

First Installment

It was spring in the Three River

lease of pent-up power, crashing and to hard, brown knots. Strange fires write as he had in the letter she had paddle. The buoyant craft trem- Ellen's thoughts grew dreamy and to remain so still and quiet when pounding at the shuddering ice floes. flashed in his eyes. It was plain received from him on the day she bled before the grip of the river, but clouded with a sweet languor. The every fibre of her being called to thad lowered its voice to a croon-time to keep from exploding into er needed her. Just why, she could stole silently upstream. distant, those waters would finally kay," he finished quietly. "But it that was why Ellen put aside her wards again. Uncouth shapes took it was with a start and a short gasp Ellen's position particularly uncomhold rendezvous with the silent Arc- is impossible."

line, whistled as he worked. Surg- was the most unusual experience in rangements as you suggest." was a wild, haunting happiness, almost like a churl. His flat refusal packing for Ellen to do. Dur which always came to him when the was stunning with its impact, the her years at college she had not brew, nose, lips and chin cleanly and er to jump to Ellen Mackay's bid-the baggage she had brought, strongly carven. His eyes, deepset, ding. They had gloried in acceding if it became necessary, she steady and sparkling grey, were to her slightest request. Her four ready to discard the trunk. aboulders and opened at the front masculine. Unconsciously this adu-blankets of her bunk, throat. His hands, weaving cunning-known no other law but that of her made even a hint of sleep impossible

the crest of the sloping bank, dis-she turned on her heel and walked the fact that she disliked him thorotinctly sensed that current. It al- away. most frightened her, yet it seemed! Unknown to her, John Benham isolate the reason for this she fai also to awaken a nameless, respon-watched her departure. A look of ed to get very far. In spite of t sive thrill which speeded the beat of regret clouded his face, and there unreasonable rancor she felt, her hearb and set her pulses throb- was grudging admiration mingled had to admit, in all fairness, that h bing. And where she had approach-with that regret. It would be a cold charge of rudeness on his part ed in the first place with a surety man indeed who could not admire not correct. She had asked him that verged almost on arrogance. Ellen Mackay, and John Benham was question and he had given

she now hesitated, swaved by a cur. not cold. ious timidity. The man was unconscious of her spoiling the physical birthright of and expected The song of the river Ellen Mackay. She was sturdy, rudeness. End covered her light-footed ap buoyant, intensely alive. There was had been respectful, but none the proach. His bared head was bent no sickly, boudoir languor about her less adamant. over his work. Beyond him, about slender and vibrant body. Her stride ter fact, the Ellen hardly realized the remains of the noon fire, sprawl-was free, natural and full of grace. it, which had aroused her. ed the sleeping forms of his men, She did not slouch. She stood erect! A masterful man. Ugh! How she while still farther on, five great, proudly so and the rich color in her loathed masterful men. With a litleaded freight scows tugged at the smooth, olive cheeks had been plac- the throb of consternation she retwanging ropes and shifted to and ed there by a benevolent nature, membered that simply by glancing at fro as the they also knew the call of not by the chemistry of man. Her her he had shattered her self-aplomb

spring and were eager to storm the features were lovely in their regulin a most disturbing manner. far leagues of the lonely land. larity and as cleanly etched as a pine! And so John Benham and her Ellen Mackay coughed, and was ridge against the sunset. Her eyes father were at loggerheads. Very suddenly furious with herself to find were level, dark and aglow with the well, if Angus Mackay hated this that it had been a most apologetic joy and mystery of life. And her free trader, then Angus Mackay's cough indeed. The man's eyes lift- hair was truly her crowning glory, daughter would hate him also. She ed with alert swiftness, rested on a rich blue-black cloud of crisp settled this fact in her mind with a the slim figure of the girl for a mo- curls.

mee to his feet with a lithe surge sitting by his side during the long ment in such a matter. She wonef power which rippled over him like brisk days and mysterious nights of dered again just what the issue was the wind across a sea of grass. the river voyage ahead, stirred John between her father and John Ben-"You-you are John Benham?" Benham deeply. But only for a mo-ham. She mused over this to doze Only by the strongest effort of will ment did such truant thoughts stay and soon fell asleep. was Ellen able to keep her tone cas- with him. With a hardening of his It was dark when she awoke. Pat

and business-like. The impact jaw and a shrug of his shoulders he McClatchney was shaking her gentof this man's eyes were almost hyp-idiscarded them. She was the daugh-ly by the shoulder, notic. No wonder John Benham, ter of Angus Mackay, which, in John "Come, lass," the old fellow rumthe free-trader, was such a power Benham's eyes, seemed a damning bled. "Pierre Buschard is here. He secong the fur gatherers of the fact beyond any correction. And so would talk with you," "Yes," came the quiet, deep tones, of the cheer of his mood had de- now dimly lit by the yellow beams "I am Berham."

