

Correspondence

Our Agent.
Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers in Seneca, Falls, Watseco, Geneva, Ovid, Transmuting and Ithaca. Kindly have amount ready when he calls.

AUBURN.

The beautiful edifice of St. Mary's church was the scene of another of its mammoth celebrations during the past week, it being the 84th anniversary of the parish and through the history of the week, by numberless grand events, the festivities of the past week were in no wise inferior to the many celebrations of the past. The feast day proper occurred on Saturday, Aug. 19, but was formally celebrated on Sunday, Aug. 20, when a solemn high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Doran, assistant pastor of the church, the Rev. Wm. P. Ryan of the Cathedral parish, Rochester, acting as deacon and John O'Donoghue, as sub-deacon. The other officers of the mass were chosen from the students of the parish now in attendance at St. Bernard's Seminary. The preacher of the occasion was the Rev. Wm. P. Ryan, who with his eloquent powers and well known oratorical powers, favored the people of St. Mary's with his discourse, the equal of which has not been heard in this vicinity in years. His subject, "The Blessed Virgin," afforded him ample opportunity to display his ability as a preacher and the manner in which he developed and delivered his discourse merits nothing but the highest praise. The musical program under the direction of Mrs. Stephen J. Murphy was one of the highest order and assisted by the sweet strain of the Burtis orchestra the choir sang with such an impulse that the stately church seemed filled with one harmonious anthem of praise to God for the blessings which He has showered upon this prosperous parish during the 84 years of its existence. In the afternoon solemn vespers were sung at the usual hour.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings a lawn fête was held on the parish park in the rear of the church and the manner in which the people of the parish assembled seemed typical of the unity and concord which has ever existed amongst its members. Here arrangements had been arranged and together with the music of the Auburn city band they kept up the life and spirit of the occasion. The literary program consisting of speeches by some of Auburn's most prominent citizens merits special mention. The chief speakers being John T. Dolan of Syracuse, and Attorney Richard C. S. Drummond of Auburn. Both speakers paid high tribute to Rev. Father Mulhern for his untiring zeal in the community and congratulated the people of St. Mary's on the noble work which under his guidance they have accomplished. This ended the celebration of the 84th birthday of St. Mary's parish. A celebration long to be remembered by its people.

CALEDONIA

Mr. Thomas Ball, one of Caledonia's most prominent business men, died at his home on Church St. Friday morning Aug. 14th. Mr. Ball suffered a stroke of paralysis on Aug. 13th. He is survived by his wife and five children, also his mother, two brothers and a sister. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon and was the largest ever held here. The floral offerings from friends and the different societies of which Mr. Ball was a member were many and beautiful. On Monday morning a solemn requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Eisler, Rev. Father Comminger acting as deacon and Rev. Father Farron of Avon, as sub-deacon. The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the family in their affliction.

Mr. Edward and Miss Josephine Ball of St. Louis, Mo., came here to attend the funeral of their cousin, the late Thomas Ball.

PORT BYRON

Miss Mamie Graney was the guest of her cousins, the Misses Corbetta of Brighton, during the past week.
Mrs. Thomas Quinn, who was seriously ill, is rapidly improving.
Miss Agnes Enright of Weedsport, has been engaged to teach at the High Bridge school the coming year.
Miss Anna Corbett of Brighton, is the guests of relatives in town.

SHORTSVILLE

Edward Hamilton died at the home of his parents at Littleville last week Thursday after a long illness. Mr. Hamilton was formerly a resident of this place and was well known. The blessing of the corpse took place at the church Saturday afternoon and the funeral mass was celebrated Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock. He is survived by his wife and daughter, father, two sisters and one brother. Interment at Clifton Springs.

Miss Kate Russell of New York city, is visiting her parents.
Miss Mamie Martin of Manchester, is the guest of her brother at Newark.
An anniversary high mass was celebrated this morning for Anna O'Neil.

Misses Lizzie Cummings and Loretta McLoughlin have returned home after a week's visit with friends at Ovid.
Mrs. Deysand daughter of Rochester, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Neil the first of the week.

