

A Sale of New Rain Coats A Sale of New Tailored Suits A Clean-up Sale of Walking Skirts

AT Doyle's

One hundred and twenty-five Rain Coats just received from the manufacturers in a variety of the new styles, colorings and cloths, worth \$15.00—one of our early spring values. **\$9.95**

A shipment of new spring Tailored Suits in strictly pure wool fabrics, Eton with shoulder capes, the best colors and black, another good \$15.00 value—look them over. **\$9.95**

One hundred and fifty Walking Skirts, fine pure wool materials, values from \$5.75 to \$9.75. We want you to see them. While they last. **\$3.98**

WALKING SKIRTS.

We carry the largest stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Garments in New York state. See our immense ground floor garment store and you will quickly say so

Muslin Underwear and Corset Departments; 2nd floor rear—We carry large assortments of the famous Self Reducing Nemo Corsets in connection with several other well known makes.

House Wrapper and Petticoat Departments—Immense stocks at our usual low prices.

The Millinery Department, 2d Floor.

New things in early Hats, Ready-to-Wear and Semi-Trimmed, Smart Walking Hats, Lace Hats and a host of clever things appropriate for present wear.

Rochester's Leading Cloak, Suit and Millinery House

36 and 38 MAIN ST. EAST.

IN LONDON TOWN

My young Southern cousin and I were doing the National Gallery. We were in the Turner Room, surrounded by those pictures for all the world like a series of inverted sunsets.

I was weary with the task and turned toward a seat with a hope of persuading Adele to rest a bit, when my eye fell on the occupants of two chairs nearest us.

Evidently two of London's smart set. They had reached a crisis. By what ways they had arrived I could not guess. They were utterly oblivious of their surroundings. She was a dainty bit of a woman, awfully chic in appearance, very little, pretty, fitted out better than even Bond's street's best. He was rigged as Sunday's Prayer Book Promenade in Hyde Park would find him. He was a man who had lived. She was a bit gray over the temples, as if a powder puff had been tapped on either side of the pompadour above her high-bred little face.

He sat sideways, his arm over the back of his chair; she rested her forearm against the back of her chair and her hand lay in his naturally, as a lotus bud rests upon its stem. The man did not even close his hands over hers. The touch of their souls was too close for them to need or heed material contact.

A second, and the eye took in the details of this living picture. I gave a gasp of surprise—of sympathy.

"What's the matter?" asked Adele. My eyes carried hers to the two.

"It's their dilemma," I said.

"Nonsense. They are too old for romance," declared Adele with the insouciance of youth.

They were of my own time and generation, but then I myself felt somewhat the worse for wear.

"That's the very little woman we saw yesterday as we came from our walk to Greenwich. I remember the peculiar shade of that gown."

The same woman, but I had not recalled her face until Adele spoke. I had not noted the tint of her gown. Somehow the remembrance of the look of her face against the gray stones of the pier made me feel as if I were weaving the web of some story about the dainty little creature. The thought made me feel more weary. I sat down in a nearby chair.

"Adele," I said, "if you are going to do that Hogarth caddy yonder go by yourself. I will wait here."

I sat, thinking of a crisis of my own in which I had come long ago, when I heard the little woman say:

"It must end, Hugh. Yesterday when we came up from the river, you knew we passed a poor girl crouched on the stone steps. You hurried me on when I would have stopped to give her a shilling or two. You said: 'You must not even breathe the air with her. We were say with our gay

companions, all laughingly hurrying from the rain. She—do you recall her face? Where do you suppose she is now? In the river?"

I recalled the girl. Such passive despair. I, having had no one to prevent me, flung her a sixpence or two. But that girl wanted a richer gift than any in that passing crowd had for giving. She wanted—death.

"What does the girl matter?" said the man. "What is she to us?"

"You would not let me give her a shilling—she gave me—"

"Gave you?"

"Sight of her gave me insight, Hugh. I gave me sight of myself. I am as she is—"

"Dorothy? The pain in the man's voice was acute.

"In the sight of our world—in sight of heaven, Hugh, we have done no harm, unless loving be so, but Hugh, the spirit of the law? I keep saying over and over to myself, 'I am as she is.'"

The man said nothing, but I would not have worn his face then for a block of Standard Oil stock.

"It must end, Hugh—we met too late. Over and over I keep saying: I am like her—like her."

"Come, old poke," cried Adele, coming toward me, for she had done the shrimp girl and the marriage a la mode series in short order. "Take me away back to that Madonna of Carlo Dolci's with the dear bright flowers, but—never mind so old, so tired."

"I swear I am but forty."

"I will go with you, will let your old bones get a little rest."

So we went.

As we went toward the great iron gates our view of Landseer's lions was obstructed by a glittering trap, the restlessness of the two splendid horses attracting notice of the passer-by. Said one:

"Lady Dorothy Lumley's."

