



Koenig's Nerve Tonic

A Physician Prescribes It.

Deep River, Ia., January, 1903.
A woman nearly fifty years of age had been suffering from the effects of a stroke of life. She had at first strange spells of unconsciousness which then lapsed into Epilepsy; spells coming on at night and recurring once a month, sometimes twice in succession. The spasms were very severe, producing much muscular strains afterwards, but as soon as she took Koenig's Nerve Tonic she had no further recurrence of the spells. I also prescribe the Tonic for general nervous disturbances with good effect, particularly in hypochondria and nervousness, caused by lost vigor.

H. O. Conway, M. D.
Even in Dumanway, County Cork, Ireland the Sisters of Charity are using Koenig's Nerve Tonic since some years for the poor people to cure fits, with good results.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample bottle to any address. Free. Patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
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Sold by Druggists at \$1 per bottle, 4 for \$4. Large Size, \$1.75; 4 bottles for \$6.

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Our Agent
Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers next week in Charlotte, Barnard's Crossing, Brighton, Pittsford, Macedon, Lyons, Palmyra, Clyde, Weddport and Auburn.

AUBURN.
Tomorrow at the Holy Family church the Rev. Samuel MacPherson will celebrate a solemn high mass and also preach the sermon of the day. Father MacPherson up to two years ago was the pastor of St. John's Episcopal church of this city, from which position he resigned to study for the priesthood. He entered St. Joseph's Seminary at Yonkers and was ordained last June by the Rev. Archbishop Farley of New York. He has been assigned to St. Paul's church in East 117 Street New York, where he is gaining a name for himself. He will also sing the solemn high vespers on Sunday night. Many of his former parishioners will attend the services.

Tomorrow and Monday the lawn festival of the St. Mary's church will be held on the church lawn back of the church and facing on State street. The event will be one of the most important as it held in commemoration of the anniversary of the founding of the church.

Rev. John O'Connor of Moravia, was a caller in the city during the week. Father Doran, pastor in (troton), was a visitor in the city during the week and reports that his church is growing in attendance, which shows that the work of the young pastor is taking effect.

The new school of the St. Alphonse parish will be ready for the fall term. It is expected to have an eighth grade, as heretofore the children had to attend the central grammar school.

Sister M. Josephine of Rochester, is visiting her mother, Mrs. John Ibbotson of this city.

DANSVILLE.
Sunday is the regular monthly communion day for the Children of Mary. Last Monday at 9 a. m. Rev. Father Dunn celebrated a requiem high mass for Miss Fannie Jordan.

On Tuesday at 8 o'clock high mass was celebrated for Mrs. D. W. Burns.

The funeral of late Thomas O'Meara of Niagara Falls, was held on Saturday from the home of his brother-in-law, Dennis Foley, at 9 o'clock and from St. Patrick's church at 9:30 and was largely attended. His death is particularly sad as it follows less than 2 months the death of a son, George H. O'Meara. Mr. O'Meara was 68 years old and was well known in this county, having faithfully filled many public offices. At the time of his death he was a custom inspector stationed at Niagara Falls. Besides his wife, Mr. O'Meara leaves two daughters, Misses Mattie and Josephine O'Meara, and two sons, Martin and Thomas O'Meara, all of Niagara Falls. May his soul rest in peace.

Mrs. Daniel W. Burns died in Buffalo after a long illness Tuesday, Aug. 1st. After a funeral mass at St. Peter's church, Buffalo, on Thursday at 8 a. m., the remains were brought to Dansville and laid to rest in Greenmount Cemetery besides her two children. Mrs. Burns for a number of years has been a zealous energetic worker in the Rosary, Altar and Scapular Society, having filled all the various offices of the Society and being one of the best Presidents which the society has known and she always identified herself with everything in St. Patrick's church and the R. A. & S. Society deeply mourns her death R. I. P.

CANANDAIGUA.
Prayers were said last Sunday for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Johanna Cooney, of Rochester.

The Rosary Society will hold a special meeting Sunday to arrange for the G. A. R. dinner on the 23rd.

Complete returns from the K of C. social at J. H. Kelly's last Friday evening, have not been handed in, but near \$250 is expected. The attendance reached a thousand.

Father Dougherty went to Ovid Monday to celebrate the anniversary Mass of his father.

Tuesday morning the Months' Mind Mass of Mary Remery was chanted. The August subscription will be taken up next Sunday and the rector is desirous of signaling the month of our patronal feast with a banner subscription. An appeal is made to all who have not contributed to the building or completion of the church to do so without further delay.

