

Rochester Artificial Limb Company Is Medical Aid

For the invalids, the cripple or for those who are suffering the numerous other ills that require the aid of surgical aids, the Rochester Artificial Limb Company is doing a work of paramount importance.

Charles J. Oster is manager of the Rochester Artificial Limb Company which has display and consultation rooms at 275 Central Avenue (near N. Y. C. Depot).

Many local men and women have been successfully prepared for artificial limbs by this company, including dentists, lawyers, doctors, examiners, plumbers, school teachers, painters, carpenters and students attending elementary schools, they state.

The Rochester Artificial Limb Company are now manufacturing an artificial limb far superior to any

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M. S. Kelleher Of Geneva Named K. of C. Deputy

Geneva, Sept. 11.—William J. Armstrong of Albany, State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, has just announced the appointment of M. S. Kelleher of this city as District Deputy of the Knights of Columbus for the Geneva district.

Mr. Kelleher has been an active worker in K. of C. circles in Geneva and throughout the state for a number of years. He is an enthusiastic Knight of Columbus, and is well qualified in every way for the office which he has been named. His many friends will congratulate him.

Being marketed up to the present time. They have attained a lightness in construction that greatly adds to safety and comfortable walking.

The Rochester Artificial Limb Company also specializes in trusses, elastic stockings, arch supports, abdominal supports and other helpful devices.

Belgian Church Carillonneur Is Given New Bell

Cathedral at Malines Now Has Forty-Seven Bells, with a Total Weight of 67,528 Pounds.

Brussels, Sept. 11.—Jef Deryn, master carillonneur, who recently celebrated the 25th jubilee of his work as carillonneur at the Cathedral of St. Rombold, has just received two gifts. His first pupils, the American carillonneur, K. Lefevre, and Victor Geysaghem, joined in presenting him a bell for the carillon.

It weighs more than 20 pounds. Its other pupils paid for the refunding of a bell weighing 526 pounds, damaged in a bombardment at the beginning of the World war.

Malines Cathedral now has 47 bells, or nearly as many as the University Library of Louvain, which has 48. M. Deryn hopes to live to see Malines retake its place as owner of the best carillon in Belgium.

American engineers presented Louvain its carillon of 48 bells, weighing together 67,528 pounds. Great has 63 bells, but that carillon comes fourth on the list in weight.

The reason so many souls who apply themselves to prayer are not at once inflamed with God's love is that they neglect to carefully prepare themselves for it.

STAIRS OF SAND (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

The sun that had been at his back was now high above, he must have lain a full four hours. Four hours out of life—and down in the public square his unit idle, waiting.

Half a madman, he flung headlong around the circular walls, bounding, tumbling, struggling, always forward, finding no water, but his own tears. He must have fallen—next conscious thought, hands were bathing his cheeks and brow, his chin and throat, his heavy eyelids. Oh, sweet charity! But whose?

He looked into a woman's eyes, soft and beautiful with kindness. She sat in a droop over Barry, lending him one of her knees for a pillow. The earth beneath felt soft and cool, his hands fumbled in tufts of lush grass. The hand that left his forehead for a minute returned to it a-drip with delicious wetness. He made, with noises of amazement, to lift upon an elbow; but the woman gently restrained him and laid a hushing finger to her lips.

"Lie still, poor boy," a voice said, sweet and low. "Rest quietly a little longer." "Lois," it was Sara speaking, "isn't it lucky we brought that pail with us? Go around into the Glen and fill it at the spring. Water will bring him to quicker than anything else. Hurry, dear, I am sure our steps were guided here today to save this young man's life." Lois sped away to do her sister's bidding.

Barry gave his head a wag of utter bewilderment and turned it on Sara's knee. No pain came of that movement, neither was the sensible of aching joints and aches; so much for the magic cure of water.

When Lois returned he put his head into the pail of water, buried his blistered face in it, swallowed great, life-giving gulps.

"If you could walk now," Sara told him, "my sister and I will help you to go out to the Fairies Glen, it is so sunny and beautiful out there."

With the girl's assistance Barry made his way out of the dark Elvates Den into the Glen where fairy fingers had woven an afterglow with its glare all strained away and lightly stained in mauve.

Barry could see all the way to the widening end of the glen, but not without quickening pulses, not without desire kindling in eyes that were trained to see like a camera lens.

What a location for the major sequences of Heindel Carman! His mind's eye pictured a set minutely true to days a century old, with its straggle of quaint frame buildings, within white picket fences, old-fashioned stores, a prim clapboarded meeting house that looked a steeple, antiquated horse blocks and hitching posts, a pump and watering trough, plank sidewalks to an unpaved road in whose dust hound dogs sprawled as carelessly as though they had never heard the honk of a liver.

