

The Ad. Man is too busy to write up an ad. for this week. We thank you for the excellent and appreciative trade we had for the Yuletide.

A very interesting ad. in the next issue—look for it.

We wish you a very Happy New Year.

Schau & Roosa Co.
117 Main St. Hornell, N. Y.

The Reason Of It

By P. P. Hargrove

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

One day when Stuart was gazing through the freight yards in search for things that should not exist there, he discovered Mahoney behind a lot of rice sacks that were being shipped from New Orleans to California. Mahoney was but a youngster, whose real place was in a schoolroom instead of trying to tramp his way to the Pacific Coast. Stuart had a violent hatred for "bobos." They had been the cause of trouble on his division ever since he had been promoted to the superintendency, and he was tired of them. Of late, since the steel works had closed down in Illinois and Ohio, and the news had gone forth that the oil fields of California were alluring.

But when Mahoney had jumped to the ground, and looked Stuart in the eye, the warning and rebuke he started to let fly from his lips were left unsaid. For he saw an honest face searching his. The boy's body was straight as in anticipating an assault. It didn't take a great deal of questioning for the superintendent to find out why the boy was there. He told his story in unflinching tones. Left without mother or father, cast upon the charity of an unsympathetic relative in St. Louis, he had broken all the cords that bound him to his Missouri birthplace and had started for the great West to find any sort of employment that would give him an uncooling bed.

When Mahoney had washed his face at the tank and then reported to the section boss, he was hungry enough to do justice to the baked beans and fried pork that were set before him. The next day he started picking up stray bits of iron that had fallen in the yards and when night had come, and he had met the superintendent again, who this time smiled kindly at him, his heart melted and a tear came in his eye.

A dear neighbor of the Stuart family was Mrs. Cook, a young girl with artless ways, a pair of eyes as blue as the wings of a jay-bird, with sun-burnt hair that hung in waves about a beautiful forehead, whose laughter was infectious and whose dreams were as delightfully free from care as the winds about her were of malaria. One day as she was walking almost about the railroad tracks she was caught by a pair of youthful hands just in time to miss a powerful engine that was flying through the yards hauling a through freight bound for the terminal at Oakland. She did not faint when she realized the dangerous position from which she had been snatched. She looked into Mahoney's face and thanked him while she was still in his arms, and the rushing cars were still making noise enough to drown all other sound.

Mahoney saw her to her mother's apartments. When he had supper at the section boss' ranch, his mind was preoccupied. His food almost went unattended. A nervous itching had possession of his body. From that night on he was no longer a visitor at the Grand Pacific restaurant which was looked over by the station, kept by Mrs. Hooligan and frequented in evenings by young men who played cards and drank beer. Mahoney had bickered ambitions. When his days work was finished he offered to do jobs around the dispatcher's office without pay if he were allowed to play with the mysterious keys and be taught the alphabet. In a little while he was efficient enough to make him self intelligible to the agent at the depot, at which point the wood-yard foreman, who was a tolerant of his mistakes and pa-

rently repeated message after message that she might assist him in learning.

Time went on, and Mahoney gave up his job with the section. He had been given the operator's chair at Sierra Blanca. Before he had been there a week he had, with great difficulty, indeed, and forwarded a letter, which concerned him more than all his other hopes; and when Miss Cook received it she was not offended. It was a boyish letter, free from affectation, and filled with expression of genuine and sincere love. The little girl's heart hobbled in riotous joy and she forgot all else that morning. Only his words that kissed her mind tenderly and lovingly, could she remember. She read his letter in her hand when her mother asked to see it. She had never had a sweetheart before, nor a secret, and when her mother scolded her for countenancing a common railroad man whose blood was as blue as the skies above—the poor girl, wounded and bleeding, tore the paper into fragments and then went into her room to weep. Yes, her mother was right, perhaps. Her former playmates and companions back in New Orleans would never permit her that moment's peace if they were to hear that she had chosen a lover from out the wilds of the Rio Grande, while her mother was staying there, and she was dissipating the hectic flush that had lit upon her cheeks. She would forget him—however hard that might be—she would do it. That is what she told Mrs. Cook that evening at ten, and she really thought she could.

