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The Catholic Journal.

Fifteenth Year. No. 4.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, October 24, 1903.

\$3.00 per Year. Single Copies 10 Cts.

A BRILLIANT CAREER.

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

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Perhaps," she thought at last, "I was a little hasty with her, but I will go to her to-morrow and try to make amends by asking her to come home after she is married. Had I but known of her engagement sooner she should have been married in her own home, but I suppose it is too late for that now."

With this consoling thought she fell asleep after long hours of restlessness.

In the morning she was surprised at the bright glow on Blanche's cheek as she announced that they were going in a few hours to find Beatrice.

"I knew, mother, you would not refuse," said the happy girl.

"I think it is the best thing we can do, Blanche, and since things have turned out as they have I am not sorry we circulated that story about Beatrice having gone to Europe. It was really very fortunate, for now we can prove that it is true."

Blanche made no reply for she was too happy in the prospects of seeing her sister to care where she had been.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I am glad you have come so early, Katie," said Beatrice, as she greeted her old friend, Katie Curren, "for I really feel sad and lonely this evening, and it seems so good to have some one near me whom I knew before."

"And I am happy to be able to spend the evening with you; father was invited out to dinner and that is why I am free so early. But I do not like to hear you say you feel sad on the eve of your wedding day."

"I suppose it is wrong," said Beatrice, "especially as I am to have one of the best of husbands, which is a great blessing, but I cannot help it."

"Marriage is a solemn thing," said Katie, "but it is the proper state for the great majority of the people, so you should not feel sad."

"It is not that, Katie; but come to my room; it is pleasant and there is less chance of our being disturbed."

With a light step which told of anything but sadness, Beatrice led the way to her own room, one of the pleasantest in the house, followed by her friend. Since Beatrice had bid Katie good-bye at the convent, the girls had seen but little of each other, but a regular correspondence during their long separation had served to keep up their friendship.

Before her departure for Europe Beatrice had spent one afternoon with her and had sent for her immediately on her return offering her the honor of being bridesmaid. Now she had come to remain over night so as to be in time in the morning, for, contrary to the wishes of Mrs. Mayburn, the wedding was to be at an early hour in the presence of a very few friends. She would like to have made no less a grand display than she would had her own daughter remained at home to be married. Beatrice had said that could her marriage have taken place under the supervision of her mother in her own home she would have been glad to have had a grand reception accompany it, but as it was, it was better to wait until, as Mrs. Mayburn said, she could meet her husband's friends after their return from their honeymoon. Father Lenton had agreed with her in this, so she was allowed to have her own way.

"What a pretty room you have," said Katie as she entered, "surely you ought to be happy here."

"I am, for it was once Sister Cecilia's room and the things you see here were all hers. It had never been occupied since the left home until it was given to me, so I think I should feel myself highly favored."

"Indeed you should, for I dare say that everything in this room is to Mrs. Mayburn a sacred relic. I always felt that Sister Cecilia was no ordinary person, but I never dreamed until I came here to see you that she belonged to so fine a family. How great the love of God must be when for it a young lady like herself could give so much."

"I have sometimes wished, when I thought of her, that God had given me a little spirit of self-sacrifice, but I have always thought too much of the world and could not give it up."

"We are not all called to the religious life, Beatrice, and this would be a strange world if we were, but tell me, is that why you are sad?"

"No, Katie far from it, I could not think of giving up Eugene now, but it is because I am thinking of home."

"You should not trouble yourself about that, for you gave up your home for a good cause as well as Sister Cecilia, and as a reward you are to have another to call your own."

"I know, but how much better it would look and how much happier I would be could I only have my father and mother with me in my own home to bless my marriage."

"I truly sympathize with you there Beatrice, but since it cannot be it is better to be content to look up to Mr. and Mrs. Mayburn as your parents. Your husband will give you that right."

"Yes, but not until to-morrow when I bear his name."

