Correspondence

AUBURN.

An entertainment and supper was given on last Thursday night at the home of Mrs. Michael Hennessey of 84 Orchard St., for the purpose of raising funds for a new baptismal font for St. Mary's church.

The members of the St. Mary's church choir was given an outing this week at Cascade by the Rev. William Mulheron. Owing to the failure of the steamboat to make schedule time on the return trip from Cascade the last car was missed and most of the party were obliged to walk from the lake to the city, but those who did say that it beats riding.

On last Wednesday occured the death of John Curley of typhoid pneumonia, aged 17 years. His father and one sister survive him.

The corner stone of the St. Edward's mission was laid on last Sunday afternoon. The building is located in Thornton Ave., and is in course of construction by contractor George B. Styke. At 3 o'clock a procession was started from St. Mary's church and marched to the new mission. S. J. Murphy, Dr. L. F. O'Neil and Jeremiah Fitzgerald acted as marshals The following societies participated in the parade: Logan Drum corps. Auburn Council Knights of Columbus, Knights of St. John, the several branches of the C. M. B. A. and C.R.B.A. and the Holy Name society of St. Mary's church. The principle address was delivered by the Vicar General Hickey. Vocal music was rendered by the St. Mary's choir after which the corner stone was laid. This mission is for the use of the people residing in the growing south western part of the town. It will be under the direction of Father Mulheron, pastor of St. Mary's church.

GENEVA.

The Holy Name Society will receive their usual quarterly communion in a body on Sunday next

Miss Catherine Devaney of West avenue, has returned from a visit with friends in Amsterdam.

Miss Loretta Higgins, who has been the guest of friends in Boston, has returned to her home in Exchange St.

Daniel Hawkins and brother, Abraham, last week attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Margaret O'Donnell of West Seneca.

A solemn high mass was celebrated on Wednesday of last week at St. Francis de Sales church for the repose of the soul of Rt. Rev. Hippolyte De Regge, chancellor of the diocese of Rochester, who died at his home in Belgium. Monsignor DeRegge was well known in this city having visited here on several different occasions. Members of both St. Francis de Sales and St. Stephen's parishes attended mass at the former church.

William Claffey of East North St., is recovering from an illness which resulted from the breaking of his arm in two places at the Geneva Preserving Company.

LIMA.

On next Sunday mass will be at nine o'clock.

Confessions will be heard Saturday afternoon from three o'clock on.

A high mass was sung on Monday morning, July 18th, for the repose of the soul of Mgr. De Regge.

The remains of John Rawlins, who died at his home three miles south of West Bloomfield, were interred in St. Rose cemetery, Monday, July 25th. Deceased is survived by his parents, four sisters and one brother.

Saturday morning in St. Rose's church occurred the funeral of Lauretta Howes aged 18 years, who died in Ionia.

The managers of the Victor Insulator Works have purchased a site near the Lehigh Valley depot in this village and propose building a plant on the ground taken. Work on the new enterprise will soon commence.

CALEDONIA.

Mr. John Campbell a well known resident of this town, died at his late home last Saturday morning after a long illness, aged 80 years. Deceased is survived by his wife, two sons, John Campbell of this place, and L. J. Campbell of Buffalo, also two daughters, Mrs. Patrick O'Neill and Mrs. John Callen. The funeral was held Monday morning at St. Columba church and was largely attended. Interment at St. Columba's cemetery.

Mr. Leo Kelly of Rochester, spent Sunday at his home here.

Our Agent.

Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers in GENEVA next week.

Kindly have amount ready when he calls as we cannot afford to carry subscribers longer than a year.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
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. 1886.

{Seal} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, Price 75c per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Special low rates to St. Louis via the Nickel Plate Road permitting stop off at Chicago without additional cost. For particulars see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Pink Ticket Route.

The Pink Ticket which is sold by all conductors on the Lake and Bay cars, gives you a beautiful ride direct from your house to Glen Haven, where you take the steamer "J. D Scott" for Summerville or Ontario Beach, returning home by either the Summerville or Lake avenue electric cars with a transfer to your home. Boat leaves Glen Haven 11 a. m., 2 3:35, 5:15, 7.15 p. m., connecting with steamer at Sea Breeze leaving 11 35 a. m ,2:35. 4:40, 6, and 8 p. m. Returning—leaves Ontario Beach 11 a. m., 2, 3:35, 5;15 and 7.15 p. m. Sundays, every hour.

