Correspondence

On account of our increasing circulation we are obliged to go to press a day earlier than usual so our out of town reporters will mail their news on Monday so it will reach us by the first mail on Tuesday. Important items can be mailed a day later.

CANANDAIGUA.

Net returns of the fair indicate $2,400 cleared. This means the paying off of the old mortgage and immediate preparations for a new church. Great credit is due to the Rosary and Sodality under their leaders Miss Widman and Miss Dillon, each of whom turned in about $700, the Rosary being slightly in excess. Deserving of special mention also are Thos. H. O'Brien, James M Walsh; Joseph P. Reynolds and Frank Gillspie, who participated in a contest and brought in $450. Mr. O'Brien won the bedroom suit. Among the lucky ones were Dr. Donovan $5 in gold, C. Jos. Weller a ton of coal, Mary Mc Donald embroidered table spread, Kath Flynn, sofa pillow, Jas. Doyle, suit of clothes, William Murphy, couch; Mrs Frank Kabwitz ring Walter Gortland, Father's O'Brien's portrait; Rosella VanVooren, a quilt, John Murphy, gold watch.

The remains of Patrick Ford, killed at the crossing in Rochester, were taken here for burial on Tuesday. The local C.M.B.A of which he was a member, turned out in a body.

John E. Doyle, who has been seriously ill, is recovering.

The Rosary elected officers Sunday, Mrs. John A. Taylor president. Miss Clara Tuohey, vice pres., Mrs. Nellie Whalen secretary, Mrs. M. Doran, treasurer.

LIMA.

The Christmas masses were celebrated in St Rose's church at 5:30 a. m. and 11:30 a. m. The choir rendered Mercadante's mass in a very creditable manner. Miss Anna Keenan presided at the organ.

The school children gave their annual entertainment Christmas night. The manner in which they performed their respective parts reflects much credit on the children and the Sisters who spare no pains to make the entertainment a success.

The Christmas festival held during the holidays was a decided success both socially and financially. The competitors in the different contests have done exceedingly well and the manner in which they took up the working is deserving of much credit. Miss Margaret Hogan was the successful candidate in the young ladies' contest for a gold watch. In the young men's contest, Mr. Daniel O'Brien won the diamond pin. The decision on the married ladies' contest for a silver tea set has been postponed until Jan. 23rd, for the purpose of giving the ladies a longer period for the work.

The mass on New Year's day was celebrated at 9:30 a. m.

SHORTSVILLE.

Mr. John O'Brien of this place, and **Miss Mary Casey** of Palmyra, were married last Wednesday, the 31st, at St Ann's Church. Miss Nellie Casey and Mr. Thos. Brophy of this place attended the couple. Mr and Mrs. O'Brien have taken up their residence here.

Mrs. J Henry, who has been seriously ill, is somewhat better.

James Dunn after a two weeks vacation, has returned to his school duties at Brockport.

Mrs. Hefferon was the guest of her daughter at Buffalo, last week.

John Maney of Seneca Castle, was the guest of James Dunn last week.

SENECA FALLS.

The L. C. B. A. society held a special meeting Sunday afternoon.

Tuesday, the feast of the Epiphany, high mass was celebrated in St Patrick's church at 8:30.

School reopened Monday with a large attendance.

Rev. John Nelligan of Cayuga, was the Sunday guest of Father O'Connor.

The Christmas collection in St. Patrick's church amounted to $640.

On next Sunday a collection will be taken up in St. Patrick's church for the support of the school in the east.

The installation of officers of council 30, L. C. B. A. will take place at their rooms Tuesday evening Jan. 13th.

Miss Anna E Norton has been visiting friends in Brockport.

Dr. Thomas Mangan of New York, has been visiting friends in town.

Misses Cecelia and Sabina Casey have returned from New York, where they have been visiting friends.

Thomas J. Sexton has returned to Mechanicsville, Conn.

C. M. Meehan of New York, has been visiting friends in town.

The Father Matthew drill corps has been reorganized and officers selected as follows: Pres., Ed. A. McCarthy; vice pres., H. P. Muldoon fin. sec. H. P. Nugent; rec. sec., Leo B. Smith, treas., Lawrence Byrne; captain, James G. McKeon: first lieut., Lawrence Byrne; second lieut., Patrick Coffey; trustees, James S. McKeon, Wm. McDonald and James O'Connor. The new corps started off with 30 members and will have a practice drill at the Union hall every Monday evening.

