

Correspondence.

OUR AGENT. Mr. A. Herman will visit subscribers in Ithaca, Elmira, Waverly, Corning and Hornellsville.

SHORTSVILLE.

Mrs. Mary Dunn has returned to Seneca Falls after a two weeks visit with her mother.

Mrs. Catherine Russell, of New York, is visiting her parents here. Miss will be held to-morrow (Sunday) at 8:45.

Frank Russell, of Rochester, was the guest of his parents the first of the week.

WILLARD.

The marriage of Dr. S. J. Curry, second assistant physician at the hospital and Miss Sarah L. Laird, formerly matron here, took place at the home of the bride in Auburn on the 28th inst. Dr. and Mrs. Curry will be absent until Nov. 1st, when they will return to the hospital.

Miss Mary E. Reilly is absent from duty enjoying a much needed rest.

The Catholic fair is progressing favorably under the supervision of Miss Mary Merriman who is acting as president of the Willard table.

Mrs. Albert Kerr died on the 20th inst. at St. Mary's hospital Rochester, where she had undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Mary Quinn, of Trumansburg, and Mr. James Creamy, of Willard, were married on the 21st inst. Rev. Father Madden officiating.

A millinery parlor has been opened by Mrs. LeMay of Willard, and Mrs. Vernon, of Rochester.

BARNARD'S CROSSING.

Our Rt. Rev. Bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to about 80 boys and girls last Sunday in the church of Our Mother of Sorrows, Lady Hill. Before and after confirmation our Rt. Rev. Bishop spoke in a very appropriate manner of the sacrament which they were about to receive and advised them to follow forever the teachings and the doctrine of their holy faith in the true spirit, both soul and body, and to never forget this blessed day when they became soldiers of Christ, and forever to shun bad company and evil companions.

After the sacrament was administered the bishop spoke a few pleasing remarks to the whole congregation in a masterly and eloquent manner of his visits and labors throughout the diocese and he felt proud and happy in saying our churches everywhere are by God's grace growing upward and onward.

The bishop is confident, as he must be, that the Holy Spirit, who rules the church through him, will guide shepherd and flock to a happy accomplishment of their common labors and where ever we have gone we have found evidence of unity between pastor and people and zeal in abundance. Priests and people emulating one another in building up the spiritual kingdom of Christ and the material prosperity and in the lovingly abiding. The self sacrifice of the clergy, their energy and hard labors have procured and are constantly procuring blessed and abundant fruits. They are beloved by their own children in the faith and admired and respected as fellow citizens by those of other creeds, for their own sake in their loyal citizens, who are working for the honor of their church, are at the same time fostering and building up the best interests of the country.

We have noted the strides which our people are daily making in the betterment of the social conditions and in the material prosperity, and this, too, is to us an unmistakable sign of God's blessing upon His faithful children, for all men recognize that where our holy faith has taken root its decrees are observed. There must be honesty, sobriety and patient endeavor and in the wake of these properties follows with safe and sure tread. It lies with the clergy by counsel and fraternal solicitude to aid the children of the faith not only in all that concerns their spiritual welfare and the life eternal, but also in elevating to a place in the community which is their due, those who come under their care. God has blessed the land in wealth and abundant prosperity, and it is only by labor and endeavor and to that prosperity and progress the light of faith, the union of hearts in the truth, that also will be our consolation and joy.

Let us then to-day renew our purpose of united energies, let us see in ourselves only the humble instruments of God's directing power in His church, so long as our intentions are directed by those laws decreed by the inspiring wisdom of this holy spirit, who we know and believe illuminates and leads the minds of those whom He has divinely commissioned to teach in His kingdom on earth, the church. So long as the hearts of people perfect and His children are united in loyalty and respect with one another and all are bound by the same sentiments to the apostolic see there must of necessity result and influence where no human impediment can successfully hinder, since it is the very power of God Himself working by His divine omnipotence through human frailty for the accomplishment of His eternal designs upon the souls of men created for His own glory and their eternal happiness.

A fine musical programme was rendered by the choir.

GENEVA.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Quinn, of Lake St., have come to housekeeping in their beautiful home which was just completed.

