

A SAFE FAMILY MEDICINE

Father John's Medicine is Best for Colds, Grip, Sore Throat and Stubborn Coughs and as a Body Builder.



Father John's Medicine is an old-fashioned family remedy—not a patent medicine, but the prescription of a learned doctor. It is free from opium, morphine, chloroform or poisonous drugs which are found in many patent medicines; it contains no alcohol or other stimulants.



It is a Food Medicine, pure and wholesome. Father John's Medicine has had more than 50 years' success for colds, grip and throat troubles. It is invaluable as a tonic and body builder and restores weak and run-down systems to health and strength. It nourishes the system and makes flesh.

We want to warn you against the danger in taking medicines which rely on stimulating or nerve-deadening drugs for their effect.

Thousands of Mothers Endorse Father John's Medicine

Father John's Medicine is a safe medicine for all the family; for the children as well as older people, because it does not contain alcohol or dangerous drugs in any form.

IRON HORSE METALWARE
"As strong as the Name Implies"
You can have the best by making for "Iron Horse."
Manufactured by **Rochester Can Co.** Rochester, N.Y.




INCORPORATED 1850
Monroe County Savings Bank
35 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
RESOURCES \$28,400,000
Deposits \$1 to \$3,000
Interest allowed from the first three business days of any month
Dividend declared December 1st, 1919, for six months at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.
RUFUS K. DRYER, Pres. WILLIAM CARSON, Sec'y & Treas.
BANKING HOURS:
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays from 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Saturday evenings from 7 P. M. to 9 P. M. for deposits only

Hibbard, Kalbfleisch & Palmer
MEMBERS
New York Stock Exchange, Chicago Board of Trade
100 Powers Bldg., Rochester. Phone 101
Bell, Main 3497 Rochester, Stone 4446

STONE 720 MAIN 724
F. H. Phelps Lumber Co., Inc.
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES, POSTS, SASH, DOORS, TRIM, FIR AND LONG LEAF TIMBER
OFFICE AND YARDS, 256 ALLEN ST.

Rochester American Lumber Co.
GET OUR PRICES
142 Portland Avenue 888 Clinton Avenue S.
Both Phones, Home 1365, Bell 1246

Styles May Come and Styles May Go
but the Colonial style in dining-room furniture apparently goes on forever. You may buy a Colonial dining suite of standard design in either oak or mahogany with the assurance that it will be as good style fifteen years hence as it is today.
For many small dining rooms where one wishes to use mahogany furniture, the Sheraton and Adam styles cannot be improved upon to give a light and graceful effect without causing the room to appear overcrowded. We show Sheraton and Adam suites of this character in genuine mahogany as low as \$150.00 and \$175.00 for the complete suite.
Our showing of dining-room furniture embraces suites in Colonial, Mission, Sheraton, Adam, William and Mary, Queen Anne, Heppelwhite and Charles II design.
Visit Our Furnished Rooms **H.B. GRAVES CO.** Your Inspection Invited
78 STATE ST., ROCHESTER, N.Y.



John H. McAnarney
General Insurance Fidelity Bonds
141-142 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg.
Roch. Phone 2172 Bell Phone 3632 Main

WANTED—A BUNGALOW

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(© 1924, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"This is our first quarrel," said Jack, gloomily. "I would hardly call it that," returned Sally in dulcet tones, whose very sweetness was more apt to kindle than turn away wrath; "rather a disagreement. You say that the only way to find a place to rent is through agents, while I maintain that the best method is to look around oneself."

"Well, apparently neither way is likely to get us very far when there isn't a place vacant within a ten-mile radius of town," declared Jack in disgust. "It sure looks as if we would have to begin married life in that abomination of abominations, a boarding house."

"I say, Jack, let's make one more try. You go to every last agent, and I will look out through the suburbs. Come over tonight and we'll compare notes." Sally really didn't want to quarrel during these very last days of being engaged, but Jack was so pigheaded when once he got an idea in his mind!

"All right, dear," agreed Jack, running down the steps as his car appeared in the distance. He had stopped in on his way to the office. "I'll bet my system will find a habitation." It would never do to let a mere woman, even the very best one in the world, put it all over him when it came to the question of carrying a thing through. He mentally registered a resolution to worry every real estate agent in Wrentham until in sheer desperation one handed over the keys of a desirable place.

Sally herself barely saw Jack aboard his car to wave him a last farewell before she set forth on a regular house hunt with a succeed-or-perish expression on her pretty face.

It was quite sadly true that houses to rent in Wrentham were decidedly at a premium. Sally and Jack had been searching for weeks now, the very date of their wedding hanging fire until a home was secured into which to go on their return from their honeymoon.



Seeing Sally, She Hesitated.

No wonder that both had become slightly raspered by the situation and a bit inclined to take it out on each other.

