

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 21.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1906.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

M. A. PORTER TO RETIRE

FROM FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING BUSINESS.

Been "Pegging Away" Here for Twenty-six Years.

After a busy business life here for twenty-six years in the furniture and undertaking line M. A. Porter is to retire January 1st to accept a fine position with the Peninsular Telephone Co., as assistant to the general manager. The position carries with it a generous salary and as the work is along that which is particularly to Mr. Porter's liking, the position is a very desirable one.

Mr. Porter has sold his undertaking and furniture business to Schrader Bros. of Plymouth and one of the firm will move to Northville to take charge of the store which they have leased for a term of years.

Mr. Porter retains his interest in



M. A. PORTER
He retired from the undertaking and furniture business here on January 1st.

the telephone business and will continue to manage that end of it while looking after the interest of the Peninsular company.

The Peninsular company is the one which recently took over the Northville company and controls many of the independents of the state. It is capitalized at \$2,000,000 one-half of which is paid in.

Mr. Porter thoroughly understands the telephone business and will prove a valuable man for the new company. Northville people however will be glad to know that he is still to remain a resident of this village where he has been so successfully engaged in business and been one of our enterprising citizens for more than a quarter of a century. Our people in extending him congratulations will wish him well in his new undertaking.

Mr. Porter was president of the village in 1896-7 and was a factor in obtaining for the village the fine system of the water works which without question is one of the very best on earth. He was one of the organizers of the Northville Telephone Company some ten years ago which has since grown to be one of the largest local companies in the state.

CHARLES F. ELLIOTT

A Respected Citizen of Northville Passes Away.

Charles F. Elliott of this place passed away at his home in Bealtown Saturday morning, aged 76 years.

Mr. Elliott was born in Halifax, N. S., June 16, 1830 and at the age of 22 he was married to the wife who still survives him. He had been a resident of Northville for a number of years and was very highly respected. His occupation was that of a drayman.

The deceased leaves a wife and two daughters, Mrs. Emma Wesley of Detroit and Mrs. Josephine Carr of this place.

The funeral was held from the home Monday at 2:00 p. m., Rev. S. F. Dimmock officiating and the remains placed in the vault. The sympathy of the community is extended to the bereaved family.

HYPNOTIC FINANCE.



—Philadelphia Press.

FAMILY REUNION

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Simmons Held One Christmas Day.

Christmas this year is a day long to be remembered by the children and grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Simmons as the parental home was a scene of gaiety from early morn until late at night.

Relatives were present from Ortonville, Detroit, Farmington, Plymouth and Northville to the number of thirty-five.

About two o'clock a sumptuous Christmas dinner was served to which all did full justice and, as usual, after it was over, everyone complained of being "too full for utterance."

In the evening the company was invited to the parlor which had been arranged for the occasion. Across the bay window had been erected an arch covered with evergreens and hidden beneath the branches were several colored incandescent lights and when the electricity was turned on it presented a very pretty picture.

Old Santa Claus was there and as the weather was not cold and the moon shone bright he brought Mrs. Santa along much to the delight of the children. Many beautiful gifts were exchanged.

NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY.

Michigan Company Issues a Very Nice One.

The Michigan Telephone Co. has just issued a new thirty page directory containing list of 1,000 subscribers at Sand Hill, Farmington, Northville and Plymouth. The book is very complete and up-to-date in every way and it has received much favorable comment by subscribers in general.

HAND BAG PICKED.

Mrs. Frank Fry Meets With Loss in Detroit.

Mrs. Frank Fry had the misfortune to have her hand bag picked of her purse containing about eight dollars while waiting in the Union depot at Detroit Wednesday. She had an idea who did it but lacking proof no search was made by the officials but they will look the matter up. Mrs. Fry did not miss the purse until after she had boarded the train with her little boy and when she went back in search of it, the train came near running away with the little fellow. The bag was found on one of the seats where she had been sitting but minus the purse and her railroad ticket.

French and German Soldiers.

It is by the gait that French and German soldiers differ. The French regiment has a more supple and easy step; the German regiment has a step more mechanical and jerky. The Frenchman assimilates more quickly than the German the elements of instruction, but once learned the German, like a machine, will always march in the same way.

Baptist Church Notes.

[By a Member.]

The annual meeting of the church occurs Monday, Jan. 7.

There will be services as usual Sunday morning and evening.

The Christmas exercises Monday evening passed off very nicely, all the children performing their parts splendidly.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

[By the Pastor.]

Preparatory Lecture on Thursday evening of next week.

The subject of the sermon Sunday evening will be "A Thousand Dollar Word."

Services next Sunday morning and evening as usual with preaching by the pastor.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. T. S. Ball next Wednesday afternoon. They will tie a comfortable and are invited to bring their suppers.

The Christmas services last Sunday were largely attended and apparently greatly enjoyed. The Christmas cantata was finely rendered. On Monday evening the Sunday school children shared in the distribution of presents by Santa Claus from a fine Christmas tree.

"A Black Heifer."

If you want an evening of pure fun be sure to attend "A Black Heifer" at the Northville Opera House this evening. The play is certainly a good one and well worth your patronage. Admission 25 and 15 cents.

Baby Green Dead.

The eight-months' old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green of Bealtown died Monday night of pneumonia. The funeral was held from the house Thursday morning, Rev. S. F. Dimmock officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Green have the sympathy of their friends in their bereavement.

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.

New Industry

R. T. Carr of the late Hall-Carr Company, and George Axford and a gentleman from Detroit have formed a company and leased the Hirsch blacksmith shop on Main street for the purpose of manufacturing base ball bats. They have purchased several car loads of bats from the old Hall-Carr company and as soon as they have the machinery placed will begin work. Several people will be employed.

COUNTY ROADS INSTITUTE

Highway Commissioners Get Expenses and Day's Pay.

The county road institute for Wayne county will be held at Detroit January 7, 1907, beginning at 10:00 a. m.

Highway commissioners in attendance will receive their expenses and one day's pay. Everyone interested in the question of good roads is cordially invited to attend. The sessions will be held in the county building. The institute will be held under the auspices of State Commissioner H. S. Earle.

OLD PIONEER GONE

William Ellis Dies at the Age of Ninety-Four.

Monday morning at seven o'clock occurred the death of William Ellis, one of Northville's oldest inhabitants. Mr. Ellis was born May 16, 1812. He enlisted as private under Capt. Gravel of Detroit in Co. D. 1st Michigan Mexican War, Nov. 14, 1847. He was discharged July 26, 1848. He was also a soldier in the Civil war.

The funeral was held Wednesday from the home of George Kidd at 2:00 p. m. and conducted by the G. A. R. Post of this place.

A Record Want Ad will help you exchange something you have and don't want for something you haven't and do want.

"GOOD MORNING, HAVE YOU BUSTED THE SOAP TRUST?"



—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

Happy New Year.

We wish to thank our many friends for the liberal patronage given us during the season of 1906 and we gratefully extend to you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

A. K. Carpenter,
Jas. A. Huff.

Happy New Years.

We wish that, and an abundance of prosperity to all the citizens of the village, and solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage awarded us in the past.

GROCERIES—We call your attention again to our Always Fresh Groceries and our prompt delivery.

COFFEE—Best Coffee in town and at lowest prices. Chase & Sanborn's are always reliable.

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 1690-J. DETROIT, MICH.

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.

Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

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

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

Try Our 40 and 50 Cent Teas

Our 25 Cent and 30 Cent Coffee

Our 4 Cans Corn for 25 Cents

Our 7 lbs Rolled Oats for 25 cts

B. A. WHEELER

TELEPHONE. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

PERE MARQUETTE

Sept. 30, 1906.

Trains leave Northville as follows:

DETROIT AND EAST.
6:30 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 8:40 p. m.
FOR TOLEDO AND SOUTH.
3:30 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 8:40 p. m.
FOR SAGINAW AND BAY CITY.
3:25 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 8:25 p. m.
MANISTEE, LUDINGTON, MILWAUKEE.
2:25 a. m., 2:15 p. m.

Trains leave Plymouth as follows:

GRAND RAPIDS, NORTH AND WEST.
7:40 a. m., 8:35 a. m., 1:55 p. m., 5:52 p. m.
H. F. MORLEY, FRANK POLZ, Agent, Northville.

DETROIT

United Railway.

Cars Run on Central Standard Time.

TIME TABLE

Cars Run on Central Standard Time. In Effect Tuesday, May 1st, 1906.

LEAVE NORTHVILLE.

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 6:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 p. m. For Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 p. m. In addition thereto a car leaves Farmington Junction for Northville at 6 a. m. Last cars wait for theaters. On Sunday first car one hour later.

LEAVE DETROIT.

Cars leave Detroit for Farmington and Northville at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 p. m. For Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 p. m. In addition thereto a car leaves Farmington Junction for Northville at 6 a. m. Last cars wait for theaters. On Sunday first car one hour later.

FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS

Operated over the Detroit United Railway and Rapid Railway System, giving prompt express service to all points on above Electric Lines.

Local express office corner Main and Griswold streets.

For rates and other information apply to G. H. Baker or Geo. W. Parker, Local Agent, G. E. & P. A. G., Northville, Mich. Detroit subject to change without notice.

CLARENCE D. CLARK.

Attorney for Mortgage.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of the money due on and secured by a certain mortgage dated the 27th day of March, 1895, made by Charles H. Lockhart and Emma J. Lockhart, his wife, of the City of Detroit, County of Wayne, and State of Michigan, to Leonard Charter of the village of Northville, same county and state and recorded at the office of the Register of Deeds for said County of Wayne at 10:25 a. m. on the 21st day of April, 1895, in Liber 248 of mortgages, on page 261, the whole amount claimed to be due and unpaid at this date on said mortgage being nine hundred, seventy-five and sixty one hundredths dollars (\$975.60) of principal and interest and the further sum of \$30 as an attorney fee provided for in said mortgage and such other expenses as may be incurred under foreclosure proceedings as are provided for by law and by the conditions of said mortgage and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the money due on and secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, now therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Saturday the 27th day of December, 1906, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the south of Congress street door of the Wayne County Building, in the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan (that being the place where the Circuit Court for Wayne County is held) I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage and such other lands and tenements as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with 6 1/2 per cent interest and all legal costs together with an attorney's fee of thirty dollars covenanted for therein the premises being described in said mortgage as all that certain parcel of land situated in the Village of Northville, County of Wayne and State of Michigan and known and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at the southwest quarter (1/4) post on section three (3) and between sections three and four, thence north one-half (1/2) mile to the north line of the north line of said section six (6) chains fifty and one half (50 1/2) links to lands sold by second parties to Andrew Jackson (now owned by D. T. Parks), thence along the line of said Parks' land about three (3) chains and seven (7) links, thence northeasterly along said line of Parks' land three (3) chains, thirty and one-half (30 1/2) links, thence easterly along said Parks' land one (1) chain, twenty-three (23) links, thence northerly along the line of said Parks' land one (1) chain, fifty-five (55) links, thence easterly along the line of said Parks' land two (2) chains, sixty and one-half (60 1/2) links to the north bank of brook, thence easterly to the north bank of brook, thence south along the line of lands owned by Phebe A. Devan, one (1) chain, five (5) links, thence easterly along the line of said Phebe A. Devan's land to the south of said line of lands owned by Phebe A. Devan, thence south along said line of lands owned by Phebe A. Devan, one (1) chain, thirty and one-half (30 1/2) links to the north line of lands owned by Fannie White, thence west along said line of Fannie White's land fourteen and one-half (14 1/2) chains to the place of beginning.

Dated September 27th 1906.

LEONARD CHARTER, Mortgagee.

CLARENCE D. CLARK, Attorney for Mortgagee.

More Women's Rights.

Women are as much entitled to amuse themselves over the affairs of Mme la Mode as men are over horse racing or other sports.—World of Dress.

Hot Shot.

The following notice is inscribed on the wall of a house in the Rue de Strasbourg, Saint Denis, France "In case of fire, ask for help at the cemetery."

Wise Axiom.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to be trusted with another's.

A Foot Note.

Have the soles of your new shoes varnished. They will wear much longer and be impervious to weather.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

SERIAL STORY

DUKE OF DEVIL-MAY-CARE

By HARRIS DICKSON

Author of "The Black Wolf's Breed," Etc.

(Copyright, 1906, by D. Appleton & Co.)

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

His queer little mischievous smile parried Joe's question with one of his own: "Which room do you mean?"—The first-door on your right as you go into the hall? There is one lady as says it is that one, and one as says it ain't. But I searched 'em hall—spent three hours yesterday in the old man's room. Nottink there but a lot of old shoes, old clothes, and dirt."

"What arrests have you, made?" Joe asked, tersely. Chaudron took the answer off Baker's hands:

"Arrests for what? Who could we arrest? We can't prove a thing. We've had the devil of a time keeping it out of the papers until we could find out enough to—"

Chaudron's ideas of law were very crude; and he soon floundered beyond his depth.

"I am going down there myself," Joe rose abruptly and reached for his hat. "Come, Mr. Baker."

"Ain't Mr. Chaudron better go, an' leave me hout? Not give me away to the 'otel people?'"

"That's right, Joe—that's right; you know he's staying there at the hotel watching them."

"Very well; either one of you; I want to examine the ground for myself."

They dropped off an Esplanade car at the corner of Valois street, and walked the three squares to the Hotel Louis le Grande. At first they passed by on the other side; Joe wanted to get a general idea of the locality. He asked a number of questions about the neighborhood; the different houses, and who lived in them.

"They came down this street in a cab," Chaudron explained. "Mrs. Ashton stepped in the gutter as she got out of the cab; when they reached their room the French maid bathed her foot."

"Is that maid here?"

"Yes, but she insists that it was one of the young ladies whose foot she bathed—"

"The hell she does!" Joe was not usually profane, but this thing was beginning to grate on his nerves.

They passed through the entry, under the staircase, and came out into the oyal courtyard.

Victor Labrousse was sitting at the same table where he always took his morning coffee, reading a newspaper, and with that inevitable cigarette between his fingers. There had been no variation in this breakfast, in the color of his mustache, or the attitude of his slippers, for more than ten years.

Victor rose courteously, with scarce a shade of annoyance on his face as Chaudron presented the stranger.