Patrick J. Ryan entered upon his duties as police justice Jan. 1st.

Joseph, the nine month old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Clary, died Sunday morning.

Peter Crelly returned to Rochester Tuesday to St. Andrew's college, where he will resume his studies.

There is a great scarcity of coal in this place.

AVON.

Miss Lena Wall of Lake Hurst, returned Monday after spending the holidays with her parents.

The progressive pedro party given by the Young Ladies Sodality was a magnificent success both socially and financially. Miss Nellie Breen and Mr. John McCue winning first prizes and Mr. Frank Finnegan and Miss Lizzie Landers winning the booby prizes. The net proceeds were about $36.

A very pleasant dancing party was given in the parochial hall Friday evening by some of the young people in honor of Miss Isabella McNamara of Mt. Morris, who has been the guest of friends in town the past week.

Misses Theresa Farron and Alice Casey, who have been visiting at the parochial residence during the holidays, returned to Seneca Falls Sunday.

The annual installation of officers of the C. M. B. A. was held Friday evening.

WILLARD

Miss Katie Fitzsimons, who has been absent on account of the illness and death of her father, has returned to the hospital.

Mr. Wm. Zatinin of Poughkeepsie, is visiting at the home of his parents here.

The usual sumptuous bill of fare was served to the inmates of the hospital on Christmas day.

Miss Mary Rielly spent Christmas with relatives in Seneca Falls.

Miss Mary Gavin has returned from a visit to her home in Seneca Falls.

A large number of the Catholic patients at the hospital made their Christmas duty on Sunday last.

Mrs Mary McCulloh, who was absent on account of illness, has returned.

GOOD HORSE SENSE will teach you that coffee in an air-tight, sealed package is purer, cleaner and fresher than coffee kept in open bins.

LION COFFEE is never sold in bulk.

How's This?

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

F. J. 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 the firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Wedding Invitations.

We can supply the wants of the young lady or gentlemen who are about to be married at reasonable prices. Call and see our samples.

UNDER THE EAVES.

Hidden by dusk and dust they lie
Under the spacious eaves.
Broken and rusty and all awary;
The castaways of years gone by,
The gloomy depth receives.

Leather-bound books of quaint design
With yellow and well frayed leaves,
(Mostly telling of things divine)
A cracked decanter enlabeled "Wine,"
Gleams 'neath the dusky eaves.

A tiny cricket, a broken chair,
A brindle cow-hide trunk,
A strange old stove, so rough and square,
Filled with rusty cooking ware
And other kitchen junk.

A little cradle, rude and plain,
How fancy round it weaves
The tale of mother joy and pain,
That all these fleeting years had lain
Under the shadowy eaves.

And so to each poor castaway
Some tender fancy cleaves,
The gentle voice that oft did say,
"Oh, save it yet another day,
Under the roomy eaves."

—Hale Howard Richardson.

A GUARDIAN'S CONSENT.

The bustling housekeeper led the way about the rooms.

"It's all kept neat and tidy for your return, Miss Eleanor," she said. "Mr. Suncliffe's orders, miss. He said you might surprise us at any moment, and we must have everything in apple-pie order."

"It is very homelike," said the girl, "and I thank you all for your thoughtfulness."

"Here is your room, miss," said the housekeeper.

"How sweet and dainty!" cried the girl. "And what lovely flowers!"

"Fresh every morning, miss, by Mr. Suncliffe's orders."

"And where is Mr. Suncliffe's room?" she asked.

"He calls it his den, miss. It's in the attic. Would you like to see it?"

The housekeeper led the way up the attic stairs, and threw open a door. It was the room of a busy man. There were books and maps, a few etchings, a desk, a table and chairs. The table was strewn with loose papers, the desk was banked with them in packages. As Eleanor stooped above these papers she noticed that they all bore the same name—Ainsworth. Then as she raised her head she saw her portrait, exquisitely framed, standing upon the desk.

