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A Chase
 An American Abroad is Recognized by a Lady He Does Not Know
 By ERNEST G. BROWNE

Walking in the Rue Rivoli, in Paris, I passed two ladies, the one gray and wrinkled, the other in what I consider the prime of womanhood that is to say, she must have been about thirty. The moment the younger of the two caught sight of me her face lighted up, and she was about to bow to me when she saw that I did not recognize her. Then she looked away. I was puzzled. My eyesight is fairly good, and I am not old enough to forget faces. I could not remember to have seen the lady before, but no one can be certain of anything in this world, and I might have met her casually. But had our previous meeting been casual her face would not have likely lighted at the second meeting. Still, if the ladies were Americans the meeting with a fellow countryman in a foreign land might have been sufficiently pleasing to produce this result.

A few days later, having nothing better to do, I called an open cab for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. On the Champs Elysees, just before reaching the Arc de Triomphe, I met the two ladies again, riding. The moment the younger one caught sight of me I saw embarrassment on her face. Indeed, a slight blush. This time I noticed the resemblance between the two that they must be mother and daughter.

Calling to my driver, I directed him to turn and follow the carriage that had just passed keeping so far away that we would not appear to be shadowing it. He did so, and I saw it stop at a hotel in the Rue d'Alger near Rue St. Honoré. I knew it for a family hotel frequented by English and Americans.

I now had not only the lady's address, but was privileged to take up my abode under the same roof with her. I went to her hotel, engaged a room and sent my baggage there. Then I went there myself.

The morning after my arrival, after breakfast I loitered in the hallway, waiting for the lady to go out. I would have asked the landlady for her name but I could not describe her to him. About 10 o'clock she came out with the elderly lady. The look of surprise on my charmer's face was reflected in mine, only hers was genuine while mine was feigned. I had intended to seek an explanation but was not encouraged to do so and let the opportunity go by. The ladies entered a carriage standing at the door and were driven away. I looked for the landlady to point them out to him, but he must needs be away from the office just when I wanted him.

Although I was watching, I saw no more of the lady for two days, when being down on the ground floor occupied for office, hallway and reading room I saw some trunks going out and a little later looking out of a window, saw the two ladies get into a carriage.

Somewhat I associated the trunks and the ladies together and got it into my head that I was about to have a break in my romance that might never be spoiled. I hurried out, followed the carriage on foot up the Rue St. Honoré to the Place Vendôme where I halted an empty cab and, giving the necessary instructions to the cabman, was driven after the ladies to a railway station. Alighting I saw them enter and from a distance watched them get into a train.

This was more than I had bargained for. I must either take the same train or lose my romance. The road I knew ran eastward, and I was told that the train about to leave would proceed to Dijon, Bern and thence to the heart of Switzerland. Since it was winter if my enthusiasm could be chilled it would have been chilled now. But what will a man not do under certain circumstances?

I bought a ticket as far as Dijon and got aboard the train. But my ladies did not stop there. So I bought another to Neuchâtel, another to Bern and a final one to Thun. There, putting my head out of the window, I saw them leaving the station, a railway porter carrying their hand baggage in a tin box and I was disappointed in not seeing them go by a carriage or porter putting their hand baggage in with you around the globe.

I followed them to the railway station and thence to Interlaken. There having forgotten my youthful love, shot I took pains to shadow them to their hotel.

The distance from Thun to Interlaken being only a ride of half an hour I surmised that they would stop without even an extra collar, will start for Aarberg at the latter place, for if after her, he knows not where, especially were going to Lucerne or some other place to the south they would have former episode. I captured the flying train likely to go on for a day's journey, and two romances were merged. I bought a change of linen and

Tibetan Income Sticks.
 The most valuable income sticks in China and those which seldom, if ever are imported into this country are those in the manufacture of which Tibetan income is used. These sticks are made almost exclusively for the imperial court, which requires them for all its ceremonies.

