CATHEDRAL.

The Boys' Society of the Blessed Sacrament will receive holy communion Sunday at the 8.30 o'clock mass.

The closing exercises of the Grammar School were held on Wednesday evening of this week in the hall. The Right Reverend Bishop presented the diplomas to a large graduating class and delivered an impressive address.

Next Friday will be the first Friday in July. Masses will be at 6, 7 and 8 o'clock. Confessions Thursday afternoon and evening.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

The monthly collection will be taken up at all masses Sunday.

The order of masses for Sunday is as follows: First mass at 6, 7.30 and children's at 10.30 o'clock.

Sunday morning at 7.30 o'clock mass a large class of boys and girls will receive their first holy communion. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the baptismal vows will take place.

The funeral of Andrew Shappe took place last Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock.

The marriage of Miss Christina Hempel to Mr. Charles Trott took place Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. High mass was read by Rev. Father Hagerty. Rev. G. Hofsneider and Rev. N. Stauder. The bride was a member of the church choir and the groom is foreman in the Wollensak Optical Co. Mr. and Mrs. Trott will reside on Princeton Street after July 1.

A pleasant surprise was given to Miss Ida Staub at her home in Avenue A last Tuesday evening, the occasion being her 21st birthday. Supper was served and a good time was had.

The entertainment which was held last Sunday was a grand success. Much credit is due to the Sisters of the parish for their good work.

Our school is closed now for the summer vacation.

SS. PETER & PAUL'S.

Monthly collections will be taken up at all the masses on Sunday.

The fete of SS. Peter and Paul will be celebrated on Sunday, the members of St. Peter's Society will receive in a body at the 6 o'clock mass.

Requiem mass was celebrated on Monday morning for Mr. Balthaser and Joseph Reger. On Tuesday morning for Rev. Dr. Sinclair, and on Wednesday morning for Edward Vay.

The following won prizes at the last meeting of Branch 62, I. C. B. A., Mrs. Ann Vosburgh, Mrs. Victoria Kuder, Elizabeth Schumacher, Irene Amering and Stella Drexler. The regular meeting will be held Thursday, July 1st, when assessment 234 will expire.

Mr. and Mrs. Urban Strassner of Campbell Street, left on Monday for New York, where on Tuesday they sailed for Europe. They will visit France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and other places and will return in September.

The marriage of Miss Estelle Main Schwab, daughter of Mr. Bernard Schwab, to Mr. William John Zweigle, was celebrated Wednesday morning at a high mass. Rev. J. Emil Gefell read the services. As the bride and groom, who were unattended, entered the church, Professor Pohl played the wedding march, and during the services a quartette sang. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. George Zweigle, of Seneca Parkway. Mr. and Mrs. Zweigle left for New York, Boston and Atlantic City, and will be at home after August 1st at 252 Magnolia Street.

Mrs. Frances Jack Connolly, wife of James Connolly, died Monday morning at her home, 22 Madison Street, aged 39 years. She leaves two sisters, Mrs. Wolf Quetchenback of this city, Sister M. Eulalia of Notre Dame, Baltimore, and four brothers. She was a member of Ladies' Auxiliary, No. 44, Knights of St. John, of this parish. Her funeral was held Wednesday morning at 8.30 o'clock from her home and at 9 o'clock from the church. Requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. J. E. Gefell. The floral offerings were large and numerous, showing in what high esteem she was held. A delegation of Auxiliary 44 attended the services. May she rest in peace.

St. Bridget's.

A requiem high mass was offered on Monday morning at 7.30 o'clock for Mr. James Foley.

On Tuesday morning an anniversary high mass was sung for Mr. John Dea n.

On Wednesday at the same hour, a month's mind requiem mass was sung for Mrs. Doer.

On next Sunday evening the commencement exercises of our school will take place, when a class of twenty-nine will graduate. Our Right Rev. Bishop will deliver the address, and give the solemn pontificate benediction.

