

Sheet Metal Works
Tin, Slate, Tile, Asphalt and Slag Roofing
Steel Ceilings, Furnace Work
Cleaning and Repairing Ventilators
Blower Pipes, Range Hoods
General Repairing and Shop Work
F. E. HAYES CO.
44 Aqueduct Street
Phones—Main 5703, Stone 7781

E. C. Campbell
COAL CO.
555 Lyell Avenue
Wholesale and Retail
Anthracite Coal
Concrete 1824—Phones—Glenwood 547

Robertson & Sons
Shoe Repairers, Inc.
BOTH PHONES
38 W. Water Street
EST. 184
Six New York Shops
We Don't Cobble Shoes We Repair Them
ESTABLISHED 1873

L. W. Maier's Sons
UNDERTAKERS
870 Clinton Avenue N.
Phones 649

Burke & McHugh
CARTING CO.
Light Auto Cars for General Delivery
163 North St.
Main 7111 Phone Stone 3295
Rock. Stone 477 Bell Chase 843

A. J. HEINZLE
Plumbing, Steam and Water Heating
444 University Ave.

CALEY & NASH
Automobile Painting and Trimming
BODIES OF SPECIAL DESIGN
Manufacturers of Fine Carriages,
Sleighs, Delivery Wagons, Etc.
Rock. Phone Park 126 J 128 EAST AVE.

United States and Firestone
Tire Service-Station
Vulcanizing a Specialty
J. C. BAART
454 Main Street E.

House Cleaning
We make a specialty of New Windows,
Shells and Wax Floors.
House Cleaning of all kinds.
All House Work is for Cash. Special Attention
Given to Private Homes. All work done at
Reasonable Prices.
Roe Window Cleaning Co.
123 West Main St. Both Phones

The Best Remedy
Jackson's Cough Syrup 25c
George Hahn
Prescription Druggist
561 State Street

Diamond Van-Curran Co.
1794-1796 East Avenue
AUTOMOBILE RADIATORS
Repaired by Experienced
Workmen.
Rock. Park 831 Bell. Chase 1174
Work Called For and Delivered

Established 1890
Sidney Hall's Sons
Manufacturers of
Boilers, Tanks, Smoke Stacks
General Boiler Repairs
Flues Welded by Machinery
169-175 Mill Street
Rock. Phone, Stone 1227 Bell Main 2685
After 5 p. m., and Holidays
Bell, Gen. 436 or Gen. 2650

New York Auto Tire & Supply Co.
Agents for All Makes of Automobile Tires
PORTAGE CORD TIRES
Automobile Supplies
Cor. Spring & Fitzhugh Streets
Phillip G. Hoffman, Prop.
Main 4398—Phones—Stone 4614

The J. A. Doyle Detective Agency
Highest Police and Detective References; ex-
perienced operators; former member of Detec-
tive Bureau, Rochester Police Department.
Residing Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Both Phones
Expert Commercial, Criminal and Investigative

A WILDERNESS AND THOU

By JESSIE DOUGLAS
(C) 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate

Alice Dishrow looked down at the girl who sat on the railing of the rude camp. "Isn't it funny that I should find you here?" she asked in her high-pitched voice. "How have you ever stood this wilderness?"

"I think it's funnier to see you here," the girl on the railing answered. She looked at Alice with an honest admiration. Alice was in all things her opposite. She was slender and delicate and fair; she had the look of a wild-flower in her pale blue frock and the wide hat with its long velvet streamers. Under the hat, Agatha Holmes saw the eyes that looked like forget-me-nots, with the pencilled brows above them, the white skin, the scarlet of lips that was not quite natural.

That was why Alice Dishrow seemed so out of place here, she decided. She was no more an accompaniment to camp life than an orchid. Her frail dress, her high-heeled suede slippers were not made to tramp these woods. Agatha looked down at her own high-topped boots, at her tweed skirt, her brown hands, with a sudden distaste. For one instant she longed for all the artificialities that made the other girl so charming. But they would not have suited Agatha; she was too simple, too sincere, to resort to subterfuge to cover her lack of prettiness.

Besides, she thought ruefully, nothing could make her pretty. Her fine, strong white teeth, and her eyes, large and gray and honest, were her only good features. "I like the wilderness," Agatha said simply. "I'd been working so hard that just to get away and smell the breath of the forest and drive my canoe across the lake has made my life worth living again."

