

Correspondence

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

AUBURN.

Valuable city property which constituted part of the estate left by the late James C. Reed was disposed of by the executors at public sale at the Court House recently. Among the choice pieces were the Hissop stores 93 and 95 Genesee St., which were purchased by P. Herron for \$49,500. Col. Metcalf bid \$49,000 and \$60,000. 17 other pieces were disposed of. Mr. Herron is now one of the largest real estate owners in the city.

Thomas Mae of Brooklyn, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Meier, for the holidays.

Council C. R. B. A. held their annual election officers Tuesday evening of last week. Rev. Father Silke was elected president. After the election a banquet was served at Shea & Murray's. Father Silke acted as toastmaster. They also entertained Council of Skaneateles the same evening. Fathers Duran and Higgins made brief addresses during the evening.

The supervisors made their annual visit to the Auburn Orphan Asylum Wednesday, Dec. 10. The occasion proved enjoyable both for the supervisors and the little ones.

The funeral of Mrs. Margaret Ryan of Delevan St., took place from St. Mary's church, Friday, Dec. 12 and was largely attended. Mrs. Ryan had been in poor health for some time. She is survived by her husband and one sister, Mrs. Mary Harmon. Interment took place in St. Joseph's cemetery.

The funeral of William Burns of Wall St., took place from St. Mary's church Thursday and was well attended. Interment was in State street cemetery.

DANVILLE.

We give here a list of newly elected officers in the different Catholic organizations.

St. A. Rev. M. Kirschel spiritual adviser, D. Foley pres. James Welch 1st and Patrick Riley 2d vice pres. Fred Buxton rec. sec. James K. Healy A. A. Altmeyer B. sec. W. L. Plummer treas. James Maloney marshal, Max Beck guard, Jacob H. Smith, James Kelly trustees, Jacob H. Smith representative to grand council, James Kelly alternate.

St. Bonifacius society Frank M. Schlick pres. Nicholas Ul' vice pres. Joseph Steigler sec. Jacob H. Smith treas. Jacob Hoyer, Jacob Hulbert, Jacob Simon 1st. committee, Casper Thielges, Fred Heuser banner carriers, Eddie Fuchs, Max Beck marshals, Frank M. Schlick, John Blum, Jacob H. Smith, Henry Hubertus, Joseph Steigler, trustees, Jacob N. Smith, Anthony Schwan, Nicholas Gerber, executive committee. Meetings first Sunday each month.

L. C. B. A. - Father Kirschel spiritual adviser, Mrs. Margaret Buxton president, Mrs. M. Ott 1st and Mrs. M. Morrison 2d vice pres. Mrs. Rose Klauke rec. sec. Miss Susan Weyand ass. rec. sec. Mrs. K. Klein 1st. sec. Miss M. Maloney treas. Miss Lena Eno marshal, Mrs. C. Foley guard, Mrs. E. Rauber, Misses Margaret Bohner and Anna Denzer trustees, Mrs. M. Buxton, Mrs. Rose Klauke and Mrs. Anna Driscoll board of appeals. Installation Jan. 6. Meetings every other Tuesday evening.

Ancient Order of Hibernians. Elected Tuesday evening, Dec. 16 John M. Burke county pres. John W. Finn div. pres. John E. Nagel vice pres. James Nagel rec. sec. W. B. Maloney fin. sec. W. H. Rowan treas. F. J. Morrison marshal, Stephen Buckley guard, M. J. Carmody, J. J. Ryan, L. E. Nolan, D. J. Burke, John Mahoney, standing committee.

C. R. & B. A. - Rev. W. J. Dunn spiritual adviser, N. J. Gerber pres. Jacob Simons 1st and Casper Thielges 2d vice pres. George Shafer rec. sec. Frank P. Ranber, Jacob J. Vogt fin. sec. Henry Zoffke treas. John Mahoney marshal, Joseph Vogt guard, F. P. Ranber, John Mahoney, John Buckley trustees. Installation Jan. 14, followed by a reception and dance.

