

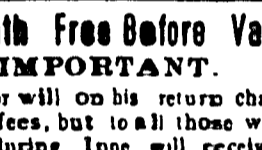


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NOTICE.

Dr. Grady will take his usual summer vacation during the month of July. He will leave the city on July 1st and not return till August 1st.



Last Month Free Before Vacation IMPORTANT. The doctor will on his return charge his usual office fees, but to all those who visit the doctor during June will receive a card which will give them free treatment...

To impress upon the public, almost in an instant, his superior skill over all who had preceded him, he had too plainly pictured in the crowds that from the very day of his arrival have constantly thronged his office...

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C. H. Ellsworth, DENTIST, 152 East Main Street, ROOM 2.

Photographs. The popular Artist Photographer has removed from 208 East Main Street to 24 State St., into the gallery formerly occupied by J. H. Kern.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

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

Commencement exercises at Wells College began on Sunday June 6th. The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Nichols, of Elmira.

The closing of the schools makes the village unusually lively. On Saturday a game of base ball will be played between Sherwood and Aurora.

At St. Michael's church next Wednesday morning Rev. Father Kavanaugh will unite Mr. Harry Taylor and Miss Marie Knittle in the holy bonds of wedlock.

A great many people have gone from here to Rochester to day to attend the ordination to the holy priesthood of John T. Farrell.

Miss Jennie Morarty, of Clyde, was in town Sunday. J. H. Murphy was in Elmira Sunday.

Mrs. James Havy and Sam Alvie of Syracuse, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Robinson Sunday.

Mr. Frank Dove, of Rochester, spent part of last week with Lvon friends. Mrs. Michael Welch is ill at her home on Catherine street.

Dr. Hannus, of Rochester, preached an eloquent sermon at St. Mary's church, on Sunday last.

Married, at St. Mary's church, Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, John E. O'Leary and Miss Grace M. Weeks.

The funeral of Mrs. C. O. Leary on Saturday last was largely attended. A large number of relatives and friends being present from Buffalo, Elmira and Mt. Morris.

Florence Cameron, youngest daughter of Mrs. Angus Cameron, died Sunday morning at Asheville, N. C., of consumption, aged 18 years.

Mr. James Pennant has presented the fire department with a hose cart valued at \$250.

Three new hotels namely, 'The Farmer's,' 'Waldorf' and 'Ponce De Leon' opened here June 1st, which will make eight in the village.

Cards are out for the marriage of Mr. Raymond Moseley, of Wayland, and Miss Fannie Daniels. The ceremony will take place on the 10 inst.

Will Manihan is home for a few weeks on a vacation. Morris Costello was out Sunday for the first time since his illness.

Miss Kate McCarragher spent a few days in Seneca Falls last week. James McKean and sister of Seneca Falls, visited the Misses Best this week.

Miss Mary Harrington of Rochester spent Sunday at home. Miss Julia O'Leary of Canandaigua spent Sunday at home.

Canandaigua

Mr. George Eighny is ill at her home on Bristol street. The funeral of Miss Alice Breen of Stanley was held from St. Mary's church Wednesday morning.

The C. R. and B. A. bulletin of this month has published a true to life half-tone portrait of the late Mrs. Jacob De Bott, who was formerly financial secretary of the C. R. and B. A. Society of this city.

Miss Susie Malone, who has been quite ill for some time is slowly recovering. Her many friends will be pleased to see her again.

James Howe, who has been confined to his home by illness, is recovering, and will soon be seen on our streets again.

Frank Dwyer has broken ground for a handsome three-story building on the corner of Elm and Castle streets.

Andrew Carmon, of Willard, is in Geneva for a two week's vacation, the guest of his brother.

John L. Burns, of Syracuse, who has been visiting with his aunt for a few days, has returned to Syracuse.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Meany, and daughter of Seneca Castle, was visiting with friends in Geneva on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Stapleton, have returned from their wedding trip, and have gone housekeeping in their beautiful home.

Miss Helen Gallagher, after a six week's visit in Geneva, the guest of her mother, on Centre street, returned on Monday to Buffalo.

Rev. James O'Connor, of Seneca Falls, returned on Saturday last, June 5th, from a three-months' trip during which time, he has visited the Holy Land, Rome and many other notable places of interest.

Mr. William McGrath, of Rochester, who has been the guest of relatives and friends in Geneva, has returned to her home.

Mr. Thomas Doyle was in Rochester Wednesday on business. The tow barge Beals, of Geo. Hall Co. Line is in here after a cargo of soft coal.

