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St. Anthony's Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

THANKS TO ALL OUR BENEFACTORS.

Through the generosity of the Catholic public we have been enabled to secure a magnificent site for Church, Presbytery and Schools.

We have already built the Presbytery and Sacristy, the latter of which we are using for a Temporary Church until sufficient funds are in hand to build the Church. On no account will our good Bishop allow us to go into debt. Personally, I am glad, because to go into debt would mean ruin to this poor Mission, and would undo all the good that I have been struggling so hard to perform.

I have no diocesan grant, remember, and no endowment except hope. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader! But wait and see, I am by no means discouraged. Much has been accomplished in the past, and—much more is about to be accomplished.

I have hope in you, good reader. I greatly hope that you will help us to bring this glorious work, so nobly begun, to a successful and speedy issue, that you, in your zeal for the progress of Our Holy Faith, will extend a helping hand to me.

This Mission is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles. My people are poor and scattered, consequently the weekly offerings are necessarily very small. We must have outside help for the present. I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped, I would say: For the sake of the cause give something, if only a little. It is easier and the more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the blessed sacrament.

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and our Holy Patron, St. Anthony of Padua.

EPISCOPAL AUTHORITY.

Dear Father Gray—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

Help Us To Save the Negro.

For twenty-five years the Josephite Fathers have labored among the negroes of the state of Virginia. Already nine Mission Stations have been established. These are supported by Saint Joseph's Mission House. Others are badly needed to reach our unfortunate colored brethren. We appeal to the generosity of the faithful to come to our aid in this glorious apostolate. St. Anthony's Union has been established to support the priests who so generously devote their lives to the salvation of this people. There are 400,000 negroes in the state of Virginia, but only 2,000 of them are Catholics; the others are ignorant of the blessings that Christ bequeathed to mankind through His church. Our desire and efforts are to erect a new mission each year. Each mission station costs \$2,500 to erect. Will you join St. Anthony's Union, and help in the salvation of the souls that cost the blood of Jesus Christ to save?

"Of all things the most divine is to co-operate in the salvation of souls."—St. Cyril of Jerusalem.

Send a donation to Rev. Charles Hannigan, St. Joseph's Mission House, Box 842, Richmond, Va.

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Fernie's Revenge.

It was through the instrumentality of Gilbert Lloyd that Fernie was outlawed and a warrant issued for his arrest. There was circumstantial evidence only to prove that he had shot the surly old hutkeeper on Rippleford outstation, who was known to be a man of no friends and many enemies, and who lived, according to local gossip, in constant terror of his life from a mate on whom he had turned Queen's evidence years ago. But on that night Gilbert Lloyd's impetuous mare had disappeared from the paddock at the outstation, and was known to be in the hands of the wild range dweller, who had lived on the possession of his fellow men for so many years. There was much to prove that the hutkeeper had disturbed Fernie at his work and had been shot in the back while running away to give the alarm.

Fernie might be a bushranger and a dare-devil at the best, but he would never shoot an unarmed man in the back, said his supporters in the district. But they were a shadow themselves, and Gilbert Lloyd, who had lately bought Rippleford, swore that he would rid the district of the outlaw, who seemed to consider that a stray sheep or bullock was as big a nuisance as it came from the rich folk's boxes or herds.

Gilbert was more than ever keen about this matter because he had found that to accomplish it would give him a better footing among his neighbors. Before he had come to the district he had been a society dandy and he was annoyed to see that all his little accomplishments were as naught in the eyes of the silent, sunburned young bushmen simply because he couldn't ride through timber and was unlearned in bushcraft. He had wooed and won the beauty of the district and he was unpleasantly surprised to see that she was commiserated with instead of congratulated upon her conquest. Now his chance had come to do something which they had failed to do. The jealousy of his favorite mare had enraged him beyond expression, for Fernie had swaggered into the wattle inn bar the day before and asserted laughingly that the next time he took something from Rippleford it would be valuable.

This was after Lloyd had failed to convict him of killing a sheep in the river paddocks. His skin had been tanned and forwarded to him by a half-witted black boy soon afterward. Now that chance had given his enemy into his hands, Gilbert used all his energy and influence to convict him. Black trackers had come up from Polmontia, and a first-class detective Fernie and his attending sprite—a young Dawson black fellow—had been traced to a cave in the Barrier range, and the police were drawing a cordon round the place. It was annoying that upon the very night that the capture would be made Rose Western, his fiancée, and his sister, Maude Lloyd, should choose to arrive by coach at the bush town. The capture of Fernie would rouse it to fever heat, and the girls were safest and best at Rippleford. There was no one to escort them there but Lloyd himself, and it was with a feeling of annoyance that he made the necessary arrangements to drive out with them in the chill of a spring dawn from the bush hotel, where the attendants scowled uncomfortably at him, and the rough servant girl refused to wait upon him, and openly gave her opinion of his character to the grinning black woman in the kitchen.

