

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 20.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1906.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

GETS 97,554 PLURALITY

CREDITED TO GOV. WARNER BY OFFICIAL FIGURES.

Gains Over Fifty Percent Over Two Years Ago.

The official returns of the county canvassing boards have now all been received by the secretary of state, and the result is over ninety-seven thousand plurality for Gov. Fred M. Warner. This is a gain over fifty per cent upon Governor Warner's sixty thousand plurality of two years ago, though the vote polled is very much less than then. The republican vote registered this year falls off about fifty thousand from the former figure and the democrat vote shrinks about ninety thousand, indicating a loss in the total vote of not far from one hundred and fifty thousand. So that Mr. Warner's relative strength compared with that of two years ago, is even greater than his actual gain in plurality would show.

Mr. Kummerle carries his own county of Cass by thirty-five plurality. Every other county in the state records a margin for the governor. Two years ago, Mr. Warner lost eight counties, by pluralities aggregating over ten thousand and he now carries those eight counties by pluralities amounting to over thirty thousand—in which they show their realization of the way in which they were then misled and give emphatic expression to their feeling on the subject. The same misleading agencies have been active this time and employing the same tactics, but they could not be successfully worked the second time. So we find that in Kent county, where they secured a plurality of 1841 against Mr. Warner then, the result now is 5911 for him. In Ionia, then 247 against him, now has a margin of 1094; and similarly, Ingham, then 494 against, now 1277 for. Jackson, then 15 against, now 1143 for. Washtenaw, then 679 against, now 1462 for and finally, in Wayne county, where this hostile propaganda has its headquarters in Detroit and shows its greatest results, won a verdict of 6171 against Mr. Warner two years ago and now when they have learned to know both Mr. Warner and the character of the opposition to him they show their estimate of both by changing that adverse verdict to a favorable one of 10,015, or a reversal of over sixteen thousand in the one county.

Milo N. Johnson.



Mr. Johnson has just been re-appointed post-master at Northville by President Roosevelt.

F. & A. M. Election.

The following officers were elected at the regular meeting of Northville Blue Lodge F. & A. M. Monday evening:

W. M.—B. A. Northrop
Sr. W.—Floyd Northrop
Jr. W.—James A. Huff
Sr. D.—Thos. E. Murdock
Jr. D.—F. Ed. Lyke
Treas.—B. A. Wheeler
Sec.—W. H. Hutton
Tyler—Dean F. Griswold

"A Black Heifer" Coming.

The Farmington dramatic club will come to Northville Dec. 28 and give their side-splitting comedy drama, "A Black Heifer" in the Northville Opera House. It will be a Jim dandy affair. Every character is a star.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM IN MATHEMATICS.



—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

The Sunday school Christmas tree will be held on Monday evening, Dec. 24.

In the evening the choir, assisted by several additional voices, will render George B. Neff's beautiful Christmas Cantata "The Adoration"—for solo and chorus.

The services next Sunday will be appropriate to the Christmas season. In the morning the music will include the following: Anthem, "While Shepherds Watched" Spence—soloist, Miss Calkins, hymn, "Born at Last the Great Messiah"—soloist, Miss Richardson, with violin obligato; offertory, "Adore and Be Still," Gounod—Miss Jerome.

Baptist Church Notes.

[By a Member.]

The subject of the sermon Sunday morning will be "The Christmas Message." The evening subject will be "The Holy Child."

Sunday morning the choir will sing "Peace on Earth" a Christmas anthem, and Arthur Grant will sing a solo, "Christians Awake."

Monday evening the Sunday school will have a Christmas tree and appropriate exercises. There will be lots of pretty music and an unusually nice program is being arranged.

A monthly business meeting of the ladies of the church will be held next Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. M. F. Stanley. The ladies are requested to come prepared to sew.

Methodist Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

Sunday school Christmas exercises will be held in the church on Monday evening. Splendid preparation has been made by the young people. A good time may be expected. The committee intend having a Christmas tree.

Public worship next Sunday as usual. Subject for morning "The Advent of Christ." The choir accompanied by organ and soloist will sing "The First Christmas Morn" (Earnest Newton) and "Sing O Heavens" (C. Simper). Organ voluntary "Tannhauser March" (Wagner). Congregation will sing hymns 183, 192 and 248. Subject for evening, "The Purpose of the Incarnation." Mrs. Graham of Detroit will sing a solo on this occasion. All welcome to these services.

SOUVENIR CALENDARS

The 1907 Record Calendars will be ready to give away to subscribers commencing next week Saturday morning. We believe we have enough for everybody but of course those who come Saturday are likely to get a better choice. However they are all unusually pretty this year and will be well worth calling for. Please bear in mind none can be given to children.

School Notes.

[By a Pupil.]

The Fifth grade is packing a Christmas box for a poor family here. Russel Galbraith, of the Fourth grade, has been absent on account of illness.

All the rooms are very prettily decorated with holly and Christmas drawings.

The Second grade is filling a box with toys, puzzles and story books to send to Detroit.

The Third grade have each made a pretty booklet on which they have written the story of Christmas.

The Kindergarten, First and Second grades are going to have a Christmas tree this afternoon.

The High school Helping Hand Association are planning on having a Christmas tree for the poor children.

The Fourth grade are to have a Christmas play this afternoon entitled "Santa Claus and the Runaways".

The Fifth grade are drawing the flags of all the nations as they study them and decorating their walls with them.

HIGH SCORE BOWLERS

The Three Night League's Record To Date.

Some good scores were rolled last week and high scores were made as follows: B. McFarlin 212, A. Streetman 200, W. L. Tisham 201.

Standing of Teams:

Team No 1	Won 11	Lost 1	922
" " 2	" 8	" 4	"	667
" " 3	" 6	" 3	"	667
" " 4	" 3	" 3	"	508
" " 5	" 5	" 7	"	417
" " 6	" 3	" 11	"	683
" " 7	" 2	" 6	"	500
No 2	Won 3	games from No 8		
" 1	" 3	" " 5		
" 2	" 3	" " 3		
" 3	" 2	" " 4		
" 4	" 2	" " 6		

See That Curve!

Union Chapter Election.

At a special convocation of Union Chapter No. 55, R. A. M., held Wednesday evening, December 19, the following officers were duly installed by Past Grand High Priest Frank N. Clark and Grand Marshal L. Van Valkenburg:

High Priest—H. A. Bovee
King—Ed. Gayde
Scribe—T. E. Murdock
Secretary—Ward T. Bowers
Treasurer—B. A. Wheeler
C. of H.—A. B. McCulloch
R. A. Capt.—H. C. Thayer
P. S.—M. H. Ladd
M. of 3rd V.—A. E. Richmond
M. of 2nd V.—J. L. Hogle
M. of 1st V.—Wm. Alexander
Sentinel—Dean F. Griswold

SALEM NEWS.

The young people's class of the Baptist Sunday school are making arrangements to have an entertainment in the near future and will be assisted by the Northville Male Quartet.

NOVI NEWS.

John J. Smith is still confined to his room with sciatic rheumatism.

Miss Cora Higgins' hand is still very bad. She cannot use it at all.

Mrs. Hallett's daughter, Mrs. Hollie, has come to spend the winter with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Taylor were guests of New Hudson friends last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gibson visited their mother, Mrs. Louisa Brown, Sunday.

Miss Nellie Tibbitts left Tuesday morning for Douglas, Arizona, for an indefinite stay.

The foreman of the Scale factory at Northville spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Leach.

Margaret West goes to Brooklyn, N. Y., to spend the holidays with her sister, who was in school there, but is now sick.

Mrs. Ella Spencer gave a dinner to her Sunday school class of about 20 young people. They reported a very fine dinner and enjoyable time.

Notice to Novi Taxpayers.

I will be at the following places for the purpose of receiving taxes: Wixom Thursday's, Dec. 13, 20, 27 and Jan. 3, C. E. Goodell's, Novi, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28 and Jan. 4; C. A. Sessions, Northville, Saturday's, Dec. 8, 15, 22, 29 and Jan. 5.

EARL BANKS, Township Treas.

Notice to Taxpayers.

I will be at the store of Carpenter & Huff in Northville Friday and Saturday of each week and Thursday, Jan. 10, 1907, the final day, for the purpose of receiving Northville Township taxes.

JAS. A. HUFF, TREAS.

A WARNING FOR THE SMALL BOY.



—Naughton in Duluth Herald.

Xmas Goods!

The Holidays are here, and when you are looking around call in and look over our assortment of

Nickle Tea and Coffee Pots
Nickle Tea Kettles, No. 8 and 9
Nickle & Painted Crumb Trays & Brushes
Rogers "1847" Knives, Forks and Spoons
"Bissell's" Carpet Sweepers
Warranted Shears, Razors, Pocket Cutlery
Asbestos Sad Irons, Meat Roasters and
And Many Other articles we Have Not Room to Mention.



Skates, Sleds, Toy Carts, Express Wagons, etc.

CARPENTER & HUFF
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

LAMPS!

We have a New Line of Lamps all the way from a Hand Lamp at 25c to a Large Center Draft "Success" at \$4.50. We have a Very Pretty Night Lamp for 30c.

Will have another shipment of those Nice Stands with Baking Powder the first of the week.

GROCERIES

We carry a Full Line of Groceries—always fresh and we make prompt delivery. Prices Always Low as the lowest—or Lower.

Don't Forget Our Coffee Specialties

C. E. RYDER

Both Telephones. NORTHVILLE

Fine Tailoring!

By putting into our line of Woolens, the Choicest Products of the manufacturers' skill, we have received substantial recognition from the public in the shape of our Enormous Quantity of Orders.

Our line contains ALL the Popular Weaves, Colorings and Novelties, as well as the Most Desirable Staples. Give us a Trial Order.

E. J. WILLIS, Merchant Tailor

1324 Grand River Avenue. Phone Grand 1090-J. DETROIT, MICH.

Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

Send for Pamphlet and Literature. Literature sent in Plain Envelope.

DR. W. H. YARNALL. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Try a 15 Cent Liner in the Record--It Pays.

PROSPERITY!

Everybody buys Candy this year and we have a line of 10, 15c, 20c Candy that you can't very well get by without buying. Not Glucose but Pure Candies of all kinds—such as the pure food law requires.

Our own Choice Mixed Candy, worth 20c and we are selling it for 13c; 2 for 25c.

Don't let the Children go without Candy this year if you are too poor to buy it for them come in and we will give you some.

We are right in line with all kinds of Nuts, Oranges, Figs, Dates, Bananas, Pop Corn, Grapes, etc.

A little investment for the Children at Christmas time is money well spent.

Yours for a Merry Christmas

B. A. WHEELER

TELEPHONE. NORTHVILLE, MICH.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COSMETIC"
(Copyright 1905 by the BOBBY-MERRELL CO., N.Y.)

