

Tailored Suits
Women's Coats
Dresses

LuNette SHOP

Skirts
Blouses
Corsets

For Women

"It's a pleasure to trade in your little gray shop"

Said a friend of the store recently: "The atmosphere is pleasant, the service intelligent, and you seem to have my size in what I want."

Our friend spoke truly. Our system of specialization is carried on with a degree of certainty because we are not so large that we cannot look after details.

All who come to us have our personal attention and aid if they desire it, in selections of garments for winter wardrobe.

TAILORED SUITS of velvet, suede cloth, velour cloth and broadcloth, have been recent arrivals this week, all hurried from the makers, for Saturday's wants. 18.50, 22.50, 25.00, 29.50, 35.00, 39.50, 45.00, 55.00 to 75.00.

NEW WOMEN'S COATS of Bolivia cloth, suede cloth, velour cloth and pile fabrics, all generously trimmed with rich furs, are here. Black, navy, brown, green, taupe, gray. Coat prices are 15.00, 16.50, 18.50, 22.50, 25.00, 29.50, 35.00, 39.50, 45.00 and 52.00.

NEW BLOUSES of Georgette-crepe and Radium lace, in flesh and cream, cream and blue, cream and brown, and all the suit shades. 5.98.

BLOUSES of Pussy Willow and Radium silk—flesh, white, brown, green, navy. 3.50 to 5.98.

BLOUSES of striped taffeta silk and messaline—black, white, blue and brown stripes, also light grounds, colored stripes. 2.98 to 3.50.

VESTA CORSETS—special at 1.00, made of finewhite or flesh coutil; late models; high or medium bust.

VESTA CORSETS—special at 2.00; laced front; in white or pink; fine coutil; new models.

BRASSIERES—special at 39c. Cluny lace Brassieres at 50c.—very special price.

LuNette Shop for Women
Thirty-five East Avenue

Light Up!

The days are growing shorter.

It will only take a day or two to pipe your home for gas and you'll be delighted with the transformation.

The young ladies and gentlemen of the family will be more than pleased with the change and they'll probably do more of their entertaining at home.

There's nothing like making home as modern and attractive as your means will permit. It's the only way to induce the young folks to spend a reasonable share of their time in the place that's best for them—Home.

The dividend on your investment will be chiefly the joy that comes of having the young folks with you and it's a big dividend on the small sum needed to pipe your home for gas.

Prices \$15.75 and Up

5 per cent discount for cash. Payments if desired.

Phone us. We will gladly send for your order at any time or place to suit your convenience.

Rochester Railway and Light Co.

34 Clinton Avenue North

Bell Main 3960

Home Stone 125

ENDS BACKACHE, HEAD-ACHE AND NEURALGIA

Better Than any Liniment and Easier to Use.

Rub it on Freely; it Won't Blister.
Stops Rheumatic Agony and Reduces Painful Joints.

For miles around people are coming for MUSTARINE. The report of its mighty power to stop all aches and pains almost instantly, and to end all soreness and lameness speedily has had its effect, and the supply of 25 cent boxes at the drug stores are going like hot cakes.

Thousands use it for Neuralgia, Lumbago, Neuritis, Sore Throat, and Chest Colds. Nothing like it for Sore, Inflamed Feet or Burning Bunions, Corns or Callosities. A big yellow box for 25 cents. Money back, if dissatisfied. Ask for MUSTARINE. It's the original mustard salve without the blister. Mustarine 25 and 50 cents at all druggists. Begy-Medicine Company, Rochester, N. Y.

German American Lumber Co.

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True Till Death

Many and varied are the experiences of a priest, who lives his life in the midst of a busy city. Many are bitter, some are sweet. The latter are like an exquisite bouquet of flowers in a room in the heart of a great town, which by their beauty of great color, shape and scent, revive the jaded occupant with glad memories of blossoming hedges, rows and smiling meadows; of the song of birds, and the sweet scent of hay. Here is such a flower which gladdens me in hours of gloom.

