCESAN NEWS.

**What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.**

**From Our Special Correspondents.**

(Continued from 7th page.)

**Penn Yan.**

Miss Ellen Fallon of New Paltz was called home recently by the illness of her father.

Branch 125, C. M. B., will give a dancing party on the 26th.

Miss Winifred Gavin of Rochester has returned home after a brief visit with friends in town.

James Dolan is recovering from a slight stroke of apoplexy.

An auxiliary of the A. O. H. was organized here on Sunday evening last with a membership of about twenty.

Mr. and Mrs. James Agan have taken up their residence in Penn Yan.

**Macedon.**

Wedding bells will soon ring in this vicinity, judging from appearances.

Mrs. John McGreal of Rochester visited her father, Frank Quinn, several days last week.

Miss Maggie Conliff of Rochester was at home over Sunday

Messrs. Benham and Devereaux wheeled to Macedon last Sunday.

Miss Margaret Delaney spent Sunday in Fairport.

Miss Anna Heughes of Rochester was the guest of Miss Tessie Maxwell Sunday last

Miss Nellie Mellyn and Joseph McCarthy of Fairport called on friends in town Sunday.

Miss Celestine O Beirne spent Sunday with her sister Mayme of Rochester.

Miss Anna Maxwell of Rochester spent Sunday at her home here

Walter O'Neill of Victor was in town last Sunday

Miss Nellie Curran of Palmyra visited her sister, Miss M. Nolan, last week.

Mrs. E Dillon spent several days last week with her daughter, Mrs. T. H. Maxwell.

Will Sullivan was home over Sunday.

**Lima.**

James Flynn, who has been ill since last March, died last Thursday evening, aged 19 years. The funeral was held from St Rose's church on Friday morning at 9 o'clock. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery in this place.

Mrs. John Meagher and Mrs. Phillips of Hemlock visited Mrs. Meagher's mother, Mrs. Boyle, last week.

Quite a few of our town people attended the circus in Rochester last Wednesday.

Mrs. P. McGraw is dangerously ill with consumption.

Next Saturday the Genesee Normal school nine will play the return game with the Limas on the Seminary grounds. A big time may be expected

Mr Fogerty, our new grocer, has taken possession of the corner grocery on Rochester street.

Timothy McDonold's new store is being thoroughly renovated and refitted

Michael Hogan has sold his place on Lake avenue.

**Greece.**

Mrs. W. J Staub of Rochester has been visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aloysius Friedman.

The many friends of Anthony Friedman will be pleased to know that he arrived safely at his intended home in Pittsburg, Pa

**Ovid.**

Thomas McCarragher of Seneca Falls spent Sunday at his home here.

Mrs. James Davis and children of Penn Yan were called here by the illness of her sister Emma.

F. E. Fitzpatrick spent a few days in Seneca Falls last week.

John B. Mackin and Thomas Farrell spent Sunday in Ithaca.

Miss Minnie FitzSimmons visited friends in Geneva and Seneca Falls last week.

Miss Lizzie Hanratty spent Sunday in Trumansburg.

James Sullivan and John Maloney of Ithaca were guests of friends here last week.

Patrick Carroll, as a delegate, attended the G. A. R. encampment in Rochester this week.

John Murphy, who has been in Ovid for some time on account of the illness of his mother, returned to Chicago last week.

**Pittsford.**

The litigation between Michael King and Patsick Lannon has been settled out of court. This dissolves all claims of partnership between the firm of King & Lannon.

Last Sunday Frank Sweeney, while dismounting his bicycle, met with what might have been a serious accident, but fortunately he was not hurt badly, the principal damage being to his clothes.

Mr. and Mrs. Lannon visited friends in Rochester on Sunday last.

W. Plant of Rochester was in town Sunday.

Misses Aggie Connors and Hannah Sullivan visited here on Tuesday.

**Lyons.**

The Six Nations Indians baseball team crossed bats with the home club last Monday. The score was 27 to 7 in favor of Lyons. After the game the Indians gave a war dance.

William Spafford of Rochester was in town over Sunday.