Baptized last Sunday, Wade Walth, Vincent Sherry, and Clarence Pohl.

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SHORTSVILLE

Mr. Louis E. Danphin of Brooklyn, died at the home of his cousin Mr. Jas. McLoughlin this village, Thursday afternoon, aged 27 years. Mr. Danphin had been suffering from diabetes for about four years, though in a very weak condition and hardly able to stand the long journey, he thought his health would improve here, as it had on a visit here a year ago. Besides his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. J. McLoughlin, Loretta and Patrick McLoughlin of this place, John McLoughlin of Fairport, he is survived by his mother, Mrs. Margaret Danphin of Brooklyn, Messrs. Gustave and William Danphin of New York City. Mr. G. Danphin and wife arrived here Friday morning to accompany the remains to New York Friday evening. The funeral took place in that city the following Monday, Messrs. Andrew Crawford, A. M. France, James Atkinson, Patrick McLoughlin acted as bearers and carried the remains to the train. Mr. Danphin made a great many friends on his visit here a year ago and their heartfelt sympathy is extended to the bereaved mother and brothers in their sad time of affliction.

Mrs. D. Shaw is visiting her parents at Palmyra.

Miss K. Kelly of Elmira, is the guest of her cousin, Loretta Deleahanty.

A large number from her attended the picnic at Clifton Springs Wednesday.

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. It is a sure cure for Catarrh. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. Taze Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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W. F. NERMAN, G. P. A., Cleveland, Ohio

THE GIRL AND THE DOG

By Roi Cooper Megrue

"Hello, Chum!" he said, as he disappeared into the big chair before the fire. "I have been having a gorgeous time. The devil invented afternoon teas when he was particularly keen. I met all the people I've been trying to forget for ten years."

"She was there," the man said; "she was there. Ah, she's a bully girl, the prettiest, the daintiest, the best, she has the dearest mouth and the softest voice, and the gentlest hand. But you don't understand, do you, Chum? Come here, old boy!" The bull terrier, with uncut ears—for the man was tender, even with his dog.

"You'll like her, old boy, she won't ever whip you when you 'ase cats'—the dog lifted his head, and then, seeing no feline enemy, sank down again. "Just think, she said 'Yes'—that wonderful girl said 'Yes' to me aren't you surprised? No, of course you wouldn't be. I guess you love me as much as she does—may be more, which is it?" But Chum was snoring comfortably beyond dog dreams of heaven. But the man went on talking, since he had been alone, Chum asleep or awake, was his confidant and one who never criticised.

"I can't quite believe it—that it's me she loves. But it must be. Money? Not with those eyes. We'll miss each other a bit, you and I"—the man said softly. "We'll miss all our good times and romps and fun with the cats and the snapping fox terriers and the walks. But of course we'll have them now and then," the man added hastily. "Just for old times' sake, eh, old boy?" The man sat quiet and drew the terrier closer to him fondly.

The Girl did look fair, wonderful, as she sat there in her radiant kimono with her ankle boldly peeping out.

"You do love me," said the Boy. "Love you? You ask that?"—and the Boy knew in his heart there was no need to ask.

"But I hear everywhere that you are going to marry the big American."

"Money," she answered tersely; "money, but I shall be still yours, all yours," and she took him in her arms.

"What's that?" said the Girl, drawing away.

"That, why, that's Chum," said the Man, laughing. "I don't believe you two have met, so I brought him around, you don't mind, do you?"

"I hate dogs," said the Girl; her voice was not gentle now.

"Oh, come," said the Man, unbelieving, "you don't hate Chum. You two are going to see a lot of each other, and he's my best friend—eh, Chum?" But Chum did not wag his tail; he was pulling with all the force of his forty pounds toward the Girl. His tail switched almost like an angry cat's, his lips twitched, baring long pointed teeth that made the Girl shiver slightly. Then Chum growled low, rumbling.

"I hate dogs," the man had never seen her look like that before. Then Chum barked, dangerous, threatening, and growled even more, thought the Man, than if the Girl had been a cat.



"You must get rid of him," said the Girl, tensely.

"I could hardly do that," began the Man, apologetically, "you see—"

"You may do as you please," she said, coldly, "but you must choose between me and that—that brute!" She trembled again slightly; that angry dog, seeing behind her mask, was not a pleasant sight.

"Please go at once, now—get rid of him."

"Well, of course, I will—still—poor Chum—he's my best friend."

