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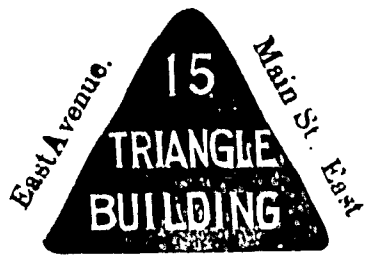
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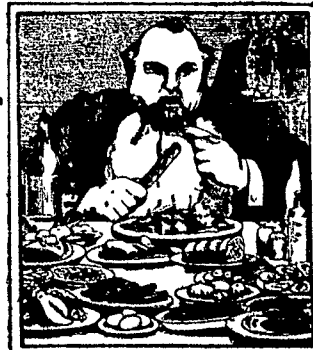
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OUR FASHION LETTER

YOUTHFULNESS SUGGESTED BY DEEP LACE COLLARS.

Demand for Dainty Applique and Exquisite Embroidery - Woolen and Cotton Embroideries are Most Fashionable.

Broad collars are a modish novelty of the season, we learn from many sources, chiefly, however, from that eminently reliable and artistic one - Paris.

Parisian modistes realize the idea of youthfulness, suggested by deep lace and embroidered collars, and they have been quick to make the most of such an advantageous fashion. Besides these collars are extraordinarily becoming. Lace always looks well against fair faces, and when made up into broad collars, whose lines not only follow but accentuate another seams built out to the prescribed limit, the effect is attractive and at the same time represents one of the newest wrinkles of Dame Fashion.



As we all know, lace is to occupy first place among trimmings for spring and summer frocks and this popularity may account in a measure for the broad collar vogue.

Almost every type of woman will find these pretty accessories becoming, and as a consequence, all insist upon wearing them upon blouses, house and street gowns, as well as on coats. The jaunty air they impart to a gown is oftentimes responsible for the success of the whole garment, and it being every smart woman's rule to always dress becomingly and appropriately, when such form of trimming is at all possible to her individual style she does not hesitate to adopt it.

Besides, there is such a demand for dainty applique and exquisite embroidery on all manner of frocks that the broad collar offers one more opportunity, exceptional, too, in certain ways, for the display of this fashionable decoration.

It is really astonishing to see the important part the broad collar plays in connection with the smartest gowns, waists and coats. They come in sailor shapes, square and round effects both wide and narrow. There are notched and pointed ones, some suggestive of berthes, boleros and even busbs, while a few are made to extend quite the length of the front in tabliers and stoles.

Really, the possibilities offered by this particular fashion are almost boundless, and as everything nowadays relating to feminine apparel must represent a vast amount of fine needlework prices are high indeed.

However, so long as the effect is dainty and satisfactory, expense, as is usual in the minds of the fair, dwindles into insignificance.

We thought last season, when every tailor gown presented a front incrustated with embroidery or handsome lace and gowns were a solid mass of this trimming, that possibly the end of the fad had been reached; but this is not the case. On the contrary, the mode of treatment has grown even more popular than ever, and lovely woman looks smart in her handsomely embroidered linen or cloth gown and positively ravishing in filmy masses of tulle or mousseline. To be thoroughly fashionable, she must have fine needlework on her frocks, and because fine needlework is expensive is no reason for denying herself its attractiveness and beauty.

Fashion, however, approves particularly of the broad, round effects, and here is one that has proved to be perhaps the most becoming so far designed to tempt the feminine eye.

It is a broad, Arabian lace of the variety known as Arabian, and its deep curve that is eminently becoming. The collar doesn't come together at the front, and extending in rather deep points, is ornamented either side with small rosettes of chiffon, having soft streamers, which fall below the waistband.

Then, here is a pretty way of treating a decidedly chic frock of white mohair, intended for country wear. Such a gown, by the way, will be found an extremely satisfactory and jaunty affair. The broad, square collar, resembling the regulation sailor is of the white mohair, with white lace applique and a broad band of lace to match, outlining the entire edge. Or ornamentations of applique are some- times employed by dainty, cosmopolitan

patterns in linen, cotton or silk. Of ten the only note of color will be found in this modish decoration.