Next week we will report Christmas observance in the churches and at the schools.

SHORTSVILLE.

Robert Farrell, who has been very ill with pneumonia, is somewhat better.

James Dunn of Brockport Normal is home for the holidays.

Mrs. P. Brophy, who had the misfortune of falling Sunday morning, was badly hurt. Hopes for the highly esteemed old lady's recovery is wished for by her many friends.

Misses Mary Dunn and Marie O'Neil of Seneca Falls, spent Christmas at their homes here.

Mrs. J. Barry of Penn Yan, was called here by the illness of her mother.

AVON.

Messes on Christmas were celebrated at midnight, 8 and 10 o'clock. The choir under their directress, Sr. M. Desalles, was accompanied by an orchestra composed of Miss Frances Salley, Messrs. Chas. Cole, Peter Finnegan and Robert Male violinists and Messrs. Stevenson and Twamly cornets.

Messrs. Walter McLaughlin of Illinois, and William of Pennsylvania, are guests of their mother during the holidays.

Messrs. Jas. and John Runke of West Virginia, are guests at their home on Center St.

A progressive pedro party is to be given by the Young Ladies Sodality New Year's night.

Some Coffees are Glazed with a cheap coating. If glazing helps coffee why aren't the high-priced Mochas and Javas glazed also?

Lion Coffee is not glazed. It is perfectly pure and has a delicious flavor.

THE OLD RELIABLE



Prof. W. J. Connor of New Jersey, is home for the holidays.

There was an anniversary high mass Wednesday morning for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Elizabeth Finnegan.

The L. C. B. A. and C. M. B. A. societies now have their meeting rooms in the school.

BARNARD'S CROSSING.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. Cornelius Sheehan, which sad event took place Tuesday morning Dec. 10th, in St. Mary's hospital. Mrs. Sheehan was stricken down some weeks ago with a paralytic stroke from which she remained unconscious up to her death, which brought much grief to the family circle and friends. She was a devoted mother and no sacrifice was too great for her. She is survived by her husband, three sons, John H. of Barnard's Crossing, James T. of Rochester, Edward C. of Florida, and one daughter, Lucy of Cleveland, O. Her funeral took place last Thursday morning from the church of Our Mother of Sorrows, Lady Hill, where a solemn requiem high mass was offered for the repose of her soul. May she rest in peace.

NEWARK.

Miss Jennie Lally won the palm-ponded by Mrs. M. Driscoll to one of St. Michael's church bands.

Miss Rose McGauley returned this week from a visit in Chicago and Indiana.

Mr. M. Driscoll with the Reed Manufacturing Co., is home for the holidays.

Miss Minnie Meskill spent Christmas in Brockport.

LIMA.

A class of 60 children assembled at the late mass last Sunday to receive the sacrament of confirmation. A very large congregation was present to welcome our bishop, who wears his weight of years so well and we hope to see him as hale and hearty as at the last visit. The children and their sponsors occupied both sides of the middle aisle and took their places in a most orderly manner. After confirmation the bishop addressed the children on their duties through life such as an impressive manner that they can not readily forget. He then gave them a pledge against all in toxicants, until they are twenty-one. They responded so heartily that the bishop thought they would keep it.

The funeral of Matthew O'Brien was held at St. Rose's church on Friday, Dec. 10th. His wife, one daughter and six sons, who acted as pall bearers, survive him.

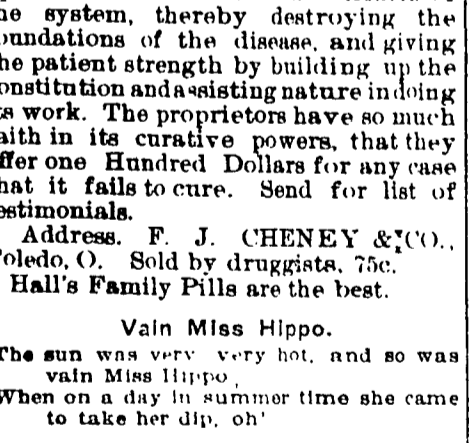
Miss Nellie Collins is home from her school in Franklin where she fills the position of commercial teacher in the academy of that place.