THE MANITOU BEACH LINE.

is the "Fishing Line." Big strings of black bass, pickerel and perch are being caught daily. Round trip fair via N. Y. C. 30 cents, half fare 20 cents The road has doubled its carrying capacity and all the cars run "on time" and we can take good care of the crowds No delays.

Watkin's Glen $1.25.

This is a delightful trip. The New York Central offers an excursion on Sunday July 31. Special train from Central avenue station at 9 a m Almost five hours allowed at the Glen for sightseeing.

Lake and Rail Route to World's Fair, St. Louis.

A ride across Lake Erie on the wonderful steamers of the famous D. & B. Line is welcomed by the weary traveler like an oasis in the Desert of Sahara — These steamers are the finest on fresh water; parlors with bath, luxurious staterooms; elegant saloons, and up-to-date dining-room service. Relieve a hot and dusty rail ride to the World's Fair by using the D. & B. Line between Detroit and Buffalo. Your railway ticket, if issued by Grand Trunk or Michigan Central Railways, will be honored either direction.

Send 2 cents for World's Fair folder.

A. A. SCHANTZ,
Gen. Supt. & P. T. M.,
Detroit, Mich.

To meet the popular demand, the New York Central passenger department has arranged to run a special train from Rochester to Sodus Point every Saturday afternoon. The train will leave State street station at 1 15 and arrive at the Point at 2 30 Returning train will leave at 6 35 and arrive in Rochester at 7 57 p m. The rate for round trip tickets good returning same day 50 cents while tickets good returning next day or on Monday following, will be sold for 75 cents. The Central management, in providing this service, have done so with a view of accommodating the working people, clerks, bookkeepers and others who are fortunate enough to enjoy a Saturday half-holiday Sodus Bay is a beautiful spot and the afternoon can be spent in a very pleasant manner.

If you contemplate a trip to any part of the West, full information as to rates, service, etc., will be cheerfully furnished on application to R. E. Payne General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

$14 Buffalo to St. Louis and return via the Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale each Tuesday and Thursday. Good seven days. See local agent, or write R. E. Payne, general gent. 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Electric Express.

All passenger trains carry express matter. You can send packages by R. & E. express every hour from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m. and they will be delivered at once.

Prompt collections, fast transportation and immediate delivery are the points that please.

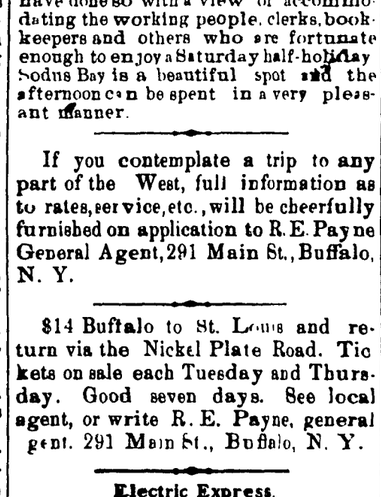
Phone nearest ticket or freight office.

Beautiful, Delightful, Beautiful

these adjectives are used by every one who goes to Manitou Beach to describe the place. Come and bring the children, it will do them good.

One Dollar Round Trip

By the West Shore R. R. Sunday, July 31st to either Buffalo or Niagara Falls and return, good going on morning trains, returning on afternoon and evening trains.



POPE PIUS X.

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

MINERS ENJOY SEA BATHING.

Like to Get Down to the Salt Water for Recreation.

Sir William Butler, an English soldier of distinction said recently in giving testimony before a British commission in regard to militia service: "Warwickshire men, miners find that class of people, like to get to the sea for ten days if they can possibly afford it—they will spend their own money to do it They all bathe. I have a very long seacoast, and we have a number of miners who really enjoy being out with their regiment of garrison artillery near the sea. They go to the sea because they fire over the sea, and the bathing parade is as valuable, if not more so, than the drill, it freshens the men up and cleanses them. An officer told me last summer that when they were bathing there was one fellow with a very black skin, and he heard a man say to him, 'Jack, you are pretty dirty.' 'Yes,' he said 'I was not out at last year's training.'"

