ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way."

ANDOVER, N. Y., ... APRIL 5, 1929

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How Soon We Forget

MANKIND is prone to forget, and that forgetfulness is the cause of many of the ills and much of the unpleasantness of modern life.

When a young lad leaves his mother's knee and drifts out into the public street and mingles with other boys, he takes with him the memory of many good things his fond mother has taught him.

But he soon forgets.

As a young man he pays court to the lady of his choice and leads her to the altar with a thousand promises ringing in her ears.

But he soon forgets.

As a new father he promises himself that he will set a noble example to the child that he will be firm, but never harsh—that he will be kind, but never overindulgent—that he will be just, but ever merciful—that he will be a father, a protector and an instructor in all that the words imply.

But he soon forgets and the bulk of the burden falls upon the mother.

As a man he resolves that he will live at peace with the world—that he will advocate and labor for the highest ideals of citizenship—that his honor shall be untarnished thru any act of his, and that his reputation shall be spotless in the eyes of his fellowmen.

But he soon forgets—when the tempter offers a glittering bait.

But when he enters the decline of life, the age of retrospection, he tries to cast out the things that should not be there.

And then he can't forget.

Greatest Soil Loss

FEW persons probably realize that the annual loss in this country each year reaches the two billion dollar mark, due to the washing away of good soil by the rivers and streams, but a soil expert has announced this astounding fact.

This soil expert says that wherever you see a muddy stream, you are witnessing a part of this vast loss. Washing away of soil robs the land owner of not only the soil itself, but of twenty times as much plant food each year, which could otherwise be used in growing crops.

Why do we permit the loss? The answer is that the American farmer whose ancestors settled on rich virgin lands has not yet been brought to realize that the reservoir of his wealth is being drained. Some of them, the more farseeing, appreciate the significance of the muddy stream. The government agricultural services have made some attempt to rouse the agricultural interests and the people as a whole to a realization of the situation. But, so far, what has been done is infinitesimal when compared with what remains to be done.

The less probably can never be stopped entirely, but it can be reduced to a minimum by educational campaigns which will induce land owners to terrace their fields where erosion is rapid, to reforest their lands and to plant protective crops of alfalfa and other growths which will also aid the soil to recoup its losses to nature.

Europe learned the lesson after the lands of the Roman Empire were reduced to sterility. There are few muddy streams on that continent today. America has that example to go by, if it will only apply the lesson.

Better Means Are Needed

WHILE we take great pride in the public school system of this country, too much credit cannot be given the teachers who are working in many localities with inadequate tools for the bodily welfare, as well as mental growth of the children.

Conditions in Allegany county are above the average in all departments, but surveys made show that the country as a whole places a big responsibility upon the teachers. Healthful living is taught class after class by the teachers, often in school buildings that lack the simplest provision for helping the children to practice what they learn in the class room.

Even in so primary a matter as supplying handwashing facilities, many of the schools are below the standards of the ordinary home.

A recent survey, conducted for a life insurance company, shows that only 32 per cent. of the 404 schools under study supplied hot water, soap and towels, and had enough lavatories to accommodate the pupils. As practically all of these 404 schools were located in progressive communities it is only too probable that the general average thruout the country is even lower. In other words, not even one child in three has a real chance to wash his hands at school.

This condition should be a matter of concern to communities and parents, as it is to educators and public health groups. Medical authorities tell us that nearly all the communicable disease organisms enter the body thru the mouth, and many of them enter by the hand-to-mouth route. Unless children are supplied with the facilities that make handwashing easy and agreeable, they are being needlessly exposed to the possibilities of colds, influenza, pneumonia, and many other diseases.

Women Are Best Aviators

THE woman who faints at the sight of a mouse, or jumps off her feet when an auto horn bugles behind her, can take courage. One official of an aero club in England has announced that women aviators are more fearless than men.

An exhaustive study was made by experts along this line, according to an announcement, and they have come to the conclusion that the feminine reaction to fear is less pronounced than the masculine.

Scientists declare that women who have submitted themselves to blood-pressure and other tests before and after participating in unnerving stunts have been found practically unaffected by the ordeal. They add that all but the most hardened men pilots show very definite reactions under similar circumstances.