Woolen and cotton embroideries are just now considered far more fashionable than any other kind, and these are especially adapted to the charming linen suits which promise to be quite the most stunning things in my lady's wardrobe. Many smart models are already being shown, and in nice cases out of every ten there is some sort of a broad collar introduced on the blouse.

Here is a gown which it would be difficult to surpass for its chic air, besides, it is very dainty—two atrilutes which cannot fail to make it a much copied design.

Pale gray, coarsely woven canvas was chosen for the frock and both skirt and sleeves were ornamented with strappings of black moire. There was the usual broad collar, but in stead of presenting a heavy and coarse mesh it was fashioned of the sheerest white lawn, exquisitely embroidered with white and pale pink ribbon in a carnation design. A well known and always satisfactory trick is that of having the collar adjustable; it offers such a chance for delightful changes.

One might say that all the blouses are ornamented with these collars, for as a matter of fact very few indeed are made up without them. Here is another pale blue, one intended for afternoon or theatre wear. It is of the new Louisiane moire, and the body part is quite plain, opening over a narrow vest formed of soft folds of white chiffon crossing at the throat in surprise effect. The entire absence of any standing collar is one of the prettiest features of this blouse, and it looks unusually well if the wearer's hair is twisted low in the neck, as the really modish dressing.

The handsome gulfure collar, which is the chief trimming of this blouse is broad in appearance at the back, falls well over the shoulders in an epaulet effect, then rounds toward the front and as it reaches the vest, continues on down to the belt in stole fashion.

Another, producing a similar effect has the tablier not separated by a narrow vest but a solid piece of beautiful lace, really a continuation of the deep pointed collar.

So much for the stole and tablier collars, now for one resembling the always fashionable bolero. This effect is secured by having the Cluny lace jacket cut out to leave an open space at the neck, so that the lace borders as it were, the implied collar. At the back the lace reaches up in a point, curves downward under the arms and then rises up again over the bust where it is fastened with a rich velvet chou. There are tiny straps over the shoulder, and long sleeves of Cluny dropping over velvet puffs, which in turn are gathered into straight velvet wristbands.

On the white pique suits—for there will be many of these worn during the coming summer—dainty collars formed of pique lobes, set together



with coarse white lace insertion, and bordered all around with an edging to match, will be found very pretty, while pale tinted linens, in pinks, blue, modes and lavenders, are decidedly fresh looking.

An example of this kind is one being made to trim a blouse of deift blue linen. Folding back from a vest of fine white tucked linen, the square collar presents a combination of the two colors, the center being of white, while the applied border has its inner edge decorated with a delicate design of clovers, worked in blue and white.

Of the thousand and one varieties of lace offered it is difficult to decide in favor of any particular one. They are all lovely, and all are effective, from the fine and delicately woven duchesse or mechin flet or any of the exquisite Venetians to the coarse Arabians and Russians. Fichu and berthé effects, particularly in the finer laces, are considered very good style, and these furnish pretty decorations for light toned silk blouses.

Coats, too, come in for this mode of treatment, and some of the handsomest black taffeta and moire ones show beautiful deep collars of heavy yellow or ecru lace.

Hints for the Housewives.

For ordinary window washing a little kerosene added to the water will prove an effective brightener.

Fruit and wine stains on table linen should be removed by pouring water through them before the linen is put into the soapuds.

Kid boots and shoes may be cleaned by dipping a little bit of sponge in white of egg, to which has been added a little ink and a few drops of oil and rubbing well.

A gentle friction with emery paper will remove the shine from the shoulders and elbows of one's gown. Rub just enough to raise a little nap and then go over with a warmed silk handkerchief.

HER BONNET.

When meeting bells began to toll,
The choir folk began to pass,
She softly tied her bonnet on—
The little sober, meeting lass,
All in her neat, white-crowned room,
Behold her tiny looking-glass.

So nicely, round her lady cheeks,
She smoothed her bands of glossy hair,
And innocently wondered if
Her bonnet did not make her fair;
Then sternly chid her foolish heart for
harboring such fancies there.