"Monsieur Labrousse, this is Mr. Balfour, from Vicksburg. Mrs. Ashton's lawyer, he wants to look around."

"Certainement, ze grande plaisir, ze great bonaire, Monsieur Balfour. Victor delivered one of his most orated bows, clasped his hands and called, "Arthemise, Artemise, some coffee."

Chaudron waved the hospitality aside. "Thanks, Monsieur Labrousse, we have already breakfasted. Mr. Balfour is much troubled and wants to look around your house?"

"It is valry distress, I imagine nothing what I think; come, Monsieur Balfour, I show you up ze stairs."

Victor talked jerkily, a spattering stream of French and English, every inch of the way up the stairs, round the balcony, through the hall, and to the very rear door.

"Zis," he said "zis is ze young lady apartment. Two gentlemen from St. Mary's parish zey take it las' night so soon as ze young lady are gone; my apartment zey nevaire stand vacant, no, no."

Joe glanced round the very ordinary-looking room, furnished in quaint old style. There was nothing to attract his attention, and he came out again.

"Now let me see the room that Mrs. Ashton occupied?"

"Zat I do not know," Victor smiled and showed his tobacco-stained teeth; "ze good God above—he know."

Victor led the way to the door that had the broken knob.

"One of the ze young lady say it was zis apartment, but zis—" he flung the door wide open—"zis is my room—"

you see, monsieur, zat is impossible."

"Monsieur Labrousse, where does that door lead?" Joe pointed to the sliding doors which filled the wall space on one side of the room.

"Ze nex' room; it is for lodgers. Zis was one day ze grande salon, ah, glorious, Monsieur Balfour—nevaire open now, zose doors."

"Kindly allow me to look in there?"

"Ze great bonaire," Victor tugged at the door, which refused to slide.

"He no come open; he—how you say 'im in Anglals?—he rus." Come zis way, Monsieur Balfour."

The Frenchman led them round by way of the hall and into the adjoining room. It was an ordinary sliding door which had formerly served to throw the two rooms into one. But it had evidently not been opened for many years, and there was a four-post bed backed up against it.

"Who occupied this room that night?"

Victor cocked his head on one side, like the parrot, and thought. "Oui, oui, it was Monsieur Champenois; he go away valry early ze nex' morning."

"Monsieur Etienne Champenois?" Chaudron inquired.

"Oui, oui, he come zat night from Calcasieu, an' go down to his river plantation on boat, valry soon."

"Do you know him?" Joe asked of Chaudron.

"Quite well."

"Has he been interviewed?"

"Not yet, he has not yet returned to the city."

"Send a man to him at once; he may know something."

"Who are in these other rooms?" Joe asked.

"Visitors; ze city is much crowd."

"May I see the rooms?"

"Certainement," Victor opened them patiently, one by one.

"There's no use in looking through them again," whispered Chaudron; "they have all been searched a dozen times, everything from garret to cellar."

But Joe was stubborn; he had his way, going through the entire house again. Then he walked out and stood on the edge of the banquette, hands in his pockets, thinking.

"Well, what do you think of it now?" Chaudron asked.

"Don't know," Joe never gave what the lawyers term a "horse back opinion;" he always wanted time for reflection. He stood there, for some

asking a direction. Vance turned, and Baker whispered: "Follow me around the corner. No, not so fast; wait a minute. Ah, Hi see," he said aloud. "Thank you, sir."

The Englishman sauntered on, turned the first corner, and waited in the apothecary's shop until Vance came in behind him.

"Out with it, Baker—out with it, quick; what has happened?"

"Sh! That man is in. Pedro's Place right now; Hi saw 'im go in just a minute ago. The one Hi told you about last night; 'e's been prowling around 'ere fer two or three days—"

"Come on, let's get him," Vance started to rush out, but Baker held him back.

"No, wait a minute; telephone the station—"

"He might get away; you and I can take him."

"But Hi can't let those chaps at the 'otel know who Hi am; we'd better—"

"I'll go get him myself."

Before Baker could interfere Vance had founded the corner again with his head down, charging, like the bull yearling he had mentioned, towards Pedro's Place.

Noel Duke was in no amiable frame of mind himself when he came back to Pedro's Place. He certainly had none of that Christian spirit which prompts a man to turn the other cheek. Why he had fallen again into this wretched little den, he scarcely knew. He had drifted about the crowded streets, tossed hither and thither as the human currents flowed, until the surf had cast him up. And here he was again.

Miguel, the waiter, nodded genially as to an old acquaintance, and pulled back a chair. Duke shook his head, speaking a few words in Spanish.

"Si, señor," the man replied deferentially, bustling around to find the morning paper, which he smoothed out



Duke Struck Him.

minutes, looking down into the black gutter.

"Dammed—if I—do—know," he came to the deliberate conclusion.

"Well, let's go around to police headquarters," suggested Chaudron, "and see what has turned up."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COLLISION IN PEDRO'S PLACE. If Joseph Balfour and Felix Chaudron had been ten minutes later in leaving the Hotel Louis le Grande, they would have met Woodford Vance.

If Noel Duke had reached Pedro's Place ten minutes earlier, he would have seen Joe Balfour coming out of the hotel instead of seeing Woodford Vance go in.

"Has Mr. Chaudron been here?" Vance burst into the hotel entry and stopped Artemise as she came tripping down the stairs with a feather duster in her hand.

"Hip! hip! Hip! hip!" she called.

Vance could not make heads nor tails of the inextricable jumble which Artemise flung at the unoffending Hippolyte when the old man finally appeared from some dim recess in the courtyard.

"Oui, ma'm'selle, il s'en est alle. Yes, monsieur, Monsieur Chaudron, he here—one more gentleman, two, ten minute, half hour, gone; zat way."

"Thanks," said Vance, laconically.

He walked out to the edge of the banquette and stood there for several minutes. Something must be done, something had to be done, and done right away. He couldn't stand it; the appealing glance which Anita gave him when he left the house, was enough to drive a fellow to desperation.

At this moment Henry Baker came strolling down the street twirling a cane and carefully adjusting a pair of eye-glasses which did not seem contented on his nose.

"Hi say, mister," he spoke to Vance, pointing with his cane as if he were

carefully at his knee before handing it over.

But Duke did not look at the paper after he got it. He leaned his elbow on the window and gazed at the hotel entrance, not as if he were watching it, but in utter weariness of soul and body. Suddenly he straightened up and clenched his hand.

"By God, there's Vance! So she did come here to meet him; and he knows where she is right now. I'll make him tell me."

He sprang up, and one bound took him to the door; there he stopped. He still had enough discretion to know that he could not afford a brawl—publicly—drawing attention to himself. Duke half opened the door, then closed it, changing his mind back and forth.

"No, it won't do," he decided, coming back and taking up the paper again. "I'm a damned coward—a"

He crumpled the paper savagely in his hand and dashed it to the floor.

Quick vigorous steps rang along the banquette; the café door was flung open so impetuously that glasses rattled on the table.

Woodford Vance stepped in. He glanced around the room, singled his man out, and marched directly to him.

"What are you doing, sitting there watching that house?"

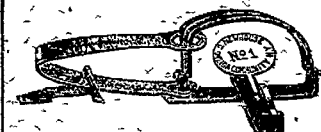
Duke did not reply. It took him so thoroughly by surprise that any man should speak in such a tone to him—particularly this man.

"Come with me," Vance caught him roughly by the arm and had made one step toward the door when Duke struck him. He stumbled over a chair and fell, but, trained athlete as he was, came up instantly.

Duke saw the gleam of a pistol, and his hand flew to his hip. In such emergency men think with the swiftness of inspiration, and even the man from Devil-May-Care had had enough of turmoil.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONEIDA COMMUNITY TRAPS



The NEWHOUSE TRAP is the best in the world. It is a perfect machine. Hand-fitted!—Thoroughly inspected and tested!

The VICTOR TRAP is the only reliable low-priced trap. Don't buy cheap imitations. Be sure the Trap Pan reads as follows:



ASK ANY TRAPPER

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE. Send 25 cents for the Newhouse TRAPPER'S GUIDE. Tells best method of trapping and setting traps. Sent to Dept. A, Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER. The only magazine devoted to the interests of the trapper. Sent to cents for copy. A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Columbus, Ohio.

Let Her See It. Bashfulman—I'm going to propose to Miss Sleight to-night, and I'm afraid she's going to turn me down.

Friend—Why don't you take along the diamond you're going to give her? That helps some.—Detroit Free Press.

C. C. YERKES, Attorney.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the payment of interest on a certain mortgage made by the Farmers & Merchants Savings Bank, dated September 20, 1904, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne County, Michigan, on September 21, 1904, in Liber 245 of mortgages on page 188, and said interest having remained unpaid for the period of more than thirty days after the same was due and payable, the said mortgagee hereby exercises its option granted by the said mortgage and declares the principal sum of said mortgage, together with all interest and charges thereon at this date to be due and payable immediately. There is now claimed to be due and payable on said mortgage for principal and interest as aforesaid the sum of fifteen hundred and fifty-four (\$1,554) dollars, and the further sum of thirty-five (\$35) dollars for an attorney fee and such other expenses as may be incurred under foreclosure proceedings as provided by law; and no proceedings having been taken at law or in equity to recover the same, or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises thereon described at public auction to the highest bidder, on Monday, the 29th day of December, 1906, at twelve (12:00) o'clock noon, at the southerly or Congress street entrance of the Wayne County Building, in the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan (that being the place where the Circuit Court for said county is held), which said premises are described as follows, to-wit: Lands in the township of Northville, Wayne County, Michigan, commencing thirty rods and ten feet east from the southeast corner of the southwest quarter of section four (4) township of Northville, thence running due north twelve rods, thence ten feet west; thence due north to the quarter section line, thence west twenty rods and twelve feet, thence south to the section line of said section four, thence east twenty-one rods and five and one-half feet to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres and 1880 square feet.

Dated October 27, 1906.
NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.

C. C. YERKES, Attorney for Mortgagee, Northville, Michigan.

A Written Guarantee with Columbia Graphophones a form of protection offered by no other talking machine house.

A Written Guarantee of a TEN MILLION DOLLAR CONTRACT is the best assurance you can have of the superiority of the

Columbia Graphophone

With this guarantee you don't guess, you KNOW which is best. ASK YOUR OWN BANKER as to our responsibility and financial standing. Then send to our nearest dealer or to us, and get our

FREE TRIAL AND EASY PAYMENT OFFER.

This is your chance to secure the BEST TALKING MACHINE MADE, on payments which will not be felt.

WE ACCEPT OLD MACHINES OF ANY MAKE IN PART PAYMENT.

THE GRAPHOPHONE IS THE IDEAL ENTERTAINER AT HOME! Have you ever used it? Try it and judge for yourself.

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900. Highest Award, Portland, 1905. Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 88 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Send me full details of your Easy Payment and Exchange Plan. Name Address.

BLOOD DISEASES

Guaranteed Cured or No Pay.

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THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc.
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CHAPTER VII.—Continued. BLACKLOCK GOES INTO TRAINING.

I shall never forget the smallest detail of that dinner—it was a purely "family" affair, only the Ellerslys and I. I can feel now the oppressive atmosphere, the look as of impending sacrilege upon the faces of the old servants; I can see Mrs. Ellersly trying to condescend to be "gracious," and treating me as if I were some sort of museum freak or menagerie exhibit. I can see Anita. She was like a statue of snow; she spoke not a word; if she lifted her eyes, I failed to note it. And when I was leaving—I with my collar wilted from the fierce, nervous strain I had been enduring—Mrs. Ellersly, in that voice of hers into which I don't believe any shade of a real human emotion ever penetrated, said: "You must come to see us, Mr. Blacklock. We are always at home after five."

I looked at Miss Ellersly. She was white to the lips now, and the spangles on her white dress seemed bits of ice glittering there. She said nothing, but I knew she felt my look, and that it froze the ice the more closely in around her heart. "Thank you," I muttered.

I stumbled in the hall; I almost fell down the broad steps. I stopped at the first bar and took three drinks in quick succession. I went on down the avenue, breathing like an exhausted swimmer. "I'll give her up!" I cried aloud, so upset was I.

"I am a man of impulse; but I have trained myself not to be a creature of impulse, at least in matters of importance. Without that patient and painful schooling, I shouldn't have got where I am now, probably I'd still be blacking boots, or sheet-writing, for some bookmaker, or clerking, it for some broker. Before I got my rooms, the night air and my habit of the 'sober second thought' had cooled me back to rationality."

"I want her, I need her," I was saying to myself. "I am worthier of her than are those pinching mannikins she has been bred to regard as men. She is for me—she belongs to me. I'll abandon her to no smirking puppet who'd wear her as a donkey would a diamond. Why should I do myself and her an injury simply because she has been too badly brought up to know her own interest?"

When this was clear to me I sent for my trainer. He was one of those spare, wiry Englishmen, with skin like tanned and painted hide—brown except where the bones seem about to push their sharp angles through, and there a frosty, winter apple red. He dressed like a Deadwood gambler, he talked like a stable boy; but for all that, you couldn't fail to see he was a gentleman born and bred. Yes, he was a gentleman, though he mixed profanity into his ordinary flow of conversation more liberally than did I when in a rage.

I stood up before him, threw my coat back, thrust my thumbs into my trousers pockets and slowly turned about like a ready-made tailor's dummy. "Monson," said I, "what do you think of me?"

He looked me over as if I were a horse he was about to buy. "Sound, I'd say," was his verdict. "Good wind—uncommon good wind. A goer, and a stayer. Not a lump. Not a hair out of place." He laughed. "Action a bit high perhaps—for the track. But a grand reach."

"I know all that," said I. "You miss my point. Suppose you wanted to enter me for—say, the Society Sweepstakes—what then?"

"Um—um," he muttered reflectively. "That's different."

"Don't I look—sort of—new—as if the varnish was still sticky and might come off on the ladies' dresses and on the fine furniture?"

"Oh—that!" said he dubiously. "But all those kinds of things are matters of taste."

