

Way Down in the Heart of Every Person

—MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD—

is the desire to dress well and becomingly. How well a man can do this is largely up to the merchant who sells him clothes.

Fall Suits and Overcoats of the Steam-Bloch Smart sort at \$48 up to \$85. Clothcraft Suits and Overcoats at \$42 and up.

The new Fall Suits and Overcoats for the small boys as well as the larger ones. The new "Push Back" styles in all the new desirable, wearable weaves and colors, and the price is within the reach of all. Just have a look at our \$5 and \$6 Suits and Top Coats for boys from 4 to 10 years.

New Fall Hats and Caps at \$6 and \$1.00.

We feel that in selling Steam-Bloch Smart and Clothcraft Guaranteed Clothes for men and young men we are offering the very best the market affords at the price asked. Our past experience is proof that our customers are satisfied.

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

GREENWOOD LOCAL BRIEFS

Fine weather.
Farmers busy at potato digging.
John Dennison is buying and loading potatoes—paying \$1.00 per bushel. That seems to be a good price for stock direct from the field. Still some are looking for higher prices.
The new barn of Ezra Stephens being constructed in the place of the one recently struck by lightning and burned, is enclosed and nearing completion.
Wednesday of last week was big-day at Bath Fair. Greenwood was well represented.
The county road through Main Street in this place is being rushed to completion by Supt. R. P. Stephens.
A few of the N. Y. & Pa. train hands struck at Shingle-house Saturday, probably to be in the fashion set by street railway strikers in New York. They probably will meet with the same success.
Report was in circulation this morning that Mrs. Mary J. Brundage died during the night but her many friends are happy to learn that the report was a mistake. Mrs. Brundage has been sick for some time but is more comfortable at this writing.
H. A. York, of Hotel York, at Hornell, was greeting former Greenwood neighbors Friday.
Ezra Cornell has moved from this place to Whitesville. Mr. Cornell was a good citizen and we regret to have him leave us.
Wm. E. Pease, of West Greenwood, was a business visitor Tuesday in Greenwood.
A load of potatoes at present prices brings two loads of money.
Mrs. Mary Kelley, of Andover, formerly of this place, is visiting friends in town.
The cities are suffering for milk, especially the babies of the same.
The Roumanian army has "crossed its Rubicon" and is in Bulgaria.
The infantile paralysis plague is abating throughout the country.
J. H. Goodno is in town.
Jas Fitzpatrick was in town Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. Minor Streeter were in Canisota Sunday.
Mrs. A. J. Bondish, of Des Moines, Iowa, is the guest of Mrs. Mary D. Webster.
F. Pease was in our city Friday.
D. W. Wankins was in town Wednesday.
Mrs. Austin Huff, of Jasper, was in our city Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCaragher, of Jasper, were Greenwood visitors Wednesday.
Laura Badgero has moved to Hills, Pa.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Case were in our city Friday.
J. Knox Miller was a visitor in town Wednesday.
E. Mead was a city visitor Wednesday.
Banks, of Banks Hollow, was in town Wednesday.
The store is fully serviceable and only to those who watch it carefully.

DOING THEIR DUTY

Scores of Andover Readers Are Learning the Duty of the Kidneys

To filter the blood is the kidneys' duty. When they fail to do this the kidneys are weak. Backache and other kidney ills may follow.
Help the kidneys do their work—Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the tested kidney remedy.
Proof of their worth in the following:
Mrs. Eugene Withey, 18 Blaine St., Hornell, N. Y., says: "I suffered from backache and dizzy spells and had other symptoms of kidney complaint. I used Doan's Kidney Pills for these ailments and had fine relief. I haven't had a sign of backache or any other trouble from my kidneys for some time."
Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Withey had. Foster-Bibb Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

Classified Advertisements 1 cent a word. Minimum Price 10 cents.
FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Good six-octave Organ. Will exchange for produce. Address P. O. Box 402, Andover.
FOR SALE—Typewriter or will exchange for wood stove. J. C. Lever. 40
FOR SALE or EXCHANGE—Brush Automobile. J. C. Lever. 40
FOR SALE—Good Gas Heater. J. C. Lever. 40
FOR SALE—Three wood heaters, one coal stove, one bed and springs. Bargain prices. E. A. Richardson 38
FOR SALE: Good oak wardrobe. Inquire of the News.
FOR SALE—Two colts 3 year old. One black, one gray weight 1200 to 1300. Inquire of Arling R. Baker.
FOR SALE or RENT—The Sanford Mead Farm, east of Andover, with farm tools and machinery. Terms reasonable. W. B. Mead, Hornell, N. Y. 36tf.
FOR SALE—Cheap, Good road Horse and Buggy. Fred Stebbins 34th

WANTED

WANTED—Man by the month, house furnished. T. N. Boyd.

