

LIZARD EGGS CAUSE SCARE

Housewives in England Believed They Were Being Sold Eggs of Reptilian Origin.

It's a misuse of words to say "trade is dull." Sales may be slow or business bad; but trade is never dull.

Sometimes in trade there develops the ridiculous. For instance, English housewives threw a fit lately when the alarm was spread that big lizard eggs were sold in the markets and labeled "hen eggs."

We Gave Father John's Medicine A Fair Trial

It Helped the Children and Now We Always Keep It On Hand



Our children used to catch cold regularly every winter until we began to give them Father John's Medicine.

In thousands of homes Father John's Medicine is regularly kept on hand to ward off the danger from colds, and whenever anyone of the family becomes weakened and run down this old-fashioned body building tonic is used.

Good Health Makes A Difference

With it life is a joy, without it life is burdensome. If you are not enjoying the best of health...



to restore your health, it will cleanse your bowels, and put your kidneys in order...

Also put up in convenient Tablets form for those who prefer this wonderful preparation in that way...

FAINTED WHEN PHONE RANG

Pioneer Telephone Man Recalls Days When Women Thought Voice on Wire Was Supernatural.

The woman radio enthusiast who thrills with wonder when she succeeds in picking up a concert broadcast from some distant point probably does not realize that her sister of a generation or two ago experienced fully as marked an emotional upheaval when she first heard a voice over an ordinary telephone.

Sometimes these first experiences with Bell's invention were attended by results that were almost serious, according to W. D. McKinney, a pioneer telephone man of Columbus, O., who entered the business at the bottom, in the days when boys were employed as operators.

BURIED IN THE "SNOW DUST"

Avalanche Overtaken in the Swiss Mountains Often Buries Houses, Men and Beasts.

The "Staub Lawine" or snow dust avalanche occasionally encountered in the Swiss mountains, is a visitation of wind which suddenly lifts the entire snow mantle from the side of a mountain and carries it along in a blinding, pelting, overwhelming mass that is irresistible.

Of Course.

Newlywed was on his honeymoon, and as he had married a very pretty girl he lost no chance of telling everybody with whom he came in contact that he was a married man.

"Certainly, sir," said the clerk. "For how many?" "For myself and wife," replied Newlywed.

King Robert the Bruce. A little more than a century ago three workmen digging in Dunfermline Abbey, Scotland, came upon a vault containing a body covered with cloth of gold under folds of sheet lead.

Deadly Apprehension.

After many long years they met again, the old tragedian and the dear old lady who was once a lovely Sweetheart, and she embraced her. Then he started back. "Woman, he cried, 'what's that noise you're making?'"

Herring "Pearls."

Turning fish scales into pearls, by a secret process, is the object of a commercial mission from the United States to Scottish ports.

VALUE OF MONEY

By LOUISE M. ADDELSON

BUT—my dear, Ellen is only twenty-two, and John Baxter must surely be— "He's forty-eight, but what of it?" Mrs. Gray's sharp little eyes peered defiantly into the shocked face of her visitor.

The little lady with the gray hair and sympathetic eyes looked troubled. "I know that from the standpoint of wealth Baxter is eligible. But, after all, what is the real value of money? Can it purchase love? Can it buy real and lasting happiness?"

"Money," said Mrs. Gray, emphatically, "can buy even love and happiness. Money is the most important thing in life. My niece will be happy. I have no regrets about having influenced her for her own good. I am glad she has me to thank for wealth such as a girl in her position never dreamed of."

"I disagree," said Ellen's aunt, with a decisive movement of her hand. "I have done the right thing by my niece, and Ellen will find it out."

Seven years had passed since Ellen's marriage. Seven years of fitting from summer resort to winter resort, from Europe to America, from North to South, East to West; the smiles of friends and acquaintances, and the boasted pride of Aunt Adele. On the eighth anniversary of her marriage Ellen's daughter was born, a fair-haired little creature, with heavily-fringed violet eyes and a rose-bud mouth. Ellen took the greatest pride in her, spent many hours in the nursery for the sheer joy of looking at her.

"A very sweet little mistress," said Aunt Adele. "A treasure of a baby," declared Mrs. Gratten, when she came to see Ellen two months after the infant's arrival. Ellen smiled wistfully. Mrs. Gratten was pained to see tears in her eyes.