BLESSED SACRAMENT

The pupils of the different grades received their diplomas Thursday morning.

The boys and young men are invited to holy communion next Sunday.

The exercises for the graduating class were held last Sunday evening. Twenty four received diplomas. Scholarship medals were won by Harold Geen and Mary McGrath. An interesting sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Gommenginger of Lyons followed by benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament.

On last Wednesday the marriage of Miss Bessie Maloney to Charles Viergiver took place. Miss Maloney has been a most faithful secretary of the Rosary Society for the past five years.

Also on Wednesday afternoon occurred the marriage of Francis G. Welch and Anna Dorothy Schmidt. The bride is a recent convert to the church. They were attended by Charles Welch and Elsie Schmidt.

Joseph Lang of 107 South Goodman Street died last Wednesday afternoon and his funeral took place from this church at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. Mr. Lang is survived by his wife and three sons, Joseph, Edward and Victor Lang and one daughter, Mrs. P. H. McMahon, all of this parish.

A second list of subscribers to the building fund of the new church is being prepared and will be distributed at all the masses next Sunday.

The members of the Young Ladies' Sodality held their annual outing on Thursday afternoon and evening at Maplewood. A most enjoyable time was spent by all present. Dinner was served at 6.30 o'clock. Father Connor and Rev. Dr. Cowan were guests of honor at the dinner.

An ice cream festival beginning Monday and lasting until Wednesday evening, June 28, 29 and 30, will be held for the benefit of the new church. The members of the Young Ladies' Sodality will have complete charge and hope to realize several hundred dollars. The festival will be held in the hall and school rooms, and amusements of different kinds will be afforded to patrons. An orchestra will be in attendance every night and a real pleasant time is promised to all present.

By Force of Circumstances.

"Ain't busted, said the proprietor of the jewelry shop as the plate glass window shivered into a million fragments and the chauffeur and his machine began to nestle behind the counter, "that the taxicab has come to stay."

Uncle Jerry Thinks It's So.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "if there was something in this idea that the condition of a man's teeth has a whole lot to do with his moral character. The biggest liar I ever knew in my life wore a full set of false teeth."

Efforts Not All Wasted.

A Geneva ear and throat specialist declares that yawning is helpful in fact, that it is one of the most beneficial forms of exercise. Hereafter speakers who are a little shy on eloquence may know that at least they do some good to their auditors.

Curb Widow's Expenditures.

The Lambeth (London) Board of Guardians has decided that no outdoor relief should be given to the widows during the first six months of widowhood if they have spent lavishly on funeral and mourning any money received from a club insurance society or other source.

A Foozle.

Evelyn. I just met Clarence. He is a conversational foozle. George.—How's that? Evelyn. He makes love when he ought to play golf, and he talks golf when he ought to make love.—Illustrated Bits.

Two Good Mottoes.

Lieut. Gen. Baden Powell has two favorite mottoes. One is, "Don't flurry; patience wins the day," and the other, "A smile and a stick will carry a man through almost any difficulty."

Where the Blame Belongs.

Man is the artificer of his own happiness. Let him beware how he complains of the disposition of circumstances, for it is his own disposition he blames.—Thoreau.

The Hand Behind the Fashions.

But for the inventive faculty of man in the matter of feminine clothing, how would fair woman exist or enjoy life? asks the Drapery Times.

Enormous Pay Roll of Railroads.

The pay roll of American railroads amounts to a billion dollars a year.

Women Brick Workers.

Prussia's brick yards employ nearly 20,000 women.

"Uncle John"

Twenty years ago Smith was the life of the little town of Madison. Within its red brick walls were crowded all of tragedy, all of comedy. The madcap pranks, the tender dream of love, the wilder fetter one of ambition, the heroic battle with self, fought and won, the lifelong friendship cemented—these were but incidents of the fleeting years.