DANGER SIGNALS.

At that time I did not myself go over the bills before the legislatures of those states in which I had interests. I trusted that work to my lawyers—and, like every man who ever absolutely trusted an important division of his affairs to another, I was severely punished. One morning my eye happened to light upon a minor paragraph in a newspaper—a list of the "small bills" yesterday approved by the governor. In the list was one "defining the power of sundry commissions." Those words seemed to me somehow to spell "joker." But why did I call up my lawyers to ask them about it? It's a mystery to me. All I know is that, busy as I was, something inside me compelled me to drop everything else and hunt that "joker" down.

I got Saxe—then senior partner in Brown, Saxe & Einstein—on the 'phone, and said: "Just see and tell me, will you, what is the 'bill' defining the power of sundry commissions—the bill the governor signed yesterday?"

"Certainly, Mr. Blacklock," came the answer. My nerves are, and always have been, on the watch for the looks and the tones and the gestures that are just a shade off the natural; and I feel that I do Saxe no injustice when I say his tone was, not a shade, but a full color, off the natural. So I was prepared for what he said when he returned to the telephone. "I'm sorry, Mr. Blacklock, but we seem unable to lay our hands on that bill at this moment."

"Why not?" said I, in the tone that makes an employee jump as if a whip-lash had cut him on the calves.

He had jumped all right, as his voice showed. "It's not in our file," said he. "It's House bill No. 427, and it's apparently not here."

"The hell you say!" I exclaimed.

"Why?"

"I really can't explain," he pleaded, and the frightened whine confirmed my suspicion.

"I guess not," said I, making the words significant and suggestive. "And you're in my pay to look after such matters! But you'll have to explain, if this turns out to be serious."

"Apparently our file of bills is complete except that one," he went on. "I suppose it was lost in the mail, and I very stupidly didn't notice the gap in the numbers."

"Stupid isn't the word I'd use," said I, with a laugh that wasn't of the kind that cheers. And I rang off and asked for the state capitol on the "long distance."

Before I got my connection Saxe, whose office was only two blocks away, came flustering in. "The boy has been discharged, Mr. Blacklock," he began.

"What boy?" said I.

"The boy in charge of the bill file—the boy whose business it was to keep the file complete."

"Send him to me, you damned scoundrel," said I. "I'll give him a job. What do you take me for anyway? And what kind of a cowardly bound are you to disgrace an innocent boy as a cover for your own crooked work?"

"Really, Mr. Blacklock, this is most extraordinary," he expostulated.

"Extraordinary? I call it criminal," I retorted. "Listen to me. You look after the legislation calendars for me, and for Langdon, and for Roebuck, and for Melville, and for half a dozen others of the biggest financiers in the country. It's the most important work you do for us. Yet you, as shrewd and careful a lawyer as there is at the bar, want me to believe you trusted that work to a boy! If you did, you're a damn fool. If you didn't, you're a damn scoundrel. There's no more doubt in my mind than in yours' which of those horns has you sticking on it."

"You are letting your quick temper get away with you, Mr. Blacklock," he deprecated.

"Stop lying!" I shouted. "I knew you had been doing some skulduggery when I first heard your voice on the telephone. And if I needed any proof, the meek way you've taken my abuse would furnish it, and to spare."

Just then the telephone bell rang and I got the right department and asked the clerk to read house bill 427. It contained five short paragraphs. The "joker" was in the third, which gave the state canal commission the right "to institute condemnation proceedings, and to condemn, and to abolish, any canal not exceeding 30 miles in length and not a part of the connected canal system of the state."

When I hung up the receiver I was so absorbed that I had forgotten Saxe was waiting. He made some slight sound. I wheeled on him. I needed a vent. If he hadn't been there I should have smashed a chair. But there was he—and I kicked him out of my private office and would have kicked him out through the anteroom into the outer hall, had he not gathered himself together and run like a jack-rabbit.

Since that day I have done my own calendar watching.

My lawyers had sold me out; I fool that I was, had not guarded the only weak plate in my armor against my companions—the plate over my back, to shed assassin thrusts. Roebuck and Langdon between them owned the governor; he owned the canal commission; my canal, which gave me access to tide-water for the product of my Manasquan mines, was as good as closed. I no longer had the whip-hand in National Coal. The others could sell me out and take two-thirds of my fortune, whenever they liked—for of what use were my mines with no outlet now to any market, except the outlets the coal crowd owned?

As soon as I had thought the situation out in all its bearings, I realized that there was no escape for me now, that whatever chance, to escape I might have had was closed by my uncovering to Saxe and kicking him. But I did not regret; it was worth the money it would cost me. Besides, I thought I saw how I could later on



KEEP OUT OF THE MARRIAGE, MATT, HE ADVISED.

turn it to good account. A sensible man never makes fatal errors. What- ever he does is at least experience, and can also be used to advantage. If Napoleon hadn't been half dead at Waterloo, I don't doubt he would have used his disaster as a means to a great victory.

When I walked into Mowbray Langdon's office, I was like a thoroughbred exercising on a clear frosty morning; and my smile was as fresh as the flower in my buttonhole. I thrust out my hand at him. "I congratulate you," said I.

He took the proffered hand with a questioning look.

"On what?" said he. It is hard to tell from his face what is going on in his head, but I think I guessed right when I decided that Saxe hadn't yet warned him.

"I have just found out from Saxe," I pursued, "about the canal bill."

"What canal bill?" he asked.

"That puzzled look was a mistake, Langdon," said I, laughing at him. "When you don't know anything about a matter, you look merely blank. You overdid it, you've given yourself away."

He shrugged his shoulders. "As you please," said he. As you please was his favorite expression; a stereotyped irony, for in dealing with him, things were never as you pleased, but always as he pleased.

"Next time you want to dig a mine under anybody," I went on, "don't hire Saxe. Really I feel sorry for you—to have such a clever scheme messed by such an ass."

"If you don't mind, I'd like to know what you're talking about," said he, with his patient, bored look.

"As you and Roebuck own the gov-

ernor, I know your little law ends my little canal."

"Still I don't know what you're talking about," drawled he. "You are always suspecting everybody of double-dealing. I gather that this is another instance of your infirmity. Really, Blacklock, the world isn't wholly made up of scoundrels."

"I know that," said I. "And I will even admit that its scoundrels are seldom made up wholly of scoundrels. Even Roebuck would rather do the decent thing, if he can do it without endangering his personal interests. As for you—I regard you as one of the decentest men I ever knew—outside of business. And even there, I believe you'd keep your word, as long as the other fellow kept his."

"Thank you," said he, bowing ironically. "This flattery makes me suspect you've come to get something."

"On the contrary," said I. "I want to give something. I want to give you my coal mines."

"I thought you'd see that our offer was fair," said he. "And I'm glad you have changed your mind about quarreling with your best friends. We can be useful to you, you to us. A break would be silly."

"That's the way it looks to me," I assented. And I decided that my sharp talk to Roebuck had set them to estimating my value to them.

"Sam Ellersly," Langdon presently remarked, "tells me he's campaigning hard for you at the Travelers. I hope you'll make it. We're rather a slow crowd; a few men like you might stir things up."

I am always more than willing to give others credit for good sense and good motives. It was not vanity, but this disposition to credit others with sincerity and sense, that led me to believe him, both as to the coal mat-

successfully than most," said I. "Everybody advertises, each one adapting his advertising to the needs of his enterprises, as far as he knows how."

"That's true enough," he confessed. "But there are enterprises and enterprises, you know."

"You can tell 'em, Sam," said I. "I never put out a statement I don't believe to be true, and that when any of my followers lose on one of my tips, I've lost on it, too. For I play my own tips—and that's more than can be said of my 'financier' in this town."

After a while I dragged in the subject. "One thing I am and will do to get myself in line for that club," I said, like a seal on promenade. "I'm sick of the crowd I travel with—the men and the women. I feel it's about time I settled down. I've got a fortune and establishment that needs a woman to set it off. I can make some woman happy. You don't happen to know any nice girls—the right sort, I mean?"

"Not many," said Sam. "You'd better go back to the country where you came from, and get her there. She'd be eternally grateful, and her head wouldn't be full of mercenary nonsense."

"Excuse me!" exclaimed I. "I'd turn her head. She'd go clear crazy. She'd plunge in up to her neck—and not being used to these waters, she'd make a show of herself, and probably drown, dragging me down with her, if possible."

Sam laughed. "Keep out of marriage, Matt," he advised, not so obtuse to my real point as he wanted me to believe. "I know the kind of girl you've got in mind. She'd marry you for your money, and she'd never appreciate you. She'd see in you only the lack of the things she's been taught to lay stress on."

"For instance?"

"I couldn't tell you any more than I could enable you to recognize a person you'd never seen by describing him."

"Ain't I a gentleman?" I inquired. He laughed, as if the idea tickled him. "Of course," he said. "Of course."

"Ain't I got as proper a country place as there is a-going? Ain't my apartment in the Willowby a peach? Don't I give as elegant dinners as you ever eat down to? Don't I dress right up to the Piccadilly latest? Don't I act all right—know enough to keep my feet off the table and my knife out of my mouth?" All true enough, and I so crude then that I hadn't a suspicion what a flat contradiction of my pretensions and beliefs about myself the very words and phrases were.

"You're right in it, Matt," said Sam. "But—well—you haven't traveled with our crowd, and they're shy of strangers, especially as—as energetic a sort of stranger as you are. You're too sudden, Matt—too dazzling—too—"

"Too shiny and new?" said I, beginning to catch his drift. "That'll be looked after."

VII BLACKLOCK GOES INTO TRAINING.

This brings me to the ugliest story my enemies have concocted against me. No one appreciates more thoroughly than I that to rise high, a man must have his own efforts seconded by the flood of vituperation that his enemies send to overwhelm him and which washes him far higher than he could hope to lift himself. So I do not here refer to any attack on me in the public prints, I think of them only with amusement and gratitude. The story that ripples is the one these foes of mine set creeping, like a snake under the fallen leaves, everywhere, anywhere, unseen, without a trail. It has been whispered into every ear—and it is, no doubt, widely believed—that I deliberately put old Bromwell Ellersly "in a hole," and there tortured him until he consented to try to compel his daughter to marry me.

It is possible that, if I had thought of such a devilish device, I might have tried it—is not all fair in love? But there was no need for my cudgeling my brains to carry that particular fictionation on my way to what I had fixed my will upon. Bromwell Ellersly came to me of his own accord.

I suppose the Ellerslys must have talked me over in the family circle. However this may be, my acquaintance with her father began with Sam's asking me to lunch with him. "The governor has heard me talk of you so much," said he, "that he is anxious to meet you."

