

The Mammoth Liquor House of MCGREAL BROTHERS

Extends a cordial Easter Greeting and asks for a continuance of the public's patronage on the same principals that has caused its wonderful growth. On opening this establishment 22 years ago we promised to at all times give the best of quality, coupled with the largest variety. As it is necessary to look forward as well as backward, we invite your attention to the fact that our Wines and Liquors are older and therefore better than ever before. Our superb brands of

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Represent the choice vintages of California and the best importations of Europe. Our Whiskies and Brandies are of the following high class varieties:

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Gibson, Hunter, Wilson, Monogram, Hermitage, Old Crow, Overholt, Clover Leaf, Spring Brook, Livet, Brookdale and Velvet Rye Brands.	Martells, Henessey's, Otard, Dupuy, Jamison, Kinshan, Sir John Powers, Old Clan Livet, Ushers & Dewars, and also superior Old California Brandies.

Our lines of Foreign and Domestic Ales and Beers are the purest and best produced from malt, hops and distilled spring water. All maintain the same high standard of excellency. Come and see them, if but for investigation. We'll be pleased to show our stock. It is one we have selected because of merit.

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MCGREAL BROTHERS

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Railroad Notes.

The Nickel Plate Road again selling low rate colonist tickets to the Pacific Coast. Tickets on sale every day March 1st to April 30th, at rate of \$42.50. These tickets are good in our trans-continental tourist sleepers, and via any route desired beyond Chicago. For full particulars see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Nickel Plate Road's new tourist sleeping cars. If you expect to take advantage of the low colonist rates to the Pacific Coast, write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. For particulars regarding their splendid tourist sleeping cars. They afford a comfortable journey at a very low cost.

Special homeseekers' excursions via the Nickel Plate Road. Extremely low rates to all points in 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, Genl. Agt. Buffalo, N. Y.

Low rates West via the Nickel Plate Road. Special one way Colonist tickets to points throughout the West and Southwest, on sale first and third Tuesday each month to April, 1904. If going West this winter see local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt. 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Read our proposition for a dinner set in this issue. If you don't need them for yourself they will make a handsome present for any friend.

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.

Special low rates via the Nickel Plate Road to points in the West and Southwest. Round trip Homeseekers' and one-way colonist tickets on sale March 15th and April 5th and 19th. Also Settlers' one way tickets to points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Wyoming each Tuesday during March and April Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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SENECA FALLS.

At the news of the death of our loved companion and friend, Dennis J. Luckern, sorrow occupied first place in the hearts of all the young people. His sudden passing away came as a shock to us all. Our hearts beat in sincerest sympathy with those of his afflicted family by whom his absence will be most keenly felt. Funeral service was held in St. Patrick's church at 9 o'clock, Thursday morning. Mass was celebrated by Rev. M. U. Dwyer after which the blessing of the corpse was solemnized. The floral offerings were beautiful. The esteem in which the deceased was held was shown by the large number who attended the funeral. The body was laid to rest in Holy Cross cemetery at 10 o'clock. Those who attended the funeral from out of town were Mrs. M. Luckern and Mrs. Andrew J. Mahl of Syracuse, Mr. and Mrs. P. McGregan and John McGregan of Auburn, Mr. Patrick and James Carroll of Ovid.

A precious one from us has gone. A voice we loved is stilled. A place is vacant in his home Which never can be filled. God in His wisdom has recalled. The one His love had given. And though the body slumbers here, The soul is safe in heaven.

PENN YAN.

Miss Kathryn Moylan of Geneva, spent Sunday with friends here. Palm Sunday they were two masses, early mass at 7:30 and high mass at 10:30. Palm was given out at the high mass. Holy week, mass was celebrated every morning. Confessions were heard on Wednesday afternoon, sermon and benediction in the evening. Good Friday evening Stations of the Cross. Our school closed during Holy Week.

ITHACA.

The Knights of Columbus will hold an Easter ball Monday evening. The W. C. B. A. held a meeting in Liebermen's hall Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Thursday and Friday morning the masses were at 7 and 9 o'clock. Saturday morning at 8 o'clock the Easter holy water was blessed.

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Tommy's Easter Offering

By EPES WINTHROP SARGENT

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"I DON'T see where you get hunka," remarked Tommy Bynum disdainfully. "They give you a ninety-eight cent box of tools on the Christmas tree, and then asks you to dig a three dollar lily for Easter. They get \$2.02 ahead of that game—not counting the collection."

Now, collections were a very tender subject with Tommy. Mrs. Bynum, after a talk with the superintendent of the Sunday school, had asked Miss Randall, his teacher, to report when Tommy did not put his full 10 cents in the contribution basket. This had moved Tommy to suggest that Mr. Fisher, the superintendent, be supplied with a cash register. He felt that a couple of pennies a Sunday should be plenty enough to represent his contribution to the salvation of the tribes of central Africa, and besides, one could purchase many things of value with 8 cents a week that were of greater im-



A SOFT, WARM PALM PRESSED AGAINST HIS LIPS

mediate good than 8 cents' worth of doctrine imposed upon some unclad Zulu.

