

### WE WANT YOU TO Know The Facts

Regarding a practical electrical device, which operates with almost human intelligence, and which will revolutionize the present methods of transporting mail and merchandise.

Briefly, the invention consists of a system of transmitting the electric current through the rails on which the carrier travels direct into a motor which moves the device, thereby dispensing with the use of an overhead trolley or a third rail, both of which are very expensive to operate.

By our system we are enabled to do a transportation business automatically and at a less cost for power than by any other known way. We have passed the experimental stage; we know that we can do all we claim for the invention, and we want you and all public-spirited citizens to help us in giving to the world the most useful invention of the age.

We do not have to create a business in order to earn dividends - it is already created, business awaits us in every section: the farmer, the miner, the merchant, each anxiously awaits the installment of our system.

#### Opportunities for a Profitable Investment in a Parent Company Come Only Once in a Lifetime.

This company is organized on the same plan upon which the American Bell Telephone Company has operated for many years, and like them will share in the profits of hundreds of subsidiary companies, assuring very large dividends to our stockholders. One hundred dollars invested in the original Bell Telephone Company is now valued above \$20,000. The same opportunity is offered here, and now, for the field of operation is broader and more productive.

We are now selling a limited amount of our capital stock at \$40.00 per share (par value \$50.00 fully paid and non-assessable) terms 20 per cent. cash, balance 20 per cent. monthly. Another advance will soon take place.

Not a failure in the development of the whole electrical field, and every means of transportation has already made money.

Come to 38 Exchange Street and see a practical demonstration of this most marvelous invention and inquire into the meaning of a parent company. A thorough investigation places you under no obligations.

R. G. Dunn & Co. Commercial Agency  
Buffalo Daily Papers  
Leading Banks of Buffalo

## Automatic Transportation Co.

38 Exchange Street Rochester, N. Y.  
LYMAN REYNOLDS & SONS, Special Representatives.  
Home Office, 6-10 Lewis Block Factory, 2933-2937 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y.

WILLIAM C. CARR, Pres. JOEL H. PRESCOTT, Sec'y-Treas.

For the convenience of those who are engaged during the day, our offices will be open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Ladies and gentlemen are invited to see a demonstration of this marvelous invention.

## Whitcomb House

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### Her Geranium Hat

When Uncle Nat died he left the girls nothing. Although they were his nieces neither of them was mentioned in his will. Their mother was also ignored, and all the fortune went to an unmarried sister.

This was not quite so bad as it looked. It was understood that she would leave the estate to the family on her death. So the girls ought to have realized that it was the part of wisdom to be polite to Aunt Amelia.

The niece who was Aunt Amelia's namesake was so furious over the matter that she refused to wear mourning after the funeral, except when she called on Aunt Amelia. Then she put on black that had already done service in honoring several elderly and rather remote relatives.

"I can't see why in the world should go to the expense of buying new black," Amelia observed, "when he didn't leave me a cent."

"Then I had already bought my spring clothes. If I had got my share of the fortune—the share I thought was coming to me—I could have afforded new mourning. But not now."

So Amelia clung to colored clothes and was somber only when she paid her duty calls on her aunt. One day she had dressed for a motor trip in the park and wanted to look her best. This summer her idea of best was the geranium hat with its red plumes.

She put that hat on and started to walk around to her friend's house, where the car was to meet them. She went sauntering toward Madison avenue, buttoning her gloves and feeling that she really was looking well. Red was her color, and the black and white striped gown contrasted well with the hat.

Suddenly she lifted her eyes. There was Aunt Amelia approaching. It seemed certain that she was going to see Amelia in her gaudy array. The sight of that geranium colored hat might affect Amelia's fortune seriously.

Before Aunt Amelia was half a foot nearer her red hatted niece turned about and was facing in the opposite direction. Aunt Amelia blinked slowly behind.

"I must get this red hat off," was the thought that possessed the niece as she fled. "I must get upstairs and get rid of it before she sees it."

She was almost running now. That safety lay in walking straight ahead and not stopping at her home at all never occurred to her. Her plan had been to run up to her room and she thought only of that.

She reached the steps and skipped confidently up. She reached down for her night key, but it was missing. Hopeless of escape now, she rang the bell.

"The servants must be asleep," she thought as she pushed the button. "My! There are Aunt Amelia's footsteps."

Fearing to look behind her, she side-stepped in response to a sudden inspiration and got behind one of the storm doors. It was a close fit and she held her breath as she made herself as flat as possible against the wall.

She heard the rustle of Aunt Amelia's stiff crepe as she walked up the steps. The astonished servant, as she opened the door, saw the aunt when she was still three steps from the top, although the lady had already rung twice.

The servant was not analytical, however, and admitted Aunt Amelia without question. The prisoner behind the door wondered if her breathing had been heard. She slipped down the steps as soon as the door was closed and darted down the street to keep her appointment. So she was not able to hear her aunt saying:

"I thought I saw Amelia on the street a few minutes ago. But I was mistaken, for that girl had on a red hat. It could not have been Amelia."

"Of course not," said the loyal sister to whom this observation was made. "It could never have been Amelia in a red hat."—New York Sun.