The sticks are long and thin and are never allowed to be wholly consumed by the court. They are carefully extinguished when about three inches remain. These remnants are either sold or given by court officials to friends or foreign visitors. The cheapest variety of the Tibetan income sticks comes in thin sticks of great length and costs from 2 1/2 to 5 cents a stick. The larger and more costly sticks range in value from \$1 to \$2. The Chinese have a tradition of a theory that the smoke from one of these costly Tibetan sticks, if the genuine Tibetan income has been used, will rise to a great height without being affected by the wind, no matter how strongly it may be blowing.—New York Herald

Africa's Gold Coast.
 The Gold Coast is a British colony on the west coast of Africa. Its climate is notoriously unhealthy, the heat and moisture being excessive; the coast is lined with unhealthy swamps and shallow lakes, while the peculiar rock of the country is said to give off, under the influence of the air and moisture, large quantities of hydrogen gas. The native towns are crowded and dirty, intermittent fevers and other diseases being always present. These are peculiarly fatal to Europeans, though the natives do not suffer so much. The whole region is more or less a gold producing country, but at present the value of the territory is chiefly due to the profusion of vegetable products supplied by the rich soil. Coconut and palm oil, bread fruit, Indian corn, yams, sweet potatoes, limes and oranges are only some out of many other valuable productions of this territory. The principal exports are gold dust and palm oil.

Some Mysteries of Dress.
 We have wondered at the popularity of the fez in the east in spite of its apparent unsuitability to eastern sun. Sir Charles Elliot has some observations which are in point: "Dress in the east is a matter determined by rank or race and is not affected by such trifles as climate or temperature. Some people think it proper to go about almost naked, others bury themselves under a mountain of clothes, but all would scorn the idea of putting on an overcoat because it was cold or leaving off a fur lined robe because the thermometer was at 60 degrees in the shade." These remarks are made in connection with the Bulgarian woman's gala costume—white linen gown with woolen embroidery on skirt and sleeve, various sleeveless garments over this and above all a thick quilted jacket and voluminous sash. In all this they will perform the national dance throughout a blazing afternoon.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Changed His Mind.
 A southern senator was alone in his office one morning when a middle aged woman entered, bringing with her a will gleam in her eye.

"Can you lend me \$20?" she asked.

"Lending the senator by name."

"I'm sorry," replied the lawmaker, "but I'm afraid I can't this morning. I'm pretty hard up."

The visitor edged into the chair which she had taken without invitation. "I need \$20 very badly," she continued. "In fact, I've just escaped from a lunatic asylum. The gleam in her eye got wilder, and she began to wave her hand bag in long swinging motion before her. "I just got out yesterday," she said.

"That being the case," concluded the senator somewhat hastily, "here's the twenty."—Washington Star

The Absentminded Record.
 Junith is the home of a woman who in the line of absentmindedness has the whole world beaten to a flush. She is absentminded from the time she wakes up until the moment she goes to sleep.

"Emily," a friend asked her on one occasion, "how old was your mother when she died?"

"I don't know," replied Emily sweetly. "You know she died long before I was born."—Popular Magazine

Life's Crucible.
 It was said of Diderot that in his variable optimism he was like one of the old alchemists, who always found gold in his crucible because he had first put it there. That is what the instructed soul learns to do, for life consists always of what we put into it.

Hard Hearted.
 "Poor Bickers has a very hard hearted wife," said Trivvet.

"What's the trouble now?" asked Dier.

"She not only broke the broomstick over his head, but made him go to the store and buy another."

Nature.
 Nature paints the best part of the picture, carves the best part of the statue, builds the best part of the house, and speaks the best part of the oration.—Emerson.

Marine Yarn.
 Flipper—And how did your boat come to be wrecked? Skipper—Well, you see, she was making so many knots the crew wasn't able to unweave them.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.—Fruwirth.