Miss Nora Driscoll of Stanley, was the guest of Miss Marie Allen for the last week. Mr. Charles Garlock spent Sunday with his parents.

Miss Nellie Doyle has returned home from a visit to Rochester. Miss J. Maxey and Miss Dillon of Elmira, spent Sunday at the Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Meade and friends of Elmira, spent Sunday here. The yacht 'Waverest' of Charlotte, is in the Bay.

Miss Mary Karns of Rochester, is spending the summer with her aunt, Mrs. T. Doyle of this place.

Rev. Father O'Connor returned from his five months' continental tour last Saturday. He was warmly welcomed by his parishioners, and at the high mass on Sunday gave an interesting account of his travels, which he continued at Vespers in the evening.

A Lost Vocation.

In the year 1771 a young man appeared at the gate of a Capuchin monastery in France and begged to see the guardian. His request was granted, and he forthwith broached the subject which he had most at heart.

He believed himself called to the religious state and wished the guardian to test his vocation. The good Father did so with much care and patience, and soon arrived at the conclusion that the young man was called by God to embrace the perfection of the religious state.

He bade him secure the great affair of his salvation by faithful correspondence with the designs of God in his regard, and dismissed him with his blessing and a letter of recommendation to the master of novices.

The youth withdrew, fully determined to tread the path marked out for him by the loving predilection of his Divine Benefactor.

But previous to entering the cloister, he decided on once more visiting his home and bidding adieu to his parents and friends.

The youthful aspirant for the religious state had no sooner made known his intentions to his family than he was assailed by a storm of entreaties, tears and expostulations.

They would not give up the beloved son in whom they had centered hopes so bright. He was told to pause, to reflect, to take into consideration the signs of the times, which seemed to sound the knell of all monastic institutions.

The time in which his lot was cast was a transition period, with his talents, his energy and his tact he would be sure to make his mark.

Why relinquish prospects so brilliant? Why bury gifts so rare in the obscurity of a Capuchin monastery? Gradually his high resolve began to waver.

The voice of the siren murmured of halcyon days, all radiant with glory, musical with public applause, the meed of his great and noble deeds.

The still small voice continued to plead, but the clang or trumpet of fame deadened the sound; the youth determined to devote his energies to an earthly career.

It was the time of the fearful upheaval in France. Society was convulsed; the existing order overthrown; a chaos of crime and horror, reddened by the noblest and best blood of France, was the order of those days of blood.

In the sanguinary tragedy overthrowing Church and throne, our candidate for the Order of St. Francis soon played a conspicuous part. On and on swept the deluge of blood and anarchy, until all Europe was shaken to its foundations.

The boldest, most relentless, most blood thirsty spirit of the all engulging movement was he, the once gentle, devout and God fearing Maximilian Robespierre, anon the crime dyed executioner of France, the man of blood, the heartless regicide, the monster of the blackest days of woe that ever dawned on doomed and bleeding France.

The passion flower has long been associated with Easter, and Good Friday also, both in song and story. This is a most interesting flower. The Spanish missionaries who were sent among the Indians centuries ago, to teach the story of Calvary, first discovered this strange blossom.

The passion flower has a calyx of five sepals and a corolla of five petals, all being joined together to form a shallow cup just inside of which grows a curious fringe, unlike any other flower. From the bottom of the flower's calyx rises a little stalk from a tiny shelf or pedestal.

On this erect stalk are five stamens, with the ovary in the centre, and from this rise three styles bearing the stigma. In the Spanish missionaries' view the ten divisions represented the ten apostles—not counting Peter, who denied his Lord, nor Judas, the betrayer.

The curious fringe they thought to resemble the crown of thorns; the spreading five-fingered leaves, the outstretched hands of sufferers; the tendrils the lashes of the scourges; the central stalk, or gynophore, the pillar to which Christ was bound by the Roman scourgers; the five anthers the five wounds; and the divisions of the triple petal the three nails by which He was fastened to the cross.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

It was evidently his first experience on a railroad train, and he was as full of curiosity and excitement as a small boy on circus day. He started to walk down the aisle just as the express struck a pretty sharp curve, and the sudden swerve carried him off his feet and tumbled him into a seat on top of a clergyman who had been trying to enjoy a cat nap between stations.

The rural traveler extricated himself as soon as possible, and without any apology to the minister, began swearing with a volubility which proved him an expert in profanity. The clergyman bore this for awhile in silence, and then touching the farmer's elbow quietly said: "Stop! My friend, do you know where you are going? If you don't, let me tell you. You and your immortal soul are bound straight for perdition."

