

New Spring Clothes

The Stein Bloch label on a Suit or Overcoat stands as a warranty. Warranty of what? That fabrics are the best, dollar for dollar, to be had? That style is right because it is Stein Bloch style? All of that and then this other thing so rare in clothes now a days. Every stitch is there and every stitch is right.

That's why the clothes and label stands together through months and months of wear.

That's why the Stein Bloch label means clothes distinction that sticks.

- New Stein Bloch Spring Suits \$20 to \$32
- New Stein Bloch Spring Overcoats \$18 to \$32
- New Clothcraft Spring Suits and Overcoats \$12 to \$22
- New Spring Knox Hats
- New Spring Manhattan Shirts.

117 Main St. **Schaal & Roosa** Hornell, N. Y.

GREENWOOD LOCAL BRIEFS

St. Patrick's Day, Wednesday-Springlike days, Wintry nights—the production of "Down in Maine" at the Opera House last week followed by a dancing party, drew a crowded house.

Larry Reynolds of Troupsburg has engaged with the Coston Company to work in their store.

Charles Austin is in Addison-taking account of stock bought by the Coston Co. Mr. Austin will move his family to Addison in the near future. Mr. Austin's friends in Greenwood regret to have them leave us.

Our community was shocked this morning to learn of the death of Philip Conway of West Union. Mr. Conway was one of West Union's most prominent men and was highly respected by all. He was a victim of that dread disease pneumonia, and the disease progressed so rapidly that many had not heard of his serious condition before the announcement of his death. Mr. Conway left surviving his widow, seven daughters, namely: Mrs. John Carter, Mrs. Robt. McCormick, Misses Agnes Conway, Beatrice, Alice, Margaret and Bernadine Conway, and three sons: Vincent, Donald and Lee, besides many other relatives and friends.

There have been 102 consecutive days of sleighing up to today and snow enough in the woods for 102 days more if distributed in the roads.

The trial of H. L. Cole is on at Corning to-day and quite a number of Greenwood people are in attendance at court as witnesses. It is believed that the case will go to the jury by Wednesday night.

It looks cheery to say the least for a German warship to sink one of our merchant ships and then come into one of our ports for refuge and repairs.

Perry Clark of Canisteo died Tuesday at his home in that place of cancer. Mr. Clark was formerly a resident of this place and was born in Troupsburg.

Funeral arrangements have not been made at this writing. Mr. Clark was highly respected by all who knew him and his loss will be deeply mourned by all. Mr. Clark is survived by his wife.

Mrs. Albert Trowbridge and Mrs. Oliver Jackson were in Hornell Monday.

Dale Baker is in Corning as a witness for the people in H. L. Cole case.

Fred White of Jasper was in Greenwood Saturday.

Frank and Nelson Macauley were in town Saturday.

Park Waters of West Greenwood was a village visitor Wednesday.

A shooting affray is reported in Allegany County, but the particulars have not been received.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sturtevant were in Corning Tuesday.

Jas Donigan of West Hill was a visitor in town Saturday.

Thomas Freeland of Hornell is visiting Greenwood relatives and friends.

E. H. Hough of the Canisteo Chronicle was in town Saturday.

Will Atkins of Fall Creek was in town Tuesday.

James Brownell of Hayes Corners is going to work in the cheese factory in this village.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Miller were village visitors Friday.

Wm. Vanderhoof and C. W. Knight are in Corning.

Homer Donaldson was a city visitor Saturday.

Ferris Foster of Slate Creek was in town Tuesday.

Ward Bailey was a village caller Saturday.

A person representing the American Slicing Machine Company, while setting up a machine in Karlen's store, cut his hand seriously. He went to Canisteo to get his injured hand dressed.

Mrs. Calista Patchen of Hornell spent last week with her sister, Mrs. R. P. Stephens, in this place.

THE FORUM

DOING GOOD

What I Saw in a Dream

By Rev. V. L. Eggleston

This hackneyed old subject was not my choice. It was put upon me a few nights ago in a dream. I had been reading some extracts from a new book that represents modern civilization as on the decline and as destined to go the way of the ancient civilizations, those of Persia, of Egypt, of Greece and of Rome.

Reflecting on this sad and hopeless picture, I fell asleep and saw as in a vision just its opposite. The whole round world passed like a panorama before me, and I saw human beings everywhere making themselves useful to each other in ways that do not depend upon the success or failure of any political form.

