

A World of Good Things for Christmas!

MARZIPAN

Just received our annual large importation of Marzipan from Lubeck, assorted in fruits, biscuit, roast beef, steak, sausage, herring, goose, with all kinds of vegetables, made from pure ground almonds and sugar colored with pure fruit colorings.

LEBKUCHEN

Direct from the largest manufacturers in Europe, Henrich, Haeblerlein, Nuernberg, all kinds of Nuernberg and Boaler Lebkuchen, Honig Kuchen, Spitz Kuegel, Dampnuessen, Pfefferkuesse, Hutzelbrod, Springere, Marzipan, Kuchen, large fancy boxes assorted. Kuchen with almonds, assorted wafers, ice wafers, matinee wafers, and numerous other fine specialties.

WINES, ETC.

Sparkling Mosel, sparkling and still Burgundy, Oeide Perdrix. Fancy baskets wine containing six pints assorted Chamgagne, red and white; very appropriate for Christmas gifts. Rare old Claret, Burgundy, Rhine Wines, Mosel, Sauternes, Champagnes, old Whiskeys, Brandies, Cordials, John Lobatt's famous London Ale, and about every other beverage appropriate for table and sideboard.

DELICACIES

Imported Westphalian Hams, imported cervelat, pommeranian, Goosebreast, Bismark Herring, new Anchovies, Appertibild, Frankfurter Sausages, California Asparagus, Mushrooms, Pickled Walnuts, French Pens, Stuffed Prunes, all kinds of fancy olives, and many other fine specialties too numerous to mention.

CHEESE

French Comembert, Edelweiss, Swiss, La Bric, Lexlsigny, McLaven's and Royal in jars, cream Neufchatel, Wiener, Edam and Rotterdam full cream, Vezet Holland, Welsh Rarebit, Parmann, Say Sago, Societe, Roqueford, Limburger.

NUTS

Grenobles, Papershell Almonds, Pecans, Naples, Filiberts, Brazils, Jordon almonds (shelled) etc. We handle only the choicest nuts. We import them especially for this market once a year for the holiday trade, hence they are always absolutely fresh.

CIGARS

The same high excellence that characterizes our other goods is noticeable in our various branches of imported Key West and Domestic Cigars.

In short for all such delicacies for sideboard and tables as can be found nowhere else in Western New York call at the

B. Feiock Store

135 Main St. E. Both Phones

OUR SPECIALTIES FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

- Fine Pocket Knives
- Barney & Berry Skates
- Johnson Tube Skates
- Hand Sleds, Coasters
- Chafing Dishes
- Coffee Percolators
- Brass Bird Cages
- Iron Fire Sets

CARVING SETS

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- See our Special \$3 Silver Mounted Set
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- ALARM CLOCKS
- INGERSOL WATCHES
- ROGERS KNIVES and FORKS
- COMMUNITY SILVER
- BRASS CANDLESTICKS
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- Manicure Sets and Scissors Cases

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26 EXCHANGE STREET

May We help You Solve That Annual Perplexing Question?

A PARTIAL LIST OF OUR Beautiful Xmas Gifts

- Opera Glasses
- Opera Bags and Handles
- Field Glasses
- Telescopes
- Plains and Fancy Thermometers
- Barometers
- Pocket Magnifiers
- Stereoscopes and Views
- Kodaks and Supplies
- Eyeglasses
- Spectacles
- Lorgnettes Chains
- Reading Glasses
- Eyeglass Automatic Reels
- Magnifying and Shaving Mirrors

Inspect This Display of Holiday Presents and You'll Surely Want Some of them.

E. E. Bausch & Son

6 MAIN STREET EAST
OPTICIANS OPTOMETRISTS

"Santa Claus Joe"

He Makes a Happy Christmas For Two Lovers

By ANNIE HINRICHSSEN
Copyright, 1916, by American Press Association

Joe was a Portuguese urchin, six years old and untidy with the accented lilt of all his seasons. He lived with his father and mother and numerous brothers and sisters in a dilapidated cabin in the outskirts of the city.

Their neighbors were fellow expatriates speaking their own tongue and continuing their own customs, and Joe's only knowledge of the world that lay beyond the truck farms had been gained when he went with his father to peddle vegetables in the city.