Sally, swinging along, let her thoughts wander to the joy it would be actually to find a place and to be able to plan for the occupancy. In her mind's eye she saw herself measuring for curtains and rugs or appraising bare rooms with a view to the purchase of furniture most suited to fill their emptiness.

Lost in this pleasant meditation Sally noticed a suburban car slowing up to let off a passenger. On the spur of the moment she stepped aboard. Thinking that she would go on to Hillview Terrace Sally sat idly looking out on the green fields and occasional pretty shingled cottages she was passing.

Suddenly she started. There was some sort of sign or other on a house she had just gone by. She jumped up and signaled to the conductor. (When the car finally stopped it had carried her some distance beyond, and as she walked back she reflected cynically that it was probably just her luck to have the sign say "For Sale" instead of "For Rent.")

However, before she could read the sign she was able to see that the cottage was a "perfect duplicate." Small enough for two people to start in, it yet had an air of individuality and charm all its own. Gray shingled and roofed, it nestled into the landscape as if it belonged there.

A few young trees set out promised future shade, a pocket handkerchief of a lawn was compensated for in lack by a spacious garden plot.

Breaking rudely into these slightly premature dreams, the sign thrust itself upon Sally's view. Tacked to the veranda railing, "Fresh Paint," it read. At that moment a young, trimly dressed woman opened the door of the cottage to place a letter in the mail

box. Seeing Sally, who stood gazing at the house almost involuntarily, she hesitated.

Sally, in despair, broke forth: "I don't suppose you could tell me of any place around here for rent?"

"Why, that's funny," said the other slowly; "we decided last night to rent this place. We had been fixing it up to sell, fresh paint and all, but now we think we'll rent. My husband was going to the agent this morning to put it in his hands."

"Well, you don't know how glad I am!" cried Sally fervently. "That is, if you will rent it to me!"

The woman looked doubtfully, but only for a minute. "I don't know why not," she said. "I'm sure the agent hasn't had time to do anything with it yet."

A few minutes later Sally stood waiting for her car. In her bag was a very precious document, a receipt for \$10, half of the first month's rent, to bind the bargain.

That evening Sally waited for Jack with great elation, mingled with a very tiny bit of apprehension. Her method had worked; she actually had found a place, and it was just the sort of home Jack would like. But—and here-in lay her qualms—would Jack think she should have waited and consulted him? She hadn't dared do that. Even to take a refusal would have been risky with the place already in the hands of an agent.

Fully ten minutes ahead of his usual time Jack's quick step sounded on the veranda. Entering, he snatched a hasty kiss, then took Sally to his arms and executed a speedy fox trot around the room.

"I've got it! I've got it, Sally!" he cried. "The house of our dreams, and half of the first month's rent paid for! Smile, Sally, sweetheart!"

For Sally was standing back, still in dismay, pushing him from her with determined hands. "For the love of Pete, Jack, what are you talking about? It's I that's rented a house, not you, and paid half of the first month's rent down!"

The two erstwhile fox trotters stood staring at each other in mutual mystification.

"Wait, Sally," said Jack. "I went to an agent and he said he had just the thing for me. He described it and I didn't wait even to see it or consult you. I knew it was the only thing that had come in for a week. I just had to grab it."

"Well," began Sally defiantly, "I took a car out to Hillview Terrace—"

"That's where this is," interrupted Jack. "A five-room gray-shingled bungalow."

"With trees set out and a garden?" exclaimed Sally excitedly.

"How did you know?" began Jack, bewildered. "Only \$20 a month and a two years' lease."

"Wait, Jack," said Sally calmly. She was not going to have her hopes roused and then dashed to the ground. "What was the name of the people who own it?"

"Let me see," said Jack slowly, while Sally hung nervously on his words. "I think it was Brown or Bronson or—"

"That was it," said Jack. "But—"

"Oh, don't you see?" cried Sally joyfully. "We both hired the same place!"

"Well, what do you know about that?" exclaimed Jack in astonishment; then added humorously, "And both our methods worked—yours of scouting around, mine of going to headquarters."

"But I know something better than that," giggled Sally. "Our first month's rent is paid! Come on, let's finish our dance before telephoning the Brownells to straighten matters out. It's a dance of celebration!"

BECAME PART OF LANGUAGE

Names of Inventors and Originators of Articles in Daily Use Sometimes Immortalized.

Few realize how many proper names become enshrined as part of the nation's language. The commonest articles of daily use and wear in some cases bear the name of their originator, or inventor. Wellington boots, for instance, called after the "Iron Duke," and the mackintosh now partially superseded by the "Burberry."

We drive on macadamized roads. It was Macadam who, about 120 years ago, invented our present system of roadmaking. Some of us still drive in a "brougham," called after the famous Lord Brougham.

"Boycott," already an English word, comes from Captain Boycott, the first to suffer under that system of terrorism.