Far-seeing men in several European countries have not been slow to observe this unaccountable superiority of women in the face of aerial dangers. They have not waited for science to come forward and demonstrate the fact, but have made use of feminine indifference to danger in the air to organize flying schools for women and, in Russia, flying units said to be available for national defense.

One sure way to keep your car from being smashed while parking, is to park beside a new machine. It will back out without hitting you.

Odds Are Against You

IS THERE a person living who has never ventured in buying some kind of stock that almost guaranteed riches over night?

The chances were that five out of every 100 the odds were against you, as an expert in playing the stock market has stated that the ratio is five out of every 100 ever realize anything from their investment.

This is not a casual estimate, but a calculation carefully arrived at thru a study of brokers' records by Fred C. Kelly, financial writer, who has analyzed the current record-breaking market operations.

Of the estimated 12,000,000 Americans, most of them newcomers to speculation, who are "playing the market," the five per cent. of winners is made up almost entirely of hardened, experienced speculators who have plentiful capital. The number of uninitiated outsiders who have made money at the end of a month or a year of market dabbling is almost infinitesimal.

But a handful of outsiders do tumble into easy money, and it is the tales of their quickly won wealth, rather than the recital of the millions of failures, that draw new moths to the stock market flame.

A scientist is a man who can discover a fragment of a mastadon's tooth, and tell you just how large the animal was.

The Splasher Nuisance

SPRING is the time of year when splashers have their great inning, and a new form of a nuisance appears.

He is a sort of perennial that returns just about this time every year. He's the fellow who sees neither to right nor left, plows thru the worst mud puddles and enjoys watching pedestrians hop back in anticipation of what is to come. There are places, of course, where the best of us couldn't possibly avoid a treacherous pool of slush. But the worst of us can slow up enough to go thru such pools with the least splash possible.

Pedestrians have to walk across streets. Many a time it isn't their fault when they are stopped in the middle of the street, traffic going both ways while waiting for the next opening to cross. Neither are they to blame for the weather or the frequent mudholes that so maliciously seem to lie in the paths of the walkers.

The best that could be done for them would be, on the part of drivers, to go slowly, try to avoid mudholes and so be considerate of others.

The quickest automobile turn-overs are not always made in the salesrooms, but along a steep embankment.

Evidence of Value

CONSIDER the merchant who advertises. There is a reason for his doing so.

If his goods were not worth advertising he would not spend his money in advertising them, for merchants cannot spend money in that way unless they get dividends on their investment in the way of increased sales.

The mere fact that a dealer offers you something thru the columns of this paper is in itself an evidence that the article is worth having, for if it would not stand inspection he would not be calling everybody's attention to it. He would be like Barnum—waiting for the sucker to come along.

It is a wise young undertaker who settles down near a railroad crossing.

Protected by Insurance

AT THIS season, when fires are more frequent, due to extreme weather, we often read in the newspaper account of the fire "fully covered by insurance," or "partially covered by insurance."

It's a myth, says a well known man who has made an extensive study of insurance. And what he says is doubtless true.

Insurance never covers the entire loss on the factory, the home or the store. It never replaces the lost job, the loss of business, the valuable records or keepsakes of the home, nor can it compensate in any way for the tragedies that may be blamed on fire.

Yet our conscience is quieted by the old phrase, "fully covered by insurance."

When inclined to grow careless about fire, just remember that if you are insured to the limit, the face of the policy will not take the place of the many valuable things that would be destroyed.

The new flying machine that goes straight up will be quite an improvement over the ones that go straight down.

Inheritance taxes may be increased, but this at least doesn't concern us.

London proposes underground parking for automobiles. Just changing positions with the pedestrians.

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Women's patent one-strap Cuban heel Pumps—$2.79.

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Something different! New spike heel one-strap Pumps in Green, Blue and Sand Spotted—Shaded leathers. Here—$4.95.

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SALE OF GROCERY STOCK

The Grocery Stock in the Red and White Store at Whitesville, run by Harvey Leach, is being put on the market to close out at very reasonable prices.

Building For Rent

The store building, with a good cooler, meat blocks, etc., can also be rented reasonably in the near future.

