

GAS PIPING

What better time of the year could you find to have your house piped for gas lights than now?

House cleaning time—good weather—and the time of year when the housekeeping expenses are the lowest.

Don't put it off until fall, have it done now, and have it over with. It will only take a short time to have the work completed.

Piping for gas lights will add greatly to the value and comfort of your house.

Small payments if desired. Order now and have it all paid for when you need it most—in the fall!

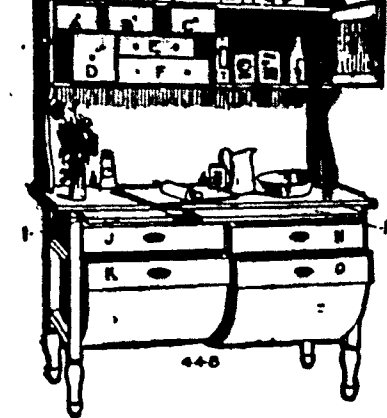
- 5 rooms with fixtures, complete, \$11.95
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- 7 rooms with fixtures, complete, \$16.70
- 8 rooms with fixtures, complete, \$18.45

Our representatives are at your service. A phone call or a postal will bring a man to your door.

Rochester Railway & Light Company
34-40 Clinton Avenue North

HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY. Demonstrated in Our Model Show Room in Basement. Have you seen it?

Labor-saving devices for men are numbered by hundreds, those for women are few. Our Step-Saving Kitchen Cabinet will seem rank with the sewing machine as a necessity. Its real usefulness is so great in comparison with the small cost that no one can afford to do without it.



THE GRAVES STEP-SAVING KITCHEN CABINET

With a place for everything it is easy to keep everything in its place.

ONE CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT

- A—Salt
- B—Rice
- C—Custard/Sugar
- D—Granulated Sugar
- E—Spices
- F—Brown Sugar
- G—Cornstarch/Extract
- H—Table top, 25 x 48
- I—Meat board, hardwood
- J—Teals, milk, etc.
- K—50 lbs. Pastry Flour
- L—Bread board
- M—Rolling Pin and Kitchen Cutlery
- N—50 lbs. Bread Flour

\$10.75 For this Cabinet with 26 styles or combinations to select from
Top and base sold separately when desired.

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70 STATE ST. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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Men's, Women's and Children's Summer Wear.
Cheapest Cash prices. Boys and Girls Caps.
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99 West Main Street. Telephone 397

Fire! Fire! Fire!
As my immense stock of Wall Paper was damaged by fire and water I will sell that part of it which is in good condition for less than cost. This is your opportunity to buy **WALL PAPER at YOUR OWN PRICE**
MISS J. GLOSSER 64 CLINTON AVE. N.
BELL PHONE Main 625 Formerly at 33 N. Fitzhugh St.

Patronize our Advertisers.

HER KING CHARLES SPANIEL.

By Abbie F. Ransom.

Rodney Jackson was at his desk in the office of the Hustler, in that enviable state of mind which usually follows a good dinner and makes a fine cigar a railroad on which to travel far into the castles of Spain.

A lady's voice on the other side of the partition which separated his desk from that of the city editor's reached his ears. It wasn't an ordinary lady's voice—at least not to him—for it caused him to jerk his feet off his desk, sit upright and peer furtively around the corner to obtain a mere glimpse of a blue, tailor-made suit, the pinkish rim of an ear and some locks of brown hair under a brown veil.

"I inserted the ad. day before yesterday," was what he heard, "and as yet have received no answer whatever. If you will put a little notice among your news items that my dog has been lost perhaps the finder may see it there. The dog was a King Charles spaniel, and his collar was marked 'R. J. to D. B.' He was a present from a friend, a very dear friend, and I prize him more than ever now because I have lost my friend."

"I understand," the editor's tone was kind—too kind, Jackson thought, listening behind his desk. "I'll make a note of it and mention it in to-morrow's paper."

The blue suit turned to go; then the voice spoke again.

"Please don't mention what I said of why I value the dear little dog," she said. "I'd much prefer you would not."

"I understand," came the suave reply. "I'll see that it is written in a way to please you, Miss—"

"Baesden. Good morning, Mr. Editor."

"Arthur Edison, at your service, Miss Baesden. And I hope our ad. will bring your dog. Good morning."

The blue suit left the office and scarcely had it disappeared when Jackson was all action. Seizing a pencil he scribbled a few lines and then rushed like a cyclone upon an innocent boy guarding the entrance to his brand of genius.