\$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.

Vain Miss Hippo.
The sun was very very hot, and so was vain Miss Hippo.
When on a day in summer time she came to take her dip, oh!



"I'm glad I brought my parasol," said she. "It's some protection. I shouldn't like to freckle, for that spoils a good complexion."

Sycamore Furniture.
When one wishes something light, a little different from the enameled bedroom furniture, there is something new in furniture which cannot be found everywhere—sycamore finished in the natural wood. These sets are simple in design, being made on straight lines, with tall, slender, square posts, tapering at the ends.

"I could have told you that was a mistake," exclaimed the honest man with thoughtless exultation. "When could you have told me?" demanded the other.

Now, the honest man did not expect to be driven into a corner like this. Still he was an honest man, and so after a momentary struggle with his conscience he replied honestly:

"I could have told you just about the time you found it out yourself."—Chicago Post.

Just When.

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HEARD HIM PREACH.

The Clergyman, His Visitor and Their Previous Meetings.

A hard featured man, dressed in a new suit of very cheap black, called at the house of a well known clergyman and upon giving his name was invited to take a seat in the gentleman's study.

"I have a few days to spend in town," said the visitor, "and I did not want to leave without calling and paying my respects to you. I have heard you preach many a time."

"Yes," said the parson, beginning to take an interest in the visitor.

"I like your preaching, and, though I do not belong to your church, yet I must say you preach the best sermon I ever heard."

"There are so very few good preachers now, very few in whose uprightness we can place trust, that when we meet one of the right kind we like to express our appreciation."

"Yes," the good man repeated, and as the bell tinkled he rose and said, "Come, my friend, and take some lunch with me."

The visitor was only too happy and, seated at the table, began to eat with an avidity that attracted his host's attention.

"You say that you have heard me preach many a time," remarked the minister.

"Oh, yes," the man replied, conveying an ample allowance of mashed potatoes into his mouth.

"I don't ever remember seeing you at my church. I suppose you have heard me in the country."

"No," said the visitor, helping himself to beans, "not in the country."

"Certainly not in town."

"Well, sorter yes and sorter not. You know you preached at the prison for some time. I was there for stealing a horse and cart and finished my time today. I'll thank you for the bread."—The Bits.

Had Tried Them All.

One useful element of literary style is suggestion. The author does not tell a laborious story. He presents a picture in as few words as possible, allowing the reader to fill in the details for himself. This was the unconscious method of little Margaret, who, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, had had a present of some sugared almonds and was laboring under an impulse of generosity.

"Aunt," said she, "don't you want some of my almonds?"

"Thank you, dear," was the prompt reply, "I will take one or two. Sugared almonds are favorites of mine."

"Well, which is the most favorite, the pink ones or the white ones?"

"I will take the white ones, please—that is, if you don't mind."

"The white ones are right, aunt. You take the white ones, and I'll keep the pink ones. They were all pink at first."

The Earth's Motion.

That the earth's motion has an appreciable effect upon artillery fire, deflecting the projectile from a straight course, may be news to many and as such would probably seem a novel notion. It has, and the exact nature and extent of the effect are important points of study with artillery experts. An English army expert told of the results of many interesting experiments along this line in a paper read before the Royal Artillery institution. Firing from north to south, there is a divergence of projectiles to the left, due to the earth's rotation, and firing due north the divergence is to the right. The extent of the "pull" varies at different points of the earth's surface and with projectiles fired at different speeds and elevations. In England a deflection of five inches is found to occur with the projectile of a twelve pounder in a 4,000 yard range.

Imitation Not Flattery.

Once upon a time there was a fashionable woman who had her portrait painted by a clever and conscientious artist, who lacked worldly wisdom, but who made a remarkably correct likeness of her.