WORMS SAP YOUR CHILD'S STRENGTH

Is your child pale and fretful? Does he cry out in sleep or grind his teeth? These symptoms may mean worms and you should obtain relief at once. Klebs-Loo Worm Killer is a pleasant remedy that kills the worm, and by its mild laxative quality expels it from the system. Worms sap the vitality and make your child more susceptible to other ailments. —Young-Eyegist-also-Klebs-Loo Worm Killer, 25c a box.—Advertisement.

WANTED

You'll find, through a want ad, your opportunity to do the work you can do best — at pay that is adequate with environment that permits some joy of life.

The Fateful Miss Douglas

And the Man Who Didn't Want to Meet Her.

By PROVIDENCE REVERE

Mrs. Ransom surveyed her tall brother meditatively, while he returned the scrutiny with smiling cheerfulness. John MacPherson was enjoying to the utmost his little visit to his sister, whom he had not seen since her marriage a couple of years previous, so he did not in the least understand why she should sigh and remark seriously, "It's too bad; yes, it is!"

"What?" he asked lazily. It was an extra fine cigar he was smoking, and it did not seem possible just then for anything to be of deadly importance.

"Why, that you got here just the day after Isabel Douglas left town," responded pretty little Mrs. Ransom. "She's the dearest girl! She—" "Lives in Kentucky, beautiful as a dream, glorious brown eyes, most charming disposition on earth, is!"

"Where'd you meet her?" broke in Mrs. Ransom breathlessly. "I never had the pleasure," laughed her brother. "Only I had to sit one whole evening during my visit in Toledo and hear my hostess recount the charms of this most evasive Isabel. She had left there just the week before my arrival. I seem to cast a blighting shadow over her enjoyment. At any rate, she runs at my approach."

"Now, isn't that queer?" said his sister. "But, really, John, I'm in earnest about wanting you to know her."

"So was my Toledo hostess," he answered amusedly. "If only the lady and I were of a similar mind and as much in earnest nothing on earth could save us from wedding cake and rice. But we aren't, thank the fates!" he cried rather fervently.

At the age of thirty-five John MacPherson, comfortable in his bachelor quarters in New York, wealthy enough to indulge any whim, looked with quiet and polite pity at the unfortunates he knew tied down to domestic cares. He had fully decided he wanted none of that for him. What happiness he might miss was more than compensated for in peace and quiet and freedom.

"You're all wrong, Jack," said his sister rather wistfully. "Aren't you ever going to abandon your crazy notions and marry some nice girl and settle down?"

He threw out his hands in mock dismay as he got to his feet. "I'm the most settled down person you ever saw, Nan," he protested. "I'm as steady as a railway time table and perfectly contented just as I am. I could attend the wedding of some other fellow to your amiable Isabel without a qualm."

"No, you couldn't," said his sister forcibly. "You've never seen her."

But if he had not seen her the fame of Miss Isabel Douglas was destined to haunt his ears. During his visit at his sister's he heard Miss Douglas' name so frequently on the lips of visitors that he grew half irritated. It was impossible that any girl could be such a paragon, and if she was he had no desire to know her.

Such perfection would be decidedly tiresome, he concluded, and so he dismissed her from his mind.

When he reached Chicago on his homeward way he stopped to transact some business. Phillips, his lawyer, was most cordial in pressing his New York client to come out to his house, and MacPherson was half inclined to accept. His frame of mind experienced an instantaneous change, however, when Phillips added:

"We've a visitor coming tomorrow you'd like to meet, I know—Miss Isabel Douglas of Kentucky. She—"

"Sorry," said Mr. MacPherson decidedly, "but I can't wait over a day on any account, my dear man." At that moment he would have gone a hundred miles out of his way to escape meeting this southern paragon.