I offered to help him, and I did help him. Is there any one, knowing anything of the facts of life, who will censure me when I admit that I—with deliberation—simply added him over, did not make for him and present to him a fortune? What chance should I have had, if I had been so absurdly generous to a man who deserved nothing but punishment for his selfish and bigoted mode of life? I took away from his worst burdens; but I left him more than he could carry without my help. And it was not until he had appealed in vain to all his social friends to relieve him of the necessity of my aid, not until he realized that I was his only hope of escaping a sharp comedown from luxury to very modest comfort in a flat somewhere—not until then did his wife send me an invitation to dinner. And I had not so much as hinted that I wanted it.

(To be Continued.)

Couldn't Wait So Long.

"Will I send the goods home?" asked the girl behind the counter in the big department store.

"No, I'll take them with me," replied the purchaser; "but as I'm in a hurry you may send the change home, if you please."—Yonkers Statesman.

FRONTIER CHRISTMAS



George Ely Ran Forward.

THE times were flush; there had been good crops, and an abundant harvest had been gathered and stored away. The people on old Lick creek, in Ralls county, Mo., were happy and eager to enjoy themselves. The country was sparsely settled, and there was little to be had that was good to eat or drink nearer than the town of Florida, on Salt river, where Squire Clemens, the father of Mark Twain, kept a store.

They danced all night under the hospitable roof where sat old Uncle Rubein Reddish, Aunt Lou extending them a warm welcome; then they went home with Rube Purvis to eat bear meat, and from there to Uncle Harry's and Aunt Edy's, where venison was broiling, and bee gums had been robbed.

Christmas eve day was bright and pretty. The sun broke through a rift of clouds and the revelers were fairly intoxicated with joy. They intended to spend the night and Christmas day at the Widow Mackelroy's, where there was plenty of room and an abundance of good things to eat and drink.

The Widow Mackelroy was with the crowd. She had left Uncle Ned and Aunt Polly to look after her house, telling them that if they went away to close the doors. The faithful old servants were not liable to go farther than some cabins occupied by colored people, and the widow knew that they would answer the summons of the ranch bell. Though it was Christmas time she never dreamed that the negroes would leave the place.

Old Ned and Aunt Polly did leave the house, and a big black bear must have been watching them when they walked away. He had doubtless scented the odor of a Christmas feast. It was easy for him to smash one of the kitchen windows and enter the apartment unmolested. After feasting upon such things as had not been securely hidden away, the bear probably prowled through the house until his curiosity was satisfied, and then, finding a dark corner under the stairway in the hall, he laid down and closed his eyes to pleasant dreams.

This audacity was the result of careless training on the part of one James Irvin, an old bachelor of the vicinity, who had made a pet of this same bear, Bolivar, as the bear was called, frequently answered the call of the wild. In his youth Bolivar was an interesting pet. He was capable of performing many tricks, and he was an accomplished wrestler.

The crowd of Christmas ramblers reached the Widow Mackelroy's house about dark on Christmas eve. The lively young widow led the way to unlock doors, and the boys and girls followed, snowballing and singing Christmas carols.

The widow was in the act of making some interesting discoveries in the kitchen, and a dozen couples of dancers were moving over the parlor floor in harmony with music that was loud and fast, when shrieks and screams echoed through the rooms, and those who were able to command their senses saw a monster black bear entering the parlor on his hind feet and swinging his forelegs invitingly, as if seeking a partner for a waltz. The ballroom instantly presented a scene of the wildest excitement. Boys and girls who were near windows lost no time in making their escape. The bear cut off the retreat of a considerable crowd and hemmed them in a corner of the room. Bolivar pranced in front of these, licking froth from his red lips and glaring into the faces of the screaming girls as if he were trying to select a dainty one for his Christmas supper. George Ely, a young man who was proud of his strength and his ability to hit hard blows, ran forward and struck the bear on the side of the head. Bolivar shook his ear as if he were tickled, and, turning about, he seized the amazed young man with his powerful

paws and drew him to his breast. The bear was becoming angry, and he would soon have crushed every rib in George's body if the youth's sweetheart had not come to his rescue.

Mary Goodwin had been dancing with George Ely and when the bear entered the room the thoughtful girl ran to the fireplace and seized an iron poker. It proved a good weapon. It was an iron bar about four feet in length, and it had been in use so long that one end had worn to a sharp point. Its effectiveness had been improved by a young man who had stuck the sharp end in the fire for the purpose of using it to take the chill from a pitcher of hard cider.

When Mary Goodwin saw her lover's face distorted with pain as he struggled to get loose from the mad bear's powerful arms she ran to his assistance. "Help! For God's sake, help me, boys!" shouted George. The bear was trying to fasten his teeth in his victim's throat, when the brave girl thrust the red-hot point of the iron bar behind the monster's fore-shoulder and threw her whole weight upon it. The sharp point slipped between the bear's ribs and entered his heart.

With an angry growl Bolivar sank on a heap upon the ballroom floor, and George Ely staggered away, to faint, gasping for breath, in the arms of his quick-witted, fearless sweetheart.

Bolivar was barbecued on Christmas day, 1854. During those same holidays George and Mary were married.

Bits from the Trees

Hence the Mistake.
Florence—Don't you remember that last Christmas you brose your engagement?

Geraldine—Yes; but I'm a year older now.

SORROW OF IT.



Mildred—Oh, dear! I wish I knew what to give Mr. Slowboy for a Christmas present.

Helen—Why can't you give him your heart, dear?

Mildred—The big goose has it already, but he doesn't know it.

The Sum.
Knicker—Christmas mathematics are puzzling.

Bocker—Yes, you put down tens and carry everything.

An Explanation.
"Women are naturally more artistic than men."

"Yes," answered the matter of fact person, "that's why so many of us look funny when we wear our Christmas neckties and smoking jackets. Our wives want us to look artistic."

Iron-Ox

TABLETS CURE
Constipation

Nine-tenths of all American women have constipation. No need of it, when you have Iron-Ox Tablets to cure you.

50 Iron-Ox Tablets a daily alumina powder case, 25 cents at all drug stores. Only mail Ask for our special 50 cent trial package. The Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Detroit, Mich.

For sale and recommended by Murdock Bros., Druggists.

L. W. LOVEWELL

AUCTIONEER
SOUTH LYON, MICH.

Special attention given to Farm, Merchandise and Thoroughbred Stock sales.

Dates for Sales made at either Telephone Office, South Lyon, at my expense.

Terms Reasonable.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PERRIN'S

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.
250 Bus to and from All Trains.
Best Rigs in Town.
Telephone Connections.
F. N. PERRIN, Prop.

W. L. B. CLARK'S

MILK ROUTE.

PURE AERATED MILK
Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.
Successor to E. SOMMERS.

DIAMOND DAIRY

For Pure Milk, Cream and Ices.

G. C. BENTON, Prop.

THE CANDY YOU BUY

SHOULD BE THE BEST.

THE PLACE TO PURCHASE
THE BEST CANDY
IS AT

Gardner's.
Costs No More
Than
FACTORY STUFF



The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

An Independent Newspaper Published every Friday morning by The Record Printery, at Northville, Michigan, and entered at Northville Post-office as Second-Class matter.

Terms of Subscription—One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c; (to new subscribers 25c in advance. Single copies, 5c.)
Advertising Rates made known on application. All advertising bills must be settled monthly; transient advertising in advance.

Obituary poetry will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of Thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 1-cent per word. For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, etc., of average length, 15c for first and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage and death notices free.

Notices for religious and benevolent societies of reasonable length, one insertion free. Copy for change of advertisement should be received not later than Tuesday 6 P. M.

No fake advertising, nor unreliable patent medicine advertising, or anything bordering on the "objectionable" accepted at any price.

Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentionally published that cannot be personally endorsed.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., DEC 21, '06.

There Are Heroes Left Yet.

As a good antidote for the sensational stories of deceit and treachery and cruelty and faithlessness, which are day by day reported through the daily press, comes the recital of heroism unto death in connection with the burning of the fraternity house at Cornell college. The memories of the young men, students of the college, who lost their lives while striving to rescue their flame-imprisoned fellow students, and of the members of the fire company who died through heroic performance of duty, deserve to be cherished and preserved as representative of the truer and deeper inclinations we possess towards all our fellow men. Very much is lost and nothing is gained by the individual or by society in giving encouragement to the fear that selfishness and greed are increasing in the lives and deeds of those about us. It is not true. The greatest happiness of most men and women is legitimately sought and found through making others happy. The holiday season is a good illustration of this truth and the saddening but splendid incident at Cornell college recently was highest testimony in its behalf.

Favors Binder Twine Plant.

Governor Warner's visit to Michigan City, Indiana, recently to further acquaint himself with the practical value of the binder twine industry in connection with the employment of convicts in the prisons of our state, makes it probable that legislative consideration will be given to that subject at the coming session. The manufacture of binding twine has been successfully and profitably adopted as a prison industry in several states, including Minnesota, Missouri and Indiana. Inasmuch as it does not compete with any established Michigan industry and would not be objected to by the representatives of any of the trades or labor associations, it would seem to be desirable from every point of view. The binder twine market is now controlled by a combination or trust which enforces a price of eleven cents a pound. It is being made and sold at nine cents a pound by prison authorities and the profit is good. Michigan legislators will do well to give the binder twine subject all the consideration it would seem to deserve. Governor Warner is rather inclined to favor the proposition.

Uniform State Accounting.

It is probable that the subject of providing a system of uniform accounting for the various cities of the state, under state supervision, to be extended, if practical, to counties and townships and school districts, will be given more consideration at the coming session of the legislature than it has heretofore received. Many cities and some of the counties are now paying high prices to auditing companies to perform the work which could be better and more economically performed under state auspices, as is true of the state banks and state institutions. That a uniform system of public accounting accompanied by periodical inspection is desirable for the cities and counties of the state is no longer questioned by those who have given most thought and attention to the subject.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

Notices under this head inserted for 75c first issue and 50c per week for each subsequent issue.

FOR SALE—Portland cutter. Apply to Geo. H. Baker at D. U. R. electric freight depot, Northville. 18tf

FOR SALE—White Sewing machine. New and latest improved. Apply to Record office. 17w4p

FOR SALE—Old papers in big bundles for 5 cents at the Record office. All nice and clean—and just the thing for shelves or to put under carpets. 15tf

FOR SALE—Smith Premier Typewriter, good condition. Cheap. Apply to Record office. 10tf

FOR SALE—Camera or kodak new and cheap. L. Box 39, Northville. 17w5p

FOR SALE—Three foot oval show case for sale cheap. Apply to Record office. 16tf

FOR SALE—Hot blast smokeless, soft coal heater. A good one, cheap. Apply to Record office or Carpenter & Huff. 16tf

FOR SALE—Good house and two lots; good barn, all kinds of fruit. Horton Ave. Northside, also my new, up-to-date house on Center st., with all modern improvements. Will Lanning, Northville. 14tf

FOR SALE—House and lot on Cady street, owned by F. J. Collins of Adrian. Inquire of T. J. Gleason, cor. Dundas and Center streets, Northville. Terms reasonable. 20w2

FARM FOR SALE—One of best farms in town, 1 1/4 miles south of Northville, 160 acres. Apply Frank Perin, Northville, or E. E. Dale 595 Pearl St., Ypsilanti. 51w80tf

FOUND—If you have found anything, a hint in this column will find an owner.

