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and Gold Fish for Easter
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Safety Valves of the World.
Terrorful as are the forces of volcanic
action, they have served and do yet
serve their ordained purpose in the
magnificent scheme of cosmic develop-
ment. Volcanoes form a natural vent
for the pent-up internal forces result-
ing from the slow cooling and consolida-
tion of the earth's mass. They act
as the safety valves of the world, with-
out which the crust of the earth would
be all probability burst with explosive
force and with a tremendous cataclysm
appealing to contemplate. Volcanoes
act as a fact, to maintain the normal
equilibrium between the interior
and the outer surface of the world.

Strong Held.
Billie Experimented with thousands of
men have shown that the average
man attains his maximum strength in
his thirty-first year.

Why?
"Haven't you noticed how they hold
on to it?"—Folkers Statesman.

A Richer Strike.
"Is it true that Maude refused a
man worth a million?"
"It is."
"Was she crazy or in love?"
"Neither. She accepted a man worth
two millions."—Boston Transcript.

Deadly Indigestion.
Hear-Sillicus was engaged to an
heaven. I wonder why he broke it off?
Yes—He had an attack of indigestion,
and the doctor told him to avoid all
rich things.—Philadelphia Record.

AN EASTER MORNING

By F. A. MITCHEL
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1911.

Captain Ned Collins had made pre-
parations to quit a seafaring life, settle
down on a little farm that had been
the dream of his life and spend the
rest of his days with his family. He
had sold his cottage by the ocean and
bought the farm. One more voyage
remained to him, at the end of which
he was to give up the sea and enter
upon the other. The voyage he had
laid out would bring him home in the
month of April, and his boys were to
prepare the ground of his farm for
planting against his return. Then
when his last cruise had been com-
pleted the family would spend the summer
on the farm—the first summer they
had ever spent together.

Mrs. Collins was one of those women
who are always looking ahead for
something to happen. When she had
goodby to her husband she remembered
cases where-in persons had made a
last venture which proved a last one
in more ways than one. Several of
her friends had sailed on a last voy-
age intending not to make another
and had never returned. She did not
take account of the many who had
returned and lived to a good old age
at home. Her husband had no sooner
sailed than she showed by her de-
meanor that this feeling was troubling
her. Her eldest daughter, Helen, a
girl of strong religious faith, strove to
comfort her. She reminded her mother
that the same God was supreme upon
the ocean as on the land, that if he
intended that their dear one should
return to them no storm was there-
enough to prevent. For a time such
arguments as this would dispel the
forebodings of the wife and mother,
but not for long.

Letters came from Captain Collins
from various points at which the ship
the Helen Collins, named for its mas-
ter's daughter, touched—Porto Rico
and other tropical ports. There came
news of one of those West Indian bur-
ricanes that are a terror both on land
and on sea. Day upon day, week upon
week, passed after the storm had sub-
sided and no word came from the
Helen Collins. From the first the cap-
tain's wife gave up all hope. Her chil-
dren, who were not overconfident, did
what they could to instill hope within
their mother, but without much suc-
cess.

The winter passed, and the spring
began to peep from beneath the soil.
The boys told their mother that they
were going to prepare the farm for a
crop. In case their father should re-
turn and find that nothing had been
done he would be disappointed.

In March, when it became necessary
to do the first planting, the children
begged their mother to remove to the
farm, and she only consented because
she must give up the cottage to the
new owner and if she remained in the
same locality would need to rent or
buy another. So they moved their be-
longings to their new home.

"It will never be a home to me,"
said the mother, "without your father.
I had a feeling when he left us that
he would never return to enjoy this
place, and that foreboding has been
realized."

"Mother," said Helen impressively,
"I have a feeling. It is more than a
feeling—it is a hope. Easter will be
here within a fortnight. The day is
typical of a renewed life. I believe
that father will be with us on or be-
fore the anniversary of the rising of
our Saviour."