PENN YAN

Margaret and Billie Rogers are visiting their cousin Sara Guider the past few days.
Miss Julia McLean spent Sunday in Seneca with friends.
Miss Margaret and John Sullivan of Corning, are spending their vacation in Seneca with friends.
J. D. Rogers of Geneva, spent Sunday here with friends.
Mr. Frank O'Shaunessy of Rochester, visited friends here on Sunday.
Miss Hedy Ryan of Syracuse, is the guest of Jennie Downs.
On Sunday mass will be said 8:30, last mass in Dundee at 11 o'clock.

A definition—

"Painkiller,"

sure cure for Cramps, Colic, and all Stomach Complaints. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

From the people's dictionary.

WILLARD.

Miss Margaret Duffy spent Sunday at the home of her sister in Seneca, Pa. Mrs. Henry McKittick of Buffalo, spent last week at the home of her mother, Mrs. Mary Ryan. Mrs. James Quinn was called away last week by the death of a brother. About a dozen of the friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Henry McKittick surprised her by giving a linen shower at the home of her mother, Mrs. Mary Ryan. Refreshments were served and the occasion was a most enjoyable one. Master Arthur Conley of Syracuse is visiting at the home of his grandmother Mrs. McGee.

PUZZLES.

Key to last week's puzzles:
No. 1—Turn left side of picture down. Fish is directly in front of man in foreground, its head in the umbrella, its body outlined by his arm, its tail touching right side of picture when thus held. Turn right side of picture down. Sailboat is in extreme upper left hand corner when picture is thus held.
No. 2—Turn left side of picture down. First face is outlined by bottom of dress of girl who holds her hand to her cheek. It touches dress of the other girl. Second face is in lower left hand corner when picture is held inverted, the features outlined by shoulder and back hair of girl who sits erectly.
No. 3—Shelby (shell-bee).
No. 4—Bragg.

No correct answers received this week.

Pink Tickets Issued.

This Pink Ticket which is sold by all conductors on the Lake and Bay cars gives you a beautiful ride direct from your home to Glen Haven, where you take the steamer to Newport and Seabreeze, connecting with the steamer "J. D. Scott" for Summerville or Ontario Beach, returning home by either Summerville or Lake Ave. electric cars with a transfer to your home. Ask conductors for the 50 cent pink ticket that takes you all around. This ticket saves you 20 cents. Look elsewhere for time table.

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 85c to \$1.00 and meals "a la carte." See local agent, or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

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Sold by druggists. Price 75c per bottle.

Nickel Plate Road now selling daily, special excursion tickets to Salt Lake City, Denver, Hot Spgs. S. D., El Paso, St. Paul etc., including the principal tourist resorts in the west, at exceedingly low rates, good returning to Oct. 31st. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

Nickel Plate trains are now running into their elegant new passenger station in the heart of Chicago, convenient to theatres, principal hotels etc., and located on elevated loop of all city and Suburban Electric Lines. Nickel Plate passenger trains are finest run, carrying now high back seat coaches, latest Pullmans, and dining cars serving club meals 25c to \$1.00, also meals "a la carte." Also afford a tri-weekly Trans-Continental Tourist Sleeping car service to Pacific Coast points. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

Correspondence Solicited.

If those of our subscribers who fail to find news of their respective parishes in our columns will kindly notify us we will endeavor to supply the omission. We desire a good correspondent in every parish in the diocese, and all favors in that line will be fully appreciated.

