# RRRAN

# lannery Shoe Store. DECEMBER 21-26.



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Fine Footwear is A Most Acceptable Gitt.

Make Useful Gifts This Year.

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All Shoes Sold at Manufacturers Cost, Pluss A Small Store Expense. SIXTEEN RETAIL STORES

THE TANNERY SHOE STORE, 110 Main St., WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

## South Hill

A cracking good shee for the

the business man, in bl ck.

On a comfortable aud stylish

last. Price \$3.75. Ask for 910

\*ble (?) than a blazard in the and the latter with jaundice. Ladly as to be impassable and the Caple's a few days. mercury some degrees below zero.

We missed "our Jesse" Tuesday, Harrick Color Col •r rather the mail ,that he would plar trip. Lloyd Robinson, of Andover, who teaches in Fulmer Valley, was also unable to surmount the drifts on that day.

Miss Helen Baker, of East Valley, spending the week at the home Ed. Horan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McAndrew were the guests of friends in Wellsville, Saturday and Sunday.

end at their homes.

with colds and grippe. Riley, of Andover, and extend their

ing the funeral Tuesday. week with his daughter, Mrs. John

## ----Elm Valley

A sine and one-half pound daugh- the train and sent a verbal message have a permanent home with them. to learn true gypsy ways, Martin," was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul as to his action.

Doran returned Friday from husband, always she took a high hand from the mind of the scheming Mrs. but we can't starve." Beerie Royers and son, Ray-least a vestige left of fatherly feeling She made him feel that for the little fellow, but gradually he burden and unwelcome. least a vestige left of fatherly feeling She made him feel that he was a miner William. We quarreled and

er Mrs. Flora Breese, a few days Mr and Mrs. Arthur Leonard are Dec. 15th.—What is more enjoy-both quite ill, the former with grippe! accountry, with the roads drifted so | Charles Neville is visiting at Giles | 11.

By CHARLES FRAZER BAILEY. 

Old Jared Bliss sat out in the back (yard of the place he called home, the tears streaming down his wrinkled "It's killing me," he sobbed deso-Rev. J. J. Sheehy, of Andover, en- lately. "I don't care for myself, but Dyed a sleigh-ride on the hill, Fri- !ittle Martin-oh! how can those peo

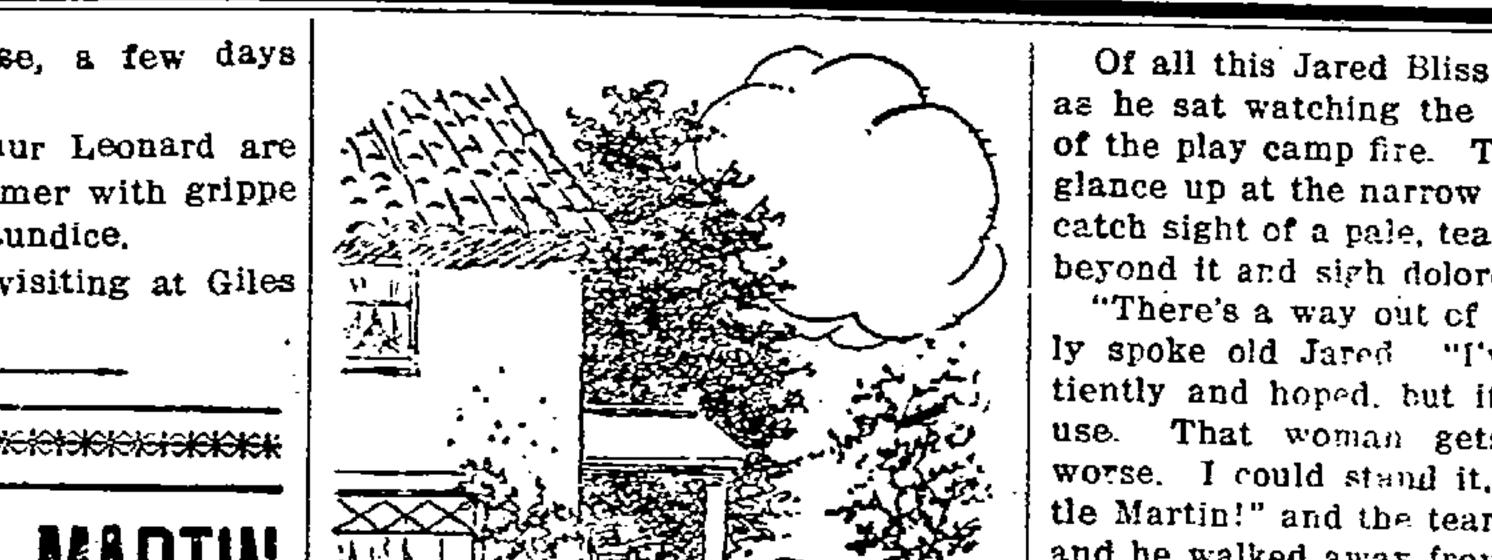
day, and a call on some of his par- ple who have wrested from me all had in the world treat the poor child rey Hill a,nd Lenora Dean, of And- hand over a small tin pail that hung dared to rebel.