"Oh, my child, you have no founda-
tion on which to rest such a belief."
"Nor is there any foundation for the
feeling you experienced when he sailed
that he would not return. Of the
two mine is by far the better, since it
is the more comforting. And was
not the great resurrection that occurred
nearly twenty centuries ago intended
to give hope to mankind?"

But the days passed, the radishes,
the peas, the beets and other early
vegetables showed their tips above
the soil, and Captain Collins did not
return. Instead parts of the wreck-
age of his ship were picked up at sea
and their finding reported by a return-
ing ship. This news came the day
before Easter, and it there had been a
ray of hope in the breast of the mother
of these children that their father
would return it was abandoned. Only
Helen clung to what she called her
belief.

Easter morning broke bright and
beautiful. After breakfast all went
out to have a look at the growing
plants. The children kept calling
their mother's attention to this and
that row of springing vegetables, re-
marking how rapidly it was growing,
in order to divert her mind from her
bereavement. A balmy breeze was
coming up from the south.

"Mother," said Helen, "I have one
of your feelings. Not the same kind of
a one, for it is more like a hope. I'm
thinking this sweet smelling breeze has
come all the way from the tropics to
tell us that father is living, even if he
can't yet be with us."
"Oh, Helen, you have such absurd
ideas."
"Father!"

The exclamation came from little
Joe. All turned and saw the child
running with open arms to a skeleton
of a man who was coming toward
them. The boy jumped into the man's
arms, and all knew that the husband
and father had returned.

CARE FREE CONVICTS.

Jail Life in Montenegro a Cheerful
Sort of Existence.

Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro,
possesses the most remarkable prison
system in the world. The jail pre-
sents little to indicate that it is a
place of confinement. There are no
outer prison walls, and in the cells the
men—about ten in each—are as com-
fortably and comfortably housed as
their own personal domestic belong-
ings can make them. Moreover, they
are generously fed, and cigarettes
without stint, while occasionally and
no work at all combine to check any
desire to escape more effectually than
would strong walls, iron bars and an
army of warders. When W. J. Still-
man was in that country in the seven-
ties all the free men were away fight-
ing, and he observed how when a mes-
senger was wanted the official took a
man out of the prison and sent him
off, having no fear that he would not
return. One such messenger was sent
to Cattaro, in Austrian territory, with
8,000 forins for the bank and duly
came back. Another asked a Russian
at Cattaro to intercede with Prince
Nicholas for his release from prison.

"But you are not in prison," said the
Russian.

"Oh," said the man, "I have only
come down for a load of skins for So-
and-so, but I must go into prison
again when I get back to Cettinje."
One guard watched all the prisoners
when they strolled themselves out of
doors, and if he were called away a
prisoner would take his rifle and do
duty for the time.—London Mail.

GRISTLE BREAD.

A Favorite in Norway and in Parts of
Germany.

"What is gristle bread? Why, that,"
said a baker, "is a kind of bread that
is peculiar to Norway and to some
parts of Germany. In Norway it has
been made for many years, and here
there are bakeries in which it is made
for Norwegian patriots who still pre-
fer it whenever they may be."

"In making gristle bread the loaves
when first formed up from the dough
are laid on boards and put through an
extra heated oven in which they are
baked on them an outer crust or skin,
the gristle. Then the loaves are taken
over and put through the oven
again, so that the gristle may be baked
all over them. This quick oven makes
only that outer crust on the loaves,
which are then placed in another oven
for their final complete baking."

"Originally in Norway gristle bread
was made of rye flour only. In this
country there was a demand for a
handsomer and larger loaf, and wheat
flour was mixed with the rye, as has
now to some extent come to be the cus-
tom in Norway also. Here the propo-
rations now used are about half and
half, the result being a bigger loaf of
the same weight as one of all rye."
"Gristle bread costs more than or-
dinary bread because of the greater
time and labor required in making it."
—New York Sun.

His Equivocal Answer.