One day there entered its classic halls a man tall and broad shouldered whose keen gray eyes and commanding presence were to exert a remarkable influence on our lives. The snowy hair softened, but could not disguise the stormy passions of a nature which had known no intermediate between [illegible] strong delight and bitter sorrow, righteousness and sin.

[illegible] from a distant [illegible] and [illegible] of the head were striking. A nearer glance of the features Fate had written on his brow and you either shrank back aghast or a poignant curiosity urged you on to learn more of the past of this singular man. Did you venture so far the probability is you would have your trouble for your pains for John Hilton was as reticent as he was proud. Come and go with as strict the same [illegible] into the same [illegible] with ourselves he might yet [illegible] never treated. Fear [illegible] we did, but love him we could not.

[illegible] and by we learned that he was [illegible] with an incurable disease which at times caused him the most [illegible] pain, yet no moan escaped [illegible]. Sometimes after an excep[illegible] he would disappear [illegible] days. When he appeared [illegible] would seem more bright [illegible] though often he fell into [illegible]. There came a day [illegible] we learned to pity and [illegible] man. An unusual [illegible] period of pain was follow[illegible] we received returning health. [illegible] as we learned to [illegible] knew better [illegible] never and one night after [illegible] he told us his story.

As a boy I cared little for young [illegible] though my sisters had [illegible] friends. After a time it became the general opinion I would never [illegible]. But one bright summer [illegible] I overtook a young lady on [illegible] and offered her a lift as [illegible] journey ran in the same [illegible].

She was a fair sweet woman with [illegible] blue eyes and I learned [illegible] had charge of the village school. Time passed pleasantly and all too soon we reached her destination. Singularly enough, I often had business on the Valley Road and somehow it was only natural that I pick up Edith Wharton [illegible]. Acquaintance ripened into friendship and friendship into love. When she returned to her Eastern home all my heart and hopes went with her.

The many letters that passed between us but confirmed our belief in one another and marriage seemed the culmination of earthly bliss. Alas! It did not take as long to discover how [illegible] was our knowledge of one another. Lovers like we had brought [illegible] each other now both saw [illegible] traits in the other. [illegible] words soon forgotten by [illegible] uttered them, but rank [illegible] in the heart where they had [illegible] passed between us. But [illegible] or forgiveness follow [illegible] both oh so proud.

[illegible] troubles added to Edith's [illegible] and she was unhappy be[illegible] sympathize in her wor[illegible] the beauties of the universe. To [illegible] ranked higher than beauty, and I considered most of her [illegible] nonsense.

Finally a child was born to us, but the demon of jealousy entered my soul and I refused her a father's love [illegible]. Then my wife drooped and died under the sorrow and disappointment of the life I had thought to make so bright for her.

Still the fire of hatred burned in my soul. I put my little daughter in charge of a family who adopted her and gave her a good home. If ever I saw her I was to be Uncle John, nothing more. For four years I did not see her, for I hated her for her mother's sake.

Into every species of vice I plunged and to-day I bear the marks of that hell which scathed body and soul. At last weary and nauseated with it all I one evening wandered into the vestibule of a church. Not caring to enter, but entranced by the beauty of a single voice which rose high and clear in song, I remained when it ended. Deeply moved by what followed, I lingered at the close of the service, sought the pastor, and so enlisted his interest and sympathy that he invited me to his study. Hours after, when I left him, it was with the firm resolve that the future should atone for the past, and, by God's grace, my life has since been an upright one. Were it not for my child, I could be perfectly happy, but mine was the hand that raised the barrier between us. God grant that on that better shore, Edith, little Ella and I may meet once more, a happy united family."

"Uncle John's" voice sank to a whisper. Long we sat, silent and musing. "Uncle John" quietest of all. When we turned to bid him goodnight, the dawn of eternal day was on his face. Beside the wife he so wronged and misunderstood, he lies. "Requiescat in pace."

Insane.

Howard—He's crazy on the subject of aerial navigation.

Hattie—A balloonatic.

THE BRANDY BET.

Vanderbilt Tells a Story to Illustrate Roulette Chances.

