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Diocese of Rochester, N. Y.

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Mission Maids To Hold Picnic Sunday at Park

The American Mission Maids are planning to hold their 11th annual picnic at the Log Cabin in Durand-Eastman Park Sunday, August 3rd. Dinner will be served at 1 o'clock under the direction of Miss Martha Schroy and Miss Lucy Vonki. The sports committee has planned a complete day of fun, beginning with a horseback tournament before dinner and ending with baseball in the afternoon. Miss Doris Weber, chairman of the sports committee, is being assisted by the Misses Gertrude Goss, Ruth Weber, Marion Weidman, Catherine Weidman, Emily Hannan and Marie May. The Misses Margaret Frank and Florence Schroy have charge of tickets. The proceeds of this picnic will be used for charitable purposes. Everyone is invited and assured of a good time.

The second church had been practically abandoned for years. But I have rounded up a sufficient number of Catholic Indians in that district to make up a congregation. The chapel will have to be put in a safe and respectable condition before Mass can be said there. I hope that while I am not neglecting the spiritual work, our good God will send me benefactors to help me pay for materials with which to complete the repairs that will save these two humble little homes of the Most High.

(Rev.) Placidus F. Slain, S. J.

Father Slain will receive your donation if you will mention his name and send your letter to the Propagation of the Faith Society, 133 Main Street East, Rochester, N. Y.

The Catholic habit is taking the right into the home, and making it a path of daily life. It means giving your children Catholic eyes and ears.

STAIRS OF SAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

A letter from Sara, also one from Neil Cramer awaited Hedda. How really homesick she was. How the dear homey tasks that Sara was doing every day seemed so much the better life for enduring peace. She had enjoyed her little fling but she had had enough. Cramer told her he would call that evening and would be happy to take her home when she was ready to go. He slipped to her the information that Carol and Reg were eagerly awaiting her return to be remarried.

"Neil is coming tonight," Beryl darling, and I'll have him drive me down to the farm. I've enjoyed every minute with you but I must remember Sara."

"Well, I hate to have you go," said Beryl. "But of course I know how it is. I just had a call from Lola Humphrey. She's having a bridge tea this afternoon and wants me to come out. She said to bring you along. I'll drive the new bus and won't we cut a pretty picture?"

A short time later, a very smart roadster with two ornamental girls could be seen making its swift way across town and up toward the Larchmont road. When we next see them several things were wrong with the picture for the car had stopped, and a lithe personal maid stood with one foot on the running board admiring the girls, or the roadster, or both. One more thing wrong was the costume the man with his foot on the running board wore. The man wore the uniform and insignia of a motorcycle cop!

"And where," this good-looking but none the less abnoxious young man was asking Beryl, "is the fire?"

This was supposed to be sarcasm; the neighborhood looked peacefully in the warm afternoon sunshine with no sign of fire anywhere, save perhaps in Beryl's violet eyes.

Traffic cops irritated her, anyway.

One of these days," she informed him severely, "you'll break your neck or somebody else's—on that machine of yours."

This was mid-June, and he had a heavy coat of tan, but a flash of red showed under the bronze. The disdain with which Beryl referred to his motor-cycle was unwarranted. It had brought her to earth after a ten-block chase, when its rider breastst her left front wheel and threatened to push her into the curbstone.

This was enough, of course, to make any girl of spirit mad, even if she wasn't pretty and spoiled as well.

"If," Beryl added, as he gazed at her in speechless surprise, "I hadn't been a good driver I might have killed you. Where do you think you are—on a speed-way?"

This was the way traffic officers talked. Now she beat them to it; deliberately stole their line.

"I suppose," he suggested savagely, "you didn't hear my whistle?"

Beryl widened her eyes. "Why, of course, we did, didn't we, Hedda? When I hear a traffic cop's whistle—it startles me so I somehow just naturally step on the gas. There really ought to be a law against men like you going around, blowing whistles.

Beryl had been told that traffic officers hated to be called cops. She saw no reason why she should spare their feelings.

"Supposing you hit a kid in the street?" he began anew.

"Supposing you had?"

"I wouldn't have," he said, with great grimness, but you haven't any regard for the right of others.

"Oh, yes, indeed I have! Live and let live is my motto," she assured him lightly. "I'm no traffic cop, always taking the joy out of life."

"Live and let live!" he echoed. He eyed her with cold distaste and added, "You look to me more like a hit-and-run driver. The sort—"

He stopped there. Beryl had put her hands over her ears. She knew that if her car hit anybody she would not run away. It was like being accused of stealing.

"You traffic cops seem to think you can say anything and get away with it," she flung at him breathing with difficulty.

"You—"

She broke off, reached into the pocket of the door beside her, and producing a slip of paper thrust it under his nose.