The blushing girl buttonholed her
flushed fiance.
"Well, Egbert," she murmured, "did
papa give his consent?"
Egbert drew himself up stiffly.
"He did not commit himself either
way," he responded.
"Then are we or aren't we engaged,
Egby?"
"I do not know," answered Egby,
still stiffly.

"But what happened?"
"This," said Egby more stiffly than
ever. "I went in and said: 'Sir, I wish
to marry your daughter. Have I your
consent?' He turned and looked at me
a minute, then he grew red in the
face, then he grabbed me, then he lifted
me up, then he threw me over the ban-
isters. But whether he is in favor
of our engagement or not, Ethelbrite,
he did not say."

Beginning of the Drama.

The theater in the only sense that
is worth considering was born in
Athens. Both tragedy and comedy
spring from feasts in honor of Bac-
chus, and as the jests and frolics were
found to be out of place when intro-
duced into graver scenes a separate
province—the true drama—was formed
and comedy arose. The father of the
Greek comedy was Aristophanes, who
had lots of fun lampooning the public
men of Athens. The creator of Greek
tragedy was Aeschylus, born B. C.
525. In sublime Aeschylus has never
been surpassed. He is to the drama
what Phidias and Michelangelo are
to art.—New York American.

The Irony of Fate.

"What is your understanding of the
irony of fate?" asks the bespectacled
young man.
"Well," the beautiful girl replied, "if
two fellows should fight over me and
I shouldn't get into the papers I should
think that was about it."—Chicago
Record-Herald.

The Similarity.

The doctor told little Mary she was
anemic because she was so white. A
few days after she exclaimed:
"Oh, mamma, come here and look at
this anemic horse! He's just as white
as he can be!"—Judge.

Quarrelsome.

Polly-I never knew such a quarrel-
some girl as Molly. Dolly—That's
sight. Half the time she isn't on
speaking terms with her own con-
science.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fair Subject.

The Lady—And is your father work-
ing, my little man? The Little Man—
I s'pose so, mum. The Judge said "are
labor."—London Telegraph.

Not the Answer He Expected.

Whitefield, whose dramatic appeals
to his listeners were always a "note
worthy part of his sermons, once
preached to a body of seamen in New
York. In the course of his sermon he
introduced the following words:

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky
and are making fine headway over a
smooth sea before a light breeze, and
we shall soon lose sight of land. But
what means this sudden lowering of
the heavens and that dark mist rising
from the western horizon? Hark!
Don't you hear the distant thunder?
Don't you see those flashings of light-
ning? There is a storm gathering.
Every man to his duty! How the
waves rise and dash against the ship!
The air is dark. The tempest rages.
Our masts are gone! The ship is on
her beam ends! What next?"

The hands of every sailor were grip-
ping the pews in front of them, and a
wild excitement was in their eyes.
And when the preacher reached the
climax of his dramatic speech they
sprang to their feet in a body and
shouted, "Take the longboat!"—New
York Sun.

Tramps and Cuff Muzzlers.

The most curious article in the
tramp's outfit bears an appropriately
odd name—the "cuff muzzler." It con-
sists of the leg of an old stocking cut
up into short lengths and worn over
the wrist like a thick mitten, and its
object is to increase the circumference
of the wrist to such an extent that a
constable cannot easily slip a handcuff
over it.

Indeed, a pair of "cuff muzzlers,"
which are worn by none save veteran
roadsters—make it very difficult for
a constable alone and unaided to hand-
cuff their wearer. Tramps' tools bear
puzzling names. Particularly cryptic
is "diddle," the term for a big nail
carried by the "spike ringer" or itin-
erant who goes from one casual ward
to the next. Should he fall into the
hands of the police it is used in "oak
um worrying"—that is, separating the
strands of hard rope.—Baltimore Amer-
ican.

A Woman's Letter.