BRIGHT AND BRIEF.

Some girls can do anything—except acquire husbands.

A newly married man looks like a new pair of shoes feels.

A man has to use a magnifying glass to see his own faults

Even the baby in the cradle finds this is a pretty rocky sort of a world.

Every new invention is expected to revolutionize things—but it doesn't

Many a man goes broke because of the winning ways of women and gamblers.

When a woman acquires a stunning gown the bill is apt to shock her husband.

About the time a man thinks he knows a woman he discovers that he doesn't

All the world's a circus ring, and each of us at times enacts the role of clown.

When a woman hasn't anything else to do she rips up something useful and makes something ornamental.

Wasting of Fuel in England.

Prevention of waste is a matter of perennial interest, especially the waste of fuel, which is power. In past times millions of tons of small coal, drawn from British mines, have been thrown away. That shameful system is coming to an end. A recent witness told the Royal Commissioners who are investigating the question of our coal supplies, that in the north of England "there is not a particle of coal, whether sound, small or whatever it may be, which is not utilized in some form or other"

The Freakish Tornado.

Near McPherson, Kan. recently, it is said a tornado picked up a barn containing five horses, carried it five miles, dropped it and passed on without interfering with the hay-eating of the horses. The same tornado carried a house half a mile and stood it upside down in a muddy creek without breaking a window or injuring any of the seven inmates And then the wind died away.

A Rousing Good Time.

Graham Murray tells of a Scotch minister who, taking his walk early in the morning, found one of his parishioners recumbent in a ditch "Where have you been the night, Andrew?" asked the minister "Weel, I dinna richtly ken," answered the prostrate one, "whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whichever it was it was a most extraordinary success"

THE PEOPLE of the State of New York by the Grace of God free and independent, to Michael Barry, John Barry, Peter Barry and Patrick Barry, if they be living, or to their respective widows, heirs at law, next of kin, legatees, devisees, executors or administrators and all other persons interested in their respective estates, if they be dead, whose residences are unknown to petitioner and to Thomas B Mooney and David Harris, both of Rochester, N. Y and Sister Marie Smith, as administrator of the goods, chattels and credits of Mary Barry, late of the City of Rochester N. Y., deceased And to all others next of kin, heirs at law, or persons interested in the estate of Johanna Barry, deceased whose names, ages, residences and relationship to said deceased, are unknown and therefore cannot be given the legatees, next of kin heirs at law, creditors and persons interested in the estate of Johanna Barry late of the City of Rochester in the County of Monroe deceased greeting

You are Hereby Cited and Required to appear before the Surrogate of our County of Monroe, in the Surrogate's Court, on the 6th day of September 1904, at ten o clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Surrogate's office in the City of Rochester, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the accounts of John M. Murphy, as surviving administrator of the estate of said deceased. And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty-one years, they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian, if they have one, and if they have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in the event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings for the settlement of said estate.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of the Surrogate's (L. S.) Court of the County of Monroe to be hereto affixed.

Witness Hon George A Benton, Surrogate of said County, at the City of Rochester, this 16th day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four

ANDREW LUDOLPH
Clerk Surrogate's Court

Edward A Keenan, Attorney for Petitioner, 225 and 226 Powers block, Rochester, N. Y.

To Michael Barry, John Barry, Peter Barry and Patrick Barry, if they be living, or to their respective widows, heirs at law next of kin, legatees, devisees, executors or administrators, and all other persons interested in their respective estates, if they be dead, whose residences are unknown to petitioner, and to all others, next of kin, heirs at law or persons interested in the estate of Johanna Barry, deceased, whose names, ages residences and relationship to said deceased are unknown and therefore cannot be given.

The foregoing citation is served upon you by publication pursuant to an order of Hon. George A. Benton, Surrogate of the county of Monroe, dated the 16th day of July, 1904, and on file in the office of the Surrogate of the County of Monroe at Rochester, N. Y.

Dated July 18th, 1904.

EDWARD A. KEENAN,
Attorney for Petitioner,
225 and 226 Powers Block,
Rochester, N. Y.

FAIR OR DARK.

