

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Whereas Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

OUR AGENT

Mr. A. Herman, will call on all subscribers in Brighton, Pittsford, Fairport, Victor, Meritensia, Canandaigua, Shortsville, Clifton Springs and Phelps.

Ithaca.

May devotions are held every evening at 7.30 except Saturday. Sister Clement's music class gave a very enjoyable recital to their friends at the parish hall on April 27th.

Miss Agnes D. Sullivan of Auburn, visited friends in town last week. The grocery firm of Kelly & Sullivan, doing business at No. 7 North Aurora street, has dissolved partnership, the members going out of business.

Miss Margaret Sullivan has returned from a visit to Elmira. She was accompanied home by her nephew George Turner.

The many Ithaca friends of James Connors were pained to hear of his sudden death which occurred in Auburn on Monday last. Mr. Connors was for a long time a resident of this place. The remains were taken to Aurora for interment.

The contract for the annex to the high school, to be built this summer has been awarded to Timothy Crowley.

Elmira.

City Attorney and Mr. O'Connor rejoice in the possession of a brand new daughter.

Mrs. Wm. Hyland of Ithaca, has been the guest of Miss Franc Ronan for several days.

Elmira council Knights of Columbus conferred the first degree upon a number of candidates last Wednesday evening. A social session followed the degree work.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Keenan of Binghamton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Tierney at the Hotel Rathbun, Sunday.

Miss DeWitte of Washington, is visiting her sister Mrs. Francis J. Byrnes, of Union Place.

P. H. Mack, of Sheehan, Deas & Co's, died after a week's confinement with typhoid.

Forty Hour Adoration services will commence at St. Patrick's church Sunday. A large number of visiting clergymen are expected.

Rev. Father Malley of St. Peter and Paul's preached the sermon at last Sunday evening's Forty Hours Adoration services in Corning.

Mr. James Sullivan and daughter Mrs. Charles Kerr of New York, were in the city during the week, called here by the tragic death of Miss Rose Marie Sullivan.

James P. Richardson, who recently departed of his interest in the "All Night Lunch Wagon Cakes" has recently returned for Syracuse, where he will engage in the tea and coffee business with his brother Charles, who formerly managed the A. & P. Tea Stores in Binghamton and Syracuse.

One of the most dreadful fatalities, surrounded as it was by unusual and circumstances, one which filled nearly every home in the city with unmeasurable sorrow, occurred on Sunday morning last, when the heartrending tidings were received in Elmira, that Rose Marie, youngest daughter of Florence Sullivan, the well known and highly respected bookbinder, had been struck by the cars in Lockport. Miss Sullivan, who was a boarding student at the Academy of Our Lady of Angels, had been enjoying a respite from her studies, visiting her friend Miss Meolica Houston in Lockport, and it was while the young ladies were hurrying to holy mass that bright Sabbath morning, the terrible accident occurred. In her anxiety to cross the railroad track before an approaching passenger train on the New York Central Railroad, Miss Sullivan was struck by the engine, and only lived a few moments, during which time she was unconscious.

At the tender age of sixteen years, the crushing out of this beautiful young life, in the springtime of womanhood, comes with an awful force on an idolizing father, brothers, sister and the good nuns with whom she had so long made her home. Bereft of a mother when a mere babe, Rose Marie Sullivan and her elder sister, Beatrice, were placed under the guidance of the Sisters of St. Mary, with whom they thrived and flourished, morally and intellectually. Extraordinarily bright, and talented above the average child little "Babe" Sullivan, as she was known and loved by the Sisters and her schoolmates, was the life of her convent home, and a general favorite throughout her circle of friends. On the occasion of commencement and other entertainments at the convent her musical ability was early evinced, and at the time of her death she was a proficient violin student, and the possessor of a sweetly cultivated soprano voice, being a member of St. John's choir. Besides her father, two brothers, Florence, Jr., and one sister, Beatrice, survive; a particularly lamentable fact being that the latter is now in Europe, completing her education, being the first real separation the sisters have ever known.

