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KING HAS SUPREME POWER

But There Are Reasons Why British Monarch Does Not Exercise His Royal Prerogative.

If the king did all he might do without exceeding his royal prerogative the nation would be started. He can veto a bill passed in both houses; he can dissolve and summon parliament; he can select or dismiss his ministers; he can declare war; he can make treaties and create peers; he can appoint bishops, governors and judges—and all "on his own." He could cede the duchy of Cornwall to a foreign power, disband the army and navy, and sell the dreadnaughts and naval stores. He could give every government official, from the highest to the lowest, the "push," could pardon all criminals, and could stop the whole machinery of government. But there is an unwritten law of common sense, fortified by long usage, which makes it unthinkable that the king should do these things; and in the last resort, which is never likely to occur, the king, being a constitutional monarch, reigned by the will of the people, and could be deposed by act of parliament. —Montreal Herald

JOKE ON AMATEUR FARMER

He Still Has Something to Learn About the "Enormous Profits" Made by Agriculturists.

A federal official at Washington has discovered that he has still something to learn touching agriculture. Now, he purchased a farm as a summer home for his family, and finds special delight in walking about the place, commenting on the condition of the crops and in many ways showing his interest in his possessions. One evening during the summer he was strolling over the farm. The hired man had cut the grass during the day—a very thin crop—and left it on the ground to dry. The official saw it and, calling his man, said: "It appears to me that you are very careless. Why haven't you been more particular in raking up this hay? Don't you see that you have left dribblings all around?" For a moment the hired man stared, wondering whether his boss was kidding him. Then he replied: "Dribblings? Why, sir, that's the crop!" —The Qualified Druggist

Documentary Evidence.

A Washington, D.C. mother was not particularly pleased by the willingness of her daughter to proceed upon various excursions with a young man from another city. "I would much prefer," said mother, "that you would not go sailing with that young man, Marie; I don't believe he knows a thing about a sailboat." "Oh, but he does, mother!" was the quick response. "He showed me a letter of recommendation from a firm for which he worked and they speak very highly indeed of his salesmanship." Philadelphia Public Ledger

A Peaceful Pursuit.

Bandit Bill Carlisle is doing embroidery work in prison. Next to knitting, it is the most restful occupation in the world. Bill of Amerongen—or is it Doorn?—might have recovered by this time had he taken up embroidery instead of chopping wood. Sarah Grand once wrote a convincing study entitled, "Should Irascible Old Gentlemen Be Taught to Knit?"—San Francisco Bulletin

What He Wanted to Know.

He had been stealing jam again, and had been severely chastised by his mother. After tea, when father and son were alone, the fond parent could see that Tommy had been greatly impressed. "Well, my son," he said, "I hope you have learnt a lesson." "Yes," he answered, feelingly; "I have; but tell me, daddy, at what age do these hostilities really cease?" —All Set

Guaranty of Ease.

"She married him for love, didn't she?" "Yes, with his money as collateral." —Boston Transcript

Snatched From Peril.

"So Casey had a scrap with his wife and got arrested. 'Arrested, is it?' Begorra, he was rescued."

Weekly Calendar Of Feast Days

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Sunday, April 9.—St. Mary of Alexandria, who lived a sinful life until converted by a miracle on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross in Jerusalem. She fled to the desert, where, for almost fifty years she did penance. Monday, April 10.—St. Badius, a noble Persian, who founded a seminary near Bethlapeta, which he ruled with great virtue. He was apprehended by the followers of King Sapor and put to death in 376.

Tuesday, April 11.—St. Leo the Great, Pope, consecrated in the year 440. He condemned the Eutychian heresy and proclaimed the true doctrine of the Incarnation. He turned back Attila, the Hun, from the gates of Rome. After ruling twenty years he died in 461.

Wednesday, April 12.—St. Julius, a Roman, chosen Pope in 337. He foiled the attempts of the Arians to implicate the faith of St. Anathanasius and took measures against the Oriental Eusebian bishops. He died in 362.

Thursday, April 13.—St. Hermenegild, martyr. He was son of Leovigild, King of the Visigoths and married a zealous Catholic, the daughter of Sigebert, King of France. His father denounced him as a traitor and had him seized and executed. Later Leovigild on his deathbed instructed Recared, brother of Hermenegild to seek out St. Leander and become a Christian. Recared did so and labored for the conversion of the Arians.