"I am Ellen Mackay, I have to When Ellen Mackay re-entered edge of the glow was a huge dark" Leave immediately for Fort Edson. Pat McClatchney's little store there figure of a man. As Ellen entered, I had planned to go with De Soto a at Athabasca Landing, her anger the stranger tugged off his red woolbeigade, but I was delayed at Ed- and disappointment were easily ap- en cap and stood twisting it between menton and DeSoto has gone on parent to the big, genial storekeeper. two great paws. without me. Pat McClatchney tells "He-he turned me down-flat," "This is Angus Mackay's lass," me that you leave in the morning, she burst out. "He's a brute." If you will give me passage to Fort Kindly old Pat nodded commiser. Pierre Buschard murmured a so-Edson I will see that you are well atingly. "Ay," he mumbled. "Ay norous greeting and bowed clumsily. paid for your trouble."

For a moment Benham did not magnificent brute at that. I was to the giant riverman. "You are His eyes rested steadily on afraid. Now if ye had gone to him going to help me, Pierre?" dear. Yet he did not look at her of trickery on him, no doubt he big fellow. "M'sieu Benham, he's sther men had looked. His gaze would have been glad to take ye, be mad lak' wolf at Pierre Buschard, was speculative, not personal — Twas the fact that ye are Angus but Pierre do wat he can. You thoughtful, not amorous,

Presently he spoke. "You are I'll wager." Mackay. Then your father is "It appeared to be," admitted El-stalk dat rabbit." Anges Mackay, Hudson Bay factor len. "But I don't see why that Ellen, victim to a sudden tumulat Fort Edson?"

"Yes. Angus Mackay is my fath- he and my father have disagreed ned her mackinnaw and cap. Back A queer, hard light grew into be he should vent his spleen on me. I toes and pecked Pat McClatchney on in Benham's eyes and he shook never saw such a mannerless clod, one whiskery cheek with her red head slowly. "I'm afraid that And as far as telling him I was pursed lips. "I'll remember this," request impossible, someone besides my true self_I Pat," she promised.

then it is nettital that you would to her. But the more she thought

go it over the more the wild daring of the massed stars. The geese were massed bales and boxes of the cargo rasp of hard-swung sweeps again. father the thing intrigued her. In addition winging north. All things were head- was a bundle of food and the sleek, the thole pins. Once the shrill hast ham, a free trader—the free trader at Athabasca Landing, that it was herself thrilling with a strange, wild Ellen snuggled down into the Several times she in your father's life. My name is imperative that she go north imme- ecstasy. anathema to him. He hates me un-diately to join her father, she had There was a big Peterborough warm, comforting folds. After a close beside her hiding place. Even the great, moiling Athabas- forgivably. He curses the very meant every word of it. Old Angus canoe pulled up on the shore, and bit she relaxed all tension. The At first these sounds were south River had softened its voice. thought of my existence. He even Mackay was a proud and haughty in the bow of this Pierre placed the scow rose and fell to the surge of ing, but with a passing hour or two When it first broke the ice-ribbed ..." Benham bit off further words man and, knowing him as she did, girl. Then he shoved off, balancing the rvier, creaking and complaining restlessness seized the crouching barriers of winter it had howled, with a click of his teeth. His great Ellen knew that only the directly in the stern, while at its tether like a blooded horse, girl. Her hiding place was far from and groaned and roared with re-chest arched and his fists clenched cessity could have caused him to he lifted and dipped a gleaming anxious to be gone.

