

Correspondence

OUR AGENT,
Mr. A. Herman will visit subscribers
Auburn.

WILLARD.
Mr. Stephen Feehan, son of Mr. John Feehan of this place, while in the performance of his duties at Dannemora State Prison, where he was employed as nurse in the sick department, was fatally injured by a fall and died on 9th inst. The funeral took place from Holy Cross church, at Ogdon, on the 18th inst. The relatives of Mr. Feehan have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction.

CANANDAUGA
The fair for which extensive preparations are being made will open its Christmas night in Bant's Hall with an entertainment by the children and will continue to New Year's night inclusive.

The Yuletide Feast will contain many articles of an historic nature, among the rest an old poem written on the celebration of St. Patrick's Day forty years ago, when Rev. James M. Early was pastor. The papers will be well worthy of preservation.

Jennie, wife of Thomas H. O'Reilly of S. Main St., died Sunday morning and was buried on Tuesday. Father's name and O'Loughlin assisting in the pupils of the upper grades attended the funeral out of sympathy for Mary and Margaret O'Reilly, their daughters.

What promises to be a source of friendly rivalry and profit in connection with the fair is a contest representing the link, the brick, and the railroad and the agricultural interests. As they are pretty equally divided it is difficult to tell who will be the winner.

Handed Down to His Grand Children



While at the front fighting for his country, Mr. James F. Boyard of Lowell, Mass., suffered unusual exposure and hardship. He says "I have used Father John's Medicine for over thirty years. It cured me of a chronic bronchial trouble contracted in the army during the Civil War. It is a splendid medicine for the children and today my grand-children are taking it. It keeps them well and strong." As we have said before, this old remedy is not a patent medicine—it is free from temporary and weakening stimulants, of nerve-deadening opiates. It has built up and restored thousands to health and strength during its 50 years of success since an eminent specialist prescribed it for the late Rev. Father John O'Brien of St. Patrick's parish, Lowell, Mass., from whom it derived its name and by whom it was recommended. The money is refunded for any cold, cough or throat and lung trouble it does not cure.

Father John's Medicine is for sale by the following Rochester druggists: Any druggist can get it for you. **Irwin Drug House:** Drake Drug Co., H. B. Newman, 100 Jefferson Ave., G. W. Jones, 103 Central Ave., The Robb's Pharmacy, 104 Clinton Ave., and Andrew S. (Chas. M. Peck), 173 Plymouth Ave., F. W. Pickett, 689 Lake Ave., Geo. Hahn, 561 State St., A. C. Dempsey, 150 East Ave.

If your druggist does not have it send \$1 for a large bottle express prepaid. Carleton and Hovey Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale in Geneva by Dr. A. L. Sweet's druggist, 60 Seneca St. and W. H. Partridge, 28 Seneca St.

Canada May Get a Cardinal.
A recent dispatch from Montreal stated that it is semi-officially announced that Archbishop Broche of Montreal is to be created a cardinal to fill the place in the college of cardinals vacated by the death of Cardinal Taschereau.

Louis Paul Napoleon Brache is of Italian extraction. He is one of the youngest archbishops, if not the youngest one, in the world. He was born Oct. 20, 1855, in Montreal and was educated at the seminary. He made his theological studies at Paris and Rome and was ordained priest in Rome in 1878.

The Banana.
The banana was named *Linnæa* after Antoninus Musa, the freedman and physician of the great Augustus of the Romans, says Lawrence. The sapientium—the wisdom—in its name is a graceful tribute to it as the "wise man's food," for, incredible as it may seem, it is perhaps the best food product of the earth, being far more productive than either wheat or potatoes, the staple food of other nations. Long ago it was calculated that it is 133 times as productive as wheat and forty-four times as productive as the potato—in other words, that the ground that would give thirty-three pounds of wheat or ninety-nine pounds of potatoes would, as far as mere space is concerned, give 4,000 pounds of bananas and with a fractional amount of the same trouble. It has been called the "prince of the tropics" because it takes the same place, only to an even greater degree, in those hot countries that wheat, rye and barley take in west Asia and Europe and that rice takes in India and China.—*Longman's Magazine.*

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THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

The lobby of the National Theatre is now finished and the rough work front which had been in position was taken down, showing the handsome doors and interior of the lobby. The tickets, which have been on sale at the National Hotel, were moved over to the box offices in the theatre and will be found there from now on.

