

There's Something Coming Off



soon, and it will pay you to be prepared for it. You'll get ahead of your neighbors if you watch for our bargains and take advantage of them. Your money will go farther here than it will at any other store in town. You get the best qualities at the lowest prices, and experience, the best treatment at all times. We give you good reason for thanksgiving here all the year around.

Early contracts for Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Fowl and Chicken, put us in a position to supply your Thanksgiving dinner at a saving of 20 to 33 per cent. Look over other people's prices then come here, it will pay you.

Two Stores:

Public Market Genesee Market

33-35 South Avenue 37-43 Front Street

Thanksgiving Suggestion

Read What They Have To Say

The Mammoth Liquor House of McGreal Brothers Co.

Still continues on the same principles that has caused its wonderful growth. On opening this establishment 27 years ago we promised to at all times give the best quality, coupled with the largest variety. As it is necessary to look forward as well as backward, we invite your attention to the fact that our wines and liquors are older and therefore better than ever before. Our superb brands of

Champagne, Burgundies, Sherries, Port, Sauternes, Clarets, Rhine Wines, Etc.

Represent the choice vintages of California and the best importations of Europe. Our Whiskies and Brandies are of the following high-class varieties:

WHISKIES

Gibson, Hunter, Wilson, Monogram, Overholt, Hermitage, Old Crow, Clover Leaf, Spring Brook, Livet, Brookdale and Velvet Rye Brands.

IMPORTED BRANDIES AND WHISKIES

Martells, Hennessy's, Otard, Dupuy, Jamison, Kinahan, Sir John Powers, Old Clan Livet, Ushers and Dewars, and also superior Old California Brandies.

McGreal Brothers Co.

457 Main St. E. 25 North St. cor. Franklin Both Phones.

PETER REINSCHMIDT

Manufacturer of Bowling Alley Balls and Pins. Counters, Wall Cases, Shelving. Fine Cabinet Work to Order. 188 N. WATER ST. Home Phone 1897. Rochester, N. Y. W. Haubner, Manager Wood Working Department.

JOHN F. MOLONEY 155 BROWN STREET

Dry Goods and Notions Men's and Boy's Underwear from 50c to \$2 a Suit. Hosiery 10c to 25c cotton, wool and cashmere. Ladies and Childrens underwear, 30c to \$2 a Suit. Baby bonnets, boys sweaters, mufflers, tams, gloves, mitts, shawls. Bell Phone 1748-L Main

THE WIDOW = THE WIDOWER

A THANKSGIVING EPISODE
By Cassin Dallas
Copyright, 1924, by American Fruit Association

DEACON SILAS LAPHAM, widower, had been paying attention to Aunt Sarah Henderson, widow, for two years. Each heard that the other was staying home and each was watching and waiting for the other to exhibit the trait. Thanksgiving brought the crisis. The widow invited the deacon to dinner. There was no question about the deacon taking the head of the table, but when the matter of carving came up the widow took knife and fork in hand and said:

"I can do it so much better than you, you know."

"I fail to see how or why," he replied.

"Because I have always carved. It was an eccentricity of mine even when I was a girl. No doubt you can slice ham or pork, but when it comes to carving a turkey—"

"I have carved thousands of them,"

the deacon said as he got on his overcoat.

The widow ate her Thanksgiving dinner alone but that turkey was never carved as far as a part of it. After the deacon's departure she returned to the carving knife and practically managed to saw off a piece of the meat, but she had no sooner tasted it than she started for the kitchen to interview the hired girl.

It was three or four days before the mystery was solved, for there was a fire. The turkey, which had been killed three or four days ahead of time and hung up to freeze, had been cut down and devoured by cats, and to save himself from reproach the hired man had killed a peacock and hung it in its place.

"And so you see I had to saw and jab," explained the widow as the widower was sent for.

"Yes, I see."



"As you must know," interrupted the deacon, with considerable asperity, "DON'T JABB INTO THE BIRD LIKE THAT. That's like a hired man jabbing a pitchfork into a heap of hay."

"I was not jabbing. In order to start carving you must get a firm hold of the bird."

"Then take it by a leg."

"Never! How would you look holding the bird with one hand while you sliced away with the knife? If you have always carved that way—"

"I have, and it's the only way to carve. There—you are jabbing again! One would think you were a soldier bayoneting an enemy."

"Deacon Silas Lapham, you are talking like a child! When I think I need to be told how to carve a turkey I will call on you for advice. I simply get a firm hold with the fork and then—"

"And then jab, jab, jab. A woman has no business with the carving knife and fork when there is a man present. I will carve this turkey."

"I beg your pardon, but you will sit there and see me carve it. Don't forget that I am in my own house and that I am still my own boss."

"You invite me to dinner, and then humiliate me, do you?" shouted the deacon as she shoved back his chair.

"Now, don't be a schoolboy," chided the widow as she flourished the knife around. "Having got a firm hold with the fork, I now proceed to cut around the thigh joint—thus."

"But you are sawing instead of cutting."

"No, I'm not."

"Widow Henderson!"

"Deacon Lapham!"

