

Named To War Board

New Orleans—The Right Rev. Peter M. H. Wynbowen, pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Church and a past president of the National Catholic Press Association, has been named a member of the War Labor Board's Eighth Regional Board.

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TIMELY ETERNALS

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynbowen
Editor-in-Chief, Catholic Action of the South

PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

"It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in a bed and feeling that you will drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not pass; the links are tried enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is gone, a gentle lullure of the preserver's sleep sweeps over you; the spirit of contentment, the happiness that once you had and with other and looking beyond, the mind detaching has found from that of a sleeping child, the mind seems to have a baby like slumber over it, like the eye—it is closed—the mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."

We but just the slumber, but there to one, that the above description of sleep was not written by a man who lived in a well-settled city neighborhood, with houses nodding one another. There is no such happy privilege to contemplate when you retire at night. This is particularly true in summer time, when all windows are open, because there always is someone in the neighborhood getting ready to celebrate something, or there may be a poor neighbor suffering with insomnia, who has discovered that a sure cure for it is to make himself steadily that and dream by listening to a blaring radio until all hours.

In this lack of consideration for your neighbor a sin and a crime? We shall leave the reader to judge of our calculation; after all, he is a sufferer, and there is something wrong with him in several ways. But the main thing is the character of an occasion, or no occasion at all! These light-hearted, happy and healthy people—what mischief do they create by a night of gaiety, staged in a densely inhabited neighborhood?

First of all they will start their frolic at a time when respectable people are going to bed; the party will be at its height a little after midnight, when the protest of most restful sleep has passed. The height of these parties is denoted by frequent outbreaks of hilarious screams by jittery young females, and loud musical renditions by accommodating guests who can neither sing nor play.

The four photograph records of dance music are simultaneously worked overtime, for at least an hour and a half. Around 2:30 o'clock in the morning, the spilled punch is taken effect, and Mother jumps that, in order to save the family's reputation, she's better begin bidding the guests goodnight, with the usually expressed hope that they enjoyed themselves.

Yes, Mother starts her solemn with good taste and judgment; but that does not mean that the party is broken up. About 25 minutes to a half hour afterward, somebody suddenly gets the ingenious idea of having a hot drink, and "then we sing Sweet Adeline"—but everybody must join in.

In the meantime, the big brother or boy friend has arrived in the car and is nervously and impatiently waiting outside to take "her" home. After a while, his psychology is expressed by long, obstinate looks of the automobile here. A shout comes from the inside, through an open window: "Oh, stop on in, Joe, for a minute. Joe won't, for he is either not dressed properly or he was not invited in the first place. Joe is pretty well puffed by this time, and he shows the least every succeeding minute. At last, loud farewells are indulged in on the front porch, and "by-bye" are shouted from the street, often as loud enough to wake the neighbors in the second and third blocks. With or lacks the front door and turns out the lights with a feeling of satisfaction. A good time was had by all.

By all, except the young mother next door whose baby was awakened by the noise of the party and who was forced to walk the floor with it peacefully for the better part of the night. The next morning, five doors away, who had hoped for a good night's rest, did not have a good time either, miserably yawning about until they got out of the gutter for the rest of the night. For the the last time or more people across the street, who had to get up in the morning for a hard day's work, have a good time. In fact, the noise of the

neighborhood, by the time all about street are more unpleasant enough to make them, rather, rather with delight. Even the main road had to make a detour of its own people.

It is a sin and a crime, to be sure, without any doubt, to the violation of your neighbor's rights and good sleep and rest are vital needs, as much as to food. To deprive a person of these deliberately is sinful. God's commandment is clear: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." To deprive a person of these who have the calm of night into a state of tormented nerves.

Therefore, should night parties and family frolics be held? Not at all. But some happy affairs could be started earlier, held in quiet throughout, and terminated at a decent hour. This is a sensible policy, for the health and welfare of the participants as well as for the neighbors.

GO TO JOSEPH

Dear St. Joseph, holy Patron,
Of the Universal Church,
By your seven joys and sorrows
Do not leave us in the lurch.

By your sadness when you gently
Thought to put your bride away,
Comfort all the lonely mothers
Whose their sons will face the fray.

By your sorrow when the boy
Cold and poor, upon the bay,
Heard the peaceful song of Angels
Give us peace that lives for aye.

By your bitter tears when Jesus
Shed His precious blood for sinners
Save us from all this wickedness
Help us Victory to win.

Dear St. Joseph, by the arrow
That had pierced your heart the day
Sinners' propitiously who uttered—
Take the sting of hate away.

By the hardships of the journey
Into Egypt's dreary waste,
Send our troops and all armed forces
On to Victory in haste.

Oh, St. Joseph dear, remember
How a fear clutched at your heart
As your homeward journey ended:
Make all fear from us depart.

By the torments and foreshadowing
As you sought the Child three days,
Soothe our hearts and calm our spirits
Send us peace in many ways.

Holy Patron, all your sorrows
Into joys have surely passed;
By this token dear St. Joseph,
Send us Peace and Joy that last.

—E. M. S.

Family Breakdowns
For individuals, the breakdown of the family means the gloomy despair of a life without hope, and of a life which not even pleasure can light up. For nations it means slow death through misery and it can even mean this for the human race.—J. Eastwood

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