

TO THE PUBLIC

If, because we have been conducting a sale, any have gained the impression that we are going out of business, they are hereby assured that we expect to continue and that we will in the future, as we have in the past, serve the people of Rochester, with honest footwear at reasonable and fair prices.

More than that we shall further serve the buying public by continuing our sale just as long as stock on hand holds out and at prices already announced and advertised.

We have had a remarkable sale but our stock was so complete and well assorted that we have thousands of pairs of shoes still on hand, up-to-date goods in large variety.

That is just the difficulty. We have too many and they must go. The public gets the benefit.

Retail prices on future purchases will be based on market conditions prevailing when goods are bought plus a small margin of profit. **NO PROFITEERING HERE!**

We shall conduct, as before, a First-class Goodyear Repair Establishment and make "Old Shoes like New."

City carfare refunded to buyers of other sections.

Open every evening.

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MEMORY DAY

By MARY M'DONOUGH.

(© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The girl with the dreamy, sad eyes found her way to the little grave in the sleepy churchyard, far away from the teeming city.

She laid her offering of flowers on the mound and then sat beside it, dreaming dreams of another mound in Flanders—perhaps uncared for, perhaps unnoticed; dreaming dreams of other and happier May times, when life seemed rose-tinted and glowing with promise.

A little old lady, shriveled and faltering, her skin brown and wrinkled with the years, broke in upon her reveries. She seemed surprised to find another grieving at her shrine, surprised to find the lovely remembrance of flowers. She brushed an aged hair across her forehead, as if trying to remember the sweet-faced stranger.

"Are you Margaret Ryan's grand daughter?"

"The girl rose and took the old lady's hands in hers.

"I'm Joan Myles," she answered, "and I came from the city. I spent my vacation here last fall. I've always liked to wander alone through church yards, and I came across this tomb stone. It—it seemed mystically dead to me because—it bore the name of the man I was to marry. He—he fell on Flanders fields. The date on the stone was so long ago I thought perhaps no one remembered, and since I could not go to my own beloved's resting place, I thought I could seem nearer to him on this memory day if I came out here where his name was.

But the little old lady was thinking of her own lover-husband, who had fought in the Civil war, and who was still a young, handsome lad to her.

"Ah, that's it," she breathed, "it makes them seem nearer. My folks can't understand my remembering and grieving still, but the poet spoke truly when he said:

"The heart that has truly loved, never forgets,

But as truly loves on to the end, and I never have forgotten during all the years."

And so they stayed there for long hours that flew by on wings, while they talked a little and dreamed.

At last the grounds became deserted. A flaming, riotous sunset hung its exquisite picture over distant hill and reflected itself in the shimmering Merrimac. With a start the girl arose.

"It's very late. You must be faint," she said. "Let me help you to your home. I had no idea we were here so long! But somehow the visit has strangely touched me. I seem more hopeful; my cross seems easier to bear. Perhaps—"

Then she started. She grew deathly pale, and trembled from head to foot for straight in front of her was the image of her sweetheart. A piercing scream, and she fell forward in a dead faint.

When she regained consciousness she found herself in his arms, with the little old lady, whom he addressed as "Grandmother," bending close. The words of "Antonio" in an old poem came to her thoughts: "Oh, ghost or spirit of my buried love, I know not, care not which. But be welcome, thrice welcome to this heart of mine!"

"Jim! Jim!" she breathed, when at last she could speak, "they told me you were dead!"

"And I might as well be," he returned, "when they told me you had broken your faith with me and married."

"Married?" she gasped. "My dear, my dear! What made you think that?"

"Celeste Royden broke it to me gently in a kind, tactful letter. She was beautifully thoughtful in those black 'across-the-ocean' days for me."

"And it was Celeste Royden who broke the news to me of your falling in Flanders. She was inexpressibly sympathetic, and it was her advice that I should seek forgetfulness in another city, away from the haunting memories of you."

"And you are still Joan Myles?" The years seemed to slip from his shoulders and something of a hope that he had thought turned to ashes shone forth in his face. "You've not broken your faith?" It seemed almost too wonderful not to be a dream or fiction. Then a deep, flaming look of wrath came into his face.