By way of preface I should say that, as a priest, I have pitched my tent in the working quarters of a large Northern manufacturing town, where utilitarianism has beaten flat to the ground any natural beauty, and ugliness stalks abroad unchallenged. A leaden sky at best; grimy factories to right, left and center, with huge chimneys belching forth smoke; rows upon rows of drab brick houses, wearisome in their sameness. For variety, one or two crofts, innocent of herbage, where the weedy youth of the district rids itself of superfluous energy by playing games under well-nigh impossible conditions.

Let me become too depressing, let me get on with my narrative. Martin, a man well over fifty, had preserved two things beautiful in the midst of grime and squalor: his brogue and his faith. How shall I describe the street he lived in? It is a cul-de-sac, at one side a row of houses crying to heaven for vengeance on the man who owns them; at the other side a great brick wall guarding the battered ruins of what had at one time been a factory. The glazier might well have hoped for a rich harvest, judging from the number of smashed windows the houses could boast of. His services, however, were ruthlessly dispensed with by the more or less skilful application of brown paper. The amount of drunkenness in that street on any given week-end is in direct proportion to the number of newly broken windows to be discovered when quiet reigns once more. The one habitable room below serves as parlor, kitchen, and in cases of sickness, bedroom. The least sensitive nose would rebel against the varied and unclassified smells which rush out to greet the intrepid visitor who seeks from one motive or another to enter one of the dwellings. I would rather not describe the interior appearance of the lower room; I positively could not describe the squalor of the two upper rooms, dignified with the name of "bedrooms. Rents are cheap in this quarter, and no wonder. That is how it came to pass that Martin, gaining only a laborer's wage with a big family, had perforce from motives of economy to live there. All his life had been a grim, disheartening struggle against poverty, but he sternly refused to be broken on the wheel. His house, though scantily furnished, was clean. His grown-up daughters were little help to the family support, for their scant wages were barely sufficient to keep themselves. The son, in manhood's years, was a hopeless creature, would have gone under long ago had it not been for the indomitable courage and wondrous faith of Martin. There were smaller children to feed and clothe, and he was the mainstay of the home. I do not believe that he would have missed Mass had he been reduced to going on his bare feet. His children knew well that the one thing that would grieve his heart more than anything else would be for them to miss Sunday Mass.

I come now to the time when I became more intimate with this remarkable man of faith. He went to work one day suffering with a double rupture. He feared to take the necessary rest test the much needed money might be missing at the week-end. Whilst lifting some heavy weight, he fell over in a dead swoon and had to be taken in an ambulance to the infirmary. When he came in, his whole anxiety was about his family, and how the wolf of hunger was now to be kept from the door. Thank God, I had it in my power to soothe his grief-stricken mind on this subject. Oh! How I admired that man during those days of intense suffering! No complaint, no murmur, so this no thought that God had abandoned him; but simple child-like standing by organized labor.

He was singing his Nunc dimittis, singing for very joy that the grim tragedy of his life was drawing to a close, that with faith unshaken he would quickly be in the arms of his God, who would wipe all tears from his eyes. He died as he had lived, true to his God, true till death.

Somehow sufficient money was scraped together for his funeral. The Vincent de Paul Society subscribed for a Mass to his soul. There is no tombstone to record the place of his burial. Nevertheless, he was a true hero, God's hero, who never for a moment in life's darkest hour, relinquished his firm grip of that holy faith, handed on to him at such cost by his forefathers.

Pardon this bald narrative, I am no artist, but give you the events just as they happened. O, you that know not what it is to be poor, when you are inclined to condemn these lowly ones as wastrels, drunkards, improvident, pause ere you pass judgment and think of mystery. I wonder had you lived under the same conditions as this hero of poverty, would you have made such a magnificent end?—The English Messenger.

Eugene J. Dwyer,

Republican Candidate for President of the Common Council.