The buying has been very brisk since the start. The National will be able to take care of large crowds and it looks as if its capacity would be taxed on the opening night. Still a number of desirable seats are to be had for the opening attraction, The Chaparons, which be given for three nights beginning Monday, Dec. 22nd, with matinee Wednesday.

Seats are now on sale for the engagement of Magician Keller, who will appear the last three nights of next week with matinees on Christmas and Saturday.

COOK OPERA HOUSE
A highly novel offering will be given at Cook Opera House next week. This will be Moung Toon and Moung Chet, two Burmese foot jugglers. They stand far apart and play catch with frail glass balls, and catch them in the crook of the ankle, knee or elbow, never once touching the ball with the hands.

Wilfred Clarke and company will give a clever sketch called "In the Biograph." Yorke and Adams, the "two plain Jews," are favorites here. Janet Melville and Evis Stetson are well known women comedienne. Rice and Walters have a clever acrobatic act. Al Lawrence is a versatile comedian and Hedrix and Prescott are clever dancers. Other acts are on the bill. This show will be given at the Cook twice every day next week.

BAKER THEATRE.
"A Gambler's Daughter" will be the attraction at Baker Theatre commencing Monday, Dec. 22nd, for three nights; Tuesday and Wednesday matinees at popular prices. Clara Throp, the well known actress plays the part of Kate Merrick, the heroine, and is ably assisted by Fannie Argyle Ogden, Allie Willard, Nellie Fillmore, B. A. Lamar, Wm J. Pickins, Frank E. Mitchell, Wm. Beckwith and Will Madden.

The new revised magnificent military production entitled "Winchester" by Ed. McWade will be introduced to Rochesterians at the Baker Theatre Thursday, Christmas, matinee and evening and continues 2 nights with a matinee on Saturday. The scene of this stupendous and marvelous production is laid in the Shenandoah Valley in 1863.

An unsurpassable company of prominent artists including Edward Mackey and Miss Margaret May are among the leading magnets in the grand production and the elaborate scenic accessories used are said to emphasize the realism of the stirring actions. Reserved seats now on sale which can be ordered by mail or 'phone.

The B. Feick Store, 135 Main Street East.

Free Holiday Games

Lion Coffee

In each pound package of

from now until Christmas will be found a free game, amusing and instructive—50 different kinds.

Get Lion Coffee and a Free Game at Your Grocers.



Whom do you mean, my boy? asked the lady kindly.
"Old Santy! He's in there. I'm lookin' for him."
"Oh!" and the lady laughed in spite of all her gay attire at the funny little fellow. "You're look for Santa Claus, are you?"
"Yes," said Robble boldly; "my mamma's sick, and says 'Santy' won't come this year, but I thought I'd try to see him and tell him Robble's been a good boy, and didn't make poor mamma sick. I guess he'll come if he knows that."
The lady bent down, as she wiped her eyes quickly with a lace handkerchief.
"Who are you, Robble, and where do you live?"
Robble knew who he was and where he lived, and he told it without hesitation.
Then a strange thing happened. The lady led him into the church, and, after a short talk with some other ladies he was taken up and introduced to the big man in furs and long white beard, whom he knew to be "Santy."



A SEARCH FOR "SANTY."

SANTA CLAUS is usually a really to be found in the woods and fields that any child's imagination is usually indulgently represented by the Little Robbles. I no doubts upon the subject. Why should I? Had I kind of "Santy" brought him to me, I would remember and be remembered. I don't know if that is a good thing or not. But a cloud had fallen on Robble's faith. His mamma was sick and ailing and many of the battles of sewing that she had always seemed to be working upon remained uncompleted. Some days she could not get out of bed and her hair was crumpled so that she could hardly see them and she almost drooped rather than walked.