"He is a great worker, Mr. Suncliffe is," said the housekeeper. "Many a night I've seen his light burning up here until the sun was streaking the east."

"I should fancy," said the girl, thoughtfully, "that he has been taking his own advice and is keeping everything in up-to-date readiness for my return."

"I've no doubt he is, miss," said the housekeeper, simply.

The girl paused before the littered desk.

"I would like to leave a note for Mr. Suncliffe," she said. "He will be sure to get it this evening?"

"Yes," said the housekeeper. "He's regular as clockwork."

The girl slipped into the chair and picked up a pen. She looked about for a sheet of paper. She half opened a small drawer at one side of the desk and peeped into it. She started a little and drew forth an unfolded bit of note Paper. Her name was on the sheet. In fact, it was addressed to her. She looked at the date. It was a month overdue. Slowly she read the lines, her cheeks flushing hotly as she proceeded. Then a smile hovered about her lips as she carefully folded the paper and put it in her purse.

"I have changed my mind," she called to the housekeeper. "I will not leave a note for Mr. Suncliffe. I will call on him instead."

Half an hour after a carriage drew up before the offices of the Richard Ainsworth Co., and Eleanor alighted. She stepped into the outer office. A dozen clerks looked up at her in manifest admiration.

"Mr. Suncliffe is in his room," said the attendant at the door. "Will you send in your card?"

"No," replied the girl. "I prefer to surprise him." She swept by the attendant and entered the apartment.

John Suncliffe was bending over his desk, absorbed in his correspondence. Eleanor's quick glance took note of his appearance. He had changed a little since she saw him in Paris two years before. The lines on his face seemed deeper and there was a suspicion of gray in his hair. He was only thirty-five, Eleanor remembered. He was growing old in her service.

"John," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "aren't you glad to see me?"

Was he glad? He looked up with a quick start, pushed his chair back and came toward her with outstretched hand.

"Why, Eleanor—Miss Ainsworth!" he cried, and grasped her hand with fingers that trembled. His face brightened; he looked ten years younger. "I thought you were settled in Paris for the winter. Here, sit down."

"Thank you, John," said the girl. "If you don't mind I will sit in your chair. I often sit in papa's chair, you know. Besides, it will insure me your individual attention. But you are not using papa's room, John. It is much pleasanter than this."

"No," said the manager, "your father's room has not been used since he—he left it. I had become accustomed to this and I stayed here."

"I am afraid you stay here quite too much, John," said the girl. "You are not looking well."

"Never felt better in my life than I do at this very moment," replied John with a laugh.

She gave him a half tender, half amused look.

"I ran away from auntie," she said. "I was homesick. I wanted to see the old home, the old faces. I wanted to see you, John. So Hortense and I packed up and here I am."

"And the count?" he **asked.**

"The count was very annoying."

"No doubt. His creditors are very pressing. And the marquis?"

"Quite too attentive."

"And the captain?"

"You know about the captain?" He was the most annoying of them all."

"I am glad," said the manager, "that these suitors failed to make a favorable impression. They are all quite impossible."

"You have made inquiries, then?" Eleanor asked, her color rising a little.

"It was my duty," said he.

There was a little silence.

"I should have consulted you in any event," murmured the girl.

"And I should have been prepared when you came," he said. "Perhaps you have come on that very errand today."

"I—I am not quite sure," said Eleanor softly.

The manager's cheek paled slightly. Then he spoke hurriedly.

"Perhaps you came to ask an account of my stewardship," he said in a tone that was half banter, half serious.

"This isn't nice of you, John," she said. "You know that no such idea entered my head."

But he persisted.

"By a strange coincidence I had just filled out a little summary of the condition of the business. It is six years since your father placed this responsibility on my shoulders. I want you to know that I have not shirked it." He arose and picked a paper from the desk. "There are the totals then, and here they are now."

"It seems like a lack of confidence in you to even look at them," said the girl, as she glanced down at the figures. She gave a little gasp. "Why," she cried, "you have doubled it."

"I have been very fortunate," he said.

"You have worked like a slave," cried the girl. "And for what?"