"Out with it!" I commanded. "Don't be afraid. I'm not one of those damn fools that ask for criticism when they want only flattery, as you ought to know by this time. I'm aware of my good points, know how good they are better than anybody else in the world. And I suspect my weak points—always did. I've got on chiefly because I made people tell me to my face what they'd rather have grinned over behind my back."

"What's your game?" asked Monson. "I'm in the dark."

"I'll tell you, Monson. I hired you to train horses. Now I want to hire you to train me, too. As it's double work, it's double pay."

"Say on," said he, "and say it slow."

"I want to marry," I explained. "I want to inspect all the offerings before I decide. You are to train me so that I can go among the herds that'd shy off from me if I wasn't on to their little ways."

He looked suspiciously at me, doubtless thinking this some new development of "American humor."

"I mean it," I assured him. "I'm going to train, and train hard. I've

got no time to lose. I must be on my way down the aisle inside of three months. I give you a free hand. I'll do just what you say."

"The job's out of my line," he protested.

"I know, better," said I. "I've always seen the parlor under the stable in you. We'll begin right away. What do you think of these clothes?"

"Well—they're not exactly noisy," he said. "But they're far from silent. That waistcoat—" He stopped and gave me another nervous, timid look. He found it hard to believe a man of my sort, so self-assured, would stand the truth from a man of his second-hand sort.

"Go on!" I commanded. "Speak out! Mowbray Langdon had on one twice as loud, the other day at the track."

"But perhaps you'll remember, it was only his waistcoat that was loud—not he himself. Now, a man of your manner and voice and—you've got a lock out of the eyes that'd wake the



"SUPPOSE YOU WANTED TO ENTER ME FOR—SAY THE SOCIETY SWEEPSTAKES—WHAT THEN?"

dead all by itself. People can feel you coming before they hear you. When they feel and hear and see all together—it's like a brass band in scarlet uniform, with a seven-foot, sky-blue drum major. If your hair wasn't so black and your eyes so steel-blue and sharp and your teeth so big and strong and white, and your jaw such a—such a—jaw—"

"I see the point," said I. And I did. "You'll find you won't need to tell me many things twice. I've got a busy day before me here; so we'll have to suspend this until you come to dine with me at eight—at my rooms. I want you to put in the time well. Go to my house in the country and then up to my apartment, take my valet with you; look through all my belongings—shirts, ties, socks, trousers, waistcoats, clothes of every kind. Throw out every rag you think doesn't fit in with what I want to be. How's my grammar?"

I was proud of it, I had been taking more or less pains with my mode of speech for a dozen years. "Rather too good," said he. "But that's better than making the breaks that aren't regarded as good form."

"Good form!" I exclaimed. "That's it! That's what I want! What does 'good form' mean?"

He laughed. "You can search me," said he. "I could easily tell you—anything else. It's what everybody recognizes on sight, and nobody knows how to describe. It's like the difference between a cultivated 'Jimson' weed and a wild one."

"Like the difference between Mowbray Langdon and me," I suggested

good-naturedly. "How about my manners?"

"Not so bad," said he. "Not so rotten bad. But—when you're polite, you're a little too polite; when you're not polite, you're—"

"Show where I came from too plainly!" said I. "Speak right out—hit good and hard. Am I too frank for 'good form'?"

"You needn't bother about that," he assured me. "Say whatever comes into your head—only, be sure the right sort of thing comes into your head. Don't talk too much about yourself, for instance. It's good form to think about yourself all the time; it's bad form to let people see it—in your talk." Say as little as possible about your business and about what you've got. Don't be lavish with the I's and the me's."

"That's harder," said I. "I'm a man who has always minded my own business, and cared for nothing else. What could I talk about, except myself?"

"Bless if I know," replied he. "Where you want to go, the last thing people mind is their own business—in talk, at least. But you'll get on all right if you don't worry too much about it. You've got natural independence, and an original way of putting things, and common sense. Don't be afraid."

"Afraid!" said I. "I never knew what it was to be afraid."

"Your nerve'll carry you through," he assured me. "Nerve'll take a man anywhere."

"You never said a truer thing in your life," said I. "It'll take him where he wants, and, after he's there, it'll get him whatever he wants."

Add with that, I, thinking of my plans and of how sure I was of suc-

cess, began to march up and down the office with my chest thrown out—until I caught myself at it. That stopped me, set me off in a laugh at my own expense, he joining in with a kind of heartiness I did not like, though I did not venture to check him.

So ended the first lesson—the first of a long series.

VIII.

ON THE TRAIL OF LANGDON.

I had Monson with me twice each week—early in the morning and again after business hours until bed time. Also he spent the whole of every Saturday and Sunday with me. He developed astonishing dexterity as a teacher, and as soon as he realized that I had no false pride and was thoroughly in earnest, he handled me without gloves—like a boxing teacher who finds that his pupil has the grit of a professional. It was easy enough for me to grasp the theory of my new business—it was nothing more than "Be natural." But the rub came in making myself naturally of the right sort. I had—as I suppose every man of intelligence and decent instincts has—a disposition to be friendly and simple. But my manner was by nature what you might call abrupt. My not very easy task was to learn the subtle difference between the abrupt that injects a tonic into social intercourse, and the abrupt that makes the other person shut up with a feeling of having been insulted.

Then there was the matter of good taste in conversation. Monson found, as I soon saw, that my everlasting

self-assertiveness was beyond cure. As I said to him: "I'm afraid you might succeed in reducing my chest measure." But we worked away at it, and perhaps my readers may discover even in this narrative, though it is necessarily egotistic, evidence of at least an honest effort not to be baldly boastful. Monson would have liked to make of me a self-deprecating sort of person—such as he himself, with the result that the other fellow always got the prize and he got left. But I would have none of it.

All this time I was giving myself—or thought I was giving myself—chiefly to my business, as usual. I know now that the new interest had in fact crowded the things down town far into the background, had impaired my judgment, had suspended my common sense; but I had no inkling of this then. The most important matter that was occupying me down town was pushing texture up toward par. Langdon's doubts, little though they influenced me, still made enough of an impression to cause me to test the market. I sold for him at ninety, as he had directed; I sold in quantity every day. But no matter how much I unloaded, the price showed no tendency to break.

"This," said I to myself, "is a testimonial to the skill with which I prepared for my bull campaign." And that seemed to me—all unsuspecting as I then was—a sufficient explanation of the steadiness of the stock which I had worked to establish in the public confidence.

I felt that, if my matrimonial plans should turn out as I confidently expected, I should need a much larger fortune than I had—for I was determined that my wife should have an establishment second to none. Accordingly, I enlarged my original plan. I had intended to keep close to Langdon in that plunge; I believed I controlled the market, but I hadn't been in Wall Street twenty years without learning that the worst thunderbolts fall from cloudless skies. Without being in the least suspicious of Langdon, and simply acting on the general principle that surprise and treachery are part of the code of high finance, I had prepared to guard, first, against being taken in the rear by a secret change of plan on Langdon's part; and second, against being involved and overwhelmed by a sudden, secret attack on him from some associate of his who might think he had laid himself open to successful raiding.

The market is especially dangerous toward Christmas—and in the spring—toward Christmas, the big fellows often juggle the stocks to get the money for their big Christmas gifts and alms, toward spring the motive is, of course, the extra summer expenses of their families and the commencement gifts to colleges. It was now late in the spring.

I say, I had intended to be cautious. I abandoned caution and rushed in boldly, feeling that the market was, in general, safe and that textile was under my control—and that I was one of the kings of high finance, with my lucky star in the zenith. I decided to continue my bull campaign on my own account for two weeks after I had unloaded for Langdon, to continue it until the stock was at par. I had no difficulty in pushing it to ninety seven, and I was not alarmed when I found myself loaded up with it, quoted at ninety eight for the preferred and thirty for the common. I assumed that I was practically its only supporter and that it would slowly settle back as I slowly withdrew my support.

To my surprise, the stock did not yield immediately under my efforts to depress it. I sold more heavily; textile continued to show a tendency to rise. I sold still more heavily; it broke a point or two, then steadied and rose again. Instead of sending out along my secret lines for inside information, as I should have done, and would have done had I not been in a state of hypnotized judgment—I went to Langdon! I who had been studying those scoundrels for twenty odd years; and dealing directly with and for them for ten years!

He wasn't at his office, they told me there that they didn't know whether he was at his town house or at his place in the country—"probably in the country," said his down town secretary, with elaborate carelessness. "He wouldn't be likely to stay away from the office or not to send for me, if he were in town, would he?"

It takes an uncommon good liar to lie to me when I'm on the alert. As I was determined to see Langdon, I was in so far on the alert. And I felt the fellow was lying. "That's reasonable," said I. "Call me up, if you hear from him. I want to see him—important, but not immediate." And I went away, having left the impression that I would make no further effort.

I went up to his house. You, no doubt, have often seen and often admired its beautiful facade, so simple that it hides its own magnificence from all but experienced eyes, so perfect in its proportions that it hides the vastness of the palace of which it is the face. I have heard men say: "I'd like to have a house—a moderate-sized house—one about the size of Mowbray Langdon's—though perhaps a little more elegant, not so plain."

"Mr. Langdon isn't at home," said the servant.

(To be continued.)

Women Less Than Cattle.

The Kafirs think less of their wives than they do of their cattle. They do not allow the women to go near the kraal where they keep their animals, and if a cow dies they grieve more than they do when a woman dies.

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When pigstails and school were her fashion, Penelope was always awakened from indolence by the possession of a new text-book, its resplendent cover, its crisp, clean pages the incentives to an ambition that the discarded old volume could never have called forth.

In just such manner the Great Teacher stimulates the grown-up Penelope to new thought, new purpose, new endeavor, by again and again placing a brand new year in her eager hands.

The new-year idea is almost as old and universal as the instinct of immortality, but the first of January has not always been the starting point for the procession of months, and even now by no means the whole world follows the Gregorian calendar. The ancient Egyptians, Phoenicians and Persians began their year on September 22, the Greeks of Solon's time on December 21, and the Greeks of the Pericles period on June 21.

From Julius Caesar on the Roman civil year commenced January 1, but the Jewish ecclesiastical year had always begun at the vernal equinox, March 25, and this spring opening day of bud and blossom and universal hopefulness—became the honored one with Christian nations generally throughout the medieval period.

In the latter end of the eleventh century, England, which had strangely enough been starting its annual records on December 25, began quite accidentally to pay homage to the old Roman divinity Janus, for by chance William the Conqueror's coronation took place on the first of January, and the birthday of the Norman rule became the birthday of the year as well. Remembering the loyal old Saxon spirit conquered but not tamed—we are no surprised to learn, however, that soon the inhabitants of England fell into the more general habit of indulging in new-year festivities upon the 25th of March.

The Gregorian calendar, formulated in 1582, restored January 1 as New Year's day. The Catholic countries enthusiastically accepted it, but the Protestant ones adopted it slowly, and it was not until 1752 that conservative England fell into line.

The ancient Romans honored the whole of January by offering sacrifices on 12 altars to the god with two faces, whose namesake the month was.

"Janus am I, oldest of potentates; Forward I look, and backward, and below I count, as god of avenues and gates, —The years that through my portals come and go."

While the whole month was kept, the first day was the gala occasion. Litigation was suspended, reconciliations effected, impressive processions made to the capitol, offerings laid on the altars, the emperor surprised by magnificent gifts, visits exchanged everywhere, feasts spread in hospitable houses, streets ringing with laughter and music of masqueraders.

The giving of New Year's gifts was not confined to old Rome. The Persians always exchanged New Year's eggs, and it was the pretty custom of the Druids to give a sacred sprig of mistletoe to the faithful on their New Year's morning, while the bestowing of presents upon the monarch became an absolute obligation.

Queen Elizabeth, the people's favorite, was simply showered with New Year's contributions—gold for her purse, chains, necklaces, bracelets, rings, embroidered gowns and mantles, petticoats, smocks, stockings and garters; and for the royal larder fat oxen, sheep, geese, turkeys, swans, capons, fruit, preserves, marchpanes and sweetmeats.

But soon this custom was regarded as a tax rather than a privilege, and during the rule of the austere Cromwell it died a natural death—never bobbing up again to make a popular bow, as sometimes happens to a dead stage hero recalled to life by the audience's applause.

Closely associated with the new year season is the wassail bowl, its name derived from the old Saxon phrase: "Wass Hael—To your health!"

Until Queen Elizabeth's reign, one wassail love-cup was handed about the charmed circle gathered round the great bowl, but afterward the health was more hygienically, if less picturesquely, drunk in individual cups.

The poor carried an immense wooden bowl, decorated with gay ribbons, around the neighborhood, begging small coin to pay for the precious ingredients that made up the festive concoction.

"Wassail! wassail! over the town, Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown, Our bowl it is made of the maplin tree, We be good fellows all; I drink to thee!"

In Scotland, on New Year's eve—for some unknown reason called hogmany day—the doors of the houses were thrown open at midnight to let the old year out, and the new year in, while in some of the towns, early in the evening poor children—"swaddled" in sheets so folded up in front as to form an inviting pocket—went from door to door after bread and small coin, announcing their arrival by some naive song, shrilly given in childish treble and enthusiasm.

"Rise up, gude-wire, and shake your feathers; Dinna think that we are beggars; We are bairns come to play, And to seek our hogmany."

Much excitement was manifested over another Scottish custom. The first person who entered a house after the clock struck midnight New Year's eve was called a "first footer," and often parties of first footers went about calling on friends and making merry generally.

In striking contrast to this frivolity was the habit, the next morning of opening the Scotch Bible at random, a verse in the chapter read containing a prophecy to be made good by fate during that New Year.

At all the courts of present-day Europe the New Year is celebrated with great impressiveness, it being the official feast, just as Christmas is a family one.

In Belgium, on New Year's eve, the children have a special frolic tingling with the thrill of suspense. Early in the day, all the door keys in the house are spirited away from their locks into small boys' pockets. A pet relative, called a "sugar aunt" or "sugar uncle," is then beguiled into a room, and while her or his attention is diverted, a key is whisked out from its hiding place and click-a-click the door is locked! Of course the prisoner, confronted by a hard-hearted, giggling jailer, is glad to negotiate freedom at any price—a ransom's possibilities no doubt ranging from a candy cane to a rocking horse, according to auntie's indulgent humor or the size of uncle's pocketbook.