Stephen Murphy of Lyons, who played with the Lyons team, sang a solo at Vespers last Sunday. Mr. Murphy has a fine voice, and we hope to hear him again.

James May has broken ground for his new house on Grand street.

Albert Knittle, formerly of this place but now of Rochester, is visiting his parents.

William Fehr, who has been sick for the past week, is improving.

Mrs. M. McCullough of Syracuse was the guest of Mrs. L. Bradley last Monday.

Editor Erhart of the Clyde Times was in town last Tuesday.

**Seneca Falls.**

Miss Margaret Costello visited friends at Willard last week.

Edward Mackin of Weedsport, spent Sunday at his home in this village.

Mr. John Cronin of Illinois, is visiting his sister Mrs. Daniel O'Keefe on Fall street.

Misses Katherine Rafferty and Julia Keenan of Romulus, spent Sunday at the home of Miss Rafferty in this place.

Miss Anna Cully, of St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester spent a few days at her home on Haigh street.

Forty Hours Devotion closed at St. Patrick's church on Wednesday last.

### IT DOES MATTER.

"It does not matter what a man believes so long as he does what is right."

How often one hears this absurd proposition from men who ought to know better. We say the proposition is absurd; for those who affirm it expect you to believe it. There is, then, at least one thing, even in their estimation, that ought to be believed namely, that it matters not what one believes. Thus in the very act of denying the necessity of belief, the necessity of belief is affirmed. Thus the proposition carries with it the evidence of its own fallacy. It is as absurd as if one should say: "Speech is impossible to man," forgetting that the very saying of it proves the fallacy of what he says.

But, aside from this absurdity, the "belief" that "it does not matter what we believe providing we do what is right" is false for other reasons. Man, because he is a rational and moral agent, must know what is right before he can do it. In this he differs from the brute that follows blindly its instincts, and consequently is incapable of moral acts of right or wrong. When a man is about to do something the question presents itself to him. Is that thing right or wrong, or is it right or wrong for me to do that thing? To determine this he must believe in some principle or rule of right, with which he compares the act to be done, until thus compared and measured he sees its fitness or unfitness. Without belief in some principle of this kind he is utterly incapable of determining for himself what is right or wrong, and consequently equally incapable, as a moral agent, of doing the one or the other.

A man may be mistaken as to the principle or rule which should determine for him the rightness or wrongness of his acts, he may in his ignorance adopt a false rule; but, true or false, he must have some rule which he believes for the time being to be the right one. It is just in this acting to an ideal that man is distinguished from the brute, which acts solely in response to the spurs of instinct.—New York Freeman's Journal

Mgr. Denechau, Bishop of Tulle, France, has been fined five francs by the magistrates of that town for an outdoor procession to the cemetery on All Saints' Day.

Fifth Form Boy Please, I want a pair of gloves.

Gentleman's Outfitter Kid gloves?

Fifth Form Boy No, no Gloves for grown-up people! Comic Cuts.

The only love in the world that seems to amount to anything is the love between mother and daughter. We always go to the depot the day before Christmas to see mothers and daughters meet

The people should be taught to be good, but it is just as important that they be also taught not to make their goodness obtrusive.


STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY, }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[Seal] A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

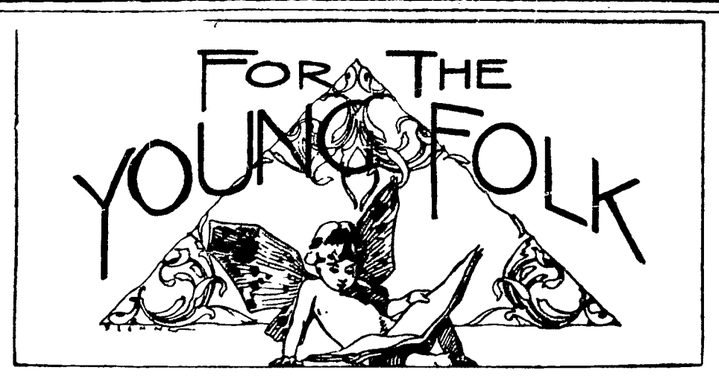
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists. 75c.