Therefore, he did not love his superintendent with the love that is inculcated in the Sunday school lessons, and he was moved to open revolt.

That morning Mr. Fisher had told the pupils that the following Sunday would not only be Easter, but would mark the close of the tenth year in the new church. He asked that each bring flowers for the decorations—lilies if possible.

There had been some protest from the children, but none was as openly voiced as Tommy's commercial plaint. They gathered about him, and he, proud of his audience, would have incited to rebellion had not a sudden hush fell upon his listeners as a soft, warm palm pressed against his lips, suppressing his incendiary argument. The children had been so interested in Tommy that they had failed to note the approach of his teacher until she was among the group. Now they walked away, apparently full of virtuous sentiments, each child giving vocal expression to intentions that, if carried out, would have made the church a veritable greenhouse the following Sunday.

Edith Randall looked down into the upturned face. "What is this, Tommy?" she asked. "Aren't you going to bring any flowers for the Easter decorations?"

Tommy was abashed, but not conquered. "Let him get 'em," he muttered. "He's got more money than we have."

Miss Randall readily guessed that the hint referred to the superintendent. Tommy's trouble with Mr. Fisher long antedated the small matter of contributions and went back to the evil day when Tommy put powdered cubes on top of the stove one cold morning. Since that time Mr. Fisher had referred to Tommy as a hopeless instance of a reversion to original sin, and Tommy had conceived an unreasonable hatred of the man whose chiefest faults were a want of tact and an assumption of sanctity beyond the ordinary.

She understood and even sympathized with the lad's feelings, for Fisher was aggressive in his professions, but it would never do to encourage these sentiments among the pupils. "Won't you do it for my sake?" she asked gently, and in the change that came over the boy's face she saw that she had won.

She stooped and kissed the freckled face to his inward delight, but out ward perturbation. The next moment he was hurrying down the village street, his easy brain heavily filled with schemes for obtaining flowers that would do Miss Fisher credit.

Mr. Fisher had clearly made it a matter of class emulation, and Tommy was decided that Miss Randall's class should have the honor of having turned in the greatest and best display of flowers.

helped but little. At last he evolved an idea that was wholly characteristic. On the outskirts of the town had lived Oliver Thomas, and Oliver Thomas had made horticulture his hobby. A few months before Oliver Thomas had passed over to the land of perpetual blooms, and his mansion and the costly greenhouses had come into the possession of his nephew, Roy.

Roy Thomas had come from Chicago, and his appearance had set the village gossips by the ears. He had politely acknowledged the calls that had been made upon him upon his arrival, and then he had settled down to lead the life of a recluse. Where Greenville had determined to be friendly it found him merely polite.

Many were the suggestions made as to his retirement. Some declared him to be a famous author devoted to his writings. Mrs. Ellison had a sister whose brother-in-law had worked with Roy in a Chicago bank, and her story ran that Roy, through foolish pride, had broken an engagement with a Chicago heiress and had become a recluse. When her father's money, which had formed their bone of contention, had been lost, she had gone out into the world to make her own living without having let him know. He had been unable to get trace of her.

At any rate, Roy now owned the Thomas greenhouses, and it was this fact that interested Mr. Bynum the Saturday preceding Easter. It was to Roy Thomas, therefore, that he made his pilgrimage.

That he was not unversed in matters of etiquette was proved by the dog eared card that he handed the austere servant at the door. On one side it bore the advertisement of a horse liniment. On the other Tommy had laboriously printed with a very soft and very black lead pencil:

THOMAS BYNUM, ESQ.

It was the card that gained him an interview, for the humor of it caught Roy's fancy.

"To what do I owe the honor of your visit, Mr. Bynum?" he inquired as he entered the room.

"It ain't no honor," replied Tommy frankly. "It's a touch. I want to borrow a whole lot of lilies, and you've got 'em, and I thought maybe you'd lend 'em to me for awhile."

"May I ask if you intend embarking in the florist business?" asked Roy, amused.

"Talk sense, won't cher?" urged Tommy. "You see, it's this way: Miss Randall wants some lilies for Mr. Fisher, and I want yours for her."

"May I ask why Miss Randall seeks to provide Mr. Fisher with lilies?"

"Oh, she really don't want 'em for Fisher," he protested. "He wants to decorate the church, and the class that gets the most flowers gets the banner next month. I ain't got no flowers, and I saw yours yesterday. You've got lots more than you want."

"Do you come as Miss Randall's envoy?"

Tommy shook his head energetically. "Miss Edith don't know nuthin' about it," he declared. "It's just my own idea."

Mr. Thomas had grown very white. "So her name is Edith—Randall," he said, lingering over the name.

