SOULS for SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

THIRD INSTALMENT

Remember Steddon, a pretty, unsophisticated girl, is the daughter of a kindly but narrow-minded minister in a small mid-western town. Her father,

Rev. Doctor Steddon, violently opposed to what he considers "worldly" things, accepts motion pictures as the cause for much of the evil of the present day. Troubled with a cough, Remember goes to see

Dr. Bretherick, an elderly physician, who is astonished at the plight in which he finds her. Pressed by the doctor, Remember admits her unfortunate affair with

Elwood Farnsby, a poor boy, son of the town sot. As Remember and Dr. Bretherick discuss the problem a telephone message brings the news that Elwood has been killed in an accident. Dr. Bretherick accordingly persuades Remember to go West, her cough serving as a plausible excuse; to write home of meeting and marrying a pretended suitor—"Mr. Woodville"—and later to write her parents announcing her "husband's" death before the birth of her secret, Remember goes to her mother with it.

Her mother agrees with her plan of the doctor. Mem leaves town. On the train Mem accidentally meets Tom Holby, movie star, traveling with Robina Teele, leading lady in the movies, who are the cynosure of all eyes. The train comes to an abrupt halt, a disaster having been narrowly avoided, and the passengers get out and walk about.

Now go on with the story—

The other passengers dawdled about, but Mem went farther and farther. She wanted to see what was on the other side of that butte as much as mankind has longed to see the other side of the moon.

When she started back the cool of the butte's shadow made her rest awhile. The heat and the hypnosis of the shimmering sand sea put her asleep in spite of herself. She awoke with a start.

The train was moving, a new locomotive dragging it and its broken engine. She ran, fell, picked herself up, limped forward.

She was alone in the wilderness, and the train was already a toy running thru a gap between two lofty buttes. Both mocked the girl unendurably and she stood panting in a suffocation of fright, her hands plucking at each other's finger nails.

Then for the first time Mem understood what the desert meant to those who had seen the last burro drop and found the canteen full of dry air.

* * * *

For a trance-while Mem made a perfect allegory of helplessness on a monument. She heard a voice laughing with a kind of querying exclamation:

"Hello?"

The word was as unimportant as could be and it came from what she had just deemed the most useless thing on earth, a handsome moving-picture actor. He went on:

"Here we are, eh?"

Tom Holby laughed at fate as in his pictures.

"I've nearly died of thirst in the desert half a dozen times," he said; "but there was always a camera or two a few yards off—and a grub wagon just outside. And the heroine usually came galloping to the rescue and picked me up in time for the final clinch. I see the heroine, but the grub wagon's late."

"W-what are we going to do?"

"Well, I'm not going to act, anyway, as long as there's no camera on the job. Let's sit down and wait."

"For what?"

"Oh, I guess the train will come back, or another one will come along and we can flag it in plenty of time. Sit down on this handsome red divan, won't you? I'm Mr. Holby, by the way."

"Yes, I know," she said, and told him her name.

There was a long silence. Then he mused aloud:

"Remember, eh? Good! Robina could have preferred that to the one she chose. Do you know Robina?"

"I've seen her."

"On the screen?"

"On the train."

"Oh, then you haven't seen her. That isn't the real Robina that walks about. That's just a poor, plain, frightened, anxious little thing, a Cinderella who only begins to live when she puts on her glass slippers. She has to be so infernally noble all day long that you can hardly blame her for resting her overworked virtues when she's off the lot. I used to be a pretty decent fellow, too, before I began to be a hero to my trade. But now—gosh! How I love my faults! When there's no camera on me I'm a mighty mean man."

"Really."

"Oh, I'm a fiend. I'm thinking of playing villain for a while, so that I can be respectable at my own expense outside the factory. But

"Are You a Heroine or an Adventuress?"

I'm so mussed up between my professional emotions and my personal ones that it's hard to keep from acting, on and off. Now look at this situation. If the camera gang were here I'd know just what to do. I'd be Sir Walter Raleigh in a Stetson and chaps. But since there's just us two here and I have you in my power—or you have me in your power—I don't know just how to act. It depends on you. Are you a heroine or an adventuress?"

"I don't understand you."

"Are you an ingenue or a vamp?"

"I don't speak French."

