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Our Agent Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers next week in Clifton Springs.

SHORTSVILLE Miss Margaret Phipps spent last Sunday at Clifton Springs, the guest of relatives.

John Gavin of Bolivar, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gavin of Manchester.

Miss Nellie Kinella has returned home from Rochester having been called there by the illness of her sister.

Miss Agnes Toomey, who has been the guest of her aunt, Miss K. McCarthy, returned to her home at Victor Sunday.

AUBURN During the past week the new receptacle for holding the Holy Eucharist has been on exhibition during the Forty Hours at Holy Family church.

The banquet of the A. O. H. held last night at the Osborne House in commemoration of St. Patrick was a great event.

The Irish drama "Captain Terrance" was attended by a large crowd on Thursday night at Music Hall and from all indications the play will have to be repeated for the same cause.

Rev. William Mulhern returned the past week after a business trip to New York.

The new kneeling benches at St. Mary's church have arrived and are being put up.

LIMA Ash Wednesday mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock. The ashes were blessed and distributed before the mass.

The Lenten services are held in St. Rose's church on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Friday, being St. Patrick's day, high mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock.

Next Sunday is the regular monthly communion day for the Rosary, Altar and Scapular society.

John Helman, the sexton of St. Mary's church died last Sunday morning of pneumonia.

Nicholas Schelhorn, an employee at the paper mill was killed while tending to his duties at the engine last Thursday.

Stations of the Cross were held on Tuesday evening of last week instead of Friday.

The A. O. H. received holy communion in a body Sunday, March 19.

Mrs. Mary Hogan died Monday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Harrigan, Gorham street.

The March collection for the new church reaches about \$400. No definite plans have yet been formulated for raising money after Easter.

Father Clark celebrated mass at East Bloomfield Sunday.

Boys' Society next Sunday. Collection for the Propagation of the Faith in home and foreign missions.

The new three act farce "All A Mistake" was presented by the Player's Club of Rochester, Thursday night at at Bemis hall.

COOK OPERA HOUSE. Toby Claude is the headliner in the bill of vaudeville announced for next week at the Cook Opera House.

NATIONAL THEATRE. Young and old will welcome with gratification the announcement that Charlie Grapewin, in "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp," will be seen at the National Theatre the entire week of March 20th, with matinees, as usual on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

BAKER THEATRE. "An Aristocratic Tramp" is booked for the Baker Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, matinees daily. It is the best sensational comedy drama on the road this season.

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

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON. Notary Public.

COOK OPERA HOUSE WEEK MAR. 13

TOBY CLAUDE LEE HARRISON STALEY AND BIRBECK HILL AND SILVAINY MILES STAVORDALE QUINTETTE OSTER AND HIS DOG MIKE HARPER, DESMOND AND BAILEY KINETOGRAPH

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ELMIRA. We copy the following from the Nenagh News, Tipperary, Ireland: It is with feelings of the deepest sorrow we chronicle the death of Mr. Timothy Dwyer, Knockalton.

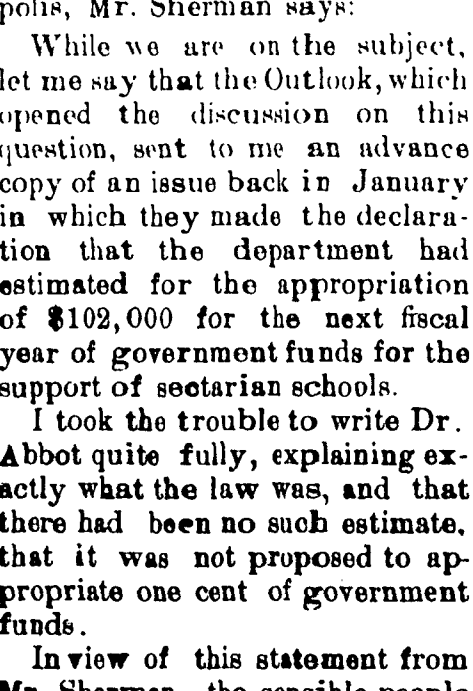
The late Timothy O'Dwyer mentioned in the above is a brother of Very Rev. Michael O'Dwyer the venerable pastor of St. Mary's church. On Friday morning at 8 o'clock solemn requiem high mass was offered by Rev. M. O'Dwyer assisted by Father John Nreell, nephew, Fathers Carroll and Sullivan.

WASHINGTON LETTER. (Special to The Journal) Deliberate Falsifying The agony is over, and the Bard Amendment is out in the cold.