To add to his worries Ben Johnson, the driver, was usually drunk. He climbed to his high seat on the station trap, with cheerful remarks that he "hoped the ladies would 'skuse him, but a gentleman would drink when other gentlemen should for him. Rose and Maude (a school-girl just grown up, and in her first long frock) were rather nervous.

"Had you not better take the reins, Gilbert?" said Rose in a low voice.

Gilbert could no more drive four horses that he could fly, and he assured the girls that Ben, though drunk, could drive far better than the average man sober, and he was right to a certain extent. While in the cheerful stage Ben could drive and Rose was so delighted at seeing the road which led to her old home—for it was from the Westons that Gilbert had bought Rippleford—that she soon forgot her fears. Maude was far too young and enthusiastic to worry, and rather enjoyed the sharp turns and swerves of the big station wagonette. Although she may not have realized it, it was a great deal for the sake of Rippleford that Rose accepted Gilbert Lloyd, and she had enjoyed the congratulations of her Sydney friends and the kudos that society gives to the girl who is making a good match. Gilbert was good looking, too, in a small, fair, dapper style, and Miss Western felt at peace with the world as they flew along the red scrub road, with the glorious scents of the forest around them and the freshness of the spring dawn to fill their young hearts with the wine and joy of living. And Gilbert, gazing at the sweet, interesting face of his beloved, was fain to be content also, for Rose was very pretty, with her way flaxen hair and dark eyes and brows giving character to her creamy-tinted countenance. For her beauty was such that no man once realizing it ever forgot

from beauty of feature after all.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, Ben Johnson collapsed in a heap on the floor of the trap, and Gilbert sprang to his feet and seized the reins. "You brute!" he said, as he strove to get the leaders in hand. "You can take your check and walk for this." But a loud snore was his only answer.

"Don't drag them back like that, Gilbert. See you are pulling the leaders separate ways," cried Rose, rising to her feet, "and you haven't got the other two reins at all." Gilbert grew crimson with rage. The horses seemed to him to be all trying to back up into the trap at once, and to add to the confusion, Maude began to scream.

With an exclamation of fear Miss Western tried to clamber over the seat to reach the tangled reins. Being a bush girl, she saw the extent of the danger, and she realized at once that Gilbert was helpless. "Can you be of any use?" The calm, full voice rang above the confused sounds of snapping harness and Gilbert's excited shouts, and to Rose Western the very notes of it brought relief.

There was a man on the road, he had materialized from empty space, or from the pine poles round about. She did not stop to argue from whence he came, that he understood horses she knew at once when he went to the scared leaders' heads, and quieted them gently. In a few seconds the confusion ceased, and giving Gilbert the reins to hold, she sprang to the ground to help the stranger repair a broken swinglet-bar.

"My good fellow," said Gilbert, noting the man's rough bush turnout of muleskin and leggings. "I will make it worth your while if you will drive us to Rippleford, my man is useless, as you see."

Yes, I was just about to offer I'm camped by Scrubby Creek, half a mile back but my mate will look after things. You don't drive yourself.

What does it matter to you whether I drive or not? I don't choose to. You will be well paid to do it, my man." He added more seriously as he noticed the stranger's eyes flash at the first part of his sentence. "Yes, I shall be well paid," said the man reflectively; "well, all aboard; your leaders have had too much corn to be patient while we argue." He turned to help Rose into the trap, and then he got in himself. "Thought I'd catch my horse and go to see the fun with the police and Fernie," he volunteered, as he cracked the whip and whistled to the team. "Heard the little miss scream, and so followed your tracks, and here I am."

"I hope they won't find him," said Miss Western. "I saw Fernie once when I was a little girl; he was the handsomest boy one could see. He was living with his adopted people at Noreenby then, before they quarrelled and he ran away."

Gilbert turned away so that Rose should not see his face for the passion of jealousy had transformed it terribly. That was the key to Lloyd's character, the voice which swamped all his finer feelings, and which mastered him completely. A year ago Rose had spoken to him of Fernie, and had used the same words, adding, "I would love to meet him again. His life has been so romantic, if only an believe all one hears; and he is so very handsome—an ideal man."

Gilbert had not forgotten or forgiven her words.