"I am afraid Santy will not come to us this year Robble," she said but you must be a brave boy and never mind."
Truly Robble was a brave little fellow. A cheerier merrier more affectionate little chap was never left to console a poor struggling widow. He had ways of his own too and an odd sort of independence that is often characteristic of the children of the poor.

"I'll go find Santy," he said in his cheery way "and tell him Robble's mamma is sick, and that he mustn't forget Robble."
Mrs. Garry scarcely paid any attention to the prattle of her boy although he repeatedly announced his purpose to "find Santy."
The neighbors in the big tenement were kind to Mrs. Garry but they were all poor like herself and had children of their own to provide for. They did what they could but their charity did not take in the idea of providing Christmas presents for the prattling Robble.

It was the day before Christmas and Robble's little head was full of his plans for finding "Santy." He had figured out that he must arrive in town that evening and during the day, from his perch in the high window he had noticed a beetle on the street that indicated to his childish mind the early advent of the good Saint.

After dinner he stole quietly out of the room and down the long stairs, and out into the streets he sallied, well clothed and heavily armed, and not to be intimidated by the frosts air. The neighborhood in which Robble's



mother lived had few stores, and these mostly of a small kind. Here and there he stopped at a window, to note a display of toys, but no sight of "Santy" rewarded his vision. He passed block after block until finally he was lost in a maze of streets, but his heart did not falter nor his sublime faith in meeting "Santy" in the least diminished.

How long he wandered Robble never knew. He never had dreamed the big city was so big. At last, he was attracted by music from a tall church, that was the principal object in a neighborhood so neat and orderly that it looked to Robble like another world. He crossed the street, and standing on the steps, gazed through the great open portal of the church to ascertain what caused the music from the inside.

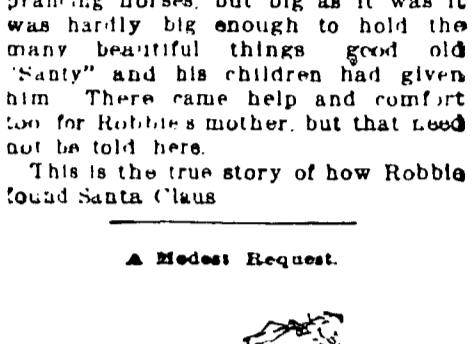
What a sight met his gaze! Within were crowds of people and crowds of children; light and music and laughter; and at the end of the chancel a great Christmas tree uplifted itself loaded with beautiful things; and there—could Robble believe his eyes?—was old "Santy" himself handing toys to the children from the well-laden tree. He clapped his hands, and laughed a merry laugh at his success in at last finding the object of his quest.
At that moment a richly dressed lady appeared from within the church.
"Say, ma'am," shouted Robble, so eagerly that he was almost breathless, "is he coming out soon?"

Whom do you mean, my boy? asked the lady kindly.
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Then the Superintendent arose and told Robble's queer adventure, in simple affecting words to the whole school and there was much laughter and clapping of hands.
Robble was taken back to his home in a big sleigh, with furry robes, and prancing horses, but big as it was it was hardly big enough to hold the many beautiful things good old "Santy" and his children had given him. There came help and comfort too for Robble's mother, but that need not be told here.

This is the true story of how Robble found Santa Claus.

A Modest Request.



A Bear's Christmas Gift.

It was Christmas Eve in Moscow, and every one was busily preparing for the great festival of the next day, when a tall man, so muffled in a thick sheepskin frock that he might almost have been mistaken for a woolen, came tramping over the crisp snow past the red, many-curtained wall of the Kremlin, leading after him by a chain a huge brown bear which plodded gravely at his heels without taking any notice of the admiring stares and pointing fingers of the countless groups that added carefully to and fro through the Krasnaya Ploshchad (Red Plain).

