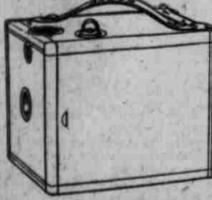


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PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. LaFayette Arnold were called to Flint, Indiana Sunday by the death of Mr. Arnold's uncle, Morris Brown, an old resident of that place.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. and daughter Gertrude were Archbold visitors last Friday.

STATE GRANGE. The Ohio State Grange closed its annual convention at Elyria on Thursday December 16th.

Mrs. Val Andre underwent a very serious operation last Sunday at the hospital and is still reported to be in a serious condition.

The Don't Worry Sewing Circle enjoyed a pot luck supper at the home of Mrs. Ed. Foster on East Elm street Thursday evening.

Robert Fuller, 44, of Fayette, committed suicide, last Sunday by shooting himself. It is thought that dependency caused the act.

The Annual Meeting of the Wauseon Poultry and Pet-Stock Association will be held January 3, 1916 at T. & I. Hall at 7:30 p. m.

Harry Yarnell who has been in poor health for a long time, though able to be up and about has been confined to the house for the past five weeks.

Retta Fisher Ramsayer formerly a resident of Fulton County died at her home at 2829 Scottown avenue Toledo, Thursday morning the 16th, of pneumonia. Burial in Woodlawn cemetery Toledo.

The rumor that Mr. L. S. Williams has sold his cash grocery to Wm. Hammon tree is untrue. Mr. Williams is still the proprietor of the establishment with Mr. Hammon tree as his efficient assistant.

In a letter received from a member of the Garet Keester family who moved to Chicago, from Wauseon last Spring, we learn that Mr. Keester is confined to his bed by illness, he having been in poor health all Winter.

There will be a Big Time at Archbold on Saturday December 25th, Christmas afternoon. Plenty of music by the Archbold band, basket ball and skating. The Wauseon Smokers vs The Archbold Germans. Game called at 2:15 p. m. Leave Wauseon at the 1:40 car.

Mr. S. E. Srode former Dairy and Food Commissioner of Ohio called on S. C. Schorn of this city Thursday for the appointment as successor to T. T. Ansbury. The endorsement was given in recognition of Judge Huron's ability, as shown when he served for six years on the same bench.

Mrs. Sarah Whitney whose illness we reported last week, died at the home of her son in Toledo, last Thursday. The remains were taken to Elyria, Ohio, for burial. Mrs. Whitney had been a resident of Wauseon for a number of years. She was a member of the Baptist church and was loved and highly respected by all who knew her.

Word was received from Mr. Herman Case that his brother Wiley Case died at Phoenix, Arizona last Tuesday. Wiley Case was about thirty-two years of age. Herman left last week to go to his brother who was reported very low and was with him for two or three days before the end came; the body will be brought to Wauseon for burial.

The Wauseon High School Basketball Team played their first schedule game of the season at Napoleon, last Tuesday evening. The Wauseon boys were outclassed by the Napoleon team who were heavier in weight. The score was 40 to 27 in favor of Napoleon. The next schedule game will be with Montpelier at Wauseon Friday evening January 7th.

Mr. William B. Elwell of Swanton was found by his wife under his house last Sunday afternoon dead. Mr. Elwell had gone out to let the water out of the auto radiator; his prolonged absence alarmed Mrs. Elwell who on searching found her husband dead; heart failure was the cause. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Elwell was fifty-four years of age, he had lived in Swanton about fifteen years, was engaged in the insurance business. Leaves a wife and three sons.

The officers of the R. N. of A. for the next year are as follows: Past Oracle—Mrs. Emma Bradley. Oracle—Mrs. Lily Chamberlin. Vice Oracle—Mrs. Nannie Linfoot. Chancellor—Mrs. Cora Stratton. Recorder—Mrs. Rhoda Goff. Receiver—Mrs. Emma Alleman. Marshal—Miss Pearl Sams. Inner Sentinel—Mrs. Emma Morningstar.

Outer Sentinel—Mrs. Jennie Sams. Managers—Mrs. Emma Bradley, Mrs. Nettie Sweeney, Mrs. Esther Kosure.

DICKERSON-SNYDER. On Wednesday December 22nd at noon Mr. Homer C. Dickerson and Miss Anna May Snyder took the vows which united them as husband and wife. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Wharton at the Christian church parsonage. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. Caroline Snyder and is well known in Wauseon. For the next eight years she has been connected with the telephone exchange. The groom is a progressive farmer, whose parents live in Delta. After the ceremony bride and groom left for a trip intending to visit Toledo, Detroit and some points in Indiana. They expect to make their home in Wauseon. Congratulations and good wishes of many friends are extended upon this happy occasion.

COUNCIL MEETING. The Council met for the first time in 1915 last Monday evening. Only once more will the present council meet and that will be on January 3rd, 1916, when the new council will organize and the present council will adjourn sine die after two years of faithful service. Some of the members of this council will be members of the new body and the same Toll Hoy will sit in the Mayor's chair. Carl Orth will be missed from the clerk's place at the council table and James C. King will take his place. There was not much of importance outside of the usual routine business and the ever present problems of streets, sewers, sidewalks and bills. Mr. Bolser presented a report from the trustees of the Soldiers' Monument asking permission to fill up a fire cistern located at the corner of Fulton and Chestnut streets on the proposed site of the monument. That telephone pole that stands where it will obstruct the view of the monument. The council considered the request and decided that it was wise to fill up the cistern as it served as a means of fighting fire in case of an emergency in the matter of the removal of the telephone pole, the council decided to refer the matter to the telephone company when the monument is placed.