"Well," said the farmer confidentially, "do you know I rather mistrusted this blamed thing right from the start? So I bought a round trip ticket."—Chicago Times-Herald.

What It Is. "It seems terrible," he said. "What does?" she asked. "This account by a physician of the way bicycling affected him."

"What does he say?" she inquired. "He says," he explained, "that after a long ride he experienced parasthesia in the fourth and fifth fingers, with impaired sensibility and paresis in the interossei, lumbricals and the adductor pollicis."

"I don't see why it is," she returned in her superior way. "That a man can't say he has had that tired feeling without making so much fuss about it."—Chicago Post.

Laconic Criticism. Mrs. Garrick, the wife of the famous actor, would never admit that any one in the profession approached her husband in ability save perhaps Keen in the part of Richard III.

One criticism of hers received unexpected confirmation. After seeing Keen play Abel Drucker she sat down and wrote him: "Dear Sir—You cannot act Abel Drucker."

When Gold Is Manufactured. He had just bought one of the gold making machines that resulted from the patent issued for a goldmaking process, and naturally he was provoked that she should disturb him.

"A new bonnet," she said, "is a necessity." "Well," he returned irritably, "I have no objections. Go down into the cellar and churn out enough gold to pay for it if you must have it, or you might let Willie do it when he comes home from school tomorrow."—Chicago Post.

Enforced Silence. "I'd like to tell that new man just what I think of him," said the city editor of a sensational paper. "I'd like to inform him to his face that he could not tell the truth if he tried."

"Well, you're not afraid of him, are you?" "No. He's a level headed fellow and would stand it all right. But I'm afraid it would cause professional jealousy among the other reporters."—Washington Star.

Born For a Brakeman. Railroad Superintendent—I regret that you are incapacitated for further service, but accidents will happen, you know. Do you know of a good man for your place?

Railroad Brakeman (who has only his thumbs left)—Yes, sir, I know one who would last you a good deal longer than I did. You'll find him over at the dime museum. He has 16 fingers.—New York Weekly.

A Judge of Human Nature. Mrs. Durham—Why do you shun Horstley? I've noticed several times now that you've gone out of your way to avoid meeting him.

Mr. Durham—I'm suspicious of him. He's been so polite and friendly of late that I suspect he's getting ready to try to borrow some money from me.—Cleveland Leader.

Spoken Advisedly. "My wife," said the young man in earnest tones, "is a jewel." "They all say that," said the elderly man, speaking apparently to the wall.

"But I know. Of course you won't believe it, but she watches me take my bicycle all to pieces without offering a single suggestion."—Indianapolis Journal.

It Depended. Judge (to witness)—You say you have known the prisoner all your life? Witness—Yes, your honor.

Judge—Now, in your opinion, do you think he could be guilty of stealing this money? Witness—How much was it?—New York Journal.

Bicycle First. He—Tell me, Carrie, were you ever in love before? She—To be frank with you, Harry, my heart never went out from me but once, and that was to my bicycle, but Harry, I like you as well as it is possible for me to like a man.—Boston Transcript.

Where All May Shine. "Every woman, no matter how humble," said the lecturer, "may shine in some situation."

Whereat at least 7 per cent of the feminine audience made suspicious nods at the ends of their noses, for the hall was warm.—Indianapolis Journal.

It Came Handy. Robbins—Did you get your bicycle on the installment plan? Wheeler—No, but that's the way I'm paying my doctor.—Town Topics.

HERE AND THERE. Stevenson's unfinished novel, "St. Ives," will be completed by Mr. Quiller Couch.

Vienna university has made King Oscar of Sweden an honorary doctor of philosophy.

Thosot's pictures illustrating the life of Christ have been reproduced in black and white sets on Japan paper, selling for \$1.000.

George S. Deakins of Rowlesburg, W. Va., a surveyor, has the compass and the instruments which belonged to his grandfather when, with Washington, he surveyed the road from Washington to the Ohio.

Brandy, whisky, gin and rum made in Germany for consumption in the British colonies is offered for 88 cents a dozen quart bottles, delivered on board ship at Hamburg.

In Jewell county, Kan., when a judge, before whom a father had brought his 18-year-old daughter recently on a charge of insanity, found that the father's real object in the proceedings was to prevent her from marrying the young man of her choice, he called the lover, who was among the spectators, and performed the marriage forthwith.

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