THE
ONLY PERFECT
SEWING MECHANISM
FOR
FAMILY USE.
WHEELER & WILSON'S
NEW
HIGH-ARM
No. 9

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.
10 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.
Jas. M. Harrison, Gen. Agent.


### WILLIE'S LESSON.

"Take good care of Nettie, my son," said Mrs. Rowland, as she fastened her glove and stooped down to kiss Willie.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, not speaking very heartily, but returning the kiss. "I'll try, though I do wish I could go."

Willie's mother stroked his hair, gave Nettie one more hug, and walked out to the carriage.

Nettie and Willie stood by the window to watch her

"We can't go, can we, Willie?" said Nettie, as her mother rode swiftly out of sight.

"I could if it wasn't for you," answered Willie, with a frown.

"Yes," said Nettie gravely, "but now you have to stay and tend to me I s'pose you don't like it pretty well."

It was foolish for Willie to care because his 4-year-old sister said this, but he felt just like losing his temper, and so he made a naughty speech

"I want you to shut up, Nettie. It's bad enough to stay here all day, without having you twit me of it. I wish you'd run off and let me alone."

Nettie smoothed down a little wrinkle in her white dress and replied. "Well, I will. I shan't stay where folks don't want me. I'm going right away."

You would have laughed if you could have seen her turn about when she got to the door and add, with a queer little assumption of dignity.

"If anything happens to me, Willie Rowland, and I go killed, I shall just tell mother you're to blame because you let me."

She was such a funny little girl, with such funny ways, that Willie almost felt good natured to see her, but he had so much bad in his heart that all the right feelings were choked back, and he let her pass out of the room without saying one word more.

Presently he heard her laughing and chatting with Norah in the kitchen, and then he lay down upon the sofa and began to think how abused he was Talking to himself, this is what he said

"All the boys in the village are ready to go by this time. I have been counting on a good time for three weeks, and just because mother took a freak I must stay at home and tend to Nettie. It's right mean, there."

And Willie tossed about fretfully, and then grew quiet and listened to the drowsy hum of insects in any but a pleasant mood.

You see, Mrs. Rowland's only sister had been west two years and was now coming back for her health, so Mrs. Rowland drove to the city, six miles, to meet her, and Willie had to give up an expected pleasure and "stay at home with Nettie."

The boys of his acquaintance had been intending to go to the woods on this day and have a time. They had made benches, they had put up a swing, they had made many graceful decorations Their indulgent mothers had provided rations and were to be invited to a supper of the boys' own getting. Stump speeches, flags, drums, and so forth, were a part of the programme.

There was a splendid day in anticipation. Now, Willie was usually a good tempered boy, loving his sister dearly, but he thought this disappointment was more than he could bear Perhaps if his life had been less easy he would

PEEPED THROUGH THE PICKETS.

have been more patient, but he had his dead father's hair and eyes, and his mother may be pardoned for being a little overindulgent. Today she had been as firm as she could be when she thought it best, and the result was as cross a boy as you can imagine.

He thought it over and over, till half an hour slipped by, and he heard quick feet outside. He knew they were coming for him and went out to meet them.

"Hurry, Will," said Fred Baker. "It's pretty late."

"I can't go," answered Willie sulkily.

"Can't go!" exclaimed four voices. "Why not?"

"Mother said I should stay and take care of Nettie."

"If that ain't mean!" came from one of the four.

"I'll tell you what," said Fred. "It's not fair that we should carry all these traps, and you are in honor bound to go and help us whether you stay or not."

Willie hesitated, declared he couldn't, listened to their arguments and finally consented "just to help and make haste back again."

On their way he made the explanation called for by their questions.

"Where's your mother?" asked one.

"Gone to the city," was the reply.

"Why couldn't she go some other day?"

"Aunt Mary's coming on the noon train. She's sick, and mother thought she could ride easier in the carriage."