"Never mind, Celeste," Joan answered simply. "Jealous, unhappy girls act unaccountably at times, and since we really have each other—since we're going to be so beautifully happy again—let's forgive her!"

"And to think that you should have come to grandfather's grave!" he murmured. "We worried our grandmother staying so long. Had I not come in search of her, I might never have found you again. It seems odd, too, that I should have visited her now."

"Truly the ways of the Lord are wonderful, the little old lady devoutly. 'His ways are not always our ways. I shan't have many more years left to me to take care of this precious grave, but I know now that you two, who have found happiness here, will never forget it."

Tenderly they helped the sweet old soul, who had not forgotten. And so, on Memorial day—that dear, bitter-sweet time when the world pauses to dream of departed "perfect days" with their haunting "memories that bless and burn"—Joan and Jim started life anew, bright with promise and hope.

CURE WAS TOO REALISTIC

Physician Had Failed to Allow for Over-Vivid Imagination of Tuberculous Patient.

The young doctor was relating to his relatives some of the surprising cases with which he had to deal.

"One patient I had," he said, "was very weak and ill. Nothing but a holiday in the south of France would have cured him. It was sunshine he wanted, plenty of sun. But he was much too poor to indulge in this kind of cure, so I had to find another way."

"What did you do then," asked his hearers, "some new cure, perhaps?"

"Hypnotism," the medico replied. "I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion made him think it was the real sun pouring down on him. It worked beautifully, and in a very short time he was practically well. Then one day he died."

"Then it really failed after all?" murmured the listeners.

"No," answered the medical man. "It wasn't a failure. He died of sunstroke!"

MOTTO SHORT AND FITTING

Secretary of Local Football Club Was Not Complimentary to Team.

The secretary of the local football club called a special meeting to discuss the adoption of a motto for the club.

"We ought to have one," he urged. "It would be like a battle cry, you know. What we want is something short and appropriate."

"Well," suggested one member, "what's wrong with 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the kick'?"

While one-half of the meeting roared with laughter the other half wanted to throw him out. Then silence fell as a speaker famed for his cutting humor rose.

"You want something appropriate?" he said. "Well, you can't do better than 'Nil Desperandum.' If you think it's too long, you can drop the 'desperandum' and stick to the 'Nil.' It's our usual score."

The Inside Facts.

An advertisement in an exchange says: "A bolshevik never had a bank account." That, we believe, was not always the case. Probably he once had a comfortable sum, earned by hard work and saved by careful skimping and continuous self-denial, in a bank presided over by a smiling genitor who rejoiced in the title of "Honest George," and was tireless in the church work, prominent in all the lodges in town, a great favorite with the ladies, full of civic pride, and with a hand shake as clinging as the clutch of an octopus. The party pouched the scud and hit the grit betwixt sun and sun for parts unknown. Whereafter the unfortunate depositor, having in sooth no bank account, turned bolshevik and ran about jibbering.

His Business in Post Office.

The commercial traveler met Sandy, the canny one, emerging from the post office.

"Ah, Sandy!" cried the commercial, "it is good to see as prosperous a farmer as yourself—not forgetful of his country! You have been in the post office to purchase war bonds?"

"Nay," said Sandy easily.

"Oh! Then perhaps you have put a little money in the savings banks, that it may help the country?"

"Nay."

"Well," said the traveler as a last resort, "I suppose that you have bought a postal order to send to some poor acquaintance?"

"Nay; I've been in to fill my fountain pen."—London Ideas.

Leap Year Proposals.

The hostess was the only married girl in the crowd, and all the others were giving their requirements, etc., for husbands. "I don't care who he is if he'll never make me raise a garden or chickens," said one. "Mother's peeping little ones now drive me almost crazy. I'll just ask him if he ever will keep chickens and—"

The hostess broke in: "That's just what I did," she laughed. "I asked Henry if he intended to keep any chickens, and when he said he did I just said: 'That's me, and I got him.'"

