

BUSINESS GAZETTE.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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DENTIST, Office and Opera-
tions are over Jackson's Hor-
toria, of 2d Store, Center street,S. H. H. JACKSON,
MASTER BUILDER,
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An Order in Other Places Arranged to
Supply. Reference Main St.,
Northville, Mich. 1-2.A. E. ROCKWELL,
Watchmaker & Jeweler
WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY,
Main St., Northville, Mich.
REPAIRING AND ENGRAVING done
CO. 2-1.M. M. NICKEL,
MICHIGAN BLOCK,
IRON WORK,
The Best Quality of Cast Iron
Completely Cast and Patterned
in Various Molds, Furniture etc.
4-10 " Milled Prop.W. A. WHEELER,
TONEORIAL ARTIST,
Williams' Block, Main St.
Huge Displays of Pictures of Gentlemen,
Children, Animals and Scenery
to Suit Every Taste, and in the
best style.EVERY AND
DRAYAGE.Personals, and other news
will follow. Notice of the Departure
ARRIVAL OF EACH TRAIN.Orders for Freight, or Baggage
can be left with Mr. Bassett, Prop.

2-1.

A. S. LAPHAM & CO.,
BANKERS,
NORTHLVILLE, MICH.Do a general Banking and Exchange
business.Also Interest - Special Deposits
Make Collections in all parts of the
United States.Remittances for Collection made on
day of payment at current rates of Ex-
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A. S. LAPHAM J. S. LAPHAM 2-2

Bassett & Orr keep
BEDSTEADS OF ALL STYLES,

ARM CHAIRS AND ALL OTHER CHAIRS,

SOFTAS AND SETCHEARIES,

SETTEES, STRONG & COMFORTABLE

EXTENSION TABLES, VERY BEST,

TABLES FOR PARLOR AND KITCHEN

TABLES FOR HOTELS & DWELLINGS,

ALL VARIOUS FROM STYLES

NOW IN FASHION AND LOWER THAN
DETROIT PRICES. ALSO

ORNAMENTAL BRACKETS & PEAKES,

READY MADE WHATNOTS,

REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY.

PICTURE & LOOKING GLASS FRAMES,

LUNCHEONS OF EVERY VARIETY,

YOUNG BABIES CARTS & WAGONS,

MATTRESSES FROM BEST MAKERS,

OVAL PICTURE FRAMES,

USEFUL & ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES

THAT PLEASE THE EYE AND MAKE

HOME INVITING AND CHEERFUL.

MARBLE TOP BUREAUX & STANDS

IN THE LATEST STYLES,

CASETS AND COFFINS, AND A

HELSEY READY FOR FUNERALS.

MONTHLY Sept. 30th 1871.

3-8

THE
NORTHLVILLE RECORD.

OUR AIM - THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

(2) WAYS IN ADVANCE

TERMS - \$1.50 per Year.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., OCT. 28, 1871.

NO. 8.

VOL. III.

NORTHVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., OCT. 28, 1871.

MILLINERY.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY!

Mrs. S. GARDNER
makes special mention that she has now
hand, and is prepared to show a com-
plete stock of rich

Millinery Goods.

Just received from the East, consisting of

BOXES,

VELVETS,

RIBBONS,

FLOWERS,

PLUMES,

LACE,

HAIR, etc.

Also a choice selection of

FANCY GOODS.

I have the usual attractions in hair trim-
mings, including gauze & human hair.

MRS. S. GARDNER,

3-6 months

Poet's Corner.

For the Record.

Wist My Soul in Dreams.

BY A. E. RENDOLPH.

Wist wist my soul in happy dreams,
On rays of light, on angel wings,
Where breaks the golden, glorious beams,
When I am far from earthly lands,
Wist wist my soul to brighten lands,
Broad earth views that ever seen,
A distant sight of shadowed lands,
Oh wist my soul to brighter lands.Then wist my soul to brighter lands,
Away to lands of as yet bright,
The sun bows down to shadowed lands,
Oh wist my soul over shadowed lands,
Beyond those clouds that dim my eyes,
Where I may meet no faded bower,
Whose impress on my heart's still dies.Wist wist my soul to this land immortal
In heaven's bower, where shadows fall,
And sleep in dreams in the city celestial,
The land that realm to joys eternal.

