SUMMER RESORTS.

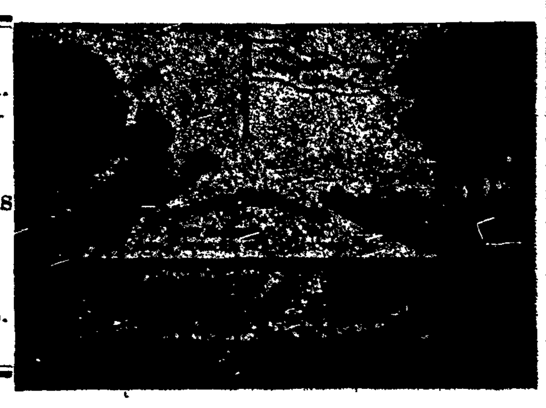
Sea Breeze Park Hotel

PAVILION THEATRE

FREE FIRST-CLASS VAUDEVILLE AT ALL TIMES

FRANK KOCH, PROPRIETOR.

PARMELE'S IMPROVED MERRY GO ROUND



at Mrs. Greibel's, Glen Haven.

Runs Rain or Shine.

Six tickets 25 cents

5 cents everybody.

Special rates to picnic parties.

O. G. PARMELE, MGR.

When at Sea Breeze

Go to

The Large Merry-Go-Round At the Grove

Runs Rain or Shine. 5 cents everybody. Six tickets 25 cents.

Special rates to picnic parties.

O. D. Brown, - - Prop.

Railroad Dock Hotel

Sea Breeze, Irondequoit, N. Y.

Rudolph Hilficker, - Proprietor.

Don't Forget When at Sea Breeze

To Take a Ride on the

The Finest Merry-Go-Round At Pier On Beach

ALSO AT BAY VIEW

Runs Rain or Shine. 5 cents everybody. 6 tickets 25 cents.

Special rates to picnic parties.

Frank J. Moore, - - - - Prop.

Birds and Worms Hotel

Point Comfort, Irondequoit Bay.

CHAS. STOFFEL, Prop.

POINT PLEASANT HOTEL

IRONDEQUOIT BAY

Fine Picnic Grounds. Bowling Alleys. Boats, Fishing Tackle, etc.

Wm. Weible, Prop.

Schneider Island Hotel

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ON THE BEAUTIFUL IRONDEQUOIT BAY AT GLEN HAVEN

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Fine Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Boats and fishing tackle for rent at all times.

Everything New and Up-to-date.

Grand View Beach Hotel, Long Pond

One of the most attractive resorts on Lake Ontario.

Whitefish and Chicken dinners a specialty.

Boats and fishing tackle. Fine Picnic Grounds.

....A. KLEINHANS, Prop.....

Bell Phone 2364.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Ontario Beach Park

On the New York Central

Roman Imperial Band

SEE BARBER Looping the gap

Twice Daily

Fireworks Thursday and Saturday

GUS FRANK'S

Ferry Hotel and Restaurant

ONTARIO BEACH.

Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Quick Meals and Lunches

Don't Miss This Place

HOTS A SPECIALTY

Mother Goose for Grown-Ups.

Mister Jack Horner got up a corner,
All in September wheat;
But before very long the market went wrong.
And he had to auction his seat.

Tom, Tom, the magnate's son,
Formed a merger and away he run;
But Tom was forthwith hauled thro' court,
'Till his merger looked like a Russian fort.

Little Miss Muffet
Decided to rough it
In Garments quite mannish and pert;
But the men did deride her—
Unmercifully guyed her—
Until she turned to her skirt.

Peter, Peter pumpkin eater,
On pumpkins now no longer dotes;
The food that satisfyeth Peter
Is "Plimber's Predigested Oats."

"Baa, baa, broker, have you any steel?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir; enough to buy a meal."
"What's the common stock worth?"
"Why," the broker said,
"I'd like to trade a bushel for a half a loaf of bread."

A dillar, a dollar, a Standard Oil scholar,
"Why comes your oil so high?"
"Oh, well, you see, Mr. Rockefeller, he
Just needs the coin, that's why."

This is Strenuous War.

Sergeant of the Guard—I hab to report three prisoners, Captain.

Captain—What is dey, pullets or ole hens?

Some Stunning Calculations.

Every blow that a mother strikes with the bootjack she exercises a pressure of seven pounds to the square inch. Supposing that Tommy had 44 square inches to cover, what would the total pressure be? Suppose he was covered twice a day for a week, what total would you have?

