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Hospital Chapel Dedicated As Memorial to the Daughter Of Late Nathaniel Hawthorne

Institution Was Founded by Rose Hawthorne-Lathrop, Daughter of Famous American Novelist, and Convert to Faith

Hawthorne, N. Y., Oct. 3.—On Sunday afternoon his Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes dedicated a convent and chapel at the Rosary Hill Home here, a hospital for incurable cancer patients who are destitute. The institution was founded a number of years ago by Rose Hawthorne-Lathrop, a daughter of the famous American novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a convert to the Faith.

Cardinal Princes Founder
The Rosary Hill Home, for men and women, has a capacity of 100 patients. It is conducted by about 20 Sisters of St. Dominic under the legal title of Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer. Rose Hawthorne-Lathrop was known in religious life as Mother Alphonsa Lathrop. She devoted many years of her life to the institution, and under her guidance it grew from a very humble beginning to the splendid institution it now is.

In dedicating the convent and chapel Cardinal Hayes spoke most appreciatively of the work of Mother Alphonsa, and congratulated Mother Rose, the present superior, for having built what is in one sense a fine memorial for Mother Alphonsa. Mother Alphonsa died four years ago.

The chapel immediately adjoins the hospital and several of the 75 patients attended the services in wheelchairs. The Rev. J. J. McEvoy, chaplain of the institution, took part in the ceremonies. Among the dignitaries present were Messrs. Conradus F. Crowley, rector of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New Rochelle, and Most Rev. Hugh L. Lamb, chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Daylight Saving To Be Voted On Next Election

Citizens' Daylight Saving League Sends Appeal to Voters to Register in October and Vote in November.

The following article has been prepared by the Citizens' Daylight Saving League.
At the November elections, the question of Daylight Saving Time in Rochester will be settled once and for all. To impress on all Rochesterians the importance of their vote in the Citizens' Daylight Saving League composed of several hundred men and women representing every walk of life, we have adopted the slogan "S. O. S.—Save Our Sunshine" and sum up the following reasons for voting "yes" in November:

More sunlight means more health, more recreation and pleasure. Fewer motor accidents. Hundreds of business hours saved. Steadier jobless unemployment. Money saved on tax, light, doctor bills.
Daylight Saving puts Rochester in line with other progressive cities.
The medical profession agrees that sunlight maintains health and cures many diseases. Dr. George V. Cooper, chief health officer of Rochester, says: "Next to food, sunlight is most essential to health. The more sunlight we have, the less light we are compelled to use. The more sunlight we have, the more health. Why not have that extra hour of sunlight?"
Registration days are: October 10 and 11, October 17 and 18. Citizens must register on one of these dates in order to be able to vote November 1st, either on candidates or on the Daylight Saving question.

Insulation Is Within Reach of All Purposes

Formerly insulated houses were undoubtedly a luxury. Insulation, being an added expense, could be used only in the erection of elaborate houses. Now an insulated house can be built for the same cost as the old-fashioned, loosely constructed house, and in many localities the cost is somewhat less.

An insulated house retains the temperature which is created inside its walls for an indefinite period. In hot summer the house must be cooled by the opening of windows after the sun goes down. In the morning when the heat of day again approaches the windows should be closed and the shades drawn so that the effect of the insulation in retaining the night coolness will not be lost by heated air wafting through open spaces.

Every housewife knows this trick of keeping the house cool, but it is invariably unsuccessful in the upper portions of the house, as the hot rays of the sun actually penetrate the materials of which the old-fashioned house is built, making sleeping quarters unbearably warm.

By observing a small fraction of the precaution which is exercised with a refrigerator in keeping the doors closed so that the warm air will not melt the ice and spoil the food, an insulated house may be maintained with unusual comfort in the hottest weather.

By the token the same caution should be used in the winter to gain full benefit from insulation. It is obvious that no matter what materials are used in the construction of the house, the heating plant will be ineffective if the windows and doors are left open during the cold weather.

Some homes are so loosely constructed that they aggregate an amount of infiltration of air around windows and doors that is equal approximately to one good-sized door opening.

Not what we give, but what we share. For the gift, without the giver, is bare. Who gives himself with his aims feeds three. Himself, his hungering neighbor and me. —Lowell.

