

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXIX, No. 16.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1908.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## MAT MCCARTHY DIED LAST WEEK

WAS ONE OF CHICAGO'S GREAT-  
EST MERCHANT TAILORS.

Lived on His Model Dairy Farm  
Southwest of Here.

Matthew H. McCarthy, a noted Chicago merchant tailor and owner of the big Hart dairy farm southwest of Northville, died in his residence there Thursday night following injuries caused by a fall on election day.

Mr. McCarthy was widely known among the local tailors everywhere. At the time of the world's fair in Chicago he placed on exhibition an overcoat which he designed and made himself, at a cost of \$12,000, and which took first prize. He at one time was president of the Merchant Tailors' association of America. For many years he has conducted a fashionable tailoring establishment in the Palmer house block in Chicago. During the summer months he spent his time on his farm near Northville, and which has been rated as one of the best equipped in this part of the state.

The remains were shipped to Chicago Saturday night where the funeral took place Sunday. Mr. McCarthy was 53 years old and is survived by a widow, a daughter of the late R. G. Hart of Chicago, and one son, Clarence.

### Thanksgiving Service.

The usual union Thanksgiving service will be held in the Baptist church on Thursday evening of next week at 7:00 o'clock. Rev. Wm S. Jerome will preach the sermon. All our citizens are cordially invited to attend the annual union Thanksgiving service.

### Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their kindness during the sickness and death of our mother, Mrs. Arvilla Taylor; also the W. R. C. M. B. A's. King's Daughters, Foresters and especially the boys of the Stimpson Scale factory, for the beautiful flower pillow.

THE CHILDREN.

## "ALAS, OUR POOR BROTHER!"



—Wilder in Chicago Record-Herald.

## MRS. ARVILLA TAYLOR DIED FRIDAY MORNING

AFTER FEW DAYS ILLNESS OF  
PNEUMONIA.

Funeral Held Sunday from Home  
of Son.

After an illness of only a few days Mrs. Arvilla Taylor passed away at the home of her son, Geo. McFarland, Nov. 13, aged seventy-four years.

Deceased was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y., in 1834 and came to Michigan at the age of fifteen, settling in Northville. One year later she was married to Geo. McFarland. Seven children were born to this union, five of whom are still living.

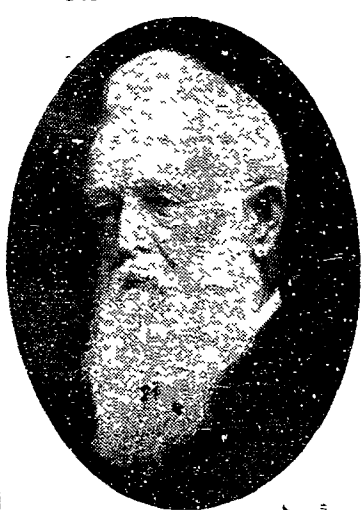
In 1880 she was married to Stephen Taylor, who died in July 1901.

Mrs. Taylor was a member of the Methodist church, which faith she held dear to the last.

The funeral was held Sunday from the home of her son and was largely attended, Rev. J. W. Turner officiating. The Northville W. R. C., of which she was a member, attended in a body.

She was very highly respected and will be missed by a large circle of friends.

CAPT. ELI K. SIMONDS.



Venerable and honored Northville citizen who passed his eightieth birthday on Tuesday of this week. Not many people of his years are so hale, hearty and active as he and his hosts of friends wish for him at least a one score more.

Judge Joslin Is Grateful.

It is indeed gratifying to a person when sick to know that he has kind and sympathetic friends and I wish to express to my Masonic Brethren, the ladies of the order of the Eastern Star and of the W. C. T. U., and also to my brothers and sisters of the Presbyterian church for the many beautiful flowers I have received during my short but severe illness. The flowers are indeed beautiful but the sentiment they express of friendship and brotherly love is to me the most gratifying of all. Brothers and sisters I thank you, C. M. JOSLIN.

## NOTED HORSE COMES HERE

Daniel Wilkes, 2:13 1-4, on Stark-  
weather Farm.