Friday, April 14.—St. Benet, a shepherd whom God inspired to build a bridge over the Rhone at Avignon, where many people had been drowned. He died when the most difficult part of the work was completed in 1184. Many miracles were wrought through his intercession and his coffin being opened five hundred years after his death, the body was found uncorrupted.

Saturday, April 15.—St. Paterius, founder of a monastery in Wales, who later embraced the life of an anchorite in the forests of Seicy, where he converted many Druids, inducing them to destroy one of their principal temples. He died in solitude in France in 550.

ST. MCHAELE'S

Walter Joseph Schreier, aged 18 years, died suddenly Wednesday evening, April 5, 1922, at the family residence, No. 587 Clinton avenue north. He leaves to mourn his loss, his father, Fred Schreier; one brother, Andrew, and two sisters, Eleanor and Luella Schreier. The funeral will take place Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock from his late home and at 10 o'clock from St. Michael's Church. Interment will take place in the family lot in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Mary Kehrig Burke, wife of James Burke, died Tuesday afternoon, April 4, 1922, at the home, at No. 5 Princeton street, aged 33 years and 5 months. Besides her husband she leaves one son, William; one daughter, Geraldine Burke; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Kehrig; one brother, Carl Kehrig; seven sisters, Mrs. George Spacher, Mrs. Lawrence May, Mrs. Leo Becker, Mrs. Frank Becker, Mrs. Walter Shelter and the Misses Helen and Agnes Kehrig. The funeral will take place from the home of her parents at No. 21 Carl street on Saturday morning at 8:30 o'clock and at 9 o'clock from this church. Interment in the family lot in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

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LONDON FOG BACK ON JOB

What Visitors Universally Denominate a Nuisance.

The "London particular," the blinding, choking, solid, yellow fog, the Londoner's pride and the visitor's despair, has come back into its own. London's fog is not the soft, moist, gray mist that hangs over an American city in wet weather. It may be absolutely dry or as wet as rain itself. It may envelop all of London, a blanket that recedes unwillingly, step by step, as a pedestrian advances. It may envelop one or a dozen sections, when it may be seen in the distance, and is stepped into as definitely as one steps into a doorway. Whatever the real "London particular" character, it is a real fog; and when it comes, it stops or slows to a nervous crawl and street traffic is all but halted. The London fog comes with the autumn and early winter, when fires are lighted in 2,000,000 fireplaces and the smoke is unable to penetrate the clouds. For several years there had not been much fog; last year there was almost none. This year it is back, and the Londoner, cursing it when it makes him an hour late for work, secretly hugs it to his breast—and doesn't help it if he wanted to—and doesn't ever let it as part of his heritage. No one knows where it passed its vacation.

MANY ADULTS TOY WRECKERS

Fathers, Mothers, and Uncles, All Too Fond of Trifling With the Children's Playthings.

Fathers and uncles have always made it a practice to play with little Willie's mechanical toys at Christmas time until they were broken, frequently permitting Willie to look on merely. One day a group of adults congregated to play with little Willie's toys all Christmas day. But what happened to little Willie as nothing to the wrongs practiced by mothers who have purchased talking dolls for their little girls. A little girl whose family had been making entirely unsuccessful efforts to conceal the ante-Yuletide presence in the home of a walking doll came out with the whole history of the case one evening. "Are you going to show her the walking doll?" she asked wistfully, declaring a dinner guest as the "her" in question. Father and mother looked at each other aghast. Theoretically the little girl was not supposed to know there was a walking doll in the house until Santa Claus introduced them. Tactfully they ignored the question. "Bedtime, dear," suggested mother sweetly. But the little girl had reached the end of her endurance. Desperately she turned to the guest. "They play with it every night after I go to bed," she wailed.

Lloyd George's Jokes on Himself.

