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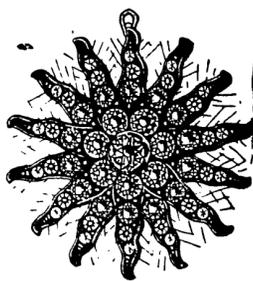
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ROBT. INGERSOLL & BRO. DEPT. 3 - 51 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK

HIS HANDY MAN.

"It's a fine thing to be able to transform a rough, uncouth soap box into the aesthetic, semblance of a Chipendale cabinet, I don't deny," said the wool broker to the man who had been bragging. "The man who can repair the bobbin in his wife's sewing machine without calling upon the manufacturer for aid is a gifted creature, doubtless, and your ability to cook a beefsteak in a style that would make a vegetarian propagandist give up his faith is enviable. Still, I don't envy it. I couldn't drive a nail straight to save my neck. I'd fall down on the mechanism of a nutmeg grater and I'd scorch water if I undertook to boil it. I'm glad of it, too."

"Of course, you are," said the man who had bragged, scornfully. "It's the only thing to be under the circumstances."

"There was a man back in the town I came from," said the wool broker, "whose name was Silas P. Fenship. "Son of old man Fenship, wasn't he?"

"Your deduction is correct. Old man Fenship was the author of his being. Silas was always what you'd call a handy boy—picked up anything very quickly. At school there were few studies that he neglected entirely. He read as well as the teacher, very nearly, when he left and he was a tolerably good speller and as quick as chain lightning at mental arithmetic. He wrote a good hand, too, and everybody said he was a boy that would make his mark."

"I know some men who can't read and who make their mark right along. But I want to tell you about that little cabinet I made. I took out the big-headed nails that were in the box and planed the boards smooth and I want to tell you that—"

"I want to tell you about Silas Fenship, if you'll have the politeness to listen. I was going to say that one time he took a watch apart and put it together again so that it would run just as long as it was held in one position. His folks thought that was pretty smart for a kid, and so it was, and they put him with the watchmaker to learn the trade. He might have been doing a good business in the watch-making and jewelry trade to-day if it hadn't been for Perry Spencer, the editor, getting in a new job press that he couldn't put together. Silas happened to be passing by when they were wrestling with it and he got interested and showed them how. "Perry wanted a devil at that time, so he took the boy on. He was a pretty good printer when he got acquainted with the operator at the railway station and came to the conclusion that it wasn't much harder to work a key than it was to throw type into a stick. He bought an outfit with his pocket money and was getting along pretty well, when he started to run a line with a battery to it and the salts in the battery got him interested in drugs. He worked in the drug store for a year and then, having managed to pull two of his father's hogs through the cholera, he concluded that he was cut out for a veterinary surgeon. Gale Hooper, the blacksmith, did a little in that line, so he went in with Gale and incidentally learned a good deal about blacksmithing. He depended upon Walt Gammet, who kept the meat market, for his experimental anatomy, and one day Walt told him that he thought he'd make a better butcher than he would a cow doctor, and there was more money in it, anyway. He offered Silas a job at \$30 a month in the market and Silas took it."

"That went along all right and if Silas hadn't carried the saws around to the carpenter to be filed and set he might have been selling beefsteak at 22 cents a pound to-day. As it was he couldn't bear to see a good trade lying around loose without picking it up, so he quit butchering and went to carpentering. The first job he did by himself was a set of bookcases for Judge Partleberry's office and after he'd talked with the judge awhile he went to studying law."

"Law naturally took him into politics and politics made him supervisor of the road district, which gave him \$2.50 a day for the days he worked. He bought a bicycle to get around to the job and when the poll taxes were all worked out and the road fund was exhausted he took the agency for the bicycle and from that went into fruit tree and patent wash tub agencies. When I heard of him last he had just failed in the hotel business and was going to open up a bakery. There's your jack-of-all-trades. What do you think of him?"

"I think he's all right," said the man who had bragged. "One of these days he'll strike the thing that suits him exactly and then you'll see a successful man."

"Huh!" grunted the wool broker. "There's no use trying to point a moral to some people."