The Germans have a very impressive old custom. At Frankfurt-on-the-Main in almost every house is a family party, and at the first strike of midnight from the cathedral all open wide the windows, and—filled glasses lifted in their hands—cry: "Prosit Neujahr!"—"Happy New Year!"

France practically makes a Christmas of New Year's day. All Paris is en fete, and the Latin Quarter jubilant with song, fiddling, and droll farces, while the poor, starved art student splurges in all sorts of culinary extravagances. In fact, even the beggars are merry, singing instead of whining their appeals for charity, and "dancing a jig for a sou."

The French children find their stockings filled by good St. Nicholas, who in his Christmas rush must have thanked his lucky star that these young clients would not expect a professional call until seven days after he had attended to the impatient American youngsters over the sea.

After a midday déjeuner à la fourchette, the younger members of the family call on the older, and in the evening there is a grand reunion for dinner.

Amid all this French gaiety there is that one pathetic little touch that so often creeps into this rainbow world of ours, where tears mingle with the sunshine of our smiles. If a member of the family has died during the past 12 months, early on New Year's morning the near relatives meet at the grave and lay upon it their offerings of love and remembrance.

The Russians, following the Julian calendar, do not celebrate their New Year's day until January 13.

The grown-up, not to be outdone by the small fry, now form a gorgeous procession to pass under the critical nose of the nobleman's upper window. Oxen, cows, goats and hogs, adorned with evergreens and red berries, are driven past, while old women bring up the rear bearing gayly decorated barnyard fowls as presents.

In our own country we Americans, "half-pagan, half-Puritan," take our New Year characteristically. With flashing eyes and smiling lips we greet its dawn; dancing, feasting, uproariously blowing our little tin horns. And at the same time in our secret hearts—the curtains of pride and conventionality closely drawn—we sadly sit beside the dying embers of the past year's hopes and shiver at the knocks of the unknown future at the door.

MAY C. RINGWALT.

Iron-Ox

TABLETS CURE
Constipation

Hurry-up meals, overwork and neglect cause constipation. Quickly and surely cured by Iron-Ox Tablets.

30 Iron-Ox Tablets in a handy aluminum packet case, 25 cents at all druggists, or by mail, add for one special 10-cent trial package. The Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Detroit, Mich.

For sale and recommended by **Murdock Bros., Druggists.**

PERRIN'S

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

DIAMOND DAIRY

For Pure Milk, Cream and Ices.

G. C. BENTON, Prop.

CLARK'S RESTAURANT

DETROIT.

UP-TO-DATE.
FINEST COFFEE, PURE BUTTER.
Nice 15 Cent Lunch.
Regular 20 Cent Dinner.
36 West Fort Street
Between City Hall and Post Office.

THE Griswold HOUSE

POSTAL & MORE FROM T.M.S.

A strictly first-class, modern, up-to-date hotel, located in heart of the city.

Rates, \$2.25 and \$3 per day.

200 GRAND AVENUE, A. CHESLEY, Prop.

STEVENS

The difference between hitting and missing is all in the aim. Get a Stevens. It is the only gun that is accurate and reliable. Get a Stevens. It is the only gun that is accurate and reliable. Get a Stevens. It is the only gun that is accurate and reliable.

RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS
Rifle Telescopes, Etc.

Also, you will find a complete line of the STEVENS' Improved Game Wad, which is the only one that is accurate and reliable. Get a Stevens. It is the only gun that is accurate and reliable. Get a Stevens. It is the only gun that is accurate and reliable.

Beautiful three-color Aluminum Hanger will be forwarded for 25 cents in stamps.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.,
P. O. Box 4955
CHICAGO FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

Fine Stationery

Engraved Invitations
Calling Cards
Monograms.

Work Guaranteed
Equal to Tiffany's
at about half the cost.

The Record Printery

Opera House Bldg.
Northville, Mich.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp itching and dandruff. Price 15c. Sold at all druggists.

The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

An Independent Newspaper Published every Friday morning by The Record Printery, at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the 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 notices will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of Thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 2-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 false advertising, nor unreliable patent medicine advertising, or anything bordering on the "objectionable," accepted at any price.

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., DEC. 28, '06.

Michigan's Valuation.

It is interesting to note that the United States census bureau has given to the property of the state of Michigan a valuation of over three billion dollars, not including the railroads, the valuation being made by government experts and based on information most of which was secured directly for federal purposes. It will be remembered that the state tax commission was criticised for placing an estimate of less than two billion dollars on the entire state, more than a billion less than the official valuation announced by the national government's estimates. According to the latter authorities the railroad properties of the state should be given a comparative valuation of one-eleventh of the valuation of the entire state; while the state tax commission have put upon the railroads a valuation of one-eighth of the state's entire value. There is certainly no reason on the part of the general tax payer to find fault with the valuation situation as determined by the state tax commission.

Car Shortage Problem.

Governor Warner's recent visit to Washington and his conference there with the secretary of the inter-state commerce commission, for the announced purpose of securing information touching the car shortage problem and as to freight rate questions, which he wishes to refer to in his forthcoming message to the legislature, may not directly result in all desirable changes being made at once but it is an effective notice to all concerned that Michigan is up to the minute in expectation and effort as far as desirable requirements in such directions are concerned. Our state's hardest problems in the line of such demands have been favorably disposed of but there is no inclination on the part of the people or the state administration to make past fortunate accomplishments an excuse for lack of vigilance and future activity in the same direction.

Small Per Cent Poor People in Michigan.

The statement made by Dr. Hal C. Wyman, of the board of corrections and charities, at the meeting of that organization in Kalamazoo last week, that "Michigan has less poor people than half a score of states much smaller and not as many dependent poor as any other state of its size in the union," will provide a pleasant holiday reflection for the people of the best state in the union. But the situation to which Dr. Wyman calls attention should be made the incentive of further activity in the directions which have encouraged and assisted such results rather than made use of as a pedestal from which to proclaim our good work and good fortune.

Movement Ever Forward.
Inexorable law sets the young against the old, the new generation against the older, forcing it in the teeth of its own protesting tenderness and at the cost of its own aching sympathies forever forward and onward into untried paths, not always to its own immediate good, but always toward the ultimate advantage of more defiant generations yet to come.

—Grace Ellery Channing.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

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.)

Mark and Frank Willis were home from Detroit Christmas.

Miss Iva Grinnell spent Christmas with her sister in Detroit.

F. V. Coates spent Christmas with relatives at Eaton Rapids.

Mrs. Charles Gardner was a Detroit visitor last Thursday.

Miss Susie Gorton spent Christmas with her sister at Sand Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rayson spent Christmas with Detroit friends.

Dr. Rickel and family spent Christmas with relatives at Ruyton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Parmenter of Detroit were in town Tuesday.

George Clark attended the Sessions reunion at Novi Christmas.

Mrs. Martha Spooner of Eloise visited friends in town Christmas.

David Wilcox of Walled Lake was the guest of friends in town Tuesday.

Miss Emma Alexander of Ann Arbor is visiting Mrs. Kate Yerkes.

Miss Etta Smith of Detroit is spending the week at J. M. Simmons.

J. F. Loop of Pittsburg visited Miss Inza Lee Sunday and Monday.

Miss Dena Brosow spent Christmas with her parents near Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward of Charlotte spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Capell.

Donald Baker is spending the latter part of the week with relatives in Orion.

The families of Bertrand Jesse Clark spent Christmas with relatives near Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Dimmock spent Christmas with her parents at New Haven.

A. K. Carpenter and wife are spending a few days with friends in Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Edward VanDyne of Bentley is visiting at the home of her son, J. N. VanDyne.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Vradenburg and daughter spent Christmas with Detroit relatives.

Miss Berlice Burgess of Kalamazoo is spending her holiday vacation with relatives here.

Miss Olive Dixon is spending the holidays with Miss Lovinia Kerr and other Detroit friends.

Carl Capell and wife of Ann Arbor ate Christmas turkey with the former's parents here.

John Power and son, Percy, of Farmington were callers at the Record office Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Laurence spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Karl Yeager, in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery Downer and daughter of Chicago spent Christmas with Northville friends.

Charlie and Margurite Sessions of Ann Arbor are spending the holidays with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Sessions.

George Neal of Orion and Miss McDonnell of Detroit were guests of Northville relatives Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. M. Johnson, who has been spending several weeks with friends in Detroit, returned home last Thursday evening.

Miss Genevieve Clark arrived home Saturday from Madison, Wis., where she is attending school, to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Alta Larkins spent one day last week at her new home near Brighton on the Grand River road.

Mr. and Mrs. Larkins will not move until spring.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lapham and little daughter, who spent the Christmas days at the parental home in this village, returned to their home in Detroit yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Siegler and daughter of Ann Arbor and Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Bromley of Detroit were entertained at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown Christmas.

H. R. Gladding, who has been on a trip to North Dakota since October, returned home Saturday to spend the holidays with his wife and children. Mr. Gladding is a travelling salesman and will return to his work after the first part of January.

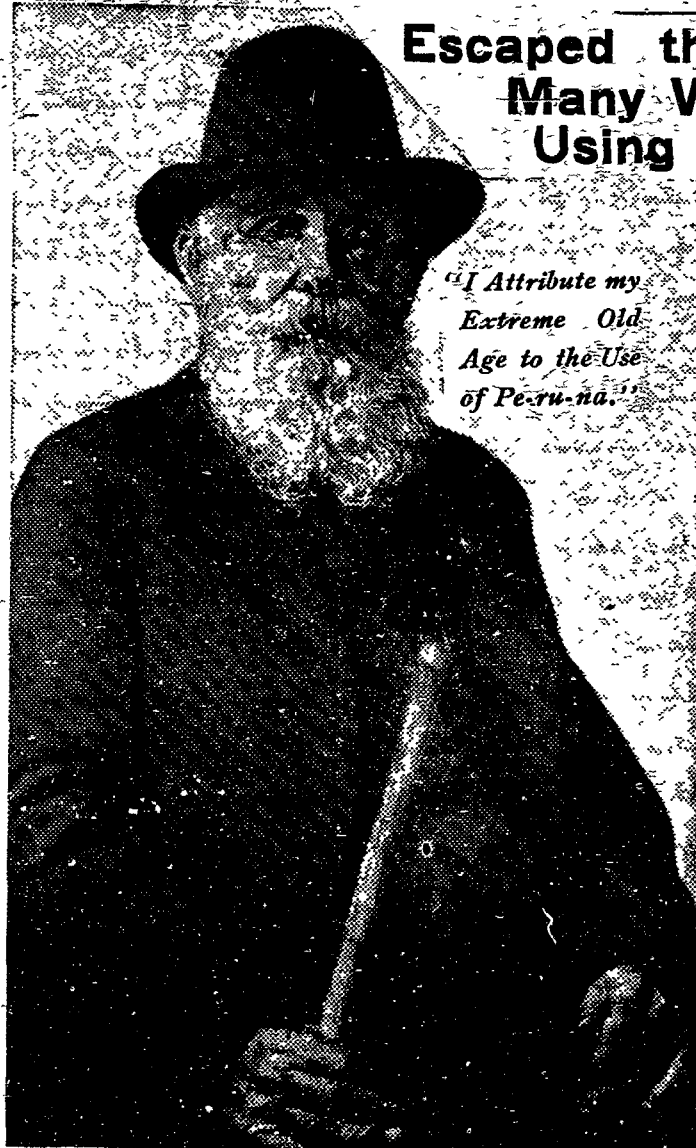
O. B. Moore and sister, Mrs. H. Johns, have gone to Lansing and Howard City to spend the holidays.

While at Lansing, O. B. will visit his brother, Chief Justice Moore of the Supreme court. O. B. doesn't get away from Northville real often but when he does he has a world of fun.

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.

THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters By Using Pe-ru-na.



"I Attribute my Extreme Old Age to the Use of Pe-ru-na."

Mr. Isaac Brock, 117 Years Old Last Birthday.

ISAAC BROCK, a citizen of McLennan county, Texas, has lived for 117 years. For many years he resided at Bosque Falls, eighteen miles west of Waco, but now lives with his son-in-law at Valley Mills, Texas.

Some time ago, by request, Uncle Isaac came to Waco and sat for his picture, holding in his hand a stick cut from the grave of General Andrew Jackson. Mr. Brock is a dignified old gentleman, showing few signs of decrepitude. His family Bible is still preserved, and it shows that the date of his birth was written 117 years ago.

Born before the United States were formed.
Saw 22 Presidents elected.
Pe-ru-na has protected him from all sudden changes.
Veteran of four wars.
Shed a horse when 99 years old.
Always conquered the grip with Pe-ru-na.
Witness in a land suit at the age of 110 years.
Believes Pe-ru-na the greatest remedy of the age for catarrhal troubles.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1907.

In speaking of his good health and extreme old age, Mr. Brock says: "After a man has lived in the world as long as I have, he ought to have found out a great many things by experience. I think I have done so."

"One of the things I have found out to my entire satisfaction is the proper thing for ailments that are due directly to the effects of the climate. For 117 years I have withstood the changeable climate of the United States."

"I have always been a very healthy man, but, of course, subject to the affections which are due to sudden changes in the climate and temperature. During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds and diarrhoea."

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only, reliable remedy for these affections. It has been my standby for many years, and I attribute my good health and extreme old age to this remedy."

"It exactly meets all my requirements. It protects me from the evil effects of sudden changes; it keeps me in good appetite; it gives me strength; it keeps my blood in good circulation. I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine."

"When epidemics of la grippe first began to make their appearance in this country I was a sufferer from this disease."

"I had several long sleazes with the grip. At first I did not know that Peruna was a remedy for this disease. When I heard that la grippe was epidemic catarrh, I tried Peruna, for la grippe and found it to be just the thing."

In a later letter, Mr. Brock writes: "I am well and feeling as well as I have for years. The only thing that bothers me is my sight. If I could see better I could walk all over the farm, and it would do me good. I would not be without Peruna."

Yours truly,

Isaac Brock.

When old age comes, it brings with it catarrhal diseases. Systemic catarrh is almost universal in old people. This explains why Peruna has become so indispensable to many old people.