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Visitors Are Always Welcome.

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 558 F. & A. M.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday Evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visitors always welcome.
B. E. HANN, Secy.
CLARENCE MEAD, W. M.

Andover Grange No. 1068
Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evenings, I.O.O.F. Hall.
LESTER GREEN, Master.
EMMETT ROBINSON, Lecturer
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Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, surrogate of Allegany County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of Frank Raufenbarth, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executrix at her residence in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of April, 1929.

MATILDA RAUFENBARTH,
15 Executrix.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Bernard E. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of J. Maynard Brundage, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same, with proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Executors, at the Andover State Bank, in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 30th day of April, 1929.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., October 17, 1928.

FRANK S. CLARK,
ANDREW D. FULLER,
Executors.
MIRA DIFFIN,
Attorney for Executors,
Andover, N. Y. 16

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of George Hartrum, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Administrators of said estate at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 26th day of June, 1929.

Dated November 10, 1928.

MARY HARTRUM,
C. A. SLAGHT,
Administrators.
10

The LAST of the DUANES

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Verne Claflin

Buck Duane, quick on the draw, kills Cal Blain in self-defense and becomes an outlaw. After adventures on the road he goes to Bland's camp. There he wounds a man named Bosomer and becomes a bosom friend of another named Euchre. He meets Mrs. Bland and also a girl Jennie, held prisoner by Bland, whom he rescues after a series of intrigues in which he is forced to deceive Mrs. Bland.

This leads to Duane's killing of Bland, the outlaw leader, and rushing off with Jennie, who is lost later. Duane roams the roads for years as an outlaw, finally going to meet Captain MacNelly of the Rangers, who had asked to see him. MacNelly is kind to him, offers him a pardon if he will accept an offer to become a Ranger and go after Cheseldine's gang. MacNelly had become interested in Duane after a Miss Lee had spoken in his behalf. Duane promises MacNelly to do his any service. Meanwhile MacNelly gives Duane much welcome news.

Duane goes to the Miss Lee who had intervened for him with MacNelly, and finds her to be none other but Jennie. They talk and tell each other of their love, and when Duane tells Jennie he is commissioned to capture Cheseldine she breaks down and begs him to break his word to MacNelly.

Duane sets forth on the hunt for Cheseldine. At Ord he locates the band of outlaws. At Bradford, later, he gives the night operator, Buell, instructions, saying he is going to arrest a man.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"This will probably happen after I take the train with my man. What I want you to do is to post the other operator. Then in case this does happen to either of you be cool and pretend to send the message given you. But send the wrong message—anything at random. Bluff the thing so these allies of my man will think they can stall operations east."

Buell promised with a heightened color and considerable show of pleasure to go at once and relieve the day operator, who, he said, wanted some time off duty, and to stay by his instrument as long as needed.

"Who're you after?" he asked excitedly.

"You'll know presently. Another thing—my horse is over at the inn. I'll have to leave him and I'd like you to take care of him till you hear from me. If you don't hear—he's yours."

The time passed. When he went out he saw several Mexicans, a cowboy, and two men, and they all watched him curiously. Next he ran into Sheriff Bridger.

He laid a heavy hand on Bridger.

"I want Cheseldine. Is he coming?"

The sheriff gasped, and his swarthy face turned green. He looked sick. He could not speak.

Over his shoulder Duane saw Cheseldine coming with a group of men, all intent upon themselves.

"I'm Buck Duane, Texas Ranger," he said, close to Bridger's ear. And he drew his gun and pressed it against the sheriff. "Look down!" he added.

Bridger saw the gun and almost collapsed.

"Give me your hand-cuffs," went on Duane.

Bridger produced them and held them out with shaking fingers. Duane snatched them, and, with a look at Bridger that meant death, he shoved him back.

Then Duane, with gun high, leaped in front of the approaching men.

"Cheseldine!" he yelled mercilessly.

All of them halted as if the word had petrified. One of them turned a ghastly sticken white.

"Hands up! Not up! In front of you! Quick!"

As Duane's look had meant death so here did his voice. The manacles clicked. Cheseldine was a prisoner.

Duane turned to the paralyzed men.