A bullet intended for a rabbit entered Joe's leg, and he was brought to the hospital.

Miss Merton, a senior nurse, was his "lady." She was with him through the days when all his world was full of horrors.

She was his first nurse and the one he first felt was his friend.

In a hospital living and dying move according to certain laws. The progress of a case is routine to the experienced ones. Dissolution takes place in certain known steps.

But one element of which no account is taken, for which no calculation is made, is the love of a man and a woman.

In the hospital life there is no place for it. A nurse's time and thoughts are devoted to her work. Her love and sympathy belong to her patients.

Concerning the relations of doctors and nurses hospital etiquette is strict. It demands that these relations be absolutely professional. The reputation of a hospital depends on the discipline maintained within its walls, and the laws of St. Anne's were enforced with severity.

When interests quite unprofessional drew together a scull nurse and one of the young physicians of the hospital staff there appeared difficulties and embarrassments, and the courtesies, under the adverse circumstances of disapprobation, conscience and lack of time, place and opportunity, made slow and halting progress, with frequent backward steps.

"Will you go for a walk tonight?" asked Dr. Knight one morning when with Miss Merton's assistance he was dressing Joe's wound.

"With you?"
"Certainly."
"And meet all the heads and a few doctors and nurses?"

"There are places where heads and doctors and nurses don't go."
"Yes, on back streets. I hate that sort of thing going out alone and meeting you on a corner and sneaking along back streets."

"There is no other way we can see each other. You will come tonight, won't you?"
She shook her head. "I graduate next spring," she said, a little wistfully. "Can't we wait till then to be friends?"

"What's the use of waiting? No one will know. But if you are found out your previous good record will save you."
The words and tone were blunt and casual.

Miss Merton did not answer. She fastened Joe's bandage and left the room.

As she passed him Dr. Knight saw her face, hurt, proud and angry, all its sweetness gone.

For many days Mr. Knight saw Miss Merton only in the presence of others. She avoided him in the corridors and met him only in the rooms of patients.

"There was nothing he could say to her. A man cannot apologize with words for a wordless insult, and he cannot by appealing, penitence expressing looks affect a moving, marble statue that never sees him.

Christmas was near, and the nurses were preparing for it. Joe was politely interested in the decorations of the ward, but he seemed unconscious of the reasons for them.

"Those are Christmas greens, Joe," said Miss Merton in answer to his inquiry.
Joe looked puzzled.
"Have you ever seen Christmas greens before, Joe?"
"No'm; I never seen Christmas greens before."
"But you know all about Christmas, don't you?"
"No'm; I didn't never know nothing at all about that."
"Joe, have you never heard of Christmas?"
"No'm. No one never told me about it neither."
"Nor of Santa Claus?"
"No'm. Who's Santa Claus? No body never told me about Santa Claus."
"Have you heard of Christ, dear?"
"No'm."
"Nor of God?"
Joe pondered. He believed he had heard something about God.

Joe listened with his great black eyes wide open.
"Is that all?" he asked when the story was finished. "Tell me another."
"But, Joe, this is a real, true story."
Joe looked skeptical. "It's a nice story," he said, "but I don't believe it."

Miss Merton had cared for children long enough to realize that the mind of an untrained child cannot be reached by abstract reasoning. He understands by tangible demonstrations.

So she told Joe of the Christmas festival and of the gifts that would come to him on the birthday of the Saviour. She taught him a prayer which, if he said it every night, would make him a good boy.

Sometimes he confused his prayer with the jingles she taught him and said the rhyme of "Little Boopie" instead of "Now I lay me."

She always came in the evening to hear his prayer, and Dr. Knight would come and listen. But his "lady" never spoke to Dr. Knight and never seemed to know that he was near.

Christmas eve came. Miss Merton took Joe down to the hospital chapel in his wheeled chair. At the door he shut his eyes tight for a second and then flushed them open.

The room was full of light and the warm, sweet smell of fresh pine branches. Ropes of holly and evergreen draped the ceiling and the walls, and from the ropes hung little red bells—such cherry little bells that they seemed to send out with their rosy color a Christmas greeting.