F. R. Beal of Jackson is in town for the holidays.

Milo Marsh of Lansing was a guest of Mrs. Ida Lee Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Willis of Detroit were Northville visitors Tuesday.

Dr. Claude Burgess of Detroit was the guest of his parents Christmas.

Mrs. C. A. McCullough entertained her mother and aunt of Ann Arbor over Christmas.

Mrs. Chas. Thornton has been entertaining her mother and sister from Ypsilanti this week.

Mrs. Jake Miller of Orionville is visiting her son, Ernest Miller, and family during the holidays.

Mrs. Lillian Peck and daughter, Mrs. Stuart Coghill, of Detroit were Northville callers Saturday.

S. W. Carpenter and family of London, Canada, visited friends in Northville and vicinity this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Haddock, son and daughter spent Christmas with Mrs. Haddock's parents in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. McBride and Harry Clark of Durand spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Perkins.

H. Priest and family spent Xmas at the home of their sister in Pontiac where a reunion of the Buckenshaw family was held.

R. B. Watson, district manager of the Michigan Telephone company of Detroit, was in town yesterday inspecting the Northville plant.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barker and Miss Lilla Dolph of Detroit spent Tuesday with A. K. Dolph and Mrs. Murdock.

Mrs. Robert McCully and family of this place and Mrs. Rathbun of Toledo, O., were entertained Tuesday at the home of their brother, J. B. Cook.

Elba Crippen of Detroit spent Xmas with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Larkins. Miss Crippen has purchased the French millinery parlors at 66 Grand River avenue, one of the finest locations in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Crommer late of Boston, Mass., Mrs. Belle Miles and children of Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Easterby, Charles and John Smith, Miss Anna Lemersaul, Winifred Dudley and friend, Harrison and Tom Dudley all of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Myron Robbins of this place spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. Crommer.

Mabel Harrington was home from Detroit Tuesday.

Charlie Northrop of Detroit spent Xmas with his father.

Elmer Whipple of Plymouth was a Northville caller Wednesday.

N. Collins is spending the holidays with friends at Mt. Pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Stanley spent Christmas with friends in Troy.

Miss Edith Scott is home from Ypsilanti for the holiday vacation.

Mrs. Edwards of Chicago is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Orange Butler.

Rev. W. S. Jerome and family spent Xmas with Mayor Codd of Detroit.

Mrs. U. Grace of Clarenceville was a Northville visitor Tuesday evening.

Mrs. A. K. Dolph is spending the holidays in Lansing with her sister.

Mrs. A. P. Scott visited Detroit friends from Saturday until Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Knapp spent Christmas with relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. Maude Bennett of Detroit has been visiting her parents this week.

Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Stephens are spending the holiday week in Goderich, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bristol and daughter, Lora, visited Rochester relatives Christmas.

Frank Fry left Wednesday for Rochester, N. Y., to begin his new work with the Fearless Co.

G. B. Sinclair and wife attended the family reunion Tuesday at his brother's near New Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sutton entertained their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Detroit, Christmas.

Grant Garfield and sister, Lona, of Detroit spent Xmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Garfield.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Joslin entertained their son, John, of Detroit and Mrs. J. C. Northrop of this place Xmas.

James W. Lockwood of White Lake and H. L. Lockwood of Northville went to Pennsylvania to spend the holidays with a cousin.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harmon and Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Carpenter went to see "She Stoops to Conquer" Tuesday night at the Detroit Opera House.

Itching piles provoke profanity, but profanity won't cure them. Doan's Ointment cures itching, bleeding or protruding piles after years of suffering. At any drug store.

Miss Jennie Palmer spent Xmas in Detroit.

Mrs. Harvey White spent Xmas with her sister in Ovid.

R. R. McKahan and wife entertained Charles Shears, wife and daughter of New Hudson Xmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Volght spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pauline of Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Taylor of Ypsilanti spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sackett of Detroit.

Miss Jennie Dean and Mrs. Robinson and daughter of Detroit spent Xmas with Mrs. Lydia White and other Northville relatives.

S. J. Lawrence and wife received a Xmas gift from their two sons in Lansing in the shape of electric lighting for their house.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

Notices under this head inserted for 15c first issue and 10c per week for each subsequent issue.

FOR SALE—Portland cutter. Apply to Geo. H. Baker at Dr. R. R. electric freight depot, Northville. 137a

WANTED—Good reliable woman to clean office—3 days weekly. Apply at offices. Stinson Scale & Manufacturing Co. 21w1

WANTED—Gent with nice home and means wishes to correspond with lady with some means 25 to 40. Maid preferred. D. Butler, Lowell, Mich. 21w1p

FOR SALE—Smith Premier Typewriter, good condition. Cheap. Apply to Record office. 101f

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

FOR SALE—Home, and lot on Cady street, owned by F. J. Collins of Adon. Inquire of F. J. Gleason, cor. Dunlap and Center streets, Northville. Terms reasonable. 20w2

FARM FOR SALE—One of best farms in town, 1 1/2 miles south of Northville, 160 acres. Apply F. W. Perry, Northville, or E. E. Dole, 508 Pearl St., Ypsilanti. 51w8p 1f

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence 81 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. 18d

E. B. CAVELL, VETERINARY SURGEON. Graduate of Ontario College, is now at the Exchange Hotel. Calls attended night or day. Both Phones. 18d

After Xmas Sales.

Dress Goods Dept.

Wednesday, December 26th, began our Usual Clearing Sale in this department.

We have selected all odd pieces and broken lines of colors and marked them regardless of original cost.

One lot 36-inch all-wool Suitings, mixed Grey Suitings, Checks, etc. Regular value 50c. Now 35c.

One lot 54-inch Tweeds, 44-inch Fancy Camel's Hair, All-Wool Plaids, etc., formerly priced \$1 to \$1.75. Now 50c.

One lot Novelty Camel's Hair, Cheviots, Tweed Suitings, Skirting Plaids, etc., formerly priced \$1 to \$2.50. Now 75c.

Flannel Dept.

We have just received a shipment of our two Celebrated Specials in Embroidered Flannels at 50c and 65c.

These are without doubt the best values ever offered in this class of goods in Detroit, and in the present state of the market it is a question whether we can duplicate them to sell at these prices.

Handkerchief Dept.

Our sale of Soiled and Crushed Handkerchiefs commenced

Wednesday, December 26th.

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.

165 to 169 Woodward Ave.

DETROIT.

Do Not Forget This!

Our Special Sale Closes Dec. 31

We still have a great many very desirable articles and now is the time to buy if you wish to save money.

Make Someone a New Years' Gift

who got ahead of you on Xmas. You will find that our Bargain Counter contains many articles of exceptional value which we are closing out at Less than Half their Actual Cost.

Bring us your Repair Work; our Mr. Merritt still has charge of all bench work which will be taken care of promptly.

MERRITT & COMPANY

Jewelers—Booksellers.

NORTHVILLE.

AT THE Northville Greenhouses

you can
secure
every
thing
desirable
in the
line of

CUT FLOWERS and FLORAL DESIGNS.

J. M. DIXON,
Propr.

W. L. B. CLARK'S MILK ROUTE.

PURE AERATED MILK

Successor to E. SOMMERS.

VAUDEVILLE

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

TEMPLE THEATER AND WONDERLAND

TWO PERFORMANCES
DAILY

Afternoon 2:15—Evening 8:00

PRICES: BALCONY 12-25 CENTS



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 Composites. We especially pride ourselves upon our up-to-date dispensary department. Here you will 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 fatality, 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.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

James Savage is quite ill at this writing.

The Record wishes its readers a Happy New Year.

Mrs. W. H. Hutton is recovering from an attack of neuralgia.

Mrs. Wm. Phillips is recovering from a severe attack of tonsillitis.

George Stark, who has been ill for some time, is much improved and will soon be able to be out again.

The reunion of the Chapman families met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Welsh for Christmas dinner.

Monday morning was the coldest day that we have experienced this year so far, it being two degrees above zero.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Souvie, who was severely bitten by a dog last Saturday, is recovering very nicely.

Miss Kenner, living five miles east of town, underwent a serious operation last Thursday at her home. Dr. Henry, assisted by Dr. Maynard of Salem, performed the operation. She is doing nicely.

Mrs. Gardner is quite ill.

Mrs. Orange Butler is improving.

Mrs. R. C. Yerkes is suffering with tonsillitis.

Mrs. William Phillips is numbered among the sick.

Mrs. Malissa Dingman is recovering from a severe attack of liver trouble.

Mrs. Laird, sister of Mrs. William Caye, was operated on Wednesday morning by Dr. Henry, assisted by Dr. Turner.

The Bell Foundry company has purchased a new engine and boiler for their foundry and the big gas engine will soon be for sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson entertained a few friends at Christmas dinner Tuesday and in the evening a tree was the attraction.

Thomas E. Murdock and C. Blackburn entertained the Blackburn family, Dr. and Mrs. Murdock and Mrs. W. J. Booth Christmas.

Dr. T. B. Henry, assisted by Dr. T. H. Turner, performed an operation on Mrs. Dean Griswold last Sunday. She is doing very nicely.

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

The Duhnar family held their Christmas reunion at the home of Mrs. Frances Horton this year. There were thirty-two present and a very delightful time was the result.

Rattenbury & Starkweather will have an auction sale of thirty head of good, sound Michigan horses at Exchange hotel barn, Northville, Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 12:00 o'clock.

John M. Joslin, formerly of this place, but now with the Leland Carter Company of Detroit, has been advanced to shipping clerk having full charge of that department, with a corresponding increase in salary.

Mrs. Anna Crosby Hurd died at Lincoln, Nebraska, December 7. She formerly lived in Northville in the house now occupied by C. J. Ball, and Mr. Hurd ran a meat market where J. B. Hoar now has his office. She was 82 years of age.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons held a family reunion at their home on Christmas day. On account of sickness some who were invited could not be present. A Christmas tree, laden with gifts, was one of the principal attractions. The day was a very enjoyable one.

The King's Daughters will hold special memorial services in memory of the late Mrs. Bottome, National President of the order, in the Presbyterian church at 3:30 Sunday afternoon. Remarks will be made by the various Northville pastors.

Miss Marie Armon, formerly of this place, was operated upon at her home in Detroit last week. Dr. Henry of this place assisted by Dr. Henry of Detroit performed the operation. Her many friends here will be glad to know that she is rapidly recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Lincoln celebrated their crystal wedding Tuesday by inviting in a few of their neighbors and friends to spend the evening. After games had been indulged in for a time, refreshments were served. The company left at a late hour wishing their host and hostess many returns of the day.

John Kimmel, who has been seriously ill in the north-woods county, where he went hunting with his brother Jake and other Northville people in November, was able to be brought here Christmas day and is now at the home of his brother, Jake, who had remained with him through all his illness.

George Alexander, tonsorial artist of this place, is a very funny sight to his friends nowadays. He is suffering with paralysis in one side of his face and when he laughs one side presents "that smile that won't come off" while the other side remains perfectly calm and composed. He says there is no great loss but what there is some small gain as his best customers will get the sunny side while those who want "tick" will get the other.

Early last spring six little girls called on Mrs. Frank Harmon one day and asked her if she would teach them to sew. She told them she would do so and that they might come Saturday afternoons. In a short time one little girl moved away and another dropped out but the remaining four have been faithful and worked like little beavers to get numerous gifts made for Christmas. The ones who have been so persevering to learn are Hazel Perkins, Thelma Ambler, Georgia Galbraith and Mary Daly and they were so well pleased with Mrs. Harmon as a teacher that on Friday they presented her with a beautiful hand painted china card tray. Mrs. Harmon appreciates this gift as much if not more than any she has received this year.

Many times a few cents spent for a Record Want Ad will bring as many dollars in return.

Fred West is on the sick list.

George Bassett is numbered among the sick.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tiffin Miller is quite ill.

Mrs. Floyd Shafer is very sick with neuralgia.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Clark is quite sick.

Mrs. T. A. Garfield is suffering again with an attack of rheumatism.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Oldenburg is recovering from his illness.

Ray Gurr has accepted a position as clerk in the Economy Shoe house in Detroit.

Subscribers will please bear in mind that calendars can not be given out to children.

Rob Thomas and Thos. McConnell have opened a barber shop and pool table over Whipple's store.

S. J. Lawrence was able to go to Detroit Wednesday to attend to his business as county agent for the first time in several weeks.

The members of the H. S. H. A. are going to give their Xmas tree next Monday evening, December 31, at seven o'clock. All the members who can do so are requested to be present.

HIGH SCORE BOWLERS

The Three Night League's Record to Date.

The leaders lost some of their percentage. High scores were made as follows: C. Mahern 214, D. Lanning 214, John Scherer 213, L. D. Kimmel 202.

Standing of Teams:

Team	No 1	Won	12	Lost	3	800
" "	" "	4	" "	10	" "	567
" "	" "	6	" "	7	" "	558
" "	" "	7	" "	5	" "	555
" "	" "	2	" "	8	" "	555
" "	" "	8	" "	5	" "	417
" "	" "	5	" "	2	" "	222
" "	" "	3	" "	3	" "	133

"See That Curve!"

Card of Thanks.

We extend our sincere thanks to all who assisted us during our late bereavement, also those who sent flowers.

MRS. CHARLES ELLIOTT
MRS. JOSEPHINE CARR
MRS. EMMA WESLEY
AND GRANDCHILDREN.

Much Sustenance in Nuts.

A sample of the nuts upon which the warriors of Somaliland march and fight so well has been brought to England. Twenty of the nuts are a day's rations for the Somali, who eats them boiled.

Where the Acorns Are.

A new instructor in natural history has made his advent in Central park, New York. Going up to a group of children, a man said: "You are wasting your time here. You will find acorns only under the oak, hickory and chestnut trees."

Birds Love Toys.

Most birds love toys. The play things help to while away the time and prevent them from tearing their plumage. Parrots are especially devoted to playthings and can be trained to do simple tricks with the objects specially fancied. A soft-billed bird will amuse itself for an hour with a peanut which it cannot break, a tiny bell or a mirror just big enough to reflect its own head.—St. Nicholas Magazine

Alien, 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 10c per lb. in stove. Phone residence, 342.