"Horrid!" exclaimed the woman when she saw the completed picture. "Just see those wrinkles, and then you have made it look a dozen years older than I am."

Moral.—Imitation may be sincere, but it is not always flattery.—New York Herald.

Just When.

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FATE OF THE FLIES.

What Becomes of All That Are Produced Each Season?

An exchange quotes a distinguished entomologist as saying that a single female fly will lay 120 eggs during her life of from ten to fifteen days and that of these ninety or a hundred will produce other flies. During a summer twelve or thirteen generations of these flies will be produced, so that millions in one season may be the descendants of a single fly.

"Millions" is a feeble word to express the number that would be produced under this estimate. Putting the first generation at 100 and allowing that half of them are females, the second generation would number 5,000, with 3,500 females. The third generation would number 250,000, the fourth 1,250,000 and the fifth 62,500,000. Continuing the calculation on the same system to the twelfth generation, we should get a grand total of 4,352,812,500,000,000,000, or, expressed in words, four quadrillions, eight hundred and eighty-two quadrillions, eight hundred and twelve trillions, five hundred billion, a number quite inconceivable. Estimating the population of the earth at a billion and a half, this would give 3,255,208,333 1/3 flies to every man, woman and child on earth, all the descendants of one fly in a single summer.

It is true in this calculation we have taken the higher number of flies to begin with—100 instead of 90—but in return we have left off the thirteenth generation (as unlikely), which would have given us a total fifty times greater, so the calculation may be taken as a fair one.

It must be that the estimate of flies or of generations is too liberal. A great many of the eggs must perish, and the number of flies that are hatched must be over-estimated. We could not cope with the flies at the rate of increase here given.

The question is pertinent: What becomes of all the flies?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Intoxicated Insects.

A dahlia garden where the flowers are out at about noon is a regular poison-house for bees and wasps and even the big bumbling bees do not refuse to imbibe. From the cut stem of the plant on sunny days about noon a juice exudes that seems to be a whole-edged board of intoxicants for the insects, and for two or three hours afterward the won't go home till morning state is very apparent. The industrious, steady-going bees, instead of stopping it, will first stagger, then drop to the ground and with head down attempt to drag their claws home, only to finally roll over and give up to it. Pretty soon they recover and are ready to try it again if the temptation remains. If not, they take a little burden of work and probably have some excuse to offer for time lost and no return. Bees and wasps and bumblebees are not white in-liners if opportunity offers.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hot Bath to Bring Sleep.

A hot bath will bring sleep. Suppose a person be so tired out by overwork of any kind as to feel nervous, irritable and worn, to be absolutely certain that bed means only tossing for hours in an unhappy wakefulness (we all know this condition of the body and mind), turn on the hot water in the bathroom and soak in the hot bath until the drowsy feeling comes, which will be within three minutes; turn on cold water until it becomes tepid; then rub yourself with a coarse Turkish towel until the body is perfectly dry and then go to bed. You will sleep the sleep of the just and rise in the morning wondering how you could have felt so bad the night before. The bath has saved many a one from a sleepless night if not from a severe headache the next morning.

Why It Was a Necessity.

A minister of a rural parish in Scotland observed one of his flock shooting a hare on the Sabbath. When catechising day came round, he questioned him as follows:

"John, do you know what a work of necessity is?"

"I do," said John.

"Well, do you think shooting a hare on a Sunday a work of necessity?"

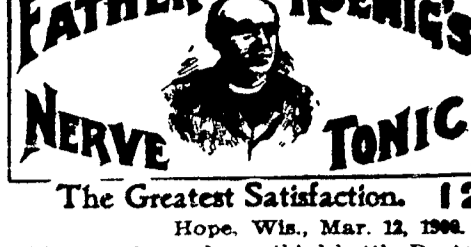
"It is that," said John.

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, ye see, meenister, it might be awa' on Monday," was John's canny reply.

A Forceful Way of Putting It.