A resolution was passed reducing the bond required from the village treasurer from \$10,000 to \$5,000. This last named amount fully covers all funds of the village for which the treasurer may be held responsible.

Change of Scenery. The fool who rocked the boat will now proceed to put on a set of cotton whiskers and light the candles on the Christmas tree.

TURNING A NEW LEAF By De Lysie Ferree Cass

ROGER FEATHERSTONE rose late on New Year's morning with the barest suggestion of a headache.

That was the aftermath of the previous night's celebration, memorabilia of which were scattered all about the apartment in a weirdly incongruous way. Roger's coat was still brightly speckled with red, yellow and blue confetti; there was a battered tin horn protruding from one pocket, and a particular fool's cap made of tissue paper was set rakishly askew on the bronze bust of Beethoven on the piano.

In the hazy-remembered grotesquerie of last night's homecoming, Roger had snuffed himself progressively, beginning with his shoes in the door, his hat and waistcoat beside the dresser; trousers and linen at the foot of the bed and, last of all, his scarf tied in a beautifully neat bow beneath the nob of the bedpost.

Roger sat up regarding all this whimsically for some time and wondering dully how it is that morning daylight always imparts such a hazy regard to the rosy visions of the night before. He yawned and stretched prodigiously; then made a bound for the washbowl and immersed his head in gratefully cold and refreshing water from the tap.

"Hello! Hello! My New Year's morning and my fortieth birthday that I don't feel that old, but these periodic 'parties' sure are beginning to pull upon me. If I were to do the conventional thing now, I'd probably be wearing by making some amazingly moral resolution and then—But, after all, why not? I'll make a resolution and not break it, either! I'm forty years old today and as comfortable a bachelor as any I know. Hereby I do solemnly swear, in the presence of my wife, my wedding bells for me!"

Roger dressed leisurely, not a little pleased with the positive formulation of the idea that really had been in the back of his head for months past. He liked and admired girls, of course—but real man doesn't! But it was in a detached, impersonal sort of way. He enjoyed their chatty conversations as mentally restful after weighty business conferences at the office all day long; he liked vivacious femininity across the table when he dined out in the evening. But as for actually burdening himself with one woman for life—as for voluntarily domesticating himself, eschewing the good fellows at the club, and as for systematizing his life into a humdrum routine—no, no! not for Roger Featherstone!

Alli there went the telephone bell! His sister Madge undoubtedly—Madge who had married Phil Barnes and taken out of the merry whirl of things as jolly a chap as ever— "Hello! Hello! Yes, this is Roger talking. Oh, I thought it might be you, sis. Why, no-o-o! I've no particular appointment for tonight. For dinner at your house? Yes, I'll come, thank you. Eh? You don't say? Betty Hurling going to be there with you, too? Well, well, of course I remember her! We used to be sweethearts back in kid days. When did she get back in town? Must be four or five years since we've met. All right, I'll be over."

Roger sighed as he hung up the receiver; then grinned.

"Tonight will be a good time to tell them about my New Year's resolution."

The cozy little dinner party was over. Sister Madge and Phil—"Hub"—she patronizingly called him—were somewhere out in the back of the house. They had left Roger and his old chum Betty alone tete-a-tete in the dimly lit parlor.

How that girl had grown and "improved" during these five years that Roger hadn't seen her! Why, she had developed into a positive little peach! What a sensation she would make at one of the club dances!

She hadn't forgotten about their old days together, either—recalled lots of the childish intimacies that had all slipped even Roger's memory. Why those fuzzy little tendrils of hair curling at the nape of her neck were positively adorable! Yes, and those liquid, mischievous eyes of hers! Deuce take it that was that elusive scent she used? Did it come from that fluffy hair, or the gown, or—

Roger was in the midst of telling her about his resolution to eternal bachelorhood. He had intended to do it humorously, epigrammatically. But the warm, physical proximity of the girl was an indubitably permeating thing—went to one's head—and that little-pink-nalled, soft hand lying passive so near to his was—

"So when I got up and remembered that today is New Year's and my fortieth birthday, I said to myself— "Yes, Roger,"—oh, the subtle, amused, encouragement of that infection. It piqued him strangely.

"I said to myself that— "Yes, Roger— "The man stared at her confusedly and all at once was accusingly conscious that, somehow or other, that soft, warm little hand of her was nestling comfortably within his own tremulous grip.

"You were saying, Roger, that you told yourself that—? "That I've been needing you for ever so long, dear," mumbled the man, red faced.

And she: "Oh, Roger! What a perfectly lovely New Year's resolution!"

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Dr. Baker's Kidney Pills 25 Cents

MAY Christmas bring to you the things you seek, and to those you love the things you'd have them have. May the New Year be bright with promise, and every promise be fulfilled. Mathews & Winzeler