G. P. ALLEN.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.

Wheat, old—73c Wheat, new—73c.
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—\$1.25 per lb.
Veal calves live—\$6.00
Eggs—27c Butter—24c.
Poultry live:
Turkeys, young and plump—15c
Geese, young and plump—10c.
Ducks, young and plump—9c.
Hens—3c
Broilers—18c

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 Regulets will prevent constipation. They induce a mild, easy, healthful action of the bowels without griping. Ask your druggist for Doan's Regulets.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion.

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.



KETCHUP!

Snyder's Home-Made.

Made from Fresh Ripe Tomatoes.

Large Bottles 18 Cts

25c is the Retail price everywhere.

Fine Line Heinz Baked Beans.

J. S. Haddock

CENTER STREET.

NORTHVILLE.

Attractive JOB PRINTING



DON'T be foolish and think that "all Job Printing looks alike" to your friends or your customers. By no means. There's just as much difference in the quality and style of Printing as there is in clothes, hats or shoes. The price is no different. Our Printing costs no more than the other fellow's, but there's a little touch of style, neatness and attractiveness you don't get elsewhere.

Samples and Prices on Application
If You Can't Call in Person.

THE RECORD PRINTERY

Both Phones.....NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

The Beans of Commerce.
"There are lots of people these days," remarked the cigar store philosopher, "who wouldn't know beans if they saw 'em before the coal tar was added."

At the Top.
The trouble with many a man is that when he reaches the top he wants to cut the fastenings of the ladder at that end.

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.

A Daily Thought.
It is only living that teaches us the right of our friends to help us. Mutual obligation is like rotation of crops, and saves friendship from sterility.—Oscar Thamel.

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.



THE DELUGE

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

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

I had been at his house once before; I knew he occupied the left side—the whole of the second floor, so shut off that it not only had a separate entrance, but also could not be reached by those in the right side of the house without descending to the entrance hall and ascending the left stairway.

"Just take my card to his private secretary, to Mr. Rathburn," said I. "Mr. Langdon has doubtless left a message for me."

The butler hesitated, yielded, showed me into the reception room off the entrance hall. I waited a few seconds, then, adventured the stairway to the left, up which he had disappeared. I entered the small saloon in which Langdon had received me on my other visit. From the direction of an open door, I heard his voice—he was saying: "I am not at home. There's no message."

And still I did not realize that it was I he was avoiding!

"It's no use now, Langdon," I called cheerfully. "Beg pardon for seeming to intrude. I misunderstood—or didn't hear where the servant said I was to wait. However, no harm done. So long! I'm off." But I made no move toward the door by which I had entered; instead, I advanced a few feet nearer the door from which his voice had come.

After a brief—a very brief—pause, there came in Langdon's voice—laughing, not a trace of annoyance. "I might have known! Come in, Matt!"

IX

LANGDON AT HOME.

I entered, with an amused glance at the butler, who was giving over his heavy countenance to a delightful exhibition of disgust and discomfort. It was Langdon's sitting room. He had had the carved antique oak interior of a room in an old French palace torn out and transported to New York and set up for him. I had made a study of that sort of thing, and at dawn I had done something toward realizing my own ideas of the splendid. But a glance showed me that I was far surpassed. What I had done seemed in comparison like the composition of a school boy beside an essay by Goldsmith or Hazlitt.

And in the midst of this quiet splendor sat, or rather lounged, Langdon, reading the newspapers. He was dressed in a dark blue velvet house suit with facings and cords of blue silk a shade or so lighter than the suit. I had always thought him handsome; he looked now like a god. He was smoking a cigarette in an oriental holder nearly a foot long, but the air of the room, so perfect was the ventilation, instead of being scented with tobacco, had the odor of some fresh, clean, slightly saline perfume.

I think what was in my mind must have shown in my face, must have subtly flattered him, for, when I looked at him, he was giving me a look of genuine friendly kindness. "This is—perfect, Langdon," said I. And I think I'm a judge."

"Glad you like it," said he, trying to dissemble his satisfaction in so strongly impressing me.

"You must take me through your house sometime," I went on. "I'm going to build soon. No—don't be afraid I'll imitate. I'm too vain for that. But I want suggestions. I'm not ashamed to go to school to a master—to anybody, for that matter."

"Why do you build?" said he. "A town house is a nuisance. If I could induce my wife to take the children to the country to live, I'd dispense of this."

"That's it—the wife," said I. "But you have no wife. At least—"

"No," I replied with a laugh. "Not yet. But I'm going to have."

Suddenly my mind reverted to my business. "How do you account for the steadiness of textile, Langdon?" I asked, returning to the carved sitting-room and trying to put those surroundings out of my mind.

"I don't account for it," was his languid, uninterested reply. "Any of your people under the market?"

"It isn't to my interest to have it supported, is it?" he replied. "I know that," I admitted. "But why doesn't it drop?"

"Those letters of yours may have overeducated the public in confidence," suggested he. "Your followers have the habit of believing unphilly whatever you say."

"Yes, but I haven't written a line about textile for nearly a month now," I pretended to object, my vanity fairly purring with pleasure.

"That's the only reason I can give," said he.

"You are sure none of your people is supporting the stock?" I asked, as a form and not for information, for I thought I knew they weren't—I trusted him to have seen to that.

"I'd like to get my holdings back," said he. "I can't buy until it's down. And I know none of my people would dare support it."

"Well, then, the price must break," said I. "It won't be many days before the public begins to realize that there isn't anybody under textile."

"No sharp break!" he said carelessly. "No panic!"

"I'll see to that," replied I, with not a shadow of a notion of the subtlety behind his warning.

I hope it will break soon," he then said, adding in his friendliest voice with what I now know was malignant treachery: "You owe it to me to bring it down." That meant that he wished me to increase my already far too heavy and dangerous line of shorts.

Just then a voice—a woman's voice—came from the salon. "May I come in? Do I interrupt?" it said, and its tone struck me as having in it something of plaintive appeal.

"Excuse me a minute Blacklock," said he, rising with what was for him haste.

But he was too late. The woman entered, searching the room with a piercing, suspicious gaze. At once I saw, behind that look, a jealousy that pounced on every subject that came



"AND IN THE MIDST OF THIS QUIET SPLENDOR SAT, OR RATHER, LOUNGED, LANGDON."

into its view, and studied it with a hope that feared and a fear that hoped. When her eyes had toured the room, they paused upon him, seemed to be saying: "You've baffled me again, but I'm not discouraged. I shall catch you yet."

"Well, my dear?" said Langdon, whom she seemed faintly to amuse. "It's only Mr. Blacklock. Mr. Blacklock, my wife."

I bowed; she looked coldly at me, and her slight nod was more than a hint that she wished to be left alone with her husband.

I said to him: "Well, I'll be off. Thank you for—"

"One moment," he interrupted. Then to his wife: "Anything special?"

She flushed. "No—nothing special. I just came to see you. But if I am disturbing you—as usual—"

"Not at all," said he. "When Blacklock and I have finished, I'll come to you. It won't be longer than an hour—or so."

When we were seated again, Langdon, after a few reflective puffs at his cigarette, said: "So you're about to marry?"

"I hope so," said I. "But as I haven't asked her yet, I can't be sure." For obvious reasons I wasn't so enamored of the idea of matrimony as I had been a few moments before.

"I trust you're making a sensible marriage," said he. "If the part that may be glamour should by chance rub clean away, there ought to be something to make one feel he wasn't wholly an ass."

"Very sensible," I replied with emphasis. "I want the woman. I need her."

He inspected the coal of his cigarette, lifting his eyebrows at it. Presently he said: "And she?"

"I don't know how she feels about it—as I told you," I replied curtly. In spite of myself, my eyes shifted and my skin began to burn. "By the way, Langdon, what's the name of your architect?"

"Wilder and Marcy," said he. "They're fairly satisfactory, as they tell 'em exactly what you want and watch 'em all the time. They're perfectly conventional and so can't distinguish between originality that's artistic and originality that's only bizarre. They're like most people—they keep to the beaten track and fight tooth and nail against those who do go out of it."

"I'll have a talk with Marcy this very day," said I.

"Oh, you're in a hurry!" He laughed. "And you haven't asked her. You remind me of that Greek philosopher who was in love with Lais. They asked him: 'But does she love you?' And he said: 'One does not inquire of the fish one likes whether it likes one.'"

I flushed. "You'll pardon me, Langdon," said I, "but I don't like that. It isn't my attitude at all toward—the right sort of women."

He looked half-quizzical, half-apologetic. "Ah, to be sure," said he. "I forgot you weren't a married man."

And so I left him, with a look in his eyes that came back to me long afterward when I realized the full meaning of that apparently almost commonplace interview.

The same day I began to plunge on textile, watching the market closely, that I might go more slowly should there be signs of a dangerous break—for no more than Langdon did I want a sudden panicky slump. The price held steady, however, but I, fool that

my tone of "despatch your business, sir, and be gone," for I was both busy and much irritated against him. "I guess you want to see our cashier," said I, after giving him a hasty, absent-minded hand-shake. "My boy out there will take you to him."

The old do-nothing's face lost its confident, condescending expression. His lip quivered, and I think there were tears in his bad, dim, gray-green eyes. I suppose he thought his profoundly pathetic case; no doubt he hadn't the remotest conception what he really was—and no doubt, also, there are many who would honestly take his view. As if the fact that he was born with all possible advantages did not make him and his plight inexcusable.

"No, my dear Blacklock," said he, cringing now as easily as he had condescended—how to cringe and bow to condescend are, taught at the same school, the one he had gone to all his life. "It is you I want to talk with. And, first, I owe you my apologies—I know you'll make allowances for one who was never trained to business methods. I've always been like a child in those matters."

"You frighten me," said I. "The last gentleman who came throwing me off my guard with that plea was shrewd enough to get away with a very large sum of my hard-earned money. Besides," and I was laughing, though not too good-naturedly—"I've noticed that your gentlemen become vague about business only when the balance is against you. When it's in your favor, you manage to get your minds on business long enough to collect to the last fraction of a cent."

He heartily echoed my laugh. "I only wish I were clever," said he. "However, I've come to ask your indulgence. I've been here, before, but those who owe me have been putting me off. And they're of the sort of people whom it's impossible to press."

"I'd like to accommodate you further," said I, shedding that last little hint as a cliff sheds rain, "but your account has been in an unsatisfactory state for nearly a month now."

"I'm sure you'll give me a few days longer," was his easy reply, as if we were discussing a trifle. "By the way, you haven't been to see us yet. Only this morning my wife was wondering when you'd come. You quite captivated her, Blacklock. Can't you dine with us to-morrow night—no, Sunday—at eight? We're having in a few people I think you'd like to meet."

"Glad to come," said I, wishing to be rid of him, now that my point was gained. "We'll let the account stand open for the present—I rather think your stocks are going up. Give my regards to—the ladies, please, especially to Miss Anita."

He winced, but thanked me graciously; gave me his soft, fine hand to shake and departed, as eager to be off as I to be rid of him. "Sunday next—at eight," were his last words. "Don't fail us"—that in the tone of a king addressing some obscure person whom he had commanded to court. It may be that old Elmsley was wholly unconscious of his superciliousness, fancied he was treating me as if I were almost an equal; but I suspect he rather accentuated his natural manner, with the idea of impressing upon me that in our deal he was giving at least as much as I.

My petty and inevitable success with that helpless creature added amazingly, ludicrously, to that dangerous elation which, as I can now see, had been growing in me ever since the day Roebuck yielded so readily to my demands as to National coal. The whole trouble with me was that up to that time I had won all my victories by the plainest kind of straight-away hard work. I was imagining myself victor in contests of wit against wit, when, in fact, no one with any especial equipment of brains had ever opposed me; all the really strong men had been helping me because they found me useful. But for my self-hypnotism in the case of Roebuck, I find no excuse whatever for myself.

He sent for me and told me what share in National coal they had decided to give me for my Manasquale mines—"Langdon and Melville," said he, "think me too liberal; far too liberal, my boy. But I insist—in your case I felt we could afford to be generous as well as just." All this with an air that was a combination of the pastor and the parent.

I can't even offer the excuse of not having seen that he was a hypocrite. I felt his hypocrisy at once, and my first impulse was to jump for my breastworks. But instantly my vanity got behind me, held me in the open, pushed me on toward him. If you will notice, almost all "confidence" games rely for success chiefly upon enlisting a man's vanity to play the traitor to his judgment. So, instead of reading his liberality as plain proof of intended treachery, I read it as plain proof of my own greatness, and of the fear it had inspired in old Roebuck. Laugh with me if you like, but before you laugh at me, think carefully—those of you who have ever put yourselves to the test on the field of action—think carefully whether you have never found that your head decoration which you thought a crown was in reality the peaked and belled cap of the fool.

(To be Continued.)

Wisdom.

"That man is so wise he can talk by the hour."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But he isn't wise enough to keep still five minutes."—Washington Star.

A Nice Place.

First Girl (in an intelligence office).—D'ye think that laddy will be aisy to git along wid?

Second Girl.—Yis, she's a reglar fool.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Toast For The New Year

Henry M. Hyde

TO THE True Pioneers of Progress—to the men with chain and sextant, drill and shield, hoist and riveter—burrowing through mountains, spinning, spiderlike, across dizzy chasms—making the world smaller and Man larger—
A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Gentleman Adventurers—to the men who tempt the vengeance of the upper air, dare the sunless dangers of deep seas, track to their secret lairs the wild beasts of disease and pestilence—risking their own lives that the life of Man may be made safe—
A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Poets and dreamers of the Present—to the men who harness the tides, bridle the west wind, put a yoke about the neck of the glaciers, drive the sun and moon tandem—making the forces of nature toil that Man may enjoy—
A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Masters of the Future—to the men who know, to the men in earnest—rejoicing in their knowledge and their strength, looking with clear eyes, unafraid, into the face of fate—crowned with the high happiness of work well done—
A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

—Technical World.

New Year Gleanings.

Interesting Bits Appropriate to the Day Gathered from Everywhere.

New Year's Is a Candy Day in France.

Boxes of Sweets Are Favorite Gifts with All Classes in Paris.

Once issued to be very popular to give New Year's presents, but now so much more attention is paid to Christmas, and every one receives so many lovely things then, that our American boys and girls cannot complain if they do not get presents a week later, as did their mothers and fathers.