TROUBLE WITH

How It Was That His Paper Was Not a Howling Success in the Town.
Stranger—So you have no paper in this town?
Navy—No, sir. We did have one once, but it wasn't run right, and we was glad to get rid of it.
"What was the matter?"
"Well, in the first place, the editor didn't allow folks right. He'd call one gall young and handsome and slurringly refer to another gall just as pretty, leavin' it ter be inferred she wasn't pretty enough ter be called handsome, and she might be as old as Methusalem. Wall, that made trouble, an' after that, when Farmer Hayseed and Farmer Falow both left the same sort of stuff on his table, he gave Falow two lines more than the other."
"Yes, well, things get git'in' wuss and wuss, until General Oldman up on the hill died, and got half a column obituary notice, all about the Mexican war and things, while my Uncle Jake, just as good a man, who never left the farm, but tended to his duties like a Christian, an' was a pillar in the church, got only a quarter of a column. You better believe, me an' my friends felt hurt."
"I suppose so."
"Wall, we begun inquireing around about this editor, and we disklivered that while he was chargin' us fer every little two-line advertisement we put in, he was printin' a hull column about his job office fer nothing. That raised a breeze, I tell you."
"No doubt."
"After that things come ter a head. The teller commenced stoppin' the paper on them that didn't pay their subscriptions. Then we rose in our might an' driv him out o' town."—New York Weekly.

Just What She Wanted.

A lady, whose organ of benevolence was not properly developed, once sent the following advertisement to a London paper:
"Alady, in delicate health, wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domesticated, musical, early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience of nursing. Total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."
A few days after, the advertiser received a hamper labelled:
"This Side Up—with Care—Perishable."
On opening it, she found a fine tabby cat with a letter tied to her tail. It ran thus:
"Madam, in answer to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domesticated, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has had great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary to her is no object, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."
It would be putting it very mildly to say that this reply quite upset the lady's equilibrium.

She Saw It Made.

Last summer baby was very busy supervising everything that went on at the farm. After a while she pushed away her chair at supper one afternoon, declaring that she did not want any more milk.
"Why not, dear?" asked mamma, gently.
"Because," said baby, with an air of superiority, "I know all about it, now; milk is nothing but chewed grass."—London Telegraph.

Man and Wife.

Mr. Ferry—Why on earth do you spend so much time running around prying things you have no notion of buying?
Mrs. Ferry—For the same reason, I suppose, that you sit around reading the sporting column of the paper and figuring up how much you might have won if you were a betting man. It is a sort of mental diversion.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rejecting Long Chances.

Miss Bryn-Mawr—Why did you discontinue your college course?
Miss Vassar—Forty per cent. of the women who take the higher education do not marry.
Miss Bryn-Mawr—Well?
Miss Vassar—Among the uneducated the odds are 50 per cent. less.—Brooklyn Life.

Pointless in Chicago.

Governor—Ho, there! me worthy secretary, how goes me boom to-day?
Secretary—Alack, alas, your excellency, we are shy many good votes in the County of Cook.
Governor—Now, by me haildom, this shall not be. Bring me me pen and me pad o' pardons!—Chicago Journal.

Uses of Seconds.

"What is the use of all this nonsense of having seconds and all that when two men want to fight a duel? Why don't they get together and fight it out?"
"Oh, the seconds are useful to notify the police."—Indianapolis Journal.

Open to Suspicion.

The last notes of the piano were lost in thousands of applause.
"Nevorthless," muttered the critic savagely, "I do not regard it as true art. You can't make me believe that hair is his own."—Detroit Tribune.

His Heart is His Mouth.

Tom—So the waitress refused Jack! Harry—Yes; but he has himself to blame. He was going through the "only girl" formula, but he forgot himself and told her she was the richest girl he ever loved.—Puck.

His Striver.

J. Brutus Caldwell—And what salary do you draw now, Reginald?
Reginald—Five hundred per—
J. B. C.—For what—week or month?
Reginald—Per-haps.—Exchange.

Can't Get Over It.

"They say Emily is a terribly superstitious fellow," began the first man.
"Superstitious?" echoed the other man. "I should say so. He's sworn me \$1 for more than four years."

COMMODORE MARCH'S WIT.

Would Not Act as Interpreter Unless Paid the Customary Fee.
A good story was told lately of Commodore March, of March's Point, Fidalgo Island, whose ready wit is well known to the habitués of the Hotel Butler, and, indeed, all over the Sound, says a Seattle paper. The Commodore was called as a witness in the Point Roberts dispute between the cannery men and the Indians, and the lawyer on the other side, with a "what-can-you-know-about-it air," put the question to him:
"How long have you been in this part of the county, Mr. March?"