"I dined with W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., on his return from Monte Carlo, at the Cafe de Paris," said a California millionaire.

Mr. Vanderbilt declared that there was one sure way to get rich by gambling at Monte Carlo. That was to build a second casino there and run it on the present casino's lines. He said that in roulette playing the chances against you were quite unfair. You were in the hopeless position of the man who made the brandy bet.

This man was met by a friend, who said:

"What makes you look so blue?"

"Fine," the man replied, "has bet me a ten spot that he can drink a quart of brandy in a day without staggering."

"And you look blue! Why, cried the friend, "why, I'm willing to go a dead certainty. Fine's bound to lose. He can't take two drinks without staggering scandalous."

But the duffer replied the other, has taken the bottle to bed with him.

Overfeeding.

"Men drunk from liquor and men drunk from overeating are most susceptible to pneumonia and die of it," said a Chicago health commissioner in an address. "The majority of cases of pneumonia are of patients who contracted the disease after a drunken debauch or who were drunk from overfeeding," the commissioner continued. "People drunk from overfeeding, I think, are almost as immoral as those who stupefy themselves with liquors. The effects of pneumonia in such patients are much the same."

How to Shake Hands.

Lady Violet Greville is trying to make a warm handclasp and hearty handshake popular. She is very glad to say that the elbow shake is going out of fashion. Who invented the elbow shake, she says she does not know, but it is senseless, devoid of grace, with no charm or meaning. It seems to be part of a boy's or girl's education to learn the graceful curve of the elbow that was necessary when hands were shaken.

Cod Liver Oil for Plants.

A woman who owns two splendid-looking plants which keep green and vigorously though their habitat is an apartment says that she attributes their good health entirely to an occasional dose of cod liver oil. She has to add a large spoonful of this medicine from time to time better than any of the fertilizers usually advised, and not more expensive.

Well-Trained Memory.

"I do not recall anything on that point," said the witness. "Oh, you don't," sneered the lawyer. "You'd better take memory lessons." "Excuse me," rejoined the witness suavely, "but my memory has been trained by one of the highest priced lawyers in the business." Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Swedish Custom.

The Swedes have a custom at Christmas time of decorating a pet lamb with red ribbons and bells then loading it with gifts for the family. The lamb is turned loose in the house and each person attempts to catch it and find his or her gift.

Mortgage on a Cat.

A mortgage on a cat is not often heard of. However, the other day there was filed in the recorder's office a chattel mortgage the consideration of which was $20. The property on which the money was secured was described as a cat named John."—Columbus Dispatch.

Not Quite Clear.

"But" queried the dear girl's father, "do you earn enough to support two?"

"Two," echoed the would-be son-in-law in surprise. "Say, I only asked for your daughter. Are you going to try and ring her mother in on me, too?"

Thinking One's Self Old.

If at 30 you expect to be an old man or woman, at 55 you will be one, because the mind makes the material correspondence of whatever it sets itself permanently upon.—Health Record.

In the Sunset of Life.

We all find life is very short, but if we give the last ten years of our lives in solving the innumerable problems that are around us, we shall feel the better for it wherever we go afterward. Countess of Warwick.

Heat Measurements.

By means of extremely delicate instruments it is possible to measure the heat transmitted to the earth by the moon or the temperature of the body of a fly walking over the instrument.

How to Shell Pecans.

Pecan nuts can be shelled easily if the nuts are put up for a few minutes in boiling water. This will soften the shell and make it quite possible to remove the meats without difficulty.

New York's Coal Consumption.

It is estimated by coal dealers that the coal consumption of New York city in the next six months will be 7,320,000 tons.

Solving the Milk Problem.

"We are thinking of keeping a cow," said Mrs. Lapsling. "A neighbor of ours has a big vacant lot where we can pasturize her."

CAUGHT A SEA DEVIL.

But Before the Fishermen Overpowered It They Were Dragged to Sea.