The matter made clear, they pursued their way, talking of this and that and laughing merrily. All the while something kept telling Willie that he ought to have staid, and he determined to hurry home as soon as his bundles were disposed of.

Arrived at the woods, however, the boys renewed their coaxing, urging him to stay and help them until nearly two hours were gone, and finally, at about 11, he started.

In the meantime where was Nettie? She went about singing and happy for a long time and by and by ran down to the gate and peeped through the pickets. She stood there until a beautiful butterfly lit on the fence close beside her. She tried to catch him, till when she almost had him he flew over the fence and settled down in the middle of the street.

Nettie swung the gate open and stepped out, her face flushed and eager. On she went close to the prize, and just then a terrible thing happened. Round the corner dashed a runaway horse with a broken buggy dangling at his heels. Nobody could tell what did it, but when they picked her up Nettie's white dress had an ugly stain of blood upon it from a wound in the temple They carried her into the house and Norah placed her on her own little bed Some one sent for the doctor, who, when he came, said very tenderly:

"I will do what I can, but I fear Nettie will die."

So they bathed the wounded head, brushed back her hair, put on her night dress, tearfully removed the crushed butterfly from her clasped hand, darkened the room and waited for Mrs. Rowland.

Before Willie had time to return the mother had come and begun her sorrowful watching. Just as the clock struck 12 the unconscious brother walked into the yard. He went up stairs to go to his room. When he passed his mother's door, he found it open. He paused a moment, and she came forward.

Dear, tender mother, with all her anxiety for her darling girl she did not forget her boy. She took him in her arms and kissed him, knowing what was coming would be punishment enough Willie looked up bewildered

"What's the matter, mother? Where is Nettie?" he asked.

For answer she led him to the bed where Nettie lay, and he saw the pale face and bandaged head. What a wild cry he gave! He would have given his life, he thought, if he could see Nettie as she stood at the door that morning, and the childish words came back to him, "If anything happens to me, Willie Rowland, and I go killed, I'll just tell mother you're to blame."

"Oh, mother," he cried, "is she dead? Have I killed her?"

Very gently Mrs. Rowland answered with her hand on his head.

"No, Willie, she is not dead, but hurt very, very badly, and you must help me nurse her well."

After many days of hope and fear Nettie began to grow better. Willie watched and tended her, and was so thankful when she could talk and smile again.

That was a good many years ago, when he was 12 years old, and he is a man grown now, while Nettie is a young lady. But the experience of those weeks taught him a lesson he has never forgotten, and I have written the story for you.

**A New Sentinel.**

When we see a peacock, we are greatly disappointed unless we can see him spread his beautiful tail feathers. We think it is a peacock's sole business to be beautiful. Out west, on several farms, peacocks are kept for protection. The men who have them say they will alarm the household if a stranger approaches; that they will not make friends with a stranger as dogs have been known to do, but will call and call until the stranger disappears.

The cry of the peacock is so disagreeable and he uses his voice so often when there is no cause that the chance of the peacock driving the watchdog out of the business of watching is not very bright. Who would want to give up Rover, with his big, flowing tail wagging a welcome to his friends, or the deep bass bowwow of Nero, or the frisking, wriggling tail of Gypsy? No, Mr. Peacock may do to frighten thieves, but he can never drive the loving dogs out of the homes where children are.

**Two Hundred Feet of Fish.**

A few thousand years ago there must have been high water in Wyoming, and that water must have been full of fish. Geologists have recently discovered immense hills and plains made entirely out of the bodies of fishes turned to stone. In some places these beds are from 150 to 200 feet in thickness.

## TOBACCO.

**Its Effect on the Blood and the Nerves. Power of Nicotine.**

Tobacco is classified in medical books, says The Youth's Companion, among the depresso motors, a term used to describe certain drugs which by reducing the activity of the nervous system tend to lower the general tone of the body. Its peculiar properties are due entirely to the well known substance nicotine, which is present in a degree varying according to the form in which the plant is used.

Nicotine, when pure, is a colorless, transparent liquid of a strong, tobacco-like odor and persistent burning taste. It is freely soluble in water and rapidly disappears on exposure to the air.

