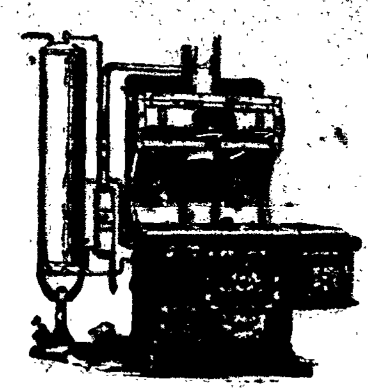
THE RED CROSS



Combination Range

(For Summer or Winter)

Coal or Gas,

Either or Both

No more space required in your kitchen than with an ordinary range. With an improved Gas Water Heater sufficient hot water for all ordinary requirements can be had in 10 minutes.

Special attention is directed to the vent pipe to chimney thereby eliminating all possible dangers from gas fumes.

A complete Gas Oven attachment for Baking, Boiling or Broiling attached to the end of the Range. One of these gas ovens may now be attached to any Red Cross Range of recent construction.

Do not be beguiled into dispensing with the comforts of a kitchen range for coal or gas.

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W. A McCormick, 536 State Street.
C. L. Close & Co., 86 Reynolds Street.
W. F. Pommerening, 410 Lyell Ave.
S. Mesalinski, 543 Hudson Avenue.
VanCuran-Bengel Co., 680 East Ave.
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Charles Shuls, 673 Clinton Ave. N.
Ross Bros. & Co., 184 Hudson Avenue
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Baby bonnets, boys sweaters, mufflers, tams, gloves, mitts, shawls
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DISCIPLES OF ANANIAS

Mrs. Dearborn's talk at the Ladies' Aid meeting was really at the root of it all. "What half the men need," she had said, "is to have their eyes opened to the woman that really want them. Why, one of the happiest marriages I know was brought about by the man's reading one of his sister's letters for fun. In it a chum of hers was raving over his own perfections and he was so taken with her good taste that he set on to cultivate her acquaintance, fell in love with her and married her, so there!"

Ruth Norcross was idly turning over the laughing words in her mind as she slowly walked homewards up the long village street when suddenly the great idea flashed across her brain! Involuntarily her steps quickened and the blood surged hotly into her face at the very audacity of the thought—and yet, why not?—he could never find out the truth, and if it only should come true—

She was almost running by the time she turned in at her little cottage, the little home that had sheltered so many tender, half-shy dreams that the passing of a certain doctor's buggy never failed to set in motion. Hurriedly, without removing hat or coat, as if she feared her courage might fail her, she seated herself at her writing desk and with hardly a moment's pause for consideration, for the next half hour or so she wrote feverishly.

Her letter finished, without re-reading a word she inclosed it in an envelope, stamped and addressed it, and inside of five minutes more she had dropped it in the corner post box and was back again in the house. Then, when it was too late, woman-like, the horror of what she had done came over her.

She, Ruth Norcross, who in all her 28 years had hardly permitted a man to even "hear her home," had laid her heart bare to a man who had never shown her more than the merest passing attention. Oh, she could never look him in the face again!

She would leave Acton to-morrow—no, that would be to confess all—what should she do?

From the rather heterogeneous mass of his usual morning's mail, Dr. William Ainslie selected one envelope addressed in a plainly feminine hand, studying it for a second or so with a rather puzzled frown.

His next movement, after reading it, must we confess it, was to walk deliberately to the mirror and stand complacently gazing into its depth. What he saw there was evidently not far from pleasing, but what he said was, "What a confounded shame!"

Ruth dragged her reluctant feet to the door in answer to his brisk ring at her bell along about noon. Oh, why couldn't he have stayed away! What could he want?

"Ah, good morning, Miss Ruth," began the doctor, cheerfully, as she slowly opened the door, "I believe you wrote to me last night."

"Why, er—" stammered the unhappy culprit. "Well," he went on gayly, with not a glance for her confusion, "I really must ask you to repeat what you said."

Repeat; oh, Lord forbid! Had her life depended upon it she could not have enunciated a syllable.

"Because I must confess to more than criminal carelessness. I had only just glanced at the signature, that's a habit of mine you know, looking at my correspondents' signatures first, when somehow I clumsily let the whole thing slip through my fingers and it landed right in the middle of the open great fire, and pouf! up it went in smoke, so here I am to find out what was in it."

Shades of Ananias! Anyone less confused than Ruth might have questioned the over-glibness of the excuse; but in the great wave of thankfulness that swept over her, Ruth could think, could feel, but one thing, she was saved! The next moment she heard her own voice saying, lightly:

"Oh, it was nothing, doctor. I merely asked if you happened to have the holiday number of Harper's. I knew you took the magazine and as I was getting off a lot of belated letters, I made bold to drop you a line. But won't you come in, Dr. Ainslie?"

Dr. Ainslie would, and more than that, Dr. Ainslie ended by inviting the bewildered Miss Norcross to drive with him the following afternoon to the neighboring village of Tremont on some professional calls—a proceeding so utterly foreign to his usual custom as to excite even that happy young woman's momentary suspicion.

"What if he had read it after all?"

So go she did, not once but many times, and the following clipping from the county weekly some months later speaks for itself:

"Married.—At Acton, by the Rev. S. W. Brown, Miss Ruth Norcross to William Beaver Ainslie, M. D."

In closing it may not be amiss to mention that long before this Ruth had discovered that the doctor's room possessed no semblance of an open grate.—JESSIE ANDERSON STICKNEY.

THE SILENT PLEADER

"Are you alone, mother?"