"Gentlemen, you look honest," he said. "But I can take no chances. You must be judged by your company. I'm Duane, Texas Ranger. I arrest this man Cheseldine. I advise you all to be careful with your hands."

He grasped Cheseldine and backing away led him up to the station, pushed him against the wall. Duane's eyes covered every point before him. Bridger had disappeared.

Cheseldine's friends, recovering from their stupefaction, broke into a frenzy of excitement. But they did not approach any closer. One by one the little crowd of astounded men was gathered by others. Sight of Duane and his gun was enough, both to make them gape and hold back.

Cheseldine remained white but calm. He had nerve. He seemed to want to hide his manacled hands.

"Duane, why did you make an exception of me?" he asked.

Duane did not reply. At the moment he heard the train whistle. Probably Cheseldine was wondering why he had not met the same fate as Bland, Alloway, Hardin, Duane wondered grimly the same thing.

The eastbound rolled into the station. Duane, waving the crowd back with his gun, made Cheseldine walk ahead of him, climb the steps of the car.

"Hurry this train!" called Duane, to the amazed conductor.

Then he got on, entered the car, put Cheseldine in a seat and sat facing him and all the passengers.

The train started up almost immediately, and left behind on the platform a yelling, gesticulating crowd. Duane had a glimpse of Buell waving his hand from the station window.

It was a fast train, yet the ride seemed slow. Duane, disliking to face Cheseldine and the watching conjecturing passengers in the car, changed his seat to one behind his prisoner. They had not spoken.

Cheseldine sat with bowed head, deep in thought. Occasionally the train halted briefly at a station.

They got off the car at Val Verde. The station was a good deal larger than that at Bradford, and there was considerable action and bustle incident to the arrival of the train.

Duane's sweeping gaze searched faces, rested upon a man who seemed familiar. This fellow's look too, was that of one who knew Duane, but was waiting for a sign, a cue. Then Duane recognized him—MacNelly, clean-shaven, without moustache he appeared different—younger.

"Duane! Lord, I'm glad to see you," was the captain's greeting.

Then at closer look into Duane's face his warmth fled—something he saw there checked his enthusiasm, or at least its utterance.

"MacNelly, shake hands with Cheseldine," said Duane, low-voiced.

The ranger captain stood dumb, motionless. But he saw Cheseldine's instant action and awkwardly he reached for the outstretched hand.

"Any of your men down here?" queried Duane sharply.

"No. They're up town."

"Come. Cheseldine, walk between us, and look straight ahead. Don't see anybody."

They set off up town. Cheseldine walked as if he were with friends on the way to dinner, except that his lips were mute. MacNelly walked like a man in a trance. There was not a word spoken in four blocks.

Presently Duane espied a stone building on a corner of the broad street. There was a big sign: Rancher's Bank. Duane touched Cheseldine's elbow, pointed to the bank.

"Cheseldine, do you want to go in the bank and see if the shipment of gold has come—the big haul?" asked Duane sarcastically. He hated to taunt the man, but could not resist that much.

Cheseldine gave a violent start. Perhaps in that moment he understood. He made no reply.

"There's the hotel," said MacNelly. "Some of my men are there. We're scattered around."

They crossed the street, went in thru lobby, office, saloon, to a large room, like a hall, and here were men reading and smoking. Duane knew them—rangers.

When he snapped the handcuffs back on Cheseldine it was with a strange air of finality. It was as if he renounced. MacNelly, the rangers, and certainly Cheseldine, all noted Duane's strange action and look.

"There, Cheseldine!"

And with a something almost of passion and violence he pushed the outlaw toward MacNelly. He was done with him. Did that action mean that, as ranger, he was turning Cheseldine over to the law, when as Buck Duane he wanted to meet him, to face him, to make him draw, to kill him.

MacNelly beckoned to his men.

"Boys, here he is. Cheseldine! Reuben, you and Mills take him in the small room and guard him. Don't take your eyes off him till we decide what to do."

The rangers led Cheseldine away.

"Duane, what had we better do with him for the present?" queried MacNelly. "There's a jail here. We can put him away till we're thru. But would that be best? We've been lying low."

"No. How many men have you?"