"Well, Madge, did Sir Geoffrey Pelham propose last night? But never mind, of course he didn't, or you wouldn't look so cross and streaky this morning."

Lady Margaret, whose temper sometimes matched her hair, was lolling in her own particular armchair beside the boudoir fire. Raising lackluster eyes from the pages of the "Morning Post," she treated her sister Celia to a glassy stare.

"Cross and streaky!" she repeated slowly. "Well, I suppose it takes a fair woman to look beaming and bloated by 11 o'clock in the morning."

Celia, on tiptoe before the fireplace, smiled at her own pink and white reflection in the mirror.

"When a man does not propose," she announced, apparently addressing the coal box, "it is invariably the woman's fault. Why did you manage so badly?"

Silence.

"Either," proceeded Celia, "either you snubbed him atrociously or you encouraged him indecently Which was it?"

Still silence.

Celia, though delighted with her own eloquence, felt she had missed the bull's eye.

Twisting round on the fender stool she faced her sister.

"Margaret," in a tragic whisper, "Margaret, were you mad enough to laugh at him?"

The "Morning Post" rustled impatiently.

"You think you know everything, Celia, but you don't."

"But I mean to," replied the other significantly, "and good intentions count for something. It's no use quibbling," she went on, "you did or said something to gag Geoffrey Pelham. What was it?"

Lady Margaret gave a mirthless laugh.

"Oh, he proposed right enough," she said

The blue china eyes opened wider.

"Proposed, did he? Then why on earth—?"

Then Lady Margaret dropped the "Morning Post."

"Celia," she asked, "you admire dark men, don't you?"

The whilom inquisitor blushed

"Most awfully," she murmured, "but what of that?"

"Nothing, only I don't; and last night I—"

"Good heavens!" gasped Celia "I believe you told him so"

Silence

"Margaret" sternly "I give you up You tell that peacock of a Geoffrey that you don't admire him and then weep inside the 'Morning Post' because he didn't propose"

"Oh dear," moaned the culprit, "I only said how queer it felt to find myself accepting him when I'd boasted dark men all my life"

"And, pray, what did he say?" inquired Celia with the air of the kind keeper to the prize imbecile.

"He—he jumped up, turned blacker than ever, and said since he was personally repugnant to me he would retract his unfortunate proposal"

"H'm," said Celia in scornful pity, "I should think you and Sidney Rendle had better marry each other"

"Sidney Rendle? Why?"

"Why not? He's almost an albino; fair enough to please even you, I imagine, and he loves dark women"

"How do you know?"

"He told me so"

"Told you so! When? Last night?"

"Yes, he was quite charming to me till we went out to find a glowworm and then—then I thought he was going to, but—but—"

"But he didn't," supplied Lady Margaret. Drying her eyes she sat up.

"When a man doesn't propose," she quoted, "it is invariably the woman's fault Why did you manage so badly?"

"It was not my fault," cried Celia. "I neither snubbed nor encouraged him. I didn't laugh at him nor censure his appearance. It was he who said all of a sudden and without any warning that he had an aversion to fair women. Oh, it was awful!" and Celia, too, produced her handkerchief.

"And what did you say?"

"I? I said it was a pity he hadn't told me so before, and that I hated albinos myself, and glowworms, and balls, and—"

"If you please, my lady, Sir Geoffrey Pelham is in the drawing room and begs you will see him for one moment."

The maid addressed Lady Margaret, who after a hasty interview with the mirror glanced interrogatively at her sister.

"Yes, of course," cried Celia, "go at once, but don't forget to rave about his Spanish profile," she called out as Margaret flitted down the stairs.

"A note for you, my lady," said the maid, re-entering, and Celia, glancing at the salver, saw the well-known handwriting.

"Fair lady," she read, "you interrupted me last night in the middle of an important sentence. Misunderstanding is costly, so I write to put one fact beyond its reach. As I tried to tell you, I always felt an aversion to fair women till I met you. Since then I am indifferent to all women, fair or dark, excepting one. In spite of her repulsion to fair men, the expression of which drove me last night to supper and despair, I hereby entreat that one to marry me. At least we shall be well matched. Is that a dark saying? Please send me a fair answer.—Yours, Sidney Rendle."