"If I was a swearing man—"

"You'd get off a swear word on this occasion. Yes, you look as if you were swearing to yourself this minute."

"I hadn't sworn a single swear, but when a man has to sit here and see a Thanksgiving turkey jabbed and poked and stabbed and sawed and butchered the Lord would surely forgive him for one or two swear words."

"Deacon Silas Lapham," she replied as she rested from her labors, "I said I could carve a fowl."

"Then why don't you?"

"I am doing it, and if you would keep quiet for five minutes!"

"This is too much, widow—too much!" said the deacon as he started for his overcoat and hat. "You invite me here and then insult me. I heard about your obstinacy—"

"And I heard about yours."

"And your wretched temper—"

"Same to you."

"But I thought it a slander. Now, however, I can no longer doubt."

"Neither can I."

"It was my place to carve that turkey. In your obstinacy you continued to saw and jab and butcher without regard to my feelings. My only recourse is to bid you good day and take my hat and leave."

"If you will act like a boy, I can't help it."

"And never come again!" finished

Our Thankfulest Thanks.

BY ROBERTUS LOVE
Copyright, 1908, by American Fruit Association.

Oh, we are thankful for mankind's blessings. Thankful for life and for home and for health. Thankful for turkeys with hairy dewlaps. Thankful for progress and wisdom and wealth. Thankful for corn and alfalfa and clover. Thankful for money and faith in the banks. Thankful, so thankful, election is over—That is the source of our thankfulness.

One year in four is a long year, remember. This is one of 'em, and many is the man sworn to stay single if this were December.

Now would give thanks to be freed of the ban.

Yet there's a mother that's still more deserving.

One year in four—all the rest is waiting—Namely, election, which keeps us miserable.

Now that it's over, our thankfulness thanks!

Man can escape from the million years' ink!

Man can resist the importunate miss!

Simply a system of shouting and shouting.

That will avoid matrimonial bliss. But there is never a man so brave. He can escape the political snare. Always a dip with salivary preservative. Now that they're quiet, our thankfulness thanks!

Season of roaring and ranting and raving. Every man's lips are perfectly plain. Washington's country, from business' chain.

His is your friend or your father or brother.

For his opinions you draw with the cracks.

Now for four years we cannot have an apart.

So let us offer our thankfulness thanks.

Maybe 'twas tart and maybe 'twas labor. Maybe 'twas courts that so built us apart. Now for reunion, our thankfulness thanks!

Maybe the trusts so affected your right boy.

That he discovered himself from you: hearts.

Maybe injunctions of guaranteed banking. Any or all of the parties' planks. Well, it is over, so now for the thanking. Now for reunion, our thankfulness thanks!

Oh, we are thankful the nation is living. Thankful the dear old republic is still sure of a hand to proclaim a Thanksgiving.

Thankful, so thankful, his front name is BUI!

Thankful are we that Columbia is keeping Four far away from political planks. Such a relief is occasion for thanking. Thus on Thanksgiving, our thankfulness thanks.



Duffy's Apple Juice, 1842
The clarified juice of the best apples, with all their fragrance preserved in a sparkling beverage that is at once a nourishing food and satisfying drink. Duffy's Apple Juice, 1842, fills a demand for a non-alcoholic pure and delicious beverage of the highest grade for the cafe, receptions, banquets, other social occasions, and for home use at all seasons of the year. It should be served ice cold. Pint and quart bottles with velvet corks, wired. First class grocers and restaurants.

Duffy's Grape Juice
Is pressed from well-ripened Concord grapes grown on the sunny slopes of Keuka Lake. In the pressing and preparation of the juice, by an approved and scientific method, various elements contained in the skin and seed, are rejected. Only those elements agreeable to the taste when fresh grapes are eaten, remain. Duffy's Grape Juice thus handled is pure and wholesome.

Duffy's Apple Juice Vinegar
This is a fine bottled vinegar put up with the utmost care for table use. It has all the fragrance of ripe fruit; and being old and well matured the malic acid, which only the apple contains, is mellowed and pleasant to the taste.

American Fruit Product Company
Rochester, N. Y.

Dec. 15th--Dec. 15th--Dec. 15th

This will be our Opening Day... Come in and look at our... We can show you the... of tobacco, cigars and... articles in the city of... Don't forget that we have... of the finest smoking... Western New York for the use of our customers.

THE HUB CIGAR STORE
18 State St. Rochester, N. Y.

German American Lumber Co.
OUR OWN PRICES
134 Portland Ave. 886 Clinton Ave.
Both Phones, Home 1045, Bell 1941

Over the Phone
AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE

Lady: "Hello! Is this 77?"
Opie Girl: "Yes, this is the Genesee!"
Lady: "I want you to send a... of beer! I can't drink of that..."
Opie Girl: "Pardon, you want..."
Lady: "Yes, that is it. You know we... order it regularly; but my husband... he used to be the other... and the... Genesee was one of our friends... calling. It is so lovely... long... might I just send you... The mail is... once!"
Opie Girl: "Pardon, without... Thank you!"

GENESEE BREWING CO.
PHONES 71.