"Yes," Tommy assented. His mind was bent upon the flowers, and he did not notice the man's agitation. "Edith Randall. She teaches school here. She comes from Chicago, where you come from, and ma says Miss Simson told her that it was because Miss Edith couldn't get the beau she wanted that she came way out here."

"It was because the man she liked was almost criminally proud," said Roy, more to himself than the boy.

"Tain't so," asserted Tommy, who had caught only the "criminal." "Miss Edith ain't fool enough to cry over the picture of a bad man, and I caught her at it one recess." Miss Randall was both Tommy's spiritual and secular teacher.

An hour later Tommy drove up to the church on a wagon load of the choicest flowers the Thomas greenhouses could provide. He periled his safety jumping from the seat before the horses stopped and dashed into the church filled with willing workers.

"Miss Randall's class ain't no small nuts," he proudly announced to the decorators as the plants were brought in. But he did not wait long to enjoy the praise that was showered upon him. He sought Miss Edith in the choir loft, where she was decorating the organ.

"Miss Edith," he urged excitedly, "sneak into the Sunday school room. I've got a surprise for you in there."

He had a surprise for the entire congregation, for that matter, for Roy Thomas was waiting there to ask forgiveness. That he sued successfully was easily apparent when Tommy burst into the room a half hour later.

There was a wedding shortly after Easter. Not only was Tommy (in a Fauntleroy suit) the page to the bride, but he had the further joy of knowing that Mr. Fisher was very much disappointed, for he had cast appreciative glances upon Miss Randall himself.

And after the ceremony was over and the new Mrs. Thomas was about to depart with her husband on the wedding trip she slipped a package into Tommy's hand. It was a gold watch, and on the inside of the back case was the inscription:

To Thomas Bynum, In appreciation of his "Easter offering."

An Easter Resort.

Atlantic City is a very popular Easter resort, and statesmen, actors, noted lawyers and doctors, millionaires, society men and beautiful women among the promenade Easter day.

A Novel Indian Easter Play

THE famous Passion play of Oberammergau has its parallel in the new world. Every Easter at Skwa, Vancouver, the scenes of the holy passion are enacted, and in mimic pageant every detail of the world's history is reproduced in a very striking manner.

The actors are the Indians of the Sechelt tribe, whose reservation is on the banks of the Fraser river. The Passion play is the event of the year to the tribe and to all the white inhabitants within a radius of 100 miles. They come by thousands, and there is a veritable fervor of religious enthusiasm in the tribe while the Easter play is being produced.

In spite of the immense crowds there are no scenes of disorder. The greatest reverence attends every phase of the celebration. The impersonators of the various roles are selected from among the most devout of the red men, who naturally regard being chosen as a great honor. There is no attempt to make any money. No admission is charged, and the visitors are not besought for contributions.

Unlike most other Passion plays which are given more or less regularly in different parts of the world, the one which takes place at Skwa is not an ancient custom handed down from generation to generation, nor did it have its origin in the desire of numbers to make money by theatrical representation. The motive which prompted this Passion play was a holy one. It was the desire of a devout priest to extend his influence among the Indians by letting them see in graphic pictures just what their Redeemer had suffered in order that they might be saved.

Father Chirouse is his name. He is a missionary to the Sechelts and has



"I HAVE EYES, AND I NO SEE THAT."

worked hard and ardently to win them from heathenism. It was his misfortune to find his efforts thwarted by the stolid and native incredulity of the aborigines. In vain did he explain the story of the great sacrifice and dilate on the love that had made the Saviour of men die. The cautious Indian would shake his head, unconvinced, and say: "Good, good! A good man, but I have eyes, and I no see that." The demand was for the proof that the idols of heathenism carry in a material form for their votaries.

Father Chirouse was in despair until he hit on this happy idea of having enacted all the scenes of the passion so that the reserve of the savage could be broken down and he could be made to see and feel the import of the sublime event. To this end he enlisted the aid of some of the more intelligent of the tribesmen who had already embraced Christianity.

The task was an arduous one, and the material at hand was as unpromising as could well be imagined. Still the good father persevered. Numerous rehearsals were held, and gradually the actors began to round into shape for presentation.

News of the contemplated performance went far and wide among the Indians and created a furor of expectation, for there is nothing that appeals to the aboriginal nature as much as a pageant. When the performance was finally given, at Easter of 1899, it was witnessed by thousands and was a wonderfully pathetic and effective presentation.

The actors seemed to be inspired by the presence of the audience and played their parts with a sincerity and power of which but small promise had been given in the rehearsal. The effect was simply incalculable. Hundreds of converts were made. The suspicious Indian no longer doubted, for had he not seen with his own eyes exactly the sort of incidents that had characterized the crucifixion? He was now able to picture in his mind the sublimity of the event and now listened to the father with reverent respect.

So great was the success that at the instance of the Right Rev. Bishop Donatowill it was resolved to make the play a yearly occurrence. Since that time it has never been omitted, and each year the representations have become more elaborate.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.