"License, please?" she mimicked. "I'll save you the trouble asking for it. And don't forget to charge me with contempt of an officer too—I'd love that."

Ever so briefly he glared at her, his blue eyes cold as steel. Then without a word, he took the offered license, brought out a pencil from his coat pocket and copied her name and address in his book.

"You'd better hold down to twenty until you're out of my sight," he advised her with clipped brevity, as he returned the license to her.

"I retorted Beryl, "will make no promise." Nevertheless, she did hold down to twenty-five until her mirror informed her he was no longer in sight. Then she glanced at her wristwatch.

"Three-thirty, Hedda. It's too late to make Humphrey's now."

"I think we're both too upset, to go anywhere. Let's go back to your house," said Hedda wearily.

"Maybe I'd better call Arn Welch up. He's a cousin and a good attorney."

Drawing up at the curb outside a drug store she went in to telephone. When the connection was made she said, "Arn, it's Beryl speaking. I think I'm pinched."

"Good Lord, again?" came Arn's voice. "How come?"

"I'm in a hurry now," she insisted.

"You always are."

"And I am now. I just thought I'd better phone you."

"Much obliged!" sarcastically, of course. "Well, I'll try to fix it up."

"You'd better," she warned him. And as an after-math added: "I think this cop is going to be nasty—perhaps you won't be able to—"

"I'll shut him up," he assured her definitely. "But what did you say to him?"

"Never mind," said Beryl hastily. "Come over to dinner tonight. I'll spill all the beans then."

As Beryl swung her car into the gravelled driveway leading up to her home, her father was coming down the drive. He turned at the sound of her car on the drive. "Back so soon?" he said.

Beryl swinging easily down from behind the wheel, was to her father a never-ceasing miracle. He was proud of her and at the same time, sometimes a bit afraid of her. Hedda liked Beryl's father and smiled sweetly at him as she turned to enter the house. Beryl looked preoccupied.

"May at the Humphrey's?" her father asked.

"We didn't go. We were late," she paused, and then added, "I was pinched for speeding."

"You don't usually mind that much," he commented dryly.

"Why should I?" she countered. "The cop was plain mean," she went on. "One of the sort that seem to think they can be as insulting as they want to be."

"What did he say?" demanded her father.

St. Isaac Jogues Statue Will Be Blessed on Sunday Holy Angels Church, Nunda

Services in the Afternoon, With Sermon by Rev. Thomas Toole, M.A., Professor at Elmira College Beautiful Drive From Rochester and Vicinity.

At 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon a beautiful statue of America's first Saint, St. Isaac Jogues, S.J., will be blessed in the Church of the Holy Angels, at Nunda, N. Y. The Rev. Raymond M. Lynd, formerly assistant pastor at St. Bridget's Church in Rochester, and later at St. Peter & Paul's Church, Elmira, is pastor of the Nunda church, and he extends a cordial invitation to all his friends to be present at the blessing of this statue. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Thomas Toole, M.A., professor at Elmira College. It will be an eloquent and inspiring tribute to Father Jogues, the kindly black-robe priest who gave his life for his faith at Auriesville, N. Y., nearly 300 years ago.

Nunda is at the eastern entrance to the famous Letchworth State Park, 46 miles south of Rochester, and 26 miles south of Hornell. It is beautifully located, and the drive from Rochester and adjacent places to Nunda is one of the most inviting and delightful in the state. The village is situated on the Ramona trail, and it has two modern hotels and other eating places that give cordial welcome to tourists. Mass was celebrated at 9:30 o'clock every Sunday morning during the summer months, and at 3:30 Sunday afternoon devotion to the American Martyrs and Saints are conducted, with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Father Lynd will be glad to welcome motorists every Sunday.

Pioneers Founded Nunda

It is not generally known that Nunda is one of the oldest parishes in the Diocese. When the Genesee Valley canal was commenced in Rochester in 1837 and completed in Danville in 1842, a branch was begun at Shakers and built to Olean. This was finished in 1853. Many young Irish Catholics were employed on these jobs, and a number of them located in Nunda. Thomas Kiley, Michael Walsh, Thomas Brick, James Brick and Michael Creed were the first five to locate at Nunda. Soon afterwards there came James Kiley, Patrick Barry, Owen Carroll, John Sheehan, Maurice Wall, the Blake and Shelly brothers, Michael Barrett, Maurice Curry and others. The first couple to be married was Thomas Brick and Ellen Fitzgerald, in 1845.

At the "Deep Cut," two miles from Nunda, some 300 Irish Catholics made up a settlement, and mass was celebrated quite frequently there. The Nunda Catholics going over to the "Deep Cut," many of them walking both ways. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, afterwards bishop of Hartford, Conn., used to ride on horseback to the "Deep Cut" to celebrate Mass there. While passing through Nunda on one of his last trips, he stopped and baptized the first child born to Catholic parents in the village.

