

WHOLESOME THOUGHTS

It is with extreme pleasure and a grateful mind that reflects to us the generous and popular response of our friends and patrons who favored us with their presence last week, on the occasion of our Annual Spring Opening. Indeed, it was most inspiring to note the eminent degree of satisfaction expressed by our visitors. To thank you all for this grand demonstration, is but expressing it mildly.

WE HOPE

that your stay with us has created for you a favorable impression of the oft spoken words of assurance that to always serve you honestly and fairly is the sole ambition of the

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The Lesson

conveyed is simply a straight-forward business proposition, in a businessway. We have shown you a general and complete display of all kinds of

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With our services at your command. The thought and practical experience of many years, by the most successful specialists of the many departments here, is a positive guarantee of our ability to cater to the wants of "Home, Sweet Home."

W. B. CORSETS



That torturing pressure on the chest and abdomen is absent from W. B. Erect Form and W. B.

NUFORM CORSETS

They fit without strain. Made in many graceful shapes and prices to fit all persons as well as all purposes. W. B. Nuform Corsets answer fashion's command that figures be natural—busts higher and waists rounded into greater slenderness.

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EAU DE QUININE HAIR TONIC

Without question, an indispensable adjunct to a lady's toilet table—exceedingly meritorious in preserving hair and causing it to retain its luster.—*Ed. Pinaud.*

"Indispensable"—"Meritorious"—"Preserving the hair"—"Causing the hair to retain its luster."

YES, and these truths have been proven and attested thousands of times.

Men of prominence and women of beauty—people of refinement—everywhere, insist on having the genuine

ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE HAIR TONIC

FREE—Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic for three applications, through generous partners, Ed. Embury, Violetta, for five times, and famous before dentures, for five times. Send 10 cents, to pay postage and packing.

ED. PINAUD'S AMERICAN OFFICES
NEW YORK CITY

Five Minute Sermon

Ask in the Name of Jesus and it Shall Be Granted.

Christ promised the apostles, and all Christians, that His Eternal Father would grant them all graces when they ask for them in His name.

St. James, the apostle, says: "You ask and do not obtain because you ask amiss." St. Thomas says: "Some pray and at the same time are attached to sin, some do not pray as they ought, and some pray for things that are not good, or at least of no benefit to their soul, and therefore their prayers are not heard. If, however, they are sorry for their sins and pray in the proper manner for spiritual graces, and in the name of Jesus, the Eternal Father will grant their request."

We should learn to grow in faith and in Christian hope; we should learn to pray in such a manner that our progress may be obtained those graces for which we pray through Jesus Christ, in Jesus Christ, and with Jesus Christ.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday May 5—Gospel, St. John xvi, 28-30—St. Pius, pope and confessor.
Monday 6—St. John before the Latin Gate.
Tuesday 7—St. Stanislaus, bishop and martyr.
Wednesday 8—Apparition of St. Michael
Thursday 9—The Ascension.
Friday 10—St. Antoninus, archbishop and confessor.
Saturday 11—St. Francis Jerome, confessor.

Forty Hours Devotion

The devotion of the "Forty Hours," will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:
May 5—Immaculate Conception, Rochester, Holy Family, Rochester, Ovid, Honeye Flats; Port Byron; St. Patrick's, Elmira.

Ideal Wet Wash LAUNDRY

Family washing called for Washed and delivered for **50 cents**
Home Phone 4315
18 South Water Street

BELLEW'S NEW PLAY, GOLFER E. M. BYERS,

"A Marriage of Reason" Presents Fanny Ward Again.

ROMANTIC NATURE OF PLOT.

While the Drama is Not a Real Success, It is Well Acted—The Fault is With the Playwright, Manners—Other Productions.

(From Our New York Dramatic Correspondent.)

Many new plays have been put on in New York of late, the managers, seemingly having awaited the passing of the Lenten season before coming out with their final productions of the season.

Kyrle Bellew, Fanny Ward, Amelia Bingham and Ethel Barrymore are among those who appeared in various of the new productions.

Mr. Bellew's new drama is entitled, "A Marriage of Reason," adapted from



a novel by Mrs. Arthur Kennard known as "The Second Lady DeLombé."

Mr. Bellew had for his chief support Miss Fanny Ward, a wealthy American woman, who scored here on the stage several years ago and then married and settled down to a domestic career in England. But the "real" of the stage evidently proved too strong to be further resisted, so she handed domesticity a severe jolt by returning to histrionic pathways.

The play is not a distinct success, although it is well played. The fault lies with the adapter, J. Hartly Manners.

As Lord DeLombé Mr. Bellew impersonates an English nobleman who is brought to the verge of penury through early extravagance. He is living high in the social scale, plunging into debt and looking for financial relief when he is introduced to Rita Forrest (Fanny Ward), a young heiress from Chicago, who is touring England and the continent under the guidance of a chaperon. The young woman has aspirations of a social nature and finds that by marrying Lord DeLombé she can reach the longest for pinnales, but she does not love him.

Strangely enough, his lordship does not believe but this does not interfere with his making her a proposal of marriage. He frankly admits that it is her money which has attracted him, and she in accepting declares with equal frankness that his position is all that wins her. They therefore agree to enter into a marriage of reason by which each shall contribute a share toward the general happiness.



FANNY WARD.
ROBERT BUTLER.

Lexington Race Meet April 27 to May 4. It was officially announced at Lexington recently that races will be held at the running track from April 27 to May 4. These dates have been allotted by the Kentucky racing commission. The decision to hold a running meeting is believed to be the result of an agreement between the Blue Grass fair people and James B. Haggin of New York by which they have agreed to purchase the track from Captain Harry Brown of Pittsburg.