"Beatrice, this is too sad, so let us talk of pleasant things. We have the whole evening before us."

"We have over an hour now, but at eight Eugene and I are to meet Father Lenton at the church and go to confession, but I do not think we will be absent long, so you will excuse us."

"Yes, willingly, and I will pray for your future happiness while you are gone."

"Katie looked out the front window and said, 'There are callers, two ladies and a gentleman and they have just gone in.'"

Beatrice went to the window but the carriage gave no clue as to who the occupants had been and with a comment that she hoped it was no one to see her, she turned away. But why should she think of such a thing for she was almost a stranger in Philadelphia. They did not hear Mrs. Mayburn's step until she was in the room. She tried to appear calm but her face betrayed emotion.

"What is it?" asked Beatrice, "has anything happened?"

"Yes, but quiet your fears it is something to make you very happy, your father, mother and sister are here."

"Is it really so, are you sure there is no mistake?"

"It is so, they are in the parlor."

Without another word Beatrice rushed past her and down stairs. So eager was she to meet them that she did not see the one who had followed Mrs. Mayburn into the hall and awaited her there until Blanche threw her arms around her and almost carried her to her mother. In the joy of their meeting the past was all forgotten and everything was as if nothing had happened to raise a barrier between them. No matter how many apologies the repentant mother might have intended to make she could not have done it now with her own Beatrice, far more beautiful than she had expected to find her, smiling so lovingly upon her. Her two girls sat before her on a sofa with their arms around each other, just as she had often seen them when children. The proud woman had not failed to take in every detail of the luxuries of the surroundings and this had much to do with softening her heart.

As soon as she found an opportunity Beatrice told them that she was to be married in the morning, to which her mother replied that it was the announcement of the coming event which had helped them find her. Then she tried to tell her how their long separation had grieved them all, but the bride-elect silenced her by telling her that she was too happy to have them with her on her wedding eve to wish to be disturbed with memories of a sad past. The subject was quickly changed by Mrs. Snow asking her daughter what she was to wear.

"A traveling dress of silver grey with hat to match," was the reply.

"That seems too sedate for a young lady like yourself. I have brought you my own bridal veil and the diamond crescent which fastened it. You know they are old family heirlooms and I wish you would wear them. I would feel very much disappointed to see my eldest daughter married without them."

BAKER THEATRE.

"The Road to Frisco," a new western melodrama from the pen of Owen Davis, will be the attraction at Baker Theatre, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 26, 27, 28, bargain matinee daily.

One of the best and most pleasing new musical extravaganzas of the season entitled "Mrs. Delaney of Newport" is a comedy chuck full of smart things and will be seen at the Baker Theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 29, 30, 31, bargain matinee daily.

The Hendrick Commercial Training School, 140 Powers Block, has moved to 206 Granite Building, (over Ebbetts).

Here and Where Through Ireland.

Written for The Catholic Journal
By The Shaughraun.

(Continued from last week.)

The principal stoppages made on this journey, but only for a few minutes, were at Maryborough in Queen's County, and Kildare town. The former is somewhat conspicuous just now by reason of the sensational escape made from its jail by a desperate criminal—James Lynchehan—at present under arrest in this country. One could form little idea of the town from the train; it looked clean, bright and eminently respectable. Kildare has a more hoary look, to which its castle ruin contributes the most striking feature. Soon after leaving Kildare, the people began to get thicker on the ground, and it was evident that the influence of the capital was responsible for this.