"Oh, my dear, how do you stand working? I never could. There are so many nice things to do, when there are men, dancing and flirting and—" she mocked the other girl out of the corner of her blue eyes. "Then I shouldn't think you would want to come up here!" Agatha said honestly. "You'll hardly see a man all season, unless you mean the guides or the men who only stop to get a meal on the way with their camping outfit."

Alice was silent. She studied the other girl as a possible adversary. Then complacently she took out her tiny vanity case and powdered her nose in the very sight of the forest aisles. Alice knew that Jere Warren was coming up here; that was why she had chosen to come. She had wanted him to know all winter. Wasn't he the most prominent of the young illustrators, and hadn't people told her time and again that she was just like the illustrations of his prettiest girl?

Alice studied the watch on her white wrist, and then she said: "I'll leave you now"—and trilled into the camp. She had staged too many scenes to miss the chance to play this one artistically. So it was Agatha Holmes, who, still sitting on the railing of the camp, met the dark eyes of a stranger as he came up the trail. His first look of surprise at seeing the girl in this wilderness changed to one of pleasure when he met her friendly eyes.

"This is Humphries' camp?" he asked in a pleasant deep voice. "I wonder if he is expecting me. I walked over from the stage and left my duffle to come behind." "Humphries is out catching fish for dinner now," Agatha smiled. He stood beside her on the rough veranda of the camp and listened to the modulations of her voice. She would be a very pleasant companion, he thought, to get tramping with, to hunt out the secrets of the forest with.

Then Jere Warren turned to see another girl come singing through the doorway. She lifted blue eyes of surprising innocence to his, and dimpled: "Oh, I didn't mean to intrude—" "Ey, jove, she's lovely!" the man thought in his one swift glance. Agatha Holmes introduced them, feeling awkward somehow, and as though she were the intruder, when she heard Alice say: "Oh, you are Jere Warren, the illustrator? If you knew how I admire your drawings!"

Jere Warren seemed flattered at the girl's words; and Agatha blushed hotly, for she remembered the scrapbook she had at home with his illustrations pasted in it! But the words she wanted to say would not come, and she stood there feeling more an outsider as she saw Jere Warren lose himself in admiration of the other girl. Agatha stole away in a few minutes. It was Jere Warren who insisted that they three should dine at one table together in the camp, which separated them from the guides and trappers who were getting ready for the "season." Agatha, watching the other two with her clear-gray eyes, wondered how a man like Jere, who was so clever in his work, could be fooled by the empty little tricks of Alice Dishrow. But she was the first to agree with Jere when he sang the praises of the other's loveliness in her ears. She had fought against her jealousy, and won.

She acquiesced with more pain than pleasure in his proposal that they three take a tramp to a trout stream he had discovered not far away.

HAD LITTLE WILLIE SCARED

Boar's Head, Served in Realistic Style, Looked to Youngster as if Very Much Alive.

Governor Goodrich of Indiana said in a discussion of old Christmas customs: "The old customs that have fallen out of use were a little too coarse and brutal for these ultra-refined times. Take, for instance, the old custom of serving a boar's head at the Christmas dinner. 'I know a rich man who thought he'd revive the old customs on Christmas, and accordingly a boar's head formed the dinner, a lemon in the mouth and the fierce eyes staring glassily straight ahead. The effect was tremendous. 'The rich man, serving slices of the head, came to the turn of his little son. 'Well, Willie, will you have some?' he said. 'Yes, papa,' Willie answered in an awed whisper, 'but please cut me off a piece where it isn't looking!'"

"There's no reason to ruin my dress," she complained. "Oh, it hurts so," she began to cry weakly; while the tears made furrows down her pink cheeks and left the rouge showing in grotesque spots. "We'd better get back," the man said, "before it gets dark."

The three made their way slowly toward the trail, with Alice limping painfully between them. Agatha fancied she heard Jere give a muttered "damn" when Alice wept. "Oh, I don't see why you brought me on this horrid walk! And now you don't know how to get back!"

The darkness had fallen suddenly, as it does in the north woods, and Jere was doubtful of his direction. He looked comically at Agatha and her gray eyes broke into a twinkle of laughter. "We may have to make a night of it," the man apologized. "Of course, they'll send out for us when they discover we're lost. I ought not to have brought you, but I don't dare take the risk of leading you through this wilderness without more light."