I had a name for the heroine of my new story that was a-weaving.

Two days later I read in the Times: "Died of heart failure, Lady Dorothy Lumley, wife of —," and the rest of it.

I gave me quite a turn and I should have sat all day with only my pipe for companion, moaning over the death of a woman I had seen but twice, but that Adele had tired of all London had to show and craved now a certain American wild flower—Southern, at that.

I thought I knew a little shop where, if anywhere except along its own Alabama brookside, it might be found. So we started on our search; Adele, at my side, teasing to be petted and prettily homesick, for Adele was pretty at anything.

Arrived, Adele was in her element. She found among the flowers new friends and greeted old, but could not discover her calyanthus.

As I waited, enjoying her joy in the wealth of blooms, I heard an address

given: "Lord Lumley's, 38 Grosvenor street." Startled, I turned. Was that dainty little ghost of a woman going to haunt me?

One of those perfect valets, next to speechless before his employers, loquacious with his kind, was ordering to the given address heaps of lilies, white passion flowers and what not—all that could be found in the cold candor of snowy scented blossoming.

"Says my master, says 'e 'Get the best! Oh, 'e's a great 'un. I 'p'n go with 'im—if 'e don't change 'is mind first. I day ago it was b-America, and 'im going to 'unt mountain lions in New Mexico. Now, to-day, it's 'off to the wars, it is."

"Gentleman in khaki ordered South, is 'e?"

"Gentleman going South. No change this time. 'E just stopped me in 'is our parkin' long enough to send me 'ere, and, says 'e: 'Get the best. Oh, 'e's a great 'un. Sir Hugh Clavering."

The hero of the story that was a-weaving had found a name.

The little shopman, elated to very unsalesmanlike zeal by Adele's joy in his collection, with utter disregard of his own business or knowledge—but he should let that of others alone—was about to present to Adele the rest of my day, by telling her that she could gain sight and scent of her longed-for bloom at Kew Gardens.

Just as the load of cool, white blossoming splendor left the shop Adele said she was ready to go, and she came up and clasped both hands about my arm, and I knew that meant—Kew Gardens.

Two years later I was back in London where all the world crowded to a coronation. But I came at Adele's bidding.

She was to be married and I must come to look upon the man of her choice. She had been taken by an erratic father to all sorts of outlandish places since I had piloted her over London. The father was an old Confederate general whose hill acres had turned to a set of coal mines, and whose lowland plantations were about to sprout oil, while two new railroads had seen fit to cross themselves and appear a city on his private "wild lands."

The shadow of Big Ben fell a-near us as we watched together, Adele and I, the London crowds welcoming home the South African soldiers.

In the procession the man who, next to Lord Kitchener, looked the most tired of all the noise and glare of applause, happened to look our way.

As his eye fell on us his face lit with the flashing of a uniquely pleasant smile. Adele caught my arm and waved in her other hand a bit of lawn and lace: "Look," she said, "that is he whom you must love for my sake, that is Hugh."

I looked at the man's face, and recognized—Sir Hugh Clavering. I turned to look at Adele. She had not the least recollection of that incident

of two years ago in the National Gallery. I wondered had he.

I asked myself: "Is that dainty little ghost of a woman going to haunt me?"—Martha Young, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Barbarous Punishment.

It was sixty years ago that England abolished flogging at sea; it has long been abolished in our army and navy; and now the Czar of Russia has abolished the harshest remnants of the barbaric punishments of former times, namely, castigation with cudgels and cat-o-nine tails, chaining to the car and shaving the head, which were still inflicted for certain offenses on persons exiled to penal settlements or to the mines. Castigation with the cat-o-nine tails and even with cudgels not infrequently ended in death, and was one of the harshest forms of the death penalty, being death by torture. The abolition of the cudgel and of the "cat" does not, however, mean the prohibition of corporal punishment altogether. The revised statute of June 15 prescribes chastisement with birch rods up to 100 blows. Barbaric punishment can be inflicted by birch rods, if not as severely as by "cat" or cudgel. The better way would be to abolish punishment by flagellation altogether. Leslie's Weekly.

Tales That Will Serve.

The marine reporter, contributing to a publication in Gloucester, Mass., reports that a swordfish attacked a fishing schooner, rammed the vessel, and in its writhing effort to escape, sawed a hole in the bottom. He added that, half the crew balling and the other half managing the sails, the boat reached harbor at the point of sinking. It was stated in a contemporary of this city that a customer in a restaurant, being served with a tough steak, seized the latter and beat the waiter senseless. Many are the contributions to the gaudy of the wags and gullibility of the credulous. These tales will adorn more than one serious fireside argument. And they will do as well as some other tales—St. Louis Republic.

Pirates of the Red Sea.