tion of three iron rods, forming a tri- but he had put himself and the boy as father a piece of her mind when he (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.) pod. Beneath there were the ashes of well completely in the power of the got back." might play "camping out." Mrs. Henry tin's excet demother. Her husband had aloud: "There's a ladder here?" hear of the death of Mrs. Thomas porter had soon put an angry ter- hepotit of the last Thomas the estate for the "Yes, grandra," nodded Martin,

was a matter of regret that the while he should have been carrying .. severe cold weather and bad roads in fuel from the woodpile. Then she kép many of our people from attend- had ordered him up to his room under the roof rafters. She had locked him in, and there accompanied the act by the threat that he would have a diet of bread and water until he learned

disobeyed. It was the nagging dis- tion, not daring to say a word. position of Mrs. Porter to find fault | Old Jared Bliss was the father of lost his position, and the downward | Mr. and Mrs. George Guinn and humor. Just now she had been particularly crossed by her husband. He to visit his bereaved son-in-law. From month, wandering from town to town, was usually meek and afraid of her the forlorn half orphan. He had no other relative in the world, he had a come up to go with some the forlorn half orphan. He had no other relative in the world, he had a money of the old man gave out. Mar was usually meek and afraid of her the first his tender heart went out to living mostly in the woods like the fellow lodge members on a junket to thousand dollars in bank. Speciously tin broke his ankle in jumping among another town. This time, instead of the avaricious second Mrs. Porter some rocks. They had got down to Henry Eggert and son, Gene, another town. This time, instead of worked it so that this sum came into actual beggary when the old man are South Hill, were calling on Mr. would have been refused, he waited her hands. In return for the acquisit rived at a serious decision.

> Always Mrs. Porter cowed down her of gratitude or justice had departed back to my ungrateful relatives again, in scolding and sometimes punishing Porter. She grudgingly doled out to "Oh, grandpa! not to Mrs. Porters!" little Martin. Henry Porter had at her pensioner the spersest of meals. No. You see, there is a brother of



"There's a Way Out of This."

beyond it and sigh dolorously. , ly spoke old Jared "I've waited pathat Jared had not seen for many I tiently and hoped, but it's no earthly years. That woman gets worse and "What a lovely home!" cried little Prepared to do all Kinds of worse. I could stand it, but poor lit- Martin.

termination on his old bronzed face. bell. बाद back doors in turn cautiously. He | bave come at last!" found them locked. Then he went around and faced the attic window in said Jared. the gathering dusk with the nysteri-

had accepted the iron rule of his sec- "She's gone to a neighbor's who Henry Porter felt mean over it all, had to, so as to be on hand to give panion he so loved.