So square she tied the satin strings,
She smoothed her bands of glossy hair,
Then thought her vanity a sin,
And she must put such thoughts away
before the sermon should begin.

But, sitting 'neath the preached word,
Demurely in her father's pew,
She thought about her bonnet still—
Yes, all the parson's sermon through—
About its pretty bows and bits, which
better than the text she knew.

Yet sitting there with peace-of-false
The reflex of her simple soul,
She looked to be a very saint—
And maybe was one, on the whole—
Just as her pretty bonnet kept away
the aureole.

—Mary E. Wilkins.

THE VAGRANT SONNET.

SOMETIMES the laughable things of life are quite as important in their effects upon human destiny as those of a more serious aspect. This was the case with Tom Ross, at any rate; and, if one could trace all the philosophy of human life, it would probably be found that trivial blunders, sometimes absurd and even ludicrous in their immediate effects, have been the making or marring of many a love affair.

Tom was a bachelor, but he kept house in the ancestral home over which an older widowed sister presided. He boasted that he would never marry, unless he could get a rich wife, for the reason that he had a pleasant enough home for a poor man and it took all his means to support his sister and her two half-grown children. And so it might have been, except for a ludicrous mistake.

Tom admired pretty Annie Thorne, who lived with an invalid mother just across the way, but she was comparatively poor, and, as a practical man, he felt that he could not take any more dependents upon his hands. Moreover, he was seriously thinking of the rich Widow Mallory, who was just of a proper age, and whose agent he was in certain property matters. He thought he had detected certain favorable indications in the widow's attitude toward him, and he seriously discussed with his sister the chances of his laying siege to her heart.

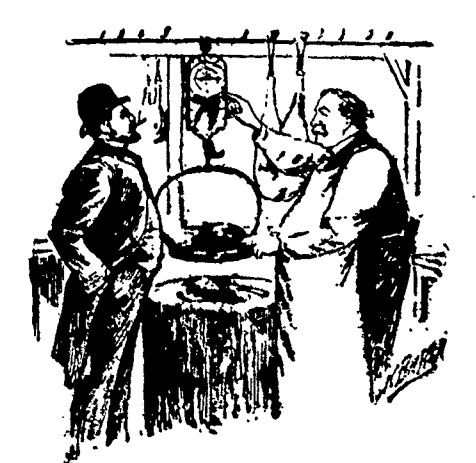
"If I only knew how to break the ice," he said.
"Let me see," replied his sister, with that interest in affairs of the heart that possesses every good woman. "I think flowers would be the proper thing. And, oh, Tom, I have it. You know she is a strict church-woman, and Easter is to-morrow. You send her up this afternoon the handsomest bouquet you can afford to buy. She will understand it, and the next time you meet her she will let you know her feelings. In any case she will not be angry at so delicate a confession, while if you should speak to her your awkwardness might give offense, and you know you do not wish to lose her custom."

"That's just the thing," assented Tom, "and I will go down and buy the flowers at once."
"Remember, Tom, to stop at the butcher's while you are down and have him send up a nice roast for to-morrow."

"All right," was the reply.
Tom sauntered down town, and all the while visions of Annie Thorne's pretty face floated before him. But he thought of his widowed sister and her two orphans, and hardened his heart. He stopped at the florist's, and gave his order, and also left word that he would send down a card to accompany the bouquet. Then he went to the butcher's, and that individual, after weighing out the roast, called his attention to some bills he wanted collected. Tom took them, and went up to his office, and, unlocking his desk, opened the drawer where he kept his personal papers. He selected a card for the florist, and then, being in a sentimental mood, began to look over some papers that he had been looking at in his idle hours. He had a happy knack of verse, and at various times had allowed his feelings toward Annie Thorne to find expression in amatory rhyme, which his sober judgment had never allowed him to send her or to publish. One of these was a sonnet, daintily written on the back of his business card. It struck him now that the verse was very well turned.

