

Store Hours 9 to 6

Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.

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As Attractive in Price as in Character Are These Spring Suits for Men



Last year we saw our opportunity to serve the men of Rochester in a way which our Men's department had not before attempted —by placing before them some extraordinary values in men's suits.

So successful was this experiment and so well pleased were the men who took advantage of our offerings that we are placing before them again this spring another large stock of superbly tailored suits.

A large proportion of this clothing comes to us from the makers of Sincerity Clothes, which have a nation wide reputation for style and quality. The other suits we offer were made up to our own specifications from materials selected by us and fashioned by skillful tailors.

There are five distinct styles in this assortment, the several models being shown in the illustration. They are made of all-wool materials. There are blue serges, heather mixtures, gray mixtures, oxfords, and very attractive patterns in black, blue, green and brown with pencil stripes.

We can fit stout men as well as men of average size.

The Portsmouth--

A conservative three-button sack coat model, the kind of suit that appeals to the average business men.

The Kenaford--

Another conservatively cut model slightly more youthful than the Portsmouth, three button, single breasted.

The Hampton--

A beautifully tailored three-button sack coat model of the popular form fitting type designed for the young men.

The Strand--

This smart looking suit has all around belt, plaited back, long rolling collar, pointed lapels and slant pockets. It is a two button model.

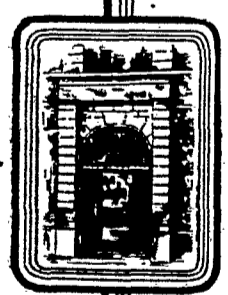
The Plaza--

A double breasted, form fitting model, very popular with young men, has breast pocket and slant pockets—a suit distinguished for its smartness of appearance.

Aisle A

There are just two prices \$42.85 and \$49.85.

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR CO.

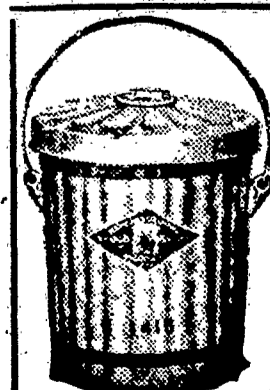


YOUR DIVIDEND CHECKS

We will cash them for you —or better still, open an account with you and place them to your credit. Interest paid on deposit accounts.

Consult our officers.

MERCHANTS BANK
OF ROCHESTER

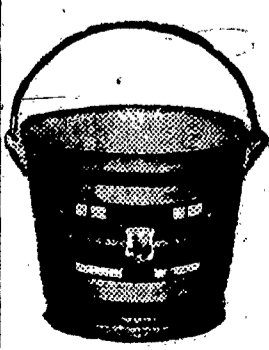


IRON HORSE METALWARE

"As strong as the Name Implies"

You can have the best by asking for "Iron Horse."

Manufactured by Rochester Can Co. Rochester, N.Y.



EASTER PEACE IN SOLDIER CEMETERY

Holy Calm Over Long Rows of Crosses That Mark the Graves of Heroes in France.

Through the Spring fields of the North France line, the line of a million woes, a whisper is up—The crosses shine in staggering groups and rows. Oh, you boys of the Silent Legion, Who used to smile and love with us, Do you know—the popples blow?

Just inside the gate of the little French cemetery, now dedicated to the pitiful legions of the souls of boys from overseas, is the lodge of the conclave. The conclave is a shriveled little man who will sell you candles to burn for the good of your friend's soul, and recount mournfully of the whisperings he hears on the dark, dark nights over this city of the dead.

The cemetery is a tumble-down place. The little gilded Christs have long since lost their gilt; the iron crosses are falling away; briars and thistles clamber and sprout everywhere upon rusting ironwork and rotting wood. The artificial flowers rattle dryly in the wind; a few wild flowers struggle to preserve beauty in the wilderness.

Beyond this old portion of the cemetery the ground falls rather steeply to a flat field, and there you see, standing in row upon row, the new white crosses. On the crosses, on little strips of tin, are the names of those who rest beneath. On some there is one name; on most, two. Everywhere crosses.

Here, in this flat piece of ground, skirted by a great high road which hums all day with the intense traffic of reconstruction, the ends of the earth are gathered. Those who have reached this resting place have come by devious ways from starting points as far removed as the East is from the West; but all, like jetsam on a stream, have been sucked to the center of the vortex, and now they lie quietly side by side in this flat little piece of land.

And then, along the more old line of battle from the Vosges to the sea, are other crosses. Some are pathetically aslant and cumbered with the mud of Flanders and the curious red clays of the hill countries. But all, all bear the names of fresh young boys and the more sober man from the English Midlands, the cockney who told you of the derring-do of Lunnun blokes, and the lads who made these shores from "the States."

The names on the crosses would furnish forth an atlas of the world. From the bush of Australia, from the rolling prairies of our own great West; from the hills of Wales and the gray scattered fellsides of Yorkshire dales; from Scotland and Ireland; from the fields of Flanders they have come.

And there are men of strange and unpronounceable names who knew the golden days of India, and men from the deserts of Africa.