"Hello brother!" cried a stout red-furred big-frooked ivy-whisker chackman who was driving slowly past in search of a fare. Where are you going with Meecha? (the Michael the Russian nickname for a bear) and me in a Christmas show at one of the big circuses? He replied the bear leader, "and to give us twelve rubles (two dollars) a night. Not bad, eh?"

And by what name are you two going to appear in the bills? asked a dandified young fellow in a smart fur cap. "You'll be The Renowned Bear Brothers, I suppose."

"That's it, my lad," said the stout red-furred bear, "and you'll have a monkey to perform along with them, hadn't you better come and join us?" The laugh was now turned against the joker who was irritated by the retort, took off his fur cap and began to tease the bear by flipping him in the face with it.

"You'd better stop at that game, my fine fellow," said the bear's guardian, warningly. "Meecha's a good natured creature enough in his way but he don't understand being joked with by strangers, though he doesn't mind it from me. He's got teeth of his own. I can tell you, and if he makes one bite at you, I rather fancy you'll find your sum comes out wrong the next time you try to count on your fingers."

But the dude was not to be warned, either by the words of the man or the low growls of the bear, and was continuing to plague the bear, when all at once the shaggy bear was thrust forward, and the huge jaws opened and shut with a snap like the falling of a steel trap. The joker drew back his hand just in time to save it, but at the same moment he saw his fine new fur cap (which had cost \$7) vanish like a pill into the bear's capacious mouth, amid a roar of laughter from the crowd.

"Serve you right, young fellow," said the bear's tamer, with stern satisfaction. "You've made him a nice Christmas present, anyhow, and there's no fear of your brains catching cold for want of it, for you don't seem to have any."

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\$100 REWARD, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundations of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Merry Christmas.

Car Loads of Turkey's, Chicken's, Fowl's, Duck's, and Geese.

Three Car Loads of Christmas Beef, Mutton and Lamb.

All Kinds of Meat Delicacies

Call and See Our Display.

P. FAHY.

52, 54, 56 Andrews Street.

Christmas Trees and Greens.

Your selection from 3,000 finest trees ever received come to the Liberty Pole. Wagon loads of game, ripe tomatoes, mushrooms, French Sprouts, new potatoes, fresh mushrooms, finest shell oysters, fancy fruits and delicacies.

S. MILLMAN'S SONS.

202 and 204 Main St. East.

Do your Christmas shopping in one of Higgins' Rigs 'Phone 49' brings a Cab or Coupe to your door.

COOK OPERA HOUSE

J. H. Moore, Manager.

WEEK 22 MATINEE DEC. 22 EVERY DAY

Moung Toon & Burmese Moung Chet, foot jugglers
Wilfred Clarke & Co. in "In the Biograph"
Melville & Farnum Famous Comedienne
York & Adams in "Two Plain Jews"
Al Lawrence, Comedian
Rice & Walters, Comedy acrobats
Hedrix & Prescott, Dancers

Other Big Acts.

PRICES

Evenings, 10, 20, 30, 50.
Matinees, 10, 15, 20, 25

Cycles and bundles stored free.

G.W. BEELER, 42 Reynolds Arcade

Cash and Credit House.

Dealer in Ladies and Gents Tailor-made Clothing: Silk Waists and Skirts, Furs, Felt and Beaver Hats, Silverware, Jewelry, Bed Blankets, and household specialties. Pictures framed to order. Catholic pictures a specialty. Open Monday and Saturday evenings.

Open evenings until Christmas

Payne's New Coaches

Are the Finest in the Town

126 Jefferson Avenue.

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 Tablet. For sale by all Druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

THE STRIX FAMILY
These Owls at Our Zoo Cause No End of Trouble to Their Neighbors

One of the most serious disturbances in the records of animal jurisprudence is that of "the New York Zoological Society, landlord, versus the Strix family, tenants."

The gentle fallow deer, whose range lies directly east of and next to the owls' roost, congratulated themselves when they heard that they were to have the Strixes for next door neighbors.

