

**Correspondence**

**Our Agent**

Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers in Seneca Falls, Waterloo, Geneva, Ovid, Trumansburg and Ithaca. Kindly have amount ready when he calls.

**WILLARD.**

Dr. Ernestine Hills, for years female physician at this hospital, died suddenly on the 11th inst. of heart disease. The remains were taken to Auburn for burial.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martin are rejoicing over the birth of a baby boy.

Mrs. Mary Rielly and daughter, Anna, of Seneca Falls, are visiting friends at Willard.

Miss Katherine Slight is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry McKittick in Buffalo.

Misses Mary and Lizzie Regan are spending their vacation at their home in Ovid.

Miss Mary Gavin is spending her vacation at her home in Seneca Falls.

A new locomotive has been placed on the Willard branch of the L.V. railroad.

Mass was celebrated at the hospital on Sunday last, Father Harrington officiating.

Miss Theresa McBride and William Hartley of Seneca Falls, visited at Willard on Sunday last.

**BAKER THEATRE.**

For next week starting Monday matinee, July 27th, the Owen Davis Baker Theatre Stock Company will present "The Gunner's Mate," a melodrama the chief theme of which is the bravery of our sailors. It was written by Messrs. William J. McKiernan and Hugh J. Gallagher of the United States Steamship New York. It is a naval drama in four acts and five scenes. In the first scene in the third act there is an entirely original and thrilling episode never before shown on the stage. It is a duplicate of an actual occurrence in the navy, where a valiant blue jacket entered the furnace, while the fire was still in, in order to stop a leak which would have caused an explosion and possibly the loss of many lives.

**COOK OPERA HOUSE.**

"Men and Women" is the play scheduled for next week at the Cook Opera House. This is a delightful society play which has been a popular success here before. An interesting story is told, and the leading feminine role is one in which Jessie Bonstelle is at her best. Matinee performances will be given on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.



The two winners this week are: James Peppers, 9 Beacon St., city, and Richard McDade, 73 Gibson St., Canandaigua, N. Y.

Honor roll: Florence Whitley, 75 Concord St.; Elizabeth Kelly, 91 Exchange St.; Arthur Metzger, 700 Clinton Ave. N.; Lydia Popp, 30 Champlain St., city; Elizabeth M. Deane, Reed St., Geneva; Walter Schuler, Geneva; Mary McGuire, Piffard; Marguerite M. McNeil, 33 Main St., Danville, N. Y.

Key to last week's puzzles:  
No. 1—Turn left side of picture down. Hidden girl's head is just above that of girl on sofa, her bust outlined by lamp shade.  
No. 2—Invert picture. Hidden man is in screen back of lady, his head outlined by flowerpot. Cup is formed by sun in picture just over man's head.  
No. 3—Poppy (pop-pea).  
No. 4—Lidae (li-lae).

Home-seekers' Excursions tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month now until November via Nickel Plate Road to principal farming sections in the west and southwest at greatly reduced rates, good return limits. Tri-weekly transcontinental tourist sleeping car service; dining cars also serve club meals at 35c to \$1.00 and meals "a la carte." See local agent, or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The happiest days of all the year is the good old summer time. When the roads are smooth and coast is clear. They call up "49."

**A BRILLIANT CAREER.**

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written For The Catholic Journal. BY MARY BOWENA COTTER.

(Continued from last week.) CHAPTER XIX.

So saying he took from his pocket a well worn black Rosary which had been broken several times and mended with thread and wire, while nearly a dozen beads had been replaced by glass ones of different colors.

The heart of the young neophyte was already sinking at the thoughts of being thus cast alone among those who believed not in the faith for which she had sacrificed so much, but the example of the boy at her side gave her courage. In deep thought she gazed ahead of her and when she spoke it was to say:

"Willie, have you received your First Communion?"

"No, but while I was at the asylum I went to confession nearly every month and if I had stayed there another year I would have received Communion. I wish that I had, for I do not know when I will have a chance now, because I never go away from here."

"God will open the way for you some time, perhaps before you expect it," said Beatrice.

"I hope so," and the boy's face brightened.

"Have you read much? Catholic books, I mean?"

"I love to read and I read all the books and papers they have in the house, but the only Catholic books I have are my prayer book, my Catechism and the Lives of the Saints. Sister gave me that for a present when I was going away and I have read it through many times. Have you any books?"