Daniel Wilkes 2:13 1/4 (register No. 42765) was purchased last week by Wm. Ross of Detroit of H. Alexander of Windsor. Daniel Wilkes will make the balance of the season of 1908 and the year 1909 at Stark-weather Stock farm. Daniel Wilkes was bred in partnership, in Kentucky by the late Mr. Bailey of Barnum & Bailey Show Co. and G. McGinnis of Holly, Mich. He is individually as good as his breeding which is an inbred Wilkes.

## NEW GRISWOLD HOUSE CLERK

ARCH JOHNSON OF NORTHVILLE  
GETS IT.

Goes from Flint to Detroit's Most  
Popular Hotel.

Archie Johnson, formerly of this place, has accepted the position of night clerk at the Griswold House in Detroit, taking the place of Charles Reed, who died two weeks ago.

For six months past Arch has been head clerk at the Hotel Dresden at Flint, previous to which he was assistant clerk at the Griswold. Postal & Morey took a fancy to the Northville boy and were glad to get him back again when the first vacancy occurred.

For a number of years Johnson was clerk at the Park House here. Arch has many warm friends in Northville and they will all be glad to hear of his continued success.

REV. JAMES W. TURNER.



Well known Northville Clergyman who has been drawn to serve on the December term of the Circuit Court at Detroit. It is said that the Jury commission will follow this policy of drafting into the service every Clergyman in the county. The Circuit Judges are commending the action.

### New Independent 'Phones.

The following new 'phones have been installed by the Independent Telephone Co. of this place:

J. D. Melburn	313 1L-2S
Merritt Stanley. (Park House Kitchen)	40 J
Frank Brown	109 L
H. C. Gullford	315 1L-1S
Wm. Miller	308 1S-2L
M. L. Kinyon	53 X
Geo. McFarland	85 X
W. C. Warner	312 2R
John Broegman	322 1L-3S

### Approves Milking Machine.

Prof. Oscar Erf of the University of Ohio, in a letter to Shafer & Belden of this place, places his approval of the firm's new milking machine and in the very flattering report, states it to be the most simple machine on the market.

### Auction Sale.

Rattenbury & Starkweather will have the first of their sales next Wednesday, Nov. 25, at the Exchange hotel barn at 1:00 o'clock. There will be horses, cows, wagons, etc., sold.

### Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nell feel very grateful to all who have assisted them since their little son was hurt.

### Oblivion.

A magazine writer says. "Nine thousand young women have gone on the stage in search of admiration and have passed into oblivion." That's calling Pittsburg a pretty hard name.

### Authoritative.

A lady novelist writing a political story wants information as to how a political convention is conducted. Generally speaking the convention is opened with prayer and conducted with five aces and a razor—Louisville Courier-Journal

### The French Point of Beauty.

A point of beauty always sought by the French in the arrangement of the hair is to present a jolt nape, that is, a pretty nape of the neck. Effects they produce in this respect are wonderful, and are chiefly attained by care in securing a graceful line marked by the hair from ear to ear, and a charming contour which clever waving of the hair produces.

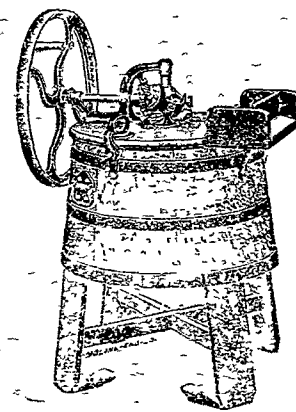
### WHITE ISLAND.

One of New Zealand Group Always Enveloped in Clouds of Steam.

White island derives its name from the clouds of white steam in which it appears to be continually enveloped. Its area is only 630 acres and its height about 880 feet above sea level.

In form and color it is like a reposing camel, while its interior, with its 23 weather-beaten, almost perpendicular cliffs, recalls the Coliseum at Rome. Overhanging the southern landing place stands a column of rock closely resembling a sentinel, which has been dedicated to the memory of Capt. Cook. The water of the island is of a pale green hue, and anything dredged into it becomes a red brick color. The fumes of sulphur are always plainly perceptible.

On a fine moonlight night a wonderful sight is afforded to anyone who will sit in an open boat in one of the lakes of the island. Covering an area of 50 acres is an immense caldron, hissing and snorting and sending forth volumes of poisonous steam, while all chances of egress appear to be denied by the steep silent and gloomy cliffs.—British Australian.