"Look!" whispered Maude; "it seems to me that our new driver is quite too lovely for anything. Watch when the wind lifts up his awful old hat brim. Now he is handsome. Quite puts your ideal Fernie into the shade, Rose." "Rose's ideal Fernie is a cowardly murderer," said Gilbert coldly. "Perhaps because I am a mere man I fall to see the beauty of that character."

Was that ever proved, Gilbert? said Rose. "One cannot reconcile it at all with what one has always heard of Fernie Ericson. I admit he leads a terrible life, but I do not think he would shoot an unarmed man."

"Well, we shall see. Your ideal will swing in a Sydney jail before the year is out; the chain of evidence is too strong for him, and the crown is doing a good work in ridding the district of a scoundrel."

Rose turned pale. "How awful!" she said. "Suppose he did not do it?"

Gilbert laughed. "He will hang for it, anyway," he said. "I, for one, am fully convinced of his guilt."

"I've not too much time," said the driver, suddenly turning the horses into the scrub; "there's a good short cut to Rippleford this way."

There certainly was a sort of path, but so overgrown that the girls had to bend this way and that to escape the sandalwood boughs; and Rose was about to remonstrate when the horses were brought to a standstill, and the driver turned on his seat so that he faced them. "Now, hands up, all of you!" he said cheerfully. "Fernie is not caught yet, you see." And he whipped a revolver from his shirt, and covered Gilbert neatly. "I don't wish to hurt either of you ladies," he added; "but neither of you must move, or try to call for help. My black fellow is behind us, and he will watch you."

With one accord the terrified girls looked behind. Yes, there against the trunk of a sandalwood stood a tall and rather villainous-looking aboriginal. He was also armed, and the restless stamping of tethered horses could be heard now and then from the scrub on the right.

"Down you get, Lloyd! And make

his hands steady by handling these ropes. Note you got at the bank this morning. Be quick, or I'll shoot. If I'm to swing for certain, it's going to be on a true charge, anyway."

Gilbert turned white, but his exceptional fear was not firearms just then. Perhaps he knew he would not be shot before the girls. Rose's cheeks colored faintly as she heard his defiant answer:

"Shoot, then, and take the notes; I'm not going to give them to you."

"Gilbert, dear! Give him the money," she cried; "it is nothing beside our lives. You coward!" she added, turning toward the handsome threatening face. "So you do shoot unarmed men, after all."

Fernie's face flushed hotly. "Every man shoots vermin at sight," he retorted. "That man has given his time and money to hunting me down. I admit he began the chase in good faith, but I know, and you will know, too, some day, that a week ago he received the clove to the real murderer, he alone knows of it beside myself, but he suppressed it and I've proved it. Shall I prove it Gilbert Lloyd, and break a good woman's belief in you?"

Gilbert did not answer, but Fernie saw the look of agony in his eyes. "Do you expect me to believe that?" said Rose scornfully. "There would have to be proof indeed before the world would take the word of an outlaw."

"Well, you may be right, Miss Western. I shall be glad to let him off with a lighter punishment for your sake, and the good words you spoke for Fernie Ericson this morning. Here" (he shouted to the negro) "bring the rope and tie this gentleman to that sandalwood, and be quick about it."

The black was a Hercules in strength, and in spite of Maude's cries and Rose's bitter words Gilbert was dragged from the wagonette and securely tied to the sandalwood. Rose had tried to shout for help, but Fernie threatened to shoot her lover if she did so, and, moreover, held her arm securely while he gave directions to the grinning black fellow to cut a couple of knotty myall branches into cruel-looking switches.

"For God's sake, man, don't," cried Gilbert. "Rose, Rose, stop him, I could not stand it. My God, I shall die!" he shrieked, overcome with the terror of his position.

"No, rest assured you won't die; but I'm going to bring you pretty near it. The man who would send an innocent fellow creature to certain death for a spite alone isn't worth killing. Get to work," he finished, turning to the black, who drew the stick through the air, and brought it on Gilbert's shoulders with a stinging splash. Rose turned sick and faint, and Fernie felt her away.

"Stop!" he shouted, and the negro let the stick fall. "Look here, Miss Western, I'll let your lover off on one condition. Will you both agree?"

Rose pulled herself together, eagerly scanning the dark face above her. "What is it?" she said. "I shall give all the money he has; you can have my rings, my watch—everything."

"No—I want something from you more precious. I want you to kiss me—only once."

"Toll him, Gilbert," cried the grinning black, "that you will stand those blows rather than let this happen. I know that he will keep his word, and I would really rather die than give him what he asks. Don't let him kiss me, Gilbert, don't."