"Then you must be an ingenue," he said. "In that case I suppose I really ought to play the villain and —But here comes the train. Dogon it! Just as we were working up a real little plot. I hope I haven't compromised you. If you're afraid I have, I'll have to go back and hide till the next train comes along. Or you can, for I imagine it's Robina that reversed the engine. She probably missed me and suspected that I was out here with a prettier girl than she is—pardon me! Shall I go hide?"

"Oh, no! no! I couldn't think of it. Nobody knows me. It can't make any difference what they say about me."

"Gos! What an enviable position. Stick to your luck, Miss Steddon. May I help you down?"

* * * *

That was a chapter in Mem's life. Holby had guessed right. Robina had missed him and when the conductor protested against the already lateness, she pulled the rope, sacrilege of reversing the Limited, herself.

She knew the signals, having played in a railroad serial, and she soon had the train backing at full speed.

She had half suspected that Tom Holby had a companion in the desert, and when she looked out and saw him with the pretty chit whose magazine he had picked up, she was tempted to give the signal to go ahead again.

But she preferred to give poor Holby her opinion of him. Mem crept back to her place, shivering with her first experience of stardom and its conspicuousness.

The train made up so much of its lost time that it was only two hours late when it drew into Tucson. Tom made his adieux and left Mem in a whirl. But her faculties went around in the mad panic of a pinwheel when a strange sombre person spoke to her:

"Miss Steddon?"

"Yes."

"I am Doctor Galbraith, pastor of the First Church here. Your father telegraphed me to meet you at the train and look after you."

"Do you know papa?"

"No, but he found my name in the yearbook. I have found a nice boarding house for you, and my wife and I will look after you as best we can."

Mem was struck violently with the thought: "But what becomes of Mr. Woodville now?"

In her desperation she caught sight again of Tom Holby, who had walked briskly to the head of the train and was striding back to his car. A frantic whim led Mem to say, very distinctly, as she passed him:

"Good night, Mr. Woodville."

Holby could hardly believe his ears, but he laughed to himself, "This is fame!" bowed and went on.

The Reverend Galbraith paused, but Mem urged him along, saying "That's an old friend I met on the train." And now she felt that she had established the existence of her Mr. Woodville. She was already unconsciously "planting" characters. "His face looked familiar; but I guess it wasn't."

The reason it looked familiar was that lithographs of it were posted up all over Tucson. Holby was to appear there in a picture.

Mrs. Galbraith turned out to be a joyous Western woman raised on a ranch and of a loud and hilarious cordiality. She was distressed because she could not take Mem into her own little home, but it was spilling over with children.

On the way to her boarding house she noted many of Tom Holby's portraits. He was not the star of the picture. Robina Teele was the star. Mem felt a longing to see this heroic picture, but Mrs. Galbraith would not leave her for a moment, and the night was prayer-meeting night.

Mem attended the evening devotions. There was nothing strange to her in the drowsy, cozy atmosphere, the sparse company singing hymns and bowing in prayer and finding a mystical comfort in the thought of sins forgiven and in eternal home beyond the grave.

Doctor and Mrs. Galbraith took her back to her lodgings and left her. They had no objections to moving pictures and attended them often, but Mem did not know this, and she felt like a thief when her worser self compelled her better self to a dark dishonesty. Both selves went to the movies.

If the cinema store had been an opium den Mem could not have sneaked more guiltily into it.

When she found a seat in the dark hall she was so illiterate in the staples of fiction that she tingled with excitement over hackneyed situations that left many a sophisticated child yawning and give never a pause to the swaying jaws of the gum-grinding crowd.

But Mem was experiencing an agitation such as she had not known since her mother told her about Little Red Riding Hood and growled like a wolf, showing long white teeth.

She was astounded at the courage of Tom Holby. It wrung her heart to see him in his Alaskan picture plowing across white Saharas of snow, to see him challenge the barroom bully and beat him down and stand, torn, bleeding and panting, over him. Being a woman, she was not quite convinced of Robina's supersaintly innocences in the film, but she had not doubt of Tom Holby as Galahad.

In her room she remembered her parents. She had not written to them for two days, and she had not carried Mr. Woodville forward.

One thing was certain—she must free herself of the Galbraiths; she must get out of Tucson. She must become Mrs. Woodville at once.