The bereaved father left for Lockport immediately upon receipt of the sad news, and returned with his daughter's remains Monday evening. The sisters prepared one of the Academy class rooms for their reception, and it was there the white casket was borne. All day Tuesday and until the funeral hour Wednesday morning, multitudes of sorrowing friends called and viewed the remains. The bier was completely hidden by beautiful flowers, pure white lilies forming a veritable frame about it. The funeral services were held from St. Peter and Paul's church Wednesday morning, and were most impressive, the spacious edifice being thronged with those who had loved the sweet young girl in life.

While the casket was being borne into the church Mr. Thomas Morgan most feelingly sang "Calvary." Six young ladies, classmates of Miss Sullivan, acted as honorary bearers, robed in white, while the casket was borne by Messrs. J. John Hassett, Patrick P. Murphy, Charles H. Burke, George H. Sullivan, Charles DeLaney of the city, and Louis Houston of Lockport.

Rev. Father Long, celebrated a solemn high mass, and in the sanctuary were seated all the city priests. A quartette consisting of Messrs. Mary Virginia Donahue, Agnes Murphy, Marie Grady and Thomas Agnes Rosser, sang "My God, My God, My God."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

In Woodlawn, and a long line of carriages followed the remains to their final resting place, beside the mother who had gone before. As the casket was lowered in the grave the young ladies from the Academy of Our Lady of Angels sang "Jerusalem My Happy Home."

"There is a Reaper whose name is Death, And with his sickle keen, Here reap the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between"

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day; 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took that flower away.

STATES OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. Lucas County.

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

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

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

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

Seven acts, and all novelties is the order of things at Rochester's Vaudeville theatre the coming week. As a feature, Ned Moore and Wm. Keller Mack who are known throughout the country under the team name of Monroe and Mack, are the truest exponents of Negro comedy. The musical novelty offered by the three Gardner Brothers is well spoken of wherever they have appeared. The cake walk fad has taken hold, of almost every class in American and of course vaudeville artists find plenty of food for approval in this form of gyrations, and Fields and Salina stand at the head of this contingent. Bright Bros. a novelty in the gymnastic world has the endorsement of the New York press and public. Annie Whitney will make her first appearance here since her tour of Europe as America's foremost female entertainer. The book agent and the servant girl is interpreted by Delmore and Wilson. Hooker and Davis call themselves "Just Two Kids," but as they have been called that for some, it is safe to say that they are more than seven. Matinees are given every day at Cook Opera House so that ladies and children and others who cannot attend the evening performance, can turn out in the afternoon.

"A Scrap of Paper" will be the attraction at the Baker Theatre all next week.

The best stories of the foremost Catholic writers, other interesting articles, and fine half-tone illustrations is what you get by subscribing to "Our Boys' and Girls' Own," the illustrated Catholic monthly. 75 cts. in postage stamps, sent to Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York, is the easiest way to pay for a year's subscription. Write for sample copy.

Shake it Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package free. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Reduced Rates to the Pacific Coast and the Northwest.

The Nickel Plate road is now selling very low rate tickets to points in California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Idaho and North Dakota. The service is unsurpassed, consisting of three fast express trains a day from Buffalo to Chicago, made up of modern day coaches, elegant vestibule sleeping cars, and dining cars. Close connection is made at Chicago with the fast trains of all western roads. If you want to travel safely, economically and comfortably, see that your tickets read via the Nickel Plate road.

For further information call on your nearest ticket agent or address E. J. Moore, general agent Nickel Plate road, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send your job printing to this office. Best work and lowest rates.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

What is Transpiring in the Diocese of Rochester.

OUR NEW SUPREME RECORDER

DEAR EDITOR:—I notice in several issues of the press to day an expression of opinion on the selection of Supreme Recorder of C. M. B. A. in place of our late respected brother and true servant, C. J. Hickey. I would like to say a word to those who are denouncing the action taken. I believe I have a right.

