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**St. Anthony's Mission**

In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

THANKS A THOUSAND GRATITUDE 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 an 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.

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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**How the Trick Was Done**

Showing the Ingenuity of an Able Embassy.

By HELEN INGLEHART.

Copyright, 1914 by American Press Association.

"Mrs. Chapeller?"

"Yes."

"His excellency has directed me to admit you as soon as you called."

The attendant led the way to the private office of the minister of foreign affairs, opened the door and announced, "Mrs. Chapeller!"

"The government," said the minister, "appreciating your past services, is desirous of adding to the amogols already paid you another 50,000 francs."

"And I doubt if the government expects me to add to my past services a corresponding amount?"

"Can you leave for London tonight?"

"I can go anywhere at any time."

"Very well, I will explain."

The minister cast a look about the room, habitually with him before entering upon a matter involving secrecy, leaned forward in his chair and spoke in a low tone:

"The British government has made a treaty with the ambassador of the sublime Porte at London by which the Sultan grants valuable concessions to Great Britain. We have been negotiating with the Sultan's ambassador here in Paris for these same privileges, but we are too late."

"Sir Bradford Chichestor, one of the younger members of the British diplomatic corps, has engaged passage by sea for Constantinople in a ship sailing on the 14th. He will carry with him the British-Turkish treaty for signature at the Turkish foreign office. It is our purpose to delay him either at starting or on the way."

Mrs. Chapeller reached London the next morning and reported in person to Baron La Brun, the French minister.

"In order to assist you," he said, "I give a dinner this evening at which Sir Bradford Chichestor will be present. Have you consented?"

"Everything except appropriate jewelry, I shall personate a wealthy American widow—Mrs. Worthington Wood."

"Where shall I send them?"

"No—Portman square."

"Very well, I shall expect you at 8."

At the dinner given at the French embassy Mrs. Worthington Wood, who, though born of French parents, had lived the first fifteen years of her life in America, was taken in to dinner by Sir Bradford Chichestor. She knew that his family, though ancient, were not rich and that he would gladly take a wealthy wife. She manifested so much interest in seeing his country seat, the Dunes, on the Irish channel and some 200 miles from London, that he, thinking to benefit in the matter of a courtship—should be deemed such desirable—arranged a house party to go there to remain till the 13th, when he must return to the city to be ready to sail on the 14th. Of course Mrs. Wood was invited.

The next day a small number of guests assembled at the Dunes. It was winter, but the house was cheerfully lighted and logs blazed on every hearth. Sir Bradford devoted himself to the young widow. There are women who possess the knack of carrying an impressive man quickly off his feet. Such was Mrs. Worthington Wood. She administered, so to speak, a love potion. There was in it a reason—to cause her victim to feel that he could never aspire to possess her. Eyes that shot a spark to kindle passion, feigned innocence to excite reverence.

Sir Bradford, Mrs. Wood and several others of the house party had gone up from London on the same train and in the same compartment. Mrs. Wood noticed that her host carried a leather hand bag that he never lost sight of. If he left the train for a moment at a station he took the bag with him; if he went into the smoking compartment to enjoy a cigar the hand bag went with him.

Mrs. Wood also noticed that when he entered the family equipage to be driven to his home, while he gave up his rug, umbrella and other such belongings to the servants, he held out to the satchel. She deemed it necessary to her plans to know where the hand bag would be deposited. But as soon as the host entered the house, leaving his guests to be shown to their rooms by the housekeeper, he disappeared. When Mrs. Wood next saw him the satchel was not with him.

"I have brought with me," she said to him, "a few of my finest jewels, not daring to leave them in London. Have you a safe in the house?"

"Certainly," he said. "One moment, I will call the housekeeper. The safe is in my bedroom. She will go with us."

"Is it necessary for you to go?"

"I never allow my safe to be opened except by myself."

"On second thought, I will keep my valuables locked in my trunk."

There was a faint reproach in the glance she gave him and her tone.

"Pardon me," he said. "I would trust you, but my housekeeper—"

"You would not trust?"