Mrs. O'Grady weighs 210 pounds, and little Charlie Davis weighs only 72 pounds. What is the difference between their weight, and should Charlie strike her with his bike while going at the rate of 30 miles an hour, how many handsprings would Mrs. O'Grady turn before stopping to inquire what was up?

Mistaken Identity.

Residents of a certain part of Spruce street have often seen two charming old ladies, twin sisters who look so much alike that no one ever bothers to distinguish between them, coming out from one of the houses. The fact that they both dress almost alike makes it still harder to tell them apart.

Someone who knows the old ladies very well relates that Ann, while making a hurried departure for one of the big department stories last week, put on Susan's bonnet by mistake. In walking through the store she came suddenly in front of a full length mirror, and stopped back in astonishment, saying: "Why, Sue, I didn't know you were coming down town this morning."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

COULDN'T SMUGGLE.

Two gentlemen on an ocean liner coming into New York harbor, after having made declarations, met on deck.

"Well, did you make a clean breast of it?" said one.

"O, yes," was the response. "I can't smuggle; you know. I'm a protectionist. But how about you? Did you declare everything?"

"To be sure," said the other. "It won't do for me to smuggle; I'm a free trader."—Century.

Trains for North Pole.

When Dr. Nansen has an expedition in view he dispenses with tobacco and all forms of alcohol, and even with his overcoat, no matter how severe the weather may be. He is of opinion that by adopting this course he puts himself into the best possible condition for withstanding cold and fatigue.

The Russian Royalties.

The czar and czarina in their private intercourse speak English and German, French and Italian being but seldom spoken by the majesties when alone. The czarina did not learn Russian till her bethrothal, but, though she as yet speaks very slowly, it is with a good accent and great distinctness.

Aluminum Horseshoes.

In the Russian Army aluminum horseshoes are said to have been with tried with good results. A few horses in the Finland Dragoons were first chosen and shod with one aluminum shoe and three iron shoes each. The experiments showed that the aluminum shoe preserved the foot better than the iron ones.—Exchange.

A Very Fortunate Catch.

Two pearls found by clam fishers opposite Prairie Du Chien, Wis., in the Mississippi River have been sold, one for $1,100 and the other for $1,200. The former weighed 54 grains, was of a bluish tint and drop shape, and the latter was a white globe weighing 50 grains.

Tit for Tat.

He—Why does a woman always think she ought to wear a smaller shoe than she can?

She—Why does a man always think he ought to wear a larger hat than he can?

In a Turkish Province.

The principal products of the Trebizond province, Turkey, are tobacco, filberts, gum, linseed, eggs, walnut wood, hazel nuts and wool.

He Is the Limit.

Mac—They say Penny is very mean.

Jack—Yes; he never offers to treat people until he hears they have taken a pledge.—Chelsea (Mass.) Gazette.

Just as Good.

To know just how to sing's a thing
Desirable, but, then,
It's well to know how not to sing
And also where and when.
—Philadelphia Press.

"Most of our people," said the outspoken parishioner, "are complaining that you are entirely too liberal."

"The idea!" exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Broadman. "It's very unkind of you, for I'm sure I never had occasion to make the same remark about any of you."—Philadelphia Press.

Rare Opportunity.

Conjurer (pointing to his cabinet)—Ladies and gentlemen, I now call your attention to the great illusion of the evening. I will ask any lady in the audience to step on the stage and enter the cabinet. I will then close the door, leaving no trace.

Husband (to his wife)—Matilda, my love, do oblige the gentleman and walk up.—Tit-Bits.

Children of the Alley.

"Jimmy Twyman's gittin' to be quite a sport," said Tuggy Brin to Mikey Shay as he whacked a brickbat in the middle of the alley with a piece of lath.

"How you know?" asked Mikey.

"'Cause, he kin chew tobacker and drink water at the same time."—Cleveland Leader.

Seats for 48 from Utah.

Proprietor—What have you got that banquet table set for? No banquet here to-night.

Head Waiter—No, sir, but that family from Utah wants to sit together, sir.

Here's Fine Prospects.

W. H. Lax, a well-to-do Texas farmer, has been sentenced to 396 years in the penitentiary. He threatens to get even with the prosecuting witnesses when he gets out.

Cause and Effect.

Jack Hilow—My dear, your pie crust is getting pretty thin.