"I should say you shouldn't have brought us!" Alice cried, her pretty voice sharp now. "I think it'll be rather a lark." The man heard the smile in Agatha's voice. Agatha helped him gather some dry twigs for a fire and soon they lighted the woods with a bright blaze. Alice sat in the background; when she did come near enough for the fire to show the ravages that a few hours had made in her appearance Agatha was filled with pity. The water dashed on her so unceremoniously had taken the careful wave from her hair, and her white cheeks were stained with tears. And now that she had ceased to be pliant and flirtatious, her charm was gone.

Alice refused the chocolate that Agatha had stuffed in her pocket and drew away from the firelight. Jere and Agatha before the blaze sat munching chocolate, and the man looked at his companion with new eyes. She was just as fresh as she had been when they left in the early afternoon. Her eyes gleamed across at him with their friendly frank gaze, and the heat had lighted a rosiess in her clear brown skin.

It was so dark now that the fire alone lighted the woods with eerie shadows. Agatha, looking behind, saw Alice huddled in a little heap asleep. Jere Warren took off his coat and laid it over her gently. When he came back to Agatha there was a long silence. "The man, lighting his pipe, frowned down into his bowl before he spoke. "I've been a fool, Miss Holmes," he said. "I took the glitter for the gold, and now I wonder— Oh, I'm not good at that sort of thing, but I mean I wonder if a fellow would have a chance to be—your friend?"

The rose in Agatha's cheeks deepened before she answered, and her eyes were no less friendly if they held a new shyness. "I should think so, Mr. Warren—if that girl was I—"

Far off they heard the sound of a faint "Halloo! Halloo!"

REAL "FATHER" OF REVOLVER

Samuel Colt Acknowledged Originator of Idea That Revolutionized Weapons of Warfare.

The first patent for a "revolving firearm" issued by the United States was to Samuel Colt, a Connecticut youth, and bore date of December 28, 1835. Colt was a native of Hartford. He worked for a time in a factory and then ran away to sea. It was during his leisure hours on the long voyage to India that he developed the idea which resulted in the invention of the revolver. He made a model of wood while he was a fifteen-year-old sailor boy.

On his return to America he accumulated funds and went to England and France to secure patents on his idea before he patented them in his native land. A company was organized on this side of the Atlantic to manufacture his weapons, and a plant was established at Paterson, N. J. Colt revolvers were first used in warfare during the Indian conflict in Florida in 1837. The Mexican war led to a great demand for these weapons and brought them into general use.

What Courtesy Overlooks. One way to make sure that you maintain amiable relations with your immediate neighbors is not to permit yourself to take advantage of their close proximity to you. There are always little things that you can learn about your neighbors that it is the part of courtesy to overlook.

THERE TO GET INFORMATION

Sandy Mush Citizens Vitrally Interested in Knowledge Possessed by Fellow Townsman.

"When I got home niter evening," related a citizen of Sandy Mush, "I found a couple o' dozen of my acquaintances and several fellows that I'd never heered of before, setting on my porch and otherwise hanging around, waiting for me. 'What was coming off—a surprise party, or something that-a-way?' inquired the neighbor to whom the incident was being related. 'None; nuth'n' specially surprising about it, considering that some infernal liar had told 'em I'd been orating around that I recollected when the court house in Tumlerville was built a bottle of fine old licker was put in the corner stone. They wanted to know which corner.'—Kansas City Star.

Couldn't Fool Him. Becoming unmanageable from some unknown cause a car turned the corner at Eighth street and Grand avenue, ran westward and onto the viaduct for some distance, then swerved suddenly and plunged over into the street below. As the vehicle took the leap its driver jumped or was flung out, but managed to catch on the broken railing. He hung for a horrid moment on the brink of death, and then scrambled back to safety. "Merciful powers!" ejaculated a pedestrian below. "What a narrow escape!"

"Shucks!" returned the gent from Jimposon Junction, who was on hand. "That wasn't no escape; it was just a trick of some kind. They can't fool me!"—Kansas City Star.

Real Calamity.

It was in the Argonne. A regiment of colored pioneers from Dixie who had been inducted into the service had just received a batch of mail. But neither Jefferson Madison Monroe nor his particular side-kick, Washington Jones, was manifesting any great elation. In fact, they both looked decidedly in the dumps. "Wash," mourned Jefferson, "I'm the hard luckiest nigger what was ever. I done just got a letter from mah gal and she's gone and went and married another."