I saw races that we call savage practicing the moral virtues in ways that put to shame our boasted civilization. I saw black men in the heart of Africa reserving a portion of their domain for the use of needy strangers who might pass their way. I saw fields planted by these dusky sons of nature from which they themselves refrained to gather, leaving the ripe fruit for the passing traveler. I saw these poor heathens so honest that the European traveler might spread out what to them are inestimable treasures upon the grass and leave them unguarded. I saw the natives gathering around these treasures with wondering eyes but touching not. I saw in many forms the evidence that a high civilization does not necessarily carry with it an improvement in morals.

I saw red men who never went on the war path and who lived in peace with all the world and among whom the vice of stealing is unknown. I saw people in the humblest walks of civilized life practicing the highest virtues and doing more for themselves than even the most benevolent of the rich are capable of doing for them. I saw myriads of homes where, all unknown to the world, women in cheap garments, with hands stiffened with toil, and brows wrinkled with care, were living up to the highest virtues, breeding and training up the future rulers of the land, the future possessors of its wealth.

I saw everywhere in work shops, in forest and field the men who create wealth with honest toil. Men whose characters do not depend upon the form of government under which they live, men whose skill and whose homes form the basis of staple institutions in every land.

I saw the poorest of the poor in the "slums" of great cities struggling out of their filth toward comfort and even future wealth. I saw children of that class pursuing their studies with more zeal and intelligence than the average of those who pride themselves upon their wealth and culture. I saw a company of boys, mostly of foreign origin, in a poor tenement house of the great city, who had organized themselves into a society for literary culture, with a little library of second-hand books, meeting every day after school for useful reading. I saw them growing up into successful men with the likelihood that some of them would occupy positions of wealth and influence.

I saw the great majority of the human race engaged every day, almost every hour, in acts that come under the head of doing good. I saw the countless little acts of courtesy that adorn the common life of all classes in all countries.

I saw a still more remarkable evidence of moral goodness in the animal world below mankind. I saw the affection of bird and beast for its kind, the devotion of the mother bird and beast to her young, starving herself to feed them, laying down her life in their defence.

I saw the devotion of the domestic animal to its master, the horse that will not stop with his hard hoof upon a man, the dog that will take the hand of a child playfully in its mouth and not do the slightest harm, the tenderness with which dogs and other animals play with each other, being careful not to hurt, and finally I saw silent nature tenderly caring for all her children, healing their wounds with the love of a mother and with vastly more skill, attending at once to an infinite number of calls and never forgetting or neglecting one.

In all these things covering the vast panorama of earthly life that spread its self out before me as in a vision, I saw so much of well doing, so many evidences that nature and her products are inclined to goodness of some kind that when I awoke from what had been half dream and half meditation, the gloomy thoughts derived from the book had disappeared, and this world seemed only one vast field of opportunities for doing good.

It is true that the gloomy view of life has its reason and its argument. It points to the suffering that may be seen on all hands, to the wounds that nature inflicts upon each other, but, true philosophy finds utility in every apparent evil, finds, indeed, nothing absolutely bad or useless, finds nature beneficent even in her angry moods, finds storms as useful as sunshine, poverty as useful as wealth, disease and death as useful as life and health and all things a unit for good. Otherwise the universe had better not exist.

But whatever view one may take of life it always remains true that under all circumstances, the best thing is to do good, to make the individual life a blessing to all upon whom its light may shine, and if this is true, that the profitable thing is to do good and to be good even when selfish interest is alone considered, it follows that the universe and all life with it has a moral purpose, a moral goal, a moral destiny.

A right theory of life as a whole seems to be the true starting point in complete living. I have tried to state a certain hopeful view as it came to me after having read a very opposite one—the pessimistic view, that places that the cause of the cheerless and hopeless view of life has its origin in a mistaken philosophy as to the real nature of things called evil and that the hopeful view proceeds from the philosophy that finds actual value in all things that exist, the so-called evil being a necessary counterpart and background of the good. Others may wish to see the dark side of all things enlightened so that only sunshine shall prevail everywhere, but I cannot imagine a condition of things in which night, and cold, and pain, and death should not exist within the physical universe. They exist for a purpose and the wise will find that purpose on every hand and they will contribute to the perfection of every such philosophical life.