Mahoney looked for a letter that never came. As mail trains after mail train had come and left him to his gloomy and desolate home on the big hill with no answer from his first love, his mind found new theories as to how it was possible she might have missed receiving his message. So he wrote again. As the days wore on and he received no response, he asked Konnon, the night track man, if the Cooks were still at El Paso. Perhaps they had gone, he thought. But when he had been told over the wire that Miss Cook had been seen crossing the tracks that very afternoon, his heart sank within him, and for the first time he took a drink. The mesquite was bitter, and his head soon began to ache. The next morning, he made two solemn oaths. The first was that he would never speak to another girl or save her from death if he had the chance. His second resolve was that he would not take another drink. He has studiously observed the latter.

One morning the El Paso Chronicle had a story of Mahoney's bravery, and it was scattered all over the front page of that newspaper. Robbers had bound and gagged him at Sierra Blanca, but they had not secured his hands so fast that he could not crawl to the telegraph key and warn the approaching express that was soon due at Valentine of its impending danger. This incident was followed a week later by another story printed equally as conspicuous, telling how Mahoney, with a pistol, had shot the headlight out of an engine dashing by the station after the signal lights had failed to warn the engineer to get in on the sidetrack. Thus a collision with No. 21, which was hauling the general manager, was averted. Three weeks later Dave Mahoney was dispatcher at El Paso.

Fearing that his return might rekindle the danger's flame which, apparently, had been successfully extinguished in her daughter, as soon as Mrs. Cook discovered Mahoney's presence, she arranged an excursion for herself and daughter into Chihuahua. A month's stay among the foothills of the Sierra Madros worked such wonderful results in the physical condition of Mrs. Cook that she concluded she was well enough to go back to her Louisiana orange grove. So one evening she wrote a message to Superintendent Stewart, telling him of her plans, and asking him to see to it that her belongings in the Magoffin flats were packed and made ready for shipment on her return, and that she would depart from Chihuahua the following afternoon. Mahoney was at the desk when the telegram was received. He did not sleep that night, and the following morning he asked to be relieved of work for the day. In the evening he wandered over

the station, went to his bed, but so distressed by the train had already pulled out of Posh.

Two hours later a closed carriage was driven rapidly over the long bridge between the Mexican and American towns. There was no examination of the two passengers on the inside, for a young man who had a seat with the driver threw a gold piece at the inspector who was standing at the entrance. When the carriage stopped at the Magoffin flats Mr. Stewart happened to be standing at the corner. He recognized Mahoney, and bowed to the ladies as they stepped to the ground.

As the carriage drove away Mahoney stood trembling near the blushing girl, while her mother was telling Mr. Stewart as rapidly as her tongue would permit, the experiences of the day. Presently, as she went to enter the door, she said: "Dear Mr. Mahoney, how kind and thoughtful you always are! Won't you come up and sit with us awhile?"

"No, mamma," answered the daughter, "he hasn't time now. He and I are going to sit out here a while, and I am going to tell him that which I should have written him a year ago."

Our classified ads. get results.

These divisions make any further assurance the name of the town Edward Keegan of Geneva, who was found listless in his room in that city. He had been reported missing for two weeks.

The annual report of Luther Lakin, county clerk of Chautauque county, shows the receipts of his office for the current year are \$1,000 and the disbursements \$1,000, leaving a deficit of \$887.

A. J. Peterson, secretary of the Twin City Y. M. C. A., reported that the Tonawanda over-subscribed their share of the national Y. M. C. A. fund. The Tonawanda were to have raised \$17,000, but raised \$17,856.70.

Mrs. Mary Schwartz Ross of New York and Miss Martha Van Rensselaer of Ithaca have been appointed by the state food commission to have charge of the department of home economics in New York state.

Unpatriotic remarks made by an unpatriotized German at Cuba, an Irishman resulted in the German getting a bad beating up at the hands of the Irishman and arrest at the hands of a United States marshal.

Read our classified advs.

MR. JAS. J. ROYALL
S.S. "Boston", Central Wharf
Boston, Mass., April 26th, 1918.

For three years, I was troubled with Constipation. At times, the attacks would be very severe, accompanied by Diarrhea and Violent Headache. I took medicine and laxatives the whole time, but as soon as I discontinued the treatment, my bowels would refuse to move. Last October, I wrote to Montreal and there heard of "Fruit-Lives". I used one box and the results were pronounced that I bought two more boxes. I continued using "Fruit-Lives" and gradually reduced the dose from three days to one tablet every three or four days until the twenty-four boxes were finished when my physical condition was perfect."

JAS. J. ROYALL.
60c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or send to Fruit-Lives Limited, Orono, Maine, U.S.A.