Griffith's Latest Thought. Clark Griffith of the New York Americans is the first manager who has refused positively to permit cigarette smoking by the players. He informed his athletes that they could smoke cigars or pipes, but cigarettes were tabooed.

Balky Lindsay. First Baseman Lindsay of Detroit has definitely refused to be transferred to the Kansas City club, as Tebeau offered him even less than his Detroit salary.

TWO MEETINGS.

A railway station—filled with a crowd of folk, some laughing, some crying, some pretending—some not. "Good-by, Jim, take care of yourself!" The tall girl gathered her worn cloak closer round her—the lady who held the door handle of the compartment, a first class, was gazed in sables. "I wish I were coming too!"

"So do I, old lady." A handsome man bent forward on the seat of the third-class carriage, and his hand closed over her slim ungloved fingers with a tender pressure.

His blue eyes looked most suspiciously moist—but what of that? It is not every one who can afford to be callous.

"It seems such a long time—three years, Jim!" the girl said again, and there was a break in her voice. "And it's such a chance, a mere—"

"A mere chance—yes," the man echoed; "but we must just trust to chance, Monica; it's the only thing to be done, dear. Keep up a good heart, because I shall be coming back in three years' time."

"Jim!" the tears so bravely withheld up till now overflowed at last, and fell on to the neat but worn cloak.

The lady in the furs turned at the sound of the pain-filled tones, and her own voice grew a little husky as the trains steamed off.

"Good-by, Monica, my darling!" A moment later, Monica Ward was standing on an empty platform, with an empty, aching heart.

A hand touched her shoulder. "Can I take you anywhere?" a pleasant, sympathetic voice said.

"Thank you," she said, "it is very good of you to trouble yourself about a stranger—"

"After all—we are sisters," the other said a little dryly. "Come!"

And for the next half hour Monica bowed along in the lady's carriage, behind a pair of prancing chestnut horses.

She did not remember till she stood once more in the little room, which looked so deserted now that Jim had gone, that she had never found out the name of her friend in need.

"It's due now, miss, quite due, and I don't think it's more than a few minutes late."

Suddenly there was a noise—a puffing, panting sound, and the train was in.

Monica's heart beat fast, and she was so excited that she could hardly see anything in front of her. Jim was coming home—home—

Was this Jim?—this man coming toward her with Jim's face, and yet not his face—with a rolling gait and unsteady eyes?

She shuddered; her color forsook her cheeks, her eyes looked frightened—her feet shook so that she could hardly stand.

Involuntarily she took a step backward; the advancing man noticed it and her.

"My pretty dear!" he cried thickly and Monica was just recoiling in horror when a man laid his arm on hers.

"Monica!" a well known voice said.

She turned—Jim, the real Jim, was standing behind her smiling and holding out his hands.

"Monica!" he cried, "surely you haven't forgotten me?"

"Monica!" returned her husband reproachfully, "and that fellow was drunk! Never mind, darling, slipping her hand through his arm, 'come home—somebody has come to claim him—somebody—some poor devil of a somebody!'"

Monica looked half fearfully across the platform. Not far away stood the man whom she had mistaken for Jim, standing surrounded by porters, and a small crowd of gapers—a footman was urging, imploring. By his side, bravely facing them all, stood some one whom she recollected as in a dream.

Ah! she remembered. It was her friend of that black day three years ago, whom she had not seen since. What chance—what irony of fate had brought them together again.

"Jim," she said, suddenly. "That man over there—he won't move—they can't do anything with him. Can't you, won't you, go over and see if you can get him away from these gaping crowds? That's his wife—she was kind to me—the day you left. Ah! Jim, if it had been you!"

Jim Ward needed no second bidding. With a few steady strides he reached the little group. The lady in furs was pleading, scolding, threatening, but all to no purpose.

What she could not accomplish, Jim's strong voice and steady authoritative manner did. In a few minutes he had escorted the traveller to the waiting carriage and left him there.

"How could I have thought it was you, Jim?" she said in a softly happy voice. "I'm so glad—and yet—that day, that miserable day—I envied her!"

They were in the cab, and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"But you don't now?" he asked passionately.

"No, I don't, now," she answered in tones of deep content; "I almost think—it was worth letting you go—to have you back again, Jim!"

And for the moment he thought so too.—E. C. Gledley.

Shoes which would bring \$2.50 in this country are sold for \$10 a pair in parts of Northern Brazil; the ad valorem duty is 120 per cent., while the consumption tax is 17 cents.



BYERS AT THE BEGINNING OF AN IRON SHOT.

seeing that the battle will be fought over the links of St. Andrews, which present, so the best authorities think, more difficult problems than the southern course at Sandwich, over which Mr. Travis played.

Byers won his first golfing honors



BYERS AT THE TOP OF A SHORT DRIVE.

when at Yale and later represented the Allegheny Country club of Pittsburg.

He was one of the "all east team" selected to meet the Oxford and Cambridge visitors. On his travels abroad he entered the amateur championship of Great Britain, and every year since



BYERS AT THE END OF A LONG IRON SHOT.

1900 he has played in the United States championship, winning it at last and missing it once by the narrowest of margins to W. J. Travis and once put out in the final by that golfing freak, young Louis James. Such a record of persistent loyalty to the game and success in it would insure a welcome among golfers anywhere, and especially at the game's shrine, St. Andrews.