## The White Lily WASHING MACHINE

NONE  
BETTER  
MADE.

Price \$7

We also have the "White"  
Washing Machine; can be  
used with either hand or  
Foot Power. PRICE..... \$10

You will find in our East Show Window a Bargain Display of 25c Granite Ware. Any Piece you may choose is yours for a Quarter of a Dollar.

## CARPENTER & HUFF.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.  
This store will close evenings at 7:00 o'clock from Oct. 12, 1908 to April 1, 1909, except from December 14 to 26.

Banks—pay interest on what you

SAVE

We pay you interest on what you

SPEND

Better Investigate This.

C. E. RYDER  
NORTHVILLE.

**CLARK'S  
RESTAURANT  
DETROIT.**

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

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

PURE AERATED MILK  
Sweet and Sour Cream  
Furnished on Application.

## Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

Send for Pamphlet and Literature. Literature sent in Plain Envelope.  
DR. W. H. YARNALL. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## Lapham State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

A GENERAL BANKING  
BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6%.

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

F. S. HARMON, Pres. FRANK S. NEAL  
ASA. B. SMITH, Vice-Prest. R. CHRISTENSEN  
CHAS. VERKES, Vice-Prest. FRANCIS G. TERRILL  
EDWARD H. LAPHAM, Cashier.

## Wearing the Wrong Glasses

May prove more injurious to your eyes  
than wearing none at all. Not every  
man who calls himself

### Oculist or Optician

is competent to fit spectacles. We show  
you and explain to you why we are  
right, and guarantee results. We are  
here to make our work satisfactory and  
our guarantees good.

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

Dr. Swift Bldg. OPTOMETRISTS. Main St., NORTHVILLE.

**We will not  
mince  
words  
here.**

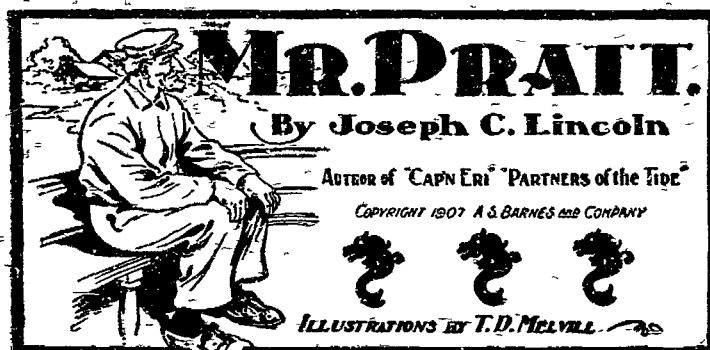
NOT MADE BY THE TRUST  
**CALUMET**  
BAKING POWDER  
CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO.  
CHICAGO

**CALUMET  
Baking Powder**  
must give you satisfaction.  
It must prove that it is the  
equal in every way—and  
superior in some—to all  
other baking powders, or  
you must have your money  
back. You cannot set your  
standard of quality too high  
to suit us.  
Insist on Calumet and  
don't let your grocer give  
you a Substitute.  
Received Highest  
Award World's  
Pure Food  
Exposition  
Chicago, '07.





"How is he, doctor?" asked Hartley, anxious.



## SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live where they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up "The Heavens" hear a long story of the domestic woes of Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and maid of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol Pratt as chef. Twine agrees to leave Nate Scudder's abode and begin unavailing search for another domicile. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwich.

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Now I've been calling the place where they had the races and so on a field. Well, twain't really a field, but just part of the course where they had trotting matches on cattle show days. There was a fence on each side of it and across the ends of the section they was using there was ropes stretched. Back of the fences was the crowd on foot, and back of the ropes was more of 'em, but behind these ropes likewise was lots of horses and wagons and carry-alls and such. Every wagon was piled full of people, and amongst 'em I could see the Barry coach, with the four gray steppers prancing up and down in front of it and old Commodore Barry and his son on the front seat, with the women folks behind.