The earl of Sandwich, who invented the article of food which bears his name, flourished in the time of George III, but Colonel Negus, who first made the drink bearing his name, was a contemporary of Queen Anne.

The bowle knife was the invention of Colonel Bowle; the galvanic battery is called after its inventor, Doctor Galvani of Bologna. Mesmerism was practiced by the physician Mesmer about 1766; while the "Martinet," now a term for a strict disciplinarian, was the name of a French colonel in the army of Louis XIV.

After Many Trials.
"He took my ball," said a youngster when reproved for fighting with another boy.

"Did you try to get it from him peaceably?"

"Yes'm."

"How many times did you try?"

"I tried once, twice, thrice and four, and I didn't get it until the last time."—Boston Transcript.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Doner

VALENTINE PARTY.

"The Fairy Queen is going to give a valentine party," said old Witty Witch. "Are you ready for it?"

"Witty Witch," said old Mr. Giant. "I am always ready for one of the Fairy Queen's parties. We will go together. And we will take her valentines, too! Is everyone going to be at the party?"

"I believe so," said Witty Witch. "The Gnomes and Elves and Brownies and Goblins and Bogey family and Gaf family and Fly-High, the Elves' bird, and all of the usual guests."

"That's fine," said old Mr. Giant. "I haven't been to a party in ever so long. We must think about our valentines for the Fairy Queen, Witty Witch. What are your ideas?"

"It might be nice," said Witty Witch. "If we each made her a valentine and then showed it to the others beforehand, but each of us to make it quite by ourselves and without any suggestion from the other. Then they will sure to be so very different."

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Giant. "Well, if the party is to be tomorrow, we'd better be hurrying."

"That we had better be," said Witty Witch.

"Let's meet tomorrow morning, bright and early," said old Mr. Giant. "Before it is time to go to the party, and show each other the valentine we have made."

"That's a good idea," said Witty Witch. "Let us meet outside your cave at ten o'clock and then we will have a simple luncheon, which I will bring along with me, for I can make so many different dishes in my kitchen in the corner of the cave. And I will carry along a basket with the sandwiches and everything else I'll make."

"But you mustn't bring too much," said old Mr. Giant. "For the Fairy Queen will want us to bring our valentines as much as she will want us to bring our valentines, and even more!"

"All right," said Witty Witch. "I will only bring us enough to nibble on and enough to keep us from being too starvingly hungry. Good-by," she said as she went off.

"Good-by," said old Mr. Giant.

They each worked over their valentines, and so did all the Fairyland creatures, for everyone wanted to have a valentine for the Fairy Queen, and she wanted to have a valentine for each of her guests as they sat at her banquet table.

The next day when Witty Witch went to old Mr. Giant's cave she found that he had made such a big valentine there wasn't room for it and him in the cave at the same time.

"You see," he said, as he looked at the enormous red heart he had made which was bigger than himself, "I tried to work over something really big, and of course this turned out to be it, for I forgot I'm so big myself!"

"And I've made my valentine about my size," said Witty Witch, "and all over it I have written verses for the Fairy Queen. Little verses telling her how we all love her."

So Witty Witch and old Mr. Giant soon started for the valentine party after they had finished their simple luncheon. They arrived just as everyone was arriving, and everyone had made a valentine for the Fairy Queen of the same sized heart as the size of the giver's height and fitness! For they all said that their hearts might be small in real size, but their hearts were as large as they were, because they had to be so bold as that love.

And the Fairy Queen had a valentine for each of her guests, made of red rubies and flashing with woodland diamonds, made by the diamond makers, Mr. Sun and Mr. Snow.

But after they had had their supper at twilight all around from the trees they saw hearts made of crystal glass, which sparkled and danced and showed many different colors.

"There is a crystal heart for each of my guests," said the Fairy Queen, "and I am giving you these hearts, too, because they show how my heart is always dancing in so many different happy, sparkling, merry ways for my friends of Fairyland!"

Tools That Are of Use.
An idea is a tool, but many a tool lies idle till it rusts and becomes useless. Having ideas is no assurance that we will accomplish something worth while. But when we begin to put our ideas into practice, to think and act in the direction of our ideals, then our tools begin to be of use.—Girls' Companion.

Charles Deane, who made the first...

Aggravation...

The truce teaching...

Let the rich man...

Any fool can fall in love...

Clean up the little tasks...

It is just as easy to find fault...

Many a man never gets on...

You may at least learn...

Some husbands are mean...

The office may seek the man...

You seldom love your neighbor...

It is cute in a small boy to...

A man of mystery has never...

You seldom love your neighbor...

Running a nation is like...

First law that ever was...

Trust no man...

The remote and wild...

There's a woman who is...

"Get-a-wine," said the...

"Ah! In that case...

"I see you have...

"Yes," said the...

"What happened?"

"A wild-eyed citizen...

Civic Pride.

Old Friends.