Mrs. Hilow—So are your excuses for not bringing home more of your salary, my love.

THE FLICKER.

"Put the gun away, Bill, and let the bird alone. I've told you a dozen times that nothing's to be shot on my farm, and if I had my way nothing would be shot on any other man's farm, either."

"Miss Jane asked me to shoot the bird, Mr. Torrey."

"Put the gun away, Bill, and don't you take it down again without my orders. That bird is a flicker, and flickers aren't as plenty around here as they used to be, thanks to the kids and some men whose souls are in their stomachs. I'd feel like a cannibal if I ate that flicker, though he is nothing but a woodpecker, as you say."

"Hiram Torrey, you're always interfering with my pleasure," said a sharp female voice, and Miss Jane Torrey, aged thirty-three, with features as sharp as her voice, came through the front door of the little farmhouse and stood on the porch eyeing her brother half savagely. "You know we haven't any money to spare, Hiram Torrey, and I can't buy things. My hat's a fright, and that flicker would set it off just right. Mary Hood rode by yesterday, and she had a bird of paradise in her hat that must have cost a mint, and she just flaunted it at me. It isn't any prettier than the flicker, if it did come from Borneo, and I want the bird. Since Mary Hood and that worthless brother of hers got all the money that rightly belongs to us they don't do a thing when they ain't traveling but ride by here and show off their new horses and their fine clothes. I hate them, if they are our first cousins."

"Well, Jane, I hoped that you had more proper pride than to wish to ape Mary Hood. I'll give you some money that I got from selling the shoats, and you can go and buy some ostrich plumes if you want them. Get good ones and they cost more than paradise birds, but you can't have my flicker nor any other bird that comes on the farm, barring the crows, and I'm not sure but what they're all right, too."

"You're a crank with your flickers, your bluebirds, your orioles, your robins and your wrens, Hiram Torrey. The robins ate up half our cherries last year, and you wouldn't let Bill shoot them, and they didn't leave enough fruit in the strawberry patch to make a pie. I won't buy the ostrich plumes. I'll just go without things. That's what you want me to do."

Three days later Jane Torrey burst into the little room where her brother went occasionally to cast up his few farm accounts and to get out of hearing of his sister's tongue. "Hiram Torrey," said Jane with a tone of triumph mixed with malice in her voice, "that flicker you wouldn't let Bill shoot for me has brought another flicker around here, and the two of them are hard at it making a hole in the clapboards just under the eave trough. I don't suppose you'd care if they'd peck the house to pieces."

"Let 'em peck, Jane, the house is pretty rickety now and a hole or two more or less won't make any difference. Besides that, the flicker carries a bag of gold under each wing and that's why in some sections he's called the golden-winged woodpecker. The pair of 'em may bring good luck to the old house. The Lord knows it needs it bad enough. Leave 'em alone, Jane, I'll patch the hole up in the fall. They're just going through the outer layer and they'll probably lay their eggs between the clapboards and the inside boards."

"Everything's all right to you, Hiram Torrey, and I suppose this is all right, too. Do you know that Mary Hood and that good-for-nothing brother of hers are going to Europe? She had the impudence to come here and tell me about it—to tell me, her cousin, to whom the money she has rightly belongs."

"Well, Jane, Mary is kind of mean and I've always known it, but don't mind her. I never did understand why old Uncle Silas left all his money to them after we'd looked after him and been kind to him, not knowing he had any money, and after they'd practically turned him out of doors. The will was all right, though. It left every cent he had to them and left us out, and he was living with us when he drew it, at that."

"It all came of your quarreling with him, Hiram Torrey."

Hiram turned to his sister. His face was a bit stern. "Jane, I'll tell you something I never told you before. My quarrel with Uncle Silas was about you. He said you had a fiend's temper and that I ought not to put up with it. I told him that yours had been a life of hard work and that you were to be excused, and that he must not complain about my sister as long as he was under my roof and eating my bread. I should have told him the same thing, Jane, if I had known him to be the rich man that he was rather than the object of charity that I thought him. He made his will and cut us off. Now you know the truth, though I am sorry I was forced to tell you."

Jane Torrey left the room with a pale face. The September storms came and one day Jane Torrey went again to her brother's little room. "Hiram," she said, "the rain is beating in that hole the flickers made and the water has leaked down and spoiled the ceiling in the parlor. I hope you are satisfied now with the work those woodpeckers with the bags of gold under their wings have done."

