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AUSABLE FORKS LOCALS.

The last dance before Lent was held Tuesday evening at Kemp's Theatre, about 75 being present.

Mario Frasier entertained a few of her young friends Monday evening, March 2, the occasion being in honor of her thirteenth birthday.

Rumors were current early this week on the street that the appointment of a postmaster for the coming term had been made but no facts have come to light confirming same.

George Smith has already given his new auto a number of tests which have been entirely satisfactory. The car is a handsome one, and in addition possesses many points of merit.

Mabel Snow gave a party, Monday evening to a number of her friends. After a very enjoyable evening of games and dancing, refreshments were served. All report a very good time.

No copies of The Record can be purchased at this office. The paper will be on sale at the newsroom in the Bosley Block after this week and copies may be secured there. This week they will be distributed free.

What might have been a more serious auto accident occurred to Mrs. James Rogers and daughter Jeanette, while at Albany. The car ran against a telegraph pole throwing the occupants out and nearly destroying the car. No serious injuries were received.

A very pretty wedding occurred on Tuesday, Feb. 25, when Miss Jennie Bailey and Mr. Wm. Caise, of Burlington, were united in marriage at the Holy Name church, Rev. Father O'Connor officiating. The happy couple left on the afternoon train for a short wedding trip, after which they will reside at Burlington.

As a number of persons have expressed a desire to see our new Simplex typewriting machine we have decided to extend to everyone an invitation to call Saturday afternoon and see the same in operation. The representative of The Unitype Company has kindly consented to remain for the express purpose of demonstrating the machine to anyone interested. The machine will be in operation from one to five o'clock and all are most cordially invited to call and inspect the same. School children will call from four to five o'clock only.

The Record is by far the best medium of publicity for Ausable Forks and vicinity. This is rather a bold statement but "figures won't lie," and we can truthfully say without fear of contradiction that we have the largest bona fide, paid in advance circulation of any newspaper or periodical, that is being distributed at this place.

A representative of the Record will call on local advertisers Monday of each week to secure changes of ad and we would appreciate the courtesy if advertisers would have changes of copy ready at that time. It is necessary for us to economize as much as possible and this kindness will materially assist us in this respect.

The value of a country newspaper depends largely on the quantity and quality of its local news items and nearly every resident weekly knows of a number of happenings that would be interesting and which might be missed by our local writer. We would be pleased to have every reader furnish us with any news which he may have and until we are more familiar with local events the same will be greatly appreciated.

Arrangements have been made at the newsroom to distribute gratuitously copies of this week's Record to all who may desire to call for the same. We sincerely regret that our first issue is not of a more newsy character but some of our machinery did not arrive until late Monday afternoon. It was not until Tuesday that the same was in operation which left us little time in which to do our typesetting. We however had advertised to commence publication the first week in March and, knowing the value of advertising and in fulfilling contracts, we determined to do the best we could under the circumstances. We hereby put forward a sheet with all the apologies of the sea and urge the consideration of our readers until we are duly under way.

The Republican electors of the town of Black Brook are requested to meet in caucus in the basement of the house formerly occupied by Dennis Geno, in the village of Ausable Forks, N. Y., on Saturday, March 7, 1908, at 10 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing delegates to a Republican County Convention, to be held at the Court House in the city of Plattsburgh, N. Y., March 24, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m., which is called for the purpose of electing delegates to the State Convention, also delegates to the District Congressional Convention, and to transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting. Call at the newsroom in the Bosley Block for copies of this week's Record. Young men living in other sections might also be of use.

Mrs. Gadsby (buzzing dog)—I don't know what we're going to do about poor, darling Fido.
Mr. Gadsby—Why, what ails him?
Mrs. Gadsby (in surprise)—Why, haven't you noticed how terribly irritated he becomes whenever the baby cries?—Puck.

ORDER INCREASING.

Masobee Tents in This Locality Showing Steady Increase.

During the past few months the various Masobee Tents in the Ausable Valley have greatly increased their membership and the order is rapidly pushing to the fore.

MacKenzie Tent, No. 688 Knights of the Masobees of the World, during the last quarter of 1907, with the assistance of Deputy W. W. Staub of Buffalo, increased their membership 117 new members which tripled their membership and won for them a fine Wing Concert piano which they are more than pleased with. On February 13 they held a banquet in honor of winning the piano, Great Commander J. E. McDermott, and Great R. K. J. E. Dewey, of Buffalo, were present and spoke entertainingly on points pertaining to the Order, Deputy W. W. Staub of Buffalo, was present as the guest of honor and the tent in appreciation of his services presented him with a fine umbrella with his name suitably inscribed on the handle. Members were present from tents in the surrounding country. Members from Ausable Forks drove there in order to be present at the banquet and all reported a fine time.