**Expressions of a Cynic.**  
Waiter Pater, an old man at 60, bald as a foot and grotesquely plain, regarded every woman much as did Dean Swift, who wrote: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with few words spoken intelligibly by a parrot." "You don't approve of marriage?" a friend once observed to Pater. "No," he replied, "nor would anybody else if he gave the matter proper consideration. Men and women are always putting different ways. Women won't pull our way. They are so perverse."

**Cleveland's High Praise.**  
At a recent banquet to Professor Charles A. Young, of Princeton, a letter from ex-President Cleveland was read, in which he said of the eminent astronomer and teacher that no higher tribute to his greatness and goodness could be phrased than to say of him that "he never sold the truth to serve the hour." That is high praise for any man.

**Some One Will Fall.**  
An excavation in the street may not be a temptation, yet some person will hurry along and fall right into it.

### His Flingsay

"Ain't he the swell thing, though!" exclaimed the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "He's for him. I'm just crazy over brown eyes."

"You're crazy anyway," said the girl with the lopsided bang. "I didn't see nothing particular about him. I think his flingsay was awful classy."

The girl with the genuine coral necklace tilted her nose. "That em-broidery on her waist was the cheapest kind," she said. "I see women like it for 11 cents a yard. How do you know that she's his flingsay?"

"What's he doin' now?" asked the girl with the lopsided bang. "He's hoppin' with her, if she ain't his flingsay."

"Course she is."

"I guess she'd like to be, all right," admitted the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "She wasn't let him get away from her if she can help it. It tickled me to death the way she acted."

"How?"

"You wasn't watchin'. She kept me pullin' out the stick an' battin' off samples for about ten minutes. She didn't know what she did want. First she thought she'd take the pink an' then she didn't know but she liked the blue better. Then she asked him what he thought about it. He looked at me an' smiled, as much as to say, 'Ain't this swell?' I guess she'd have poked over everything on the shelves, but she happened to look up an' see him lookin' at me, an' then I noticed she leads up her mind right away. 'I'll take ten yards of the blue,' she says. 'Charge it.' Then she gave me the address an' slipped out like she had to catch a car."

"Did he go along with her?" asked the girl with the lopsided bang, innocently.

"He had to," replied the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "I s'pose so," said the girl with the lopsided bang. "Poor fellow! I bet he'd have liked to stay an' make some more eyes at you. Did she take him by the ear?"

"No," replied the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "She looked her umbrilla in the collar of his coat an' dragged him out backwards."

"Well, I don't blame her," said the girl with the lopsided bang. "All I wonder at is that she was foolish enough to let you wait for her. She might have known she was makin' trouble for herself."

"She ought to have got you," said the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "That's right," agreed the girl with the lopsided bang. "If she had got me I'd knowa better, even if I had your fling beauty."

"Knowa better than what?"

"Knowa better than to come between her and the man she loved. I wouldn't do a thing like that, honest. 'I'll bet the marriage will be broke off now.'"

"That'll be too bad," said the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "You don't seem to feel bad about it," said the girl with the lopsided bang, severely. "It ain't nothing to you that she's got to return all the presents an' then pine away an' maybe go into a decline. What do you care? Say, I wouldn't be as heartless as you are for anything." How would you like it yourself?"

"How can I help it?" protested the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "I ain't to blame for him lookin' at me."

"No, I s'pose not," said the girl with the lopsided bang. "Nobody can't help it. The only way I see would be for you to go up to the toy department an' get one of them false faces."

"I would only I'm afraid Mr. Tapes would make a roar about it," said the girl with the genuine coral necklace.

"No, he wouldn't," said the girl with the lopsided bang. "I heard him talkin' to a friend of his that come into the store the other day an' he said he thought it would be an improvement."—Chicago News.

**A New Case.**  
A doctor whose practice lies mostly in the country districts was recently called to attend a playman's boy, whom he found to be suffering from whooping cough. Among his instructions he told the mother to "put some ice in a bag and tie it around the boy's head." Next day he called again and was met at the door by the girl-wife, who, in answer to his query, replied, "Aye, Jack's a heap better the day, but his mucus are a' d'ad."—Dundee Weekly News.

**Oldest Treaty.**  
The oldest text of a real treaty extant is that of the Convention between Ramses II, king of Egypt, and the prince of Kheta, which embraces the articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance, with clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, criminals and skilled workmen. This treaty was drawn up in the fourteenth century B. C., and is the earliest record that we have of any international transaction.

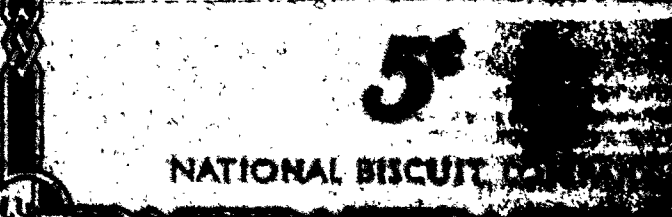
**Morocco's Trading Cities.**  
The principal trading centers of Morocco are Tangier, Morocco, Casablanca, Rabat, Fez, Tlemcen, Marrakech, and, in the interior, the cities of Fez and Marakech. The coast town of Larache is also coming more to the front commercially.

## More Than Soda Crackers

When you eat Unceda Biscuits you taste something delightfully different from common soda crackers.

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