Well, when that pig started he made a straight course for the lower end of the field, but the sight of the horses and all scared him, I guess, and he jibed and back he come again. Half a dozen of the pig-chasers—them that was nearest to him when he come about—ran into each other and piled up in a heap, squirming like an eel-pot. They got up in a jiffy and started over again, meeting the gang that was coming back on the second lap.

By the time that pig had made three laps round that course he was a candidate for the hogs' lunatic asylum. Twice he'd been grabbed, once by the ears and once by a leg, but his liveliness and the grease had got him clear. About half the boys had given up the job, and was making for harbor behind the fence; covered with sand and grease, they was, and red and ashamed. The crowd was pretty nigh as crazy as the pig, only with joy. Even Hartley was laughing out loud—first time I'd ever heard him.

That little chap with the red hair had been right up with the mourners till the third round; then he was stood on his head in the scuffle and left behind down by the ropes in front of where the Barrys was. The rest of the chasers were scattered around the other end of the field, with the pig doing the grand right and left in and out amongst their legs. One of the boys—that big lanky one whose cheeks needed mowing—made a flying jump and dove head first right on top of the critter's shiny black back. In a shake he was the underpinning, so to speak, of a sort of monument of boys, all fighting like dogs over a woodchuck.

Next thing I knew the pig shot out from underneath the pile same as if he'd been fired out of a cannon. He was squealing when he begun to fly

and squealing when he lit, but his running tackle hadn't been hurt any. Down the field he went and the only one of the chasers in front of him was that little red head. He makes a grab, misses, and the pig keeps straight on, right into the crowd of men and horses and carriages.

"Look out!" yells everybody. "Let him go!" But that little shaver wa'n't built that way. Under the ropes he dives, right where the jam of wheels and hoofs was thickest. The Barry coach horses rared up and jumped and backed. You could hear wheels grinding and men yelling and women screaming.

I was one of the first over that fence, but, quick as I was, that Hartley invalid was quicker. As a general thing he moved like 'twas hardly worth while to drag one foot after the other; but now he flew. I could see his big shoulders shoving folks over like they was aneplins. Under the ropes he went and in where the tangle was the worst. And then it closed up into a screeching, kicking whirlpool like. Down he went and I lost sight of him.

Everybody on the grounds was crazy, but I callate I was the worst Bedlamite of the lot. Somehow I felt responsible. 'Twas me that told about the Fourth of July doing first and got him over there. 'Twas me that coaxed him into staying for the con-sumed pig business. And I kind of felt that I was his guardian, as you might say, now that Van Brunt wa'n't along. Yes, and by ginger, I liked him! 'Course I thought of the poor little boy, too, but I'm free to say 'twas Hartley that I thought of most.

For the doings of the next two or three minutes you'll have to ask somebody else. All I remember real well is catching hold of Issachar Tidbits' Sunday cutaway and ripping it from main truck to keelson. You see, Issachar was trying to back out of the tangle and I was diving in. Next thing I'm sure of is hanging onto the bridle of one of the Barry horses and playing snap the whip with my feet, up and down and over and under.

She cleared up some finally and there was a ring of folks jamming and pushing and climbing between wheels and under wagon bodies, and in the middle of the ring was Hartley, kneeling on the ground and looking pretty middling white and sick, with a dripping cut over his eye, and with that little shaver's red head in his lap. And old Doc Bailey was there, but how or when he come I don't know. Yes, me and the pig was there, too, but the critter was out of commission, being dead, and I was too busy to think where I was.

"How is he, doctor?" asked Hartley, anxious.

The Doc didn't answer for a minute or so; he was bending over the boy, sponging and swabbing like all possessed. Poor little chap; he looked white and pitiful enough, stretched out there amongst that crowd of strangers and not a soul of his own folks around to look out for him. And he was such a gritty little mite. I looked at him; chalk white he was, and still, with his eyes shut and his breath coming kind of short and jerky. And—well, my breath got jerky, too. "How is he?" says Hartley again.

Just as he said it the boy stirs and begins to breathe more regular. The doctor seemed to feel better. "He'll come round all right now."

says the Doc. "Twas the kick that knocked him out. The pig got the worst of it and that saved him. There are no bones broken. But he'd have been trampled to death afterwards if it hadn't been for you, sir. Better let me fix up that cut."