"Yes, my boy, come in," and Mrs. Raymond beamed with pride as her stalwart boy entered her sitting room.

He went straight to her and sat on the ottoman at her feet, as he had often done when he had come to her with childhood petty troubles. The mother drew his head down on her lap, smoothing his hair with a gentle hand.

"What is troubling you, Richard? Can I help you?"

"I don't know, mother. I hardly know how to begin to tell you." He paused a moment then went on. "There is a girl, mother, a little brown eyed, brown-haired, soft-voiced girl and I love her."

"Yes, Richard?"

"She is of good family, but, oh! so poor! She thinks I am but a poverty stricken mechanic, and loves me because of it. I am going to marry her."

"You had best tell your father."

"I have and he informed me I was crazy. He had arranged a marriage for me with Miss Lincoln, so that our joint fortunes would enable me to further my railroad interests. I told him he might be general manager of the concern he owned and which employed me, but he was not director of my heart. That I would marry Anna and if he disowned me, I had skill enough as a mechanic to support her."

"Richard!"

"Mother, I love her! and so will you when you see her. I do not want to antagonize father, but I will not give in to his will."

"I will try to win him over, for I know you would select none but a worthy girl to be your wife."

"Thank you. I know you will not regret it." He kissed her tenderly and as he walked out of the room his mother watched, with tear dimmed eyes, till he was out of sight, then turned to the task set before her.

Her husband sat in his study, the papers scattered on his desk unheeded, his brows drawn into a frown as he gazed into space. The soft rustle of his wife's gown broke his meditation.

"That young fool," he began, testily, "spoiling his chances because a baby face has infatuated him. Ignoring my wishes and actually ruining his entire life."

"Come, William, I have ordered the carriage and we can talk it over as we drive."

He followed her somewhat morosely to the waiting carriage. He was surprised to find it the simplest in his stable.

"I wished to drive myself," explained his wife.

So engrossed was he in dilating upon the enormity of his son's foolishness, that he did not notice where his wife was driving to, until they turned into a pretty country lane.

"This road seems familiar," he remarked, then sat up straight as his wife stopped in front of a tiny house set back from the street. "Why, this is the house we lived in when we were first married."

He followed her down the lilac bordered walk and into the house.

"Madge, it looks just as it did the day we left it. What does it mean? How is it you have the keys?"

"Do you remember that first check you gave me?"

"Yes, to buy jewels with."

"William, this was the jewel I bought." With a sudden change of humor she laughed merrily. "William, let us stay here for tea, and I will cook it myself. You go down and carry up some wood. Here, hang your coat on its old hook. It will seem like old times to see you in your shirt sleeves."

"Madge," he called to her, eagerly, "my old work table is still down there. Do you remember how pleased we were the day I finished it?"

"Yes, indeed I do, Billy," using unconsciously the name the dignified William had long ago replaced.

When she placed the dainty, simple meal on the table Mr. Raymond drew up his chair with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I can't remember a meal I have enjoyed as much as this in a great many years; not since we left the little house. We were happy those days, Madge. More happy than we have been since. You look just as you did then, except your hair is gray. I well remember how proud I was of my pretty bride and the tiny home my $12 a day was supporting. Here, Madge, dear, let me dry those dishes."

Towel in hand, he painstakingly dried each dish, and as he set the last cup in the closet slipped his arms about his wife and stole a kiss, just as he had done in the first happy days of their married life.

He held her close, realizing for the first time in many years, how dear she was to him.

"Billy dear, let our boy have of the joys we shared in that almost forgotten past. He loves a girl, who must be worthy of that love, just as you loved me. You would brook no interference, and you must not blame him for not wishing to obey your demand. Let our love and happiness in the days we were poor plead for him now." Her voice was trembling with eagerness, her eyes reflecting the great love she bore these two men.

"Come, Madge, let us go home and wish our boy godspeed."

As she locked the door she was tempted to drop the little house a courtesy and whisper, "thank you."—EMMA E. SCHLICHTING.

ALLIANCE BA[NK]

Alliance Bank Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Statement

Of the Condition of the Alliance Bank at the Close of Business

March 24, 1909.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$4,194,138.44
Banking House and Lot	117,000.00
R. R. Bonds, Municipal Bonds and Equipment Notes	396,595.90
Bonds and Mortgages	31,[illegible]
Stocks	[illegible]
Cash on Hand	606,[illegible]
Cash in Banks	1,[illegible]
	6,7[illegible]

LIABILITIES

Capital	$[illegible]
Surplus	[illegible]
Undivided Profits	[illegible]
Deposits	6,071,[illegible]
Accrued Interest	[illegible]
	[illegible]

Deposits March 24, 1909 [illegible]
Deposits March 24, 1908 [illegible]

Increase in Deposits for Year [illegible]

OFFICERS

ALBERT O. FENN, President
JAMES G. CUTLER, Vice-Pres.
ALEXANDER M. LINDSAY, [illegible]
THOMAS E. LANNIN, Cashier
CHARLES L. BARTON, [illegible]
WILLIAM J. SIMPSON, [illegible]

DIRECTORS

James G. Cutler	Charles E. Angle	[illegible]
Hiram W. Sibley	Abram J. Katz	[illegible]
George Eastman	[illegible]	[illegible]
Albert O. Fenn	[illegible]	[illegible]

If we sold gas in packages and delivered it to you by [illegible] you would count the packages. We are selling gas to you by the cubic foot, and the scales are in [illegible]. Count the cubic feet by [illegible] your meter. You [illegible] much satisfaction [illegible] the knowledge of just how [illegible] you used the gas.

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