However, if they lived in France, New Year's day would be a great occasion, especially for girls, for there every man or boy gives some gift, no matter how small, to his friends. No one paying a call would think of going empty-handed, and little French girls at school on the 2d of January count up how many presents they received, just as our girls do after Valentine's day.

A favorite gift is candy. Sometimes this candy is made into temples, churches or playhouses; or all sorts of queer forms like bundles of carpets, boots and shoes, musical instruments, gridirons, saucepans, lobsters, crabs, books and hats are made of colored sugar, hollowed out and filled inside with chocolates, mints and other bonbons that can be eaten.

Don't you think the little French children must feel pretty sick the next day, after so much sweet stuff? For, of course, they would have to sample each kind; that is, if they are like American boys and girls in their fondness for candy.

The Origin of New Year's Calls.

Like Many Others of Our Customs, They Were Imported from China.

The custom of making New Year's calls, which had a long run in America, and is still extant, came originally from China, where such calls are one of the main features of the brilliant and lengthy New Year's celebration.

Every Chinaman pays a visit to each of his superiors, and receives one from each of his inferiors. Images of gods are carried in procession to the beating of a deafening gong, and mandarins go by hundreds to the emperor and that apparently much-maligned sovereign, the empress dowager, with congratulatory addresses. Their robes are gorgeously embroidered, and are heavy with gold. The younger people call upon the elder.

Children call upon their parents. Pupils pay their respects to their teachers. A light collation is offered every visitor, but it is to be noted, no wine is served. Tea takes the place of any stronger drink. In China gentlemen never call upon the ladies, but upon each other, and the women also make social visits among themselves. Nor is one obliged, happily, to make all his calls in one day, for all calls made before the 15th of the month are considered correct. These calling customs have obtained in China from earliest ages.

No Chances Needed in the Brown Family.

Proposed Resolutions Brought Emphatic Objections from Both Sides of House.

"This is the new year," said Mrs. Brown, as she and Brown sat down to dinner, "and perhaps we ought to make some little changes for 1907."

"I am willing," he replied. "Yes, I have been thinking that I would make a few changes."

"That is nice of you. You know that you swear and that I don't like it at all. It will be so sweet and kind and considerate to give it up for my sake."

"Give up swearing! Not on your life!"

"What, then, did you mean by change?"

"Why, I have been allowing you five dollars per week as pin money, and I know that you simply fool most of it away. One of the changes contemplated was to cut the sum in half."

"Samuel Brown!" exclaimed the wife, as she knocked on her plate with her fork to emphasize her words. "Don't make any mistake on your wife, May. You will continue to swear as hard as you wish, and as often as you wish, add my five dollars pin money comes to me every Saturday night, or there won't be any glass left in the front windows to last over Sunday!"

A June New Year's on the Nile Banks.

The Ancient Egyptians Started the Year with the Raise of the River.

In all ages and all lands much importance has been attached to New Year's day. In Egypt the new year fell between the 17th and the 20th of June, and was called the "night of the drop." The sacred Nile was thought to flow down from heaven, and at its lowest ebb—about the middle of June—a tear from Isis fell into the stream and caused it to rise.

Consequently at this season the priests and people kept a sleepless vigil at the river's shore, watching for the miraculous rise which should bring such riches to the whole land. When the "night of the drop" came, the priests cleared the altars of old ashes and lighted the sacred fires for the new year.

Every one of the faithful carried a coal from the altar to light the fire at his own hearth, and from end to end the land was ablaze with light. The people put off their old garments and arrayed themselves in white, anointing their heads with sacred oil, crowning themselves with flowers and bearing palms in their hands, while chants and songs and fasting and processions filled the homes.

Passing Humor of the New Year.

Would You Blame Him?

Mina—Did your husband, at New Year's, swear off?
Lena—Yes, off and on—whenever a bill came in.—Town Topics.



Appropriate.
Coal Dealer—We will start 1907 with a clean slate.
Consumer—I think you might leave a little coal in it.—Town Topics.

\$1000 for 1c



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 \$16 to \$70 a month. Electricians, machinists, blacksmiths, cooper Smiths, yeomen (clerks), carpenters, ship fitters, freemen, musicians, cooks, etc., between 21 and 30 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

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, indigestion and too hearty eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Jaundice, Brownness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, 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.

MUST GUARD THE TRADEMARK.

Cubans Register Them and Demand Royalties from Owners.

Americans who seek to do business in Cuba are confronted with a peculiar variety of speculation—appropriation of trademarks. The department of commerce and labor issues a warning to all manufacturers who have any thought of exporting goods to Cuba. If they do not immediately register their trademarks, others will.

Speculators are using the trademarks of popular American goods, and the manufacturer of the genuine article when he enters the Cuban market finds himself compelled to buy out the speculator if he wishes to market his wares under the proper name. When the speculator registers a trademark he has a hold on the American manufacturer, and he may demand and collect any price.

In some instances speculators holding the Cuban rights to trademarks of American manufacturers have compelled the manufacturer to pay them a royalty.

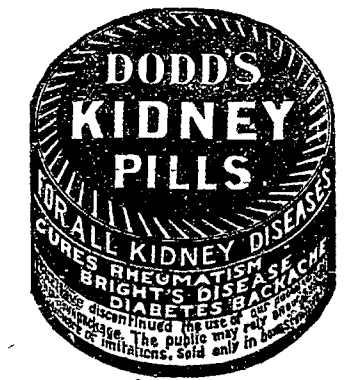
It is therefore essential that Americans protect themselves by paying the \$1250 required for registration and thus prevent the confiscation of their trademarks.

The American Adder.

A full-grown adder may measure two feet in length and about six inches around the thickest part of its body. Its movements are sluggish, and of course the universal idea prevailing among the natives of this country that it is capable of transferring its head from one extremity to the other once every six months is due simply to superstition. The fact is that the tail of this snake does not terminate in a point as with ophidians generally, but is stumpy and resembles the head so much that it is difficult for an observer situated at a distance of a few yards to distinguish the one from the other, hence the story of its being two-headed, the fallacy of which no intelligent observer could fail to detect.—The Pioneer.

Luxury for Young Aristocrat.

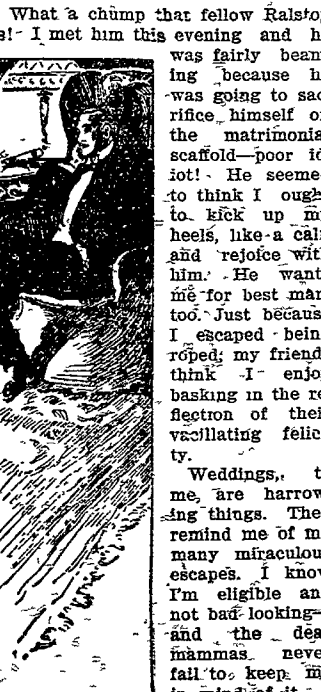
The duke of Bedford has presented Lord Tavistock, his eldest son, with a silver-mounted motor car for his use while at Oxford university.



READERS

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

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR



"I've Escaped."

alone. Of course, in good time—live shall glide upon the scene, but until then—

When I stop to think how near that blonde widow came to nailing me last summer I can feel my hair stand on end—it matters not which end. Even now I cross my fingers when I meet her.

I like to sit here in my apartment and speculate on the follies of matrimony. No one to say, "You can't smoke in here," or "Don't drop your ashes on the floor."

It's awfully still here. I almost wish some one would drop in for a smoke or that I had gone to read poetry to Violet. She's certainly the right sort of girl and appreciates a fellow.

I met Judd and his wife to-day, running for their suburban train. Their arms were full of bundles and he was helping her along. When a woman tries to run she either goes sideways or perpendicular—never steps out to cover the ground. Judd looked ridiculous and his wife, with her hat over one ear, was shedding hairpins by the dozen. I'll never marry a woman who so far loses her dignity and her hairpins as to run for a train like that!

Great thought! I won't marry one who doesn't, either. After this sweeping assertion I feel almost safe.

I had rather an exciting time last evening. As I was hurrying for the 5.25 train I overtook Davis' wife. She looked stunning in a new brown suit. I took her by the arm and rushed down to the train. Then she discovered that she had left her umbrella at the ticket office. I went back after it.

As I returned I grabbed her and ran to the rear coach and, in spite of the conductor's warning cry, I fairly threw her aboard.

When we were seated I glanced down into the amused face of Violet Townsend. "Do you mind explaining to me why I am kidnapped and rushed in this undignified manner on to an express train when I am calmly waiting for a local?" she asked, demurely, but there was a twinkle in her eyes.

Her eyes are wonders and her hair, which had become loosened by our frantic run curled coquettishly about her face. She wore a brown suit like the one Mrs. Davis had on; which, accounted for my blunder.

"By Jove!" said I, "I'd like to run away with you for good."

"You don't mean that," she said, as she fixed those big blue eyes on me. Violet is certainly irrefragable when she looks at you.

"I'll prove it tonight—if I may call," I answered, recklessly. But just then I had to go over to Mrs. Davis who was beckoning me from the other end of the car.

On my way to Violet I felt like shouting, but as I went up the steps I felt like a soldier going to battle and you could have covered my courage with a picture postal card. It was a most peculiar sensation.

Really, if Tom Perkins hadn't been there I might have—

He kept saying the very things I would have liked to say if I had thought of them in time. Violet flirted with him outrageously, so I made a short call.

I consider that fellow Perkins a cad.—Chicago Daily News.

SHOCK FOR THE HUSBAND.

Wifely Anxiety Had Considerable Motive.

Anthony Comstock was talking in New York about certain information that had been lodged with him.

"It is perhaps helpful information," he said, "but I confess that I mistrust its motive."

"It suggests to me an incident that occurred last month in Matawan."

"A young woman of Matawan said to her husband one night:

"My dear, there is a gentleman in the parlor. He wants to speak to you."

"Who is it, do you know?" the husband asked.

"Dear," said his wife, "you must forgive me—but that cough has bothered you so much of late—and though winter is coming on it still clings to you—and oh, if you knew how worried I've been about you! And she threw her arms around his neck. 'What would I do if I were to lose you?' she moaned."

"Come, come," said the young man patting her shoulder tenderly; "men don't die of a slight cold. So you're called in the doctor, eh? Well, I'll see him gladly, if it will make you feel easier. Which one is it? Squills?"

"It isn't the doctor," was the answer. "It's the life insurance agent."

DISFIGURING SKIN HUMOR.

Impossible to Get Employment, as Face and Body Were Covered with Sores—Cured by Cuticura.

"Since the year 1894 I have been troubled with a very bad case of eczema, which I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to cure, and I went to the hospital, but they failed to cure me, and it was getting worse all the time. Five weeks ago my wife bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and I am pleased to say that I am now completely cured and well. It was impossible for me to get employment, as my face, head and body were covered with it. The eczema first appeared on the top of my head, and it had worked all the way around down the back of my neck and around to my throat, down my body and around the hips. It itched so I would be obliged to scratch it, and the flesh was raw. I am now all well, and I will be pleased to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all persons who wish a speedy and permanent cure of skin diseases." Thomas M. Rossiter, 290 Prospect Street, East Orange, N. J., Mar. 30, 1905.

Claim Nearly Cost Life.

Fred McNulty, of this city, had a terrible experience while holding down a claim which he has several miles east of here. He went to the claim just before the big blizzard of last week. The weather previously had been mild, and McNulty had no store of fuel in the shack. The storm was so fierce that he could not make his way home, so he went to bed in order to keep from freezing to death. For three days the storm raged, and McNulty lay covered up to his ears, without a bite to eat and only a small quantity of water. When at last the storm subsided he made his way to a neighbor's, a mile distant, freezing his face and ears while en route. When he finally reached Minot he was comatose, and he lay in his bed as a result of his experience.—Minot Correspondence Duluth Herald.

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 day can be spent out doors. 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.

Come to Congressman's Idea.

Some years ago Lemuel Ely Quigg, then a congressman, expressed the opinion that the police commissioner of New York city should be "an intelligent despot." The idea was ridiculed then, but Mr. Quigg derives some satisfaction from the knowledge that the grand jury of New York county has made a recommendation approaching somewhat closely to his view. The commissioner, says the jury, should hold office for at least ten years and should be removable only upon proof of charges which he has had opportunity to meet.

Why German Ship Was Favored.

Sir West Ridgeway, until lately governor of Ceylon, returned to England from that country in a German steamship. The question was raised in the house of commons why he had not traveled on a British vessel. The colonial secretary explained that Sir West was allowed to take his pet dog with him on the German ship, a privilege the English ships had denied him.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Drug stores refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. BROWN'S signature is on each box. 25c.

What a different world this would be if we were all as smart as we think we are.

Of two grafts a politician is apt to grab both.

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. J. C. Watson*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Generosity, when once set going, knows not how to stop; as the more familiar we are with the lovely form, the more enamored we become of her charms.—Flinn the Younger.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDRON, KIRK & BARNES, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Real Home of the Peanut.

Botanists have placed the home of the peanut in Africa, but some authorities think it native to Brazil. Louisiana finds the Spanish variety—a small, but fine nut—best adapted to the climate of that state. The "goober grabbers" of Georgia and South Carolina like the small white and red peanut of Tennessee, and each year shows an increasing cultivation in these states of that variety.

A Great Outside Remedy.

Most pains are of local origin—a "crick" in the back, a twinge of rheumatism, a soreness all over arising from a cold—are all cured by outside applications. The quickest, safest and most certain method is Allcock's Plaster, known the world over as a universal remedy for pain. They never fail, they act promptly, they are clean and cheap. You can go right ahead with your work while the healing process goes on. Sixty years' use has given them a great reputation.

The letter carrier expects everybody on his route to take things as they come.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Men who pose as judges of human nature get a good many hard bumps.

Dyeing is as easy as washing when PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are used. Ask your druggist.

A woman has but little use for a man who thinks he is the whole thing.

Garfield Tea, the Herb laxative, is mild and potent; take it for constipation and to regulate a sluggish liver.

The skeleton of a megatherium has been dug up by excavators in the Avenue Bosquet, Paris.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Teachers' Books Barred.