Women, it is generally admitted,
write much better letters than men.
M. Marcel Prevost discovered the
reason for this superiority. The ob-
vious meaning is never the one we
should read into a woman's letter.
There is always a veiled meaning.
Woman makes use of a letter just as
she employs a glance or a smile, in a
way that is carefully thought out and
with an eye to effect. And after all,
does a woman's letter serve to cover her
head? Does a woman's parol keep
off the sun? Why, then, should a wo-
man's letter serve to convey her real
thoughts to the person addressed, just
like the letters of some honest grocer,
who writes, "I send you five pounds of
coffee," because he really does send
you five pounds of coffee?—London
Spectator.

Long Distance Courtship.

A lady was one day approached by
her Scotch maid with the information
that she was about to leave. "What is
the cause of this sudden decision,
Mary?"
"I think I'll be a-marryin'."
"Indeed, and whom, may I ask?"
"The man that sits across in the kirt
o' Sunday."

"But what is his name?"
"I dinna ken."
"What! You're surely not engaged
to a man whose name you do not
know!"
"Not engaged, my lady, but he's been
lang lookin' at me, and I think he'll
soon be speakin'."—Housekeeper.

Matchmaking in Roumania.

In Roumania once every year is a fair
of marriageable girls. The girl, with
her relations, gets into a wagon, which
also contains her dowry—linen, furni-
ture and household matters—and all
set off for the fair. When they arrive
the girls are drawn up in one line and
the men in another, with their parents
behind them. Then if a young man
likes the look of any particular girl he
talks to her while the parents com-
pare notes as to their possessions and
their circumstances in life. If all is
found satisfactory there's a marriage
at once, and the bride is driven away
by her husband to her new home.

Duncan Smoked in Church.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Heart of
Midlothian" refers to one Duncan
Knockdrunder, an important personage,
who smoked during the whole of the
sermon from an iron pipe tobacco bor-
rowed from other worshippers. We are
told that at the end of the discourse
he knocked the ashes out of his pipe,
replaced it in his sponion, returned the
tobacco pouch to its owner and joined
in the prayer with decency and atten-
tion.

A Complex Accomplishment.

"I understand you speak French like
a native."
"No," replied the student. "I've got
the grammar and the accent down
pretty fine, but it's hard to learn the
gestures."—Washington Star.

The Surest Place.

Speaker (warning to his subject):
"What we want is men with convictions,
and where shall we find them?"
Voice—In jail, gov'nor.—London Tea-
graph.

When One Loses Confidence.

After a man loses confidence in him-
self it is not likely that anybody else is
going to exhibit much enthusiasm over
his abilities.—Chicago Record-Herald.

God gives every bird its food, but
does not throw it into the nest.—Tis-
sot.

THE CUCUMBER.

One Way to Dress It and a Royal Way
to Grow It.

If ever an anthology of the foods of
the earth comes to be written quite an
entertaining chapter could be made out
of the cucumber. And some of the ex-
tracts would provide material for much
mental exercise to decide whether they
are humorous or serious. For exam-
ple, what did the Greek poet mean
when he said of a certain woman:
She was to me
More tender than a cucumber?
Only one meaning would have been
taken from that equivocal statement
by that famous doctor who used to de-
clare that the only way to dress a cu-
cumber is to cut it into very thin
slices, sprinkle it with the finest of oil,
pepper it plentifully, cover it with vin
egar—and then throw it out of the
window! On the other hand, Thacker-
ay tells how he "had delicate cucum-
bers stuffed with forcement," while
Dickens refers to "salmon, lamb, peas,
innocent young potatoes, a cool salad,
sliced cucumber, a tender duckling—
all there!" Both novelists were evi-
dently men after the heart of the Em-
peror Tiberius, who was never with-
out cucumbers and had frames made
upon wheels, by means of which the
growing cucumbers could be moved
about and exposed to the full heat of
the sun, while in winter they were
withdrawn and placed under the pro-
tection of frames glazed with mirror
stone.

Yet two or three centuries ago the
vegetable was looked at suspiciously
as cold and treacherous.—London
Standard.