First, I am a member of the C. M. B. A. and have been for twenty years. Second, I have an interest in its success and I hope to have those dependent on me receive what I have been working for these many years. I have seen the struggle of the C. M. B. A. Have seen those who told us we would not live and after they became satisfied beyond a possibility of doubt, begged for admission. Some of those to day are the ones who are not satisfied with anything. Now, Brothers, we had a good Supreme Recorder in Brother Hickey. I have watched him, I knew him well, and we can truly say "Well done thy good and faithful servant." Now there is another who has done good work and has performed his duties without fault. I believe none can charge him with wrong doing. Outside of his official duties he has done a great deal for the growth and prosperity of our grand order. Now the Angel of Death has compelled us to act immediately. We have, and placed our tried and trusted servant Joseph Cameron in a more exalted position. We beg of those who wish the C. M. B. A. to live to agree with us. We have selected a man that is qualified in every sense of the word. A man with a pure Christian principle, and no person can say aught against him.

I hope the delegates who assemble at the next grand council will retain him in position and all succeeding assemblies will say "Let him retire as his predecessor did, and pray the Lord that that day is far distant." I knew him before I knew the C. M. B. A., and I have yet to know of his doing wrong. To the older members, we have worked hard for this Order. Now we must take care of it. We can do this by going together hand in hand and not by fault-finding.

The C. M. B. A. is the peer of all Co-operative Associations to-day.

AN OLD MEMBER.

Knights of Columbus

A bicycle club is being formed by members of Rochester council. Those desiring to join can find the list at the rooms. Every Knight who rides a wheel should take an interest in the project.

Three hundred members of Buffalo council and large delegations from nearby councils attended the third degree at Buffalo last Sunday.

At the last regular meeting of Council 23, C. R. & B. A., held April 26th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, to take from our sister, Theresa Hately, her beloved mother, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Council 23, extend to her our sincere sympathy in this her hour of sorrow, commending her for consolation to that Divine Power, "who doeth all things well." Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved sister and published in THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

Committee, Miss Edith M. Sharpe, Mrs. E. Meade, Miss Agnes Ryan.

Division No. 1, A. O. H. have adopted the following resolutions: It having pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe, to call to his heavenly home our beloved brother, James H. Callen, we as Catholics humbly bow in submission to the will of Him "who doeth all things well." Our knowledge of the exemplary habits of our deceased brother leaves no doubt, but that his place will be elevated in his terrestrial home, where sorrows are unknown.

We as members of the A. O. H. will miss his kind instructions and suggestions so kindly given, for the benefit of the Order he loved so well.

To his sorrowing family we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and pray they accept it bearing the respect we as an organization have borne the loved husband and father.

We also pray that God will look with kindness and care on the widow and orphans, so sadly bereaved by the loss of their loved one.

Committee, M. Duane, Jas. Murphy, Thos. Mulcahy.

Thought She was Poisoned

"My little girl's face broke out in the summer and we thought she was poisoned. I got a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparil and before she had taken all of it the sores were gone. I gave her three bottles in all, for I think there is no blood purifier equal to Hood's." Mrs. Harvey Dickerson, 14 Towler Ave., Corland, N. Y.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL—Fifth Sunday after Easter—St. John xvi. 23-30 At that time, Jesus said to His disciples: "Amen, amen, I say to you: if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it you. Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name: Ask, and you shall receive, that your joy may be full. These things I have cometh when I will no more speak to you in proverbs, but will show you plainly of the Father. In that day you shall ask in My name: and I say not to you that I will ask the Father for you. For the Father Himself loveth you, because you have loved Me, and believed that I am out from God. I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again I leave the world and go to the Father. His disciples say to Him: Behold now Thou speakest plainly, and speakest no proverb. Now we know that Thou knowest all things, and Thou needest not that any man should ask Thee. By this we believe that Thou comest forth from God."

What are we to learn from all this? We should learn to grow in faith, and in Christian hope; we should learn to pray in such a manner that our progress may be pleasing to the Eternal Father, so we may obtain those graces for which we pray through Jesus Christ, in Jesus Christ, and with Jesus Christ.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday, May 7th—Fifth Sunday after Easter—Gosp. St. John xvi. 23-30—St. Stanislaus, bishop, martyr.

Monday, May 8—Annunciation of St. Michael, Tuesday, May 9—St. Gregory Nazianzen, patriarch, confessor, doctor.

Wednesday, May 10—St. Isidore, ploughman.

Thursday, May 11—The Ascension, Friday, May 12—St. Pancras, martyr.

Saturday, May 13—St. John the Silent, bishop.

FORTY HOURS' ADORATION.