own feelings in the matter

For a long moment Ellen stood, finally agreed to Pat's plan. John Benham, bent over the in-swayed by many emotions, of which "I'll do it," she said thoughtful" tricacies of a splice in a mooring a rising anger was uppermost. This "I'll do it—if you can make the aring in the depths of his great chest her life. Why, the man had acted | There was little in the way

Ar, dim trails were open and beck- more so because it had been so un- gotten that the north country was ening. His face, bent eagerly to expected. For, during the past four a country of essentials, not frills his work, was lean and brown, with years, men had vied with one anoth- suitcase and a small trunk was flawless in their clarity. His heavy years at college in Winnepeg had soon had things in shape, then she flannel shirt clung to wide, sloping been one long reign over all things stretched out for a little rest on th

to disclose a bronzed, pillar-like lation had spoiled her. She had At first the tumult of her thoughts' ly at the hemp, were big, strong and own personal whim. Men, appar- She heard old Pat clumping about' minible. The tremendous virility of ently, were just automatos, made to in the store, and after a bit came the man seemed to glow from him be commanded. Yet, this man, this the rumble of his voice as he talked! like some strange and powerful cur-big, virile, savage had flatly denied for a time with someone. her. Ellen's imperious head lifted, thoughts soon came back to Johr Ellen Mackay, standing there on her rounded little chin stiffened and Benham. Her mind was made up

But when she endeavored The city had failed utterly in de- not been the answer she had desired

clack of her little white teeth. She' ment of startled wonder, then he The thought of such a girl as this felt she could trust her father's judg-

he went on with his work, tho some! Ellen followed Pat into the store, of a lamp. Standing just at the

lass, he is a brute—but rather a Ellen smiled and advanced close unwavering, startlingly as old Pat suggested, and used a bit "Oui, oui, mam'selle," rumbled the

Mackay's lass that spoiled things, come wit' Pierre now mam'selle, and we must be quiet lak' lynx we'n he

wouldn't think of it. I-I'll admit "Tis little enough, lass. Now stick

malodorous of your safety, for whatever else he At first Effen shook for head in stready taken care of your lug-

Pat gave Eilen's arm a squeeze

and shook hands with Pierre Busch. She remembered those strange, during those four years had and shook the next thing Ellen knew marvelously clear, almost hypnotic nothing else but a form of Pierre had taken her by the elbow eyes of John Benham. The next gia. It had been her own and was guiding her steps down the time they rested on her—what would the far country, that had been they mirror? Surprise, yes. Anger ing to her. And now she was laloping bank of the river. it was still out there, vestly ex- elmost surely. Yet Ellen felt com- home!

It was cosy there in the darkness song, and then all the multitude the power of the limitless wilder- beneath the tarpaulin. She stirred lesser sounds became manifer ness which stretched away to the and felt about her. Then she bless hoarse, throaty mutter of the north. A faint, haunting, quaver ed simple, hig-hearted Pierre Busch- the endless song of advert ing note drifted down from among ard. For, in a crevice between the ters; the creak of stout timber blankets, covering herself with the shuffle of moccasined feet

But now, the initial battle over with, that he had just caught himself in graduated from college. Her fath- headed against the current and scow became a cradle and the great freedom and action. She here mysterious force of the river a gen- avidly to crave sight of that world ing, hisping murmur, its coppery open rage. Suddenly he dropped to only guess at. But he needed her, Ahead a jutting point loomed the hand to rock it. Presently she which lay just beyond the thin core flood sliding swiftly away to the his knees and bent over his work and the blood of the Mackays had Still as a wind-blown shadow they slept nerthward, where, thousands of miles again. "I'm truly sorry, Miss Mac- always been thick and clannish. And rounded the point and drifted bank- When Ellen Mackay awoke again. It was the rising sun which made

and form in the night. Ellen recognized of surprise. For a moment she fortable. The heat, under that can the loaded scows of John Benham's scarcely knew where she was. Then vas covering grew thick and heave brigade. The canoe drifted in and all that had happened during the Before long she was bathed in next tently nosed the nearest scow. Sil- night came back to her and she re- spiration, and she drank often of ently Pierre Buschard stepped to the laxed. Close beside her a deep voice the water the thoughtful Pierre had scow and held the Peterborough firm. was booming. A moment she list provided. The crawling hours seem. "Come. mam'selle." he whispered. tened, then smiled. Her perturba- ed intolerably long. She did has Ellen stepped out beside him. tion left her. In its place came a best to sleep those hours away but Pierre indicated the massed cargo flood of warm, dancing thrills. She a fitful doze was the best she could If freight upon the scow. He lifted began humming softly, keeping time accomplish. By the time lightfall up one edge of the tarpaulin which with the cadence of the song the brought blessed coolness again he