"You'll be very good to him," he said to the man at the kennel, with just a tremor in his voice. "You see, he's never been alone much—and he's a good dog."

Chum was quiet, very; he seemed to scent something wrong. "Good bye, Chum, good bye." The Man turned to leave, and the dog, in the anguish of being left, threw

himself again and again, at the wire netting; his face was bleeding from the sharp impact; one of his nails, caught in the mesh, had been pulled out. But he was watching the Man, who was slowly getting further and further away. Once the Man, hearing these pitiful yelps, stopped and turned back, the yelps changed to those of joy; the dog had seen. But the Man, thinking of the Girl, went on.

He entered the room; there was no great white ball bounding from the lounge to greet him, with wagging tail. It was lonely this room, now.

"I have done as you asked," he wrote the Girl, "but it seems rather unfair to the dog and to me. I am sure he would love you and think you would come to love him. Shall I get him back?"

There was no one to talk to this night, and so he went to bed. He was in no humor to see the Girl. The next morning there was a reply from her. "You may do as you please, but as I told you, if I am to marry you I can't have that horrid, nasty, treacherous brute around. That is final; surely this is a small thing for me to ask."

"Nasty, treacherous"—poor old Chum, who's stuck by me, richer or poorer, better or worse, for six years. I wonder if she'd do as much." And he pondered. The sight of Chum's whip, of the fragments of a rubber ball—he could find none which Chum could not demolish—the unmussed pillows, and a few white hairs—all smote him keenly. It was lonely without the terrier! "Gad, what a baby I am, but Chum stuck by me, I ought to by him."

He went out for a walk, but it was unenjoyable; there was no Chum trailing at his heels, or frolicking about. He met three cats—and they passed him unmolested—poor Chum!

Home he found a letter from the kennels. "You asked me to let you know how your dog was. He cried all night, and won't eat this morning. He'll probably be better in a week or two, they usually are."

Then suddenly he remembered—he had been too love blind to do so before—in all their six years together, Chum and he, Chum had only growled at three people like that, and all three had proved rotten bad rotten bad. Was she? No she couldn't be. Yet now when he thought it over she had looked venomous yesterday when she had said, "I hate dogs," and people who didn't like dogs, and whom dogs didn't like that had always been part of his creed of friendship. He caught sight again of the orderly lounge, of the whip, of the half-eaten slipper—and in his mind he could hear Chum yelping pathetically and refusing to eat, and Chum was always so hungry! He rose uncomfortably; Chum had proved himself time and again—had the Girl?

"You told me to do as I pleased," he wrote, "on second thought I choose the dog."

Chum was standing in his wire prison as his master came walking quickly down the road; his head and tail drooped pathetically; he was misery. There was the sound of a familiar whistle, but Chum was inattentive; he had been deceived so often these last few hours. The Man stood before him. Chum could not believe it; then suddenly he did. Tail, head, body, legs, in whirling contortions, all testified madly to joy, supreme joy. Staccato barks, expressive yelps, a mad desire to chew his master, made Chum a fair demon of happiness, and the Man had a bit of a lump in his throat as he looked down on his small white friend. He walked home, and it was all very natural, very joyful. Chum was trailing at his heels, now jumping all over him, now in a mad scramble after cats. The Man disappeared into the big chair before the fire. "It's good again, Chum, isn't it? Come, old boy."

"A note for you, Sir," said the buttons. "Get it, Chum." The dog wagged his way back with the note in his mouth.

"Dear old Pat! Forgive my intrusion in your affairs, but I have just heard of your reported engagement to that girl. I hope it isn't true. Her husband, one of my clients, is suing her for divorce, and we've only just located her whereabouts. Let me know when I can come to tell you all about it."

"Buttons," said the Man with a jump that sent the dog sprawling to the middle of the floor; "Buttons, get me pounds of raw meat, and a steak, and some chops, and some liver. Hurry."

"There you old rascal, you intelligent, nasty, horrid brute; that's all for you. This Girl business is all your fault," and he hit Chum over the head lovingly, and Chum bit back affectionately. "Chum, you are a friend."

It Didn't Work.

"George," said the Colonel to a colored man whom he met on the street. "I wish you would spread news around among your people that I am going to set a spring gun in my hen house, and that if any of them are shot it won't be my fault."

"Yas, sah, I'll do so, but I don't reckon it'll do any good."

"But why won't it?"

"Bekase, sah, as I understands de situation, dey dun cleaned your hen house out last night and won't have any occasion to go back dar!"

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