The order of Forty Hours states that the devotions will take place as follows:

May 7.—Montezuma, Immaculate Conception, Rochester; Ovid, Honey Falls; Holy Family, Rochester; St. Patrick's, Elmira.

FAITH AND WORKS.

Faith is strong, when up the way Leading to the mountain's height, Telling pilgrims lonely pray, With God's love a beacon light. Yet no hope has man for peace Nor a thought of truth to teach, Save when 'mid warfare's increase Mea rasy practice as they preach.

Faith lives on when love is dead, Friendship is our watchword still, Truth sheds halo round the head Of those who do God's holy will. And our banner green and gold Beareth gems of holy speech, And our names in Heaven enrolled When we practice as we preach.

N. McK. Rochester, N. Y., May, 1899.

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Will cure a Cough or Cold at once. It positively relieves all throat troubles. Small doses. Price 25 cents at druggists.

Rochester's Handsomest Playhouse.

The New BAKER Theatre Management Shubert Brothers.

12th, Week beginning May 8. Matinees Tuesday Thursday and Saturday.

Shubert Stock Company, will present A SCRAP OF PAPER.

Prices, Evening, 15c, 25c, 50c. Matinee, 15c and 50c.

Cook Opera House.

J. H. Moore, Manager. TWICE DAILY. 2 to 5.7.30 to 11 p. m. Daily.

Continuous High-Class Vaudeville. Week, May 8th.

Delmore & Wilson, The Comedy Leaders, Brothers Bright, Gymnasts.

Fields & Salina, Cakewalk Comedians, Monroe & Mack, See the Funny Poker Game, Hooker & Davis, The Two Kids.

Anna Whitney, Comedienne. 3—Gardner Brothers—3 Novelty Musicians.

Matinee Every Day. Prices 50c, 1.00, 1.50 and 2.00. BICYCLES CARED FOR FREE.

HIS LAST SHOT.

He had a sturdy, well-knit figure, and sat his horse like a centaur. He had, too, the unmistakable cut of a military man, though he was dressed in citizen's garb. The horseman to whom we allude in our opening sentences was riding leisurely along a rugged road—or rather lane—bordered by tall hedges, with a sprinkling here and there of pine, larch and oak.

Suddenly the horse stopped, trembling in every limb.

And no wonder, either, for right in front of them, and not more than half a dozen paces away, was suspended a human form, with ghastly face and wide-open eyes, flooded up by the full light of the yellow moon.

The form was that of a man who, a few short hours before, was in the very plenitude of health and strength, but who swung now with pendulous motion in the night winds.

In the first place, the man was suspended by the neck, as is usually the case.

A strong rope had been secured under his arm-pits, his arms being pinned tightly to his sides; and then the rope had been thrown over the stout limb of an oak and tied there.

This was not all. A closer inspection revealed the fact that a bow-knife had been driven through the suspended man's heart, and the merciless haft, where its silver mountings caught the light, emitted a metallic glitter in the moon's rays.

There was no doubt but that the man had been murdered before he had been suspended to the tree—but not a drop of blood could be detected where the murderous blade had entered his body.

The horseman had by this time dismounted, and approached the corpse. His attention was attracted to an article of the man's dress, to which a small square of paper had been attached.

There were two or three scrawling lines on the paper—lines of dread import.

They warned him to beware of the fate which had overtaken the corpse, and if he set a value on his life, to pass on without inquiry.

"Whoever you may be, I'll act on your advice," said the horseman, as an icy shudder passed through him. "Poor fellow!"—gazing pityingly at the murdered man—"I am sorry for you, but I can do nothing! And by staying here I endanger my own safety to no purpose."

He was soon mounted again, and passing along the road as before.

But he could not banish from his vision that ghastly face, those staring eyes; they seemed to be continually in front of him.

About three-quarters of a mile farther on the road took an abrupt turn.

Horse and rider had just emerged from the shadow of some overhanging trees, so dense that not a ray of moonlight penetrated their interlacing branches.

The road had been pitch dark for about three hundred yards, when this sudden turn brought him once more into the clear moonlight.

Here he discovered that he was not alone.

Not more than five yards in front was a rather tall, stalwart-looking man, mounted on a fine bay horse.