What determines our "real selves"? The unknown, the undiscovered deeps, the unprobed subconsciousness—or the actual needs?

What determines what "life" shall be? What is the measure of the individual's responsibility in the light of the terrific hereditary heritage and the fixing influence of environment? Theology is quick to answer, but psychology hesitates.

Some—those who believe that man has "fallen"—answer all questions by saying that human nature was "ruined by the fall," and we're all "lost"; potentially evil.

Some do not hold this idea. Shall we not be wiser to say that deep under consciousness, under subconsciousness, deep as the heart stamped with God's image that cannot be lost, is the Better Self?

The check incident may not have been the deed of the potential thief, but might have been in imitation of our modern predatory economic methods. It is not unheard of to take other peoples' money. It would be interesting to hear the man describe the incident from the beginning. I think it more truth to hold the essential goodness of the human race. We're not very good, but we're never better. We're climbing up, too.

We're better than worse.

That we have a sense of responsibility and are willing to

bear our own load speaks well. We know we'll find God sometime—all.

All the "potential" thieves would.

All the "potential" honest would not.

Was Judas potentially long before he actually became a thief? Might he have gone a life through and have never stolen if circumstances had been right? But opportunity found him ready to betray the greatest soul that ever lived (and he knew that) for a few dollars.

An interesting psychological study is suggested on the basis of potential and actual wrong-doing. Where in relation to the Over-Soul who knows people through and through, shall those stand who potentially are capable of wrong, but who do not commit wrong because they are kept from it by opportunity being lacking?

Does the desire of the heart, though unexpressed and never actually put into action give us the same guilt as actual transgression?

A short time ago a man received a letter containing a check for \$300. It belonged to a man of the same name and initials. The "wrong" man signed the check, collected the money and kept it. Up to this time the man had never reckoned honest. If the letter had not been delivered to the wrong address, it is likely he would have lived his years through honestly, possibly self-consciously honest. But the accident shows that he was potentially capable of theft. This is a puzzle to psychologists, however easily theologians may dispose of the question.

Sign Boards on the Up-road

By Hamilton B. Williams

You've always been oh Better Self, a lodger in my house of life,
Close as a brother sticks and tender sweet as love-breast of a wife.
You're closer, yond mind's measure, close indeed, to me as God's heart lies.
And yet I dragged you struggling down and fouled your face with sludge of the sties.
And I a grovel in the mire flipped a journal thumb at God and laughed,
And drank a rouse to fate. It was not ruddy wine you stark-eyed quaffed.
When I have loosed the scalding word of hate and knout of scorn, and laid
The scorpion-bash of jeering on some quivering soul God's love hands made;
When I have bludgeoned hope with anger's stroke and and killed a faith with jibe;
And passed a brother who needed help Siloam's pool, beside;
When I sold honor's birthright for a paltry fee of others' gold;—
Why did you stay within my house, when ghosts walked in Shame's garments stoled?
It must be when you climbed by night the dream-lanes that God said: "wait a bit";
He will be coming home sometime through the night we'll "keep the candles lit";
Is God so poor that He must woo? or, is't He has of love such wealth?
That's it. God may not lose His souls... my friends-for God—the Better-Self.

In every town how many would pick up a pocket-book containing a thousand dollars and go quietly about their business quite forgetting to say anything about the find?

All the "potential" thieves would.

All the "potential" honest would not.

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Free Literature Describing the Great California Exposition

Write at once to this Bureau for literature descriptive of the great Panama Pacific International Exposition, which opened in San Francisco on Feb. 20 and the great Panama-California Exposition now open at San Diego.

This Bureau is prepared to supply complete information in regard to railroad rates, hotel accommodations, interesting side trips and reliable, authentic, unbiased information about any section of the great Pacific Coast country.

Send us twenty cents in stamps and we will send you a book describing the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, book describing the Panama-California Exposition, a map of California and a sample copy of "Sunset Magazine," the great Pacific Coast national magazine, containing 10 beautiful pictures of the Expositions. The regular price of the magazine is twenty cents cents per copy. Address

Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, San Francisco, California

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New Things to Wear This Spring

NEW SUITS
All Wool Suits in this season's best styles, fabrics and colorings, \$10.00 to \$25.00

NEW HATS
The newest blocks, in blue, green, brown and gray \$1.50 to \$3.00

NEW SHIRTS
Guaranteed Fade Proof fabrics, in the newest patterns 50c to \$2.00

WHOLE FAMILY USES THE

"Fruit-a-lives" Keeps Young And In Splendid Health



J. W. HAMMOND, Esq.
SCOTLAND, ONT., Aug. 25th.
"Fruit-a-lives" are the only manufactured, to my way of thinking, they work completely, no grip whatever, and one is plenty for ordinary person at a dose. My wife was a martyr to Constipation, tried everything on the calendar without satisfaction, and spent large sums of money until we happened "Fruit-a-lives". I cannot say much in their favor.

