

# IN SPEAKING OF XMAS GIFTS

We don't think that there is a more sensible or acceptable present could be offered than some of our durable

# UNDERWEAR OR HOSIERY

For Men, Women or Children.  
**PRICES WAY DOWN.**  
Competitors wonder and the public marvel at the small cost of such good goods. Easily explained. Being manufacturers we can save middle-mans profit. to you.

## Rochester Underwear Store,

J.S. Lee, Manager.

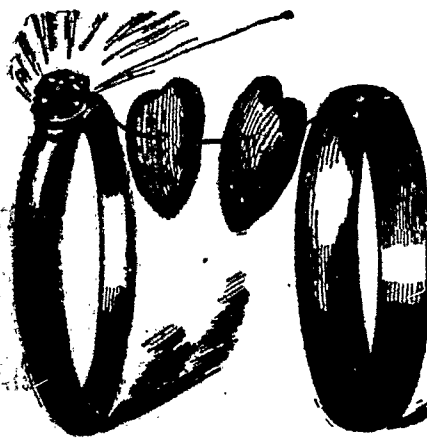
82 and 84 East Main Street.

The Original Weekly Payment Jeweler of Rochester.



### Watches.

Are always acceptable Xmas gifts. We have them at all prices. Any watch we sell will give you the correct time. The wearing qualities are the best on the market.



We keep lots else besides rings. We make a specialty of stringing hearts, but our stock comprises everything a well stocked jeweler should keep. Our prices start at good and keep on going up. You may come in here with a little money, or a lot of money and we will guarantee you satisfaction. We are as anxious to sell you a \$5 watch as a \$100 diamond.

If you think of purchasing anything in Diamonds, kindly give me a call. I have some very fine goods in this line (not all that is in this city), and my prices and terms are right.

### Society Pins and Emblems.

- C. F. B. A. C. R. & B. A. Foresters. Daughters of Erin. A. O. H.
- Macabees. Red Men. etc., etc. etc., etc.

James M. Nolan, Over Beadle, Sherburne & Co.  
Look for Illuminated Watch.

## NOLAN.



146 East Main St.  
UP STAIRS.

### Christmas Presents

Would you like to make a present of a nice Granite Clock, or something in Silverware—Knives, Forks, Spoons, Tea Sets, Cake Baskets, Butter dishes, and lots of other pieces—if so, come up and get them.



### Diamonds.

are the most interesting of all jewels. They have figured in history, poems and songs—been the cause of deaths without number, linked hearts together, provided ready money, all the while serving as beautiful ornaments. Nothing could be more acceptable or economical, as a gift to one, or one's friends. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$75.00 on all good flawless stones.



### Don't Scold Your Watch.

It isn't to blame. You need regulating and doctoring occasionally. It's the same with the watch. It may need only a rest—a little cleaning—a few touches from skillful hands. We will make your sick watch well—or we will supply you with a new one at an honest price.

### A SEARCH FOR SANTA CLAUS.

A bitter night—a equal street—  
A basement bleak and bare.  
A hungry child with bleeding feet  
Alone sat waiting there  
All day amid the surging throng.  
She'd wandered far and near—  
All day had sung a feeble song  
That none had paused to hear.

But as she sang she caught the name  
Of Santa Claus, and how  
On Christmas night he often came  
To hungry children now.  
And so she waited in the dark  
For Santa Claus to come  
Till in her breast the feeble spark  
Of hope grew faint and numb.

She thought because she had no light  
He failed to bring her share,  
And crept at last into the night  
To lead the good saint there.  
And Christmas morning came, and lo!  
Her dead face smiled, because  
Amid a whirling drift of snow  
Her little weary soul I know  
Had found its Santa Claus.

### ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

When the gate creaked that October night, Marion Hartley, wife of the unsuccessful author-playwright, was torturing her wits afresh for a way to secretly induce some theatrical manager to recognize her husband's genius. Her flush faded as she heard admitted a man with a slow voice and a deliberate step. Both were unpleasantly familiar. "Good evening," he said, bowing studiously. Tall, broad and perfectly dressed, he possessed a face only spoiled by its expression. "Is he accessible? Ah, yes, I see his light in there. Afraid I must disturb his inspiration, then." "Indeed? He is very busy," she simply said.