Advertisement for A Rat and Lion Coffee.

Advertisement for Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

Obtained Rest and Relief. Cleveland, O., Mar. 2, 1900. Different Sisters of our community, suffering from nervousness and want of sleep, made use of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and all of them obtained by it relief and rest.

Mr. and Mrs. John Quinn, of Exchange St., are being congratulated on the arrival of a young son at their home on Monday morning last.

An anniversary mass was solemnized on Monday morning last for the repose of the soul of John Toole.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fitton are the proud parents of a son which arrived on Saturday evening last. Congratulations Jack and Margaret.

Announcement was made on Sunday at the 10:30 o'clock mass in St. Francis de Sales church of the marriage of John Harding and Miss Angela Buckley, and Charles McCowan and Miss Maud Flannigan.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Lynch, of North Main St., are entertaining Mr. Lynch's sister from Potsdam.

Mr. John Solder left for New York last Monday.

On Wednesday morning at ten o'clock at St. Francis de Sales church occurred the marriage of John Spillane, of North Exchange Street, and Miss Lillian B. O'Malley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Malley, of North St.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Mary O'Malley, and Michael Hawkins was best man. The bride was hand somely attired in slate colored silk mousline de soire and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses.

After the ceremony the bridal party proceeded to the home of the bride where a reception was held until four o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Spillane left on the Lehigh Valley for an extended western tour after which they will reside in Geneva on North Main Street.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Dr. J. C. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last ten years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CITY NEWS AGENTS. The "Catholic Journal" is sold by the following newswriters, and can be obtained of them Saturday mornings.

Yawman & Stupp, 20 Clinton Ave. N. Vorberg Bros., 128 State St. Mrs. K. L. Wilcox, 104 Main St. East. Metzger Bros., 706 Clinton Ave. N. Mrs. Peters, 366 North St. W. E. Root, 628 Clinton Ave. N. Geo. F. Root, 276 Main St. East. Leo Spiegel, 371 Hudson Ave. I. Johnson, 193 Jell Ave. Wm. Gray, 189 Monroe Ave. Mrs. A. M. Danly, 801 Clinton Ave. N. A. E. Hauser, 820 North St.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Pursuant to an Order of Hon. Geo. A. Benton, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given according to law to all persons having claims or demands against Thomas Hennessy, late of the city of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers therefor, to the undersigned executor at his place for the transaction of business as such at No. 25-26 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of January, 1903. Dated, July 10th, 1902.

John C. King, Executor, Thomas Hennessy decd. MURPHY, KENNEDY & KENNEDY Attorneys for Executor 25-26 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Geo. Engert & Co., COAL. Principal Office and Yard, Telephone 57, 306 Exchange Street.

R-I-P-A-N-S. There is scarcely any condition of ill-health, that is not benefited by the occasional use of a R-I-P-A-N-S. For sale by all Druggists. The five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary common cold. The family bottle 50 cents, contains a supply for a year.

COOK OPERA HOUSE. Kathryn Bloodgood is among the most prominent of the vaudeville stars announced for next week at the Cook Opera House. A Buffalo paper says of her: "Mrs. Bloodgood is one of the renowned beauties of this country, and in addition to her physical charms, has a voice equalled by very few singers of the day."

Wincherman's trained bears and monkeys is a novelty act that will be sure to interest the children. The animals are cleverly trained, and it is said that the bears are funnier comedians than the monkeys.

Stephen Grattan and Clara Hathaway, both formerly popular here in stock work, will present a laughable sketch called "Looked out at 3 a. m."

Cook and Senora are clever comedians. Conway and LeLand have but one leg apiece, but are good acrobats. Flora is a comedienne and wire walker. The Pantzer trio have a strong comedy contortion act. Chevril is a comedy French violinist. Johnson and Wells are colored entertainers.

This bill will be given twice every day next week.

Misses Anna Feeny, Nellie Neidert, Katherine Fingerhuth, and Mr. Walter Alt have registered at Hendrick Commercial Training School, 340 Powers Block.

Miss Hazel Little, of Hendrick Commercial Training School, 340 Powers Block, has returned from outgating at Long Pond and has been placed as stenographer with Prudential Insurance Co.