He did not stop to reflect she undoubtedly had not the slightest desire of meeting him either. The constant sound of her name and the rehearsal of her attractions had molded itself into a haunting shadow, pursuing him, and he actually disliked the very thought of her. He wondered crossly why she never stayed home, where she belonged. He hated gadabouts. Then he went back to New York.

Strangely enough, even there he was not left in peace. One of the newspapers printed a page of pictures and gossip about beautiful

women, and, idly glancing it over, the name of Douglas caught his eye. He groaned as he looked closer. Yes, the first name was Isabel. Then he searched for the picture of her and stared at it half indignantly. It was a very lovely face.

But John MacPherson had seen too many beautiful women to be especially attracted by any one in particular. He wondered idly what there could be about this particular girl which so hypnotized all her friends and acquaintances. In a few weeks she had passed out of his mind entirely.

But John MacPherson was not to slip out of the clutches of determined fate in this easy fashion. With no warning whatever, no premonition of the trap before him, he climbed the steps of a Fifth avenue house one night to fulfill a dinner engagement.

His hostess was a charming woman, and her dinners were famous. He was in a very pleasant frame of mind. As he opened the little envelope containing the name of his dinner partner he exclaimed so sharply that the well trained footman could not forbear a glance of astonishment. On the card was the name of Isabel Douglas.

MacPherson, instantly in revolt, meditated flight for an instant, then realized how impossible that was and that there was nothing to do but go downstairs and meet her.

He entered the big drawing room and greeted his hostess.

"I've favored you tonight," that lady said, smiling. "I've given you the prettiest and nicest girl here to take out to dinner. Do you know Miss Douglas of Kentucky?"

"I do not," said the hapless John MacPherson crisply, and mentally set his teeth. In two minutes it was all over, and he was properly introduced to her. Just what he had expected Miss Douglas to do was hard to say. He had braced himself for resistance, but to his bewilderment, like a dash of cool water in his face, he realized there was absolutely nothing to resist.

Miss Douglas, far lovelier than her picture, had given him one rare, cordial smile which revealed the secret of her power, for it was a smile speaking a sympathetic interest in the individual addressed, and then had not paid much more attention to him, being interested in the conversation of a returned arctic explorer.

MacPherson studied her at his leisure and as the moments passed found himself grasping wildly at all his ingrained prejudices against her.

He had wits enough to reflect in a panic stricken way that if the mere sight of her was so disarming acquaintance with her might work marvelous changes in a man's feelings. When they passed out to the dining room MacPherson found himself halting for something to say, a new experience for him.

The girl herself broke the ice by remarking that she thought she knew his sister. Was not Nan Ransom out west that relative? She had mentioned her brother so often.

By the end of that dinner John MacPherson was miserable, apologetic, at sea. He did not know why he should be so upset. All he realized was that he had a crazy desire to explain to Miss Douglas how sorry he was for being such an egregious idiot as to dislike her before he had met her.

"She certainly got in her special brand of hypnotic work on me, all right," he told his reflection grimly that night as he took off his cravat before the mirror. "But, then, she's an exception."

John MacPherson was a man who went out after what he wanted when he got his mind made up. He never really made up his mind about Isabel Douglas, however—that is, deliberately. He did not have time. It was a fatal attack from the very first sight of her. And when he asked her to marry him after she had been in New York two weeks only and she very properly protested at his haste it plunged him into despair so deep that he made life unbearable for his servants.

But Miss Douglas knew of her own heart, too, after several years of experience in refusing numerous suitors, and she did not keep the man she found she really cared for waiting too long before she promised to marry him.

"I don't understand it in the least," she laughed, blushing and shaking her head when she had said "Yes."

"Neither do I," agreed John MacPherson promptly. "And I intend to marry you as soon as I wheedle you into naming the day for fear you'll change your mind."

Then he telegraphed his sister out west, who knew nothing of what had been going on in New York. Mrs. Ransom laughed and cried alternately when she got the laconic message. It said: "I have at last met Isabel. You can buy your gown to wear to the wedding."

The Judge's Whistle.

The most concise summing up on record is attributed in a volume of legal reminiscences called "Pie Powder" to Baron Bramwell. The defendant's counsel had closed his case without calling a witness whose coming had been much expected. "Don't you call Jones, Mr. Blank?" said the judge significantly at the close of counsel's address. "I do not, my lord," replied the advocate. The judge turned around to the jury and gave vent to a low and prolonged whistle. "Where-ow!" he said, or, rather, whistled. "Gentlemen, consider your verdict."