Do you know some stores that are no better than yours — that are advertised twice as much? Do you know some that are not half so good as yours — yet better advertised? Think it over, and let it worry you somewhat.

TRY FOR THE CANADIAN

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Potter spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Burger at Greenwood. Mrs. J. M. Green, of Andover, was a Christmas guest of her sister, Mrs. D. E. Livermore, and has been visiting her sons during the holidays.

Miss Emma and Eloise Clarke have come from Alfred for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Green and Mrs. M. J. Green are spending Christmas week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Thompson, at Granddall Hill.

Rev. W. L. Green and family were in Wellsville Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Porter are at Southport, called there by the death of Wm. Henneman.

E. E. Clarke and family were in Andover.

Miss guests of Miss Alice Clarke at Andover.

Bert Grossman is home from college for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bloss, of Whitesville, spent Wednesday at D. E. Livermore's.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Maure, of Fulton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Crandall, Christmas.

The Ladies Aid Society will hold their annual business meeting Monday afternoon, Jan. 14th, at the home of Mrs. Floyd Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Clarke entertained their brothers and sisters and their families at dinner Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Green were

War Time Sale

OF MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS

When we bought our stock of Suits and Overcoats for this season we did not anticipate that so many of our young men would be wearing Uncle Sam's khaki and would have no use for civilian clothes.

We are therefore considerably overstocked and as we cannot afford to carry so large an amount of Clothing over for another season, we have cut the prices very liberally as a means of converting this stock into cash.

Clothing will be very much higher next year; the thrifty buyer can save money by anticipating his future needs now.

Our Entire Stock of Men's Suits AND Overcoats Reduced Without Any Reservations

- SUITS AND OVERCOATS FORMERLY \$16.50 and \$18.00 **\$13.50**
- SUITS AND OVERCOATS FORMERLY \$20.00 and \$22.50 **\$15.50**
- SUITS AND OVERCOATS FORMERLY \$25.00 and \$26.50 **\$17.50**

Our Stock of Boys' Clothes Has Also Been Liberally Reduced in Price

GET TO KNOW THIS STORE BETTER

Gus Veit & Co.

Main Street and Broadway
Hornell : : : New York

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Jason A. Hunt, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers there of to the undersigned Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, at the Andover State Bank, Andover, N. Y., on or before the 19th day of January, 1918.

Dated July 9, 1917.

J. M. BRUNDAGE
Executor

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Norman P. Brainard, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the Law Office of Crayton L. Barley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 2nd day of February, 1918.

Dated Jan. 20th, 1917.

HAROLD S. BRAINARD
EDITH M. BRAINARD
Administrators

NOTICE TO PRESENT CLAIMS

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons having claims against Jacob Hand, late of the County of Allegany, deceased, pursuant to an order of Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber at the office of Jesse L. Grant, Wellsville, N. Y., on or before the 25th day of May, 1918.

Dated, November 10, 1917.

WILSON RA HAND
JACOB HAND
Administrators

JESSE L. GRANT
Attorney for Administrators
Wellsville, New York

Away with DEADLY POISONS
RAT CORN
KILLS RATS, MICE AND
MICE

FOR SALE BY
WHOLESALE BAKER BROTHERS
ANDOVER, N. Y.

What your store is to be in a year from now exists in your plans for it to-day—in the publicity campaigns you're creating now.

The ad-reader comes to know the store—to know the "publicity habits" of the stores.

INDEPENDENCE

Dec. 31—Mrs. G. E. Burdick and Elizabeth and Margaret, of Alfred, were guests of Mrs. E. E. Randall from Monday until Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Potter spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Burger at Greenwood. Mrs. J. M. Green, of Andover, was a Christmas guest of her sister, Mrs. D. E. Livermore, and has been visiting her sons during the holidays.

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Special

Our regular \$2.25 Washable Kid Glove—black white and tan—is special at

\$1.98

SALE

Remnants of Wool

Remnants of Silk

We are fairly swamped with short lengths of Silks and Wools after holiday season. We want to make a quick clearance of these ends.

Considering advanced prices this year in both silks and wools, this sale might be of special interest, as these Remnants will be marked at extremely low figures, many of which will be at one-half the regular price.

These Remnants embrace all classes of merchandise—Silk and Wool and run the gamut from three-quarter yard to a full dress pattern. The best always go first—endeavor to make your selections very early during this sale. This is a money-saving opportunity and well worth thoughtful consideration.