How in the name of wonder had location hounds managed to overlook this jewel of a place? Involuntarily he swung back to Sara with the question: "Who owns this land through here?"

"My sister and I are the principal owners," Sara informed him, "but why do you ask?" "Want to rent the whole place through here," he returned. "The place I fell into would make a good pirates' den."

"That's what it's always been called," Sara informed him. "Is there water beyond or a way to get through to it?" he asked.

"Yes, there's a narrow defile that leads from the one exit from the den to a large open space beyond. Just a short way beyond is the river."

"That's fine, just what we need for our scenes," Barry said as he tried to get to his feet under him to track properly. "If you young ladies will really think of renting this location to us, how about meeting the manager this afternoon, wherever you say, to draw up the necessary papers?"

"Why, yes, that will be fine with us," Sara agreed. "Your manager can come to our house this afternoon around four. We live across from the Baptist church on Main Street in a large yellow house. We are the Leavitt sisters, everyone knows us. My father is really the owner of this preserve, but I have the power of attorney to sign for him."

"All right, Loney will be there. Now as I do not know how I got here maybe you will continue your kindness and help me to get back to the inn. I can imagine how worried they all are over my disappearance. I am certainly heavily in debt to both you young ladies, for your kindness to me."

"You see," Sara explained, "there's a good stairway cut in the cliff side going up out of here. Once up there it's all down hill to the village."

Barry and the girls ascended the stairway and went on together over the trail that led to the forks. The left fork led to herry Lane Farm, the right fork to Glenville, now only a half mile away.

"But Grandmother," Sara explained later, "this film company only want to rent that part of the preserve for a short time while they make a few scenes. I do not know what they will give for the use of it, but Lois and I think we'd better take whatever they offer us, for after all what other use can we make of the place?"

"I'm none too much in favor of the whole business," Grandmother worried.

Billy Miller and Lois entered the room at this point and the old lady listened attentively to Billy's ideas on the subject.

"Sara," Billy went on, "this business has given me an idea. Lois and you might be able, by advertising, to rent or perhaps sell the preserve to some club or other in the city. There's a couple of thousand acres of it, isn't there?"

"That's some idea, Billy," Sara agreed, "and we'll certainly try it out. Grandmother you put the matter in your lawyer's hands the first time you see him."

A long ring of the doorbell sounded through the house. It was hard for the girls to recognize in the immaculately dressed young man that entered, the red-eyed, half-madman whom they found lying in the Pirate's Den only a few hours before. Mr. Loney, the manager, was middle-aged, bald and a thorough business man.

As he shook each girl's hand he stressed very strongly what they had done for the whole company in finding and saving the life of Barry. He said that within an hour after he had left the Inn, searching part-thinking to bring along a flask of water. Then he started to climb down, and all at once was spinning down through copyness and catching at it with the sun no more a ball but a sword of flame clearing the firmament. It ended in a sickening crash and black, whose thunder raged into silence.

Sometime later a cone dropped on the man's upturned face. The man winced and a feeble hand wag-

STAIRS OF SAND (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

dered toward his aching head. Thirst it was in the end that whipped him awake and brought him to his feet. Ties had been sent out to comb the gullies and crevasses in the foothills. Evidently none of them had spread as far east as the Pirate's Den.

"Now, my dear people," the manager informed them, "the layout of your park up there couldn't be better, according to Barry's report, for our needs in the sequences we have to film, so I propose to offer you a rental of one thousand dollars a month for a six months' lease, also we guarantee to allow no destruction of scenic beauty there. We will also have a fire brigade on the ground, all of the time, to guard against fire hazard."

"Look the papers over, please." He handed them to Sara. "It is the usual form we have for leasing locations."

"Read this, Billy," said Sara, "it reads all right to me. Maybe, though, we'd better have Grandmother's lawyer look it over."

"Yes, maybe you'd better," Billy returned. "He's on his porch over there now."

A half hour later Sara was back home with one hundred crisp bills in her hand. A glorified Sara she was. "Well, folks," she laughed, "who could have visioned this addition to our slim funds, this morning? I'm sure the tide of prosperity has turned for the Leavitt family."

"Happiness is certainly a beauty maker," Billy insisted. "Gosh, Sara, I have never realized before how pretty you are. If you keep it up, some one's going to grab you up before long, too."

"Thanks, Billy," she returned. "There's a bit of blarney in you, I know, so I'll take what you say with a grain of salt, as they say. Now let's decide what we'll do with this sudden wealth."

She advised it's being divided evenly among Hedda, Sara and Lois. They all agreed to this plan.

