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Store is Where
You Should
Look to
Buy.

Day or Night Good Goods Shown Under a Good Light

Early English Magazine Stand \$4.25, Pipe Racks that are hand carved with Indian, Dogs or Horses Heads, 80c to \$2.25, Weather and Golden Oak 3 and 4 Panel Filled Screens, Crx Waste Paper Baskets and Foot Stools, Shaving Stands and Mirrors, Children's Chairs and Rockers, Crx and Willow Rockers.

Store will be Open Evenings Until Christmas

Couches, Easy Chairs
Davenport and Bed Couches
\$30.00 and up. Three-Piece Parlor
Suits, Dining-room Furniture in Mahogany,
Golden and Early English Oak, Brass and
Wood Beds, Dressers, Chiffoniers and Dressing Tables
in all Woods.

XMAS Novelties 50c and upwards

CRIPPEN & BAILEY CO.

359-361 MAIN STREET EAST

A Merry Christmas To All!

This is the season of the year when all are looking forward to pleasant times. We therefore extend to our old Friends and Customers

Our Best Wishes for a Joyous Holiday

and beg leave to call their attention to our Superior Goods. They are smooth to the taste, pure and healthful—nothing compares with them for family or medicinal use. If you want something that is good try one of the following brands:

Old J. R. C. Rye Whiskey, Rochester Club
and North King.

Our Specialties

John Rauber & Co.

214-216 Main Street West

Home Phone 1756

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Mother & Hubbard's Christmas

By Frank H. Snow

ONE Christmas time when old Mother Hubbard—
She of the fat faced empty cupboard—
Sat by her sewing fire alone,
Wishing she had for her dog a bone.

There came a knocking upon the door,
And as she hastened across the floor,
A few words upon her surprise,
And oh, the vision that met her eyes!

It nearly took away her breath
And frightened her almost half to death.

There were people here; there were people there;
There were people yonder and everywhere.
All were screaming, "Dear Mrs. Hubbard,
We've brought you something to fill your cupboard!"

First came Jerry Cinderella,
With her prince, a handsome fellow;
Mother Goose and Simple Simon;
In their wake the Pussycat

Bluebeard, savage and defiant;
Jack, who often killed a giant;
Puss in Boots, so trim and nice,
Followed by the three head mice!

Then the little naughty titmouse,
All in pretty scanty raiment;
Sweet Poppy and Little Boy Blue,
Red Riding Hood and the bad
wolf, too;

Jack, whose bean stalk ran a high,
And the old woman who swept the
sky;

Jack Horner, with his face aglow;
The frog who did a-wooing go;

Dance Trot and all the molasses crew
That lived together in a shoe,
And many another known to fame
Had I but room to give his name.

This much to tell you will suffice—
They each and all brought something nice
To fill the cupboard o'er and o'er.
In fact, their gifts bestowed the floor,
On every chair and table stood
Some article of daily food.

Each nook and corner had a dish
Of either fowl or flesh or fish.
Till Mother Hubbard's kitchen
A resting place for foot for rat,
While doggie walked on his hind legs
For fear of breaking pieces of eggs.
And as for all the company,
They had to stand outside, year after year.

Yet, as they had to leave quite soon
To see the cow jump over the moon.

It did not matter in the least,
But what about the sumptuous feast
Inside the cottage? Must I tell
The fearful ending that befell
The hungry dog who ate and ate
And brought about the cruel fate
It is my duty to relate
For he, who lived upon a bone,
Died when with plenty left alone,
And ere the morning stars grew dim
He stiffened out in every limb.
So Mother Hubbard buried him.

This moral to the tale I give—
Live not to eat, but eat to live.