Select Miscellany.

TOM MARGATE'S PROMISE.

"Tom, you rascal, what's this I hear?"

An old Captain Margate, puffing and blowing with the exercise of a rapid walk, and the excitement under which he was laboring, dropped into a chair just opposite his son Tom, and looked sternly at him.

"Come out with you, lubber!" cried the old gentleman, impatiently.

Tom was gazing at him with a look of mingled surprise and inquiry.

"How should I know what you have heard? I asked coolly.

"I told you no longer ago than yesterday?"

"Let me see," said Tom, assuming an air of deep thought, which only served to irritate the captain still more.

"Now, what you hear?" You can tell me. And now, Tom Margate, I really excuse for as last you've got to marry Nanny Redwing."

Tom smiled.

"What if I can't, father?"

"You can, and you shall," cried the captain, bringing his fist down to the floor with a force that sent a host of darting pangs through his clenched fingers. "And what's more, Tom Margate, if I ever hear of your going to see that Fanny Raymond again, I will disinherit you, I will, I will!"

A pained look swept over Tom's face, and a flush of anger, but he could not brook it.

Father, I do not see why you have such an aversion to Miss Raymond."

"And you never wish to know, you rascal?" shouted the captain, yet he added in the same breath, "She is prettier than Job's turkey, and always will be."

"Is that right and just, father?"

"It is right and just, of course it is, my father, and you know it. Why, you rascal, what would you do with such a wife? You'd be in the poorhouse by next Christmas."

"I should fear it more with Nanny Redwing and her extravagancies."

"What's that? - what's that, Tom, you rascal? Take care, or I'll disinherit you, any way."

"Well, father, if it has come to this we may as well understand each other at once - for I certainly shall not give up easily, and I have reasons to think the same of you. If I hear aright, you say that I must not marry Fanny Raymond."

"Exactly, Tom."

"I presume you will give me a short time to think of it, father? - It is very unexpected."

"It isn't no such thing, you -

"I'll give you until night. Not another minute. Do you hear, Tom?"

"It will be sufficient I think. At least, I will try and make it so."

"Now, Tom, you are talking sense. I was afraid you would make a fool of yourself."

"No fear of that," replied Tom, with a quizzical twinkle of his eye, which, however, escaped the captain's notice.

"No; a Margate was never a fool yet."

"And, Tom, you rogue, I'll tell you what I've done. I've bought the Dower farm."

"And you'll give it to me, if I will promise not to marry Fanny Raymond?" asked Tom eagerly interrupting him.

"Yes, you rogue, and I'll do more. I've put a little deposit or ten thousand to your credit."

"You are very kind, father. I'll think of it to-day."

"And, Tom, when your old dad is laid away, you shall have the rest. Now clear out and see Fanny Raymond, and tell her you're going to tie up at another port. I'll have Nanny over here to night, and will have the matter all fixed up, won't we? You silly dog, you thought to fool me - eh, Tom? There, now clear out, and don't let me see your face again until night. Ha! ha! ha!"

Tom Margate put on his hat, and sauntered leisurely out of the house,

whistling a merry tune, and the old captain watched him out of sight.

"The old dog! I'll show him who commands this craft," muttered the old captain. "Matsey, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

Captain Jack Margate was a bluff old son of Neptune, retired from active service to enjoy the vast wealth which his industry had accumulated. Choosing the quiet village of Newport for a home, he built an elegant mansion, and settled down to life on shore.

Tom was all the child he had, a smart, active, good-looking, sensible young man of twenty-five; and it was only natural that the father should look about for some suitable match for him. He was well aware of the advantages of wealth and position, and his eyes fell upon Nancy Redwing.