What has saved Lloyd George is his sense of humor. He knows how to laugh at himself. His favorite story—his chestnut—was of the man who saved a drowning person in the Thames and explained, "Yes—I jumped in, after him—got him by the neck—turned him over and found he wasn't Lloyd George—and then I walked him out." His next favorite is of the old Welsh farmer who walked many miles in Cricleth, where Lloyd George lives. "I'm going to have a look at David," said this admirer. "David's now a great man." "Why does he get \$5,000 a year?" answered the friend. The farmer looked thoughtfully and replied, "It's not the \$5,000 a year that matters. Our David lives near the pile."—P. W. Wilson World's Work

"While You Wait"

"Repairs while you wait" may be explained in more ways than one, according to a Jeffersonville business man who had discovered a meaning and not thought of it first. He took a pair of shoes to a shop that advertised "something different in repairs," and promised the job "while you wait." The business man said he was not going to wait, but would call on the shoemaker. He was in the shop, he became nervous, but checked himself. He looked thoughtfully at the shoemaker, who remained as usual, as the shoemaker said, "Well, in—" —Boston News

Another Bachelors' Party

Another bachelors' party was held at the home of the master of ceremonies. This time the introduction was made by the master of ceremonies.

FATHER OF MODERN NOVELIST

Minstrel, Centuries Ago, Held Audiences Very Much as Does the Writer of Today.

The old tale tellers, the minstrels, the palmers, the friars, the pedlars, were the remote ancestors of the novelist of today. The minstrel supplied a social need in his day. He was a circulating library when, as yet, there was no circle of readers, and besides being the medieval novelist, he was the medieval publisher. As he drew his bow across his viol or swept the strings of his lute, and prayed audience for some romance of chivalry, the boastings and bickerings of the common hall were silenced, and the rude roar of the market place was hushed.

By the end of the Eleventh century something more was wanted, and the literary craftsman of the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries wove his romances of chivalry to meet the needs of society. These romances violated every canon of literary art, but it was not as literature that he looked at them—rather as a gorgeous tapestry set in the framework of chivalry. The influence these stories exercised on the national life of England was prodigious, and of the three groups into which they fell—the matter of Britain and the matter of Rome—the Great—the most popular belonged to the second. Dealing with the story of King Arthur and the Round Table, Lord Ernie once said it was probably partly patriotism and partly religion which made Sir Thomas Malory choose this group of the medieval romances of chivalry. Partly, also, it was a true instinct of literary genius, for this was the one group which had in it the enduring elements of vitality. That group alone gave us the inward and spiritual meanings, the capacity for allegorical interpretation, the mystical symbolism, which were living, lasting influences, because successive generations could appropriate them to their own needs and circumstances. —London Telegraph

AUTO THAT ACTUALLY JUMPS

Car's Peculiar Feature Based on the Principle That Actuates the Knee of the Athlete

The jumping stunts of automobiles in the movies are the result of trick photography. There has been produced in France a light car that does many of these spectacular performances, not only pictorially, but actually. It is a small, light car with a speed of 25 miles an hour. The particular feature that enables the car to negotiate all obstacles with impunity is the manner of connecting the car to the rear wheels. It has been compared with the action of the human knee. A jumper bends his legs at the knees, straightens them out rapidly to get the effect of a spring. The rear wheels do the same thing. On striking an obstacle the wheels rise independently of the rest of the car, which remains horizontal. Under test, when driven against an obstacle 40 inches high, with an approach sloping at 45 degrees, the car was lifted to a height of 57 inches and landed at a distance of 20 feet, all four wheels striking the ground simultaneously. On landing, the spring in the wheel connection cushions the concussion of the wheel with the ground, again resembling the action of a jumper's knee, which bends under him as he alights.

A Japanese Garden.

The typically Japanese garden of Mr. Inabata, a Kyoto millionaire, near Nanzelji temple is described by a correspondent. It is a good example of the Japanese talent for concealing art; it contains a twin waterfall not only artificial but even said to be exact miniature of some famous Japanese fall; but which looks as if it had like Topsy, "just grown"; also a large artificial cave with walls of rough concrete which would hardly "give it away," but for the electric lights in the roof and the switches for turning on the "dripping well." The water is derived from the Biwa canal, which flows just outside. A minor curiosity is a stone lantern with a high peaked top formed by a tiger standing on its hind; these now meaningless idols are seen everywhere, but hardly ever is any such liberty taken with the conventional form.

Surely Headed for Trouble.

"A man who wants to be everybody's friend," said Mr. Growcher, "sooner or later gets into all kinds of trouble, trying to act as umpire."