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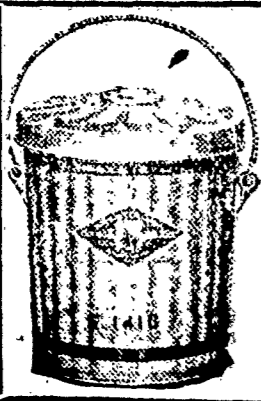
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Father John recommended this prescription to his parishioners and friends and in this way it became known as Father John's Medicine.

This story is true and we guarantee to give \$25,000.00 to any charitable institution, if shown otherwise.

Father John's Medicine is recommended for coughs, colds, and throat troubles, and to make flesh and strength. Does not contain dangerous drugs or narcotics in any form.



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Moro Chieftain Lived to Be Eighty-Three Years Old; Remarkable Age for Tropics

The tombs of some of the Moro chiefs of the Philippines are a curious combination of native ingenuity and civilized finery. An ancient and distinguished Moro chieftain is said to have lived to be 83 years old—a remarkable age for the tropics where men and women mature early and die young, according to American standards. This chieftain, Benguito, was not only a distinguished warrior of a powerful tribe, but also a wise diplomat. He held his tribe under firm control during many turbulent periods. He was usually at peace with the Spaniards when they had control of the islands, but when he occasionally struck, perhaps on the advent of a new Spanish governor-general, he struck hard, and with such savage ferocity and good generalship, followed by a mastery of the jungle fastnesses, that the Spaniards, after some show of pursuit, were glad to make a peace treaty and leave Benguito to the management and administration of his own tribal affairs. When the Americans took possession of the Philippines, Benguito with unusual discrimination for a native refused to be led into the Aguinaldo revolution, maintaining a dignified but armed and watchful neutrality, and when he saw clearly, long ahead of the other native chiefs, the rising star of the Americans, he gracefully suggested a coalition or treaty with the United States which nearly took the breath away from the American authorities, some of whom had about concluded that the only way to make peace with the Moro was with a Krug rifle.

Benguito's body lay in state for 35 days within his tomb, constructed of bamboo framework, but decorated with white cloth after the Moslem fashion, for he and his tribe were devout Mohammedans. The body of the old chief was placed in a sitting posture.

SUMMONED LIONS TO RESCUE

Quick Wit of Woman Traveler in Wilds of Africa Saved Herself and Her Driver.

With only a lunchbox Hottentot driver for company, I was traveling along the White Flag and Paradise trails through the Transvaal in the Boer war, writes Mrs. Halden in the Wide World Magazine, when one morning we drew near a big Kafir "stad" and outspanned for breakfast. Scarcely was our meal over when several old men who had recognized me at a distance came to consult me about an outbreak of skin disease. I recommended that they bathe in the hot springs, and eat milk and vegetables instead of meat, and move the stad to a higher spot in the hills. They then asked me to come and live with them as a doctor. I reasoned with them for a time, but when at last they threatened me I ordered my driver to inspan while I covered the leader with my rifle. Thus we got safely away. My driver detoured and almost unbroke journey, I insisted that we camp at a big water tree; but he dared not disobey me, and we rested there about an hour. I was thinking of inhaling when six black Kafirs appeared, coming at a run over the hill. Although such an occurrence was not unusual, something warned me that this was not a friendly visit.

Remembering that the bush near the water tree was the home of numerous lions, I ran to a large rock, which was hollowed out like a basin, and, bending over the hollow, I gave the lioness mating cry.

The nearer Kafirs now were only some two hundred yards away, and behind them others were coming over the hill. They laughed at my feeble trick as they ran down the slope, for it was the wrong season. But suddenly from the bush, east, west and south, there rose a wild tumult of answering calls. Not waiting to see what happened, I fled to the cart. Never did I cover ground so quickly, and never shall I remember how I scrambled in. The driver had the mules ready, and we rushed away at top speed to the north.

In spite of the jolting of the cart, I watched the trail behind us and saw that the nearer Kafirs had turned back at the first lion call and must have run right into the animals. We heard the uproar of their onslaught above the din of the mule's feet and the cart.

Returning later by the same route, we passed the big water tree and came upon a few scattered bones that were the remains of the six Kafirs.