GUARDIANS OF THE KING

By FATHER DAN
Chapter Two

It was a long night. No Irishman had been seen since the moment of sleep. Enemies of God and of the King of Kings, and messengers of the Evil One were already carrying the news of the deaths of Father Malachy and Sir Brian to the farthest hamlet of Fermanagh, Monaghan and Tyrone. Through all the long hours of darkness young Philip Martin, youthful guardian of the King of Kings, knelt with his sister Betsy in the presence of his God, enthroned in the cottage of McGuire, the fisherman. The childish features of the brave boy, as he prayed, were wrapped in a beauty that is not of this earth.

Neeson Castle, on the headland, stood out dark and forbidding, silhouetted against a moonlit sky. James Neeson, just turned fifteen, was suddenly thrust into the shoes of his grandfather and would on the morrow return to the Castle as its ruler. His right to the Castle and the distribution of its resources were even the Queen's soldiers would dare challenge. The responsibility was not so small one for a boy; but boys of fifteen were men in those troublous days, and Jamie Neeson was no exception. On his boyish face could be discerned the light of awakening manhood, a deep strength scarcely expected there.

The Sacred Host Removed
Long before the first faint glimmer of dawn came over the Tyrone hills, a priest disguised as a farm-hand, had removed the Precious Chalice from the McGuire home to a chapel in the Lough forest of Lettrim. For, though a Catholic chapel dotted every hillside of Fermanagh, not one was safe abiding place for the treacher of the world.

The eleven years that followed were comparatively peaceful and happy. Sir James had thrived grown in the affections of his countrymen; and it would not be dealing lightly with the truth to say that every mother's son from Enniskillen to Donegal Bay and from the Tyrone mountains to the Lettrim hills stood ready to die for him. All but one, his own brother Roger, the wedding of the whole Neeson-line. Roger was not only jealous, but brushing aside the voice of conscience, he had allowed himself to be tempted by foreign gold, and had more than once turned informer against his own people. He was hated in all the world. He was hated as all cowards are. And more than that—and this was a source of great grief to his brother—he had dared to sneer at the Faith for which his parents and grandparents had died.

A New Priest Comes
Philip Martin had returned from Dublin, an ordained priest, destined to carry on the work of Father Malachy among his own people. He was in disguise, for there was still a price upon the head of the priest of God.

It was the first evening of the month of May, 1641, that the Castle bell rang. On its cadence welcome to its Lady Elizabeth, for it was on that evening that Betsy Martin had joined Sir James as a comrade-in-arms, until death should part them. All Fermanagh rejoiced at the marriage of the two who, even in childhood, had stood together in bitterness of persecution in defense of their Faith. Lady Elizabeth came to be known to the poor as the Angel of the Castle. If the widow McDonald, of Ballinacaddy, lost a cow and another was brought and fed in its stall by an unknown stranger, who asked no pay but a "bit of a prayer," it was the safe guess that the "Angel on the hill" knew all about it. And so it was that the trials and sorrows of her neighbors were never lost sight of by this queenly soul.

Happy Days Numbered
But the days of happiness were numbered. Sir James and Betsy had rejoiced at the birth of a son, and the old castle had seemed to outdo itself in proclaiming the news. But ere the child and heir were a year old, his mother was stricken with a serious illness that brought her to the very gateway of eternity. Sir James had sent two of his finest horsemen to bring her brother Philip from the Lettrim hills. Philip came at the risk of his life and administered the last rites of Holy Church to his sister and then left through a secret passage, taking with him the baby, George, and guard him from harm. For already Roger had turned traitor, and Lady Elizabeth, from her bed of sickness, saw her husband torn away from the Castle by the Queen's dragoons, to face trial and death, probably, for harboring a priest within the Castle walls. Hovering "on the brink of the river," with only Meg Grady, the faithful old nurse, at her side, Lady Elizabeth lived on through many a weary day. But the happy thought is that she lived, and in spite of her crushing sorrows, got well.

Roger, succeeding his brother as ruler of the castle, did not dare to expel her from her place or deny her the honors that the country folks wished to heap upon her. But he had dared to threaten her, that to talk of the Catholic Faith, even to a servant of the Castle, would mean imprisonment for her, and in this he was protected by ancient laws, that had not been invoked for three centuries, though had never been repealed.