A nautical term comes with a kind of shock in art criticism, but there was a certain pertinency in the remark of a good mayor of Gloucester, Mass., who said, speaking of the picture of a predecessor in his office, that it was a pretty good likeness, but with a man of his style of features a profile view would never be as effective as though it were taken a little more "head on."



The Greatest Satisfaction. 12
Hope, Wis., Mar. 12, 1906.

I have only used one-third bottle Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and acknowledge with greatest satisfaction that even this small quantity has done much good. My nerves now are not irritable or susceptible, am again up and can be about all day on my feet. The Tonic has done more good than all the medicines the doctors gave me. John Wolff, Pastor.

Miss Carrie Confer writes from Kalama, Wash., Feb. 17, 1906: One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely of nervousness, from which I had suffered for years, and for which I had tried all kinds of medicines without relief.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now 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. ON TOP OF MOUNT ARARAT.

Nothing But Snow Covers the Peak Where the Ark Was Moored.

Mount Ararat has two tops, a few hundred yards apart. Sloping on the eastern flank was a precipitous, and precipitated by a snow slide, or depression, from fifty to one hundred feet in depth.

The eastern top, on which we were standing, was quite extensive, and thirty to forty feet lower than its western neighbor. Both tops are hummocks on the huge dome of Ararat, like the humps on the back of a camel, on neither one of which is there a vestige of anything but snow.

There remained just a little trace of the crosses left by Parrot and Chodzko as of the ark itself. We remembered the pictures we had seen in our nursery books, which represented this mountain top covered with green grass, and such stepping out of the ark, in the bright, warm sunshine, before the receding waves; and now we looked around and saw this very spot covered with perpetual snow. Nor did we see any evidence whatever of a former existing order, except perhaps the snow filled depression we have just mentioned. There was nothing about this perpetual snow field and the freezing atmosphere that was chilling us to the bone, to remind us that we were on the top of an extinct volcano that once trembled with the convulsions of the subterranean heat.

The view of this towering height was immensurably extensive and almost too great. All detail was lost—excessively so. The surrounding mountains seemed to be but excremental ridges of the plain. Then, too, we could catch only occasional glimpses as the clouds shifted and fled. At one time they opened up beneath us, and revealed the Aras Valley with its glittering ribbon of silver at an angle of forty-five degrees, and then we could describe the black volcanic peaks of Al Ghez forty miles away to the northwest, and on the southwest the low mountains that obscured the town of Bivasal, of the Caucasus, the mountains upon Erzeroum on the west and Lake Van on the south, and even of the Persian Sea, all of which are said to be in Ararat's horizon we could see absolutely nothing. Century.

Man the image of God's personality.—Bronson Alcott.

Infinite is the help man can yield to man.—A Carlyle.

He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.—Swift.

Man is the great wonder.—Herron Trismegistus.

Men were gay deceivers ever.—Shakespeare.

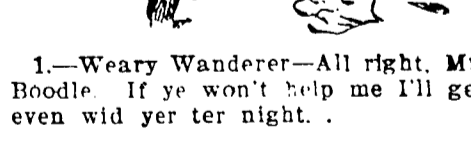
Man is the measure of all things.—Protagoras.

Man is an epitome of the world.—Pliny.

Man is the wonder of nature.—Plato.

Man is the little world.—Lorvaster.

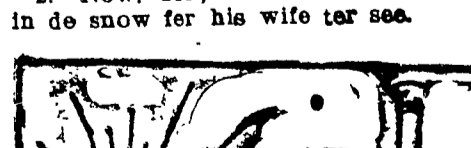
How He Got Even.



1.—Weary Wanderer—All right, Mr. Boodler. If ye won't help me I'll get even wid yer ter night.



2.—Now, den, I'll make des tracks in de snow fer his wife ter see.



3.—Boodler's Wife—How dare you, George. Look at only yesterdays that you would wear off for this New Year.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

& HUDSON RIVER R. R.

THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rochester as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE.
A. M.—7:00, 8:18, 9:44, 10:48, 11:52.
P. M.—12:20, 2:24, 3:35, 4:45, 5:55, 7:05, 8:15, 9:25, 10:35, 11:45.

Trains arrive from the East.
A. M.—7:00, 8:18, 9:44, 10:48, 11:52.
P. M.—12:20, 2:24, 3:35, 4:45, 5:55, 7:05, 8:15, 9:25, 10:35, 11:45.

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD.
A. M.—5:40, 6:44, 7:45, 8:44, 9:44, 10:44, 11:44.
P. M.—2:40, 4:00, 5:10, 6:20, 7:30, 8:40, 9:50, 11:00.

Trains arrive from Auburn Road.
A. M.—8:17, 9:00, 10:40, 10:50, P. M.—2:10, 4:15, 5:10, 7:05, 8:55, 11:55.

WEST BY MAIN LINE.
A. M.—7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10.
P. M.—12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30.

Trains Arrive from the West.
A. M.—7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10.
P. M.—12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30.

WEST BY FALLS ROAD.
A. M.—7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00.
P. M.—12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00.

Trains Arrive From Falls Road.
A. M.—7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00.
P. M.—12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00.

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH.
Leave—A. M.—7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30.
P. M.—1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30.

Trains Arrive and Depart from State Street Station.
East Bound—A. M.—8:10, 10:00 P. M.—3:45, 5:55.
West Bound—A. M. 8:10. P. M. 4:40.
Arrive from the East—A. M.—7:00, P. M.—3:45, 7:40.
Arrive from West—A. M.—7:45 P. M. 6:45.

Denotes daily. Sundays only. All other trains daily except Sunday. ac. denotes accommodation train. Sleeping Car passengers only.

For full or one in steamship tickets and reservations or information regarding them, Cook & Sons' agents, apply at City Ticket Office, 30 State Street, corner Corinthian (Telephone 859 A), and Central Avenue Station. Baggage called for and checked through to destination.

A. H. SMITH, GEO. H. DANIELS, Gen'l Supt. Gen'l Pass. Agt. New York. New York.

H. PARRY, J. C. KALBFLEISCH, Gen'l Agt. Dist. Pass'g' Agt. Buffalo, N. Y. Rochester, N. Y.

WEST-SHORE RAILROAD

IN EFFECT JUNE 15, 1902.
All trains and depart from N. Y. C. & H. R. Station for Syracuse, Utica, Albany, Boston, New York, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and all points east, west, north and south as follows:

LEAVE GOING EAST.
7:05 A. M.—Commercial Limited
8:45 A. M.—New York Express
9:15 A. M.—Newark Local
9:45 P. M.—Atlantic Express

LEAVE GOING WEST.
12:45 A. M.—Commercial Limited
3:15 A. M.—Chicago Limited
4:00 A. M.—National Express
7:15 A. M.—Buffalo Local
10:15 A. M.—Pacific Express
11:25 P. M.—Buffalo Local

TRAINS ARRIVE.
From the East A. M.—12:02, 2:27, 4:53, 7:10, 9:10, P. M.—4:18.
From the West A. M.—7:00, 8:37, 10:50 P. M.—6:12, 8:15

Denotes daily. Denotes Daily except Monday. All other trains daily except Sunday. Tickets sold, sleeping car berths secured and baggage checked to destination at City office. Telephone 859-A, 20 State Street, corner Corinthian.

also at New York Central Station. Agents of Westcott Express company are on all through trains to check baggage and engage cab or carriage, etc.

G. E. Lambert, J. C. Kalbfleisch, Gen. Pass'g' Agt., Dist. Pass'g' Agt., New York. Rochester, N. Y.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg.

Trains leave West Ave. station as follows:

7:30 A. M.—Week days, Pittsburg Day Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Herculaisville, Jamestown, Cambridge Springs, Cicconia, Chicago and points West and South West.

9:00 P. M.—Week days, Salamanca and Bradford Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Castle, Hornellsville, and Jamestown.

9:10 P