"For love of—the work, perhaps," he answered. "Besides, am I not carrying out the trust placed in me by your father? Do I not owe everything to him? He took me up when I was a poor, friendless boy; he advanced me, and when he died he showed his confidence by making me sole trustee of his property and your guardian. I am trying to justify that confidence."

The girl looked at him and her eyes grew moist.

"I am sure father would approve all you have done," she softly said. "I know that his daughter does," and she held out her hand. He took it tenderly and held it a moment. "John," she added, "I don't suppose I could marry without your consent?"

"Yes," he said, gravely, "you could."

"No, I'm quite sure I couldn't," and she laughed softly.

"I am glad you repose such confidence in me," he said. "May I ask who the fortunate man is?"

She gently laughed.

"I can't tell you yet," she said. "You see, he doesn't know."

"I do not understand," said the manager.

"I am not surprised at that," murmured Eleanor.

There was a little silence.

"John," she said, "you are getting careless with advancing years. ... looked at her wonderingly "Do you forget to finish and mail your letters?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She opened her purse and drew forth a folded letter, opening it as she passed it to him. "It's a declaration of love, is it not, John?"

"It is a declaration of folly," he murmured. "But you know I never meant you to see it."

"But you meant it when you wrote it, John?"

"God knows I meant it." He looked at her with a sudden fire in his eyes. "I will tell you the truth Eleanor, and perhaps you will pity me. It seems to me I have always loved you. It is for you that I have toiled. Hopeless, yes, but the toil was sweet. I never forget the gulf between us—a gulf both of years and social position—the gulf between the petted heiress and her father's hired man. At times I may have fancied love could span the chasam. One of these fits of folly came upon me two months ago. I went to Paris to tell you my love, and then my courage failed me. I came home and began that letter. A wiser impulse seized me and I tossed it aside. What unfortunate chance placed it in your hands I cannot imagine. That is all."

He tore the sheet of paper in minute fragments and flung them into the waste basket.

"John," she said, very softly, "it is a shame about old Pope Gregory, isn't it? You know what he did. When he fixed over the calendar he cut us out of a leap year. I think, John that I am quite justified in refusing to accept his correction, and in assuming that the old Julian system is still in force."

He looked up at her wonderingly.

"Her eyes dropped.

"You know I told you, John," she went on still more softly, "that I would have to ask your consent as guardian when I wanted to marry. It is true. Because, John, if this year of 1900 were a leap year I should feel quite justified— quite justified, John—in asking your consent as guardian to—to my marrying—oh, can't you see, dear John, that I— that I will be your wife!"

And she stretched out both hands to him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

EXPOSURE to the cold and wet is the first step to **Pneumonia**. Take a dose of PERRY DAVIS' **Painkiller** and the danger can be averted. It has no equal as a preventive and cure for **Colds**, sore throat, Quinsy and Rheumatism. Always keep it handy.

"If the religious public has ever any misgiving about the money which is spent on secretaries (paid secretaries of philanthropic societies), and the usefulness of their work, it may be some consolation for that public to know that as long as there are paid secretaries for philanthropic societies no city minister will ever be allowed to idle away his time, either in reading modern theology or in talking with his family.—Ian Maclaren, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

The American girl, in her haste to be as man, is much less shy than men. She would chat gayly to all of the French Academicians at once, and cable a report of the conversation before night to the New York papers. She is the heroine of the hour and she knows it. The newspapers celebrate daily her victories in literature, art, golf or international marriage. No veil hangs before her. We can look at her just as she is.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Their Deity Had Fled.

The shrine at Bensi (India) has been shorn of much of its splendor. A short time ago the priests who attended at dawn to perform the toilet of Mahadeo were horrified to find that their deity had fled. Search was instantly made and the god was found carefully wrapped in a shawl on the side of a tank a couple of hundred yards from the temple. Their first impression was that a miracle had been vouchsafed which would bring infinite grist to their mill. This idea was dispelled when it was discovered that the graven image had been despoiled of its gold cuirass, its jewelry and silver throne.