"Really, Rose," said Lloyd, fully, "you have very little feeling and very little love for me—it is not us and this wretched affair, if possible—the ropes are cutting my shoulders in places—you are very heartless—Rose."

The girl looked round wildly. "Maude, can't you wake Johnson? He is dead, or what, that he does not help us?"

"Johnson was drugged pretty successfully, and won't wake up for some hours yet."

"Don't be a fool, Rose," Gilbert said. "Do you think I want the brute to touch you? It would hurt me more than it hurt you?"

"Oh, very well," said Rose, with a hardness in her voice, a determination in her violet eyes. She raised her face to the eager, sun-browned one, and did not resist when Fernie drew her gently toward him, so closely that her flaxen hair touched his rough blue linen shirt, but when he stooped to kiss her cheek she gave her lips instead, and flushed rose-red at his warm embrace.

Gilbert saw it all, and turned as white as she was roseate.

"Thank you, Miss Western," said the man humbly. "I've been a brute to you and yours to-day. Never bother about putting things straight; the police will know the rights of things to-night without words from you. I shall be glad to know that your faith is justified when you give me credit for not shooting an unarmed man, as it will be directly. Here, you black daisy! untie that rope and bring up the horses," he added roughly. A few minutes more and Rose heard the sound of their horses' hoofs ringing fainter and fainter down the rough scrub road. Gilbert was busily shaking Ben Johnson into sensibility.

"Come, come, Rose," he said loudly, but uneasily. "Cheer up, dear heart. We've had a bad adventure, but have won through safely, thanks to you. Rose did not answer save by a look, and his own eyes fell before her gaze.

Verily Fernie, the Ishmael, had taken something worth stealing from his enemy this time—nothing more or less than a girl's pure faith.—The Lady's Realm.

Germany's Problem.

The marvelous progress of Germany during the last quarter century rests mainly upon the developments which have made her a leading factor in the struggle for the markets of the world. During this brief period full many a German town has been transformed from a hamlet of a handful of people to a thriving center of industry. The productive power of the empire has more than doubled. During this period also new arid lands have been fed from the granaries of the United States. It is but a reflection upon the German people to say that this supply of cheap food has been and still is a factor of paramount importance in her industrial development. German soil, which is not especially fertile, is unable to furnish food for the rapidly increasing population of Germany. "What two decades ago Bismarck introduced a high tariff upon foodstuffs, Germany's home supply of food was more nearly equal to the demand than it is to-day or will be to-morrow. The fact is that the expansion of German industry has been accompanied by a growth in her population that has outrun the increase in the productive power of her soil.—Gunter's Magazine.

Napoleon's Minister.

By the generosity of an ardent Bonapartist, M. Orlin, Malmaison, which, after St. Cloud may be considered the very temple of Napoleonism, is to become the property of the French nation. It will be preserved as a Napoleonic museum—perhaps the strongest proof we could have that even in the minds of Bonapartists the brief, brilliant period of their worship is forever consigned to the past. Malmaison, or "St. Helena," as the name implies, was the event proved, an almost fatefully "Greek gift" to poor Josephine. Given to her by Bonaparte in 1798, prior to his departure for Egypt, her fancy sided with it with all the superficial beauties of a period in which, like ancient Rome, France adapted to herself some superficial aspects of the irreconcilable religion, the arts, and philosophies of many conquered nations. Here she lived in glory with Napoleon, who played trios with her guests in the brief periods of ease between campaigns like those of Egypt, Marengo, and Austerlitz; and here, after her divorce in 1809, she lived her long life of abandoned seclusion.—London Globe.

A Mediaeval Survival.

A strange spectacle, almost medieval in some aspects, is to be witnessed daily at Dunkirk. It is the Novena, or nine-days-of-Our-Lady of the Dunes, and is held in villages from 150 cities, towns and villages in Northern France and Belgium, crowded the little chapel of the Shrine from daylight till far into the night, with multitudes the obvious reality, not to say the intensity, of those worshippers in striking contrast to such that supplies the arena in Franco today. Before the nine days are over thousands of sailors from Newfoundland, from Iceland and from the coast fisheries accompanied by their wives and children, will have burned their "rain-candle" and sent up their prayer for protection against the sea. Deeply human and deeply dramatic in all its aspects, this motley gathering of the Dunes is one of the most picturesque scenes of varied life and emotion to be met with in contemporary Europe.—London Globe.

First Farmer—You oughter took a trip to New York years ago.

Second Farmer—Oh, I dunno. The longer you wait the more there is to see.—Judge.