"P. S.—I will dye if you wish. What can a lover say more?"

"Celia," cried Lady Margaret, darting into the room, "Geoffrey says we must be one soul, because our eyelashes are duplicates; he says contrast means conflict, that 'like-to-like' is a law of nature, and that I'm bound to admire him sooner or later, because—"

"May I come in?" said Sidney Rendle in the doorway. I got tired of waiting in the library, so I followed Lady Margaret upstairs."

"So did I," echoed Sir Geoffrey over Sidney's shoulder.

"Waiting," exclaimed Celia, with a lame severity, "waiting—for what?"

"For my answer," replied Sidney, as he took her hand.

Lady Margaret retired hastily to the window; the Spanish profile followed

"Geoffrey," she whispered, gazing at it, "I do not admire niggers, still there is an exception to every rule. But are you sure you would not look better with a contrast for a wife?"

"You double all my effects," he replied (not referring to her dower). "Matches, you know, not contracts, are made in heaven."—George Frost in London Tatler.

A Road Climbed a Tree.

Gen. Chambers McKibben was once sent out to examine and report upon a road in the far west He was ordered to ascertain its condition and where it led to He followed instructions carefully, and in his report detailed how it followed certain brooks and streams went over rolling prairies passed different groves and finally up a hill and climbed a tree.

"I think you had better leave that out," said his commanding officer "This report is to go through the usual military channels and will be filed A road would not go up a tree"

That is where this road went," insisted McKibben. "It kept getting fainter but it led up the hill and, right up to that tree There was no evidence of even a trail behind the tree, but it was blazed far up toward the top and that was the end of the trail No, sir; this report stands. I am prepared to substantiate every part of it."

And it is so recorded in the archives of the War Department.—Washington Post

Phil May's Confession.

The late Phil May, of "Punch," of whose drawings Whistler said, "Black and white is summed up in two words—Phil May," visited this country during the World's Fair at Chicago In New York he fell in with Frank Verbeck whose illustrations chiefly depict bears and other animals They first swore an eternal friendship and then proceeded to pass an agreeable night Rather late May leaned over the table and said

"Verby, your bears are so charming—by the way, how many bears have you probably drawn in your time?"

"About three thousand," returned Verbeck proudly.

"They are so charming that I suppose you must have gone out in the woods and made many studies from the life"

"Phil" replied the other, "I have always lived in town. I never saw a live bear in my life. But your delightful street children, now; you've studied them at first hand, I'm sure."

"Verby," answered May solemnly, "I never saw a street child I always travel in a sedan chair, and with the curtains drawn. All my family are dukes, except the ladies, who are more like what you might call duchesses"—Saturday Evening Post.

Cave Dwellers in Ireland.

Some remarkable disclosures have been made in regard to a man, his wife, and six children living in a hole dug in the mountainside, near Sligo. The man, Patrick Brahamy, was unable to pay any rent, and some years ago he dug a hole on the mountainside and here he lived with his wife and reared his children. A small aperture, through which one had to creep on one's knees, was the only means of access to this earth cave. It was also the only aperture for light and air, as there was no fireplace or chimney. "It is a horrible case," said the Local Government Board inspector, "to arise in a civilized country. I will ask the local district council to give Brahamy the first laborer's cottage built."—Westminster Gazette

Chickens Wearing Goggles.

Among the recent inventions which have been brought out in the name of humanity to our dumb animal or bird friends is a pair of goggles to be placed on chickens to prevent them from picking out the eyes of one another. A couple of pugnaciously inclined birds on a farm can do a lot of harm to the others, and as a protection against damage being sustained to the eyes it is proposed to equip the members of the flock with goggles.

The shape of these protectors is such that by springing them apart and placing them over the head of the bird they will stay there of their own accord. The frames are fitted with disks of glass or mica.

These spectacles are designed for very high-bred fowls, which are desired for exhibition purposes, in which cases the mutilation is a defect which bars them from shows.—Washington Post.

In the district of Grasse, in the Riviera, there are thirty-five perfume factories, which sell about $1,000,000 worth of flower essences a year. It takes 12,000 kilogrammes of roses, worth nearly $300, to make one quart of essence of roses.