The Italian cruiser Barbarigo, which has just arrived at Naples from the Red Sea reports that piracy is still rampant and adds that jail birds from the Italian territory form a disgracefully large proportion of those practicing it. The last operation engaged in by the Barbarigo was the capture of an Arab dhow having on board 214 good rifles and 12,000 cartridges. The attack was first delivered from the Italian steam pinace Antelope; but the dhow made a stout resistance, the crew only surrendering after a severe night on the deck.

TOPICS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

With an aluminum dish in which to cook home made candies, the danger of burning is reduced to a minimum. Since heat distributes itself equally through all parts of the metal, the point over the blaze is no hotter than are the sides of the utensil. Moreover, an aluminum pan in which to cool the mixture requires no oiling to keep it from sticking.

Many confections—notably the fudges, creams and pulled bars—are at their best when home made. For fudge there are about as many formulas as there are women who make it, and each pretty surely claims for her product the distinction of possessing the most delicate flavor and texture.

Molasses candy less often than others, is well made in the home kitchen, although when properly treated there it is more delicious than the professional's kind.

Cream candies made of fondant lend themselves to great variety. For a one toned tangle in pink, yellow or green and white they are easily adapted. Pink may be obtained from cranberry juice or from the pink coloring sold by all grocers, yellow by the yolk of eggs or by saffron and green from spinach juice or from the vegetable coloring sold by grocers. Coffee and chocolate give the browns.

The usual proportions of a cupful of cream to two cupfuls of sugar is decreed by the best fudge makers, who hold that the less liquid there is, and consequently the less cooking, the more delicate the texture of the candy. A rule for chocolate fudge that has stood a long test calls for half a cupful of cream or milk, one cupful of granulated sugar, half a cupful of coffee "C" sugar or of shaved maple sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla and butter the size of a walnut. Use a little more butter, if milk and not cream is employed. Bring the sugar and milk or cream to a boil. Add the chocolate—there is no need to grate it—and cook until the syrup spins a hair or until, when cooled it forms a soft ball in the fingers. Stir in the butter and, when it has blended, the vanilla, and beat until it begins to grain. Turn the mixture into a pan, and when it has "set" sufficiently mark it in squares.

If cream fudge with nuts is wanted use the same proportions, omitting the chocolate and vanilla.

For maple fudge substitute grated maple sugar for the granulated and coffee "C" sugar and leave out the vanilla. Nuts in the proportion of a cupful of meats to the above rule may be used with either the chocolate, cream or maple fudge. Butternut meats are ideal for the purpose, but can be had in comparatively few communities. A mixture of pecans and English walnuts is excellent. For variety candied cherries and cocoanut are some times mixed with them.

Correspondence

DANSVILLE.

Next Sunday is the regular monthly communion Sunday at St. Patrick's for the Cadets.

The C.M.B.A. will receive holy communion in a body next Sunday at St. Patrick's church.

Rev. M. Krishel and F. Huber visited relatives and friends in Buffalo last week.

Rev. Father Dnnnssted Rev. Father Day at the Forty Hours in Mt. Morris on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Two former bright and promising pupils of St. Patrick's school, but now students at the high school, have been chosen for the annual prize speaking contest to be held the coming spring. They are Mr. William E. Driscoll and Miss Mary Heiman.

The Rosary, Altar and Scapular society has ten new members. This society deserves great credit for the excellent work it has done during the past year both in decorating the altars and furnishing the convent.

On Wednesday evening, March 2nd, the Knights of Columbus conferred the first degree on a class of new members.

Mr. John Dowds, an old resident, is seriously ill.

Mrs. Calligan of Towanda, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Phillip E. Blunn.

The L. C. B. A. promises a rare treat after Easter.

A good many weddings after Lent.

LIVONIA.

A large party of Mr. John Morrissey's friends assembled at the residence of his sister Mrs. Katherine Benn on Thursday evening of last week, it being the birthday of this popular young man. Mr. Morrissey was the recipient of many good wishes and presented with a beautiful ring. We do not know which of these two thoughts were expressed by the gifts, the donors and friendship or that Easter would soon be here.

SHORTSVILLE.

A very sad accident occurred at Clifton Springs last Friday evening about 7 o'clock which caused the death of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bloomfield, who reside about a mile north of Manchester. Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield were in a cutter and were returning to their home and in crossing the track were struck by the train, killing both instantly. The remains of both were brought to the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cummings at Manchester. Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield were well known and loved by all who knew them. They leave to mourn their loss four small children. Mrs. Bloomfield was survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Cummings and five sisters, Misses Jennie, Julia and Lizzie Cummings of Manchester, and Mrs. L. Rice of this place, and Mrs. M. Welch of Honeoye, and three brothers, John and Edward of Manchester and one at Rochester. Mr. Bloomfield is survived by six brothers. The funeral of Mrs. Bloomfield was held from St. Dominic's church Monday morning at 10 o'clock, and the funeral of Mr. Bloomfield was held from the house. Interment was in Brookside cemetery. The community tender their heartfelt sympathy to the stricken children and family in their sad bereavement.