While we are on the subject, let me say that the Outlook, which opened the discussion on this question, sent to me an advance copy of an issue back in January in which they made the declaration that the department had estimated for the appropriation of \$102,000 for the next fiscal year of government funds for the support of sectarian schools.

In view of this statement from Mr. Sherman, the sensible people of this country are expected to believe that the Protestant missionaries who worked among the Indians to obtain their signatures, either in their own handwriting or by a cross, on petitions of protest against the use of the tribal funds for the missions schools, told these Indians the exact truth.

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.



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

A CAPTAIN'S HONOR. The steam coaster Gracie Jackson was lost. She had strayed out of the Columbia river on a thick morning in November, bound for San Francisco.

The engineer stood by the helmsman and prayed that he might be spared again to hear the throb of his engines in the ship's bowels. Other times he exhorted his assistant to keep up steam enough for the whistle and pumps.

"I reckon we're off Cape Blanco somewhere," suggested a sailor who had stamped in. "It's running an ugly sea, too. Thicker'n pea soup, and the glass way down. What'll we do, sir?"

The group looked at the bos'n sprang to the aid of the man at the wheel. A huge boiling wave rose straight up out of the ocean and seared in black majesty while the Gracie Jackson wallowed helplessly and her emptied sail slatted uselessly.

As they waited for the next, while the engineer yelled down the engine room speaking tube, the door leading from the cabin opened. It showed the gray, sodden face of the mate. They did not greet him. He stepped slowly in, and they saw that he was wringing wet. He slid across the deck to the plume of the ship and pushed his face out of the window.

"Seven by the engines," was the reply "Five by the log. May be going astern for all that."

The bos'n nodded and slipped out on deck. He took his chance and ran forward and disappeared. When he emerged again from the tiny fo'c's'le it was with three men at his heels. They regained the pilot-house and received their orders. "We got to fetch in somewhere," finished the bos'n, sourly. "It's up to us to do it by dead reckoning. At least we can keep off a lee shore. Maybe by tomorrow they (he pointed a scornful thumb over his shoulder) will be wise enough to take a sight and navigate the ship. Keep your eyes open and don't let her get away from you."

So the Gracie Jackson came into the hands of her untutored crew, and while the skipper and his mate slumbered on the saloon deck the thread of smoke ceased to blow from her slender funnel and two sails were set to give her steerage way.

The department promptly detached him "until such time as more suitable ship could be found for his assignment." - Chicago News.

Japan's royalty. There are four royal families in Japan. Their names are Komatsu, Arisugawa, Fushimi and Kanin.

of a big salt-seller rolling about before him as the steamer wallowed. When the mate entered he looked up, and then his eyes reverted to the frolicking piece of ware on the writhing deck. A gap opened in the planks and the water sucked through, noisily. Another strain of the wreck and the gap yawned wider and the saltcellar was swallowed up. The old man watched with fascinated eyes.

"The mate shook him roughly by the shoulder. An oath answered him. He dragged the drunkard to his feet and held him swaying, there till both lurched dizzily to the deck. The mate got up again and strove to put life into his superior. Then in his passion he shrieked in the dull ears the truth of their state.

"Lemme go! Lemme go!" cried the captain. "Lemme go! We're wrecked!"

The mate looked seaward. A long, sharply crested comber was rising out a little, and as it sped in toward the reef, he knew the imminent doom. He turned to save the man who had saved him. "That boat's overloaded," he said, tensely. "Tell 'em to pull away!"

A flash of courage lit the old man's degradation. He threw out his hand and gathered his voice into a command that rose above the tumult of the sea. In response the boat swept shoreward from under the crumbling steamer and into the smooth waters in the shelter of the reef. The mate turned to his superior. It was his last report "Boat's away, sir. Shall we give 'em a cheer?"

Twelve Was This Man's Hoodoo. The big clock in the bankruptcy clerk's office in the Monadnock Building was striking twelve yesterday afternoon when a man with a disappointed look on his face sauntered into the room and leaned heavily on the desk of Assistant Clerk John E. Fay.

"My debts are twice as much as my assets," he said. "I want to be a bankrupt."

As Mr. Fay recorded the man's name he ventured, smiling: "All right on the stroke of twelve."

The clerk's words produced an effect almost magical on the would-be bankrupt.

During the American Civil War there was an assistant surgeon in the navy 6 feet 4 inches high, who was serving on board the Penobscot, which was only 5 feet 8 inches between decks. The doctor's bunk was scant six feet in length, so that he was uncomfortable even in lying down. In bad weather, on the blockade, when the spray was breaking over the ship the doctor was deprived even of the comfort of uncouling on deck.