covered the pile. "Under here," he deep-chested riverman was singing. head was aching and her muscles reathed. "You mus hide. For a It was the old wild song of the river tormented with the inactivity p day and a night you mus' hide, mam-brigade, the Chanson de Voyageur. when, by the efforts and shorting cade Rapid. M'sieu Benham, she's Benham's brigade were at last freed scows were being warped into the not send you back after dat. I have of their tethers; that they were bank to tie up for the night. wilderness of the Three River Coun- cool, friendly night in hiding, and in watch out for you."

Ellen gripped Pierre's huge paw try "She's make She lay there quietly, queerly con-once below the rapid, he could

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should have made any difference. If tuous thrill, scurried away and donover something it is no reason why in the big room she stood on her tip-

FROM NEWS CORRESPONDENTS

All Correspondence Must Be in This Office Tuesday

South Hill

Elm Valley

Voorhees Hill

(Mrs. Raymond Church, Reporter) ondence.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis Oppenhine of Bradford Pa., passed the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. ritt Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Beck, Mr. and hurled it out into utter chaos.

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Mr. and Mrs. Earl Schoonover Karnes. Mr. and Mr. | Mr. and Mrs. Harold Payne and Mrs. Fred Church and family of Mad waters! The hoarst, quiver- ramps on either side of the outside ty. Seven-room house, bath, gas, Ind daugner, Schoonover and son, son Bernard of Troupsburg were Allentown Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. ing roar of the pent river beast, bat- foyer will be erected in its place. electricity, lot 90x115 feet. Barn Gerald, attended the Schoonover re- callers at Gordon Payne's Saturday Robert Church of Andover were tling the barriers of confinement. New larger, plush seats will be on 21x26 feet; \$2,000.—I. H. GILFILenion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. evening. Beihl the Fourth of July. Mr. and Mrs. Levi Leonard were ing. William Benjamin called at the guests of her sister in Rochester the Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Adams passed merest cockleshell. If men were to add to the pleasure of its patrons. FOR SALE—The Frank Gilder

John of her mother, Mrs. Alice Liv- Fourth. Mr. and Mrs. John Leonard of cerport. of Bradford Pa., were Sunday guests Mrs. Eliza Shrewood is ill at her Ellen was not frightened. Rath- the new theatre, as will also new estate. Inquire of A. D. Fuller, Woodhuli remained over the week- at Merle Karnes. Wooding Schoonover families: Mr. and Mrs. Judson Burdick B. Scott of Andover. with the Sand Mrs. Charles Moon and spent several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Claire Church were which beat rich and strong and vi-

are enjoying a weeks vacation at of Friendship were calling on tioning for 10 days. Warsaw and other villages with friends here Friday.

friends the Fourth.

Davis Hill

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Clark were Lola Howden and children of Pe- summer school. and Mrs. Earl Schoonover recently. their mother and grandmother, with friends at Cuba Lake.

cousin. Miss Ruth Schoonover, of Austinburg Pa., are spending the

ful for the warmth of her blankets. ence known to John Benham. Yus. Howard Barney spent Tuesday: with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Schoonove

. The luxury. A morning. Again some member of the slight quiver of the scow far cry indeed from her present the crew, invigorated by the sparkrestlessness which had actuated her! (Please Turn to Page Seven)

ALL SIX FOR

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the morning the brigade would shoot

The chill of early morning was the Cascade Rapid.

within the space of two short weeks. lav and labor.

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still in the air, and Ellen was grate- would be safe in making her pres.

Slate Creek (Mrs. Raymond Stewart, Reporter)

Hrs. Mary Mullen which occurred Friday, July 5th at Sunday. 3:15 p. m. Mrs. Mullen was born April 23, 1881 in the town of Hartsville, on the farm now occupied b.