"Oh, man, man!" wailed Wash. "You don't know what hard luck am. Me, I just got a letter from the draft board what says 'I'm exempt!'"

Water on the Knee.

A certain man of rather a waggish disposition, contends that his wife has no imagination. At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance, which he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean, and had never been seen again. "Was he drowned?" asked his wife. "Oh, no," answered the husband, "but he sprained his ankle, I believe!"

Poor Picker.

A certain drunk, taken to the University station the other night, was never booked because he gave the night squad the best laugh they've had in a long time. "How did you happen to be lying there in the gutter?" demanded the sergeant severely. "Seil right, boss. I jus' happened to walk between two lamp posts and leaned against the wrong one," was the candid reply.—Los Angeles Times.

Benefit of Silence.

"I don't see your name in the paper quite so often as it used to be, senator." "No," replied the senator. "I find it just as well not to inform the public of my whereabouts. When they don't actually know where I am it is natural for them to believe that I am busy working for their interests."

All He Knew About Pianos.

Mr. Newritch—I wanna buy a pianer for my darter. Piano Salesman—Certainly, sir. Here are some beautiful instruments— Mr. Newritch (after several minutes' counting)—Guess I'll take this here one—it has the most keys on it.—Florida Times-Union.

What Next?

A cook recently engaged by a woman of conspicuous wealth and fashion brought her own maid with her. Through every rank of society like conditions prevail.—New York Herald.

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

John H. McAnarney
General Insurance Fidelity Bonds
101-102 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg.
Roch. Phone 2172 Bell Phone 3682 Main

A living, breathing, loving personality
OUR OWN ST. RITA
A LIFE OF THE SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE
By REV. M. J. CORCORAN, O.S.A.
St. Rita gives us the feeling that she is very near to us—a Saint that we can understand. She was so human, and bore the weight of so many woes with patience and kindness of heart. Reading of her beautiful life gives us a new incentive each day, new courage to lift again our cross and struggle bravely on. The Saint stands before us in her girlhood, and her womanhood, as maiden, wife, mother, widow, nun; a living, breathing, loving personality, thoroughly sweet and thoroughly good, yet thoroughly human.
12mo, cloth, illus., net, \$1.00
Will be sent postage paid on receipt of \$1.15

LIVES OF THE SAINTS
With Reflections for Every Day in the Year
Compiled by
REV. ALBAN BUTLER
This volume offers in compendious form the lives of many eminent servants of God. The life of each Saint and the history of each great festival are given in succinct, but clear style, and each day closes with a practical reflection. There is no better book for fostering a spirit of piety than the "Lives of the Saints" and this edition with its low price, clear and legible type, ought to be in every Catholic family.
406 pages, net, 75 cents
Will be sent postage paid on receipt of 85 cents

An Encyclopedia of Catholic Information
The Catholic's Ready Answer
By REV. M. P. HILL, S.J.
will enable Catholics to remember and impart the truths of their religion whenever the occasion presents itself. The right answer at the right time has converted many.
We mention some of the up-to-date questions treated in this book:
Agnosticism, Ape and Man, Blessed Virgin, Broytons, Bible and Geology, Bible Myths, Bible Reading, Catholic and Protestant Countries, Embassy of Priests, Liberty and World's Origin, Church, The, Creation, Christ, Divinity of, Creation, The, Chastity, Evolution, "Christian Science", Confession, Divorce, Darwinism, Existence of God, Eye and the Serpent, Eugenics, Faith, Flood, The, Free Love, Free Masonry, Free Thought, Free Will, Galileo, Geology and the Bible, Hell, Idolatry, Indulgences, Infallibility of the Pope, Labor Unions, Lourdes, Luther, Marriage and Divorce, Prosperity No Test of a Nation's Religion, Protestant Dissent, Purgatory, Reason and Faith, Religion and Morality, Religious Orders, Resurrection of the Dead, Science Witnessing to a Creator, Science and the Bible, Scientific Research Open to Catholics, Secret Societies, Sin, Original, Socialism, Soul, Spirituality of, Spiritism, Spontaneous Generation, Union, Strikes, Superstition, Theosophy, Tradition and the Bible, Transubstantiation, Trinity, The Blessed, Unions, etc., etc.
As the Sunflower turns to the Sun, Our minds should look towards the Truth
8vo, cloth, 490 pages, net, \$2.00
Will be sent postage paid on receipt of \$2.20
Address all orders to Catholic Journal, Rochester, N. Y.