JUST TO LAUGH

Why He Raved.
Mrs. Myles: "I hear Mrs. Styles has a new hat which cost \$40. Have you heard her rave about it?"
Mrs. Wyles: "No, I haven't; but my husband heard her husband doing considerable raving about it."

A Convincing Alibi.
"You ought to be as rich as Brown."
"I know it, my friend, but you see I'm more liberal with my wife than he is with his."

Drilling Them In.
Wright: "I see by the paper that electrically-driven drills have been invented for surgical operations on the human skull."
Penman: "Do not despair, old man; they'll succeed in making people see your jokes yet."

I Got Whaled.
Jimmie—I put a tack on teacher's chair yesterday.
Willie—Did you? I'll bet he won't sit down in a hurry again.
Jimmie—No; and neither will I.

Satisfactory Evidence.
Mrs. June—Did you water the ferns in the drawing room?
Maid—Yes'm.
Don't you hear the water dripping on the carpet?

Too True.
"Pop!"
"My son."
"Is fifty dollars very much money?"
"It all depends whether you mean when I'm earning it or when your mother is spending it, my boy."

Upraised Arm and Open Palm Meant Soldier Had No Dagger

The military salute so familiar to every soldier and scout dates back to very early days, notes Boys' Life. At first it was not intended in the least to show respect to superiors. The upraised arm with the open palm extended was meant merely to show that the soldier did not carry a dagger in his hand and could not attack if he wanted to. An even more remarkable change has come in the meaning of the custom of retiring backward from the presence of royalty. In very early times men backed away from a king to protect themselves from being kicked.

Cakewalk Really Irish.

Although we usually associate the cakewalk with negroes, says London Answers, the original cake dance was popular in Ireland before the negroes knew it, a cake being awarded to the best dancer.

What Birthmarks Indicate.

According to a French scientist, birthmarks in families not now of good social position indicate that they are of knightly descent, the marks being due to the fact that their possessors' ancestors wore armor.

The Little Lusterware Pitcher

By BARBARA KERR

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It rained, not a gentle, misty, ingratiating rain, but a cold, hard, driving rain. "As if papa told it to," grumbled Renie Martin, whose paramount interest in life just now was the quest of a walnut chair to match a suite that had been her grandmother's. Judge Martin did not sympathize. But nothing would have kept Renie at home after Mr. Berry, the second-hand man, had telegraphed her and told her of a country sale where some solid walnut furniture was to be sold. He said:

"They're richly carved; were in the Hollister family back East for no telling how long and in Sam Hollister's family here for half a century." Mr. Sam Hollister was having the sale.

"It looks as if the quest was over, mother!" cried Renie; "that is, if you can stand the drive, for we'll take a jitney and go out to that sale."

Mrs. Martin had been on a milk diet till her strength was rather of that variety and she knew the trip would lay her up, but she reflected that the next day was Sunday. So what mattered it if she were sick for one day, if her husband did not know the cause of her illness?

They bundled themselves into rubbers and mackintoshes, drank some hot milk, climbed into the jitney and were off.

When they reached the little country place the sale goods had been arranged for the widower by neighbor women, whose hearts were warm and in the right place, but whose dish water had gone stone cold. The dishes washed first showed their pattering somewhat, but all smelled loudly of their bath. However, Renie and her mother did not come to buy dishes, as they picked their way through the jumble in the yard and on the porch and went inside.

There they were! The old walnut chairs with their haircloth upholstery, arranged in company order. The sofa was flanked on one side by the rocker, on the other by the armchair.

They went out a side door upon a small stoop, where was a table of dishes. Mr. Hollister explained that the five white bowls with the blue landscapes on them, and the bits of straw and paper inside, were new. He had bought them last April, was going to have an oyster supper on his birthday, but as his wife had died before that time, they'd never been used.

"Never even been unpacked," volunteered the hushed and solemn voice of the dishwasher at Mrs. Martin's elbow.

There were two large glass coal oil lamps. One was very beautiful, with a pink bowl, so you did not have to fill it with colored cotton or tissue paper to make it look pretty. There were all varieties of gorgeously flowered dishes, representing the various city firms who gave away dishes as premiums with baking powder. Also there was a large glass dish, standing high in the center of the table, supplanted by a stack of glass fruit saucers.