Chapter Three
Night lay on the long-swelling waves of Lake Ontario; no wind, no star, just murky darkness. The spars of an unlighted ship, about a mile out, loomed through the fog and sank into fog again. Stealthily from the bulky boom of the deck a row-boat was lowered. Two seamen followed. Then down the ropes came the tall figure of a man, with a bundle wrapped tightly in his long

green coat. The rowboat pulled off quickly and was swallowed by the fog.
For an hour the ship swung at anchor, a single dim light aloft, and there was no sound save the dull lapping of the waves. Then from the stern a bell began to toll. As it drawn out of the fog by the bell's deep calling the rowboat returned. The tide was off-shore and the ship floated out with the current, unlighted, silent, back into the white smother from which it had come back to brave the treachery of the St. Lawrence rapids and the dangers of the northern sea.

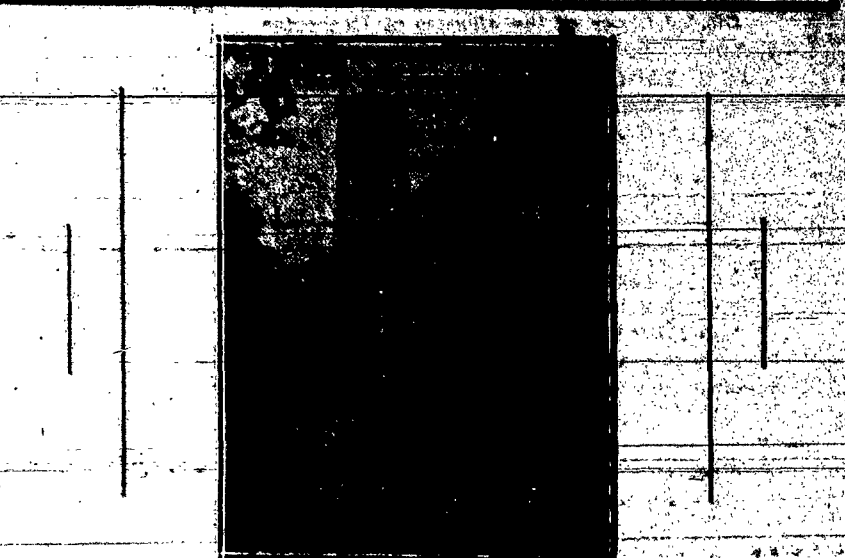
The Cry of a Little Babe
Breasting the keen, narrow-searching winds that whistled through the forests, the tall figure moved swiftly on. The bundle beneath the coat that was once green in color, seemed heavy and hard to manage. Once in a while a sound escaped from the queer burden, a sound as of the cry of a little babe. A sharp "hush" would greet those who sat nearby, but though his command was stern the eyes of the man shone with great love. By the middle of the forenoon he had reached the top of a rough knob, known to the Irish settlement about as "Rigby's Bluff." Here the tall man seemed expecting to meet someone, placing himself in a spot well screened by the undergrowth. He kept a constant eye on a little road that wound around the side of the hill, and wandered off in the direction of a church spire that rose from a neighboring hill-top.

It was nearly sun-down before the expected one arrived, a mite of a man on a steady-going grey mare. By the round, low-crowned hat, sombre clothing, he seemed a missionary friar, passing from one Mass station to another. And a little French missionary priest he was, indeed, beloved of the predominant Irish peasantry of the country-side, as much as any child of Erin could possibly have been loved by them.

A Baby Wait Found
If the big man in the green coat was expecting this meeting, the mite of a missionary evidently was not; yet the stranger studied his shaggy features with a look of recognition and relief. Then turning sharply he passed behind a clump of trees and caught up with the road where it rounded the corner of a four-hung farm. Sure that the approaching priest was screened from view by the sharp turn, the stranger took the quick bundle from beneath his cloak and produced it again, a stump at the very roadside. He loosened the wrapping from the weary baby face and pressed upon the little brow with the tangle of yellow curls, one long, long kiss. Not daring to trust himself further he slipped back and was lost from view in a thicket of underwood. There he knelt and at length his hands outstretched above the rock, gripping each other until the finger nails bit into the lean flesh. His weather-furrowed face was set with determination, but his eyes were wet with tears of agony and longing.

The child's cries must have reached the rider plodding around the bend of road, for when he came into sight he was hurrying his horse and searching from left to right. When he did find the waiting bundle, he lost little time in examination. His greatest fear seemed to be lost the child suffer from the increasing chill. What a veritable mite of a man he really was, thought the watchful stranger. His tender heart was, too, to the little soul so suddenly thrust under his pastoral care.

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