Mr. March has a pretty chin, and he shaves his white whiskers to either side to show it off. When the question was so suddenly put, he slowly caressed the pretty chin and slowly and meditatively said, as though to himself:
"Forty, forty-five, fifty," and at length answered: "Fifty-five years."
"Fifty-five years?" said the lawyer, and then, as if he were addressing Christopher Columbus, asked:
"And what did you discover, Mr. March?"
"A dark-visaged savage."
"Dark-visaged savage, eh? Yes; and what did you say to him?"
"I said it was a fine day."
"Fine day? Yes, and what did he say to you?"

Mr. March rattled off a whole yarn in Chinook, and kept on, to the mirth of the whole court room, until peremptorily cut off by the gavel of the judge.
"I asked you what reply the savage made to you, Mr. March. Please answer the question," said the irate cross-examiner.
"I was answering."
"Tell us what the savage said."
"That is what he said."
"Then tell it to us in English."
"Not unless I am commissioned by the Court to act as interpreter, and paid the customary fee."
The lawyer thought a moment, looked at the judge, who could not resist a smile, and said, severely: "Mr. March, you may stand down."

Conversation Alphabet.

"Did you ever hear of the girl who made up a conversational alphabet?" asked the girl in blue one morning, after we had come to be really acquainted. "She was obliged to entertain a great many strangers, and, as she was not a ready talker, she made a little catalogue of subjects to talk about, and under each topic arranged thoughts and facts of her own. She kept adding to it, a little at a time, till she had a variety of topics, and could be bright and entertaining about any of them."

"And did she begin at the beginning and inflict the whole collection, in alphabetical order, upon each victim? And what did she do if she met him a second time?"
"No, she tried one topic and then another until she found something that would make her companion talk. This is the true secret of being entertaining, don't you think so? Of course she exercised her discretion, and chose topics that seemed suitable to the victim. And now what are you smiling about?"
"It reminds me of a doctor trying new remedies on his patients!"
"Never mind. I am going to try it myself."—Chicago Record.

Not What They Wanted.

The old lady and the two girls turned up their noses in disgust.
"So this is the kind of a place you've selected as a summer resort for us," said the former.
"Why, my dear," expostulated her husband, "I thought this was just what you'd like."
"And you'll go back to the city and have a good time," she interrupted.
"No music, no men, no excitement of any kind," put in one of the girls.
"But it's so quiet, so homelike," he argued.
"Homelike!" cried the three women together. "Do you suppose we went to all the trouble of getting ready to leave home in order to come to a homelike place?"
And he had to admit the force of the argument and take them elsewhere.—Chicago Post.

A Mistake.

Fox—What is the occasion of this depression, old man? You don't seem to be so chipper as when I last met you.
Knox—No, indeed. You remember the business boom I told you of at that time?
Fox—Very well.
Knox—Well, it was a case of mistaken identity; instead of a boom, it proved to be a boomorag.—Boston Courier.

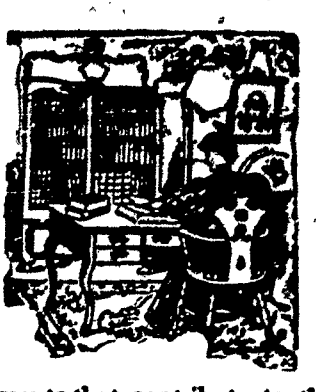
A Close Second.

"Doesn't it strike you, Delaney, dear," said the giggling girl gazed dreamily toward the wretched harlequin, "that there is more poetry in the stately setting sun than in any other object in the universe?"
"I don't know so much about that myself," mused the mild-eyed Minister of Many Rejoicings. "I reborn the waste paper basket runs it pretty close!"—London Judy.

What He'd Like.

Carriers—Yes; I wouldn't mind a situation that was quite laborless, in a way.
Waiter—In what way?
Carriers—Why, where I'd have to work hard to convince myself that I was doing anything.—Up to Date.

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