Mrs. Martin and Renie, after the manner of true connoisseurs, noted all this, then they looked at each other. The initiated could not mistake the look. They saw a find!

In the middle of that table was a genuine lusterware pitcher. Peeping from out the grime was the beautiful pink-lavender house with birds of the same hue, and about the same size, hovering over it!

Mrs. Martin carelessly picked up the pitcher, set it in the tall glass dish and remarked that, as the furniture did not suit her, she would give him a dollar for the two and return to town.

The woman who had washed the dishes heard the extravagant offer and gasped. It affected Hollister. Taking the articles out of Mrs. Martin's hands he resolutely put them back on the table and said:

"Ma'am! I advertised my goods



The Little Lusterware Pitcher.

six small chairs sitting expectantly and decorously in front. You have it! There were too many of them, too good to be true! They were carried and returned, but not "our chaotic design," groaned Mrs. Martin.

"I thought I had seen you," said Mrs. Martin, who you see, was a daughter and, you need you. Renie's right new dining table was at which Renie, the little pool of lavender, holding up to her mother's eye.

"Whatever possessed you that?" gasped Renie. "I hope you did it for a year!"

"No, indeed. Miss Martin's daily earnings, the brown-pinkish, the blue, I thought I had seen you, Thurston's commission, mantle number, the bunch of stuff. You attended Mrs. Hollister that she had a pitcher. I was out of town, you see. Again Renie's mother, Mrs. Martin, who you see, was a daughter and, you need you. Renie's right new dining table was at which Renie, the little pool of lavender, holding up to her mother's eye.

"I am getting better," said Mrs. Martin, who you see, was a daughter and, you need you. Renie's right new dining table was at which Renie, the little pool of lavender, holding up to her mother's eye.

day after day...
He was...
Mrs. Martin...
back to town...
watchful waiting...
the crowd of...
young man whose...
were most engaging...
appraising eye...
ful that she was...
with only one object...
that lusterware...
goldly away. However...
prevent his gradually...
into her vicinity.

Near by upon a paper-covered...
was another article...
these was another little...
It would hold three times...
the lusterware, also it had...
age of belonging to a class...
the process of making which...
so if anything happens to it...
its price—why the factory...
ning. At least that was the...
that sold the moving machine.

The crier leaved over the...
pick up a lot. A country...
reached the ears of the young...
"Ain't that the little brown...
that town woman wanted...
bid after it. He drew near and...
spirited bidding followed. Holl...
neighbors went up spiritedly...
cents at a time. The town...
\$1.50 for his pitcher, much to...
amusement of Renie, who knew it...
be duplicated at the 10-cent...
Just then some one found a...
cotton batting into the middle...
table of dishes. The crier...
over, picked up the cotton,...
finger through the handle of...
ed pitcher, another through...
of a glass vinegar cruet, and...
them aloft, demanded, "How...
I bid for these?"

To Renie's amazement, in...
sponse to her first bid...
were knocked down to her...
cents.

She slipped the pitcher...
bag and hurried to the...
telephone to call the...
in her house, and...
she sat fairly...
was watching her...
She had to...
them asked if...
had a piece that...
taxi.

"I am getting better,"...
he assured her...
dignity of...
you.

Renie departed...
what to say.

Remembering the...
said: "I am getting...
each other...
Thursday...
Thomas Thurston...
who you see, was...
daughter and, you...
need you. Renie's...
right new dining...
table was at which...
Renie, the little...
pool of lavender...
holding up to her...
mother's eye.

"Whatever possessed...
that?" gasped Renie...
I hope you did it...
for a year!"

"No, indeed. Miss...
Martin's daily...
earnings, the brown...
pinkish, the blue...
I thought I had...
seen you, Thurston's...
commission, mantle...
number, the bunch...
of stuff. You...
attended Mrs. Hollister...
that she had a...
pitcher. I was out...
of town, you see...
Again Renie's...
mother, Mrs. Martin...
who you see, was...
a daughter and, you...
need you. Renie's...
right new dining...
table was at which...
Renie, the little...
pool of lavender...
holding up to her...
mother's eye.

"I am getting better,"...
said Mrs. Martin...
who you see, was...
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