At last, Dublin. It was good to be really at home again; though I regret to say that nearly all which had gone to making it home for me, had disappeared. My relatives had all died or dispersed, with the exception of an aged aunt, with whom I stayed in Lower Gardiner street, during my fortnight's stay in the city. There was a hum and bustle everywhere, in acceptable contrast to the quiet I had been experiencing since my arrival in the country. Though towards the end of my stay, I had again become surfeited with hum and bustle. Dublin is certainly one of the most picturesque places in Ireland, both in its scenery, (especially on the outskirts) and in its population. I reached there late on a Saturday afternoon after a day of glorious sunshine, and I suppose renewed my acquaintance with it under the most favorable conditions. The "jarvey" was, of course, very much in evidence, even at the portals of the station. As before I left, the fare on an outside car to any part of the city, was sixpence, or rather more than our dime. This would scarcely appear to be a living wage, but the poor fellows would be only too glad to carry all they could get at that figure. I remember this reduction was made about the time of the appearance of the safety bicycle, so as to enable them to effectually compete with that new method of locomotion. Nothing afforded a "jarvey" keener delight than to see a bicyclist in any kind of trouble, either with the police, or his machine. Heaven help the poor wheeler who happened to find himself between a side-car and the gutter, especially if the sloping roadway were greasy. The driver would exhaust his colossal store of ingenuity to bring that wheeler a "cropper." There is a story told of a "jarvey" at the time of the advent of the sixpenny fare. "I'll give you," said a prospective customer, "sixpence to drive me into the city." "O wirra, wirra," said the jarvey, "sixpence, is it well, jump up, but for the love of him don't let the bastie 'ear ye, or she'll kick yer brains out." Another old story, but good enough to be told again, is that illustrating the inventiveness of the Dublin car-drivers when showing visitors the "Bons of the city." They positively shine as guides. "What are those three figures outside the post office there, Pat?" asked an English visitor. "Is it them three yer 'onner' replied the jarvey rubbing his chin, "O them's the twelve Apostles." "Twelve Apostles!" exclaimed the Englishman, "why there are only three, where are the other nine?" "Phwhere's the other nine?" was the rogue's response, "arrah now, phwere do ye think they'd be, but inside countin' the letters. Shure they can't all be out at the same time." The car-driver is at once the despair and the delight of the citizen of Dublin, and the stranger within the gates. His disappearance would be a distinct calamity. If he be driving by arrangement, or by the mile, no one knows better than he, the long way round for the "short cut."

Speaking of drivers suggests horses, and the passion of the true-bred "Jackeen," or indeed any Irishman, for anything savouring of horse flesh outside of the stew pot. All the inventions to supplant the horse notwithstanding, the love for that noble animal is as deeply planted as ever in the Irish breast. I still like the horse, but my residence out of the country had somewhat cooled my ardor. I was thus often amused at the visible effects the passing of a "high stepper" would have on my former fellow-townsmen. Not an eye in Dublin but turns to look after a fine, or spirited horse, no matter how engaged at the time. Your friend as you are walking along the street together engrossed in conversation, will suddenly break off without rhyme or reason, wheel round and colloquise to himself something after this fashion: "Look at that cow. Blithesome, but that's a daisy. Did ye ever in yer mortal life see such elegant action? Holy Moses, as I was only behind 'er! That little mare cost 'im a fine penny 'ill wager. I wonder who the fellow is that owns 'er!" and so on. As well try stem the flow over the falls at Niagara, as arrest the eloquence of an Irishman when face to face with a horse worth looking at. Let him have it out, and his reason will resume its normal way, when the animal has turned the next corner.

CATHEDRAL.

The women's retreat closed Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Very Rev. Thos. Hickey V. G. delivered the final sermon after which benediction of the most Holy Sacrament was given.

The men's retreat closed Sunday evening. Rev. Dr. Nolan delivered a very eloquent sermon, his text being "Sin no more, lest a greater evil befall you."

Months mind requiem mass were celebrated on Monday for Miss Anna Crutch, Wednesday for Daniel Curran, Thursday for Miss Susan Welch, Friday for Mrs. M. Yawman.

Anniversary requiem high masses were celebrated this week on Tuesday for Edward Kirk, and on Friday for Mrs. J. Sheridan.