Upper Jay tent, No. 89, have in the past few months increased their membership to quite an extent and have a number more yet to join. They have purchased the necessary articles to be used in the initiation. The new ritual is giving the best of satisfaction to all who have seen it used. On February 14 the tent gave a social hop which was very much enjoyed by all present. They incidentally netted a snug sum for their general fund.

Old Whiteface Tent, No. 790, of Ausable Forks, on January 27 moved into their own rooms and in honor of the occasion served a banquet to its members, one of the finest they had ever given, and the committee in charge certainly deserve great credit. On February 3 the tent secured the services of Deputy W. W. Staub of Buffalo, and up to March 2 had admitted 27 new members, with still a number more to join. On February 3 the tent divided its membership and started a contest known as the Reds and Blues, with Andrew Cassavoy captain of the Reds and James Hopkins captain of the Blues. The contest was for new members and was to expire on March 2, the defeated side to serve refreshments to the winners. The Blues were defeated and on Monday evening of this week served refreshments which were very much enjoyed by all present.

Wanted His Share.

At the dedication of a monument in New York recently two guns of a national guard field battery were ordered to fire the national salute of twenty-one guns. After the twenty-first charge had been exploded there was a momentary pause, and one of the gunners ordered another shot rammed home and the trigger pulled. The officer in charge of the firing rushed up and demanded from the offending gunner an explanation. "Well, the other gun fired eleven shots, and I wasn't going to let them have anything on us," was his reply.

Queer Records.

In Mexico and Peru the ancients used a cord about two feet in length tightly spun from multicolored threads and to which a number of smaller threads were attached, like a fringe, to keep a record of events. This was called a quipo. Each color of fringe denoted a certain thing. Sometimes white stood for peace and red for war; in other records white stood for silver and yellow for gold. These cords constituted a register of births, deaths, marriages, population fit to bear arms or the stores in the government magazines.

A Careful Scot in the Strand.

He was a Scotsman, and he held up the traffic in a busy part of the Strand till a policeman came along to move him on. "Look here, my man, you must not stay there. You are blocking the traffic." "That's a' richt," said the Scotsman, "but I've lost threepence." "Move on, I say. You cannot hold up the traffic." "But what am I to do for my threepence?" queried the son of Caledonia. "I'll look for the threepence and return it to you if you call again," said the policeman, and the Scotsman departed reassured.—Westminster Gazette.

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug store," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?"

"Why—er—no, sir," replied the drug clerk, "but we have a prescription of our own that's just as good."—Philadelphia Press.

Poor Grindstone.

The minister, with his little son Charles, was calling on an old parishoner, who poured her troubles into his sympathizing ear, ending with the remark, "I've had my nose held to the grindstone for thirty years."

Charlie, who had been looking inquisitively at the old lady, instantly remarked, "Well, it hasn't worn the mole on the end of it off yet."

Had Been There.

"There is no doubt," said the student of law, "that many people have been imprisoned, although innocent of any crime."

"I know—that by sad experience." "You don't say so! Let's have the story."

"There's no story to it. I merely had to had luck to be drawn on several juries that were locked up overnight."—London Telegraph.

A FORTUNATE CAST

Among the cast of the greatest love story of the present time, such as there has been since the days of Romeo and Juliet, are a group of actors who had some share to play in the success of the play. The casting of the play was done by Mr. Maxwell. The casting of the play was done by Mr. Maxwell. The casting of the play was done by Mr. Maxwell.

Well down toward the end of the pond a young woman in a brown suit edged her way through the crowd. After much pushing, she gained a position in the front row, and stood watching the pier. The frantic young man reeled up his line and departed. An official with a megaphone took his place.

"Mr. Aisler McLean will cast. First Handicap, 15 feet, Mr. McLean is now casting. Mr. McLean, be hooted to either side."

The girl in brown watched the pier carefully. When Mr. McLean appeared she gave a sudden start and her dark cheeks flushed. Then she leaned more firmly on the bank, her chin in her hands.

Mr. McLean advanced, unreeling his line, made a few preliminary motions and nodded unconcernedly to the time-keeper. Behind him, eagerly watching his prowess, crouched his sworn friend and ally, Dr. Maxwell, muttering encouragement and cheer.

Again and again Mr. McLean cast. The crowd, attentive, critical, applauded. The girl watched, her eyes never leaving him. At last he seemed to become conscious. His eyes wandered from the markers and his arm lost some of its steadiness. The girl smiled slowly.