LOST—If you have lost something, try a 15 cent liner in this column.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence 31 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 10:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Phone 401.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Park House on Main street. Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Both Telephones. 13tf

E. B. CAVELL, VETERINARY SURGEON. Graduate of Ontario College, is now at the Exchange Hotel. Calls attended night or day. Both Phones. 13tf

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

(Contributions to this column are earnestly solicited. If you have visitors, or are visiting elsewhere, drop a line to that effect in the Record Item Box in the postoffice.)

E. J. Willis of Detroit was in town last Friday.

Mrs. A. K. Carpenter was a Detroit visitor Tuesday.

Miss Izetta Cook visited friends in Detroit Thursday.

R. K. McKahan was a Detroit visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. L. W. Simmons was a Milford visitor last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cook visited friends in Plymouth Sunday.

Perry and Ledger Brown are spending the week in Detroit.

Mrs. Archie Morris will spend Christmas with her mother in St. Johns.

Mrs. Graham of Detroit is visiting her sister, Mrs. Cogswell, for a week or two.

Mrs. H. C. Benton is at Salem this week caring for her sister, who is quite ill.

Miss Charity Baker of Morenci is visiting her brother, G. H. Baker and family.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lapham of Detroit will spend Christmas in Northville.

Mr and Mrs Chas. Christensen of Detroit were guests of the former's parents last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Murdock and daughter of Ypsilanti visited Northville relatives over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ambler and family left Wednesday for Detroit where they will spend Christmas.

Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Johnson expect to spend Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Frank D. Clark, in Novi.

Misses Dora and Lena Harger of Pontiac visited their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Harger, over Sunday.

Mrs. M. J. Montgomery of this place has gone to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Crawford in Commerce.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauren Felt entertained the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Felt and daughter of Plymouth Sunday.

Mrs. E. Balch and children of Adrian are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gillis, and other relatives in town.

County School Commissioner E. W. Yost of Trenton was in town Tuesday on his visit to the rural schools of this vicinity.

Mrs. C. D. Burch of Wixom, Mrs. Hattie Estes of Milford and Mrs. Jane Kelley of Holloway were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons Monday.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clear-eyed, clear-brained, clear-skinned.

Mr. Straues will spend Sunday in Detroit.

G. H. Baker and wife were in Pontiac on business Tuesday.

Miss Milne has gone to Seville, O., to care for Mrs. W. E. Yerkes.

Mrs. Amanda Burgess returned from her Detroit visit Sunday.

Mrs. F. N. Clark returned Saturday from her visit in Bradford, Pa.

Mrs. C. C. Yerkes entertained Mrs. Yerkes of Bennington Tuesday.

Mrs. J. A. Price will spend Christmas with her parents in Saginaw.

N. W. Daggett of Elsie spent Thursday with friends in Northville.

Duane Cook of the Soldier's Home in Grand Rapids is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Neal of Orion are spending the week with friends in Northville.

Mr. and Mrs. U. Grant Race of Detroit spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Burgess.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Adams and daughter of Farmington visited friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown of Power's Station visited Mrs. Lauren Felt one day last week.

Mrs. Sarah Taylor and daughter, Mrs. Walter Coates, of Novi, were Northville callers Monday.

C. E. Burgess of Kalamazoo will spend Sunday with his brother, Dr. J. M. Burgess, and family.

Mrs. D. C. Wing, who has been here caring for her daughter, Mrs. C. A. McCullough, has returned to her home in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. O. M. Whipple of Detroit spent Monday with her sister, Mrs. Clarica Grace, at the home of the latter's daughter, Mrs. Bjerly.

Dr. T. H. Turner returned from Seville, O., Saturday where he was called to attend Mrs. W. H. Yerkes. He reports her condition as improving.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Barley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fry and son and Miss Beale Wells will spend Christmas with the former's son, Will, of Rochester.

Mrs. A. L. Finney, who has been spending the past few weeks with her cousin, Mrs. W. L. Tatham, returned to her home in Grand Rapids Saturday evening.

S. E. Cranson of the U. S. Fish car has been detailed for the winter at the Northville station. Everybody is glad to see Sam and also pleased he is to winter in old Northville.

Terriers as Mourners.

At the funeral of an old Southwark (Eng.) dog fancier named George Penn, of the Borough road, following the hearse were four fine bull terriers. On the black coats that they were wearing were, in white letters, the words: "Following our master to his last resting place."

Woman's View.

In matrimonial matters most women would rather be envied than happy.—Baltimore Sun

Women Victims of Strong Drink.

Of the 33 persons charged with drunkenness at the West London police court recently, 22 were women.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Club for the Lonely.

Those who have no friends in London and complain of its great loneliness now have a club all to themselves. The new organization is called the Eligible Social club. Its object is to bring together men and women who are lonely. A vocalist and a playwright have applied for membership.

Tonquinese Boys Wear Sash.

Boys of Tonquin wear a long red sash to which a purse, embroidered with glass beads and gold thread is attached.

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE
PERE MARQUETTE

HOLIDAY RATES.

For the Christmas and New Year Holidays Pere Marquette Ticket Agents will sell tickets as follows:—

Christmas Holiday

Dates of Sale—December 22, 23, 24 and 25. Good for return up to January 2nd, 1907.

New Year Holiday

Dates of Sale—December 29, 30, 31, 1906 and January 1, 1907. Good for return up to January 2nd, 1907. Ask Agents for further particulars.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A.

Allen, the Stove Man.

Am located in Northville and am prepared to do all kinds of repairing: Stoves, lawn mowers, clothes wringers and sewing machines. Callings for All Stoves 100 per lb. in store. Phone residence, 446.

A. F. ALLEN.

AFFLICTED WITH CATARRH— LIFE HAD BECOME A BURDEN.

Pe-ru-na, Used As a Last Resort, Affords Complete Relief.



MRS. F. CARR.

The Relief Experienced By Mrs. Carr Through the Use of Pe-ru-na, After Having Tried the Best Professional Treatment in Vain, is a Matter of No Small Wonder Among Her Many Friends.

Mrs. F. Carr, Vineland, Ont., Can., writes: "For several years I was afflicted with catarrh, which made life a burden. The coughing and hacking which accompanied the disease was terrible. The complaint finally extended to the stomach and I was in a wretched condition. I tried different remedies and the best professional treatment all in vain. Finally, as a last resort, I tried Pe-ru-na upon the recommendation of my sister in Hamilton. I could see steady improvement and after using four bottles of that precious medicine I was feeling well again, my old trouble being completely a thing of the past. 'To-day I would not take one thousand dollars for what this grand medicine has done for me.' Many women owe their lives to Pe-ru-na. A great many more owe their health to Pe-ru-na. A multitude of women throughout Canada are using Pe-ru-na as a preventive and a relief from catarrhal coughs and colds. We have in our files a great number of letters from grateful women who have been benefited by Pe-ru-na, with permission to use these letters in public print. Catarrh would not be such a curse to the human race if people thoroughly understood its nature. Catarrh is a disease which never improves of its own accord, but becomes deeper seated the longer it is neglected. It should be treated at once to prevent it from making inroads upon vital organs.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Pe-ru-na Almanac for 1907.

STANLEY'S SUGGESTIONS

FOR XMAS SHOPPERS.

Fine Perfumes.

Locust Blossoms Violette de Aveil
Parisian Roses White Lace Pink
White Lace Rose Violets of Venice
And others in bulk and in attractive holiday packages.

This store is the home of Thelma, a very popular, lasting odor, 50c oz.

Dainty Hand Painted China.

Artistic work at reasonable prices. Mrs. Turner's work is well known to the people of Northville, and we predict a good sale. Prices range from 75c up.

Stationery.

Attractive boxes suitable for Christmas gifts from 25 cents up. Christmas Bells, Christmas Post Cards, Christmas Crepe and Tissue paper for wrapping and decoration, Christmas Seals, Artificial Holly sprigs, Xmas Cards, Bill Books, Card Cases, Purses.

A full line of Cigars in small boxes for the Holiday trade.

At Christmas time or any other time we do not neglect our Drug department, and are well equipped to supply your wants. Any prescription or family recipes, entrusted to us, will be filled with care and accuracy.

Call and get one of our Christmas Calendars for the coming year.

A. E. STANLEY & CO., Druggists

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.
Wheat, old—73c. Wheat, new—75c.
Oats—33c.
Corn in ear—25c. Shelled corn—50c.
Baled hay per ton—\$8 50
Baled straw per ton—\$5 00
Hogs live—\$5.75.
Cattle—\$4.00.
Lamb—\$6.15
Beef hides—\$1.2c per lb.
Veal calves live—\$5 00
Eggs—28c. Butter—25c.
Poultry live:
Turkeys, young and plump—15c.
Geese, young and plump—10c.
Ducks, young and plump—9c.
Hens—8c.
Broilers—1c.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

F. A. MILLER, Propr.
209 Main St. NORTHVILLE.

For the Holiday Trade

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR DEPT.

A beautiful display of Holiday Aprons, made of finest materials and trimmings in dainty styles, large and small: at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and up to \$2.

LACE AND NECKWEAR DEPT.

This department was never in better shape to take care of the Holiday trade. Our stock of neckwear is large and complete.

Prices from the lowest to the highest quality and style at each price always the best.

Laces and Lace Articles in large array.

HANDKERCHIEF DEPT.

If you have any doubt about where to look for the largest and choicest assortment of Handkerchiefs and highest quality for the prices, you can solve them at once by an inspection of our stock.

"We" are headquarters for Handkerchiefs.

Don't forget our Men's department. We have choice lines of Neckwear, Mufflers, and Suspenders for the Holidays and everything in staple men's furnishings.

TRIMMING DEPT.

Our assortment of Cigue and Ostich Boas is complete in the latest styles and shades. Prices \$2.00 to \$27.00 each.

TOILET GOODS—Special—

Silver-plated Brush and Comb Sets 98c a set
Dresden Toilet Sets, Brush, Comb and Mirror \$1.58 a set
A large assortment of Manicure Sets, Shaving Sets, Hand Mirrors, Sterling Silver pieces and a great many other novelties for Holiday trade at regular Prices

HOSIERY DEPT.

A good chance for a serviceable gift. A large line of black all silk Hosiery with colored embroidery, also plain black drop stitch at one-quarter off regular prices.

A choice line of Umbrellas for Christmas trade.