"Yes, I have several good ones in my trunk and you may read them all if you wish."

"Oh, thank you. I am so glad," and he might have said more, but suddenly his manner changed and his enthusiasm seemed to die away just as the horse which he had almost forgotten turned into a shady lane leading to a low roofed but ample farmhouse.

Naturally shy in the presence of strangers it was almost an unheard of thing for Willie Garrity to be very communicative with them and the sight of his horse recalled him to himself. Much of his shyness arose from the fact that he had been obliged to do a man's work on the farm, but there was another stronger reason. There are in this world beautiful natures which are, alas! too often sadly misunderstood. By some they are called shallow, by others proud and cold because they hold themselves from the companions with whom their lot is thrown; but it is because their hearts aspire to higher, holier thoughts and they find it difficult to bring their lofty ideas down to the level of the coarse feelings of those around them. It is folly to believe that such natures are born of royal blood and in the homes of princes, for God's choicest flowers are found in every soil and in the lowliest abodes of poverty may be found the holiest souls.

To this class our young hero belonged, and with an instinct from his innermost soul which had hungered for a suitable companionship, his first glance at the strange young lady, who unconscious of his presence, was calling for her mother, convinced him that she was to be trusted.

"We are home at last, Miss Snow," he said, "and there is Mrs. Snell coming to meet us," he lowered his voice to a whisper and added, "Please do not say anything about what I told you about my religion for they might not like it and they are so kind to me."

"I would not think of mentioning it."

"I thought you wouldn't," he whispered, then added aloud: "Here Mrs. Snell, I have brought the new school teacher."

The woman who had a really kind face came forward to meet her, holding out her right hand and bidding her welcome, while with her left arm she clung to a pretty baby about three months old. Another child of two or three years, was partially hidden behind his mother's skirts, and in the doorway stood a girl of seven. This, with the exception of the head of the house, formed the extent of the Snell family, and as Beatrice saw them together for the first time at the supper table she could not help being favorably impressed with them and she felt that as far as lay in their power she was among friends who would make her happy. But what a contrast it was to what she had been accustomed to in her own home and later in school, both at Van Horn's and at the convent. With a spirit of Christian resignation with which she had resolved to suffer for Christ's sake whatever was put before her, she bravely strove to hide her homesick feeling and to appear happy.

After the greeting Mrs. Snell invited her to sit down for a few minutes

to rest, then asked her if she would not like to go to her room to change her dress and wash herself before eating her lunch to which Beatrice gladly assented. Her bedroom was a small room which opened off from the parlor and while she was refreshing herself she noticed that the oldest child was watching her intently through the door which was only partially closed, but not a sound escaped the little one, until she laid her white wrapper on the bed then she heard her go to the next room exclaiming:

"Oh, mamma, she's got the loveliest white dress and she is going to put it on, I bet. It's all trimmed with blue ribbons."

"Gush, Alice," said the mother, "now stay out of there."

"But mamma, I do love to see her pretty things. I know she won't care because she smiled when she saw me looking at her."

"You must keep out, my little girl and she will soon be here, now sit down and rock the cradle while mamma gets the lady something to eat." The little girl obeyed but kept her eyes fixed on the parlor door until Beatrice appeared arrayed in the white dress trimmed with blue ribbon and ruffles of lace. She snatched back and hiding behind the cradle remained in silent admiration until after the lunch was finished and Beatrice was resting in an old fashioned rocker. At last she caught the eye of the new teacher who smiled kindly upon her. That was enough, she looked at the baby to make sure that he was asleep then hurriedly left the room.

"Dear child, I hope I haven't frightened her," thought Beatrice, as she was alone, Mrs. Snell having gone to prepare supper, she leaned back in her chair and was thinking how to make amends when she heard a series of shrill news and was startled by feeling something drop in her lap. It proved to be a pair of tiny coal black kittens and she scarcely had time to fully realize the situation when a large cat appeared and began to pull at the neck of one of them. She tenderly stroked the mother cat, and finally persuaded her to lie down, greatly to the delight of the little girl who had retired to her post at the cradle.

