



Xmas Greeting



Fancy Baskets  
Nickel Ware  
Aluminum Ware  
Wiss Shears  
and Scissors  
Gaz Irons  
Asbestos Sets  
of Flat Irons  
Chafing Dishes  
Percolators  
Washing Machines  
and many other  
useful things that  
make home happy



When Father Carves the Duck

or Roast Beef  
he will do the  
job expertly  
if he has an "AAA" Carver—the famous JORDAN'S Sheffield  
These flexible blades and fine cutting edges attest the quality of the steel, the expert tempering, forging and grinding used in all Jordan's "AAA" Cutlery.

Sleds  
Skates, including our No. 400A Extension Hockey  
Mittens for Boys and Men  
Traps  
Tools  
Razors and Pocket Knives  
Including the "AAA" also those pocket knives made by men you know in Andover.

GRIDLEY-FUHRMAN & MARTIN CO.  
QUALITY HARDWARE

## OUR CHURCHES

### SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. V. L. Eggleston, Stated Supply.

Morning service at 10:30.  
Bible School at 11:30.  
Mid-week service Friday evening, Rev. V. L. Eggleston, leader.  
Federated service Presbyterian Church.

### THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Rev. Chas. Collins, Pastor.

Divine worship at 10:30. The pastor will preach.  
Sunday School and Brotherhood Class at close of service.  
Epworth League at 6:30.  
Federated service in Presbyterian Church, at 7:30.  
Public cordially invited to all services.

### BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. V. L. Eggleston in Charge.

Sunday morning service at 10:30. Rev. G. H. Simons will preach.  
Bible School at 11:45.  
Jr. C. E. at 3:30.  
Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30  
Federated service at Presbyterian Church, 7:30.  
Mid-week service Thursday at 7:30. Rev. G. H. Simons in charge.  
Mr. Simons preached two strong sermons last Sunday morning and evening. Let everyone get out and hear him next Sunday.

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Hamilton B. Williams, Minister.

Sunday Morning, Dec. 17, 10:30.

Morning worship and sermon. Sunday Evening, 7:30.

The minister will address the local W. C. T. U. on the occasion of Peace Sunday.  
The Christmas Entertainment, Monday Evening, Jan. 25.

The Sunday School will hold the annual Christmas entertainment at this time. A fine program is being arranged. Let the people of the congregation make this a joyous night.  
The recognition of God in pulpit worship is a fine sign of high civilization. The only reason for non-recognition of God in fellowship is the great reason why churches exist.

Where Truth is sought after in a Holy Place.  
And where God is people ought to be!

Removing Match Scratches.  
Marks made by scratching matches can be removed by rubbing with lemon; then washing with a clean rag dipped in water. This, of course, applies only to surfaces that will stand washing—painted woodwork, for example—and not to wall paper.

Tenants who pay promptly, and who take almost as good care of your property as though it were their own, are to be found. It sounds like fiction—but it's classified advertising fact."

That itches and burns...  
This healing ointment...  
Dr. Hobson's Ointment...  
At your Druggist, etc.—Advertisement.

A little timely planning, a little attention to the ads, a little early shopping—and your gift-making this year will be entirely a pleasure to you.

## QUALITY MEATS

No matter what your wants may be in the Meat line we can meet them and we meet them always with first quality Meat—the only kind you would knowingly buy or serve on your table.

We not only carry the staples, but also the delicacies that go to make a complete stock.

We want to serve you.

## L. P. CRANDALL

Phone No. 6130

## His Lesson In Love

How He Found Out That He Had Learned It.

By LULU JOHNSON

Had they only known it the two of them were ripe to fall into love's basket. For months Billy Ginter had watched the shapely brown head bent over the typewriter desk without realizing that his appreciation of brown hair with glints of gold was merely an indication of a deeper feeling.

For as many moons Ida Pawling had assured herself that without the kindly aid of that nice Mr. Ginter's office life would be impossible, and she had not recognized in this feeling anything but an appreciation of his courtesy.

Even the fact that Billy took to going to church—her church—regularly, sitting where he could catch the same glimpse of brown hair that was his to enjoy in the office, did not open his eyes, and this story might have ended as it had begun—in polite nothings—had it not been for those letters.

There were two of them, and the office boy, with an appreciation of the fitness of things, propped them up on the desks of their recipients. Here they were being admired by the early birds of the office staff when Billy came in with his brisk "Good morning."

His smile only broadened when he saw upon his desk the red envelope with the huge black legend: Are you going to be married? Own your own home.

"Too bad that some one wasted a two cent stamp to give me that advice," he cried. "I wonder what put them up to it."

"Knowledge of coming events," suggested the head bookkeeper, and the rest laughed, for they were not blind, if Billy was. "There is method in what he is doing," he added as he nodded in the direction of Miss Pawling's desk.

Billy caught a glimpse of a red envelope on the girl's blotter and sprang for it, but the bookkeeper intercepted him.

"It's against the law to interfere with the United States mail," he reminded. "You can't have a letter addressed to Miss Pawling."