Miss Mary Dunn of Seneca Falls, is visiting her mother.

Miss Minnie McIntyre of Geneva, visited friends here the first of the week.

For popcorn crackle pop a big dish-pan nearly full of perfect kernels; then make a syrup of one cupful of New Orleans molasses, half a cupful of granulated sugar, a piece of butter the size of a hazelnut and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil slowly until the mixture spins a hair, or until it is brittle when dropped on ice or snow. Pour it little by little while hot over the corn, mixing it lightly with the kernels until every one has a light coating and there is enough to adhere lightly to the mass. There should be two persons to do this—One to poison the kettle, the other, armed with two long handled spoons, to keep the corn turned over from the bottom. The more careful the handling, the more delicate the crackle will be. It should not be pressed into a cake or into balls. When it is coated turn it into an oiled punch bowl or other big dish and put it where it will get cold and brittle. This is at its best the day it is made.

Leap Year Club.

The "Leap Year Proposal Club" is being formed by the young women of Dunkirk. The object of the club will be to send written proposals of marriage to the young men favored by the club members. The club will be on the order of a secret fraternity, and expulsion will follow the disclosure by a member of any of its secrets. Meetings will be held twice a month and regular dues will be assessed. The rules will also provide that all replies to proposals shall be read at the meetings, whether they are favorable or unfavorable. A young man who accepts one of these proposals will be doubly rewarded, receiving not only a bride but a check drawn on the club treasury with which to assist him in starting housekeeping. The age limit for members is from 18 to 50 years.—Chicago Tribune.

A Nerve Soother.

To soothe your worn nerves try an aromatic bath. Take 30 grams of pure alcohol and 2 grams each of essence of thyme and rosmarin and pour into the warm bath water. After the bath dry the skin thoroughly, but not so vigorously it will destroy the sedative effect of the bath, and retire to bed as soon as possible. Your sleep will be sweet and comfortable.

Send us your job printing.

COOK OPERA HOUSE

Week Mar. 7

Ernest Hogan assisted by Mattie Wilkes, the greatest of all when it comes to singing coon songs.

Don't fail to see the great Union Gatling Gun Guards

Sensational! Great Guns! Sloan and Wallace

Max Waldon

Eleanor Falk

Hill and Whittaker

The Mankwoods

The Kinetograph

Matinee Daily

Sunday, March 6, Grand Sacred Concert, Columbus Military Band, Vaudeville, Moving Pictures.

PRICES

Matinee—10, 15, 20, 25c

Evenings—10, 25, 50c

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 will 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 in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

A fine bill of vaudeville, headed by Ernest Hogan, the famous negro song writer and singer, is announced for next week at the Cook Opera House. He will be assisted by Mattie Wilkes. Another attractive novelty will be the Gatling Gun Guards. Sloan and Wallace will give an entertaining sketch called "The Plumber." Max Waldon is a clever transformation artist. Eleanor Falk is a dainty dancer. Hill and Whittaker present banjo playing and coon songs. The Mankwoods have a very novel offering and the Kinetograph will show new moving picture, including new views of the Rochester fire. James Clancy will give a concert, by the Columbus Military Band, to-morrow night.

National Theatre.

"Foxy Grandpa" the bright, sparkling musical comedy comes to the National Theatre for limited engagement beginning Monday of next week. No one who knows the ability of Joseph Hart will fail to instantly recognize in him the ideal "Foxy Grandpa" while Carrie De Mar his leading lady support, has really the best opportunity of her professional career.

Charming little Lottie Williams, one of the cleverest comedienne on the stage, will be seen at the National Theatre the last part of next week with matinee Thursday and Saturday, in "Only A Shop Girl."

BAKER THEATRE.

Misses Sullivan Harris and Woods have been prevailed upon to again send out a tour of the country, the pugilistic marvel, Terry McGovern, in his success "The Bowery After Dark." The engagement at Baker Theatre is for next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday with matinee daily.

Lincoln J. Carter's famous scenic and spectacular railroad play entitled "The Fast Mail" will be seen at the Baker Theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday March 10, 11, 12 with bargain matinee daily.



POPE PIUS X.

A fine picture of Pope Pius X 16x20, given free to all subscribers paying one dollar in advance for the Journal.

Special homeeekers' excursions via the Nickel Plate Road, extremely low rates to and from the West and Southwest. First and third Tuesday of each month to April, 1904. Good return limit. Full particulars of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt. Buffalo, N. Y.

A beautiful dinner set for \$4.85. Read our proposition in this issue. Call at the office and see the set.