Horse and rider stood motionless in the road.

The stranger's back was turned at the time, so that our traveler did not at first see his face, but the sounds of horse's hoofs on the now hard, flinty road fell on his ears, and hearing such, he wheeled with the suddenness of thought, until the light of the generous moon reflected on features that were pallid and corpse-like.

Our traveler could not repress the exclamation of horror and surprise which broke from his lips—for there sat the exact prototype on the bay that he had seen suspended from the oak tree.

He could scarcely believe it possible that two men could look so much alike. Again he rubbed his eyes, to make sure that he was not dreaming.

Dreaming—indeed! He wished he was at that moment.

No, he was not dreaming, for there sat the man with the identical face and expression of the corpse, even to the clothes he wore; in fact, everything that could identify him with the dead, excepting that the one was on horseback and the other hanging some three-quarters of a mile lower down the road.

It was a marvelous resemblance. "Hallo, friend!" shouted the man on the bay. "You look as though you had seen a ghost! You're not afraid of me, are you?"

"Afraid of you—why?" gasped the traveler.

"That I leave for you to explain. You seem to be, anyhow. Going far in this direction?" asked the stranger with a sinister look on his ghastly face.

"Yes."

"Might I ask where?"

"You may if you like," replied our traveler, recovering from his nervousness somewhat; "but I'll reserve the right to answer."

"Well, that's nothing but fair and square," rejoined the other, good humoredly. "Besides, it's no business of mine, anyhow."

One question, stranger, if you'll not think it impertinent?"

"You had better believe I am. I am thorough, old man, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet."

"With whatever peculiar sensations our traveler had been affected at first, he saw now that this man, notwithstanding the extraordinary resemblance he bore to the ghastly corpse down the road, was apparently a jolly fellow enough, with plenty of life blood in his veins."

"I should presume," said the stranger after awhile, "that you favor Uncle Sam, too?"

"Yes," frankly admitted the other. "I am a soldier of the Union."

"Yet in citizen's clothes?"

"As you see. But you also are a soldier?"

The stranger admitted that he was. "Any brothers in the army?" asked the traveler.

"No."

"Any in civil life?"

Again came the answer in the negative.

"Strange!" muttered the other; "the resemblance is only one of mere accident, of course. Yet I cannot understand why one should be so much like the other. Still—"

Here our traveler paused, for his companion had his sinister eyes fixed on him with a keen, penetrating scrutiny, as much as to say: "For whom do you take me?"

The look having no effect, the stranger put the question direct, and our traveler without reserve related what he had encountered in the road.

The man appeared shocked. His pallid face, as the moonlight fell on it, turned to a more livid hue, and for the first time he showed concern, if not absolute fear.

"You must go back with me," he ventured a moment later.

He was laboring now under a powerful feeling of uneasiness and excitement.

"You must return with me," he repeated firmly.

"For what object?"

"To see this corpse."

"But I have already lost more time than I can spare," objected the other. "That matters not. You must go back with me. I don't care to use force, but you perceive that I have you covered."

Yes, this was the fact. The stranger had a pistol pointed at him, and there was enough in the peculiar glitter of the man's eyes to convince our traveler that if he refused to accede to the request he would without hesitating fire upon him.

Under the circumstances he had no option but to obey.

So back they went.

But no pendulous form hung swaying in the night breeze as previously.

Not even the slightest trace was left of the late ghastly corpse.

"Where's the dead man?" asked his companion sardonically.

"Ay, where was it? This was a question which our traveler could not answer. All that he could explain was that he had seen, had examined it, and no more.

This did not seem to suit the humor of his strange companion, however. Suddenly he grew excited, then violent.

His eyes flashed with insane rage, but whatever he was about to do or say was unexpectedly interrupted by a startling volley fired by some unseen foe, and the man fell from his horse as though struck by one of the bullets.

As he fell a dozen men scrambled through a deep rut in one of the hedges, and cries of "Down with the Yankee," rung savagely on the night air.

"Take the Yank's last shot," came back the cry of the stricken man.

A detonation followed his words that shook the air; and an unearthly yell went up as one of the foremost of the attacking party dropped with a heavy thud into the road.