They had a long letter from Hedda from California. Grandmother declared she wanted no part of it. She said that they had found the exact kind of a home they had in mind, a white bungalow overlooking the ocean, with a red roof and covered with roses. Her perfect happiness was revealed in every line.

"I'll answer Hedda's letter tonight," said Sara, and I'll inclose a money order. She'll certainly be surprised at the change that's come about since she left; my going to Aunty's and everything. Perhaps I'll be able to take a regular course in some good art school in the city when I come home from Aunt Anne's."

"Yes," Grandmother was emphatic. "You have my permission to do that. It is certainly coming to you." As Sara stood for a while later, at her bedroom window peering into the darkness she could but feel that the storm clouds had all blown away from over her and her beloved family, and that life stretched away to sunlit horizons.

(Continued Next Week)

Roundabout Rambles Culled, Clipped, Collected

THE MAN OF THE HOUR (By C. J. Freund, in 'The Commonwealth') It is half past two on Tuesday afternoon in a large machine shop. The day's work is done and the men are lined up to punch out on the time clock.

"There'll be nothing for you until next Wednesday morning, Charley," says the foreman. "The same for you, Bill, and you, too, Harry, and you, Jake."

These four men, and hundreds of others in that shop, worked only two days this week and only three days last week. They owe the grocer, the butcher, the milkman and perhaps the doctor and the hospital. What little insurance they carried has been permitted to lapse. Their rent is several months in arrears and they may be evicted, perhaps they have been evicted, perhaps they have been evicted, perhaps they have been evicted.

Or wait a moment in any employment office. A man comes in, a young man with threadbare clothing and careworn expression.

"Anything today, mister?" He knows the answer. "Not anything. Sorry. We're laying off."

"How about the mills down the line?" "I don't think they have anything. Twenty-six of their people were in this morning."

"Dyou know of any place? I need a job bad; been out of work eleven months now."

"No, I don't know of a single thing. It's pretty slack everywhere."

"Yeh, I sold everything I could, furniture even. Then I borrowed on the house and then lost that and now I can't get credit anywhere. But I guess there's no use crying or getting excited about it. I suppose I can hang on as long as any of them. Got a cigarette on you?"

And the workman retains his composure in spite of the fact that he suffers more in the depression than anybody else, unless the small clerical worker is equally unfortunate. This strong man holds us in the palm of his hand; we depend upon him for existence. If he refused to do his work the nation would be instantly demoralized. He provides food, builds houses and brings us fuel, water and light. Life without the physician, the lawyer, the banker and the bond salesman is possible, but life without the farmer, the builder and the carrier of burdens is out of the question. If two hundred millionaires with all their money were isolated in a forest or on a fertile plateau, they would soon starve to death. Two hundred workmen of various grades would get along very well if they had their tools. They might never be willing to return to a more complex civilization.

The workman today does not indulge in destruction, but is strong in patience, self-control and good sense.

THE REASONS This home where happiness securely dwells Was never wrought by charms or magic spells.

A mother made it beautiful, but No magic save what toiling hands can do. She made it holy, not with lengthy prayers, Nor with her prayers alone, but with her tears.

Because she knew life's need, and grieves thereof, She made it gay and happy with her love! —ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, in the New York Times.

THE COST OF SICKNESS Julius Rosenwald financed several physicians to make a diagnosis of our national health. They came back from the bedside of the patient with striking figures.

Sickness costs this country from nine to twelve billion dollars a year. Only about a third of the money goes to doctors, dentists, nurses, hospital, clinics, druggists. The rest in income lost from illness.

One dollar out of every three paid out on account of sickness for the prevention of disease. If the country but doubled the dollar, spending more for prompt reports on minor but persistent discomforts, more for internal and external bodily cleanliness, and more for good health, advice from competent authorities, it might have the whole bill. —Collier's Magazine.

Pontifical Mass For Five Priests Who Were Drowned Ottawa, Sept. 11.—A pontifical high mass of requiem was celebrated here on Thursday of last week in the St. Francois d'Assise Church for the five young priests who were drowned on the previous Tuesday in the Ottawa River. No caskets were in the church, for none of the bodies had been recovered at the time of the mass. Later in the day the first of the bodies was recovered, that of Rev. Gabriel Couture, aged 26, of Levis, Quebec. The work of dragging for the other four bodies was continued. A congregation of more than 3,000 persons taxed the capacity of the church for the mass. His Excellency the Most Rev. Andre Gagnon, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, and Archbishop William Forbes assisted in the mass, and the Rt. Rev. Felix Couturier, Bishop of Alexandria, officiated.

Remember that men change easily, and that you cannot place your trust in them; therefore attach your self to God alone, for He is unchangeable.

The humility of Jesus Christ is the gate by which we must enter, if we would have His divine Majesty show us great treasures as He did St. Francis.

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