Miss Florence Keller, of Hendrick Commercial Training School, 340 Powers Block, has been placed as stenographer with W. C. Smith Co.

Miss Blanche Lay has accepted a position as stenographer and assistant bookkeeper with Bickford and Shantz Furniture Store.

DRESSING TO WRITE.

Peculiar Styles of Attire as Aids to Words and Ideas.

Many writers, composers, painters and sculptors have believed that their flood of ideas was helped by the adoption of some peculiar style of dress. Dumas, for example, used to take off his coat and vest, unfasten his shirt collar and turn up his sleeves to the elbows before beginning to write.

A fancy costume of black velvet was always donned by Wagner when he was composing, and a Tam O'Shanter cap. A signet ring presented to him by Frederick of Prussia was worn by Haydn while he was working, and Beethoven would wash his hands dozens of times before beginning his composition.

Mascagni while working on his Japanese opera arrayed himself in a flowing robe of eastern style, with all his surroundings oriental in character, oceans of coffee being consumed as necessary to inspiration.

Red was a color detested by Lewis Carroll, and a little girl who came to visit him was absolutely forbidden to wear a red frock of bright hue while out in his company. Pink and gray were his favorite combinations of color.

In personal matters he had a great fear of extravagance and would only wear cotton gloves. He never wore an overcoat and always wore a tall hat, whatever might be the climatic conditions. He was devoted to the cup which cheers, but does not inebriate, and while writing "Alice in Wonderland" he consumed enormous quantities of tea. While composing he used to walk up and down the room, swinging the teapot backward and forward while the tea steeped.—Answers.

Advertisement for Painkiller (Perry Davis).

Advertisement for \$3.00 Saved and R.I.P.A.N.S.

IN A STREET CAR. But a feeble bent old lady, with a faded, wrinkled face, was in the car, peering dimly through the vacant space. Let us go with pulse electric. Instantly upon his feet. Every man arose to give her. With a smile his empty seat.

Kindly glances rested on her. Kindly hands were ready there. To support her should she need it. For her soft and snowy hair seemed an aureole of glory.

To those care-encumbered men, As the mother love within them Woke to consciousness again.

Ab, there's nothing half so holy In this world of sin and woe As the love that blessed our childhood In the years of Long Ago; And a common chord of feeling Link together man with man.

When the thought of home and mother Through that crowd of strangers ran. —Harper's Bazar.

THAT BLUE SATIN BAG.

It seemed to be one of the ironies of fate that her name should have been Miss Thankful Hope. Strangers smiled instinctively at the name when they first met her, for to them there was so little in her narrow life to be thankful for, and nothing to hope for.

She was a faded-looking little woman of forty-five, whose plain face was only redeemed by a pair of smiling brown eyes. She was a day-stress and made enough to pay her board and usually to keep herself suitably clothed.

It was a standing joke among the other boarders that no matter how disagreeable the day Miss Thankful could always find something pleasant to be said about it.

She had watched Florence, Mrs. Simmons' young daughter, grow up into womanhood and had shared her timid confidences and opinions about the different young men of the house, confidences which Florence would never have thought of telling her practical mother.

There was something about Miss Thankful which invited confidence, and the two were warm friends.

It was a dull February evening, a slight snow was falling, and Miss Thankful hurried along towards home in the early dusk.

The windows were lighted up and presented a tempting array of millinery, dry goods, flowers and confectionery.

But Miss Thankful did not notice any of them until she turned into Bond street, and there she walked slowly, coming to a standstill at last in front of Cooper & Cooper's large dry goods house.

She smiled as she looked in at the window. "Yes," she said, softly, "I'll have to get a new dress, it would be so cheap, too. Only \$1.50." She was gazing at a blue satin party bag, lined with delicate pink, one of those dainty French affairs which always catch a woman's eye if she has any soul for pleasing effects.

"I can't afford a new dress this year. That three weeks I was sick last month put that out of the question, and so it does seem as if I could buy that bag if I want to. Only it would be silly—downright silly!" and she sighed.

"I never had anything as pretty as that. Maybe that's why I seem to have set my heart on it. Even my dresses have been brown or black. They last better."