She would probably have given up trying if a bit of luck had not befallen her. Mrs. Galbraith rode over in haste and distress to explain that her husband and she had to leave Tucson for a few days to attend his father's funeral. She promised to hasten back, and begged Mem Steddon's forgiveness for deserting her. It was plainly a time for quick and decisive action.

She threw caution aside and forbore to regard the perils of inconsistency. She wrote her father and mother a hasty letter to which the lilt of hope unconsciously contributed an atmosphere of bridal bliss.

My Darling Mamma and Papa: Well, you have lost your daughter—not by fell disease, but by fell in love . . . . You see, Mr. Woodville—John was so attentive and kind and considerate and respectful—almost reverent, you might say—and he's so big and handsome and fine and noble, and I was so small and lonely and so far away for so long that—oh, I just couldn't resist. . . . We leave at once for Yuma, so address all your letters to me as Mrs. John Woodville, General Delivery, Yuma. Doesn't it sound grand, tho?

With a few lines to explain that Mr. Woodville" was not rich—yet—she ended the letter.

She wrote the Galbraiths a similar letter and bought a ticket for Yuma.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

AN INVENTORY

What have I done, and, what am I doing to make people love and respect me? Am I doing anything consciously or unconsciously to make them dislike or hate me? I am in daily contact with folks—droves of them; they are going to think of me one way or the other. Even if they regard me with indifference, that is of no benefit to me. I'd rather their opinions of me were good, and, it is wholly with me whether they are.

Nobody loves a human hog—no one that lives solely for himself. I've seen them, so have you.

The human hog roots solely for himself; he knows no Sunday. Seven days per week he toils—ever looking down at his sordid pile; he never looks toward the blue heavens. He serves no good—the golden calf and never for a moment takes his eyes off it; for him, there is no security or safety in any other sort of God.

Let misfortune touch him on the pocket-book, and he crumples like a leaf. When his god shatters, as all earthly things must shatter, he is wrecked mortally, physically, and, spiritually—if a hog has a spirit. He hasn't the true and splendid manhood to rise above the ruin of his broken idol.

Am I a human hog? Are you? The answer is—No! Need I ask why? For one thing, good people don't cast pearls before swine, lest the beasts turn upon them and rend them. Just why any sane being can adopt the tactics of the hog and live only for his own greedy self, has always been a mystery to me.

The human hog never sees the error of his way. And, he wonders why people don't feel sorry for him when his boat capsizes. He is willing to accept the best people have, but he has nothing to give in exchange. His superb selfishness blinds him as it leads him slowly to destruction.

If he could find fault with himself, he would not be a human hog.

There will be a real shortage of good seed oats and barley in some New York counties this spring. Farmers are urged to buy certified seed of the best varieties.

Soap and hot water and occasionally kerosene oil are better cleaners for porcelain or enamel than coarse abrasives, since these may scratch the surface.

Buy lamp bulbs like hats . . .

BY SIZE

YOU wouldn't go into a hat store and buy the first hat that was offered you. The hat you choose has to fit. And it is the same with lamp bulbs.

Electricity is so cheap and eyes so precious, no one should have undersized lamps.

In your living room, bathroom, kitchen, or on the cellar stairs, wherever you need plenty of light . . . use 60 or 100 watt bulbs. In the bedroom or hall, where less light is required, 40 watt lamp bulbs are better. Each size is made to fit a different need.

With electricity so cheap, it is needless to economize on it any where. While the cost of most necessities has nearly doubled, Niagara Power Service costs less today than in 1915 . . . less than in 1910 . . . less than when women wore hobble skirts.

NIAGARA, LOCKPORT & ONTARIO POWER COMPANY

NIAGARA POWER SERVICE

Are You Ready

When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner done than Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have saved your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot put away. And it's always ready for the cruder pangs of colic, or constipation, or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.

PINKY DINKY

IT MUST BE LOVE!

By Terry Gilkison

Country Correspondence

South Hill

Nov. 12.—John Dean of Buffalo visited relatives here this week.

George Barrett of Andover accompanied a cattle buyer over the hill one day last week.

Mrs. William Dean left for Ithaca Monday, to visit her daughter, Mary J. Dean, '31, N.