But the Twin shook his head kind of impatient. "Tend to the boy," he says. So the doctor went on with his sponging and swabbing and pretty soon the youngster opens his eyes. "Did I get him?" says he.

"What's that?" asked the Doc, stooping over.

"Did I get the pig? Is the liver comin' to me?"

"Well, you'd ought to have heard the crowd laugh. Somebody sings out, 'Three cheers for the kid,' and they give 'em with a whoop."

"What's the matter with you?" says the youngster, setting up and looking around, dizzy like. "Aw, cut it out!" he says, when they begun to holler some more. "Did I get the pig?"

"You bet you did," says the doctor, laughing. "You're a spunky little rooster. Whose boy are you, anyway? Belong in Eastwich?"

"Naw," says the little feller, like he was plumb disgusted. "N'York."

Hartley smiled. "A brother out-cast," says he, looking up at me.

Major Phinney had been shoving through the crowd and now he was in the front rank, where, so they tell me, he used to be in war time—after the fighting was over.

"He's one of them Fresh Air boys," says the major, puffing, but pompous. "There's a summer school of 'em been started just outside the town here. Couple of New York women brought the tribe down last week. This one's one."

Little red head turned to Hartley. "Say," he says, "don't you tell her."

"Tell who?" says Martin.

"The teacher. Miss Agony."

"Miss which?"

And just then here comes Issachar, his cutaway hanging graceful and ornamental from the collar and piloting a mighty pretty and stylish young woman to the front. She breaks loose from him and runs for'ard and flops down on her knees.

"Why, Dennis! Why, Dennis!" she says. "How could you run away and behave like this? Are you hurt? Is he—"

She looks up at Hartley as she begins to ask the last question. And he was staring at her as white as a sheet of paper.

"Why, Agnes!" he says. And she went white, too, and then red. "Oh!" says she. And then "Oh!" again. "Oh, Martin!"

## CHAPTER V.

The Cruise of the "Dora Bassett."

After that there was a kind of tableau, same as them they have at church sociables. Here was Hartley staring at the young woman, and the young woman staring at him, and the boys staring at both of 'em, and me staring at the three, and the crowd around doing grand double-back-act staring at the whole of us. Then the party broke up, as you might say.

Hartley, red as a beet now, got up and bowed. The young woman got up too and held out her hand in a doubting sort of way. But afore he could take it, she seemed to remember something, or changed her mind, for she dropped the hand and turned to the boy, who was on his feet by this time looking down at the relics of his clothes. And between grease and sand and dirt and rags they made a ruin that was worth looking at—made you think of a rubbish pile with a red danger lantern on top.

"You naughty boy!" says she. "How could you do so? If you knew how frightened Miss Talford and I have been. Are you hurt, dear?"

"Naw," says the dear, brisk and disgusted. "Sure I ain't."

The young woman fidgeted around him, petting and "pooring" him and pinning him together, so to speak. Hartley fidgeted too, not seeming to have his bearings at all. He acted to me like he wished he was ten thousand miles away; and yet I callate he didn't really wish it neither. The doctor and Major Phinney were fussing around and the crowd kept getting bigger and closing in.

"If you'll excuse me, miss," says I, interfering as usual where 'twas none of my affairs. "I think perhaps 'twould be a good idea if we went somewhere where 'twan't so popular. Maybe we might go into one of the rooms at the hall or somewhere."

"Why, of course!" says Hartley, grabbing at the notion like 'twas a rope I'd thrown out to him. "We'll go to the hall. Ag—Miss Page, let me present my friend, Mr. Solomon Pratt."

So 'twas the Page girl, after all. I'd guessed as much, though how she come to be in Eastwich when she'd ought to have been in Europe was more'n I could make out. She looked up at me and reached out her little hand with a kid glove on it. Like-wise she smiled—not with her mouth alone, same as an undertaker meeting the relatives of the departed, but with her eyes too. 'Twas the right kind of a smile. I'm vaccinated and not subject to women folks as a rule, but I'd have done considerable to get a deckload of them smiles.

kind of set back like. Then he takes the boy by the hand and falls into the major's wake. Me and the doctor trailed along behind.