Some Trouble on the Road.
A trolley cable three-quarters of an inch in diameter became slack and sagged across the railroad track at Hudson, N. H. It caught an engine moving at full speed just under the headlight. Strange to say it did not break but instead tore up telegraph poles for some distance and finally knocked a house off its foundations. The train was halted with its driving wheels still revolving.

Area of United States and Canada.
The total area of the United States is 3,002,340 square miles. The total area of Canada is 3,939,420 square miles.

HAT GOLD MICE EYE

This Delicious Salad to be a Favorite Luncheon Dish With Men.

A young woman who is in an office in which there are a number of men says that it is a constant surprise to her to see what these brain workers eat for luncheon. The firm she is with is one of those which was burned out, and so the lunch room which the clerks once frequented is burned also, these young fellows now patronize the basket which an itinerant colored man and his clean and portly wife bring to the new quarters. The young woman says that one of the most capable of the firm's employees lunches thoughtfully off a cold mince pie and ice water, while he sorts his mail. She says he complains of headache ever and anon, but he never thinks of attributing it to his diet; instead, he says he thinks he is getting what one estimable old lady used to call "the la grippe."

The other men, the girl says, are partial to hot gingerbread, and when they can't get that will take a cheese sandwich reluctantly. The colored man has a can of hot coffee with him, but in this building, it has no patrons, for the clerks agree that "hot coffee is a bad fellow," even while they drink freely at the water cooler and nibble at piping-hot gingerbread.

"I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," said the girl to a friend. "I always thought men lunched off of porterhouse beefsteak and sweetbreads and macaroni and sensible things, and as I ate my modest beef sandwich and drank my cup of chocolate I would picture to myself my friends of the opposite sex living on the fat of the land. If I had known about the cold mince pie and the hot gingerbread I wouldn't have been astonished that some of our men are thin and some are despondent. Such a diet is enough to give the strongest person the pollywobbles forevermore. And then they say women eat silly things!"

A Thieving Nurse.

In Paris, where all things are possible, even the simple avocations of the nurse girl have been adapted to the purposes of robbery on the higher grade. The ingenious person who has accomplished this feat is a woman named Goffe, who at 25 years of age is described as an accomplished thief. She had forged herself a number of testimonials by means of which she secured a succession of posts as nurse in well-to-do houses. Her conduct was irreproachable and her attention to duty exemplary—until she had familiarized herself with the spots where the family valuables were kept. Then she decamped with as many as she could secure. She has just been arrested with nine robberies to her charge, involving \$1,200 in money, 2,700 in jewels and 24,000 in art objects.—London Globe.

Reflections of a Spinster.

If a girl believes a man when he tells her she's the only woman he ever loved, he is always sure she will make a good wife and believe any sick friend story, no matter how old, when he is late coming home at night. The majority of men are much easier to manage through their vanity than through their affections. The man who is quickest to criticize a woman's taste in dress, thinks it all right to wear cuffs with black stripes with a pink checked shirt.

If a woman can only make a man believe that she cares for him she can put a box of paint on her face and he would never think that her color wasn't natural.—Baltimore American.

DEW DROPS

Some men are willing to remain away from work if only told they look ill.

A man shows the white feather as soon as his wife talks about finding some old letters in his desk.

Men often grumble about things just to show they know how far to allow others to go with them.

Meaning of "Not at Home."

Our sex has evolved a beautiful philosophy of mendacity. It proves that the conventional fabrication "Not at home" is really not a He at all. A lie, according to this theory, is a misstatement of facts, calculated to deceive and deceiving. But when a caller is told that Mrs. So-and-so is "not at home" she is not expected to believe it, and does not. It is only a polite form of declination to be seen, saving the feelings of both caller and hostess.

Doing the Right Thing.

Doing the right, or what you honestly believe to be right, breeds courage in accordance with natural law. It inspires a resolve, and in its wake come a host of minor virtues. The sustaining consciousness of rectitude, the determination to go on and on with the right, be the end bitter or sweet, are joys known only to the courageous and far exceed all sensuous pleasures.—Woman's Life.

The Czar's Children.

The children of the Russian czar are being physically educated on the English plan, their royal mother being much in favor of English ideas. The little ones wear short socks, exposing the leg, and rather short sleeves both winter and summer, the idea being to habituate them to changes of temperature. Their study hours are short and much time is given to play. The two oldest speak English.