After having been dragged several miles out to sea in a fishing boat, which was in turn aided by a small gasolene launch, by an enormous sea devil which they had harpooned near the mouth of the bay, three Americans succeeded in landing the largest specimen of the ray family of fish ever seen at Manzanitto, Mexico.

The monster measured nearly 30 feet from tip to tip of its enormous flappers and was alleged to weigh slightly less than a ton. Its mandibles, which were tightly closed, measured a meter and fifteen centimeters across.

The fish was apparently sleeping on some low flat rocks when discovered and harpooned. It made off so fast with the small fishing boat that the launch went to its assistance and for a while thereafter the fish carried both boat and launch in easy tow. It was not overpowered until several harpoons had been landed well in its body.

Mombasa

You possibly think of Mombasa, where Roosevelt landed, as a sort of frontier outpost on the edge of the world. As a matter of fact Mombasa was on the map 200 years before Columbus discovered America, and it is a somewhat prosperous city of 27,000 people. It is the terminus of the Uganda Railroad and has a steel pier and stone wharves. The protective model which still stands as a part of the town's fortifications was started by the Arabs in the seventh century. You may not have heard much of Mombasa, but it isn't because it is a new city but to make one end of a railroad or a landing place for ex-Presidents.

For Insomnia

For insomnia try this simple remedy. Have a barber that rigged up in your room. Then when unable to go to sleep by 1.30 a. m. send your motor car for your favorite barber. When he comes have him give you a thorough shampoo. If not sleepy then, repeat and continue treatment until put to sleep. If the treatment fails to do this in five hours just take a look at the bill.

Cant About Advertising.

There is a great deal of cant at the present day about advertising, emitted by persons who are very keen to get all the advertisement they can, and to get it for nothing if possible. Quiet people who really do not want to advertise themselves are much less censorious.

Glove Cutting.

Glove cutting is purely a hand trade. No machine could cut out a glove properly for the simple reason that it could not distinguish between good and bad, thick and thin, pieces of leather. Each piece of leather requires special treatment in shaping, and the care the cutting can never be mechanical.

Unsympathetic.

Others may have said the same thing but this rather unsympathetic comment is attributed to the late Judge Hoar. "Are you going to attend the funeral of Ben Butler?" a friend asked him. "No," was the calm reply. "No, I am not going to attend—but I heartily approve of it."

Oldest Man in the World

Jose Gerald Alelid of Jalostitlan state of Jalisco, Mexico, is said to be the oldest man in the world. The record of his birth as contained in the archives of the parish church shows that he was born in 1770 which makes him 135 years old. He is in good physical condition.

Women and Mountaineering.

One of the chief difficulties in a woman's undertaking an expedition in mountain climbing is that, whatever her experience every man believes that he knows better what should be done than she.—Harper's Magazine.

Feminine Lack of Logic.

Tell a wife that men are selfish, she will readily acquiesce. But tell that same woman that by spoiling her boys, whether in the nursery or at school, or university, she is sowing the seeds of egotism, she will give an emphatic denial.

Modern Advice.

"My dear," said a fond mother, "never marry a man for his money. Nowadays it is much easier to play bridge whist for it." Detroit Free Press.

Getting Along with People.

Getting along with people is a valuable trait to cultivate. First of all be amiable and forgiving, do not hear all that is said, never repeat anything and be willing to be pleased while doing your part.

Canada.

Canada needs only 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe. It is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland.

Evil Effect of Hate.

Hawthorne: The hate we bear our enemies injures their happiness less than ours.

Turpentine a Preventive.

Turpentine is best preventive for moths. Saturate pieces of brown paper and place in boxes.

Testifies for Itself.

Emerson: The joy of the spirit indicates its strength.

HIS TIME HAD COME.

Making a gesture of impatience and desperation, he seized the photograph that decorated his bureau and turned it face downward. No doubt it was a fancy, but it seemed to him that the picture smiled mingled amusement and derision.

"What?" he cried. "Would you?"