Eugene J. Dwyer, the Republican candidate for President of the Common Council, was born at No. 27 Vienna Street, Rochester, N. Y., and was educated at St. Bridget's Parochial School, Rochester Free Academy, the University of Rochester and the New York Law School. He was admitted to the bar at the early age twenty-one years and a few months afterwards was appointed second assistant corporation counsel. One year thereafter at the age of twenty-two he was appointed first assistant corporation counsel to succeed Judge Remington and was the youngest person who ever held that important office. He served as assistant corporation counsel four years and entered private practice in 1898. He was appointed transfer tax appraiser for Monroe County by State Comptroller L. Miller, who afterwards became a judge of the Court of Appeals and was Monroe County's first Transfer Tax Appraiser. He held that position four years and enjoys the distinction that no decision of his upon any question regarding the taxation of estates was ever reversed. He later served a term as member of Assembly and eight years ago was elected President of the Common Council and has held that position ever since. Mr. Dwyer presided over the Common Council during one term while the Democratic Party was in the majority, and as President of the Common Council he has the enviable record of never having an appeal from any ruling of his upon any question. Although many legal questions have arisen during the years of his incumbency of this office, no action or proceeding has ever been brought in any court in which it was claimed that the procedure of the Common Council under Mr. Dwyer's direction was irregular.

Mr. Dwyer is one of the leaders of the Monroe County Bar and enjoys a very large practice, among his clients being some of the large business institutions of Rochester. Mr. Dwyer is trustee of the Union Trust Company and a director in several other large business enterprises. He has been the legal adviser of Nazareth Convent and Academy and other Catholic institutions for some years and his legal ability is well recognized. Mr. Dwyer is a member of Council No. 178, Knights of Columbus, and a member of Sacred Heart Parish.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Dwyer married Miss Clara Connell, daughter of John Connell, of the Connell-Dengler Machine Company, and Mr. Dwyer's proudest boast is that he is the father of six fine children.—Adv.

Joseph Frisch, Jr.,

Republican Candidate for City Assessor.



Joseph Frisch, Jr., Republican candidate for City Assessor, was born in Rochester and lived in the 11th ward until 14 years ago, when he became a resident of the 10th ward.

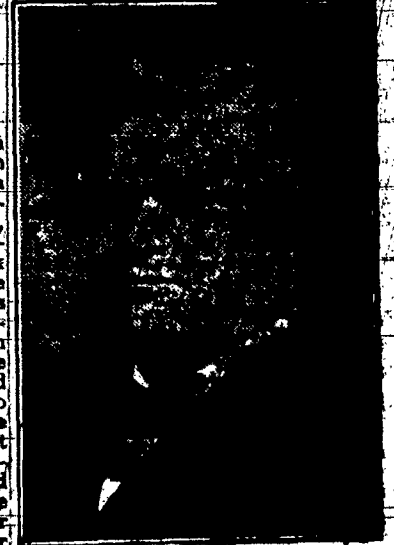
He received his early education in the local schools, completing his college course at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. He studied law at the Albany law school and was admitted to the bar in 1912, practicing his profession ever since at 50 Trust Bldg. He was Director of Athletics in this city under the Playground and Recreation Commission, un-

til the institution of the Playground Bureau. He is well known in dramatic circles throughout the city.—Adv.

CONFIDENCE IN TWO CANDIDATES

Hoffman and Townsend Named by Republicans in the Twentieth.

In the Twentieth Ward the Republicans at their primaries September 28 named candidates for Alderman and Supervisor who command the respect and confidence of the electorate of the ward. Michael Hoffman is the candidate for Alderman and Frank W. Townsend is the candidate for supervisor.



MICHAEL HOFFMAN, Republican Candidate for Alderman in the Twentieth Ward.

Michael Hoffman was born in 1874 at 325 Ames street and has lived in the Twentieth all of his life. He was educated in the local schools and after completing his studies obtained employment



FRANK W. TOWNSEND, Republican Candidate for Supervisor in the Twentieth Ward.

with the Dugan & Hudson Shoe Company and has been with that concern 26 years. He is a member of Rochester Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose, Foresters of America and the Improved Order of Red Men.

Mr. Hoffman is popular in the ward and has had many assurances of support from the electors there. He is not only well and favorably known in the ward but throughout the city.

Frank W. Townsend, the Republican candidate for Supervisor, was born in Dresden, Yates County, in 1857. He is from an old line Republican family, his father being active in Republican politics in Yates County. He moved to Corning in 1885 and was employed in a foundry which became a part of the Symington Company. With this company he came to Rochester and is now employed in the plant as superintendent of shipping.—Adv.



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