First Church in 1851

Priests came from Rochester to say Mass in private houses in Nunda, and Father O'Brien used to ride over from Greece, Allegany County, for the same purpose. In 1851, Father Sheridan had charge of several missions, including Nunda. He lived at Portageville and drove to

the others. He was succeeded by Father McEvoy, who remained a few months and was succeeded by Father Dolan. Father Dolan bought an uncompleted residence and finished it for a church in 1851, the first the parish and built the present church. There were many priests, some remaining on these missions only a few months. In 1872 Nunda was transferred from the Buffalo to the Rochester Diocese, and Father Higgins of Danville took charge of the parish and built the present church. It is in this church that the statue of St. Isaac Jogues will be blessed on Sunday. Nunda is rich in Indian lore, and Father Jogues lived and died as a missionary to the Indians. A great many visitors are expected for the services Sunday, and they will be pleased and inspired by the whole program. Father Lynd will be glad to welcome all his friends from Rochester, Elmira and other places.

HORNELL Ald. C. A. Coogan Dies Suddenly

Hornell, July 31. One of Hornell's best-respected citizens, Alderman Charles A. Coogan, 66 years old, died suddenly of a heart attack while he was at work in the yards of the Erie Railroad last Friday afternoon. He was passenger agent of the railroad, and was held in high regard by the officials of the road.

Alderman Coogan had served for 16 consecutive years as a member of the Common Council from the Third Ward. He was the oldest member of the council in point of service. He was regarded as a leader in all civic and city enterprises.

He had worked for the Erie Railroad all of his life. He was a member of the Order of Railway Conductors and of St. Ann's Church. He was also a member of the Holy Name Society of St. Ann's Church. His health was undermined some months ago by the violent death of his son, who was a prominent business man here.

Surviving are his widow, three sons, Leon and Matthew Coogan of this city and Charles Coogan of New York City; three daughters, Mrs. F. B. Hallett and Miss Arlene Coogan of Elmira and Mrs. Edward Ingalls of this city.

Alderman Coogan had a wide acquaintance in the city of Hornell, and he was well liked and well respected by all who knew him. His death removes a man whose memory and whose many deeds of kindness will not soon be forgotten.

Webster Church Plans Carnival August 4 and 5

Webster, July 31.—The annual summer Carnival of Holy Trinity Church in Webster will be held next week on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 4th and 5th, on the spacious church grounds. This event, always a popular one, attracts present and past-parishioners in large numbers, as well as all friends of the parish and of the pastor, the Rev. F. Hoefen. It is expected that there will be big crowds in attendance on both evenings.

The grounds will be well stocked with booths, loaded with supplies of big variety. There will be an abundance of "hots," pop, ice cream, cake, etc., for eatables, and other booths with a big variety of supplies that will attract and please.

A large committee of parishioners is working with the pastor, Father Hoefen, wishes to make the Summer Carnival a great success this year, and they extend a cordial invitation to the public to attend. Motorists will find the carnival a delightful place at which to stop, and they will be welcomed.

Prayer Crusade

Dublin, Ireland, July 31.—The total figures for the Prayer Crusade for the Syncharistic Congress in Ireland in 1932, up to date, are as follows: Masses, 3,611,198; Holy Communions, 4,987,828; Spiritual Communions, 20,120,986; Benedictions, 3,066,702; Holy Hours, 1,296,430; visits to Blessed Sacrament, 13,432,657; Stations of the Cross, 4,333,266; Acts of Self-Denial, 13,250,503; Alms, 486,176; Office of B. V. M., 1,899,305; Other Spiritual Acts, 46,218,375; total 118,332,522.

"He said," Beryl informed him, with virtuous indignation, "that I was the sort that would hit a person and run."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said her father quickly. "What some of those smart cops want is a poke in the eye."

"Well, I was mad enough to give him one," explained Beryl hastily. "You see, he came shooting up behind me, in such a way that he forced me almost into the curbstone. I thought for a moment I was in for a smash-up."

"Have you told Arn?"

"I phoned him. He said he'd fix it up."

"Arn is the boy that can do just that," said her father. "That lad takes to politics like a duck to water and he can pull strings."

Arn telephoned that he couldn't be with them for dinner but would drop in later.

When he arrived he demanded of Beryl, "what was the idea of trying to race the cop after he blew his whistle, anyway?"

"Oh," returned Beryl airily, "that was because I didn't want it too easy for you to fix it up."

"Never fear, it wasn't." Arn assured her. "I had to promise the captain you'd hold down to twenty hereafter going through traffic."

"You shouldn't make rash promises."

"Is that all the thanks I get?"

"Dad will settle with you."

"I'd prefer to collect from you, personally."

"Try, and do it," suggested Beryl.

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