"Of course I'm a silly Aunt Adele says I ought to be the happiest woman in the world. I suppose I am, really, especially since baby came." She bent forward and kissed Mrs. Gratten's wrinkled cheek. "I'll try not to indulge in any fancied sorrows."

A year later saw Mrs. Gratten in Ellen Baxter's sumptuous home again, greeting a pitifully white and trembling hostess in the older woman's arms the flood of her grief broke loose, and Ellen's tears, interspersed with broken sentences, poured forth tumultuously.

"You see, dear friend, before I married John, Aunt Adele assured me that with so much money I could not help being happy. I was afraid, because John was so much older than I. But he seemed fond of me, and Aunt Adele said it was all right. Oh, I'm not complaining. John was very, very kind, but John's money couldn't save my baby, my sweet, precious little baby, and there doesn't seem to be anything in life to look forward to."

"Oh, why did Aunt Adele say that money could make everything right? I really didn't care for that tramping round the world. The things that money brought me were such useless, trivial things. But my baby—almost every poor woman has a child, and mine—mine couldn't be saved! What, oh what, is the value of money?" Mrs. Gratten silently allowed her to weep and talk, knowing that that would be the salvation of the over-charged heart and brain.

Weight Not a Factor.

One day a friend and I were discussing some of the fat girls in our school-room. I asked Gladys how much she weighed. She answered: "Only 120 pounds, thank fortune." She then asked me what my weight was. I had to confess that it was 135. Looking very much surprised, my friend said: "Why, Gertrude, you certainly don't look it!"

THE OLD MAID

By JANE JORDAN

SHE slipped in among them unobtrusively, and rented for next to nothing a shabby old house near the stream. A quiet little woman, her dark hair drawn so plainly back that the girls coming from school joked about it.

Colorless was the word which might have described Belleville's old maid. For such she came to be named—thoughtlessly perhaps. She was so demure, diffident, unadorned, patient always with the most irritating customer.

Sometimes Miss Dawson left town for short visits to her old home. If neighbors thought of Miss Dawson's girlhood home at all, it was as a sort of farm house, isolated, with, maybe, friends of a bygone time, to still make her welcome. Her return to beautiful Belleville was always marked by renewed activity in her tasks.

A farmer stopped one day to ring Doctor Compton's bell and told him that passing the home of Miss Dawson he had noted a dark object lying prone on the porch in the sunlight. The object proved to be the dressmaker herself, in an unconscious condition. Doctor Compton hurriedly answering the call, found the worn woman where the farmer had carried her, conscious now, but white and appealing. "I think," said Miss Dawson smiling from the couch cushion, "that it must have been the heat."

"I know," the doctor brusquely replied. "That it is overwork. You must get some place to rest and be taken care of."

"Home?" he questioned, "and Jasmine?" "Miss Dawson's cheeks were scarlet. "Please," she said, "I am going to confide in you. The place I call home is a beautiful estate in a wide park. We Dawsons have lived there for generations. Our fortune diminished and was lost with the years. I promised our mother when she died to keep the old place—one way or another—for my sister Lillian. When Lillian married the man of her heart the task was even more difficult, for he was a young musician of promise—but poor. He was abroad when Lillian's tiny daughter was born, later he fled there. My sister lived only long enough to crave from me the promise her mother had asked—that I keep for Jasmine the baby—the home we loved. Jasmine, she would have the little one called—she has ever been just a frail white flower. Some way I have managed to keep that promise to my sister."

"Early Jasmine gave promise of that wonderful gift—a golden voice—her father's heritage. I sent her away to school—I managed to give to her proper training—I managed by doing what I am now doing, stopping in small places where I might live in economy, while the big house of my people was closed. That home which must be hers, a home suitable for a great singer to come back to, and to keep. Jasmine knew nothing of my struggle."

"Now, Jasmine is coming home for the last time before her trip abroad. Her college ended. I must be there to have the house open, to welcome her. She has believed that the big silent home bored me—that I have found sociability and pleasant friends in small towns where I elected to stay. Sometimes I sent her the papers—Jasmine thought—"

"I understand." Doctor Compton answered slowly, "what Jasmine thought." He frowned at the rookery of comparison. A neighbor came, tossing a letter to Miss Dawson. "Brought it from the postoffice," the neighbor said. The doctor watched the lovely color fade from the cheeks of Jasmine's sacrificing aunt; watched a mist gather in the gentle blue eyes.