"It's not a letter! It's an outrage," shouted Billy as he struggled to reach the desk. Before he could free himself Ida entered, and, with a curious glance at the little knot of struggling men, she moved quickly to the desk.

She had seen the gaudy envelope in Billy's hand, and when she found

one of them at her desk she guessed the confusion. The men were wrestling with Billy, and the glances of the entire office were upon her.

With a sixth sense she could feel the interest, and with slow steps she reached for the glaring envelope, glanced at the bold legend, tore it across without a word and raised the lid of the envelope.

As the glowing fragments fell into the desk the spell was broken. The clerks moved to their desks and resumed their work.

The envelope was forgotten by all save Billy, who determined to locate the man who had sent the letters or planned the ruse just and to give him the thrashing of a life. For himself he did not mind, but it was both unmanly and unjust to subject the girl to such an indignity.

All day long he brooded over the matter, and when the day was as far from a solution of the problem as ever, so he determined to ask Ida's assistance.

He lingered for a moment after she left, that the others might not suspect his plan; then he slipped out, and, by taking a short cut through the alley, he managed to emerge on the next street, breathless but successful, for Ida had just turned the corner half a block beyond.

She was startled to find him waiting for her.

"Why, you were in the office when I left!" she cried wonderingly. "Have you some magic carpet that transports you?"

Billy glanced down at his rather neat patent leathers.

"I guess you could not exactly call these a carpet," he suggested, with a laugh. "I cut through the alley and got here first. I purposely let you get out ahead of me, so that the others would not talk. I want to know if you have any idea as to who sent those letters to us?"

"I did not notice the name of the company," she said, with a steady voice. "But you know that the elevator men and the janitor are paid for the names of tenants in all buildings."

"That isn't it," he said determinedly. "We were the only two in the entire office building to receive them. I asked the postman when I went to lunch. Some one sent them to us to start trouble. It must have been some one in the office, because they are the only ones who know that—that—I like you very much."

"Don't you like the other girls too?" Ida's tones were cool and level, though her heart beat uncomfortably fast. "I think that Miss Bender is a dear, and one can't help liking Mrs. Crouch."

"It's not just that sort of like," explained Billy. "I think that it must have been Travers who sent them. From where he sits he can

see me looking at you, and I guess he suspects."

"Suspects?" echoed Ida.

"Well, I can't keep the love out of my eyes when I sit there," went on Billy lamely. "I didn't know it was love—I didn't until this morning, that is. I guess it must have been love all along, though, for ever since you came into the office I've had trouble with my books, and now I know it was because I could look at you. Then I'd put down a wrong figure and have to stay after hours to strike a balance."

"I'm sorry that I have such an effect" began Ida, but Billy signaled for silence.

"Now that I know where I stand I want to tell you," he went on impetuously. "I do want to own a home, and I want you to be its mistress. Won't you, Ida?" he asked softly as he took her hand in his.

"I think it is—yes, Billy," she whispered as she turned a happy face to his eager eyes. "I guess that circular opened my eyes too."

"And to think that we tore up the advertisement. We ought to let that chap sell us a home. He deserves it for bringing us together. When I earn a home we'll be married, dear."

"Doesn't it take an awfully long time to earn a home?" she asked in sweet confusion, and Billy was enraptured.

Billy sought the minister a couple of weeks later to arrange for the quiet wedding, and when the details had been settled the kindly old man laid a detaining hand on Billy's shoulder.

"It is well to be provident, my lad," he said impressively. "You should save your money and with it buy a home. There is a company which gives the church a commission on all sales through us. You must have had their letter. I gave them your address. In case you have lost it"

He crossed to his desk and drew from it a red envelope. Even across the room Billy recognized it.

"I'm hanged," he said in mild surprise. "I didn't dream that even the minister got wise before I did. I was the last one to get next to my own heart." And he made a mental note to give a double fee to this man who had read him aright.

Separating the Sheep.

The soldiers marched to the church and halted in the square outside. One wing of the edifice was undergoing repair, so there was room only for about half the regiment.

"Sergeant," ordered the colonel, "tell the men who don't want to go to church to fall out."

A large number quickly availed themselves of the privilege.

"Now, sergeant," said the colonel, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others to church—they need it most."—Boston Transcript.

## Which is the Right Road? That Depends on Where You are Going

If you are in search of the Freshest, Cleanest and Best line of GROCERIES

The right road is the one that leads straight to our store. You will find here just what you are looking for. It is our constant endeavor to supply our customers with the cream of the market in all lines. DON'T BE SIDE-TRACKED. Go straight to

## H. H. WILLIAMS

## When in Wellsville Don't Fail to Visit

## Covill's Jewelry Store

Having bought direct from the manufacturers, we are prepared to give you unheard of prices.

Bigger and better stock of Holiday Gifts than ever before.

Solid Gold, 7 Jewel Ladies' Watch, \$10.00

Other values too numerous to mention.

Come in and let us show you.

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