

Address
First
B. S.
H. P.

WALTER J. ...
Office Hours ...
Office Main and Center
Andover, N. Y.

W. O'DONNELL, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
and Residence, Church St.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

J. LOUGHLIN, M. D.
GENERAL PRACTITIONER
and Residence, Center St.
Andover, N. Y.

DR. DANIEL LEWIS
ALBANY, NEW YORK
Hours 2-4 and by Appointment

ERTHA HARMAN CRONK
CHIROPRACTOR
McLaughlin Building
Andover, N. Y.

C. DAVIE
Veterinary Surgeon
AT LEVER'S LIVERY
Monday of Each Week

HENRY STEPHENS,
FIRE
INSURANCE
LIFE
Office at Residence, 51 Main St.
Andover, N. Y.

RAYTON L. EARLEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW
Money Loaned on Good Deal
Estate Security
LEGAL BUSINESS RECEIVES
PROMPT ATTENTION
Andover, N. Y.

MY FRIEND TO PERFORM ANY SERVICE
Give sympathy, help to clear the tangles of perplexity or show courtesy. Friends do these things because they can. It's a friend's business.

Fancy the shame of a household in which either husband or wife must play the suppliant.

Consider an association of people needing to be "clubbed" into fellowship—a church, for example, that would need to be provided into ordinary loyalty and courtesy.

No, friends do the fine charities of life because friends always do. If one doesn't sympathize, help, spur, encourage, praise—he isn't a friend.

One hears complaints of friends becoming cold. Never. Friends do not become cold. One hears of love passing, of husbands and wives living surrounded by impenetrable walls, each afraid to cross the path of silence. Never say love has failed; only the spurious failed.

Love never fails. That is why God has made love the test of Eternal Life. If any other key unlocked heaven many would enter and turn heaven into a sty, a mire, a horror of hate and evil; but seeing that only love unlocks the gate, heaven is assured of being the Truth, the Beauty, the Rightness that it is.

If anything save love entered heaven it would cease to be—happen.

the folk are found
With bread or spur or praise,
You're there when friend's hands
give the heart-ning cup
Of comfort for rough days.
You know the fret of thankless
burdens that
Through long, drear years are
borne;
You know the ghostly rights of
fear and
The Pharaoh with morn.
You know the ache of lonseoming
hearts whose friends
Have trod the Silent Trail;
You know the tang of empty cups
the need
Of all who dream and fail.
You suffer in the gloom with
those whose gifts
Of kindness reap a blow.
You know the cost of building
fires when fers
Drench each fresh-kindled glow
You weep with all the dreamers
jibed at by
The clay-blind, flesh-dulled
throng;
And your flesh finches when
weak helpless ones
Are lashed by brutal wrong.
You suffer in the gloom with
doubting hearts
Whose tent is pitched in night;
Your face is marred with livid
scars of those
On whom sin sears its blight
And inasmuch as we play square
with folk,
Your folk, as we pass through
The fields, we lift the load and
lend a hand.
Oh Friend of Friends, with You

MY FRIEND TO PERFORM ANY SERVICE
Give sympathy, help to clear the tangles of perplexity or show courtesy. Friends do these things because they can. It's a friend's business.

Fancy the shame of a household in which either husband or wife must play the suppliant.

Consider an association of people needing to be "clubbed" into fellowship—a church, for example, that would need to be provided into ordinary loyalty and courtesy.

No, friends do the fine charities of life because friends always do. If one doesn't sympathize, help, spur, encourage, praise—he isn't a friend.

One hears complaints of friends becoming cold. Never. Friends do not become cold. One hears of love passing, of husbands and wives living surrounded by impenetrable walls, each afraid to cross the path of silence. Never say love has failed; only the spurious failed.

Love never fails. That is why God has made love the test of Eternal Life. If any other key unlocked heaven many would enter and turn heaven into a sty, a mire, a horror of hate and evil; but seeing that only love unlocks the gate, heaven is assured of being the Truth, the Beauty, the Rightness that it is.

If anything save love entered heaven it would cease to be—happen.

the folk are found
With bread or spur or praise,
You're there when friend's hands
give the heart-ning cup
Of comfort for rough days.
You know the fret of thankless
burdens that
Through long, drear years are
borne;
You know the ghostly rights of
fear and
The Pharaoh with morn.
You know the ache of lonseoming
hearts whose friends
Have trod the Silent Trail;
You know the tang of empty cups
the need
Of all who dream and fail.
You suffer in the gloom with
those whose gifts
Of kindness reap a blow.
You know the cost of building
fires when fers
Drench each fresh-kindled glow
You weep with all the dreamers
jibed at by
The clay-blind, flesh-dulled
throng;
And your flesh finches when
weak helpless ones
Are lashed by brutal wrong.
You suffer in the gloom with
doubting hearts
Whose tent is pitched in night;
Your face is marred with livid
scars of those
On whom sin sears its blight
And inasmuch as we play square
with folk,
Your folk, as we pass through
The fields, we lift the load and
lend a hand.
Oh Friend of Friends, with You

MY FRIEND TO PERFORM ANY SERVICE
Give sympathy, help to clear the tangles of perplexity or show courtesy. Friends do these things because they can. It's a friend's business.