"Certainly, I would trust you both, but there is property in that safe that doesn't belong to me. Would I be justified in permitting any one, however trustworthy, to go in there?"

His tone was graver now. He said:

"You would be so good as to go to my box. I intrust it to your care. A temptation came to him not to be outside in a matter of confidence, but he resisted it. Taking the box, in which there were only a few gems for informal occasions, he went away and placed it in his safe.

The next evening at dinner the young widow was entrancing. She seemed to be in a light, happy mood. She told the story of how the host had refused to permit her to visit his safe without his being present and set all the guests laughing by its humorous telling. The host laughed with the rest and had not been coming under a spell that would have ended the matter. As it was he winced. There was underneath Mrs. Wood's humor a faint suspicion of ridicule. He tried to excuse himself, but only got tangled in his own excuses.

"Don't you think," said the lady to the others, "that Sir Bradford owes us some reparation?"

All heartily agreed that he did.

"Well, this is the last night of our visit here. Let him intrust me with the key of his safe till tomorrow morning."

All declared that such an act would not necessarily be showing any confidence whatever. But the widow insisted that it would satisfy her, and she smilingly held out her hand for the key.

The thought flashed through Sir Bradford's head that the safe, being in his own room, would be under his control through the night. There was a pretty woman smiling at him, darling him—a woman with whom he was fascinated and whom he thought it advantageous to marry. Nevertheless he did not consent. Then suddenly there came a flash from the woman's eyes, a haughty look as if she deemed such a denial of confidence insulting. Sir Bradford put his hand in his pocket and tossed the key on the table before her.

Amid a burst of laughter she seized it and placed it in her corage.

The diplomat had no sooner yielded to an impulse that he regretted it. A man under a woman's spell is liable to rub from one extreme to another. One moment he trusts her implicitly; the next he fears that he has fallen into the coils of a devil. At any rate, such was the fear of Sir Bradford. Never for a moment during the evening did he leave the side of the woman who possessed the key of his safe—the wife who was depicted that which if it passed into the possession of another would ruin him. If he turned away from her for a moment he was that she should see the expression on his face when he cursed himself for a fool.

The widow rallied him continually. "Aren't you going to give me one moment alone?" He comforted: "I am not in the habit of visiting my wife in my own room when I visit."

"Will you sleep with a revolver under your pillow tonight?" These were some of the banterings she gave him, much to the amusement of the guests. At midnight, when the party broke up, she had made no move. She rose with the others and went up to her room.

The moment Sir Bradford heard her door close he went up to his own apartment. With his eyes fixed on his safe he gave himself up to tumultuous musing. It contained his possible ruin, and the key was in the possession of a woman he had known but a few days.

"Pooh, pooh! What an ass! She only did it to bedevil me. Nonsense! I have a revolver under my pillow, and if any one should come in here at night, I will be ready to fight."

More nonsense! Who's to take three glasses daily of the butter-bone? This he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. But, oh, if he years and would he found an infallible remedy. The present was gratefully acknowledged and promptly buried, and when Madame recovered herself she took to himself the credit of her safe.

Effects of Drugs.

Persons employed in India rubber factories sometimes inhale fumes of carbon and suffer from frightful dreams of being murdered or of falling over precipices. Opium smokers are liable to similar fancies, and persons who have been drinking wine and brandy are liable to see phantoms and hear voices. These drugs have a distinct effect upon the mind. Sometimes, as from alcohol, a person's senses are so affected that he is liable to see phantoms and hear voices. These drugs have a distinct effect upon the mind. Sometimes, as from alcohol, a person's senses are so affected that he is liable to see phantoms and hear voices.

Uncertainty.

"I am always horribly nervous when I buy a suit of clothes from a stranger tailor."

"Yes, a person you don't know is hard to stand off."—Houston Post.

A Leading Part.

"My brother has a leading part in that drama."

"What part?"

"He leads a horse over the stage in the last act."

Some people are born leaders, some are made. Some are born leaders, some are made. Some are born leaders, some are made.

Miss Elizabeth McArthur

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