Wilbur Stephens. She was united July 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Pete Ordi- at a conference at Delta Lake is ex- ment is already assured," he said in marriage to Herman Mullen in way and family of Bolivar were pected home today. August 28, 1901, and spent her en- guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Mr. and Mrs. Roland Cramer are act my pound of flesh." tire life in this community, living Ordiway, Thursday. for many years in the town of Hartsville and at last moving to their son Fred were in Wellsville, July 4th Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rigby visited stern and savage. A ripple of fear farm on Bennetts Creek, where she to the airplane show.

Mullen, she leaves five sons, John, Shinglehouse the Fourth of July, er's serious illness. Mullen, two brothers, Daniel Ste- visitors at Floyd Slocum's. Billy re- evening. phens of Almond and Lynn Ste-mained for a visit. phens of Arkport. The funeral was __ ed the high esteem in which she was way's, Sunday.

held by her friends, neighbors and loved ones. She was laid to rest in ¿ Bennetts Creek cemetery.

Independence (Mrs. Floyd Clarks, Reporter)

July 1.—Miss Anna Laura Crandall and S. B. Crandall were Horell shoppers. Tuesday. Mrs. Carl Clarke and Carolyn, Miss

Jason Hawks was home from Director and Mrs. S. W. Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Spicer were In Fillmore attending the sub-district meeting of the Dairymen's League

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hatch and New York City were Sunday guests

Rev. W. L. Greene was on the hill thousands of unwented The Wood family held their reun-

Horses, \$1.00 cz. - Cows, \$1.00 cz. Mrs. Mary Howe at North Bing- Reverse calls to 50-J, Belfast, N. Y daughter Gertrude and a son Mark and had passed them aboard. A mo-

Mrs. Orville Green, Sunday.

of the find losing their appeal just to do. several inches deep in places. A tree Buffalo. They also visited Niagara

R. E. Crabill of Elmira, Warner

Western New York State late roar. Cascade Rapids!

and advice were shouted, July 8-Mr. and Mrs. Victor Per- feel the increase in speed. The calling on the Hill Thursday even-Spray arose to tingle the lungs. The both the orchestra and balcony of LAN. Executor, Andover, N. Y. scow leaped and danced like the the new building and will do much

"Well," he said slowly, his voice,

-And by the grin on Pierre Busch-

Ellen's courage came back with

Benham raised a deprecating hand),

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Millspaugh and

' Henry Potter, who has been work-

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCracken

ard I can guess how you did 1.

being beaten back at their lips. home here, under the care of Dr. S. er was she thrilled to her finger-tips. Hers was the true pioneer blood, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cochrane Thursday P. M., enroute to their forces. Abruptly she swept aside and daughter of Dowagac, Mich. home in Elkland Pa., from Lawrence the tarpaulin and stepped forth. theatre, which was thoroly renovat-

and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cochrane Mich., where they had been vaca- Confinement had become intolerable. ed and had new sound and improved The men at the sweeps did not seem The Misses Pauline and Koneta to notice her. With quick, thrilling period during which it is operating may have same by paying for this Mrs. Eleanor Howden and Mrs. Perkins are in Buffalo attending steps she ran to the front of the as Wellsville's only theatre. In ad- ad. Mr. and Mrs. L. J. White of drenched her, the wind of their ing moved intact to the Temple, Wellsville were brief callers on the speed clutched at her face, her parking lot attendant has been put Betty Jo Ludden passed last week Hill one evening last week.

Miss Glennys Forsythe of Roch- Wellsville and Master John Kysor vibrant figure. ome at Woodhull Sunday and were ester is spending a two weeks vaca- of Olean spent Friday evening with Presently Ellen turned. The crew tion at the home of her mother, the family of Raymond Church.