The funeral of the late Sergeant O. Carroll took place from the Cathedral Monday morning at 9 o'clock and was very largely attended. The services consisted of a solemn high mass of requiem. The celebrant was Rev. Thos. Hickey V. G. deacon Rev. George Byrnes, and sub-deacon, Rev. Michael Krieg. The police department accompanied by the 54th Regiment Band escorted the corpse to its last resting place in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

Next Sunday the Boy's Sodality of the Blessed Sacrament will receive holy communion at the 8:30 mass.

On Monday the C. W. B. L. will meet.

The C. W. B. L. will meet Wednesday evening.

Next Saturday is the vigil of All Saints, a fast day.

Women in Europe's Fashionable Centers.

Arcs over mink and are paying exorbitant prices for even the smallest neck piece. American women are never slow to adopt the latest fashions, and in this case have the advantage over their foreign sisters, as the states of New York and Maine furnish the fur markets of the world with the finest mink, hence the name in the trade: "Finest Eastern Mink." Always ready to supply the demands of the moment, we offer the latest Paris, London, Vienna styles in fine Eastern Mink. Round muffs in two, three and four stripes. Flat muffs in two, three, four, five and six stripes. Scarfs in one, two, three and four stripes. Suits lined or squirrel lined. You are invited to call and see our handsome Mink line.

MENG & SHAFER,
Manufacturers and Importers.
11 State street, Powers block.
14 West Main street, Powers block.
186 Main street east, opposite Stone street.

Fur fashion book free. Call or write for one.

National Theatre.
For the early part of next week the National Theatre announces the clever farce comedy, "Happy Hooligan." This is one of the brightest and best entertainments of its kind ever staged, and is regarded as one of the best bookings of the season at the National Theatre. A. E. Wilson, the popular German comedian, will be seen at the National Theatre the later part of next week, in the comedy, "Prince of Tatters." Mr. Wilson having earned the confidence of the public by uniformly fine and consistent work, has an assured following in Rochester.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.
An unusually good bill of vaudeville is announced for next week at the Cook Opera House. Of course the chief attraction is "The Girl with the Auburn Hair," the mysterious singer, who gives sacred songs in a magnificent Cathedral setting. The Willis family, musicians; Mlle. Christina's Animals; Bailey and Fletcher, colored entertainers; funny songs by Gallagher and Barrett; Jullien and Ella Garrison; Nell Merritt, and Ramona and Amo fill out the excellent bill which will be presented every day next week, with a daily matinee.

LIMA.
The Forty Hours devotion opened in St. Rose's church Sunday with 11:15 o'clock mass. In the evening vespers were sung, after which Father Day of St. Morris, preached a sermon. The service closed with benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Monday evening the sermon was preached by Father Garvey of Livonia, and Tuesday evening by Father Keenan of Stanley. The devotion closed Wednesday morning with 9 o'clock mass. The services were well attended throughout.

GLIMPSES OF GERMANY.

Written for The Catholic Journal
By Die Schwalbe.

(Continued from last week.)

Nuremberg (Bavaria). From Munich to Nuremberg is only 120 miles, but what a world of difference between the two places. The one is modern, elegant and Catholic; the other, ancient, picturesque and Protestant. The "Reformers" of the 16th century found Nuremberg good soil in which to sow the pernicious seed of heresy and discord. It is a town of beauties and anomalies. When I say beauties I refer to art and architecture, while of its anomalies perhaps the most conspicuous is the retention of Catholic customs among a Protestant population. In the famous church of St. Sebald, the relics of this saint are still preserved and all the fittings of the sacred edifice in much the same condition as when he was alive—the giant and gorgeous chandelier, the holy water fonts, the confessionals, the "lady altar," and even the sanctuary lamp (which by the way is never allowed to go out). The Sacred Procession is no longer there, but this pathetic reminder, or by gone days and other conditions is sedulously preserved. The Nuremberger Protestants have evidently little in common with hispano-germanic brethren in more northern lands. It would seem that his love of art and the beautiful got the better of his bigotry. He drove out the Catholics but he cherished and continues to cherish the monuments raised under the inspiration of their faith. Even to-day though the Catholic population of Nuremberg is increasing more rapidly than that of the Protestant, it does not think they amount to more than a tenth of the total—(some 150,000). Up to a few years ago they were considerably below 5,000. The principal church in Catholic hands is the "Frauenkirche," a very handsome and ancient structure, with a notable front and beautiful interior decorations. Nuremberg was a big walled city by the 30 years war, much of its trade being diverted through other channels; it was also made to suffer much for its ultra-Protestantism. To celebrate the close of the 30 years war—at the signing of the peace of Westphalia—with a gorgeous banquet in its historic Rathaus or Town Hall, when wine flowed generously along its passage into the square beyond, where the assembly also had a glut of that and the other good things provided.