WORLD'S CHAMPION TALKER

"Fastest Talker" is Ready to Meet All Comers.

The greatest talker in the world has been discovered in Baltimore—not a woman, but a man in the employ of the auditing department of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad office. He is Ellorod Conway, who boasts of being able to talk 60,000 words an hour, or 18 words a second.

"I am at any time ready," says Mr. Conway, "to meet any person in the world in a talking or reading contest for any amount of money. I am positive that I have no peer in the world at rapid reading, and am willing to back my opinion well financially."

"The great thing in my favor is that all my work is done from sight—that is, sight reading. It makes but little difference to me if I have ever seen what is placed before me or not. In fact, fast reading is my daily work."

"As to how long I can read (no matter whether checks with intricate names or not) I really cannot say, but I know one thing—I can do it as long as any one cares to listen to me, and my throat gives me no trouble at all. "If I happened to have the power to read so fast and accurately I really am unable to tell. But one thing I can say, and that is that it has not been acquired by practice or in any other way, but has simply come natural. There is no shorthand writer who can follow me if I 'turn loose.'"

He is almost indispensable at the Baltimore & Ohio office in his work. The proper reading of each check involves the pronunciation of from 20 to 24 words, and Mr. Conway can read 1,300 checks an hour.

The reading of the checks also requires great care and accuracy. Recently the pay checks for one month read by him numbered 32,125, and this was done without a single error.—New York World.

From the Korean Weekly Courier.

Sergeant Stitschsky is putting a new flap on his tent.

The smiling face of Wahai Nipponji, the well known Japanese scout, was seen in our midst Wednesday. We understand his body is en route.

Hiram Buttinsky paid ye editor a hurry call yesterday. He says there is heavy firing up North, and he is hurrying South. General Kuropatkin and best girl Sunday at Che Foo. The general never looked better.

Admiral Skrydloff is confined to his bed with a touch of la grippe. His Japanese friends hope for a speedy relapse.

Private Spallo, of the Thirteenth Japanese Rookies, was seen on our streets Thursday with a shine.

Dannie Deveroff was hanging around our burg this morning. A few of our esteemed patrons recently started to cross the Yalu and forgot to land. Now is the time to subscribe.

Captain Kinksy, who gave us a want ad. not long ago, lost one of his legs in yesterday's skirmish. Cap says it pays to advertise.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Getting Back at Whistler.

The late James McNeill Whistler had a French poodle of which he was extravagantly fond. This poodle was seized with an affection of the throat, and Whistler had the audacity to send for the great throat specialist, Mackenzie.

Sir Morell, when he saw that he had been called in to treat a dog, didn't like it much, it was plain. But he said nothing. He prescribed, pocketed a big fee, and drove away.

The next day he sent post haste for Whistler. And Whistler, thinking he was summoned on some matter connected with his dog, dropped his work and rushed like the wind to Mackenzie's.

On his arrival, Sir Morell said gravely: "How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."—Collier's Weekly.

England's Coal Supply.

A careful survey of the local deposits of England has been made recently with the result of discovering that there is coal enough in the United Kingdom to a depth of 4,000 feet, sufficient at the present rate of output to last 371 years.

This estimate does not take into consideration the fact that with improved machinery and skill it might be possible to carry on mining at a depth of 7,000 feet. The supply may be still further extended by the economical use of electricity.

If England's fuel supply is assured for 371 years she need have no alarm. By that time coal may have become quite obsolete as fuel.

The Value of Health.

The working classes of England, according to the bishop of Chester, lose 3,000,000 pounds in wages through illness in the course of a year.

Street Cleaning at a Profit.

The city of Glasgow makes \$7,500 a year profit out of waste paper collected in the streets. Liverpool has now decided to add to its income in the same manner.

Better Late Than Never.

The schooner Joseph Hawthorne arrived at Portland, Me., recently having consumed 137 days in making the trip from Fernandina, Fla.

The Walter Knew.

Guest—Walter, bring me a hip-top dinner. You know what that means, don't you?
Walter—Yes, sah. It's one that you top off with a hip.—Smart Set.

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Steamer "Lionel Lincoln" and "Walter" will leave for Buffalo and Detroit on the following schedule:
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W. F. FERNAN, S. P. A., Cleveland, Ohio.