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.

105 to 109 Woodward Ave.

DETROIT.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Mrs. Orange Butler is very ill at this writing.
Born, Dec. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Stuart, a boy.

The Record wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas.

Wilbur Harrington is busy delivering his Holiday books.

Mrs. O. S. Harger is numbered among the sick this week.

Mrs. Fred West has been suffering with a lame back the past week.

Mrs. Cell McCullough, who has been quite ill the past week, is better.

Mrs. John D. Franklin has been quite ill the past week with a severe cold.

The children of the different churches are practicing for their Christmas exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Shafer have moved into the Carpenter house on north Center street.

Miss Lida Richardson is superintending the sale of Mrs. Turner's hand painted china at Stanley's drug store.

Rev. Frank W. Miller of Plymouth advises the Record, there will be no further Universalist services here until after the holidays.

Mrs. Harwin entertained a number of friends Friday evening in honor of her sister, Miss Cora Fry. A very enjoyable time was had by all.

We have a fine assortment of calendars for 1907 and every paid up subscriber to the Record will receive one as a souvenir commencing Dec. 29.

Mrs. W. G. Yerkes entertained a company of friends at dinner Wednesday in honor of Mr. Yerkes' aunt, Mrs. Eleanor Yerkes of Bennington.

Christian Science service Sunday morning at ten o'clock and Wednesday at seven p. m. at 59 Center street. Subject for Sunday: "Christian Science". All are cordially invited.

All members of the O. E. S. will be welcome at the regular meeting of Orient Chapter at 7:30 this evening.

Husbands, wives and sweethearts are cordially invited to come at nine o'clock.

Earnest Miller has passed the civil service examination and is ready for a full fledged appointment as fish culturist. "Ernie" passed the examination, given some months ago, in good shape.

Wm. Gorton is showing a fine line of holiday goods and his display of gent's furnishings is up-to-date in every way and is certainly not excelled for style and price by any store in Michigan.

Frank Fry, Jr., has accepted a fine position as bookkeeper with the Fearless Dishwasher Co., of Rochester, N. Y. He will begin his work the latter part of this month. The Record extends best wishes for his success.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Joslin have just received from their daughter, Mrs. Ross Ball of Clifton, Arizona, fifteen views of the recent flood in that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Ball were eye witnesses of this terrible calamity but fortunately were living up on the mountain and thus avoided the fate of some of their neighbors.

On Monday evening of this week occurred the regular meeting and annual election of officers in the Northville Blue Lodge. After the business had been transacted F. N. Clark treated the company to a baked white fish supper to which everyone did ample justice. The occasion was a very enjoyable one.

Supt. Wilkinson's reports to the council show that the electric plant has made a nice profit this year and that if all the takers should pay up promptly there would be enough money on hand to pay for the new dynamo and engine. There is something like \$500 outstanding nearly all the time when the council thinks ten to twelve dollars ought to be sufficient.

Commencing Feb. 18 School Commissioner Yost will accompany O. J. Kern of Winnebago, Ill., in a five days tour in Wayne county giving an illustrated talk to the farmer's institutes at Plymouth, Taylor, Willow, Flat Rock and Belleville. They will include educational along with farm topics. Mr. Kern was for twenty-five years school commissioner in Illinois.

Northville merchants are making a very creditable holiday display and especially is this so at the stores of Mrs. Price's, Carpenter & Huff's hardware store, T. J. Perkins & Co's dry good store, Wm. Gorton's clothing and furnishing store, Stanley's and Murdock's drug stores, Merritt & Co's jewelry store, B. A. Wheeler's, C. E. Ryder's and J. S. Haddock's grocery stores.

Stops paralyze in two minutes; toothache or pain of burn or scald in five minutes; hoarseness, one hour; muscleache, two hours; sore throat, twelve hours—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, makes good over pain.

Mrs. Fannie White is convalescing.
Mrs. Art Brooks is quite ill at this writing.

Tuesday was the coldest day of the year so far.

Mrs. Christiana Pinkerton is ill with neuralgia.

Mrs. T. G. Richardson is recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. Ed Gay and little son are numbered among the sick.

Mrs. W. S. Jerome has been on the sick list during the past week.

E. Vradenburg has been quite ill the past week or two with neuralgia.

Mrs. D. K. Shafer, who has been seriously ill the past three weeks, is better at this writing.

The youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green is seriously sick.

Miss Norma Matthews entertained a small party of friends at her home one evening last week.

Catholic services will be held in their house corner Dunlap and Center streets Sunday morning at 7:30 standard.

F. S. Harmon was in the north part of the state this week purchasing a new engine for the Bell Foundry. The increased business and enlargement of the plant calls for more power.

While John Penninger was moving an electric light pole from in front of the old milk condenser to the south side of the road Thursday, he stumbled and fell and the pole clamber on his right foot struck the heel of the left foot inflicting a painful wound.

Among those who take part in the "A Black Hoffer" at the Opera House next week Friday night are Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Northrop, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weaver, Frank Steele, Harry Lewis, Clyde Adams and Clarence Bickling, all well known Farmington people.

If there are any children in town where Santa Claus is not likely to call next Tuesday the Record will be obliged if some kind neighbor will furnish us the information, so that provision can be made for Santa Claus to stop. No one should be forgotten in Northville upon that day.

T. J. Perkins & Co. are having a big holiday sale these days—biggest in the firm's history—as a result of some very attractively printed and nicely illustrated bills printed at the Record office. Perkins & Co. have certainly the finest display of holiday goods in the way of dry goods, gent's furnishings and novelties for ladies they have ever shown in the village.

Don't forget that Mrs. T. H. Turner still has some very pretty pieces of hand painted china suitable for Christmas gifts.

He Was Losing Money.
Bridegroom (peevishly, to his bride) Don't leave me alone with your papa again before he get to church. He has already knocked 500 crowns off your dowry—Bombe

Firelight Photographs.
A photographer in London is taking portraits in a new way. He poses his subjects sitting by the fire and reproduces the scene with all the cozy glow of a drawingroom before the electric lights are switched on. The photographs are costly, but a bill of something like \$50 a dozen does not dismay the woman who admires originality.

If you haven't the time to exercise regularly, Doan's Regulax will prevent constipation. They induce a mild, easy, healthful action of the bowels without griping. Ask your druggist for them. 25c.

Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?

Make him a Scott's Emulsion baby.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is easily digested by little folks.

Consequently the baby that is fed on Scott's Emulsion is a sturdy, rosy-cheeked little fellow full of health and vigor.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

Nero Coffee

Nero Coffee can't be beat
At Haddock's Store on Center St.
The cost, 25 cts per pound.
In the berry or nicely ground.

We claim that for the money this Coffee is the Best on the market today.

A Fine Line of Teas.

Prince Royal Canned Goods .. 2 for 25c

J. S. Haddock

CENTER STREET. NORTHVILLE.

THE Griswold HOUSE

POSTAL & MOREY, PROPRIETORS.

A strictly first-class, modern, up-to-date Hotel, located in heart of the City

Rates, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3 per Day.

COR. GRAND RIVER AVE. & GRISWOLD ST. DETROIT.

CLARK'S RESTAURANT

DETROIT.

UP-TO-DATE.

FINEST COFFEE. PURE BUTTER

Nice 15 Cent Lunch.

Regular 20 Cent Dinner.

38 West Fort Street

Between City Hall and Post Office.

VAUDEVILLE

WHEN VISITING DETROIT DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE FINEST VAUDEVILLE THEATER IN THE WORLD

TEMPLE THEATER

AND WONDERLAND

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY

Afternoons 2:15—Evenings 8:45

PRICES: EVENINGS, 10, 20, 30, 40 CENTS
AFTERNOONS, 10, 15, 25 CENTS

I MAKE . . .

To the measure I take and do not try to secure your patronage by bluffing, but carry a clean, honest line of Woolens. Call and compare prices with a reliable tailor.

Northville. **G. ALLAN, Merchant Tailor.**

CUT THIS OUT and you can buy

Rogers' Best Plated Knives

and Forks Regular \$3.25 value for = **\$2.69 doz.**

Rogers' A 1 Plated Tea Spoons

Regular \$2.50 value for = **\$1.27 doz.**

Sterling Silver Spoons, Set of Six **\$5.00**

Hugh Connolly

Corner Griswold and State Streets, Detroit.

Detroit's Leading Low Priced Jeweler and Silversmith

OPPOSITE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

13w8

Fry a Liner in the Record

Holly! Holly!!

AND

GROUND PINE

Wreaths Made to Order Large and Small.

AT THE

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSES.



Toward the Light

Of Modern Perfection we are drifting. We have made it a point to keep none but the Best and Purest of Drugs and Compounds. We especially pride ourselves upon our up to date prescription department. Here you'll get exactly what your doctor prescribes. It will be compounded and prepared by some one of experience, and you'll not be the victim of some terrible "patent" medicine, due to improper compounding of the drugs. **GOOD HEALTH** is something we all want to retain. Pure drugs and the proper prescriptions help to cure the injured organs and make good health possible. They prove a good tonic, and build up the system. Our drugs are pure, fresh, and well kept; and our prices very reasonable.

MURDOCK BROS.

DRUGGISTS

62 Main Street. NORTHVILLE.



Doc Says==

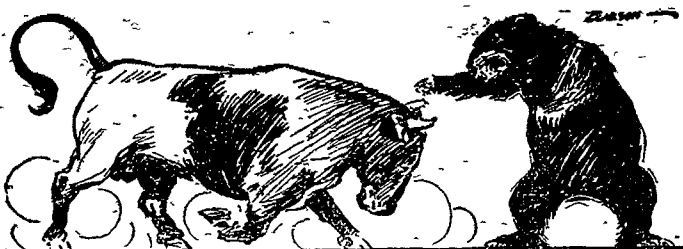
We do not feel capable of giving the people of Northville any "Hints" in regard to what they shall purchase for Christmas, they being well educated and above the average in intelligence.

If our line of Clothing, Furnishings, Hats and Caps are better value than were ever shown here before—it is because of our years of experience in the business, which enables us to get the best and our large acquaintances with the manufacturers puts us in a position to purchase merchandise at the same low prices that the big fellows pay in large cities, thereby giving you the benefit of their low purchasing price which added to our low rent and small expense enables us to save you at least 25 per cent.

This is a plain statement of facts but no "Hints" in regard to what you should do.

92 Main St. NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Wm. GORTON.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc.
(Copyright 1905 by the BOBBY-MERILL COMPANY)

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"We'll fix it up later, Blacklock," said he.

"All right," said I. And from that minute I was almost silent. It was something in her tone and manner that silenced me. I suddenly realized that I wasn't making as good an impression as I had been flattering myself.