In the center of the platform at the end of the room stood the Christmas tree.

It was tall and wide and covered with twinkling candles glistening ornaments and packages tied with red and green ribbons.

On the floor were piled work packages, so many of them that the floor was covered.

The patients were all there. Old Miss Curtis, palsied and helpless, was in a chair near the platform. Her face was radiant, and occasionally she lifted her one sound hand and pointed to the tree.

Mr. Farr, who two weeks before had lost both legs, was brought in on a stretcher. The oldest inhabitant, a paralytic, was wheeled in on her bed.

The convalescents with canes and crutches sat in easy chairs or lay on pillows on the chapel benches.

The surgeons in their evening clothes on their way to Christmas eve dinners had come in and were affecting the air of joyful small boys.

The first package taken from the tree was for Joe. Another was laid in his lap and another. They came fast. They filled his chair and lay on the floor around him.

There were toys of all kinds, balls of all sizes and colors, tops of every style, animals of every material, banks with pennies rattling in them, games, puzzles, paint boxes, picture books, a lovely, many colored clown that waved a hoop.

There were shoes, stockings, under wear, a suit of clothes, neckties, handkerchiefs and mittens.

After the happy child had been put to bed and his toys placed where he could see them Dr. Knight came in.

"Where's your lady, Joe?" he asked.
"Downstairs."
"Did she hear you say your prayers?"

"Yes, and she said her prayers too. They aren't like my prayers. And she cry—just a little cry."
"What did she say when she prayed, Joe?"

"She put her head down in my covers, and she say: 'Dear father, I love him and I'm so lonely.' And she cry and say something about Harold. Who's Harold?"

Harold Knight dropped the child's hand and hurried out of the room and downstairs to the chapel. Miss Merton was there alone. He walked quickly up to her and took her hands.

"Edith," he began—"Edith, I want—I love you!"
She stepped back and tried to draw away her hands. The movement of her hand brought her cap close to a candle on the tree. The thin mill flamed suddenly into a blaze. Dr. Knight's fingers closed over the burning cap, and the fire was extinguished in his hand.

He drew out the pin that held the cap in place and lifted from her unharmed hair the charred badge of her profession.

She caught his hand and tried to open it. He clenched it and the cap in it.
"Is it your cap you want?" he asked.
"No, your hand; it's burned."
"I've been suffering for weeks and you haven't cared."
"You wanted a silly flirtation, and if you were hurt it served you right."
"Will you marry me, Edith? I shall not ask for any more clandestine meetings. I'll try to be patient till you graduate. Can't you love me? You love Joe and old Miss Curtis and the babies. Can't you care for me instead of for all those people?"
"I'm tired of caring for people. I think I'd like—I'd like to have some body care for me."
Before the next Christmas came round Edith had taken off her nurse's uniform to don a bridal dress. Harold Knight was the happy man, and it was arranged that the wedding should take place at the hospital among those who loved both the bride and the groom. Joe, of course, was present and watched the proceedings with eyes wide open.

Read What They Have To Say!

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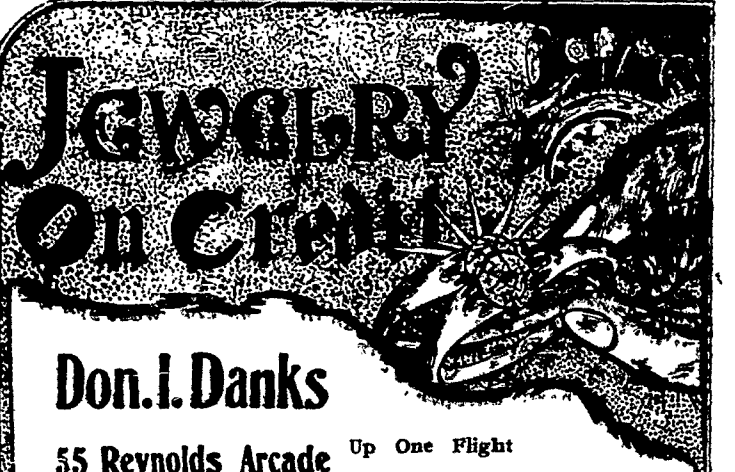
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