"Fifteen."

"Keep two men here guarding Cheseldine."

MacNelly left to go into the other room, and returned closing the door. Then he almost embraced Duane, would probably have done so but for the dark grimness that seemed to be coming over the man.

Instead, he glowed, he sputtered, he tried to talk, to wave his hands. He was beside himself. And his rangers crowded closer, eager, like hounds ready to run. They all talked at once, and the word most significant and frequent in their speech was Cheseldine.

MacNelly clapped his fist in his hand.

"This'll make the adjutant stick with joy. Maybe he won't have it on the Governor. We'll show them about the ranger service. Cheseldine! How'd you ever do it? Oh, I knew you were a wonder. But I was sure you'd kill him."

"He didn't give me a chance," replied Duane. "Now, captain, not the half, nor the quarter of this job's done. The gang's coming down the road. I saw them from the train. They'll ride into town on the dot—two-thirty."

"How many?" asked MacNelly.

"Piggin, Blossom Kane, Pan Handle Smith, Boldt, Jim Fletcher and another man I don't know. These are the picked men of Cheseldine's gang. I'll bet they'll be the fastest, hardest bunch you rangers ever faced."

"Poggin! That's the hard nut to crack! I've heard their records since I've been in Val Verde. Where's Knell? They say he's a boy, but hell and blazes."

"Knell's dead."

"Ah!" exclaimed MacNelly, softly. Then he grew businesslike, cool, and of harder aspect. "Duane, it's your game today. I'm only a ranger under orders. We've absolute faith in you. Make your plan, quick, so I can go around and post the boys who're not here."

"Put one man at each end of this street just at the edge of town. Let him hide there with a rifle to block the escape of any outlaw that we might fail to get. I had a good look at the bank building. It's well situated for our purpose.

"Put four men up in that room over the bank—four men, two at each open window. Let them hide till the game begins. They want to be there so in case these foxy outlaws get wise before they're down on the ground, or inside the bank. The rest of your men put inside behind the counters where they'll hide.

"Now go over to the bank, spring the thing on the bank officials and don't let them shut up the bank. You want their aid. Let them make sure of their gold. But the clerks and cashier ought to be at their desks or window when Poggin rides up.

"He'll glance in before he gets down. They make no mistakes, these fellows. We must be slicker than they are, or lose. When you get the bank people wise, send your men over one by one. No hurry—no excitement—no unusual thing to attract notice in the bank.

"All right. That's great. Tell me, where do you intend to wait?"

"I'll wait in front—just inside the door," replied Duane with an effort.

"Why?" demanded the captain.

"Well," began Duane slowly, "Poggin will get down first and start in. But the other's won't be far behind. They'll not get swift till inside. The thing is—they must not get clear inside, because the instant they do they'll pull guns. That means death to somebody. If we can we want to stop them just at the door."

"But will you hide?" asked MacNelly.

"Hide!" The idea had not occurred to Duane.

"There's a wide-open doorway. A sort of round hall, a vestibule, with steps leading to the bank. There's a door in the vestibule too. It leads somewhere. We can put men in there. You can be there."

Duane was silent.

"See here, Duane," began MacNelly nervously. "You shan't take any undue risk here. You'll hide with the rest of us?"

"No!" The word was wrenched from Duane.

MacNelly stared, and then a strange, comprehending light seemed to flit over his face.

"Duane, I can give you no orders today," he said distinctly. "I'm only offering advice. Need you take any more risks? You've done a grand job for the service—already. You've paid me a thousand times for that pardon. You've redeemed yourself.

"The Governor, the adjutant-general—the whole state will rise up and honor you. The game's almost up. We'll kill these outlaws or enough of them to break forever their power. I say, as a ranger, need you take more risk than your captain?"

Still Duane remained silent. He was locked between two forces. And one, a tide that was bursting at its bounds, seemed about to overwhelm him. Finally that side of him, the retreating self, the weaker, found a voice.

"Captain, you want this job to be sure?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"I've told you the way. I alone know the kind of men to be met. Just what I'll do or where I'll be I can't say yet. In meeting like this the moment decides. But I'll be there!"