Fancy the shame of a household in which either husband or wife must play the suppliant.

Consider an association of people needing to be "clubbed" into fellowship—a church, for example, that would need to be provided into ordinary loyalty and courtesy.

No, friends do the fine charities of life because friends always do. If one doesn't sympathize, help, spur, encourage, praise—he isn't a friend.

One hears complaints of friends becoming cold. Never. Friends do not become cold. One hears of love passing, of husbands and wives living surrounded by impenetrable walls, each afraid to cross the path of silence. Never say love has failed; only the spurious failed.

Love never fails. That is why God has made love the test of Eternal Life. If any other key unlocked heaven many would enter and turn heaven into a sty, a mire, a horror of hate and evil; but seeing that only love unlocks the gate, heaven is assured of being the Truth, the Beauty, the Rightness that it is.

If anything save love entered heaven it would cease to be—happen.

the folk are found
With bread or spur or praise,
You're there when friend's hands
give the heart-ning cup
Of comfort for rough days.
You know the fret of thankless
burdens that
Through long, drear years are
borne;
You know the ghostly rights of
fear and
The Pharaoh with morn.
You know the ache of lonseoming
hearts whose friends
Have trod the Silent Trail;
You know the tang of empty cups
the need
Of all who dream and fail.
You suffer in the gloom with
those whose gifts
Of kindness reap a blow.
You know the cost of building
fires when fers
Drench each fresh-kindled glow
You weep with all the dreamers
jibed at by
The clay-blind, flesh-dulled
throng;
And your flesh finches when
weak helpless ones
Are lashed by brutal wrong.
You suffer in the gloom with
doubting hearts
Whose tent is pitched in night;
Your face is marred with livid
scars of those
On whom sin sears its blight
And inasmuch as we play square
with folk,
Your folk, as we pass through
The fields, we lift the load and
lend a hand.
Oh Friend of Friends, with You

MY FRIEND TO PERFORM ANY SERVICE
Give sympathy, help to clear the tangles of perplexity or show courtesy. Friends do these things because they can. It's a friend's business.

Fancy the shame of a household in which either husband or wife must play the suppliant.

Consider an association of people needing to be "clubbed" into fellowship—a church, for example, that would need to be provided into ordinary loyalty and courtesy.

No, friends do the fine charities of life because friends always do. If one doesn't sympathize, help, spur, encourage, praise—he isn't a friend.

One hears complaints of friends becoming cold. Never. Friends do not become cold. One hears of love passing, of husbands and wives living surrounded by impenetrable walls, each afraid to cross the path of silence. Never say love has failed; only the spurious failed.

Love never fails. That is why God has made love the test of Eternal Life. If any other key unlocked heaven many would enter and turn heaven into a sty, a mire, a horror of hate and evil; but seeing that only love unlocks the gate, heaven is assured of being the Truth, the Beauty, the Rightness that it is.

If anything save love entered heaven it would cease to be—happen.

the folk are found
With bread or spur or praise,
You're there when friend's hands
give the heart-ning cup
Of comfort for rough days.
You know the fret of thankless
burdens that
Through long, drear years are
borne;
You know the ghostly rights of
fear and
The Pharaoh with morn.
You know the ache of lonseoming
hearts whose friends
Have trod the Silent Trail;
You know the tang of empty cups
the need
Of all who dream and fail.
You suffer in the gloom with
those whose gifts
Of kindness reap a blow.
You know the cost of building
fires when fers
Drench each fresh-kindled glow
You weep with all the dreamers
jibed at by
The clay-blind, flesh-dulled
throng;
And your flesh finches when
weak helpless ones
Are lashed by brutal wrong.
You suffer in the gloom with
doubting hearts
Whose tent is pitched in night;
Your face is marred with livid
scars of those
On whom sin sears its blight
And inasmuch as we play square
with folk,
Your folk, as we pass through
The fields, we lift the load and
lend a hand.
Oh Friend of Friends, with You

quiet, restful place, with comforts of home
THE SANFORD HOUSE
239 Main St., Hornell, N. Y.
Furnished rooms by day or week. Newly
renovated. Modern conveniences. Reservations
made. Mrs. Sanford-Burdick, Prop.

WHEN IN HORNELL
STOP AT
Hotel York
H. A. York & Son, Prop.
Near Erie Station
Everything First Class

400 TYPEWRITERS!
MILTONS \$12. SMITH-PREMIER \$12.
Four Children Learn Typewriting at Home
This Vacation. Instruction Book Free. Ask
MRS. TYPE MORNERY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

E. BROWN
Undertaker and Embalmer
Best Equipment
Skilled Service
attended to day or night
Main Street, Andover, N. Y.

LOWERS
FOR ALL
OCCASIONS
ELEGANT DESIGNS
A SPECIALTY
WETTLIN, The Florist,
Hornell, N. Y.