"Confound it," he muttered, "I don't believe the widow could ever inspire me to such an effort! Ah, if I were only rich, things might be different!" He used for some time, and then remembering that the butcher had

asked immediate attention to his bills, summoned his boy from the outer office.
"Here, you young rascal," he exclaimed, "take this card down to Vanzanetti, and tell him to attach it to the bouquet I ordered. And see that you make no mistakes, or there will be no vacation for you this summer."
Then he devoted himself to writing notices to the butcher's delinquents for the rest of the afternoon, trying thereby to crush the rebellion in his



At the Butcher's

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honesty in this treason to Annie Thorne. Tom awaited with more anxiety than he had ever before felt the result of his floral message to the rich widow. He was not long kept in suspense. On Monday came the following note:

Dear Mr. Ross:—The pretty little poem accompanying the bouquet delivered at my house Saturday evening sufficiently explained the mistake the florist had made. I took the liberty of correcting the blunder, and also of sending Miss Thorne my congratulations. May I also congratulate you on the excellent choice you have made. I have known the happiness of love, which can never truly exist but for one. Though my own heart is buried forever in the grave with my husband, I can truly wish you the utmost felicity. GRACE MALLORY.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Tom, "what have I done wrong on him. He had given the boy the sonnet to Annie Thorne instead of the proper card, and the widow had sent both bouquet and sonnet to that adorable young woman."

Tom was too good a lawyer not to see the fatal nature of his ludicrous blunder. He called at once on Annie Thorne, and came from the house an accepted lover.
He has since learned that a true and loving wife is a fortune to any capable man. But he has never been quite satisfied that the widow Mallory did not share with him the secret of the mistake that gave him the wife of his heart.—Julius Pencroft.

Facing the Joke.



Wife—Well, go ahead and crack jokes about our misfortune. But it is no joke for a woman to be without a new Paris bonnet on Easter.

Husband (who has had bad luck in Wall street)—Quite true my dear. The joke is on the milliner.

THE EASTER LILY.

The fairest lilies cannot vie
With you, I trow,
I see you pass demurely by,
Then kneel and bow
Before the sacred altar where
The incense swirls,
Each whispered accent of your prayer,
And my heart tells
To me the secrets of your heart,
Fair devotee,
I'll venture to the world impart
As you've to me,
The reason why your blushes glow,
Fair penitent,
You're quite delight to have it so—
The close of Lent.

H. S. Keller.

Dance of the Hundred Eggs.
Easter customs are common to most European people. A pretty one is a dance that is popular on Easter Monday among the peasants who live on the western slope of the Alps. On that day, a hundred eggs are distributed at close intervals over a level space covered with sand, and a young man and a young woman execute the dance of the country among the eggs. It is understood that this dance implies betrothal, and if no eggs are broken good luck will always follow the hap-



The Egg Dance.

py couple. It is related that Phillibert de Savoy won the beautiful Lady Maynente by successfully performing with her this famous dance.

The Resurrection.
"Christianity is pre-eminently a religion of facts and doctrines, and not of mere sentiment. The great criterion fact of its divine origin is the resurrection of Christ from the dead. If this fact be certain, Christianity is certain. Christ himself made this fact the test, and St. Paul says that 'if Christ be not risen from the dead your faith is vain.' The proofs of this fact are simply overwhelming and leave no excuse for incredulity. His death was absolutely certain and most public. Not only was He crucified, but to remove every shadow of doubt, His side was opened by the spear of the soldier and blood and water gushed out. He was entombed in a sealed sepulchre until the morning of the third day. His death, then, cannot be questioned. As certain, and, if possible, more so, was the fact of His appearing alive afterwards. For forty days He sojournd on earth. His disciples saw Him, heard Him, felt Him, ate with Him repeatedly. On one occasion more than 500 saw Him at once, as St. Paul testifies, and some of these were living at the time that this great apostle wrote, as he informs us, 'Many of these witnesses died testifying to the fact. For nearly 1,900 years the same fact has stood the test of most minute examination. 'That it is not universally accepted is a proof of the power of will over evidence, where prejudice pre-occupies the mind. There are men who would rather believe the story of the Roman guards, that whilst they were asleep the disciples came and stole away his body, than the testimony of the many who died saying, 'We have seen and heard and felt Him, and die for this fact.' That is, men prefer the testimony of sleeping witnesses to that of dying martyrs, and they call this reason.'—Archbishop Ryan.