It is reported that a number of Americans are negotiating for the purchase of Sulgrave, the ancestral home of the Washington family, near Helmdon, England, for the purpose of transferring it to America.

FROG HUNTER'S PERILS.

Marines Rescue Aged Man From Death In Swamp.

After he had sunk in League Island Lake swamp Larry Hayden, a well-known frog hunter, was rescued by a party of marines after he had called two hours for help.

The mud and ooze that was dragging him by inches to death was almost touching his chin when the marines were attracted by Hayden's despairing moans.

Hayden, who is 50 years of age, lives in a little frame house on the marshland, a quarter of a mile east of Broad street and makes his living by hunting and fishing.

Lately he has been reaping a harvest by his catch of frogs which he disposed of at a good profit to a clientele of epicures. For ten years he has made the rounds of the swamps and pools. He knew every foot of the territory and was certain he knew every treacherous spot.

He was out at 5 o'clock in the morning on his accustomed hunt, and in the misty light mistook a swampy spot, covered with dry grass, for solid ground.

Leaping over a little pool, he landed with both feet upon the treacherous spot. Before he could recover himself he had sank beyond his knees. He tried to leap back, but found himself fast as if in a vise. His legs were close together when he landed, thus adding to the difficulty of helping himself

Inch by inch he found himself sinking into the mire. Every move added to his peril.

He called for help at the top of his voice, but no one responded and he grew desperate.

He saw several Italian women picking dandelions and he raised his voice. The women heard, but could not see, and mistaking it as a warning, they hurried away.

Hayden, recounting his terrible experience, said he then threw himself on his face, sprawling out over the ooze and slime to make himself more buoyant But so soft was the jelly-like earth that his hands and arms began to sink He threw himself on his back, keeping up his cries at intervals

When the marines came he was almost unconscious Four of them, who were on liberty, were crossing the meadows instead of walking up Broad street, when they heard Hayden's cry.

From a squatter's camp they procured boards and shovels and were obliged to actually dig the man out. He had sunk into unconsciousness, but was soon revived

Queer Philippine Corners.

It is probable that the Philippine islands are more quaintly enriched with queer corners than any other of this country's foreign possessions Among the interesting spots that have up to now escaped the hunter after curious things might be mentioned the little island of Santa Maria.

Up to a short time ago here lived an old datto who had numerous pretty wives, so old and ugly was the datto and so pretty the wives that the latter indulged in affairs of the heart when the former was not around

Two of the wives in particular were often to be seen driving around the streets, followed at a respectable distance by their lovesick Romeos.

One night there was a row in the datto's harem and the two wives mysteriously disappeared. This came to the ears of the officer commanding the American troops and the datto was asked to explain where the wives were

"They dead," he grunted laconically

"What caused them to die at the same time?"

"Head chopee off," was the reply.

Another interesting little island is Bengao, which is one of the southern most of the Philippine group, being only a few miles from British North Borneo. Under the Spanish regime it was inhabited by a mixed breed of murderous Moros, treacherous Malays and others with a dash of the piratical blood of Borneo.

The American soldiers had considerable trouble with these people at the beginning of the war. The pirates stole everything that happened to be lying loose, particularly guns; stabbed men in the back merely as a matter of piratic principle, and when things grew a bit dull they turned to and "smoked up" their own island."

The only time of real peace in the place was when the pirates launched their war canoes and put to sea armed to the teeth. They usually returned a week later with considerable quatities of loot and proceeded forthwith to get gloriously drunk and raise more trouble.—New York Herald.

Radium to Illuminate Gun Sights.

The discovery of the latest use to which radium can be put—the illumination of gun sights and the like, at night time—seems to indicate that it will play an important part in warfare.

In gun sights, leveling instruments, and telescopes there is what is called a "fiducial" mark, which is used to obtain a faithful result.

These marks, of course, are useless in the dark, and though many ways of illuminating them have been tried, nothing has proved satisfactory.

Andrew A. Common of Eaton-rise, Ealing, was the first to attempt to solve the difficulty by the use of radium, and his experiments were so successful that he applied for a patent.

Unfortunately, he did not live to have it granted, but the complete specifications submitted by Mrs. Common, his widow and executrix, have just been accepted.—London Mail.