"Here, you rascal, get this ad. up, and get it quick! Tell 'em to hold back the earth if necessary to get it in to-day. Skite! Hurry up, double quick, or I'll order your cousin Dye beat!"

"Don't see what there is in that to make a fuss over," the boy muttered to himself. "Found—a King Charles spaniel with initial collar. Owner can have same by calling at the editorial rooms of the Hustler and proving property. Inquire for Mr. Jackson. Nothing in that's I can see; nothing but a dog."

The next morning, back to the door and his head bent over his writing, a gloved hand laid a newspaper clipping beside him and a voice said:

"I called in answer to—"

He raised his head. Miss Baesden stopped, straightened up and said with a dignity sadly tinged with embarrassment:

"Excuse me, Mr. Jackson. I called to answer an advertisement about a dog, and the office boy showed me here. I wish to see Mr. Jackson."

He rose. "Please be seated, Miss Baesden. What is it? Trouble about a dog? Perhaps I can help you."

The girl's cheeks burned redder. Something in Mr. Jackson's manner held so much power, knowledge, possession, that she was mastered in spite of herself.

"I've lost my dog," she said; "the one you gave me. I was shopping with Aunt Esther and left the dear little fellow in the carriage. When we came out of Black's he was gone. I advertised him and then I found this in the Found column, and I came here."

"I see," Mr. Jackson responded. "Well, I found a dog—a King Charles spaniel, near Black's; two other dogs were worrying him and I picked him up. I thought perhaps he'd been turned down because his owner was tired of him. I've been turned down myself that way and I know how it feels, so I took pity on the little cuss."

The eyes opposite him filled slowly.

"Was it Teddie?" she asked. "Oh, I didn't tire of him; I like him better than ever after—it was all that opal ring," she added irrelevantly. He studied her narrowly.

"I gave the opal to another girl," he said, "and we haven't quarreled yet."

She rose. "Good-by, Mr. Jackson. Perhaps she will appreciate my dog, too."

"Perhaps she might," he said, standing before her. "But, you see, you don't know yet that it is your dog. You haven't proved property."

"I leave it for you to do. Good-by."

"Don't hurry, I forgot to tell you that the other girl was my sister."

"Oh!"

"I've saved enough in the last two months in ice cream, candy and such to buy a ring."

Another "Oh!"

"Is it my dog, Mr. Jackson?"

"Shall I buy the ring?"

"You may bring Teddy up to-night if you like."

"Not unless I buy the ring."

A few minutes later the office boy remarked to himself:

"By gee, she looks as if Jack had been kissing her."

MILLS OF THE STAGE.

They Are Still Grinding Out Varied Grist For the Populace.

EDDIE FOY IN "THE ORCHID."

A Musical Comedy That Beats of No Less Than Six Authors—Arnold Daly Appears in "The Boys of Company B," by Rida Johnson Young.

[From Our New York Dramatic Correspondent.]
"The Orchid," a newborn dramatic flower with Eddie Foy as a leading petal, is implanted in the Herald Square theater. A splendid company assists the unique comedian in attempts to make



EDDIE FOY.

the play a success, and they do succeed to a considerable extent.

The play itself is not very melodramatic, but the work of the members of the cast is of first class musical comedy order.

The boxing match between Eddie Foy and Joseph Herbert, in their respective characters contained revelations in the "manly art." The audience appreciated this exhibition. It also appreciated Tricie Friganz's song, "No Wedding Bells For Me."

"Why do they call me a Gibson girl?" asked Mr. Foy, repeating that oft repeated question. He wore so many different and absurd disguises during the evening that it was indeed impossible to tell what to call him. But he made the audience laugh.

"The Orchid" is the joint work of six authors, which is being much jointed even for an up to date musical comedy with summer show intentions. The book is by James T. Tanner and Joseph Herbert, the lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank and the music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. Naturally it lived somewhat more than the allotted span of life for an evening's entertainment.

The plot is a mere incident in the scenery and action and so may go with little description. It is all about an orchid of rare degree that everybody is trying to find and that finally comes into the possession of Eddie Foy, the eccentric gardener.