Tom Dean of Elmira was calling on relatives on the hill, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean, Louis Dean and Anna O'Leary attended the theater at Wellsville last Thursday night.

Leo Snyder was inspecting dairies on the hill last week.

Mrs. Katherine Dean and son John visited her brother in Scio, Sunday.

Mrs. Anthony Dougherty accompanied by Miss Margaret Dougherty motored to Hornell, Monday.

Independence

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Crandall were in Rochester, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Pease and Cleon of Greenwood passed Sunday at W. J. Potter's.

Mrs. Clara Mingus is not improving as fast as her friends wish she were.

The congregation from our church joined with the Andover church in a union service, Saturday.

Miss Mary L. Greene of Alfred is visiting Miss Elrene Crandall.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Chaffee and children of Greenwood were Sunday guests of Mrs. Amelia Cottrell.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cook and Clarence of Almond were making calls on the hill, Sunday.

Miss Mary Etta Spicer was a guest over the week-end of Miss Jane Crandall in Alfred.

M. A. Crandall was in Buffalo, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Robbins and family of Whitesville spent Sunday with Mrs. M. W. Ghostley.

Barney Mills

Nov. 11.—Mrs. James Wallace is spending some time with Mrs. Norman Rogers.

Mrs. Ida Simms is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Sherd Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy spent Saturday p. m. with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pease of Andover.

A birthday surprise party was given Mrs. A. W. Edwards last Monday p. m., 23 enjoying an evening of visiting. Ice cream and cake was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Conley and daughter and Mrs. Scott Prest were callers at Carl Tracy's, Sunday.

Home Bureau met with Miss Emily Barney on Saturday night, for a business meeting.

Whitesville

Nov. 12.—The Corning district annual conference is in session at the M. E. church here today.

E. D. Lanphear of Mansfield, Pa., has been visiting relatives here for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Seger and E. D. Lanphear visited relatives in Cuba, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Couch of Corning were guests of her father, J. D. Jartello, Sunday.

Guy Whitney of Hornell and Lee Millspaugh of Andover were here Wednesday evening, on business.

Miss Ruth Howe, a graduate nurse of Highland hospital, Rochester, is spending some time visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Howe.

There was a company of six or eight people from Alden, N. Y., attended church here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon French of Greenwood were here Wednesday night to attend the entertainment festival.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Crittenden visited her sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Mingus of Stanards.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Brown are spending a two-weeks' vacation with his parents, at Malone, N. Y.

Mrs. Hale and daughter of Hornell were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Travis last Friday.

Mrs. Viva Hurlbert, Mrs. Anna Seger, Mrs. Ella Millspaugh, Mrs. Ola Garner, Miss Manda Reynolds, Mrs. E. S. Deck and Rev. and Mrs. L. J. Engler attended the Corning district meeting of the W. F. M. S. at Addison, last Friday.

The Whitesville Entertainment Festival with program furnished by the Collins Lyceum Service of Byron, N. Y., affiliated with Redpath's Bureau, closed last Friday evening with the appearance of the "Corine Jessop Company." This was a very delightful concert company and was enjoyed by a large audience. Twenty-five guarantors signed up for another year and are promised an even better program. some of the best attractions of Redpath's Bureau.

By introducing raw vegetables in the child's diet as sandwich fillings between buttered slices of whole wheat bread, he soon learns to enjoy grated carrots and chopped lettuce, cabbage, or celery.

Davis Hill

Nov. 13.—Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs, Rosanna and Edna Joyce were business visitors in Hornell, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Halsey and sons of Andover were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Kathleen and Mrs. Mabel Halsey were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schriener of Wellsville, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis were visitors of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Carson on the Wellsville road, Sunday evening.

Mrs. Pearl Davis is housekeeper at the home of James Fuller of Andover.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway and sons and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey visited Mrs. Halsey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark of Hartsville, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Slocum and son of Trumansburg were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chet Green and daughter visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Green, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. U. V. Davis and son of Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and family were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schriener and son of Wellsville and Mr. and Mrs. Coyle of Hornell were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Mrs. Sophia Slocum, Kathleen Slocum and Genevieve Clark were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs, Monday evening.