"Right this way, Tom," said his father, smiling all over. "Now, Person Bliss, here they are. Marry them as quick as you can."

Nancy Redwing smiled proudly as she looked up into Tom's hand.

"And he smiled too, but with a very different meaning."

"Father, this is not according to our agreement," said Tom.

"Well, you rogue, I didn't speak about it, but I supposed you would not care. Go on, person."

"But, father, I want but one wife."

Captain Margate started agitated.

"What do you mean, you villain?

"Nothing, father, only I was married more than two hours ago, and don't feel like going through the same performance again. It wouldn't go well, you know."

"Married! married? who?"

"Fanny Raymond, father."

At this the old man's rheumatism took a new hold of his legs, for they refused to support him, and he fell back into his chair, amidst the shouts of laughter from his guests, who could not retain their mirth and joy at the trick which Tom had played on his father.

"Your promise, young man?" demanded the captain sternly.

"It shall be sacredly kept," said Tom. "Once is all I care about marrying Fanny."

Light now began to break in upon the old man's mental vision, and when he fully realized how easily he had been outwitted, he could not help laughing with the rest.

"Tom, I always knew you were a silly dog," said he. "You got into this, and I owe you one. Pay up, you rascal. Now, where is this woman you don't want to marry but once?" Any port in a storm, you know, my friends."

Fanny now stepped into the room, and took her place at Tom's side. The old captain could not fail to see that his son had lost nothing by the exchange, excepting the wealth.

"Where are the Redwings?" he asked, looking about the room.

"Left for home," replied the footman.

"Scared out," laughed the captain. "Just as well, but it was a little hard on Nancy. Tom, you villain, I don't blame you a bit, now that it is all over, for I do believe that you have just got the neatest piece of dry goods there is in Newport, and my boy you wouldn't mind bringing her here to live - would you?" And, I say, bring along the old mate. I'll give him a good berth aboard this craft, as I should have done long ago. But you, Tom and Fanny, will not get another cent until the Great Captain calls me on deck, and gives me a pass over the river.

"Which time, I hope, will be long long years in coming," said Fanny, throwing her arms about the old man's neck.

"Ah, you rogue," cried the old captain, wiping his eyes, "if it wasn't for Tom's promise I'd have him married you again this minute. Avast there, Tom! Pipe all hands to grog, you rascal!"

TAMING OF THE BRIDEGRoOm

Mr. Spelman had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. S. remarked:

"I intend, Mrs. Spelman, to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spelman.

"No, no, Mrs. Spelman, I intend to enlarge my dairy."

"Say our dairy, say our -" screamed she, seizing the poker.

"My dairy! my dairy!" yelled the old man.

"Our dairy! our dairy!" screeched the wife, emphasizing each word by a blow on the back of her cringing spouse.

Mr. Spelman retreated under the bed as passing under the bed clothes his hat was braced off. He remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a lull in the storm. At last he saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell.

"What are you looking for?" exclaimed the lady.

"I am looking for our hat, my dear," said he.

"Ah, you silly dog," said his father.

"I knew you would come to it. Go on, you rascal!"

"Well, father, I solemnly promise that I will not marry Fanny Raymond."

"Yes, yes, yes, you rogue. Sharp give him the deed, quick; and here are the checks, you dog. Ha! ha! ha!"</

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY MORNING, Oct. 28, 1871.

A CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS.

We know of no instance in our country's history, when has been known such terrible destruction of life and property, as that which has just taken place in the northern and western portions of this State. It would seem as if fire had known no bounds, but remained on a complete annihilation of property. So sudden did it strike the places where the threatening calamity could be averted, whole villages were devoured and many of the citizens lost in their endeavors to escape; while others saved themselves only through the utmost exertions. Thousands who have passed through this fiery ordeal are left without homes, food and raiment, and that too in the face of a long cold winter, depending upon the charity of the world. It stands in for us as a Christian community to render whatever aid is possible to these, our unfortunate brothers and sisters in their time of need, and while we lament the terrible visitation which has overtaken them, we should be thankful that a similar fate has not fallen to our lot, but through a gracious Providence spared our homes and lives.