This was Alice's final test of friendship, for anyone who loved her kittens she knew must be good, so she was now easily won and she drew her little chair up beside her friend and commenced talking to her. After giving her a description of all the stock on the farm she informed her that she was angry with Willie because he had killed two of her kittens the day before, and she would not speak to him, but Beatrice after some difficulty finally persuaded her to forgive her enemy. The little girl also informed her with smiles that she was to sleep with her, but Beatrice who had always been accustomed to having a room for herself excepting when at the seminary, looked upon this as one of the little one's childish notions, and would not have been altogether pleased had she known it to be true.

After the evening meal Mrs. Snell said: "Beatrice, I will not ask you to do anything with that nice dress, besides I know you are too tired but we heard the teachers for a dollar and a half a week, and they help me to wash the dishes and take care of the milk, besides doing other small things morning and evening, and then on Saturday they help with the work. Have you ever done much housework? Your hands do not look like it."

"No," was the reply "I have never done any work. I have been in school all my life."

"I thought so, but now is a good chance for you to learn, and it will be well for you to know how before you have a house of your own to take care of."

"I would be only too willing to learn if I would ever need to, but I prefer to pay more for my board."

"You may do as you like about that, but I think every woman ought to know how to do housework unless she can afford to keep a girl, but few can always do that."

Beatrice was silent, for this was another bitter reminder of her changed position, but she resolved that these strangers should never know who she really was.

"We will say no more about it this evening dear," said the woman, who really meant to be kind: "You may go out on the veranda now with my husband and talk over your school work while I wash the dishes."

She went back to the kitchen thinking that the new school teacher was far too airy for a poor girl. "She acts like the daughter of a millionaire," was her mental soliloquy, "and pity the poor man who falls in love with her. Indeed it's plain to be seen by her hands that she has never done any work, but I would like to see her poor mother who I suppose has always worked hard to make a fine lady of her. I won't bring my daughter up that way," and she smiled on little Alice who just then came out

and offered to wipe the dishes. Beatrice in the meantime was having her first interview with Mr. Snell, who in his youth having himself been a teacher prided himself on his superior knowledge. After a few remarks about her work in the school, he tried to convince her of the fact that he was an educated man by asking questions, many of which had proved stumbling blocks to her predecessors, but Beatrice answered them all correctly, proving before the interview was ended that her knowledge was far superior to his. The very spirit of pride which he had shown goaded her on to show him that she possessed no ordinary common school education, and it was not long ere she was conversing with him in the purest German, which he had learned only from his mother whose native tongue it was. He was not blind to the fact that she spoke the language far more purely than he himself could, and when he asked her if she was German, he was surprised to learn that she was not and was only displaying the knowledge acquired in school. She then informed him that she could speak French and Latin equally well, and then turned the subject to sciences of which he knew nothing.

Before the evening was over Mr. Snell formed a different opinion from his wife and his admiration increased when, on being asked if she could play, Beatrice sat down at the organ and produced such music as had never before been heard in the house. That night when alone with his wife he said:

"Our new teacher knows more than the professor in the school I attended. She can teach me a great deal and I cannot understand why she should accept a position in a small country school."

"She doesn't know how to do housework," replied the wife who was tired out after a long day's work combined with the excitement of having a stranger come to her house, "and I do not think she will ever amount to much as a wife for a poor man."

"She was not intended to marry a poor man or do housework either, any more than she was intended to teach in a country school. Her hands are too small and white for hard work."

"Perhaps so. It is well we were not intended to fill the same rank in life. I feel myself that she is out of place here, but I hope we can make her happy while she is with us."

Beatrice had a still more ardent admirer. That was Willie who having finished his chores had stolen unnoticed to the side of the veranda and lay quietly during the whole evening in the grass shrinking from mere shyness from joining the family as had been his custom. Not a word had been lost to the youth, and he was inwardly delighted to find that Mr. Snell had at last found someone who knew more than himself. But this feeling was nothing compared with his admiration for her superior knowledge and he longed for an education like hers. He remained outside the window and watched her at the organ until she had finished and the family had separated for the night, then he stole to his own little room over the kitchen, feeling more than ever before how narrow his existence was. His last thoughts as he fell asleep were:

"How I wish she would teach me at home evenings, I cannot go to school, and I know she will if I ask her, because she promised to lend me her books."

(To be continued.)

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