Mrs. Floyd Slocum and Kathleen attended the Masonic Fair and supper, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Pearl Davis returned home Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. U. V. Davis of Rochester, after spending a week guest at their home.

Glen Amesbury is assisting Floyd Slocum shingle George Beebe's house this week.

Mrs. Glen Amesbury was a visitor in Wellsville, Saturday.

Mrs. John Ordiway visited Mrs. Melvin Madison in the Jones Memorial hospital of Wellsville, Saturday afternoon.

Bishop Believes Church Union Is Inevitable

Dr. Cameron Davis, rector of Trinity Episcopal church in Buffalo, and newly elected bishop-coadjutor of the Episcopal Diocese of Western New York, believes that in time a single Christian church in America, formed by the organic union of all of the denominations will be realized. Dr. Davis claims that the day of denominations and sectarianism is past.

Rayon undergarments give better service if they are dried lying flat on a bath towel. Rayon becomes weak when wet and is easily damaged by stretching or rough handling.

* * *

If doughnuts crack in cooking, try a little less baking powder in the recipe.

Quality Printing at the News Printing House.

Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant to take. Get the genuine—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Births

Oct. 7.—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hubner of Belmont, a son, Ernest Albert.

Nov. 5.—To Mr. and Mrs. Orville P. Taylor of Petrolia, a daughter, Louise Anita.

Nov. 7.—To Mr. and Mrs. George Lynn of Wellsville, a daughter.

Nov. 8.—To Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith of Wellsville a daughter, Mary Marie.

Nov. 2.—To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Allen of Alfred Station, a son, Ralph Nutall.

Nov. 3.—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cronk of Hume, a daughter, Wilma Jean.

Marriages

Nov. 2.—Mrs. Emma Norton of Almond and Bert Hunt of Hornell.

Deaths

Nov. 6.—Frances Adeline Dornow. Deceased was born in Wellsville in 1858 and had always lived in that village. Two sons, Otto and Carl Dornow, survive.

Nov. 6.—Mrs. Maryetta Bailey, at the home of her son, William Black of Scio.

Nov. 9.—Mrs. Alonzo Nortor Herman, aged 64 years, at the home of her son, Clyde Harman, on the Almond-Hornell road.

Nov. 7.—Mrs. Mary Meissuer of Scio, aged 46 years. Her husband, Wm. Meissuer and a daughter survive.

Nov. 2.—Miss Clara Butts of Cuba, after an illness of several years. Miss Butts was born in Friendship in 1861. Six sisters and a brother survive. Burial was in Alfred Rural cemetery.

Nov. 3.—Thomas B. Love of Cuba pioneer oil producer, aged 95 years. Deceased was the last survivor of a family of 13 children. Until his last illness of a year ago, Mr. Love had been in active health. He was the father of Benjamin Love of Buffalo, former resident electrician of Andover.

Nov. 4.—Thomas J. Evans at his home in Black Creek, aged 85 years. Mr. Evans was a Civil War veteran, serving in the 2nd New York Heavy Artillery, Co. D.

Nov. 4.—Mrs. Agnes Murphy Shelifelong resident of Wellsville. Deceased was held in high esteem by a large circle of friends.

Nov. 6.—Theodore M. Gleason of Fillmore, aged 56 years, suddenly, from a heart attack. Deceased was prominent socially and in the business interests of the village. He was an active member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and a Past District Deputy Grand Master. His wife and two sons survive.

Nov. 3.—George Peck, at his home in Belmont, aged 84 years. Deceased was held in high esteem in his home town. He was the last living member of Revere Post, G. A. R. of Belmont.

Nov. 4.—Eric J. Wilson, prominent oil producer of Bolivar, following a surgical operation, aged 46 years. He had been a resident of Bolivar with a summer home in California, for years, and had extensive oil property in the Allegany field, Ohio, West Virginia, California and Texas.

Easy! Quick! Glycerin Mix For Constipation

Simple glycerin, buckthorn bark, saline, etc., as mixed in Adlerika, relieves constipation in TWO hours! Most medicines act on only lower bowel, but Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing poisons you never thought were in your system. Just ONE spoonful relieves GAS, sour stomach and sick headache. Let Adlerika give stomach and bowels a REAL cleaning and see how good you feel! Bundage Drug Co.