Nautical New Bedford

New Bedford is a true city of the sea. Everywhere within its limits the nautical instinct, instilled by years of contact with sailors and whaling crews, is apparent. Every citizen is himself a full-rigged ship, and the way he steers himself about the city would tickle the heart of a veritable seadog. He goes "north," he goes "south," he goes "east," he goes "west"—in fact, all his movements are made by the compass. Let a stranger inquire for a certain house and he will receive the minute directions. "Two houses east of the southeast corner of——street."

Queer Mushroom Rings.

The well-known circle on the pasture lands about six miles east of Helena, near the old overland stage road, and which has been a curiosity and source of speculation for years, is identical with the fairy rings so common in some parts of England. There were formerly two of these rings, but one has entirely disappeared within the last few years. The remaining one is about 200 feet in diameter and forms a perfect circle.

The part forming the circle is about two yards wide and quite destitute of vegetation. Many theories have been advanced as to the cause of these rings. Some say that it is the result of lightning; others that a herd of buffalo pursued by wolves, stopped and formed themselves into a circle as a means of defending their young, and thus tramped out the grass.

These rings have attracted the attention of scientific men, and recent investigations have shown they are the result of centrifugal development of certain kinds of fungi, among which is the common mushroom, which shows a tendency to grow in this manner. The spot where it has grown is unfit for its continued nourishment, and the spawn extends outward to new soil, forming the circle.—Helena (Mont.) Independent.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

The Greatest Satisfaction.

Hope, Wis., Mar. 12, 1900.

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 Kaloma, Wash., Feb. 17, 1900: 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.

COOK OPERA HOUSE

J. H. Moore, Manager

WEEK JAN. 12 MATINEE EVERY DAY

Sparrow the mad juggler, skillful and side-splitting.

Clayton White and Marie Stuart in their favorite famous success, "Dickey."

Gaaaro and Bailey in "A Victim of Circumstances."

Romany Trio, musicians

Prevost and Prevost in "Fun in a Turkish Bath."

Burke's Musical Dogs.

Wenona and Frank, Champion Rifle Shots

3 Navaros, Novelty acrobats

Dillon Bros. Singing comedians

PRICES

Evenings, 10, 20, 30, 50

Matinees 10, 15, 20, 25

For a Tonic

You will need something in the line of

Wines And Liquors

and we advise that for the Purest and at the most reasonable prices you go to

Mathews & Servis Co,

Cor. Main and Fitzhugh Streets, phone 2075.

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.

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 Tabule. 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.

New Fish Market

216 Clinton Ave, North

Fish, Oysters and Clams Always on hand.

MARSH W. WALZER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Pursuant to an order of Hon. Geo. A. Bentor, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given according to law to all persons having claims or demands against Thomas Hennessey late of the city of Rochester County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned as executor at his place for the transaction of business as such at No. 225-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. on or before the 15th day of January 1903. Dated July 10th, 1902.

John C. King,
Executor, Thomas Hennessey decd.

MURPHY, KEENAN & KEENAN Attorneys for Executor 225-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.
6m January 10

The Nick In a Man's Coat Collar.

The little V shaped nick at the juncture of the coat collar and lapel is said to have had its origin as follows: When the first Napoleon gave way to his ambition, he tried to implicate General Moreau in Pichegru's conspiracy. Moreau had been Napoleon's superior and was very popular, but under the circumstances it was not safe to express publicly any sympathy with Moreau, so his admirers agreed to nick their coat lapels to show who they were. It shows the outline of the letter M upside down.

Odd Ways of Shaking Hands.

The black kings of the African coast press your middle finger three times as a sign of salutation, the Japanese takes off his slipper, while the Laplander pushes his nose vigorously against you. In Hindustan they salute a man by taking him by the beard, while the people of the Philippine Islands take your hand and rub their faces with it. The king of Ternate rises to receive his subjects, and they sit down to salute him.

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.—*1.00, *3 18 *5 44, 6 42, 8.05 ac., *9 05, *9 38 *10.05, 10 45 ac. P. M.*12 20ac 2 24, 2 35 ac *5 15, 5.20ac. ‡*6.49 *8.00ac., *8 45, *9 50, *10 28, *11:15ac.

Trains arrive from the East.