The New York city board of education has decided to prohibit the use of all text books prepared by teachers in the city's employ. This will bar Comrade's Grammar and Borachio's Song Collection. Only one member of the board voted against this action.

NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER.

THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.

CAPISICUM VASELINE

EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER-PLANT

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c.—IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS. DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY. A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-alleviating and curative qualities of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Soreness. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used no family will be without it. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Accept no preparation of Vaseline unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND WE WILL MAIL OUR VASELINE PAMPHLET WHICH WILL INTEREST YOU.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

17 STATE STREET, NEW YORK CITY



What Joy They Bring To Every Home

as with joyous hearts and smiling faces they romp and play—when in health—and how conducive to health the games in which they indulge, the outdoor life they enjoy, the cleanly, regular habits they should be taught to form and the wholesome diet of which they should partake. How tenderly their health should be preserved, not by constant medication, but by careful avoidance of every medicine of an injurious or objectionable nature, and if at any time a remedial agent is required, to assist nature, only those of known excellence should be used; remedies which are pure and wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, like the pleasant laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Syrup of Figs has come into general favor in many millions of well informed families, whose estimate of its quality and excellence is based upon personal knowledge and use.

Syrup of Figs has also met with the approval of physicians generally, because they know it is wholesome, simple and gentle in its action. We inform all reputable physicians as to the medicinal principles of Syrup of Figs, obtained, by an original method, from certain plants known to them to act most beneficially and presented in an agreeable syrup in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to promote the pleasant taste; therefore it is not a secret remedy and hence we are free to refer to all well informed physicians, who do not approve of patent medicines and never favor indiscriminate self-medication.

Please to remember and teach your children also that the genuine Syrup of Figs always has the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package and that it is for sale in bottles of one size only. If any dealer offers any other than the regular Fifty cent size, or having printed thereon the name of any other company, do not accept it. If you fail to get the genuine you will not get its beneficial effects. Every family should always have a bottle on hand, as it is equally beneficial for the parents and the children, whenever a laxative remedy is required.



Don't Suffer
all night long from toothache
neuralgia or rheumatism

Sloan's Liniment

kills the pain - quiets the nerves and induces sleep

At all dealers. Price 25c 50c & \$1.00

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass. U.S.A.

FARMS THAT GROW "NO. 1 HARD" WHEAT



the present year a large portion of

New Wheat Growing Territory

HAS BEEN MADE ACCESSIBLE TO MARKETS BY THE RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION that has been pushed forward so vigorously by the three great railway companies.

For literature and particulars address SUPER-INTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or the following authorized Canadian Government Agent:

M. V. McINNIS, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Mention this paper.

DEFIANCE STARCH—10 ounces in the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

Why Refer to Doctors

Because we make medicines for them. We tell them all about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Ask your own doctor.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
SARSAPARILLA PILLS.
HAIR VIGOR.
We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.
Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

Wonder of the Alphabet.

It has been computed that our English alphabet is susceptible of 62,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 transpositions. It is said that all the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not in a thousand years write out all the transpositions of the letters, even supposing that each wrote 100,000 daily, each of which pages contained 10 different transpositions of the letters.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Would Not Stay Glued

A Dresden corner at says that the servant of a carpenter at Freyburg, in Bavaria, happened to cut off the end of her forefinger the other day. Her employer quickly brought his gluepot up and glued the finger together again. However the operation was not successful.

The Candles Are Lit.

Women have realized at last that candlelight is the most becoming to their complexions. Candles will, therefore, be the only illumination at smart dinner parties this winter, says the London Express. The old drawback that candlelight was depressing has now been removed. Four candles on a dinner table was not a cheerful system of illumination, but the new scheme provides a light for each guest.

NEIGHBORHOOD

LIVONIA NEWS.

Grice Peck spent Xmas with her grandmother.

Walter Cullham visited friends in Vilford Xmas.

Ed Peck is visiting friends in Jackson this week.

Joe and Glen McEachren were in Detroit a couple days this week.

Mrs. Fred Lee and Mrs. Palmer Chilson were in the city Thursday.

Mrs. Charlie Smith was taken quite ill Tuesday morning. A doctor was called and she is now improving nicely.

The Christmas chimney was well attended in the Center church Sunday and some sixty Sunday school children were made happy with little tokens of esteem.

Why Suffer With Piles?

Our patrons know that our guarantee is good and when we say that we guarantee Dr. Colwell's Egyptian Pile Cure to cure any case of Piles, you may know that it will do it. If it fails to satisfy you, we will pay you back the purchase price.

HUESTON PHARMACY CO.

NOVI NEWS.

Miss Stella Perkins is suffering with an abscess on her face.

Will Brunner and daughter Minnie are visiting friends in Ohio.

Bert Johnson of Bay City is spending the holidays with his grandpa Hogle.

Mrs. Seymour Brown entertained company from Wixom and Northville for Christmas.

Budd Jones is home from the University at Ann Arbor for the holiday vacation.

Mrs. Chas. Leach entertained company from Grass Lake, Jackson and Northville for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Putnam spent Christmas with their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Hicks.

Christmas exercises were held in the Griswold school house Friday evening. The parts were acted out

nicely, much credit being given to Miss Bacon, the teacher.

Mrs. Frank Rice has returned home from Ray, Indiana, where she has been on a visit for the past three weeks.

Mrs. Hulda Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Simmons and son McCell spent Christmas with W. D. Flint and wife.

Mrs. Alice Flint and daughter Mary of Ypsilanti are being entertained at the home of W. D. Flint and wife this week.

The Sessions reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bogart Xmas. There were thirty-one present and all enjoyed a very pleasant time.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Little Helen Whipple is quite sick with a severe cold.

John Power and son were Northville callers Monday.

Miss Lulu Becker of Pontiac called on friends in town Wednesday.

Miss Anna Thayer of Newaygo is spending her vacation at home.

Mrs. Henry Pauline is slowly recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. T. H. Turner of Northville was a Farmington visitor Monday.

Mrs. T. H. McGee is spending the holidays with relatives in Saginaw.

Mrs. Albert Gates is spending the holidays with relatives at Grand Lodge.

Miss Lottie Paulger has recovered from her illness and is again in her store.

Mrs. Bert Roche is visiting her sister, Mrs. Josephine Taylor, at Lansing.

Miss Lulu Hendryx and uncle are spending the holidays with relatives in Canada.

Miss Marian Thayer of Williamston is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Thayer, during the holidays.

Fred Follette and wife of Detroit spent Christmas with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Edwards.

Mrs. Cetella Murray and son Earl of Lansing are spending the holidays with the former's daughter, Mrs. H. W. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Harger of Detroit ate Christmas dinner with the latter's mother, Mrs. Sarah Chamberlin.

Regular communication of Farmington Chapter, O. E. S., Friday evening, January 4. A good attendance is desired.

A. H. Phelps and wife entertained their brothers and sisters Christmas in commemoration of their fortieth wedding anniversary.

The Christmas music which was given in the Methodist church Sunday morning, was excellent and well rendered. Rev. Chas. Collins preached a grand sermon both morning and evening.

The Baptist Sunday school held their Christmas exercises Friday evening which were very enjoyable. At five o'clock the children and a few invited guests, were given a fine supper after which a program, consisting of songs and recitations appropriate for the occasion, was listened to with much interest. The children were remembered with gifts from their teachers and friends.

The usual Christmas exercises passed off very nicely. Sunday evening the Universalists gave a very pretty program to a crowded house. Every child was remembered with a present of some kind. On Monday evening the Methodists gave a cantata in the town hall and at an early hour the hall was full to overflowing. The parts were well rendered. Carl Hogle took the part of Santa Claus in a very creditable manner. Mrs. Henry Lee and Mrs. J. J. Webster were the instructors for the entertainment and much credit is due them for the able manner in which it was given. Everybody was remembered with some little token of love.

Mrs. Dexter Riley met with a serious accident Christmas morning that she will remember all of her life. She found a giant firecracker on the pantry shelf and thinking to have a little fun with the children she lighted it and placed it out in the yard. After waiting some time and hearing no report she went to look at it and supposing the fire had gone out, picked it up and carried it to the house. Just as she reached the door the cracker exploded and tore the index finger from her right hand and badly mangled the thumb and second finger. She is as comfortable as can be expected under the circumstances and says it might have been worse.

Stops earache 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, monarch over pain.

Lost articles quickly recovered through Record Want Ads.

WIXOM NEWS.

Mrs. Mary Steyvens spent Christmas at Flint.

Mrs. Spinks and children are visiting in Canada.

Mrs. F. L. McGuire is visiting her sister at Fenton.

Miss Allie Madison was home from Fenton Christmas day.

Mrs. Lucy Grant of Novi was a Wixom visitor last week Wednesday. Mabel Wright and Grace Stevens left Tuesday for a visit at Grand Lodge.

Miss Anna Madison returned home Saturday from a visit with Howell relatives.

Miss Nellie Grant of Novi was a Wixom visitor Friday night and Saturday.

James Clapp and family, formerly of Northville, have moved into the Shannon house.

Mrs. Jane Pratt and son, Judson, of Lansing are visiting the former's son, M. S. and family.

James Gibson and family spent Christmas at the home of Mrs. G. S. brother, Seymour Brown.

R. H. Lester and family of Farmington spent Christmas at the New Wixom with their parents.

Miss Flossie Banfield of Detroit called on her mother Christmas after visiting her sister at South Lyon.

Mrs. Katharine Ealler and John Wait of near Novi were the guests of J. G. Madison and family Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Nicholson and Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Johns left Wednesday for Los Angeles, Cal. for an extended stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry and baby and Henry Perry all of Howell visited at J. G. Madison's from Saturday until Wednesday.

HERE'S WHAT'S WANTED.

A Citizen of Northville Supplies the Information.

Over half the complaints of mankind originate with the kidneys. A slight touch of backache at first, twinges and shooting pains in the loins follow. They must be checked, they lead to graver complications.

The sufferer seeks relief. Plasters are tried, and liniments for the back.

So called kidney cures which do not cure. The long looked for result seems unattainable.

If you suffer, do you want relief? Follow the plan adopted by this Northville citizen.

Mrs. J. Palmer of Cady street, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills were used in my family some time ago for backache and other symptoms of kidney trouble and they proved to be all that is claimed for them, for in a short time the annoying backache was a thing of the past, and the other symptoms of either excited or weakened kidneys disappeared. I am pleased to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. They are a wonderful medicine and one that everybody should know about."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-McBarn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Beer to Kill Absinthe.

Who would believe it? France this year holds the record for the consumption of beer. It is estimated that by the end of the year four milliards of bottles will have been drunk. The consumption of beer has increased more than 40 per cent in five years. The consumption of absinthe, however, shows a decline. A blessing or beer if in the long run it triumphs over murderous absinthe!—Le Matin.

Fellow Passengers.

"Pardon me, your necktie has been sticking out for some time. I refrained from telling you sooner because those young ladies seemed so much amused." Farmer—"Thankie; an' the oil from that lamp has been dripping on that light overcoat o' yours for the last ten minutes, but every one seemed so tickled that I hated to spoil the fun."—London Mirror.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing her work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kept \$50 Bill 40 Years. Forty years ago, when Martin Cady, a railroadman, was married he presented his wife with a \$50 bill, the wages he had earned for a month's work. Mrs. Cady saved the bill until today, when it was given in part payment for a tombstone for her husband, who died recently.—Fairmont correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK, CITY.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

NEW YORK

35 DROPS 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Press Comments

"Immensely entertaining."—Cleveland Leader.

"By far Mr. Phillips' best work."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Should be more popular than anything else Mr. Phillips has done."—Indianapolis News.

"The Deluge," strong, virile story that it is, thrills the nerves at the climax."—Denver Post.

"Here is a theme exactly suited to Mr. Phillips' genius—big and bold; intense and dramatic; worthy of a giant canvas and great strokes of the brush. And timely—what could be more timely? The love plot is a distinct triumph. A great story!"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Nothing is Too Good for Our Readers

The things that appeal to them are the things we make every effort to secure. We are going after what the people will read, what will interest them, and what they will appreciate. We never secured a better or more interesting feature than the new serial



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COAST"

This is a story of Wall street; of high and frenzied finance. A story of the life of to-day; of people of to-day. Every reader will easily be able to name the characters in the story. They read about them in the news columns of every paper; hear them talked of on every street. No person interested in stirring fiction, strong romance or the great trust and stock jobbing problems of the time can afford to miss it.

Press Comments

"Strong in its plot, interesting in its detail, and delectable in its entirety is 'The Deluge.'"—Illinois State Register.

"In 'The Deluge' David Graham Phillips has exceeded himself. Matthew Blacklock towers above the average hero of the novel as he towers above the pygmies of the street. It is a story of the Titans for a Titanic prize. And Black Matt is a glorified, raging god, a Zeus with the youth of Hermes, the strength of Hephaestus and the charm of Apollo. You are caught up in the whirl of his race toward the goal of victory."—Chicago Journal.

Stuck Up for Her Sex.

A schoolgirl in a Massachusetts town had often been made to acknowledge the superiority of her brothers. One day her mother remarked upon the apparent utter lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have ruined more of the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, a dog or pig something, but a hen—never!" "H'm!" exclaimed the child indignantly, "I think they know just as much as roosters!"

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

F. A. MILLER, Propr.

109 Main St. NORTHVILLE.

TELEPHONE.



Queen Quality

For Gifts

A USEFUL gift is always a sensible gift. And "Queen Quality" Shoes are more than useful—they are beautiful. A gift of "Queen Quality" Shoes may be not merely a gift of a pair of shoes, but the very pair of shoes most desirable for the recipient. And they are made in so great a diversity of styles that every woman's fancy can be as perfectly suited as her feet can be fitted. Let it be shoes. Why not give her feet a "Merry Christmas" with a pair of "Queen Quality?" \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00.

Fred L. Cook & Co., FARMINGTON MICHIGAN.

This Card is Good for One Game of Pool.

STAR POOL ROOM & BARBER SHOP

Pool 2 1-2c Cue
Hair Cutting 15c

McCONNELL & THOMAS, Props.

(Over Whipple's Store)

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

BOYS ALLOWED TO PLAY POOL.