A glass of tomato juice makes a delicious and inexpensive cocktail and appetizer for winter meals, and it also provides vitamin C, so valuable for health, especially in children.

Rude Rural Rhymes

SHAKE

I have a cold New England shell, I do not handshake very well, but darned if I'm as bad as some, from wheresoever they may come, who grab your paw with mighty thew and squeeze the same both black and blue. There is another kind of chump who thinks he's working on a pump. There is the chap whose fingers feel as cold and clammy as an eel and other folks whose touch imparts the warmness of well working hearts. Yet cold or warm's an accident, not in control of dame or gent. But darn the man who clamps right in and bruises bones and flesh and skin. I've sat beside a cow or two, yes, in my day I've milked a few. I had I think the proper twist but not the strength of hand or wrist. I never pailed a half a score and five at once was quite a chose. But if I had hand strength to use, I hope the same I'd not abuse, like that big cuss who thinks his grip should bring the blood from finger tips. Hand shaking should be social pleasure, a symbol of our friendship treasure, and not a hard-on-milking measure.—BOB ADAMS.

After apples are picked the questions of storing, marking, and loading come in order. Cornell extension bulletin 126 "Harvesting, Grading, Packing and Loading of Apples," will be useful.

Find Cannon Ball Used By Sullivan's Men

Lloyd Bennett, who lives near the Genesee river, found a three pound cannon ball which Town Historian Frank D. Roberts of Perry has identified as the kind used by Gen. Sullivan in his raid against the Indians 150 years ago.

Sullivan's army crossed the river not far from Gibsonville where they camped. Each morning when it was time to resume the raid Sullivan's men would fire a cannon ball to rouse scared the Indians and started them on the run which made it an easy matter for the palefaces to follow.

The cannon ball has been presented to Mr. Roberts, who will place it in his collection of Colonial relics.—Canaseraga Times.

To foster a love of reading in children, see that they are provided with comfortable chairs and good light placed conviently near.

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good used gas range and heater. E. A. Richardson & Son.

WANTED

WANT upholstering, refinishing, repairing, rush and splint seats, carting free. The City Upholstery, 12 Depot street, Canisteo. 34tf

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This Week Thanksgiving Sale of Linens

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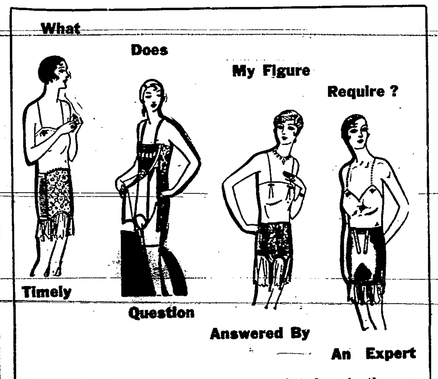
Brunswick New Radio Receivers Drop in Price



Fashion's latest dictate in dress apparel today, is the new Silhouette that follows the feminine figure with its slimmer and smoother waist line to give a smart Princess effect. The most effective support is no longer a matter of only fitting the size, but fitting the figure correctly and scientifically.

Monday--Tuesday--Wednesday

Miss Betty Person, an acknowledged authority and Figure Stylist, of New York, will be in our Corset Department to explain how you can attain perfect foundation for this new Paris fashion. She will analyze your figure to determine just what model your particular type requires, and adjust it to mold your figure gracefully, youthfully and comfortably.

For this occasion we are featuring

American Lady

Foundation Garments

This $148. Model Now $119.

The Model 14 Brunswick Radio Receiver pictured here is a nine-tube unit of the tuned radio frequency type, operating directly and entirely from the electric light socket. Its tremendous amplification renders the set sensitive enough to reach out and bring in distant stations, while its unusual selectivity separates stations easily in the most congested areas.

Single Dial Control . . . Volume Control that assures marvelous variation of volume gradually from zero to maximum . . . and Loudspeaker of the electro-dynamic type combine to make instant selection of any station and "bring it in" with a naturalness and fidelity of tone unsurpassed in any receiver on the market today. Come in and hear it played!

An instrument worthy in every way to bear the name "Brunswick" and at a price never before thought possible for a quality radio.

$174. Model Brunswick Now $144.

$272. Combination Brunswick Now $239.