And snatching up the photograph he tore it into fragments and threw it into his waste basket, immediately thereafter throwing himself into his easy chair and groaning in the anguish of his mind.

(Ah, my beloved ones take heed!)

"I know what I'll do!" he groaned. "I'll pitch a penny for it. Heads I'll go. Tails I won't."

He flipped the penny and quickly covered it with his hand drawing a long breath before he looked at the coin.

Tails.

"There!" he cried. "That settles it! I won't go!"

And as though everything was over then he brushed his hair with wonderful nicety and opening his wardrobe he drew out his other coat and brushed that too though in a sulky sort of way frowning fiercely and pouching his lips.

"Wait!" he muttered catching sight of a pack of cards on his table. "I'll cut for it. Red I'll go. Black I won't go."

He shuffled the cards with most unusual care, separated the pack, groaned heavily and looked at the card he had cut.

The nine of spades.

"There!" he cried. "Now it is settled! Now I won't go!"

And groaning again he opened a paper bag and took out two new neckties, one of green silk, one of blue. After a moment of comparison he selected the green one and draped it around his collar as though the fate of empires depended upon the beauty of the knot.

"I know what I'll do!" he said, catching sight of the pincushion. "I'll just count these pins. If it's an even number I'll go. If it's odd, I won't go."

One, two, three, fifteen..... sixteen, seventeen.

"There!" he muttered wiping his brow after he had kneaded the pincushion in vain for another pin. "Now I won't go."

It suddenly seemed to him that the green tie was not as becoming as the blue one. He made the change with feverish fingers, dashed into his coat and hat, groaned again.

And out he went.

(Ah, my beloved ones, take heed!)

"I know what I'll do!" he muttered, as he came to a crossing. "If I can get over to the other sidewalk in less than ten steps I'll go. If it takes more than ten steps I won't go!"

And though he strode over the crossing with giant strides, almost injuring himself in his unbiassed endeavor, he couldn't make it in less than eleven, not for the life of him.

"Now!" he growled fiercely to himself. "Now I won't go!"

Setting his teeth he charged into a florist's shop and bought a dozen roses. He laid these across his arm, strode out again and moodily contemplated the night.

"If that car stops I'll go!" he muttered. "If it doesn't stop I won't go."

It didn't stop.

"There!" he groaned as though in relief. "Now it is settled!"

Whereupon he entered a candy shop and bought a pound of the best.

"Now I'll just walk one block this way," he said to himself, "and then I'll turn right around and go home."

So he walked a block that way.

"One more," he said.

So he walked one more.

"Now another," he said.

So he walked another.

"Now this one," he said.

But in the middle of this one he stopped and looked at a certain house scowling at it spitefully and pouching his lips again.

"I'll go up the steps," he muttered, "and come right down again—just to show myself I can do it."

At the top of the steps he stepped into the vestibule, placed the flowers and candy on the floor and drew the penny out of his pocket.

"Heads I'll ring the bell," said he. "Tails I won't."

Tails it was.

"Best two out of three," he said.

Tails again.

"Best three out of five!"

Tails again.

Whereupon he picked up the candy and the flowers, turned around and rang the bell.

The door opened. He entered; and toward midnight, when the door reopened and he reappeared, a maiden kissed him with an unmistakable air of ownership and whispered to him that he was her lion-hearted knight.

Ah, my beloved ones, take heed, for Destiny had loved that man in vain, and even Fate had done her best to keep him safe from harm!

Good News for the Editor.

"When Kitty sings, my Muse takes flight,
I sit entranced; I cannot write!"

Such was the refrain of the budding poet's latest production; and when it reached the hands of the weary editor, who had been bombarded by bushels of unavailable outpourings from the same source, he promptly sent it back with the following tense and business-like indorsement:

"Glad to hear it! Keep Kitty right on the job! Any time that she strikes for higher wages let me know and I will make up the difference myself rather than have her stop."

ROCHESTER, N. Y.