AID FOR THE SUFFERERS.

From every quarter comes reports of liberal donations to the unfortunate sufferers from the fires throughout the State. Such manifestations of sympathy is truly commendable, showing that a union of hearts and hands, pervades each more fortunate community, for the alleviation of the distress of others in their hour of need. The citizens of this place and vicinity, as will be seen from the report of the secretary of relief committee, in another column, have also assisted nobly in this afflictive cause.

The Wisconsin Fires.

Extracts from a private letter.
[The following is an extract from a letter to Mr. Harriet Jacobs, from a brother-in-law at Green Bay Wis., who is just recovering from an injury. It is dated Oct. 22—ED.]
"How do you think I can find the attitude of those who have suffered by terrible fires, that have been scattered far and wide?—In the cities of Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, etc., there is a general want of money, and a large number of men, women, and children, homeless, hungry, and destitute. Some of the larger towns have been entirely destroyed, and the day before, in the bright sunlight, the streets have been bare, all houses, barns, fences and trees, and clothing, bare, turned, it is now, into a buried treasure. We have got up a fund of \$10,000 in Turner's Hall, and about one hundred and fifty of the burned citizens who suffered, are still at home. In Fond du Lac, the city have their hands full to take care of them, and it is perfectly astonishing to see the generosity of the American people. I think we have had already \$10,000 raised, or given, to the suffering and destitute, goods for these poor sufferers, and are preparing a additional supply for them and everybody else. Failed to run from the 1st of July to the 1st Oct., the same shower of 2 hours. This washed the trees and earth so that it could not dry out at all during the morning and kept down all the vegetation next evening. This probably all the fires. Since then it has been the same weather."

Correspondence Box.

Plymouth, Oct. 23, 1871.
Editor Record:—One, in visiting our place now, would scarcely recognize the Plymouth, of a year ago. Railroads, then, were seen through a glass, darkly; now we behold them, live realities.

We are as yet, untouched by the scourge so fearfully devastating the whole country; and houses of all kinds, are quite lively. Building is going on quite rapidly. The lower town is rearing in a large hotel and block of stores, being built there; while several buildings have been erected in the upper town.

The railroads have added very much to the business interests of the place, as well as to the agricultural interests of the surrounding country; and we all claim "An Hello" to railroad enterprise in general.

R.C.

The Atlantic for November—This publication, which is attracting so much attention among all sorts of people in literature and good pictures (and who does not love a good picture) promises great things in store for the coming year. It employs the best artists, and will be sure to give us not reproductions alone of famous paintings, but choice themes from American collections—pictures of landscape scenery and other things in our own country \$2.50 per year. New York.

The Detroit Commercial Advertiser came out last Saturday in an extremely neat dress, presenting a very nice appearance indeed. The front page announces the usual distribution of premiums to subscribers. One thousand dollars is cash, one eleven thousand dollars in other premiums will be given away, making the largest distribution of premiums ever known in the west.

ALWAYS AHEAD.

New Goods.

New Goods.

IMMENSE STOCK.

MABLEY THE CLOTHIER,

HAS THIS WEEK

RECEIV'D A LARGE AND ELEGANT STOCK OF FINE GOODS

Suitable for this Season of the Year

CALL AND SEE THEM.

ONE PRICE HOUSE, 126 WOODWARD AVENUE,

DETROIT.

Hail!! Hail!! Hail!!

LOW PRICES

and FAIR DEALING

at

HUNGERFORD'S

If you are in want of

DRY GOODS

AND

GROCERIES,

W. P. HUNGERFORD

has a large, varied stock of

CLOTHES, LINENS, WOMEN'S AND

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES, SHIRT-

INGS, LACE, SOFT AND

PROGRESSIVE

DRAINS, ETC.

TONADIS,

KENTUCKY JEANS, SATINETS,

LACE, LINENS, UNDERSKINS,

CLOTHES,

NOTIONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES,

Etc., Etc.