Old Fitz's Absentmindedness.
 Of FitzGerald's absentmindedness and preoccupation a good story is told. He was going to London from Woodbridge to visit some friends, talking with him his handy man. When Woodbridge was left the sky was clear and cloudless, but when London was reached it was raining in torrents. FitzGerald paced restlessly up and down the platform, expressing regret at having failed to bring his umbrella and occasionally sending his man out to see if the rain had ceased. Suddenly FitzGerald stopped in front of a timetable. "A brilliant inspiration had come to him. His long, artistic fingers followed the dotted lines, and then, taking out his watch from his job, he said to his man, "John, go and fetch my umbrella and catch the train back again." And away went faithful John to Woodbridge on a journey costing twice as much as an umbrella could have been purchased for just outside the station, while FitzGerald stayed in the waiting room.—F. P.'s London Magazine.

Worse Than a Galley Slave's Life.
 Less than a century back life at Eton appears to have been even harder than at Christ's hospital. An old Etonian who left the school in 1824 describes his experience there as "worse than that of many inmates of a workhouse or a jail. To get up at 5 o'clock on freezing winter mornings; to sweep their own floors and make their own beds; to go two by two to the pump for a scanty wash; to eat no month of food until 9 o'clock in the morning; to live on an endless round of mutton, potatoes and beer, some of them too plentiful or too good, to sleep in a dismal cell without chair or table—such was the lot of boys whose parents could not pay for a private room. Some of these unenvied privations, that might have broken down a cabin boy and would be thought inhuman if inflicted on a galley slave."—London Spectator.

Boxing the Ears.
 "Don't box a naughty child's ears. Don't allow any provocation to tempt you to strike a child on the head," is the injunction contained in an article on skulls issued by the International Hygiene Exposition at Dresden. Corporal punishment of any kind, says the writer, is wrong, but when the head is the point of contact between the angry parent and the child the former may easily become a murderer. In a collection of skulls at the exposition sent by the Wurzburg university there are many of children as well as adults which show that the abnormally thin skull is not unusually found, even in otherwise normal human beings, and the causes of death, which are stated on cards attached to the skulls, are intended to serve as warnings to parents, teachers and guardians.

How Water Freezes.
 It used to puzzle all things people why ponds and rivers do not freeze beyond a certain depth. This depends on a most curious fact—namely, that water is at its heaviest when it reaches 40 degrees F.—that is, 8 degrees above freezing point. On a frosty night as each top layer of water falls to 40 degrees it sinks to the bottom. Therefore the whole pond has to drop to 40 degrees before any of it can freeze. At last it is all cooled to this point, and then ice begins to form. But ice is a very bad conductor of heat. Therefore it shuts off the freezing air from the big body of comparatively warm water underneath. The thicker it gets the more perfectly does it act as a great coat, and that is why here eye got wilder, and she began to wave her hand bag in long swinging motion before her. "I just got out yesterday," she said.

The Japanese Empire.
 The Japanese empire proper is made up of four large islands, Nippon, Shikoku, Kyushu and Yeddo and about 8,000 small ones, many of them too small and rocky for habitation. The area the empire is very nearly the same as the state of California, about 165,000 square miles. It has a population of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000, the larger part of it being engaged in agriculture and fishing. The arable land of the whole empire, not including Formosa or Korea, is about 9,000,000 acres, or just about that of the state of New York.—New York American.

Even Up.
 "Do you think it is ever going to clear up?" said the talkative man on the front platform.

"I do, sir," gruffly replied the man addressed. "And as I'm a lawyer that opinion will cost you a fee."

"My friend," returned the first man promptly, "your liver is out of order. Better take a pill. And as I'm a doctor that squares us."—Boston Transcript.

The Real Test.
 "I shall make it a rule," said the young man who is learning politics, "never to go back on my friends."

"An excellent rule," replied Senator Sorghum, "but the real test of the game is to keep your friends from going back on you."—Washington Star

Dirty Windows.
 A German professor has ascertained that in industrial cities windows which have not been washed for ten days exclude from 35 to 48 per cent of the light. If not washed for four weeks they may exclude as much as 89 per cent of the light.

Well Defined.
 "Pa, is a vessel's bow?"
 "Er—yes, you may call it that."
 "Well, what kind of a boat is a blood vessel?"
 "A Ribboat."