

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 Hilfiaker, - Proprietor.

Don't Forget When at Sea Breeze

To Take a Ride on the

The Pinest 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

F. MCCANN, PROP.

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.

White fish 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

Powell's Famous Band

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 ●

ELUSIVE BANK BOOKS.

One Chicago Bank Counts Upon Loss of Five a Day.

"If we don't have at least five persons every day come in here to give notice of their lost bank books, we think it unusual," said a cashier of one of the city banks recently. "I haven't any theories about it, but it is a fact that there are twice as many of these books lost in the summer time as there are in the winter.

There are probably from 1,200 to 1,500 books lost every year, of which 400 or 500 eventually turn up. That means from one-third to two-fifths of 1 per cent of the whole number of books out disappear, and one-third of that number gets back to the owners. Where the rest go is a puzzle not to be solved."—Chicago Tribune.

Finger Print Records.

According to E. T. Cooper, finger prints were used for the identification of slaves, and he has seen deeds for the sale of human chattels over 1,200 years old, upon which the imprints of the fingers of the slaves transferred were recorded.

Apoplexy and the Weather.

In an article in the British Medical Journal, Dr. H. Walter advanced the theory that atmospheric pressure plays an important part in determining the occurrence of strokes of apoplexy.

Salmon in Alaska.

It has been known for a long time that salmon are almost as plentiful in northern Alaska waters, where there are no canneries, as they are in southeastern Alaska, where the cannery business is most prosperous.



REFLECTIONS.

Necessity knows no law—except mothers-in-law.
Every dog has his day—and some dogs every day.

A little learning is a dangerous thing—too much is equally disastrous.
The road to hell is paved with good intentions—and disinterested friends line up each side of it.

If wishes were horses—automobiles would have to take to the subway.

A dollar saved is a dollar earned—for the benefit of some fellow that comes along with a "scheme."

A stitch in time saves nine—but has been known to shorten life.

Silence is golden—the wise man's refuge and the fool's defense.

The secret of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well—that is to say, what persona.—Town Topics.

Woman Discovers a Mine.

In the State of Zacatecas, in Mexico, it remained for a woman, Mrs. V. M. Clement, to discover a rich deposit of turquoise, reputed to be the only one in Mexico, while searching for pretty stones on the dump.

The Japanese Death Plant.

The death plant of Java has flowers which continually give off a perfume so powerful as to overcome, if inhaled for any length of time, a full-grown man, and which kills all forms of insect life that come under its influence.

Telephones in the United States.

The development of the telephone is far greater than most persons imagine. There are in the United States some 9,200 systems and lines, with nearly 5,000,000 lines of single wire and about half as many instruments.

Japanese Drug Stores.

According to the Chemist and Druggist, the native drug stores in Japan are still largely stocked with dried snakes, toads, lizards, crabs, etc., infusions of which are the popular household remedies throughout the country.

Postal Union Statistics.

The International Postal Union, formed by the Postal Congress held at Bern on September 15, 1874, now extends over forty million square miles of territory, peopled by one billion one hundred million persons.

Origin of Name of June.

June owes its name to Juno, which some derive from Juno, and others from Juno, the Roman goddess.

for the young, as May was for aged persons. Ovid, in his "Fasti," introduces Juno as claiming this month.

A Phenomenal Growth.

The youngest twentieth century city is Chickasha, I. T., and it is a phenomenon. It has had its entire history, its origin and growth within the first four years of the twentieth century, but in that short time it has increased from a hamlet to 10,000 in population.

Texas Forest Land.

Texas has the largest wooded area of all the States of the Union. Its merchantable forest area is placed at 37,000 square miles, while the total forested space is estimated to be about 64,000 square miles.

British Population.

The foreign population of the British Isles number 199,000. Germans hold first place in point of numbers, Russians second, French third.

Double Leap the Loop.

The Scientific American describes a new "loop the loop" feat which a German has devised. His loop consists of a double turn.

SINGING MICE IN LONDON.

Strange Melody Similar to That of Canaries.

A resident of London writes as follows about singing mice: "We had never heard of their existence until a fortnight ago, when we arrived from the continent and went into lodgings in an old house just off Oxford circus. The first night we were awakened by loud singing, as of a number of birds, and our first impression was that some one kept nightingales in cages.

The next morning the landlady informed us they were singing mice we had heard, and she had read of them when her lodgers began to hear them in the walls. When we clapped our hands we could hear the mice running away in the walls, and when all was still they began again their concert. It was not squeaking or chirping, but sustained singing, as of canaries in a cage."

Disposing of Seized Tobacco.

English customs officers for years have made a special search of travelers' luggage for contraband tobacco. The early practice was to bury it when confiscated. This senseless waste was suspended for a time by the happy idea of distributing the tobacco among the troops. That did not last long, and next the contraband was smoked in the "queen's pipe," a huge receptacle which could turn hundreds of tons into smoke in a few hours. Again the misgiving of the waste troubled the authorities, and they took to regaling the criminal lunatics in certain government asylums. Any tobacco that was left over was ordered for the use of troops sent on foreign service. But that luxury seems to have been out of once more, although the criminal lunatics still enjoy their pipes and cigars. One attempt was made to throw the contraband, when it was slightly damaged, on the market, but this caused an outcry from the tobacco trade.

The Same Over Here.