DRESS GOODS

We have a large stock of

Hats, Linens, WOMEN'S AND

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES, SHIRT-

INGS, LACE, SOFT AND

PROGRESSIVE

DRAINS, ETC.

QUICK SALES

BOOTS AND SHOES, SMALL PROFITS!

GIVE ME A CALL, I WILL BE THERE

C. G. HARRISON

MANUFACTURER OF

ON MARKET.

Hats, Linens, WOMEN'S AND

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES, SHIRT-

INGS, LACE, SOFT AND

PROGRESSIVE

DRAINS, ETC.

SCHOOL

FURNITURE

OF THE BEST AND MOST

APPROVED STYLES.

Northville, MI.

THOMAS HENRY,

Will say to the address of Northville

the surrounding Country, that he has

restored his business

WELL DIGGING,

soil, drainage,

DIG REPAIR OR CLEAN WELLS

Heavy Locating, or on any soil

Pumps of All Kinds,

Everything pertaining to the business

which may be applied.

Orders can be sent to my residence near

the Lake Erie.

THOMAS HENRY.

"Angels Guard your Treasures there,"

One of the greatest protections ever published. The melody is perfect and the language sweet and rich. Such a piece should be in every home. Following are the words of the first verse:

"When there was here dear mother,
And our wife banished to glee,
Then thy life was full of glee,
And thy heart from care was free,
But a shadow came over thy spirit,
And thy face with grief was pale,
For the darlings sadly chorused,
Now we sleeping in the vale.""Young the trees where birds were singing,
And the flowers are blooming fair,
And the forms are watching o'er them,
Guarding with your treasures there,
Send to my address post paid by sending
50 cents to the publisher.S. H. Little,
Northville, Mich.

GEORGE C. CHANDLER,

126 Woodward Avenue,

DETROIT.

STATE NEWS.

THE MONTHLY is a car load of cooked vegetables has been sent from Monroe to Chicago, also a car load of provisions, clothing, bedding, books and stores has just been forwarded to the Michigan soldiers.

Mrs. Johnson, of North Eggle, has been while fighting a fire with kerosene oil, placed the can upon the stove and neglected to remove it. The fire getting very hot, she turned around to take the cat off when it burst, throwing the oil over her person and face.

She died on Sunday.—*Lansing Republican*.

The Anti-Arbor Committee calls on the alert to enforce the law prohibiting students at any place of learning in this State from engaging in the game of billiards at say public saloons.

Mr. Lyman Irwin, of Jefferson, Hillsdale county, shipped \$24 bushels of wheat to Boston, with a machine built at Battle Creek.

The Badger's Record says on Friday last Mr. Wesley Smith, of Weesaw, Berrien County, was driving cattle in Jasper County, Indiana, the horse he was riding suddenly reared and fell over backwards, and directly upon Mr. Smith. He died Sunday morning.

Wix—Improvements are going on at this peaceful village at a rapid rate. The Railroad Co. have just completed a freight House and Depot, and the foundations for several other buildings have been laid, and they will be built as rapidly as possible.

Among the buildings going up is a wheat house for Wix and Sibley, and a foundry for Mr. Larcom of West N.Y., who has sold his property there and will carry on the same business in his new location.

A little daughter of Mr. A. Townsend living in the town of Lyon, about half a mile east of Kensington on the gravel road, was burned to death by her clothes taking fire on Thursday of last week.

We learn that Mr. Evertzbrood Superintendent of the Holly, Wayne, and Monroe railroad, met with a serious accident on his return to Holly, by being thrown from his buggy, and breaking his arm.—*Michigan Times*.

CRUCIFIED TO DEATH.—The wife of Rev. John Young, a superannuated Methodist minister, living in Bloomfield, five miles from Waller Lake, was so unfortunate as to get her dress on fire from a stove, on the tub, and survived but a few hours. She was 70 years of age. We have these particulars from the family of Dr. Hoyt of Waller Lake.