Heroic Treatment.

"The stupidest person on the face of the earth must be a Jamaica negro," said a traveler who has visited the island.

"While I was there there was some excavating going on, and a big rock fell over on one of the workmen, imprisoning his legs. The foreman, instead of doing the sensible thing, took one look at the situation and then hurried away and got a stick of dynamite. He got the rock away all right, but there wasn't anything left of the workman."

Carrot Soup.

A good soup may be made by cooking grated young carrots in milk or in milk and water in a double boiler. Use about a quarter cupful of carrot to a cupful of liquid. Thicken with flour mixed with butter in the proportion of about half a teaspoonful of each to every cupful of the liquid. Season with salt and a very little mace and strain.

Atmospheric Resistance.

The resistance of our atmosphere materially retards raindrops, hailstones, aerolites and all other bodies which fall through it, and were it not for the resistance it presents every rainstorm would be disastrous to the human race, as each drop would fall with a velocity great enough to penetrate the full length of a full grown man's body.

If you can do a certain work as well as anybody else can do it and can advertise as well—you can earn much money, too.

THE CHIEF CHARM OF LOVELY WOMAN

Soft, Clear, Smooth Skin Comes With The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



NORAH WATSON
86 Drayton Ave., Toronto,
Nov. 10th, 1915.

A beautiful complexion is a handsome woman's chief glory and the envy of her less fortunate rivals. Yet a soft, clear skin—glowing with health—is only the natural result of pure blood.

"I was troubled for a considerable time with a very unpleasant, disgusting Rash, which covered my face and for which I used applications and remedies without relief. After using 'Fruit-a-tives' for one week, the rash is completely gone. I am deeply thankful for the relief and in the future, I will not be without 'Fruit-a-tives'."

NORAH WATSON.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.
At dealers or sent by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Orzelsburg, New York.

"ROUGH ON RATS" ends RATS MICE, Bugs. Die outdoors. Unbeatable Exterminator. Used World over, by U. S. Gov't too. ECONOMY SIZE 25c. or 15c. Drug and Country Stores. Refus substitutes. FREE. Comic Picture R.—E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

WE OFFER AN ARRAY OF EXTRAORDINARY VALUES IN WOMEN'S AND MISSES' New Fall Shoes

All the latest lasts and leathers are here to select from, and the prices—well the best way to judge them is to come in and see the shoes for yourself. Try them on. Note the classy, trim lines and the feeling of comfort they give you.

J & K Shoes
Fit the Arch

Burdett & McNamara

121 Main St. HORNELL, N. Y.

SHINGLES and ASPHALT ROOFING

We have a fine quality of Red Cedar Shingles—extra clear stock, thick butts, and the very best Asphalt Roofing made.

CAN GIVE GOOD PRICES ON BOTH, BECAUSE WE PURCHASED BEFORE THE RAISE IN PRICES

W. F. O'Connell

Do

Famo Woole

Woolen Plain beautiful he
Woolen Plain weights 4 1
All Wool Plain size—weight with silk
White Woolen blue border pounds—72c
All Wool White or pink border weight 5 00
White Blankets and lamb beautiful co
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Bath R At La

A wealth of cry popular at the sale's proceeds of grows smaller
The same Blankets as we can So it is adv not only pres mas gifts an accessories.
Beacon is old low price

SOUTH H

Oct. 4.—Beautiful which our farmers vantage of in mxy tato crop to market.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Wellsville, visited Mr. and Mrs. Liver.

Mr. and Mrs. John Little son were in Sunday.

Miss Nora McAnn Sunday from a wellsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ja children, of Andover day with the Hora

Miss Mayme D Saturday to her c Detraff Memorial awanda, after a m vacation.

Louis Dean and May and Lenora, Dean-Sheehan wed N. Y., Saturday.

nora returned hom Mrs. May go and Dunkirk for with relatives.

Miss Anna Live nurse of Buffalo, last week to spen cation with her pa relatives.

Richard McAnn week-end in Well Mrs. Harrington brose, of Vorhees of Mr. and Mrs. one day last week Tom and Berna West Hill, spent Mr. and Mrs. Ed-John Dean S. Horan motored th ng districts of A