A number of our people are sick a fire. Jared had rigged up the con- household tyro. It had come about "U-um!" mused Jared, gazing thoughttrivance so that his little favorite through a small estate left by Mar fully about him. Then he spoke office. benefit of the lad. There was a shrewd | "I'm going to raise it—just as the Little Martin had been chided by lawyer in the service of Mrs. Porter, runaways do in the story books. Then eximpathy to the bereaved family. It his stepmother for wasting his time however. By some legal hocus pocus we'll loosen a window and get into she managed it southat the little prop- the home and make up a bundle of erty came into the possession of her our clothes and—ran away." husband. Then there were some Oh, grandpa!" fluttered Martin ir dubious transfers and the title now an ecstasy of Clorious anticipation. "Good riddance!" sniffed Mrs. Por.

After that she domineered over all ter, when that night later she guessed hands. Each day she treated Martin | what had come about. more and more crueily, while her "It's terrible lonesome," said Henry craven better half accepted the situa- a veek later, and began to upbraid his wife for her evil work, took to drink. Phone 238

till they were comfortably aboard of bone it was agreed that Mr. Bliss should "I am too old and you too young At the present time, however, all sense he told the lad. "I hoped never to go

haven't speken for years. Surely,

Of all this Jared Bliss was thinking; though, he must by this time have | as he sat watching the dying embers forgotten his old animosity toward me. of the play camp fire. Then he would Yes, we will try brother William." glance up at the narrow attic window, It was a long tramp and Martin with catch sight of a pale, tear stained face his home-made crutch made slow progress. One evening they lined the "There's a way out of this," sudden- grounds of a grand old country place

tle Martin!" and the tears choked him "It belongs to my brother William," and he walked away from the spot. explained old Jared and he was anx. It was an hour later when he re- dous faced and tremulous as he stood turned. There was a new look of de- at the front door after he rang the

There was a certain excitement and "Why, sir," exclaimed the servant eagerness in his eye as he skirmished who answered the summons, staring in about the place. Hie tried front, side seeming gladness at the visitor, "you the latest thing in Feed Mills "I want to see your master, Peter." and can do your job just as

"Sir-why-aren't you here?" flus. you want it done. tered the puzzled servant. "Oh, sir, is it possible you hadn't heard that "I see you," called down a thin, pip. Mr. William is dead? And we have will be reasonable. ing voice." "What is it, grandpa?" | been trying to find you for a long lime, for he left everything to you." "And to dear Martin," whispered W ond wife as settled law and no longer called for her. I heard her say she old Jared fervently to himself, wind was going to sit up all night. if she ling his arm about the dear little com.

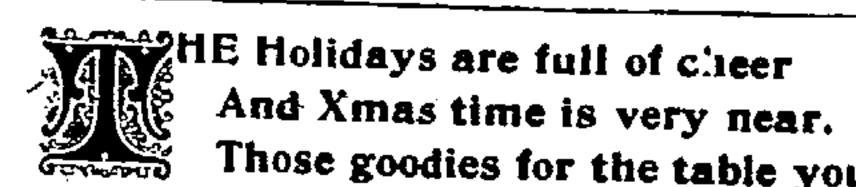
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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

W. Lanphear

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## BLOSS BROTHERS' GROCERY



. And Xmas time is very near. த் Those goodies for the table you will find---Vegetables, nuts and fruits of many kinds Large, meaty oysters fresh from Baltimore, And groceries in all lines at

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Good Gas Manties at 7c each or 5 for 25c while they last F. E. FRANK

more than a parting greeting from her. case She was named Mary Martin, and he overheard her telling the steward that thought it would come on the same she was a school teacher and spend- train." ing her vacation on a tour of the Brit- "You what?" asked the other.

Nicholson was making a pleasure displaying a stub. tour. He was one of those fortunate "I don't know what you mean by Country, the industrial part of the a day until you get it."

The girl in brown would not say son suffered himself to be dragged off anything more than "good-morning" to his friend's house. He bought an and "good-evening." She even seemed outfit and determined to return via s resent Nicholson's attempts to Oxford when he concluded his round BAGSforce himself upon her, the young of visits. And in the enthusiasm of: man thought. So, by the time the voy- the night's meeting he almost forgot age was half ended he had left her his troubles.

erely alone.