When a man has money and is willing to spend it, he can readily fool himself into imagining he gets on grandly with women. But I had better grounds than that for thinking myself unattractive to them, as a rule. Women had liked me when I had nothing; women had liked me when they didn't know who I was. I felt that this woman did not like me. And yet, by the way she looked at me in spite of her efforts not to do so, I could tell that I had some sort of unusual interest for her. Why didn't she like me? She made me feel the reason. I didn't belong to her world. My ways and my looks offended her. She disliked me—a good deal; she feared me a little. She would have felt safer if she had been gratifying her curiosity, gazing in at me through the bars of a cage.

Sam—not without hesitation, as I recalled afterward—left me with her, when I sent him to bring her baggage up to the Broadway entrance. As she and I were standing there alone, waiting in silence, I turned on her suddenly, and blurted out: "You don't like me."

She reddened a little, smiled slightly. "What a quaint remark!" said she.

I looked straight at her. "But you shall."

Our eyes met. Her chin came out a little, her eyebrows lifted. Then, in scorn of herself as well as of me, she looked herself in behind a frozen haughtiness that ignored me. "Ah, here is the carriage," she said. I followed her to the curb, she just touched my hand, then nodded her fascinating little head.

"See you Saturday, old man," called her brother, friendly. My lowering face had alarmed him.

"That party is off," said I, cutly. And I lifted my hat and stode away. As I had formed the habit of dismissing the disagreeable, I soon put her out of my mind. But she took with her my joy in the taste of things. I couldn't get back my former keen satisfaction in all I had done and was doing. The luxury, the tangible evidences of my achievement, no longer gave me pleasure, they seemed to add to my irritation.

I worked myself up, or rather, down, to such a mood that when my office boy told me Mr. Langdon would like me to come to his office as soon as it was convenient, I snapped out: "The hell he does! Tell Mr. Langdon I'll be glad to see him here whenever he calls." That was stupidity, a premature assertion of my right to be treated as an equal I had always gone to Langdon and to any other of the rulers of finance, whenever I had got a summons. For, while I was rich and powerful, I held both wealth and power, in a sense, on sufferance. I knew that, so long as I had no absolute control of any great department of industry, these rulers could destroy me should they decide that they needed my holdings or were not satisfied with my use of my power. I was surprised when Langdon appeared in my office a few minutes later.

He was a tallish, slim man, carefully dressed, with a bored, weary look and a slow, bored way of talking. I had always said that if I had not been myself I should have wished to be Langdon.

His expression, as he came into my office, was one of cynical amusement, as it he were saying to himself: "Our friend Blacklock has caught the swollen-head at last! Not a suggestion of his humor, of resentment at my impertinence—for in the circumstances, I had been guilty of an impertinence. Just languid, amused patience with the frailty of a friend. 'I see,' said he, 'that you have got Textile up to \$5'."

He was the head of the Textile trust which had been built by his brother-in-law and had fallen to him in the confusion following his brother-in-law's death. As he was just then needing one money for his share in the National Coal undertaking, I had directed me to push Textile up toward par and unload him of two or three hundred thousand shares—be, of course, to repurchase the shares after he had taken profits and Textile had dropped back to its normal 50.

"I'll have it up to 95 by the middle of next month," said I. "And there I think we'd better stop."

"Stop at about 90," said he. "That will give me all I find I'll need for this Coal business. I don't want to be bothered with hunting up an investment."

I shook my head. "I must put it up to within a point or two of par," I declared. "In my public letter I've been saying it would go above 95, and I never deceive my public."

He smiled—my notion of honesty always amused him. "As you please," he said, with a shrug. Then I saw a serious look—just a fleeting flash of warning—behind his smiling mask; and he added carelessly: "Be careful about your own personal play. I doubt if Textile can be put any higher."

It must have been my mood that prevented those words from making the impression on me they should have made. Instead of appreciating at once and at its full value this characteristic and amazingly friendly signal of caution, I showed how stupidly inattentive I was by saying: "Something doing?—Something new?"

But he had already gone further than his notion of friendship warranted. So he replied: "Oh, no. Simply that everything's uncertain nowadays."

My mind had been all this time on those Manasquan mining properties. I now said: "Has Roebuck told you that I had to buy those mines on my own account?"

"Yes," he said. He hesitated, and again he gave me a look whose meaning came to me only when it was too late. "I think, Blacklock, you'd better turn them over to me."

"I can't," I answered. "I gave my word."

"As you please," said he. Apparently the matter didn't interest him. He began to talk of the performances of my little two-year-old Beachcomber; and after 20 minutes



"YOU'RE BOUND TO WIN AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T LOSE"

or so, he drifted away. "I envy you your enthusiasm," he said, pausing in my doorway. "Wherever I am, I wish I were somewhere else. Whatever I'm doing, I wish I were doing some thing else. Where do you get all this joy of the fight? What the devil are you fighting for?"

He didn't wait for a reply. I thought over my situation steadily for several days. I went down to my country place. I looked everywhere among all my belongings, searching, searching, restless, impatient. At last I knew what ailed me—what the lack was that yawned so gloomily from everything I had once thought beautiful, had once found sufficient. I was in the midst of the splendid, terraced pansy beds my gardeners had just set out; I stopped short and slapped my thigh. "A woman!" I exclaimed. "That's what I need. A woman—the right sort of woman—a wife!"

IV A CANDIDATE FOR "RESPECTABILITY."

To handle this new business properly I must put myself in position to look the whole field over. I must get in line and in touch with "respectability." When Sam Ellersly came in for his "rations" I said: "Sam, I want you to put me up at the Travelers Club."

"The Travelers!" echoed he, with a blank look.

"The Travelers," said I. "It's about the best of the big clubs, isn't it? And it has as members most of the men I do business with and most of those I want to get into touch with." He laughed. "It can't be done."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh—I don't know. You see—the fact is—well, they're a lot of old fogies up there. You don't want to bother with that push, Matt. Take my advice. Do business with them, but avoid them socially."

"I want to go in there," I insisted. "I have my own reasons. You put me up."

"I tell you, it'd be no use," he replied, in a tone that implied he wished to hear no more of the matter. "You put me up," I repeated. "And if you do your worst, I'll get in all right. I've got lots of friends there. And you've got three relatives in the committee on membership."

At this he gave me a queer, sharp glance—a little fright in it. I laughed. "You see, I've been looking into it, Sam. I never take a jump till I've measured it."

"You'd better wait a few years, until," he began, then stopped and turned red.

"Until what?" said I. "I want you to speak frankly."

"Well, you've got a lot of enemies—a lot of fellows who've lost money in deals you've engineered. And they'd say all sorts of things."

"I'll take care of that," said I, quite easy in mind. "Mowbray Langdon's president, isn't he? Well, he's my closest friend." I spoke quite honestly. It shows how simple-minded I was in certain ways that I had never once noted the important circumstance that this "closest friend" had never invited me to his house, or anywhere where I'd meet his up-town associates at introducing distance.

Sam looked surprised. "Oh, in that case," he said, "I'll see what can be done." But his tone was not quite cordial enough to satisfy me.

To stimulate him and to give him an earnest of what I intended to do for him, when our little social deal had been put through, I showed him how he could win \$10,000 in the next three days. "And you needn't bother about putting up margins," said I, as I often had before. "I'll take care of that."

He stammered a refusal and went out; but he came back within an hour, and, in a strained sort of way, accepted my tip and offer.

"That's sensible," said I. "When

As soon as I saw that lady, I knew what it was that had been hiding at the bottom of my mind and ranking there.

Luckily I was alone; ever since that lunch I had been cutting loose from the old crowd—from all its women, and from all its men except two or three real friends who were good fellows straight through, in spite of their having made the mistake of crossing the dead line between amateur "sport" and professional. I leaned over and tapped Sammy on the shoulder.

He glanced round, and when he saw me, looked as if I were a policeman who had caught him in the act.

"Howdy, Sam?" said I. "It's been so long since I've seen you that I couldn't resist the temptation to interrupt. Hope your friend'll excuse me. Howdy do, Miss Ellersly?"—And I put out my hand.

She took it reluctantly. She was giving me a very unpleasant look—as if she were seeing, not somebody, but some thing she didn't care to see, or were seeing nothing at all I liked that look; I liked the woman who had it in her to give it. She made me feel that she was difficult and therefore worth while, and that's what all we human beings are in business for—to make each other feel that we're worth while.

"Just a moment," said Sam, red as a cranberry and stuttering. And he made a motion to come out of the box and join me. At the same time Miss Anita and the other fellow began to turn away.

But I was not the man to be cheated in that fashion. I wanted to see her, and I compelled her to see it and to feel it. "Don't let me take you from your friends," said I to Sammy. "Perhaps they'd like to come with you, and me down to look at my horse. I can give you a good tip—he's bound to win. I've had my boys out on the rails every morning at the trials of all the other possibilities. None of 'em's up to it with Mowghli."

"Mowghli!" said the young lady—she had begun to turn toward me as soon as I spoke the magic word "tip." There may be men who can resist that word "tip" at the race track, but there never was a woman.

"Mowghli!" said Miss Ellersly. "What a quaint name!"

"My trainer gave it," said I. "I've got a second son of one of those broken-down English noblemen at the head of my stables. He's trying to get money enough together to be able to show up at Newport and take a shy at an heiress."

At this the fellow who was fourth in our party, and who had been giving me a nasty, glassy stare, got as red as was Sammy. Then I noticed that he was an Englishman, and I all but chuckled with delight. However, I said: "No offense intended," and clapped him on the shoulder with a friendly smile. "He's a good fellow, my man Monson, and knows a lot about horses."

Miss Ellersly bit her lip and colored, but I noticed also that her eyes were dancing.

Sam introduced the Englishman to me—Lord Somebody or other, I forget what, as I never saw him again. I turned like a bulldog from a toy terrier and was at Miss Ellersly again. "Let me put a little something on Mowghli for you," said I. "You're bound to win—and I'll see that you don't lose. I know how you ladies hate to lose."

That was a bit stiff, as I know well enough now. Indeed, my mistrust would have told me better then, if I hadn't been so used to the sort of women that jump at such an offer, and if I hadn't been casting about so desperately and in such confusion for some way to please her. At any rate, I hardly deserved her sudden frozen look. "I beg pardon," I stammered, and I think my look at her must have been very humble—for me.

The others in the box were staring round at us. "Come on," cried Sam, dragging at my arm, "let's go."

"Won't you come?" I said to his sister. I shouldn't have been able to keep my state of mind out of my voice, if I had tried. And I didn't try.

Trust the right sort of woman to see the right sort of thing in a man through any and all kinds of barriers of caste and manners and breeding. Her voice was much softer as she said: "I think I must stay. Thank you, just the same."

As soon as Sam and I were alone, I apologized. "I hope you'll tell your sister I'm sorry for that break," said I.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered, easy again, now that we were away from the others. "You meant well—and motive's the thing."