"Jasmine is married," she whispered. "A nice lad, she writes, who graduated with her from college. He has money. She will not need me—any more. Still, I must go, to have the house—Jasmine's home, ready for their coming." "I," said the doctor, "will myself drive you to the station."

Two months later, or it may have been three, Doctor Compton brought his bride to the family home in Belleville; he had decided that here for a time duty might not demand him. The town caught its breath in surprise. Dora Dawson the doctor's bride, her dark hair loosened—becoming, a modish suit replacing the remembered plain one—"Belleville's Old Maid," the great surgeon's wife!

Pride and reverence was in the glance he bestowed upon her. Through her answering smile shone the beauty of Dora Dawson's life.

DEATHS

Renner—George Renner, an employee of the New York Central Railroad for fifty-seven years, died September 15, at the home of his son, William Renner, No. 415 Electric avenue, aged 84 years. Funeral took place Sept. 15th, from SS. Peter and Paul's Church.

Sands—Mrs. Annorah Kneale Sands died September 14, at her home, No. 45 Wilcox street. The funeral took place from Blessed Sacrament Church, September 17th.

Maley—At his home, No. 91 Bartlett street, Sept. 15, James Malley, aged 83 years. Funeral from the Immaculate Conception Church September 18th.

Connors—At the family home, Eddy road, Greece, September 16, John Connors. Funeral from Our Mother of Sorrows Church on September 18.

Claesgens—Mrs. Mary Claesgens, of No. 73 Evangeline street, died Sunday morning, Sept. 16, aged 92 years. Funeral from St. Monica's Church, September 18.

Kolb—Mrs. Anna Kolb, died September 16, in her 83d year, at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Frank L. Nied, No. 290 Westminster road. Funeral took place September 18th, from St. Joseph's Church.

Lavery—John W. Lavery died September 16, aged 58 years. The funeral took place from the residence of his son, 228 Garson avenue, at 8:40 and from Corpus Christi Church at 9 o'clock.

Ready—Edward J. Ready of No. 639 Emerson street, died on September 14. Funeral took place from Holy Apostles' Church, on September 18th.

English—At her home, No. 67 Greig street, September 17, Mrs. Eliza English. Funeral from the Immaculate Conception Church on September 19th.

Gibson—Hessie L. Brier Gibson, aged 35 years, of No. 459 Meigs street, died September 19. Funeral from Blessed Sacrament Church on September 22.

Holland—Edward Holland, aged 60 years, died at No. 43 Kent street. Funeral from Lady Chapel, Cathedral, on September 21st.

Lucas—Mrs. Bridget Lucas, of No. 116 Bronson avenue, died on September 17th. Funeral Thursday morning, interment at St. Mary's cemetery, Fairport, N. Y.

Bamann—Frederick W. Bamann, aged 59 years, died Thursday morning, September 20, at his residence, No. 130 Weld street. Funeral from Corpus Christi Church, September 22.

Dunn—George E. Dunn, aged 8 years, died at his home, Sept. 19th. Funeral from Holy Apostles' Church, September 22.

Weis—Margaret J. Keyes Weis, died Sept. 20th at Edgewood avenue, Brighton, aged 45 years. Funeral Sept. 24th from the Blessed Sacrament Church.

Bathing an Unnecessary Exposure. Arbiters of fashion in France two centuries ago not only discouraged bathing but even the application of water to the skin. A manual for the guidance of youth, first published in 1718, and running through 50 editions is the course of the century, instructed its readers: "For the sake of cleanliness it is well to rub the face every morning with a white towel in order to remove the dirt. It is not advisable to wash with water, for this exposes the face to the chills of winter and the heat of summer."

Connelly—Francis L. Connelly, aged 17 years, of No. 16 Capron street, died on September 19th. The funeral took place from St. Mary's Church September 21st.

Caraher—Owen Caraher died September 18th, at his home, No. 470 Flower City park, aged 86 years. Funeral from the Sacred Heart church, September 21st.

Killeen—Miss Marie Killeen, died September 18, at the family home, No. 413 Lexington avenue. Funeral took place September 21st from Holy Rosary Church. Interment at Holy Sepulchre cemetery in the family lot.

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