A little apart, like reputations under a shadow, are the graves of a few Germans. A mound covers an "unknown Chinese soldier," and, strangest of all, perhaps, painted on a board among the thickly strewed crosses of

Christ, are the Star and Crescent of the Prophet over the dust of a Mohammedan soldier. One woman lies there—an English nurse who died on active service.

Nature's Kindly Work. Some of the graves seem very new. But already, in a confounding growth of pale blue flowers, each of the older graves is losing, save for its little cross, its individual identity.

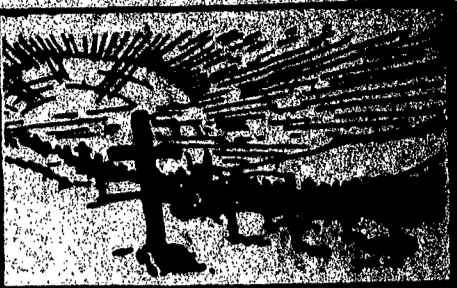
Nature is at her task of smoothing out and toning down. She seems to be uttering a fatalistic call to forget the past. Yet, standing in this little garden, in the austere presence of the multitudinous dead, one says that when so much urges us to remember our hate, it may be well to listen to other voices which plead with us not to forget our charity.

And Gairmans are not doot the same; The lads ye're stickin' in the same Fechts no fer deevilment or fame, But just for pride In his bit decent canty name By some burnside.

In the community of death there is something terrible and august in whose presence hate seems a mean and miserable thing and, like a shadow, melts away. In the same moment one thinks of the boy who, at the bend of the road on a faint September morning, looked back and waved farewell to some girl at a gate, and of some lad, not less dearly loved, who, at another's call, left his pleasant Rhinevalley to go back no more.

Easter! And the boys, with their rejuvenescent Christ, fertilize the little plots with Christian blood—pale blue flowers, in a shy profusion, clamber up the crosses and wander listlessly around the little mounds.

If any, being dead, yet speak, surely they are not voiceless who lie here in this flat little piece of land, skirted by the great high road which hums all



New Garments at Easter

To neglect the putting on of entirely new articles of dress on Easter Sunday was at one time regarded as sure to bring bad luck, and certainly this is one of the practices which has lost nothing with the passing years. Only now it has been slightly altered, so that to have no new clothes to exhibit at the Easter parade is considered sufficiently bad luck in itself, without the fear of any further misadventures that may result from it.

The most remarkable of all water lilies is the Victoria Regia, which was first discovered on the Rio Mamora, a tributary of the Amazon, by a botanist named Haxson, who in 1801 was sent by the Spanish government to study the plants of Peru. During subsequent years repeated efforts were made to send the seeds and roots of this plant to Europe, but they always died. It was not until 1849 that seeds shipped in a bottle of water were successfully planted in the gardens at Kew, England, from which the plant has since been distributed over the world.

The first Victoria Regia that bloomed in the United States was grown in the White House in an aquatic garden under glass, which was destroyed by fire when Andrew Jackson was president.

This wonderful lily has leaves six feet in diameter, resembling huge trays floating on water. They have numerous air cells on the under side, and one of them will sustain the weight of a 200-pound man. The native women of South America put their children on these great platforms while gathering the seed for food. The blossoms, which have a fragrance like that of a pineapple, are white, with a pink center turning to rosy on the second day. They are from 15 to 20 inches in diameter.

The spirit of Easter in the ancient village adjacent to Jerusalem, but it is the Holy City where the chief interest of Easter centers, of course, but is here that the things which are the subject of Holy week take place—the rising of the Feet on Thursday at noon, the Holy fire, Saturday noon, and the mass at midnight, which concludes the prolonged fast and ushers in Easter Sunday.

All the narrow, dirty alleys called streets are thronged with multitudes of adoring people, thrashing their way toward the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Suddenly there is a wild clamor of bells, but after the first noise one is unable to even discern the cause above the roar of voices, the ceaseless tramping, the grunting of muskets, the whining of beggars, the cries of the vendors lined all along the walls and the steps of the church with their beads, glass bracelets, mother-of-pearl rosaries, crosses of cedar, sacred pictures, sweetmeats, foods and slrups, the marvel of which they are crying to the heavens. The money changers are doing business as they did in the courts of the temple. It is all more like a fair than a procession to the holy of holies. There are Arabs and Syrians, natives from Lebanon, Damascus, Hebron and all the little villages we have visited; there are Bedouins, Egyptians, English, Americans, negroes, Kabalis, Copts and Turks. But the latter is the least domineering in his feet than of yours.

Easter Sunday. Easter, instead of being established as a festival for a particular date of the year, was originally celebrated at a time determined by the spring equinox. The date was finally established about the year 825 to be determined by the theoretical date of the full moon that occurs nearest to the spring equinox. With very few exceptions, Easter is celebrated on the Sunday following the full moon which occurs on or about March 21.

Strategic Retreat. "O'Shea," said the captain, "I saw you running from a fox in the morning as if the very fox was after you; you had thrown away your rifle and—"

"Yes, sir. Of course I did, but I see O had just slipped a live grenade in his pocket."

"I see," said the captain.

Easterly Figures. "What are the laws of Easter?" "Almost any married man is to be jaded to death, and you can figure out the rest of it yourself."

The Other Kind Woman. Rejected One: "Do you value my presence at your wedding?" "It depends on how you spend it."