"Motive—hell!" cried I in my anger at myself. "Nobody but a man's God knows his motives, he doesn't even know them himself. I judge others by what they do, and I expect to be judged in the same way. I see I've got a lot to learn." Then I suddenly remembered the Travelers Club, and asked him what he'd done about it.

"I—I've been—thinking it over," said he. "Are you sure you want to run the risk of an ugly cropper, Matt?"

I turned him round so that we were facing each other. "Do you want to do me that favor, or don't you?" I demanded.

"I'll do whatever you say," he replied. "I'm thinking only of your interest."

"Let me take care of them," said I. "You put me up at that club to-morrow. I'll send you the name of a second one not later than noon."

"Up goes your name," he said. "But don't blame me for the consequences."

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTMAS AND ECONOMY

A Day of "reckoning" Sure to Follow Holiday Extravagance.

By MARGERET SANGSTER.

(Copyrighted.)

THE spell of the last very much than the rule.

Weeks before the holidays we are all thinking about them, wondering what we can do to make them better holidays than we have ever had, planning surprises for everybody from the grandparents to the little ones toddling about the nursery floor and keying ourselves to concert pitch over the whole matter.

America as a nation is growing immensely rich among the nations of the earth, but while men of wealth are no longer extraordinary, the rank

dislike to let sons and daughters know that they have anxieties; they resort to every legitimate or illegitimate means to gratify those who bear their name, and in the end if a crash does not come, there are heart burnings and distress that might as well have been avoided.

When the yuletide casts upon us a spell of foreboding or leaves a legacy of importunate creditors, it has been robbed of its finest essence, defrauded of its noblest meaning.

It is our misfortune that we cannot divest ourselves of a feeling that to make the home happy we must spend too much money for our mental comfort. Never was there a greater mistake. Pleasure in the household depends on simplicity far more than we think. Children often turn away from the playthings that have cost a goodly sum in dollars and cents, and find their delight in something cheap which they may use at their pleasure. The costly doll imported from Paris and dressed in the height of the fashion is shown with pride by its owner.

Christmas Bells.



and file still have—and always will have limited means, so that thrift is a golden virtue at Christmas as well as at other periods of the year.

Sometimes there is complaint at home that father is moody and taciturn, and a little management and tact are in order before mother and the girls ask him for money, the fact being that the poor man is borrowing right and left, and is almost beside himself to meet the drain on his resources.

Several years ago, soon after the glow of the yuletide had faded into the ashen embers of mid-winter, a business man was taken ill. Dragging along through the weeks of February and March, the victim seemed of a mysterious malady, he died and was buried during Easter week. When his affairs were settled, they were found to be extremely involved. The entire scheme of living for the family had to be reconstructed, and with pangs of agony those whom he had loved discovered that their extravagance had really sapped the springs of his life. They were not altogether to blame. Husbands are not invariably frank and candid with wives. Fathers

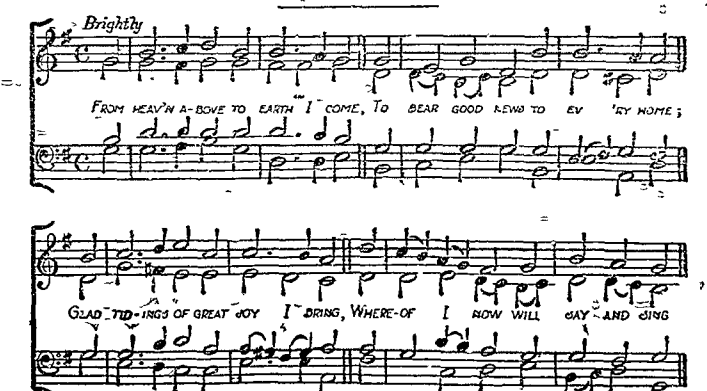
to her little friends, but it is not the doll which gives most satisfaction. It is not the doll that the child plays with. Very likely her mother considers it too fine to be spoiled and puts it away in the closet except on state occasions. A doll on the closet shelf may be a marvel of elegance, but it brings no particular gratification to the child who seldom sees it.

Our yuletide should be full of warmth and cheer, our extra money should be spent on plenty of light and an open fire, and there should be good times at home, the best times then in all the year.

The beneficent spell of the yuletide has most of heaven in it when we remember our poorer neighbors and our lonelier friends. There are people known to us all who will be made very happy by so simple a thing at Christmas-time as a letter. For instance, there is the seamstress who worked for you 20 years ago and who is ending her days in an old ladies' home. She has nobody of her own left to visit her and one day passes just like another. Her yuletide will be made more cheerful by a visit if you can make it, or a letter if you can send it.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Words Written by Martin Luther for His Little Son, Hans. Music Specially Composed by Josiah Booth.



To you this night is born a child Of Mary, chosen mother mild; This little child, of lowly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.

"Thine Christ our God who far on high Hath heard your sad and bitter cry; Himself will find your salvation here, Himself from sin will make you free."

He brings those blessings, long ago Prepared by God for all below; Henceforth His Kingdom open stands To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens of a "hall mark": The swaddling clothes and manger mark. There shall ye find the young child laid, By whom the Heavens and earth were made.

FRONTIER CHRISTMAS



George Ely Ran Forward.

THE times were flush; there had been good crops, and an abundant harvest had been gathered and stored away. The people on old Lick-creek, in Ralls county, Mo., were happy and eager to enjoy themselves. The country was sparsely settled, and there was little to be had that was good to eat or drink nearer than the town of Florida, on Salt river, where Squire Clemens, the father of Mark Twain, kept a store.

They danced all night under the hospitable roof where sat old Uncle Rhuebin Reddish, Aunt Lou extending them a warm welcome; then they went home with Rube Purvis to eat bear meat, and from there to Uncle Harry's and Aunt Ely's, where venison was broiling and bee gums had been robbed.

Christmas eve day was bright and pretty. The sun broke through a rift of clouds and the revelers were fairly intoxicated with joy. They intended to spend the night and Christmas day at the Widow Mackelroy's, where there was plenty of room and an abundance of good things to eat and drink.

The Widow Mackelroy was with the crowd. She had left Uncle Ned and Aunt Polly to look after her house, telling them that if they went away to close the doors. The faithful old servants were not liable to go farther than some cabins occupied by colored people, and the widow knew that they would answer the summons of the ranch bell. Though it was Christmas time she never dreamed that the negroes would leave the place.

Old Ned and Aunt Polly did leave the house, and a big black bear must have been watching them when they walked away. He had doubtless scented the odor of a Christmas feast. It was easy for him to smash one of the kitchen windows and enter the apartment unmolested. After feasting upon such things as had not been securely hidden away, the bear probably prowled through the house until his curiosity was satisfied, and then, finding a dark corner under the stairway in the hall, he laid down and closed his eyes to pleasant dreams.

This audacity was the result of careless training on the part of one James Ivy, an old bachelor of the vicinity, who had made a pet of this tame bear, Bolivar, as the bear was called, frequently answered the call of the will. In his youth Bolivar was an interesting pet. He was capable of performing many tricks, and he was an accomplished wrestler.

The crowd of Christmas rambles reached the Widow Mackelroy's house about dark on Christmas eve. The lively young widow led the way to unlock doors, and the boys and girls followed, snowballing and singing Christmas carols.

The widow was in the act of making some interesting discovery in the kitchen, and a dozen couples of dancers were moving over the parlor floor in harmony with music that was loud and fast, when shrieks and screams echoed through the rooms, and those who were able to command their senses saw a monster black bear entering the parlor on his hind feet and swinging his forelegs invitingly, as if seeking a partner for a waltz.

The ballroom instantly presented a scene of the wildest excitement. Boys and girls who were near windows lost no time in making their escape. The bear cut off the retreat of a considerable crowd and hemmed them in a corner of the room. Bolivar pranced in front of these, licking froth from his red lips and glaring into the faces of the screaming girls as if he were trying to select a dainty one for his Christmas supper. George Ely, a young man who was proud of his strength and his ability to hit hard blows, ran forward and struck the bear on the side of the head. Bolivar shook his ear as if he were tickled, and, turning about, he seized the amazed young man with his powerful

paws and drew him to his breast. The bear was becoming angry, and he would soon have crushed every rib in George's body if the youth's sweetheart had not come to his rescue.

Mary Goodwin had been dancing with George Ely and when the bear entered the room the thoughtful girl ran to the fireplace and seized an iron poker. It proved a good weapon. It was an iron bar about four feet in length, and it had been in use so long that one end had worn to a sharp point. Its effectiveness had been improved by a young man who had stuck the sharp end in the fire for the purpose of using it to take the chill from a pitcher of hard cider.

When Mary Goodwin saw her lover's face distorted with pain as he struggled to get loose from the mad bear's powerful arms she ran to his assistance. "Help! For God's sake, help me, boys!" shouted George. The bear was trying to fasten his teeth in his victim's throat, when the brave girl thrust the red-hot point of the iron bar behind the monster's forehead and threw her whole weight upon it. The sharp point slipped between the bear's ribs and entered his heart.

With an angry growl Bolivar sank in a heap upon the ballroom floor, and George Ely staggered away, to fall, gasping for breath, in the arms of his quick-witted, fearless sweetheart.

Bolivar was barbecued on Christmas day, 1854. During those same holidays George and Mary were married.

George Ely ran forward.

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ATTRACTIONS OF WESTERN CANADA.

Magnificent Crop Returns for the Year 1906.

The manner in which the Canadian West has attracted settlers in recent years has caused many of our journals and public men to "sit up and take notice," to use a current phrase. From every European country and from almost every State in the Union large numbers of settlers have flocked to the prairie provinces of Canada, where free homesteads and wide opportunities are open to all who desire to avail themselves of them.

The greatest factor in attracting settlers lies in the inherent richness of soil and suitability of climate for producing what is universally considered to be the finest wheat in the world—the "No. 1 Hard" of Canadian growth—and other cereals that rank in the very first class. This year the harvest returns were: Wheat, 30,000,000 bushels; oats, 76,000,000 bushels; barley, 17,000,000 bushels; and when it is considered that the entire population of the three provinces—as evidenced by the quinquennial census just completed—is only 1,100,000, it is easily seen that the lure of the Canadian West is in its agricultural potentialities.

Another feature which attracts the settler is that railway construction is proceeding with such rapidity that almost every district is within easy reach of outside markets, and that good prices for all lines of farm products rule practically from the commencement of agricultural operations. This is a factor which did not prevail when the earlier settlements in the West were made in Canada and in the United States, and has given a great impetus to Canadian Western settlement in recent years.

The free grant system of homesteads which prevails in the prairie provinces, by which every settler who is able and willing to comply with the conditions of actual settlement (by no means onerous) is given 160 acres free, except \$10 for entry, is a great drawing card, and in the last fiscal year gathered in over 189,000 additional to the western population, of which 57,796 were from the United States.