"Of course." He sat down. "Er—may I ask how the great play progresses?" "No answer. It had come back that morning for the fourth time—declined. She pretended to sew until the position grew unbearable, and then rose and



tapped at the door of that inner room in which her husband spent more hours than she liked to total. No reply.

"Gilbert, dear, don't start," was whispered fearfully. He is here again—that Mr. Mainwaring. What shall I—Why, he was not scribbling away feverishly. His head had fallen forward—  
"asleep? When she touched him, he slowly roused to stare past her with eyes so dilated that she almost shrank.

"Gilbert, don't!" She was unconsciously on her knees now. "Oh, give it up, if it's killing you! I'll work, husband!"

"Oh! There! I was dreaming—my plot was just coming to me, and you—you disturb me so!" he said, putting her arms away. "If I lose grip of it this time, it—it may mean madness! Marion, it was sublime! Only go away—do!"

He found his pen and started. Aweed, apprehensive, too, she hung there as though hesitating whether to obey or snatch his precious manuscript away. Finally she stole out and stood guard at his door.

"My husband cannot see you tonight."

"Oh, very good, madam! Half this house was furnished with the £100 he coolly borrowed through me—before I knew, of course. Sympathy means forbearance. As you don't want it, I'll sell him up now!"

"You—you will not!" She ran and caught his arm. "I did not know it. I simply say—if you but knew how he has slaved and tried! Let me tell you something. Wait—and his play will be accepted. Yes! To-night he has found his plot—the great idea he has missed for months. There!"

"Found his plot?" He stared incredulously, appearing to weigh the chances. "Bah! That was to have thrilled creation long ago. I will call once again next week, and then"—He went out without finishing it.

In a sort of stupor Marion sat down and waited—waited hour after hour. Then at last Gilbert came groping out, one hand pressed to his head, his face haggard, but ecstatic. Not even her white and hopeless face struck his attention.

"Done it!" he gasped. "I was coming to wake you. They—they say that every man is capable of one stroke of genius. Listen to this—but the room seems—why, Marion, I—I—"

threat, until, precisely seven days after his previous visit, the girl informed her that that gentleman and a "friend" were waiting in the sitting room. Both frightened and desperate, she went down as far as the doorway.

"He is ill," she said, her face a study in supplication. "He knows nothing—perhaps never will again."

"There!" Mainwaring's teeth snapped. "What did I say? A planned affair! My friend here wants his money—or some equivalent. There is the agreement. I stay until I see your husband."

Marion managed to get "Then you must stay" past the lump in her throat. Then she ran back and locked the bedroom door.

"They've gone, ma'am," came through the keyhole at last. "They mumbled away for a time, and then they were suddenly quiet. I think they were frightened. They almost crept out."

Marion, sitting back from Gilbert's wild stare, found temporary relief in a stream of tears.

The first gleam of sunshine came at the end of three awful weeks. Hartley, physically safe, could cross his bedroom. Only it terrified her to realize that he was but a living automaton.

Six weeks, and the mysterious stupor showed no signs of lifting. And when he crept down stairs again it was only to sit staring vacantly through the hours and Christmas was close at hand—  
"dear joyous Christmas!"

"It's most strange," said the doctor, one day. "I've been thinking what mild excitement would be likely to rouse him."

"Oh, the theatre—the play," she answered mechanically.

"Then take him. Here. There's a matinee advertised for to-morrow at the Jollity—some new and wonderful drama to be tried. The very thing!"

Gilbert, never seeming to wonder where the money came from, assented, and accordingly that next day, Christmas eve, found them both seated in the Jollity. If this failed—

The play commenced, but Marion herself had not come to be thrilled, holding her husband's hand tightly, she sat stealthily watching for a sign of dawning comprehension. In vain. During the first and second acts his expression remained all but lifeless. Suddenly, however, Marion almost cried out. His thin fingers had been quivering.

Now, half way through the last act, they closed upon her own crushingly. The lights were low, but she could see his eyes dilating. Only too thankful that every one appeared engrossed by the play, she whisperingly implored.

"Try, try and keep calm, dear! It's nearly over."

"My plot—my play!" he said. "You—you have let them steal my brains!"

For the moment she was stupefied. Then, "Nonsense, dear," she whispered back. "It is safe."

"My very words," he gasped, not heeding. "Let me go, I've been robbed—robbed! I'll shout it all over the city!"