"I've had a kind of brown and black life, anyway. But there now that sounds complaining, and I've no cause to complain. The Lord's been good to me, and prospered me right along."

"Good evening, Miss Thankful," said a cheerful voice at her side. "Right nice window. Our trimmer beats any in town. Lots of pretty things, too."

"Oh, yes, that pretty bag. Pretty thing. Cheap, too. I know a good piece of satin when I see it. Funny it was not sold to-day. Will be to-morrow likely."

"Miss Thankful felt her desire to possess the bag increasing.

"On your way home? Let me take your umbrella," and they walked on together.

Miss Thankful had a decided liking for this one of the boarders, partly because he never forgot to show her the same courtesy that he would show to Florence or any younger woman. And this is very gratifying to a woman who has no claim to youth or beauty.

He was a timid young man, with a colorless mustache and drab hair, who talked with a jerk, but Miss Thankful always liked him.

When they reached the boarding house she went very thoughtfully up to her room. Mr. Jones had discouraged most of the ways upon the amiable qualities Florence possessed, all of which remarks she had heartily seconded. When she had lighted the gas, she sat down with the thoughtful expression still on her face.

"I wonder," she said. "I do just wonder. But he would never under the shining sun have the courage to tell her," and she smiled.

"Mr. Jones—a name I do abominate, and Florence so pretty—and him with those colorless eyes and washed out hair! But then he is just as kind as he can be, and I make no doubt would be a good provider."

The next night when Miss Thankful came into her room she turned on both the gas jets—an unheard-of extravagance. She carried a small parcel done up in tissue paper, and before she stopped to take off her bonnet she went over to the bed and untied the package. It was the blue satin party bag.

"It's a lot prettier than it was at the store," she said, smiling at it where it lay spread out on the white cover.

"Those nice roses are lovely. I'm silly as I can be. I know that well enough! That's why I asked Mr. Jones not to speak of my getting it. Maybe next summer I can have a lawn with a little blue sprig in it. This would go beautifully with that. I don't think I'm too old for a lawn on a hot day, and I'm too glad I got it—so there!"

Then she wrapped up the bag and put away in her trunk. After supper Florence came up to visit her, and Miss Thankful was emptied to tell her about it. But she was full of her own plans, and the bag was not mentioned.

"There is to be a party to-morrow evening at Mary Moor's. It's the 14th, you know," said Florence happily. "I am going to wear my blue cloth dress. I've worn it a lot, Miss Thankful, but mother says I may have a new sash. That will freshen it up. But oh, I wish I do wish I could have a party bag that I saw down in Cooper's window. It was a light blue and lined with pink. Such a beauty! I wish you had seen it. I can't have anything but the sash, though and so there is no use in wishing."

"I did see it," said Miss Thankful, "and it was pretty. I sorter wished for it myself."

Florence laughed. "Oh, of course, you would not want it, but if you had seen it twenty years ago you might have," she said, with a serene thoughtlessness of youth.

"Mr. Jones has asked me to go to evening service twice lately," she went on presently.

"I think he is about the best looking young man here, don't you, Miss Thankful? He never talks much, but I suppose he thinks a great deal. I used to think he disliked me, he stammered so whenever I spoke to him, but I guess it was just because he didn't feel acquainted." And then followed a recital of Mr. Jones' sayings.

After she had gone Miss Thankful sat for a long, long time in front of the grate with sad dreamy eyes on the fire. She was going over in her mind a time twenty-five years before.

"He was nothing like Mr. Jones," she said. "He was just as timid, and so tall, but he was just as timid, and I acted as careless and indifferent as I knew how. Girls are foolish creatures. He never got up the courage to tell me. And then we moved away, and that was all. No other man ever looked at me, and I can't say as I want them to."

She undressed slowly. She felt old. This looking back at one's youth has a tendency to make one feel old if it lies twenty-five years behind one.

When she was all ready for bed, she opened the trunk and took out the party bag.

She opened the door and listened. Everything was still in the dim hall. Florence's room was only a few doors away. Miss Thankful slipped noiselessly along, and when she reached the door she hung the ribbon over the knob and as softly stole back.