It was one of the greatest disapadvertisement in the Coventry papers: pointments that he had ever had. He "If the gentleman who took away a was not an unduly impressionable lady's shoe from the Queen's hotel. at 25c. to \$150. young man, but the girl in brown had Oxford, will return it to its owner, no HOSIERYmade a profound impression upon his questions will be asked. Address M heart. There is some inner sense that M., Leicester. Reward if required." tells us whether these affairs have in Leicester was Nicholson's last stop Nicholson felt that he could love the letter and arrange to meet Miss Mar zirl in brown—given propinquity for tin there. Meanwhile his friend told

"I'll Tell You in a Minute."

the girl in brown.

Thank you kindly, sir."

where to be seen.

his suitcase in his hand.

whether the himser. No coubt be had roller towal.



"Will you kindly give me my shoe?" Micholson opened the suitcase and

"I am very sorry to have caused you derstand it was not my fault, don't

tin answered. "Kindly wait. It is no use attempting to pass me, because the persage, and looked round to see you will be stopped by the doorkeeper.

She did not pay the slightest heed ato him, but, without any sign of rec- | manded

Boots, dessied by the bestowal of a fell one, two, three, four, five hundred est blessing, power and knowledge. truly American tip, informed Nichol- dollar bills.

In fact, he was a little ashamed to ing her to be calm. that the sun was shining brightly. He | pleaded.

small and very shapely lady's shoe, "Because I was so afraid," she and church. neighbor. His missing shoe was no confidence men, and you-you looked

the episode of the morning, forgotten Miss Martin, save that she lay like a her maid at the eleventh hour, mobilsubconstitute tites at the base of his | ized a Swedish reserve in desperation memory. He rushed upstairs, to find for the dinner party. All the English Boots standing before his door with the new domestic understood was the sign manual, but an hour's drill pur im't no time to lose, sir. I've called dinner went well until dessert. The Swede forgot the finger-bowls which He thrust the | the washing and drying of hands. The states inside, and, gratified by an- Swede nodded, went out and refurned. Walted frantically toward the station. | domestic at her ellow. Screnely she

"Checked it," answered Nicholson

voung men who have sufficient income | 'checking it'," replied his friend. to make work unnecessary. Not that you had a guard put your bag into he was an idler. He meant to take the baggage-van it must have come. up sociology seriously—was, in fact, Why—good heavens, man, don't you on his way to England at the invita- see that you left it at the parcels tion of a friend, to attend some crowd- room? It's waiting for you there, no: ed political meetings in the Black doubt, and it will cost you twopence Bewildered and disgusted, Nichol.

'Miss Martin will be glad to see!' Mr. Nicholson at the Temperance hotel provided he brings her shoe with!

Miss Martin understood quite well

took out the shoe, wrapped neatly inse much trouble," he said, "You un-

"I'll tell you in a minute," Miss Mar-

"What do you mean?" Nicholson de-Nicholson sighed, changed his mind extracted the shoe from the parcel guides the destiny of every commun-Bromenaded the High for nearly an unscrew the heel. The heel came off, civilization would wither and die and and out of the hollow interior there | through them life may attain its great-

son of the British custom of putting "Oh, thank heaven!" she cried. "I indebted to this social triumvirate for ene's shoes outside the bedroom door was down to my last dollar. Oh-h-h!" their uplifting influence, and on behalf to be polished. "I cleans 'em, sir," he | And suddenly Miss Martin went into | of the American plowmen I want to said. "I'll give you an extra shine. something that very closely resembled thank those engaged in these high hysterics. And before Nicholson callings for their able and efficient; Nicholson went to bed and slept like knew what he was doing he found service, and I shall offer to the press; a just man without remorse or care. himself bending over her and implor a series of articles on co-operation !!

opened his door. Outside lay one of www. wouldn't you speak to me tual understanding and organized efhis shoes. And, next to it, was a on the boat?" he asked.