Then, indeed, she stared and tried to realize the play, but he was struggling past. There would be a scene. So, holding his hand still, she followed him out into the corridor. Before she could prevent it he had gripped an attendant's shoulder.

"Your manager at once!" he breathed. "Your manager!" he repeated, as a swell of applause drowned the man's reply.

"The manager is in the box over there. What name shall I say?"

"Gilbert Hartley, the author of this play!"

They followed him round winding corridors an up to the door of a box. Two gentlemen were just emerging

"He was here—Gilbert, look—Mainwaring! He came for his money that day! He stole the papers for spite thinking that you might never know. Deny that name if you can!" she finished breathlessly, staring into another man's eyes.

"Madam, I can't." Swallowing lump, he gripped Hartley's hand. "My reputation is at stake. I must appear with you as joint author, but I promise you two-thirds of all royalties."

The audience was upon its feet, staring about in wonderment when the curtain waved. Two men stood bowing in the footlight glow, and the foremost was Gilbert Hartley. Neither ventured a speech, and not a few people were puzzled afresh when next day a joint authorship was publicly announced, but the play itself was unanimously voted a thrilling success, and that was enough.

Enough—yes! Later that day, when the bells were pealing, Marion crept up behind her husband and placed a twisted sprig of holly upon his tired head.

"Laureled!" she whispered. "A little alteration dear—my king, my king, crowned on Christmas eve!"

And Mainwaring? Well, they simply allowed him to slip into oblivion. A long way up the ladder of literary fame and climbing still, Gilbert Hartley can easily afford to be merciful to the man who tried to topple him off the first rung.



His Thankfulness.

Askins—What makes you look so cheerful, Lanks?

Lanks (who boards)—Why, three of my fellow-boarders were taken suddenly ill while eating their Christmas dinners—one with a stroke of paralysis, another with heart disease, and the third with a fit.

"Great Scott! What cause for rejoicing is there in that?"

"Why, don't you see? I ate their share of the dinner, along with my own, and so managed to fully satisfy my appetite."

Reminder of an Old Custom.  
Hundreds of old country people, especially of Irish birth, will remember the Christmas candle which is lighted and placed in the window at midnight of Christmas eve and allowed to burn there on the successive nights until it is all consumed. It is one of the most interesting of all the customs associated with the religious celebration of the Christian festival. It is symbolic, of course, of the "Light of the World," but some hold that with the mistletoe, the holly and the festive practices of the season it goes back to Druid or pagan origin and is derived from some olden symbolism of the returning warmth of the sun. However this may be, it is not generally known that the custom has been preserved in Canada to this day by a few old country people, comparatively speaking, to whom Christmas would not bear its holy message without the tall wax candle shining in their window.

Christmas Flowers.  
The Meteor rose is the favorite flower to go with holly, as its red is of much the same tint as that of the holly berry. Many persons, however, do not stop to consider harmony of color and will combine orchids or any other flowers which they may fancy with the Christmas greens. But the latter always predominates in Christmas decorations, because these are intended to last throughout the entire week. Flowers, of course, would fade, but the expensive greens remain fresh.

Girls Limited to Dolls.  
Girls are not ambitious in the matter of toys. Dolls, and all that go with them, constitute almost the only class of toys especially for girls. With all the other toys, excepting perhaps the animals, the idea of a boy is indelibly associated. And, while everything else in the line of toys has advanced, dolls have remained stationary. They are more elaborately dressed, of course, but they could roll and open and shut their eyes, and even say "Papa" and "Mama" years ago.

Most of the dolls, particularly the fine ones, are of foreign make—that is, in the flesh. When it comes to dressing them France and Germany stand aside for America. Over here we want our doll to appear neither clumsy, as the Germans dress her, nor flashy, as the French will have her.

Mistletoe and Holly.  
Mistletoe is the most expensive of the decorations identified with Christmas, for the best mistletoe comes from England and France and has to be imported at considerable expense. The best holly comes from Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and goes under the name of Virginia holly. Most of the Christmas trees come from the Berkshires and Maine.

A Limited Receipts.  
Hortense—Poor Arabella!  
Arabella McGinnis—Wot's de matter wid me?  
Hortense—Why, yer so thin dat der won't be room for anything but a stick o' candy in yer steckin'.

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