She had put no card in the bag; there was no need. Florence would know who sent it, and then she went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning Florence knocked at the door almost before Miss Thankful was dressed, and came in with a flushed happy face.

"Oh, Miss Thankful," she cried, "I have had the loveliest gift! What do you think—that blue satin party bag!"

"Of course, Mr. Jones sent it. I asked him last night if it was sold yet, and he grew just as red and stammered so. I know why now. Mother says I may keep it, and I wrote him a note of thanks this morning and put it under his plate. This was the easiest way of thanking him. He is having an early breakfast now, so I thought I would wait and go down with you this time." And she fluttered about the room in happy excitement.

Mentime Mr. Jones was in a very uncertain and puzzled state of bliss. The note had thanked him for his beautiful gift, but neglected to tell what the gift was.

He left the house without being able to get a glimpse of Florence.

At noon there was another tiny white missive under his door. But this, much to his disappointment, proved to be from Miss Thankful.

Dear Mr. Jones—Florence thinks you sent that satin bag. It would be dreadful if she did not know differently after thanking you for it. For her sake, please do not tell her that you did not. Your friend,

THANKFUL HOPE.

Mr. Jones studied this note with smiling eyes.

"For her sake," that clause gave him a quick thrill of pleasure. She would be sorry to find out, then, that it was not his gift.

He must answer Florence's note, and this was the result of a half-dozen attempts:

Dear Miss Florence—That bag could not hold the valentine I would like to give you if I dared. It is the biggest and homeliest valentine a young lady ever got. If you care to have I tell you about it, please carry the blue satin bag when you come down to dinner.

BRASTUS JONES.

He could hear Florence singing in her room, and he called the bellboy and sent the note to her.

"There now," he said, when this had been accomplished, "if it had not been for Miss Thankful I would never have had the grit to send that, and, what's more, I believe Miss Thankful knew it, bless her!"

"If Florence does have that blue thing on her arm, I'll give Miss Thankful the very best dress Cooper & Cooper have in the store."

And Miss Thankful got the dress—Ann Deming Gray in Hartford Courant.

An Awful Hoax.

It was in a little New Hampshire village among the mountains where the country store served as post office, circulating library, shoe store, grocery store, dry goods and everything else combined, that a Boston lady, glancing over the books, inquired, "Have you Browning?"

"No," said the attendant somewhat regretfully, and not knowing what kind of an article Browning might be, "we has not." Then, more brightly, "But we have blacking and bluing, and have a man who does whitening. We occasionally do pinking. Would any of these, do?"—Boston Home Journal.

When a Woman Wins.

Mrs. Brown—I see that the "Daughters of the Revolution" refused to admit Mrs. Leighty to membership.

Mrs. Jones—Yes; but she intends to organize rival society. It is necessary to make it a success, she'll start another revolution.—Puck.

COOK OPERA HOUSE

J. H. Moore, Manager.

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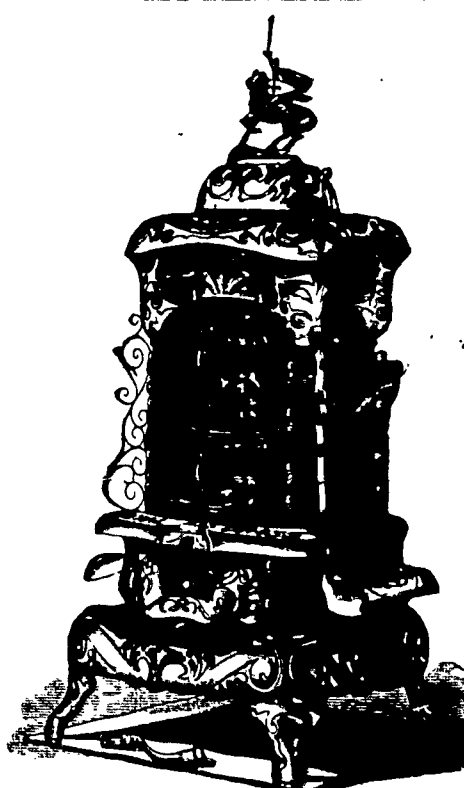
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