Arnold Daly has returned to New York in a new play, "The Boys of Company B," written by Rida Johnson Young, author of "Brown of Harvard." The boys of Company B are a jolly, wholesome lot of fellows who can



ARNOLD DALY.

make a joke and give a joke, who are not above a bit of flirting now and then, but who can get right down to business when it comes to love in earnest. They can "josh" a pal to the queen's taste, as the saying goes, but they can also stand by him to the finish when he is in trouble. In other words, they are just boys, and as such they are going to be extremely popular with the girls as long as they continue to pitch their camp at the Lyceum theater.

ROBERT BUTLER

The Bashful Man.

Just why I am more bashful than other men is hard to explain. There is no accounting for it and apparently, no cure. I may reach a point where I can deceive my friends, but my conscience—never.

Still, I conquered this timidity sufficiently to propose to the dearest girl in the world. When I think of it I am astounded at my bravado. Many a time I had thought, "If she would only help me!" But she never did.

One evening we were speaking of love in the abstract and she asked me, "Were you ever in love?"

"I am now," I replied, looking at her. I felt that all the red companions in my body had gone to my face. A man feels idiotic when he blushes.

"Why don't you tell her that you love her?" asked the dear one.

"I—I can't. I am a coward and she never could care for such a worthless creature. I am not fit to kiss the hem of her garment."

"Nonsense! Don't try. Kiss her fair and square."

"Never! It would be sacrilege."

"Well, if a man loved me I should want him to say so."

"But you would refuse him—"

"No, I won't."

Then somehow we became engaged. After that I had to gather courage to buy the ring. I did not think it would be such a difficult task.

I stood looking in a jeweler's window for so long, trying to get up my courage to go inside, that a policeman looked at me suspiciously. So I went to the next diamond merchant's—and gazed in at the window. I looked so longingly at a case of rings that another policeman, just as I had got my courage to the sticking place, told me to move on.

"Why should a task so dear to the heart be so difficult? At last a brilliant idea came to me that gave me courage. I would go to a large department store, where the crowds would furnish concealment for me. With defiance in my heart I threw out my chest and assumed a bold front—which I did not feel—and entered the store.

A floorwalker approached and asked what he could do for me. I felt my nerve leaving me, so I let it all forsake me, I said quickly, in a loud, vibrant voice, "I want to look at—engagement rings." He smiled and I added in a louder voice, "for—my sister." It was out at last. But what a result! Every shopper and clerk was smiling at me. As the floorwalker started away saying, "This way, please," I felt that there was a procession of customers and cash girls following us. So I had—unconsciously fled out of a side door.

"After a hasty walk to cool off I tried another store. Here I squeaked the floorwalker, which was one point gained. But it was a large store and time was money to me, for I must be at the office by 3 o'clock.

"Where are your—closets?" I asked a cash girl.

"Aunt," she answered. But I found that the jewelry was in a different department. Then I approached a clerk and timidly asked, "Where are—gold pins?"

"Notions."

This was not making progress. "It's jewelry I want," I ventured. "Why didn't you say so?" Next counter.

I rushed there.

A mild, blue-eyed man inquired, "Watches, sir?"

"No, I—I want—neckties," I faltered.

"Not here—but we have scarfpins."

"I will look at them."

How I hated myself for this substitution! All the time my eyes were glued on a case of rings. The clerk selected the pin and I said, "Yes," all the time keeping my eyes on the rings.

As he handed me my change he said, "Perhaps you would like to look at some rings?"

"I could have embraced him for those words. I wondered dimly how he knew. Unfortunately, a woman rushed into the seat next to me. I did not dare turn, but I knew she was looking. I felt that I simply could not go on with the purchase. The blood rushed to my face when the clerk said, 'We are having a special sale to-day in rings.'

"No, I—I—time—I will look at alarm-clocks now."

Again I had faltered. What an idiot I was!

"Perhaps I can assist," said a sweet voice at my side. "What the gentleman really wants is an engagement ring—my size."

How easy it is to buy a ring with the help of the sweetest woman in the world!

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CASH
The New Bryan
16 TO 1
FINANCIAL PUZZLE
William Jennings Bryan failed to solve this. Can you do it? By mail or in person. Send for puzzle book at once.
The Musical Puzzle Co.
Washington, D. C.
Interested parties should write to: The Catholic News Agency

**The New Bryan
16 TO 1
FINANCIAL PUZZLE**
William Jennings Bryan failed to solve this. Can you do it? By mail or in person. Send for puzzle book at once.
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Washington, D. C.
Interested parties should write to: The Catholic News Agency

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