Literary Reviews.

GODER'S FOR NOVEMBER.—The following are the embellishments:

A fine steel plate, Colored Faience-plate, containing six figures; Colored plate of Winter Woods. A Bad Day's Sport. Flowers and Flower Basket, twenty four engravings. A plate of Walking Dogs.

An extra sheet of Fashions and Lingerie, fifty-four engravings. Suburban Residence, with plan. Besides a variety of effect designs in the Work Department. The latter matter is interesting and instructive.

Hamer's Magazine for November concludes the Forty-third Volume—a volume which has been crowded with the most remarkable and interesting matter, profusely illustrated, there having been in its 690 pages, averaging 448 engravings, many of which surpass in excellence any that had ever before been published. The author of the magazine is a man of great ability and knowledge, and it will be well worth the time to read it. It is now in the hands of Christian publishers, to diffuse great social, political and moral influences of the future.

Constant additions will be made to the literary features, and carefully selected poems, sketches, and similar documents will be abundant in its columns. It is a valuable reading for the home and schoolroom. It will be well worth the time to read it. It is now in the hands of Christian publishers, to diffuse great social, political and moral influences of the future.

New features will constantly be added to this journal, and its proprietors committed to constantly strengthen by all possible means its title to the first bold it has already obtained upon the esteem and confidence of the people of Michigan and of the Northwest.

Correspondence Box.—This splendid journal is now in the hands of the Plymouth, Mich. fashion plate.

RUMBLE RECORD.—Our search for interest in our place now, world wide, has found a friend in the Plymouths, of New York. New York, where we have seen through all the best and finest.

Now behold them moreover.—Thirty.

We are as yet the title of an article

source to see November, which is one whole month earlier than the rest of the country.

It details the wanderings of Truman C. Everts, who was lost in the Yellowstone Expedition, and is still missing.

He has not given up all hope of finding him, and it is only an intense desire to bring about his safe return.

The illustrations accompanying this article are very striking.

Scallop's new volume opens splendidly,

and the publishers announce unusual attractions for the future, including a series of papers by Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England; contributions in prose and verse by Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras"; \$1 a year. 654 Broadway, New York.

APPRENTICE'S JOURNAL.—We always welcome this weekly to our table. So profusely illustrated, so complete in choice stories and fascinating serials and what are regular in its appearance, no one could be otherwise than pleased with APPRENTICE'S. Get this, and you possess a first class publication. \$4 per year. D. Appleton & Co. Publishers, New York.

DEMOCRAT'S MONTHLY for November presents us with a full and varied choice of Winter Fashions, so essential to the climate and the tastes of the ladies. The present issue has its usual variety of Music, Literature, Household, and other useful articles, and the new list of Premiums for 1872. The terms for clubs are very liberal, and should be examined by all who require—and who does not?—a family Magazine \$3 per year. Published at 633 Broadway, New York.

THE DETROIT WEEKLY TRIBUNE

For 1872.

The Best Family Newspaper in the Northwest.

The coming volume of The Detroit Weekly Tribune promises to be one of the best and most interesting. It will be edited and supervised by

WILL M. CARLETON, Author of the famous "Farm Books," and will enjoy all the benefits that can be derived from his cultivated literary taste.

Mr. Carleton will also write regularly for the Detroit Weekly Tribune and his

Contributions to its Columns will make their First Appearance therewith and be furnished to no other journal.

The publishers of The Tribune have made the foregoing announcement with peculiar pleasure. Mr. Carleton has through his "Books" become known in every home in the nation. His poems are remarkable for felicity of expression, for the distinctive skill with which their themes have been handled, for their beauty with their rare naturalness, and especially for the impressiveness of their sentiment, which touches all hearts, and his

literary fame. Mr. Carleton is also a journalist of experience and will bring to his new task full tact and judicious professional skill.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE for 1872 will also offer services as follows: Its Commercial Department,

Its Advertising Department,

Its Publishing Department,

Its Editorial Department,

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