A. M.—*1.05 *2.05, *4 00 *5 28, *6 17 *6 48, 8 10 ac., *9 25ac., *9.42, *11 38

P. M.—*12 55 ac., *2 20, 3 25, 5 00ac., *5 20; *8 20ac *9 15 *9 25, *9 40 *10:15 11.10

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD.

A. M.—5.00, 6.44, *7:45, 9:40, 11 35 P. M.—2.40, 4.00, 5:10, *6.50, *7:53 *11 10.

Trains arrive from Auburn Road.

A. M.—8 17 9:00, *9 40, 10:50. P. M. *2:10, *4:15, 5 10 7 10 8 50, *9:05, 11.55

WEST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1 10, *2 11 *4 15, *5 .35 *6 65 *7:50 *9 52, 10 55 *11.42 P. M †1.05ac. *2:15 3 25 *5:25 *5 45 ac. *7 30, *, 15 *9 30, *9.45 *10 15 11 15

Trains Arrive from the West.

A. M.—*12 66 *3 13 *5 40, 6 37 †8 1 *9 00, *9 35 *10 00 †10 20ac. *11 35 P. M.—*2 10 ac. 2 22 *4 55, *5.44, *7 00, *8 10 *9 45 *10 15

WEST BY FALLS ROAD

A. M.—*†6 05 *†8 25 †10 30

P. M.—†2 30 *†5 30 †11 20

Trains Arrive From Falls Road.

A. M.—†7:30, *†8:50, *†11.30 P. M.—†1 00 †4:15 *†7 45 *†10

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH

Leave—A. M.— †8 30, †10.20. P. M.— †1.00 †5 00

Arrive—A. M.— †9.35, †11 20. P. M. †4.00 †6.00,

R. W & O. DIVISON

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.— 9 00 P. M.—3.45, 7 40

Arrive from West—A. M.— 10 45 P. M 6.45

Trains marked † stop at Centre park

* Denotes daily.

All other trains daily except Sunday.

ac. denotes accommodation train.

‡Sleeping Car passengers only

For rail or ocean steamship tickets and reservations or information regarding Thos. Cook & Sons tours, apply at City Ticket Office 20 State street, corner Corinthian. (Telephone 859 A) and Central Avenue Station. Baggage called for and checked through to destination.

A. H SMITH Gen'l Supt New York.	GEO. H. DANIELS Gen'l Pass'r Agt. New York
H PARRY, Gen'l Agt Buffalo, N. Y	J. C. KALBFLEISCH Dist Pass'r Agt. Rochester N. Y

WEST SHORE RAILROAD

IN EFFECT NOV 23 1902.

All trains and depart from N. Y. C. & H. R. 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.

*6 05 A. M.—Continental Limited
*8 40 A. M.—Local Express
*11 57 A. M.—New York Express
*6 17 P. M.—Newark Local
*9 18 P. M.—Atlantic Express

LEAVE GOING WEST

*12 07 A. M.—Continental Limited
*1 32 A. M.—Chicago Limited
†8 05 A. M.—National Express
*†11 13 A. M.—Buffalo Local,
*†6 15 A. M. Pacific Express.
*†1 23 P. M.—Buffalo Local

TRAINS ARRIVE

From the East A. M.—*12 02, *4 27 †6 53 *7 10 *10 10. P. M.—*4.18.

From the West A. M. *† 00, *8 37, *10 50 P. M.—*†6 12 *9.15

* Denotes daily. Stops at Center Park.

†† 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.

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

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg.

Trains leave West Ave. station as follows:

7 30 A. M.— Week days, Pittsburgh Day Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Hornellsville, Jamestown, Cambridge springs, Cincinnati, Chicago and points West and South West.

4:00 P. M.— Week days, Salamanca and Bradford Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Castile, Hornellsville and Jamestown.

9:00 P. M.—Daily Through Night Express with Pullman Sleeper for Pittsburgh.

9 30 A. M.—Sundays only, Pittsburgh Day Express Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Jamestown, Cincinnati Chicago and points West and South West.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

7 40 A. M. Daily from Pittsburgh.
11 45 A. M. Week days from Bradford.
7 50 P. M. Week Days, from Pittsburg.
7 05 P. M. Sundays only, from Pittsburgh.

EDWARD C. LAPEY,
General Passenger Agent.

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