FEAR OF LIGHTNING.

It is Hardly Justified by the Number
of Deaths It Causes.

Why are so many people, brave un-
der all other circumstances, so deathly
afraid of thunder and lightning?
It is not because lightning is so dan-
gerous, for it isn't half so dangerous
as going out of the house on an icy
morning, walking down the cellar
stairs or a hundred other things we
do every day without a thought of
personal harm. More people are killed,
each year by falling building material,
more die from fright, than are killed
by lightning. The census bureau shows
only 169 people killed by lightning in
this entire country during a given
year, and only thirty of these people
were killed in the cities. Heat and
the sun killed 763 during the same
year, 203 died from cold and freezing
and 4,835 were drowned.

But you will find it quite a waste of
time during a thunderstorm to try to
ease the fears of a person who is
afraid by telling him or her that the
chances of being killed by lightning
are less than two in a million; they
will remain just as frightened for all
this mortuary knowledge. And after
the storm has passed and nerves are
steadied the woman who was so
frightened a few minutes before will
start getting supper on the gas stove,
smiling through her tears, that the
danger has all passed and only laugh-
ing if you venture the remark that
twice as many people are killed by gas
stoves as by lightning.—Country Life
in America.

Learned His Own Value.

A husband and wife combination is
vaudeville, with the husband as the
feeder and the wife as the real at-
traction, worked for Lew Fields in
one of his summer shows. The two
were very popular and got much news-
paper space; also they had \$1,000 a
week. One day the husband, puffed
up by what the newspapers said about
the singing of his wife, went in to see
Fields.

"Mr. Fields," he said, "it is \$1,200 a
week from now on for us or we quit
right here."
"Twelve hundred, eh?" Fields asked,
with interest.
"Yes, sir, \$1,200 a week or we quit
and go out on the big time in the
Morris circuit."
"Well, sonny," said Fields, "I think
an awful lot of your wife's work, but
I don't think she is worth \$1,175 a
week to me."—Saturday Evening Post.

Theory and Practice.

Here is a good story from the col-
lection of a German school inspector.
The pupils were being examined on the
subject of personal hygiene. A boy
was asked, "What have you to do in
order to keep your teeth sound and
white?" "Clean them," was the prompt
reply. "When ought you to clean
them?" "Morning, noon and night."
"What are they to be cleaned with?"
"With a toothbrush." "Very good.
Have you a toothbrush?" "No, sir."
"Has your father a toothbrush?" "No,
sir." "Has your mother a toothbrush?"
"No, sir." "But how do you know
about the use of toothbrushes?" "We
all them, sir."

Character in Handwriting.

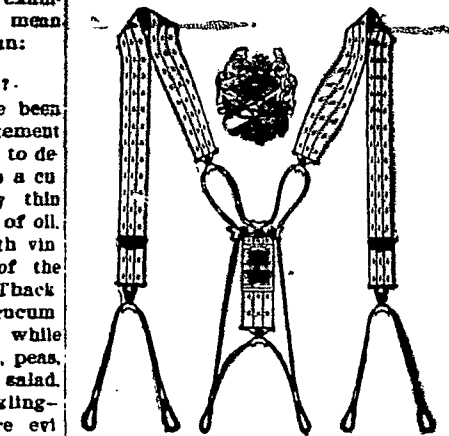
I showed a professor of calligraphy a
letter I had received. He took a very
unfavorable view of the handwriting.
It was the handwriting, he told me,
of a man without learning, without gen-
ius, without feeling. "And, now, sir,"
I said, "will you look at the signa-
ture?" The letter was written by Lord
Macaulay.—Arnold's "Three Corners
Essays."

A Canine Reason.

She (on the beach at Atlantic City)—
I wonder why that dog tried to bite
me just now. He—The intelligent ani-
mal heard me call you a little witch,
and he probably thought you were a
sandwich.—Baltimore American.

The man who can be nothing but se-
rious or nothing but merry is but half
a man.—Hunt.

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