In its grand old castle over forty Emperors have held their courts including such famous names as Charles V. and Barbarossa. From the massive ramparts of this structure a glorious view of the quaint city is to be obtained. Nuremberg is cut in two by a narrow sluggish stream called the Pegnitz, whose banks are built on right over the water edge, with the oldest, strangest and most picturesque habitations imaginable. Its streets are narrow and gloomy, but the delight of artists and lovers of the antique. The town is surrounded by ramparts and a huge moat. This moat is now dry and given up to the promiscuous purpose of raising cabbage, potatoes, lettuce and kindred edibles. Seen from any point, within or without Nuremberg is at once forbidding, pretty and lovable. It is a conglomeration of fantastic red-tiled roofs, arcades, verandas and dungeons. Bavarian peasant life, and Nuremberg handicraftsmen are here to be seen at their best. You must know that for ages this old town has been noted for the inventive skill of its workmen. To-day it can boast of some of the most colossal industrial and manufacturing enterprises in Germany, but in olden times held a monopoly in many lines. So prosperous were the Nurembergers, that Pope Pius II said "a Nuremberger is better off than a Scottish king."

Watches, or as they were at first facetiously called "Nuremberg eggs," were invented here; so too were the clockwork, the wire-drawing machine, the steam, cast cannon, brass, etc. It is well situated for trade being close both to the Danube and the Rhine and Italy. The two noted rivers just named are now connected by the Ludwigs Canal and from the day of its opening nearly 50 years ago, Nuremberg has had a revival of its old prosperity so much so that its citizens may well repeat their old boast "Nuremberg hand gets drier alle land." Nuremberg's hand goes through every land, the Rhine, and Danube was Charles V.'s idea originally, but it has taken 10 centuries to realize it.

(To be continued.)

RECEPTION TO BISHOP McQUINN.
The reception tendered to Bishop McQuinn last Tuesday evening was a beautiful one. A large group of clergymen, laymen and women were given the honor of bringing the Bishop to the depot. He was then conveyed to the residence of Father Schwaiblmair, assistant pastor, Mackay, at 1000 E. G. street, where a large number of clergymen and laymen were waiting to greet him. Bishop McQuinn was accompanied by Mr. E. J. Dwyer, assistant pastor of St. Joseph's, and Mr. J. J. Dwyer, assistant pastor of St. Mary's, both of Buffalo, N. Y.

Assemblyman E. J. Dwyer presented a handsome clock from the congregation to Bishop McQuinn, feelingly responded with a few choice words. Bishop McQuinn, Canon of Buffalo and Rev. Thos. Hickey V. G. also spoke words of welcome to the new Bishop. The vast audience listened with close attention to the eloquent address of the speaker. The members of the committee were congratulated upon the manner in which they carried out every detail connected with the reception.

The Bishop also gave addresses in the evening at St. Mary's, St. Joseph's and St. Michael's churches, and spoke of their contributions to the great cause. Bishop McQuinn's first address was at St. Mary's, where he spoke of the importance of the episcopacy in the Church.

His address was well received by the large audience. Bishop McQuinn's second address was at St. Joseph's, where he spoke of the importance of the episcopacy in the Church. His address was well received by the large audience.

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