Iso dinner guests of their brother Mrs. Lewis Mrs. Joanna Clair.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrol Church and faced Cree Indians, and they stared Mrs. Toanna Clair. Jean Stevens of Andover was a family, Raymond Church and daugh- at her in shy, unwinking amazement. License week-end guest of Patricia Ludden. ters Hilda and Christine attended Eyes from other scows had marked Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Edwards near Buschard grinning broadly and wavgaller at Charlie Cole's Friday. ing at her. Then one of the big craft, Miss Erma Burdick left Thurs-Mr. and Mrs. George Wesche of h

> Mrs. Locha Burdick and Miss home of J. L. Lewis Sunday after-I didly co-ordinated muscles, and The Charles Burdick family en- Georgia Ruger and daughter Isteady and deep. "I see you've won,

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Smith Little Genesee were guests of Mr., Whitesville and Mrs. Carl Burdick Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cochrane and daughter Genevieve of Dowiaof the death of Mrs. Mary Mullen, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Mead Company, attended the kind. And as I said at first-I will

elebration at Westfield Pa., on the pay you well for your trouble. e ___a queer hardness Rev. R. B. Cramer, pastor of the Christian Alliance Chapel, who has mouth and a certain glint of been spending the past two weeks umph shone in his eyes.

parents of a little son born in Jones | Ellen stared at him. In a space of seconds he had become somehow

died. Besides her husband, Herman Bruce and Onnolee Green were in 4th but were called home by his fath-ly-Dan and Thomas of Hartsville, Glenn Old Home Week being celebrated. Mr. Lee Millspaugh sang with the stated with a swift, harsh laugh,]. and Raymond of Canistee and one Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway Apollo Club at the Congressional reading her thoughts with discon-). daughter, Mary Dennis of the town and family were in Wellsville July church service in Wellsville Sun-certing ease. "You'll be quite safe. radius of three miles.) also 20 grand- Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schriener ception for Father O'Meara at the friend. He meant well." children, one sister, Mrs. Lottie and sons of Wellsville were Sunday Lyceum Hall, Wellsville Monday A crimson tide again flowed across

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Poole of stiffly. "I'm not afraid." Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis were in Brooklyn N. Y., were guests last Benham nodded and turned away. week of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Going back to the crew he snapped 2:30 p. m., and was largely attend- Edward, John and Emeral Ordi- W. D. Dexter, also of Brooklyn, who a few terse orders. The Crees leaned. The profusion of flowers show- way were visitors at Lawrence Ordi- are spending some time here at the ed muscular bodies against the sweeps and under Benham's direc-la Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hyland were in Mr. Cyrus Rigby, aged 84 years, tions drove the scow up to the bank

Bradford Thursday to attend the died at his home on Main street and tethered it there. funeral of their aunt, Mrs. James Sunday evening about eight o'clock, Ellen's uneasiness grew. Was he as a result of a severe heart attack going to send her back after all? Was her triumph to be so short Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hitchcock of suffered Thursday afternoon. Pingrey Hill were guests of Mr. and Mr. Rigby was a retired farmer lived? Then she breathed more and highly respected citizen, a mem-leasily. Benham, axe in hand, had ber of the Methodist church for leaped ashore and was swinging the many years. He was born near gleaming blade in swift, powerful, Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1856 but has strokes among the slender boles of L

spent most of his life in this vicinity a dwarf birch thicket. In ten min-la His wife, Lolo Wilcox Rigby died utes' time he had felled and trimmed, several years ago, also his only a full dozen of the tapering poles of in the river, scudding northward. Rochester, Clair of Bolivar and Frank of this place. Funeral services will be held at the late home Wed. ception on Monday evening for the nesday afternoon, his pastor, Rev. graduating class of 1940, at the high Harold E. Blish officiating with bur-school auditorium. ial in Rural Cemetery.

July 2.—A very severe wind, hale of Wellsville went to Buffalo Sunday and thunder shower visited this place to visit their daughter and sister, Sunday afternoon. Gardens were Miss Bethel Millspaugh, who is a la 'n Mark Wilson's lawn was uproot-Falls. ed and the porch torn from Mattie Ellison's house and other damage ing in Fairport, N. Y., came home last Tuesday. Mr. Potter expects to 1. Mrs. Edna French spent from return to Fairport this week.

During the construction period the entire program, personnel and for sale about the first of the week. been transferred to the Temple picture equipment installed for the spectacles in black case. Owner

scow and braced herself there. Spray dition to the Babcock personnel bethroat, her hair, her clothes, whip- on duty at all evening performances

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Morrison of ping the latter tight about her slim, according to C. L. Hollister, manlager of Wellsville theatres.

ther presence also, and she saw Pierrel. "| York, License No. GB-16445. THE GREAT ATLANTIC &

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