And then he saw her. Her brown eyes looked steadily into his meeting his look with a frank recognition, while the red lips curved in a merry smile.

It was her face, the face he had been longing to see since that day last summer when he had seen it for the first and only time. Then it had looked at him from a background of green bushes, and now it gazed out among hundreds of other faces, but it was still the same. He had been following a winding brook among the New Hampshire hills, making a desultory cast now and then, when suddenly, around a bend he had come upon her. She was sitting on a rock, her blue gingham skirt held carefully about her knees, her feet dabbling in the cool water. He remembered now her cry of dismay when she had seen him, and how she fled from the rock and up the bank. But once among the bushes she had turned and laughed at him, even as she laughed now.

"Allan, for heaven's sake, what is it? Have you seen a ghost? Ninety seconds gone, man, and there you stand. What ails you?"

Dr. Maxwell's voice recalled him to his surroundings. He squared his shoulders, stepped forward and raised his arm. But he could see only the girl's face, and his hand shook. The hook flew out—far to one side.

A girl's shriek rang through the stillness. The girl in brown pressed her hand to her cheek and took it away, dripping with blood. Then she quietly slid down on the bank. Mr. Allan McLean dropped his rod and leaped from the pier. Dr. Maxwell was a close second. Cries and commands filled the air. Dr. Maxwell pushed McLean to one side and lifted the girl. He made a quick examination.

"Stand back," he shouted, "don't crowd—it's only a flesh wound. She's fainted—that's all." When she came to herself there was a hospital dressing on her face and a strange young man bending over her.

"Don't be alarmed. You're all right. It's a most distressing accident, but I was fortunate enough to be on hand with my kit, and I don't believe it will leave a very bad scar. I can't tell you how badly my friend feels. He will never cease to regret his clumsiness. And now if you will tell me where you live, my auto is at the door, and I'd better take you home."

"You're very kind," she answered, in a shaky voice. Her pretty chin quivered. "It was my own fault. I shouldn't have tried to make him look at me. I'm Margaret Perry, and I'm stopping with my aunt." She named the address. "I'd like to go home, please."

It was really surprising how many calls Dr. Maxwell was obliged to make to be absolutely certain that that flesh wound was healing properly. And when it was healed he seemed professionally interested in the scar.

When Miss Perry returned to New Hampshire, Dr. Maxwell sent and received daily bulletins.

A year later Mr. Allan McLean officiated as best man at a wedding in New Hampshire. The bride had a scar on her left cheek.

After the ceremony she turned to the best man.

"Allan," she said, laughing, "I think I've forgiven you for that unfortunate cast of yours. 'In fact,' looking up at her husband, 'I'm not sure but that I shall thank you for it all my life.'"—Mrs. Sam Moses.

London's Soot Production.
It is calculated that London produces 55,000 tons of soot yearly, which would be worth as fertilizer about \$225,000. There are always 50 tons of soot suspended above London in the form of smoke.

AUSABLE SUPPLY CO.



We are showing our Spring line of White Muslin Shirt Waists and suits. We were never in a better position to fill all your requirements in this line of merchandise than now.

Every woman is attracted by distinctive style, fit and general natty appearance.

We have them in two styles long sleeves, open in front, short sleeves open in back. Prices from \$1.00 to \$5.00.



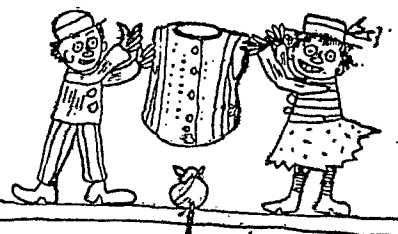
Dame Fashion says TAN SHOES,

And they are as beautiful as ever.

With several good models to select from you may be sure of making a satisfactory selection, also sure of two other essentials in a really good shoe style and fit. You are certain to find these and more, in our new Spring line of tan Pumps and Oxfords.

Tan Pumps with leather bows \$1.50 to \$2.50
Tan Oxfords, button or lace \$1.50 to \$2.25

We wait for you and girl-in town to draw a picture of the Nazareth waist.



You don't have to be an artist as the contest is confined to boys and girls not over 14 years old. This is one of the unique sketches drawn by a little customer a few days ago.

There are 5000 prizes. He is sure to win one, so is everyone that enters; ask your mother about the Nazareth waist, then come here and get the rule of the contest. We are anxious to see who is going to get the first prize. It may be you.

Remember this, if at any time your purchase should not prove satisfactory in every detail return it to us, your money will be promptly refunded.

AUSABLE SUPPLY CO.

Ausable Forks, N. Y.