We have used them in the family about two years and we would not anything else as long as we can get "Fruit-a-lives". J. W. HAMMOND

Those who have been relieved "Fruit-a-lives" are proud and happy to tell a sick or ailing friend about the wonderful tablets made from fruit juice "Fruit-a-lives", the celebrated fruit medicine, has relieved more suffering from Stomach, Liver, Bowel, Kidney and Skin Troubles, than any other medicine ever discovered.

50c, a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 2c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ogdensburg, New York.

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Guaranteed Fade Proof fabrics, in the newest patterns 50c to \$2.00

Chas. M. Lash & Co.

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We are constantly receiving inquiries from people who are looking for desirable farms.

If your farm is for sale it will cost you nothing to list it with us. We make no charge unless we make a sale.

For Rent—Two or three houses and lots.

For Sale—One of the best residence properties in Andover.

CHAS. M. LASH

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No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor, LYMAN BROWN, 63 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WHILE MAN WITH BLACK LIVES
The Liver is a blood purifier. It was thought at one time it was the seat of the passions. The trouble with many people is that their Liver becomes weak because of impurities in the blood and bad physical states causing biliousness, Headache, Dizziness and Constipation. Dr. King's New Life Pills will clean up the Liver, and give you new life at your Druggist.

Advertisement.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mail Orders receive Prompt Attention

A Great

The Norfolk Suit Coats
arts with the flare and
For your inspection Co
ch recently selected in
ceived as late as this m
ade by today's departu
A brief guide list of so

CO

THE SMART S
The last snow storm is hardly
under the leaves. Today you
it, but tomorrow the sun may
at.
We are ready beforehand with
the most fashionable new Co
strictly tailored, some are in
re dressy effects, in a wide va
s. All at moderate prices as
\$0.00, \$12.00, \$13.50, \$15

SILK PETTICOATS.

The full-flare models with the
best flouncings—made of Taf
and Charmeuse—in black,
te, and new spring shades—
exceptional values at
\$1.98, \$2.98, \$3.25 \$4.98

New Wash G

Every piece of which is a "Brea
e." Since we mentioned the
best creations in Wash Goods
Little Voile, Shadow Lace Voile,
Red Voile, Shadow Stripe
Embroidered Crepes and
received thousands of yards
of beautiful fabrics.
Among the latest arrivals are
striped effects on Voiles and
s. Also an extensive line
dresses
It is time for you to step in
an extensive line and see w
dionable apparel can be had a

Scores of New Neckwe

As we have summed up the
ation of Neckwear fashions,
closed, semi-closed or V neck
ly correct, and the Neckwear
ready to show scores of new
each of these effects.

SOUTH HILL

17.—Hail, St. Patrick.
feel that Spring is nigh.
r makers' thoughts now
sap.

Mayme Fohlen of Wells
as the guest of Mr. and
d Horan Saturday and

ard Livermore was doing
in Wellsville Monday.

Agnes Forness and brothe
bes, visited friends in Horn
Friday until Monday.

Horan is spending a few
at the home of J. P. Smith
lsville.

old & McAndrew are
a rig for Shahan & Co.
Lynch farm.

and Rob Dean were team
Wellsville for Shahan Co.
sday.

ives of A. M. Mingus
Lewis and son, were Tues
over Sunday.

Nellie Horan spent Tues
ght and Wednesday with
er, Mrs. Lou Snyder o
alley.

paper readers will be
ankful when lawyers an
ers allow the notorious (T
to sink into oblivion. (T
nations should have him
ret for some of their bu

Casey, Jr., has leased the
ad farm in Greenwood
he will try farming th
year. Success to him.
regret to note the drop
the farmers are gettin
med to those "drops" i
they have to sell.

Horan was up fro
lle Sunday for a days vi
family home.