

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

What the Dominican Nuns Say, S. Under date of September 4, 1922.

The Dominican Nuns of Newark, N. J., write: "Two members of our community have tried Father Koening's Nerve Tonic with favorable results. It has a most charming effect on the nervous system."

The sisters of the Good Shepherd at Peoria, Ill., write Sept. 2, 1922: "We used 3 bottles of Father Koening's Nerve Tonic for a case of aggravated and obstinate insomnia, with extreme nervousness. The second bottle is not finished and a cure has been brought when a physician worked in vain for 2 months. The patient sleeps like a child and the nervousness is less each day."

Handolph, Kas., September 1922.

For relief from weak nerves, Father Koening's Nerve Tonic is indispensable. It makes the feeling of anxiety disappear at once, one sleep better and feels like getting stronger. This remedy is also good for bad thoughts, it could not be better. I shall recommend it to all nervous people."

Mr. A. WASKER.

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St. Anthony's Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

THANKS! A THOUSAND GRATEFUL 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 are using for a Temporary church until sufficient funds are in and 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 30 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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Romance

"You don't want to stay for the pictures, do you?" asked Molly in the tone of one who expects the answer to be "No."

Bess blushed. She took a chit-chat in delight in motion, but her cousin said, "Do you mind?" Bess asked timidly. "They're fire department pictures."

With a shrug of her shoulders her cousin settled back in the seat as the lights went out and the first picture was thrown on the curtain.

The property man and his fellows on the stage supplied the changing of the bells and the screech of the whistles, and to Bess it was all very real. Then the street with its engines vanished from the curtain, to be replaced by a contrasting picture of three firemen sitting in quarters engaged in a game of cards. Their faces were shown large enough to illustrate the play of expression, and the audience shrieked at the pantomimic humor.

But Bess had leaned forward and was looking eagerly at the curtain. Molly nudged at her skirt, but the girl did not realize it. There upon the curtain was Ted Prescott. She was sure of it. The picture changed again and she sank back in her seat quivering in every muscle.

Rapidly she explained to Molly how Ted had gone away from home, how his letters had stopped and his mother could find no trace of him.

"His mother's heart is breaking for him," she declared. "I must find him and tell him to write home."

She left her seat, greatly excited, and started up the aisle. Molly followed her country cousin curiously. An usher directed her to the balcony, where the machine was operated, and she waited until the operator had finished. He could give her little information other than to furnish her with the address of the firm that had taken the pictures.

She could scarcely wait until the next morning to continue her search, and she started immediately after breakfast with a male cousin as an escort.

The manager was courteous and seemed to take an interest in her quest. The pictures had been made in town he explained, and he gave her the number and address of the engine company.

It was far up town, but she could not rest, and in a short time she stood in front of the tiny desk beside the glittering engine.

"Is Mr. Prescott, a fireman, here?" she asked with trembling voice. The man in blue shook his head.

"Jimmy Prescott is with Seven Truck," he explained.

"I am looking for Theodore Prescott," she explained. "He was photographed here for some moving pictures."

"Pratt French and Roe posed for that picture," he declared. "You mean this?"

He took down from the wall a small framed photograph, evidently an enlargement of the picture film.

"That's Ted," she cried. "I'm sure of it."

"Call Roe down," demanded a voice behind her. The fireman sprang to obey orders and she soon found that the captain was the man with the gold instead of silver buttons, and crossed trumpets on his cap front.

Two Bachelor Girls

They were great friends, and each had vowed solemnly to the other that they would never surrender their liberty to a man. "We will live together in a nice little suite of rooms," they said. "Why should we need a man to make our lives complete?"

"Shall you be called 'old Maids'?" a friend asked them. They indignantly replied: "Why, no, we will be 'bachelor girls'."

So they both entered college with the intention of teaching school some day. They never tired of their favorite subject of conversation, and many were the plans and projects they discussed. In imagination the four dainty rooms they were to occupy together in the future were furnished over and over again, and their spare moments were spent in working on sofa cushions and other pretty trifles dear to a woman's heart.

The summer came and the girls were to part for three months, and with their arms about each other they rejoiced that in one short year they would be free to begin a life together.

"Now don't you go and get engaged," said Isabelle as they bade each other good-by, and then they both laughed as if it were a huge joke.

Isabelle went to Bar Harbor with her mother, and Catherine spent her vacation in a little village in Vermont. For awhile the girls wrote frequently and fully to each other, but soon Catherine noticed her friend's letters were short and unsatisfactory.

Suppose Isabelle is in the whirl of society. As she doesn't write to me about how she spends her time I shall not tell her of anything that I am doing," sighed Catherine, as though to excuse herself for her hastily written notes.

The summer wore itself away and autumn came, and the girls returned to college and greeted each other warmly but with constraint. "Why, Catherine, how well you look! Did you have a good time?" inquired Isabelle. "I enjoyed myself very much," was the answer, in rather a weak voice. "And you, dear?" Isabelle with a rosy-face-and-downcast-eyes assured her friend that her summer had been a very pleasant one.

No further allusion to the past or to the life of the future was made by either, and they soon settled down into the monotonous round of school duties. Although roommates still, they avoided each other to such a degree that it was remarked by the other students, and many were the conjectures put forth on the subject.

"She knows it! Oh, dear! Oh, thought Catherine. "She ignores me more and more each day." "I will have to tell her," sighed Isabelle. "What will she think of me!"

One evening in October the two girls, separated by the entire length of the road, were preparing their lessons for the following day. Catherine would steal a furtive glance from her book to Isabelle's face only to find Isabelle gazing fixedly at her. Then they would both glance quickly down with heightened color and rapidly beating hearts.