lay before his eyes. Boots must have money in it outside the door. And, rests the "ark of the covenant" and made a hideous blunder. Nicholson and—I thought you had followed me." he is more responsive to religious inwent down to pick a quarrel with him. "I didn't," answered Nicholson bold- fluences than any other class of cit-But Boots was nowhere to be found. ly. "but, as a fellow-countryman, I'm | izenshir And, as Nicholson munched his break- going to now, to see that you don't The farmers of this nation have fast, a telegram was put into his hand. get into any more trouble and—for built 120,000 churches at a cost of "Meet me at Conventry at four," it other reasons." ran. It was from the friend who was | And something in the girl's look en- tion of the nation toward all church

sociological observations that lay be- not wholly unwilling. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.) There was only one train to Coven-Unless All Signs Fall. try that day-Sunday. Forgotten was

the held a dish-pan of hot water, a cake ( whices. Well, of course, Boots had , yellow washing-soap, and the kitchen ,

case, slung it into a cab and hurried,

followed each other

By Peter Radford pognition, entered her room adjacent. For answer Miss Martin carefully form a triple alliance of progress that ity is a crime against religion, a seri- The evils of too many churches can lorganized farmers.

The farmers of this nation are greatly between these important influences discover, when he opened his eyes, "Can you ever forgive me?" she and the farmers in the hope of in. creasing the efficiency of all by mu-

fort. We will take up, first, the rural;" evidently the property of his next-door | swered. "I knew Europe was full of | The Farmers Are Great Church Buildat my shoes to hard. I put the shoes | The American farmer is the greatest Nicholson had a spare pair of shoes outside to bluff you, because I thought church builder the world has ever in his bag, and he put them on. Then \_\_I thought you would never dream known. He is the custodian of the he stood staring in perplexity at what that I would put the shoe with the nation's morality; upon his shoulders "

\$750.000.000, and the annual contributo guide him through the maze of couraged him to believe that she was institutions approximates \$200,000,000 per annum. The farmers of the United States build 22 churches per day. There are 20,000,000 rural church communicants on the farm, and 54 per cent of the total membership of all, churches reside in the countries

The farm is the power-house of all progress and the birthplace of all that is noble. The Garden of Eden was in the country and the man who would get close to God must first get close The Functions of a Rural Church.

If the rural churches today are going to render a service which this age demands, there must be co-operation The church to attain its fullest measthe brocess must earlich the lives h of the people is the community | serves; # must build character; develop thought and increase the engineers

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Press Essential to Community

The church, the press and the school munities. An over-churched commun- they seek to promote.

of human life. It must serve the so- ous handicap to society and a useless be minimized by co-operation. The social and economic life of a rural cial, business and intellectual, as well tax upon agriculture. as the spiritual and moral side of life. While denominations are essential If religion does not make a man more and church pride commendable, the cannot be successfully divided by decapable, more useful and more just, high teaching of universal Christianity nominational lines, and the churchest what good is it? We want a practical must prevail if the rural church is to can only occupy this important field. - 🛶 what good is it? We want a practical must prevail if the rural church is to can only occupy this important field religion, one we can live by and farm fulfill its mission to agriculture.
by, as well as die by.

We frequently have three or i by co-operation and co-ordination. We frequently have three or four

· The efficient country church will churches in a community which is not | definitely serve its community by leadable to adequately support one. Small ling in all worthy efforts at community Co-operation of Church, School and which has but one place of worship, congregations attend services once a building, in uniting the people in all While competition is the life of trade. | month and all fail to perform the re- | co-operative endeavors for the genit is death to the rural church and higious functions of the community. eral welfare of the community and int moral starvation to the community. The division or religious forces and arousing a real love for country life. Petty sectarianism is a scourge that the breaking into fragments of moral and loyalty to the country home and blights the life, and the church preju- efforts is ofttimes little less than a these results can only be successfully. dice saps the vitality, of many com- calamity and defeats the very purpose accomplished by the united effort of the press, the school, the church and

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