"Such nice, quiet, orderly people, and so intellectual too," they thought. "What if we had been obliged to live next door to Mr. and Mrs. Lion, or Mr. Rhinoceros, or disagreeable old Mr. Elephant? Well, we simply couldn't have stood it at all."

And then the Owls moved in. They were an enormous family, pretty nearly twenty altogether, "married and intermarried in rather promiscuous" fashion, thought wise and prudent Mrs. Deer, but nevertheless a learned and intellectual family, and as such deserving of due respect.

In the first place there was old Mrs. Nebulosa Strix, the great-grandmother of them all, whom people call the "Barred Owl," because of the great plaid patches on her wings.

Then there was a solitary white owl or barn owl, who called himself Mr. Lamorna Strix, and who is reputed to be one of the wisest of his very wise family.

Mr. and Mrs. Virginian Strix and eight sons and daughters were the most important faction of the family, and are known to the neighbors as the great Horned Owls for obvious reasons.

And last, but not least by any means, were the Screech Owls—a whole aggregation of little brothers and sisters.

The Owls hadn't spent one night in their new home before the storks and the pelicans and other respectable birds over in the flying cage and the gentle fallow deer in the range were uttering all sorts of imprecations against the new tenants. Unsocial, reserved and exclusive in daylight, they made the night one long, hideous orary with their demoniacal hooting. "Wah! Hoo! Waugh, Hoo!" awoke the lumbering echoes in all the lonely wilderness from the Bronx river to Poughkeepsie.

This dismal and ominous hooting of the owls begins shortly after night-fall and ceases until the first peep of dawn. And as a consequence the ultra respectable storks and pelicans and the gentle and quiet loving fallow deer are giving their keepers no end of trouble. Instead of dozing in their comfortable quarters as all well fed and cared for birds and beasts of their species ordinarily do, they have grown nervous and restless. This can be readily understood by any one who will spend part of the night without hearing of the dismal "Waugh, Hoo! Waugh, Hoo!" of these wise birds. Such a person will readily sympathize with the long suffering storks and pelicans, but most of all with the gentle fallow deer.

Enumeration, upward of fifty methods by which a girl can work her way through college, a Cornell graduate writes in the Ladies Home Journal: "A college education is so noble for any one who is determined to have it. It may happen that the prospective student is obliged to stay at home and work several years before entering, but intensified desire brings compensation. It is not advisable, however, to defer entering until every cent necessary for a four years' course has been earned. Many girls perhaps give up the idea of going at all because they cannot go soon after leaving the high school, but nowadays it is not unusual to find in attendance at universities, open during the summer quarter, teachers, well along in the fifties, who in their youth were denied a college education."

New Danger From Bottles.
It has been discovered that many of the prairie fires that have destroyed the grass on the ranges in Montana and in the western part of Dakota have been started by the concentrating of the rays of the sun upon broken beer bottles that are scattered freely along the cattle trails and wagon roads, which offers a new argument for the use of the temperance folk. Numerous fires have started far away from human haunts and habitations, miles beyond the reach of sparks from the smokestack of a locomotive, and the farmers and ranchmen have been so mystified as to their origin that several investigations have been made. When a fire has been traced to its source, in almost every instance a broken bottle has been found with evidences around it to convince the investigators that it was the cause of the mischief. The curved glass was found in such a position as to focus the rays of the sun upon a tuft of dry bunch grass and start a flame.—*Banner News.*

The Squirrel's Arithmetic.
High on the branch of a walnut tree. A bright-eyed squirrel sat; What was he thinking so earnestly? And what was he looking at?

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er, Busily thinking was his How many nuts for his winter's store— Could he hide in the hollow tree?

He sat so still in the swaying bough You might have thought him asleep; O no; he was trying to reckon now The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about, And down the tree he ran; "The best way to do, without a doubt, Is to gather all I can."
—Normal Instructor.

Ought not the place where newspaper articles are killed to be called the decomposing room?