A Little Air Jaunt.

By flying to Adelaide, South Australia, and back to Melbourne, Sir Ross Smith has completed his little air jaunt from London to the commonwealth. The famous Vickers Vimy machine has been presented to the commonwealth government and will be preserved for the nation in the war museum. Although probably no machine has ever undergone such an extraordinary test as this London-to-Adelaide flyer, the giant machine is still in good order and might conceivably undertake the return trip if called upon.

Film Prints.

"Are you striving to leave footprints in the sands of time?" inquired the constituent.

"Footprints in the sands of time mean nothing nowadays," replied Senator Sorghum. "The object at present is to do something that will enable posterity to say, 'That's the fellow' when they see your face in a moving picture film."

We All May Do It.

"New suit, eh?"

"New suit, nothing. This is a suit I made my wife hang onto for five years because I told her I thought I might need it to go fishing in."



HOW TOPSY WON

TIGER and Tim were two kittens, and while their mother, Mrs. Puss, tried to bring them up as well-mannered kittens should be brought up, those two naughty kits quarreled all the time.

Topsy Kitten; their sister, was a nice quiet little puss, and Mrs. Puss was very proud of this one well-behaved child, you may be sure, and that was one reason her brothers never gained a chance to plague their sister because she was always held up to them as a model.

But the one thing they never forgave was what took place in the barn one day, though it was not at all Topsy's fault but their own.

Mrs. Puss had offered a prize to the one who should catch the first mouse. It was to be a red ribbon for their neck and each one, of course, wanted it.

"Oh, we will get the prize," said Tim to Tiger. "Topsy is so nice she



would not run after a mouse. Let us go in the barn and watch this morning. Then I can wear the ribbon this afternoon when we sit out in front in the sun."

"I am going to win the prize," said Tiger. "You can't have it."

"Oh, I know I'll get the mouse first," said Tim. "I can always beat you running."

"Neither of you will get it if you stand there quarrelling," said Mrs. Puss, giving each of her sons a tap on their ears which sent both scudding into the barn.

Tim sat down by the biggest hole,

and Tiger sat on the other side. They pushed each other, and they snarled, and they growled, and they both snarled at the one who caught the mouse, and they both snarled at the one who caught the mouse.

It was a long time before Topsy came out of her hole because she made so much noise, but at last she did see. Over her eyes and ears she rakes and how they all flew. Tim caught it, but Tiger took it from him, saying that he saw it, and that the mouse belonged to him.

Tim Kitten said it was his, and began to push Tiger, and the thing they knew they had done was all about the mouse, which he capped and was running for his life.

Tim and Tiger tumbled and rolled at each other in a terrible way, rolling all the time, each saying the mouse was his, and Tiger was passing the barn, heard the noise and went in to see what was going on.

Just as she entered the door the mouse was running for its life, as quick as a wink, Topsy pounced on it and carried it off to her mother.

That afternoon when Mrs. Puss sat out in the sun with her three children Topsy wore the red ribbon, while her brothers looked at her with envy and anger.

"She took my mouse," said Tim. "I caught it first."

"It was my mouse. I saw it before you did," said Tiger.

"If I hear another word about this mouse both of you will go to bed without your supper," said Mrs. Puss. "You two were not always quarrelling, one of you would have won the prize, but your sister caught the mouse and brought it to me first and the prize is hers."

As they were to have a saucer of cream for supper, Tim and Tiger thought it best not to talk any more, but Tim whispered to his brother and said:

"Who wants the old red ribbon anyway? I don't. Only girl kittens wear those things."

"I don't want it, either," said Tiger, rolling over on the grass. "Boy kittens can't fight with ribbons on their necks."

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SCHOOL DAYS



We Can Help You Make Money

The right kind of printed forms will help your business prosper by saving your time and keeping your records in proper shape.

Our service as printers is not limited to taking your order and putting some ink on paper according to your directions.

We are able to make suggestions for business forms that may save considerable money for you. Our plant is completely equipped and we carry a stock of...

The Utility...