"I'll go upstairs and patch the hole up from the inside, Jane," said her brother, a bit wearily.

In half an hour he was downstairs again with a queer look in his face. "Jane," he said, looking at his sister, "I found [illegible] the hole [illegible] he held out a [illegible] birds brought [illegible] right. This is Uncle Silas' [illegible] a month after the [illegible] everything to the Hoods [illegible] everything to us [illegible] thing, and the reason [illegible] that it was drawn [illegible] couldn't find it [illegible] nests have moved away [illegible] where they are [illegible] don't you wish I had let [illegible] that flicker for your bonnet [illegible]"

Three months later Hiram [illegible] and his sister Jane were leaving [illegible] farm for a trip to Europe [illegible] called Bill, the hired man, to [illegible] whispered something in his [illegible] before she stepped into the [illegible] which was to take them to the [illegible]

"What did you say to Bill [illegible]" asked Hiram.

Jane blushed a bit. "[illegible] him to load the gun with [illegible] and to shoot anybody who came [illegible] this farm to molest the birds [illegible] we're not here to protect them [illegible]ward B. Clark, in Chicago Record-Herald.

DRESS REFORM CULTS.

Latest Models Come from Germany, Which Forbids Corsets.

Various indeed are the dress-reform garments that have been designed for woman's wear, but as yet none have come to stay or have been adopted except by a few. As a rule these garments have been neither artistic nor really practical. The latest models in these gowns come from Germany, which country is now being [illegible] by this question of hygienic [illegible] theory being advanced that [illegible] will women themselves be [illegible] fited but future generations [illegible] much improved by the adoption of [illegible] style of dress. To this end physicians and physical culturists have [illegible] bed together and have constructed a model gown that hangs from the shoulders, thus doing away with the wearing of corsets and all other bands that tend to confine the waist.

There is really nothing very original about this new gown; it is simply a modified form of the Mother Hubbard and the empire dress. The skirt, which is scant like the empire models, falls in straight folds from a yoke in the Mother Hubbard style, the yoke being short or long as fancy chooses. The gown is built strictly on hygienic lines. There is a great concession made to Dame Fashion in the yoke and sleeves, which follow closely the latest style, both in point of size and in trimming. It is made of silk or wool, has a low-cut yoke and is sleeveless to permit of wearing a shirt-waist guimpe; also a concession to the fashion of the day.

It is claimed by the reformers who are urging the acceptance of this style of garment that it is not only exceedingly comfortable to wear but as it permits a perfect freedom of motion it makes women more graceful and by allowing greater play of the muscles causes a better development of the body and a consequent gain in health to the wearer and to posterity. It is said that all classes of German women are eagerly adopting this style not only for house but for public wear.—Exchange.

FIDDLES AND HORSE HAIR.

Material for Bows Comes Mostly from Germany and Russia, Being Tougher Than the Home Product.

"There is a vast amount of horse hair annually used in the United States for making and repairing violin, violoncello and bass viol bows," said a dealer in such materials to the writer recently. "All of the hair comes from Germany and Russia, in which countries the tails of horses are generally allowed to grow much longer than here. The foreign hair is coarser in texture and tougher than that which grows on the American horse, and these qualities make the imported article more valuable than the domestic product is for the purpose.

"There are only two kinds of horse hair suitable for making bows, and they are of the white and black varieties. The former is used for violin bows, and the latter, which is heavier and stronger, is the best material for making bows for cello and bass viols, because it bites the larger strings better. The imported hair is put in hanks of thirty-six inches long, which is five or six inches longer than the standard violin bow. A hank is sufficient for one violin bow, while two hanks are required to hair a cello or bass viol bow. There are about one and one-half ounces of hair in a hank, which is worth from 20 to 30 cents, according to the quality of the hair."

No Disreputable Prisoners.

For almost thirty years the lockup at Nantucket was unused by any prisoner. During the past summer some Philadelphians visited the jail, having heard that a prisoner had been taken. An old woman, who proved to be the "jailoress," greeted the visitors. "Where's the prisoner?" asked one of the party. "I just sent him down to the village on an errand," was the reply. "I shouldn't think [illegible] would be [illegible] "[illegible] answer, [illegible] "Young man, [illegible] ess, somewhat testily, "[illegible] understand that we only have [illegible] table prisoners here!"—[illegible] Record.

At a meeting of the [illegible] Guardians applications [illegible] from no fewer than [illegible] the post of messenger [illegible]