The little Dresden clock on the mantel chimed the half-hour after 8, and Isabelle closed the book she had been holding upside down and with a firm resolve to do or die, swung herself on the couch and buried her head in the dainty cushions. Catherine, hurriedly thrusting a much-worn letter into her pocket, earnestly sought the sweeping girl to tell her the cause of this sudden outburst.

Thus urged, Isabelle began in low, pleading tones: "Can you ever forgive me? I have broken my vows to you—all those lovely things we made—oh, dear, you needn't finish that pillow. I wish I had stayed at home, but then I wouldn't have—"

"Tell me all about it, dear," Catherine begged, as she softly patted Isabelle's hand.

"While at the shore this summer I met a young man—a lawyer—he is just lovely, so—I liked him and he liked me. At first, Cathy, I only considered him as a brother, I really did, and I have broken my vow to you. Oh, dear! He is so kind and good that I don't believe you could have helped liking him if you knew him as well as I do. There!" and so saying she hid her face in the cushions again, not seeing Catherine's joyful countenance.

"Look up, Isabelle! Don't cry. I met a college professor last July whom I thought I regarded only as a friend, but when he told me how much he loved me I had to confess that I returned his affections."

Isabelle had been listening with an expression of amazement, and now she threw her arms impetuously around Catherine's neck, exclaiming: "It is simply charming! How happy I am! I wish you could see Dick. He is just lovely, and—"

Of Interest to Women

Western Girl Chosen for Queen Alexandra's Coronation Robes

Queen Alexandra's Coronation Robes Made in America

Who Made the Robes?—Royal Flairy Gilt Pictures Was Fashion.

When the loyal and honest British girl, Miss Evelyn May Converse, was chosen for the honor of making the coronation robes for Queen Alexandra, at the suggestion of the Duchess of Devonshire, it was only to their queen's head and face. The rounded arms, the well poised neck, the stately, patriarchal carriage of the figure, are another—the secret is out now. Miss Evelyn Converse, an American girl from Wisconsin at that, posed as Queen Alexandra for Mr. Abbey's great painting, "The Coronation of Edward VII."

Miss Converse hasn't sat on the royal throne, but she has worn the coronation robes. She has never been presented at court, but she has come and gone at Buckingham palace as if born to the purple. She was never proclaimed queen in Westminster, but there she is in the picture.

The king himself ordered the painting to be hung on the walls of Buckingham palace. He posed, the queen posed; all the important personages who were nearest to their majesties on that august occasion faced Mr. Abbey for their portions of the picture. But for two years the great work was held up because there was no suitable model in England.

"For two years I've waited for you," said Mr. Abbey when he met Miss Converse. He knew he had found the model he wanted—the rest was only a matter of course. Who that could do it would refuse to pose for her majesty, consort of Edward VII., and wear her robes and jewels? Strangely enough, Miss Converse isn't a professional model at all. She comes from Eau Claire, Wis., where her father, Henry Edward Converse, is a successful up-to-date American.

Miss Evelyn May Converse. This is the story of how the pretty American girl was asked to wear Queen Alexandra's coronation robes when Miss Converse called on Mr. Abbey. As she tells it:

"He smiled and just looked at me hard, hard, for about a minute. Then he asked me if I would mind taking off my gloves, that he might see my hands. I said, 'Yes, I'll do it,' and then—why, he just said that if my arms were like that he'd most certainly want me for a very important picture he was painting."

"And that very day I put on Queen Alexandra's robes and he began to paint me in the picture."

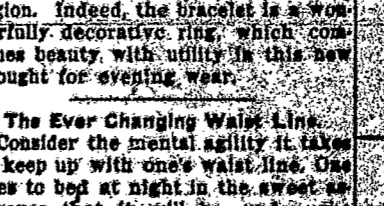
Fan Bracelets. An ingenious jeweler has decided to have no more lost fans in the streets or ballrooms. He has fashioned a bracelet which holds the tiny hand fan securely, yet gives easy manipulation and graceful movement of the wings. The first bracelet of the series is a gold chain. The shell handle of the fan carried out the curve of the wrist was so successful and so comfortable that other more individual ideas have been evolved. While ivory carved so delicately that it is hard to realize that it is not a band of creamy lace around the wrist, is used for the bracelet of a white fan which hangs from a silken cord. Then there is a lovely fan from which is suspended a black spangled fan. Gold and silver ornamented with jewels are legion. Indeed, the bracelet is a wonderfully decorative ring, which combines beauty with utility in this new thought for evening wear.

The Ever Changing Waist Line. Consider the mental agility it takes to keep up with one's waist line. One goes to bed at night in the sweet assurance that it will be under the arms for the next two or three months at any rate, and awakes to learn from the headlines in the morning papers that waist line is positively at the knees. There is absolutely no use in prognosticating anything about it any longer. That the waist line occurred at the waist was an axiom accepted as unquestionably as that the earth revolves on its axis. But in these days of higher criticism it is likely to be anywhere. It bloweth where it listeth. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow in American Magazine.

When Making Skirt Plaits. In making plaits in skirts, particularly in wash materials, if the plaits are stitched on the inside close to the outer edge where it is cranked about half way down, the plaits will always be easy to keep in place when ironed.

Provide for Rail Expansion. In every mile of railway there is seven feet four inches not covered by the rails—the space left for expansion.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers, and he who loves weeds may find weeds.—Henry Ward Beecher.



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