The further fact, as is strongly brought about by the agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere, that a splendid common school system, practically free, prevails throughout the entire country, and is easy of access in even the most remote districts, is another great inducement to the settler who has the future welfare of his family in mind, and this, coupled with the fact that western Canadian law and order are proverbial, completes a circle of good and sufficient reasons why the tide of immigration has set in so steadily toward the country to the north of our boundary line.

TRAFFIC IN HUMAN FLESH.

German Hospital Officials Accused of Serious Offenses.

A sensational case has been occupying the Hamburg law courts. Recently the head of a workmen's association, Herr Schoneberg, publicly accused the Hamburg hospital of carrying on a large traffic in corpses. He declared that closed coffins were delivered to relatives of the deceased containing only ashes and rubbish or a wooden image. In several cases the body had been placed in the coffin in the presence of the relatives, and extracted after their departure. The leg of a man who had suffered from a peculiar disease was cut off and replaced by that of a dead woman. In this state the body was exhibited to the relatives. A former employee of the hospital, whose trial for selling bodies was the occasion of these disclosures, declared that he had seen the arms of a dead man amputated and replaced by a girl's arms in order that the man's relatives should suspect nothing. It was also proved that warders had cut off and sold heads and other parts of corpses for their own profit and without the knowledge of the doctors. In two cases at least coffins were buried containing only parts of the body.

Pugilist's Sudden Conversion.

"Kid" Wedge, a light-weight pugilist who claimed to be champion of Arkansas, was training for a fight with Guy Buckles in Omaha. Suddenly he "got religion" and sent word to the management of the club where he was to appear explaining why they would have to make other arrangements. At the same time he mailed a copy of the New Testament to Mr. Buckles, who, as he fully expected to win the fight which had been arranged, is not yet entirely resigned.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Where Lawyers Are Unpopular.

A lawyer made his appearance at Colobar, West Africa, the other day and a Gold Coast newspaper, noting the fact, said: "It is very unsafe for the people for lawyers to practice at this place. Their appearance in this river will soon inveigle everyone who is not careful into litigation, and they will feed on their folly, thereby ruining them."

Says a woman: "I care not who does the thinking so long as I am permitted to do the talking."

TRYING EXPERIENCE.

Spent Over \$100 in a Vain Search for Health.

Miss Frances Gardner, of 369 Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., writes: "Gentlemen:—I



heartily endorse Doan's Kidney Pills, as I have found by personal experience that they are an ideal kidney remedy. I suffered with complications of kidney complaint for nearly five years, spent over \$100 on useless remedies, while five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in a few short weeks. I am now enjoying the best of health, have a fine appetite, the best of digestion, and a restful sleep, all due to your splendid pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BROKE THE WILDCAT'S BACK.

Philadelphia Man Victorious in Hand-to-Hand Combat.

Unarmed and alone, Thomas Dyke was attacked by a wildcat on Locust mountain, south of Mount Carmel, Pa. He had been in Ashland and started to drive home. His horse stepped on a nail and he put the animal in a stable.

Then he started to walk home and was on the mountain when the cries of a wildcat alarmed him. A few minutes later he saw the beast ten feet in front of him. The animal finally sprang. He jumped aside and as the body of the cat struck the road he leaped upon it. For several minutes the fight between the wild animal and the man went on. At length by a quick swing he broke the animal's back.

A physician dressed the "several" deep scratches on his face and hands, but otherwise he was uninjured.

TORTURED WITH ECZEMA.

Tremendous Itching Over Whole Body.—Scratched Until Bled—Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.

"Last year I suffered with a tremendous itching on my back, which grew worse and worse, until it spread over the whole body, and only my face and hands were free. For four months or so I suffered torments, and I had to scratch, scratch, scratch, until I bled. At night when I went to bed things got worse, and I had at times to get up and scratch my body all over, until I was as sore as could be, and until I suffered excruciating pains. They told me that I was suffering from eczema. Then I made up my mind that I would use the Cuticura Remedies. I used them according to instructions, and very soon indeed I was greatly relieved. I continued until well, and now I am ready to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to any one. Mrs. Mary Metzger, Sweetwater, Okla., June 28, 1905."

Squirrels as Waiters.

It has taken Fisk Goodyear of Burchtown, Pa., two years to train his pet squirrels, but his efforts are now repaid, and on Thanksgiving he treated his friends to a surprise.

Gathering half a hundred or more gray squirrels, Mr. Goodyear taught them to go into the woods and pick up nuts, carrying them to his home. On Thanksgiving night at a dinner his guests noticed a small board running from a window to a nut bowl. The host gave one knock on the table with his knife. A squirrel hopped down the plank and dropped a chestnut into the bowl. Two raps brought a squirrel with a walnut, three knocks a shellbark.

Finally a grave old squirrel took his place and cracked the nuts, winding up the performance by brushing off the crumbs with his thick bushy tail.

The Highest Bridge.

Work is now in progress on a suspension bridge over the famous "Royal gorge" of the Arkansas river, in Colorado, at a point where the channel is only 50 feet wide at the bottom and 230 feet wide at the top. This bridge will span the river 267 feet above the surface of the water, and will be, therefore, by far the highest bridge in the world. The material will be of flat steel and steel cables, the curved girders finding secure attachment in the solid sides of the canyon. The floor of the bridge will be of plate glass one and one-half inches thick, to afford visitors the pleasure of looking down the chasm. On each side will be strong, high steel railings. The bridge is part of an electric railway scheme.

The Evils of Constipation.

are many; in fact almost every serious illness has its origin in constipation, and some medicines, instead of preventing constipation, add to it. This is true of most cathartics, which, when first used, have a beneficial effect, but the dose has to be continually increased, and before long the remedy ceases to have the slightest effect. There is one preparation, however, that can be relied upon to produce the same results with the same dose, even after fifty years' daily use, and this is Brandreth's Pills, which has a record of over 100 years as the standard remedy for constipation and all troubles arising from an impure state of the blood.

Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used, and are for sale everywhere, either plain or sugar-coated.

As a rule, when people say what they mean a lot of explanation is necessary.

Anyone can dye with PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYES; no experience required; success guaranteed.

Blushes may come and blushes may go, but freckles hang on forever.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, relieves the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle in every family.

"Has your wealth brought you happiness?" asked the philosopher. "Perhaps not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "but it has at least stood between me and a lot of annoyances."

National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Serial No. 384, assigned by the Government, and Guaranty that the preparations comply in every respect with the requirements of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, appear on every package of the Garfield Tea Company's preparations.

Half Pay for British Officers. All British officers on the effective list of the army that are elected members of the House of Commons are to be placed on half pay from the date of their election.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. H. H.* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Competent for Jury Service.

During the ice trust trial in Philadelphia a prospective juror was quizzed about the quantity of ice he used. "I use a little occasionally," he said. "How much? Enough to temper a highball?" "What do you mean by a highball?" roared the attorney. "An amateur," murmured the juror, "can not presume to enlighten an expert." "This man is a competent juror," chimed the court, and the trial proceeded.

The Sunny South.

Now when all outdoor farm work has ceased in the north, the term "sunny south" and all that it means, appeals with full force to the northern farmer as he realizes that with him it is a case of remaining indoors for the next several months consuming everything that has been produced during the growing season. In the "sunny south" something can be raised every month in the year, and practically every ear can be spent outdoors. No blizzards. No sunstrokes. Cattle raising is very profitable. Large profits are made with little labor in growing fruits, vegetables, etc., for northern markets. Strawberries and cantaloupes are great revenue getters. Water unsurpassed. Work plentiful. Lands cheap and productive. For reliable information, address G. A. Park, General Immigration and Industrial Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, Louisville, Ky.

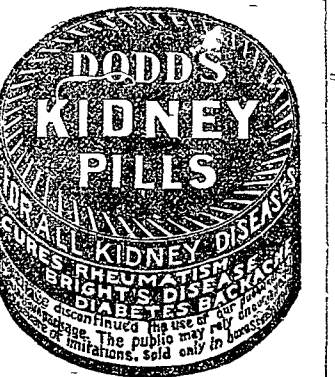
Picturesque German Customs. A curious custom prevails in the German navy when the sailors, having served their time, pass into the reserve. They don the "reserve flask"—also used on a similar occasion in the army—and parade the streets wearing caps with ribbons which reach to the ground, other ribbons being attached to the canes they carry.

New Hobby for Collectors.

The ingenuity of collectors in the discovery of new fields having been exhausted, there is still open to them that of collecting the finest specimen of forged or spurious works of art and this is capable of becoming a hobby scarcely less interesting or admirable than the pursuit of the genuine article.—Art Journal.

Less Beer Drunk in Munich.

In the last seven years the consumption of beer has fallen from 120 to 70 gallons a head in Munich.



READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.



JOIN THE NAVY

Which enlists for 4 years young men of good character and sound physical condition between the ages of 17 and 25 as apprentice seamen; opportunities for advancement, pay \$10 to \$70 a month. Electricians, musicians, blacksmiths, coopersmiths, yeomen (clerks), carpenters, shipfitters, firemen, muscians, cooks, etc. Between 21 and 25 years, enlisted in special ratings with suitable pay. Retirement on three-fourths pay and allowances after 30 years service. Applicants must be American citizens. First clothing outfit free to recruits. Upon discharge travel allowance 4 cents per mile to place of enlistment. Bonus four months' pay and increase in pay upon re-enlistment within four months of discharge. U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATION, No. 33 Lafayette Avenue, - DETROIT, MICH.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nervousness, Headache, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costiveness, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

NEW WHEAT LANDS IN THE CANADIAN WEST

5,000 additional miles of railway this year have opened up a largely increased territory to the progressive farmers of Western Canada and the Government of the Dominion continues to give ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES FREE to every settler.

THE COUNTRY HAS NO SUPERIOR

Coal, wood and water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access; taxes low, climate the best in the northern temperate zone. Law and order prevail everywhere. For advice and information address the SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Canadian Government Agent. M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

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Aged in our own tanks until clear and pure as amber. Thus it is one of the important processes in the manufacture of our paints but it illustrates the care exercised throughout in the making of the highest quality products of our works, and which cost no more than inferior paints. A L. O. Paint is ground thru powerful mills of special construction which ensures proper assimilation and knitting together of all particles, and produces a paint unexcelled in covering power, durability, fineness of texture and beauty of finish. A L. O. Paint is the best paint for all purposes it is possible to produce. Every drop and atom is pure. It is the most economical paint made. Will last longer, look better and go farther than any other paint. Ask your dealer for Buffalo A L. O. Ready-Mixed Paints. Folders containing valuable information and chart of 50 beautiful shades on request. For sale by Hardware and Paint Dealers everywhere.

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