It is a creed with many people, large and small, that their opponents in public affairs are unpatriotic, mercenary, not clever like themselves, in the main quite vicious; they hum it and parade it, but they do not in the least believe in it where they have understanding. This creed is responsible for much of the froth and fust that on both sides are being displayed over the fiscal question.—London Saturday Review.

Value of a Man.

It is said that a profitable hen eats sixteen times her weight in a year. Her eggs are six times her own weight, and worth six times the cost of her food.—Exchange.

Change for Hudson's Bay.

It is proposed to change the name of Hudson's bay to "Canadian sea." This recalls the sad fate of the explorer who gave his name to the principal river of New York and whose memory has been sanctified by the genius of Washington Irving with the legends of the Oneida. On June 21, 1611, Capt. Hudson was set adrift in Hudson's bay by a mutinous crew with his son and seven other or loyal sailors and was never heard of afterward.

POLLY'S NEW HAT

Yesterday morning I found in the top drawer of my chiffonier a clipping from the daily paper announcing a "sale" of ladies' spring hats.

"I really don't need this sort of thing," I remarked, handing it to Polly, without even turning around.

"What is it?" asked Polly innocently, turning the paper over as though it were some strange scientific specimen. "Oh, yes, the advertisement of the Bondbreaker 'sale.' How did it get there? I must have dropped it when I was putting away your socks after mending them last Saturday. Do you know, Jack, dear," she went on, letting the paper fall to the floor with beautiful indifference, "that I never really thought I should love any man well enough to darn socks for him!

"I suppose," I remarked, looking very severely at my shaving cup and mixing the lather with a firmness and a decision quite unnecessary under the circumstances, "that I am about to be wheedled out of my last penny. And I suppose you know, Mrs. Heavyfeather, that since that slump in P. D. Q. we cannot afford any luxuries, like—well, like spring bonnets, for instance."

I was stirring the lather furiously by this time.

Polly looked at me for a moment in amazed reproach.

"And I suppose you know," she retorted warmly, as soon as she had recovered from my thrust, "that if I wanted a spring hat I should know better than to have left that clipping where you could find it."

I dropped my brush with my face half lathered.

"Apparently," said I, sarcastically, "there is a solace in getting a spring bonnet."

"No," said Polly, wiping the stem of a pink rose and tucking it in her hair, "but there is an art in managing a man. A man is divided into three parts; his heart, his soul and his vanity, and the greatest of these is vanity. You might as well hail a motor car on the wrong side of the street, as to attempt to coerce or wheedle a man without appealing to his vanity. It is the woman who knows how to pay a subtle compliment and who takes the time to do it every morning and most afternoons, who has everything she wants, from a diamond tiara to the right arm of a policeman across a crowded street. You may compliment a man upon anything, from his nose to his necktie; from his hair to his boots. It never really matters when nor how nor upon what you compliment him, so that you do it skillfully and often—especially often. You may tell a prisoner that he should have been a poet, or a deaf mute that he is a charming conversationalist; and either of them will swallow the little dose of flattery like a sugar pill and feel better for it afterward."

I drew a clean line down the middle of my cheek with my razor before replying.

"I perceive," said I, when I had finished, "that managing a man is not so much an art or a science as a form of war."

"Oh, no," said Polly deprecatingly, as she leaned forward to admire her eyebrow in the mirror. "It is more like a form of diplomacy. A woman could not do more than open fight with a man than Japan could with Russia in open field. But when it comes to strategy, it's the little woman and her little nation who understand how to make it pay, better than muscle and gunpowder."

"Oh, I see," I remarked sardonically, "like the bloody Russian I have sailed into the trap and the mines laid for me—and doubtless have swallowed about a pound of soft soap since my wedding day."

"You look as though you might have," gurgled Polly, gazing thoughtfully at my lathered chin.

"And I suppose," I continued, ignoring the impertinence, "that you imagine I believe that I am wise and clever and handsome and all the other things that your fancy and your factory have painted."

"Well, you are," said Polly, looking at herself solemnly in the glass, "every one of them."

I caught myself smiling at my shaving mirror and, immediately, drew a grave face.

"But it wouldn't make any difference, if you were not any of them, as far as that goes," went on Polly; "it's your skin. And if I didn't think so, you'd think so. And if you didn't think so, you'd like to be told so. It's a funny thing, but it's true, that a man would rather be complimented on the things he doesn't possess than on those that he does possess. A villain always loves a woman who imagines he is a pattern of honor. And a little chap, the height of a walking cane and the stability of an granite block, will die for you if you pretend to admire his muscle and lean upon his strong right arm; and a physical giant addresses you if you will only defer to his opinions on art and science; and a literary man always expects you to admire the cut and color of his hair; and—oh, I forgot! Now I know how that slip of paper got into your chiffonier drawer! It was the color of your hair!"

"The color of my hair?"

"Yes," said Polly, tripping over to the chiffonier and pulling out a red and yellow necktie that must have cost 35 cents, if it cost a penny. "I got this to match your hair. I bought it out of my lunch money and what was left from—"

"But my hair isn't yellow," I objected, brutally.

"That's just it," said Polly. "It's—"

and I was about to say something when she said: "I really don't need this sort of thing," I remarked, handing it to Polly, without even turning around.

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Amounts Paid to Jack...

The family of a...

After this roughly...

give the...

London Truth.

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The family of a...