MY SOLDIER

W.S.S. W.S.S.



Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
God bless my brother gone to war
Across the seas, in France, so far.
Oh, may his fight for Liberty,
Save millions more than little me
From cruel fates or ruthless blast
And bring him safely home at last.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
4% COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY


'CALL OF GAME' MAY PROVE RED SOX ALLY

Human weakness may brew baseball strength in 1918.

The situation looms at Boston where rumor has it that Bill Carrigan, banker and baseballist, will surrender his retirement policy and return to the game as manager of the Red Sox.

Carrigan won the American League pennant and world series in 1915-16. At the end of the latter season he retired from baseball—wealthy and as president of a bank at his home town, Lewisport, Me.

Since then Carrigan has withstood all efforts to get him back to the diamond as player-manager. Yet like all other mortals, Carrigan has his weakness—and baseball is it. Jack Barry who managed the team in 1917 is now in the navy.



But here and there a young man does not overcome. He triumphs, and we recognize a master. He acquires the conquering habit, and presently we find him rejoicing in the strength that comes from repeated and easy victories. After that his course thru the world, in whatever vocation he engages, is natural conquest, and the fellows who weakly yielded when difficulties arose are the material he builds on.

There seem to be two ways only of dealing with hard things. First, is to succumb, yield to the tired feeling. Give up mathematics because it is tough. Drop history because it is dull. Give up the fight for the top in business because it takes so much effort. Abandon the desire of religious life because it is hard to resist sin. Follow this line of surrender two or three years; then examine your back bone. Test your mind, your moral strength, your conscience. See how your whole capacity for achievement has been weakened until you are an incapable, perhaps forever, like most of the lunkheads around you.

But try first the other thing. Grapple the first difficulty that comes up. Wrestle till you down it, if it takes till break of day. Get on top of it with both feet. First the bear, then the lion, then Goliath. (David worked up by degrees to the giant.) Master the problem in mathematics, and know the joy of victory; the hard things in other studies, and see what tonic to the mind; the hardest thing in your day's work a office or shop, and see how strong you will be for the next day; the temptation that assails you, and feel the joy of deliverance. Master your lower nature, and know what it is to have God's approval.

Do all this faithfully until it becomes a habit. Then see how strong your mind has become, how secure your conscience, how you jump ahead in your work, how you grow to be a master of men. The world yields to such a spirit as that.

Commence tomorrow morning the obstacle-conquering habit. If it fails you in a year or two of honest effort, go back to the habit of surrender before difficulties, and take your place with the great mass of men who yearly hold aloft the banner of defeat.

W.S.S.

Read our classified ads.

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS
Classified Advertisements 1 cent
a Word. Minimum Price 10 cents

FOR SALE

Static Machine For Sale — Betz make, 16 plate, good condition. X-Ray-Violet Rays, sold at a big sacrifice. Inquire of L. C. Stern, 10

FOR SALE OR RENT — 218-acre Farm, three miles west of Jasper, on Greenwood road. G. A. Hardy, Canisteo, N. Y. 10

FOR SALE — To Settle Estate, John M. Greene Estate Farm, 252 acres, on the Independence road. Sell all or half. Cheap if taken at once. Inquire of Clayton C. Greene, Administrator, or C. L. Earley, Andover, N. Y. 6ff

For Rent

FOR RENT — The J. B. Mead Farm, in Town of Greenwood, 105 acres; money rent. Inquire of J. F. Hann, Andover.

Wanted

WANTED — Tenant for good dairy farm. Inquire of News, 15

FOUND

FOUND — Kid Glove Sunday evening. Call at News. 9

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, N. Y., notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Catherine Walker, late of Andover, Allegany County, New York, deceased, to present the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Executor at the office of Jesse L. Grantier, Wellsville, N. Y., at 103 N. Main Street, on or before the 15th day of July, 1918.

Dated January 3, 1918.
DANIEL D. WALKER,
Executor.

GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR DAILY PAPERS

Since the raise in the price of the Buffalo daily papers many have felt forced to stop them and are now without any daily paper. We have to offer a substitute for the daily paper which we claim is just as good as far as national issues are concerned. While you will get very little from it about local and Western New York news, you will find that the national news is covered thoroly. The great war in Europe, or Stage, and National Government and the very best of editorials, interestingly written on the question of the day.

This paper is the Thrice-a-Week World, almost a daily at a price lower than a weekly. We will send it to you one year with the News for \$2.25 only 75 cents extra for this New York paper which comes to you three times a week.

At the Front

PODIAR MECHANICS

MAGAZINE
360 ARTICLES — 360 ILLUSTRATIONS
BETTER THAN EVER

15c a copy
At Your Newsdealer
Yearly Subscription \$1.50
Send for our new free catalog of mechanical books
Popular Mechanics Magazine
6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Good Printing is a News Office Specialty

News Ads Always Get Prompt Results