MacNelly spread wide his hands, looked helplessly at his curious and sympathetic rangers, and shook his head.

"Now you've done your work—laid the trap—Is this strange move of yours going to be fair to Jennie Lee?" asked MacNelly in deliberate, low voice.

Like a great tree chopped at the roots Duane vibrated to that. He looked up as if he had seen a ghost.

Mercilessly the ranger captain went on:

"Jennie Lee came to me in Austin. She was heartbroken. She reproached me. She begged me. She told me of your mother. She did all she could do to get me to fetch you back, and if I hadn't been powerless I would have done so."

(Concluded Next Week)

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Guy O. Hinman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Randall A. Pease, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executor of said Estate, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the first day of September, 1929.

Dated this 15th day of February, 1929, at Andover, N. Y.

A. R. MEAD, Executor
33

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of P. C. Lynch, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Administratrix at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 10th day of June, 1929.

Dated December 4, 1928. 23

BEIDGET LYNCH, Administratrix.

A practical schedule of work is as necessary for the efficient housekeeper as for the business man.

Variety and contrast in both color and flavor do much to make a meal appetising.

Forward-Looking People Will Investigate This Car

Brakes - another All-American feature that arouses owners' enthusiasm

The brakes of the New Oakland All-American are internal-expanding . . . fully protected . . . unaffected by mud or rain or ice. They are always positive and smooth in action . . . always exceptionally quiet. Yes . . . Oakland's brakes are far from ordinary. But the same is true of everything else in the New All-American Six. Come in . . . and we will show you how much more it offers for its price.

Prices $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges. Spring covers and Low-Joy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers included in list prices. Bumpers and rear fender skirts extra. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values.

Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and handling.

C. L. LYNCH
MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, N. Y.

"Use This Short Cut To Biggest Milk Profits" Says Uncle Charlie

TEST after test proves B-B the producer of biggest milk profits. Let the boys who pay the feed bills and take the profits tell you the story.

"Most Profitable Feed"
Earl Baker of Carlisle, Pa., says: "I switched my cows to 3 different feeds to give them a fair test. But they always gain when I come back to Bull-Brand. The most profitable feed a dairyman can use."

"Biggest Production—Best Condition"
William Southard of Bordentown, N. J., says: "After feeding several highly advertised feeds, started on B-B. Your every claim is proved. I have had the best production; my 23 cows in best condition; throughout the year."

Chas. W. Pike, Rensselaer Falls, N. Y., writes: "During the last 3 years, I have fed a number of dairy rations. But my cows keep in better condition and produce more milk on B-B than on any other feed."

Our Money-Back Guarantee
Our guarantee of biggest production per dollar of feed cost or money back is for your protection. But you will never need it.

Order your B-B today. Maritime Milling Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

F. F. BROWN
Andover, N. Y.

B-B BRAND FEEDS
DAIRY AND POULTRY

The New OAKLAND ALL-AMERICAN SIX
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Children Cry for CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Last Call---Must Vacate April 13th

Smashing Reductions, Below Cost To Clear Our Shelves in Eight Days!

Men's - Boys'—SUITS—OVERCOATS — TOPCOATS

1-2 Off Genuine Reductions That Mean Savings of 50% on Already Low Prices!

Men's Khaki WORK PANTS
All sizes, $1.50 grade
79c

Men's sturdy $3.50 WORK SHOES
Leather soles and heels, moccasin toes, all sizes
$2.49

MEN'S HATS
Values from $3.50 to $8.50—Your choice
$2.79

Men's WORK SHIRTS
$1.00 grade. All fabrices and sizes
69c

DRESS PANTS
$1.98 to $3.98
Pure all wool fabrics!

WORK PANTS
$2.00 grade — — $1.29
$2.50 grade — — $1.49
$3.00 grade — — $1.98

DRESS OXFORDS
Men's solid leather and Goodyear Welt
$2.98—$3.98—$4.98
Boys' — $2.98—$3.48

Hundreds of other equally honest bargains await the thrifty shoppers. Remember—Last Day of Sale—
SATURDAY, APRIL 13! COME NOW!

Open Every Evening — **Liberty Clothing Store** Wellsville, N. Y. — Open Every Evening