This active principle of tobacco is so powerful that the small dose of one-thirty-second of a grain caused an intense burning in the throat, gullet and stomach, which was followed by giddiness, nausea, extreme muscular weakness, laborious respiration and with icy extremities, partial loss of consciousness, a rapid, feeble pulse and other indications of impending collapse.

In large amounts nicotine acts with lightninglike rapidity. In a case of suicide, in which the amount taken could not be ascertained, the man dropped instantly to the floor, gave a long drawn sigh and was dead in three minutes.

When nicotine is added to freshly drawn blood, the blood takes on a peculiar, dark hue, and upon examination with the microscope the minute vital particles in the blood are found to be rapidly breaking up and dying.

It is doubtful just how nearly this represents the inward condition of tobacco users, since during life the poison which gains entrance to the body is constantly being eliminated by the various organs in the performance of their offices. It is certain, however, that abuse of tobacco will eventually lead to deterioration of the blood. And it is upon this influence of nicotine upon the circulation, as well as upon its effect upon the nervous system, that advocates of total abstinence from the use of tobacco correctly base their arguments.

One cannot easily convince of his error a person who finds gentle solace to his nerves from an after dinner cigar, but the almost continual employment of tobacco in some form, and especially the inhalation of the fumes of a cigarette, which has its own distinct and pernicious effect, is strongly to be discouraged.

**Saved by a Hatchet.**

Golden Days tells a story of a prospector in Alaska who, in company with eight other men, was walking across a great icefield. At one place a thin sheet of ice hid from view a crack about three feet wide The party approached the crevasse diagonally, the prospector in advance, when suddenly he and the next man in the line slipped through the thin coating of ice and disappeared in the chasm below. Their cries narrowly prevented some of the others from meeting a similar fate.

The second man carried a gun, and as he held on to it the weapon lodged crossways in the crevasse and enabled him to be rescued, but the prospector went down at least 75 feet and was tightly jammed between the walls of ice.

He could not be seen, but his voice could be distinctly heard directing the movements of his rescuers. Blankets were torn into strips and tied into a rope. This was lowered to the imprisoned man, who fastened one end around his body. When the rope was pulled, however, it was found that he was jammed in so tightly that he could not be moved without tearing him asunder.

The rescuers were in a quandary, but the imprisoned man suggested that they lower him a hatchet, and when this was done he chopped himself loose in short order. Altogether he was 80 minutes in the icy tomb, and it was a week before he recovered from the shock.

**A Wise Dog.**

I know a dog named Nap. But you must not think from his name that he is very often caught napping. Last winter Nap's master, a very old man, died, and his poor old mistress was taken away to live with some friends. So Nap was left alone in the world.

For a day or two he seemed very unhappy, and then he seemed to understand that he must support himself or go hungry. The first thing Nap did was to go to the butcher shop and sit beseechingly upon his hind legs for a bone. Then he barked, rolled over, played dead and jumped over a chair. Of course the butcher rewarded him by a generous bone. Next, Nap carried a newspaper up from the gate each evening for a gentleman and was given a bed under the back porch. And lately he has learned to sing a little when a hand organ plays, so that the organ grinder gives him something to eat for the pennies he brings.

Some day some one will adopt Nap and give him a good home. But now he seems very happy as he is.

**Living or Dead?**

A young man from the country went to see Mme. Tussaud's famous exhibition of waxwork figures in London. As soon as he got in he saw a poor, pinched, hungry looking man in a corner, and, thinking it was a beggar, he went near and put a penny in its outstretched hand. From the laughter of the other visitors he soon found out his mistake. The poor beggar was a wax figure. He made up his mind not to be taken in again. He went into the large hall, and right at the end was the figure of a man by itself. When he got close up to it, he stood still to have a good look. Then he walked right round it, touched it, and marveled how wax could be made so lifelike. Presently there was a broad grin on the face of this figure, and the terrified countryman hurried out of the room, saying that it was impossible to tell dead people from the living or the living from the dead.