The Doc kept talking about what a brave thing the Twin's diving under the horses was, but I didn't hear more than half of it. I was watching the Page girl's hair and thinking how much prettier 'twas than the ones them boarder girls at the hotel wore. And yet there wa'n't a quarter so many feathers and ribbons and doodads on it.

The little chap was chirping up to Hartley all the way. What worried him was when he was going to get his five dollars. Martin told him he'd get it all right. He'd advance it himself and collect it afterwards.

"What's your name, son?" says he to the youngster.

"Denny," says the boy.

"Denny? Dennis, you mean? Dennis what?"

"Aw, I don't know. Plain Denny, I guess."

"Where do you live in New York?"

"Over around Cherry street most of the time. Me and the old man used to hang out in the back room of Mike Donahue's place on Mott street till he got sent up. Then I got to sellin' papers and doin' shines and things. Sometimes I'd take a shy at the News-boys' Home nights. That's where Miss Agony—Miss Page, I mean—found me. I'm one of the Fresh Air kids over to her place."

"Many more like you over there?"

"Sure! nine or ten of us; girls and all. We been here a week now. I skinned out of the window this mornin' and hooped it over here. Wanted to see the show. Gee! what a gang of jays! You're the guy what put up the candy for me, ain't you?"

"Shouldn't wonder. Do you like your teacher?"

"Bet your life? She's a peach. So's the other one; Miss Talford her name is."

"Humph! What do they call you over on the east side when you're at home?"

"Redny," says the little shaver.

Hartley looked down at him and smiled one of his quiet grins.

"Bully for you, Redny!" says he. "You're a brick."

We got through the crowd and into the hall finally. Shutting the door was a job. The folks outside seemed to think they'd been cheated. I'd like to have got rid of Philander, but you couldn't do that without a block and tackle; he stuck to Miss Page like a kedge anchor to mud bottom. The doctor was putting a strip of sticking plaster on Hartley's forehead. The cut wa'n't nothing but a scratch, I'm glad to say.

After a spell I see my chance and I cornered the major and commenced to talk politics. He was banking for the county representative nomination and I knew his soft spot. Hartley and the Page girl got together—then, but they didn't seem to know what to say.

I heard her explaining that she hadn't gone to Europe at all. Her ma had been took sick; nothing to speak of, I judged, spell of "nerves" or the like of that. So Agnes and her chum, this Margaret Talford, had seen the chance they'd been waiting for and had got their poor children tribe together and come down and took the Lathrop place at South Eastwich. Seems Miss Talford had hired it afore, intending to go to the Fresh Air v'yage alone, long's she couldn't get Agnes to go it with her.

"But how is it that you're here?" says she. "I thought you were at the mountains."

Hartley explained that, at the last moment, he had decided to try the seashore. He was at Wellmouth for the present, he said.

"But you should have known I was here," she says. "I wrote to—to Ed, of course—before I left the city. Oh, I see! I sent the letter to your Adirondack address. But it should have been forwarded."

Hartley stammered a little, but he said quiet that he was afraid perhaps Van Brunt hadn't thought to send word to have his mail forwarded.

"I see," she says. "That's like Ed." Martin seemed to think 'twas too, but all he said was, "He's written you very faithfully. His letters, of course, have gone to Liverpool."

Well, that was about all. We had to be going. I said good-by and we started for the door. Miss Page came over and held out her hand.

"Mr. Hartley," says she, "I want to thank you for saving Dennis; Major Phinney told me about it. It was brave. And I'm glad that you're not hurt."

She was pretty nervous, but a good deal less flustered than he was when he took her hand.

"It was nothing, of course," he says, hurried like. "That youngster was worth picking up. Good morning, Miss Page."

He stopped a second to say something about Van Brunt no doubt coming over to see her in a day or so. And then we left the hall and headed for the street.

We walked along pretty brisk for a ways, neither of us saying much of anything. Whatever there was I callate I said. By and by we come to the railroad crossing. And here Hartley stops short.

"Sol," says he, "I believe I'll go back by train. I don't feel like a sea trip this afternoon. That'er—that crack on the head has shaken me up some, I guess. Explain to Van, will you? Tell him I'm all right, but that I've got a little headache. Understand?"

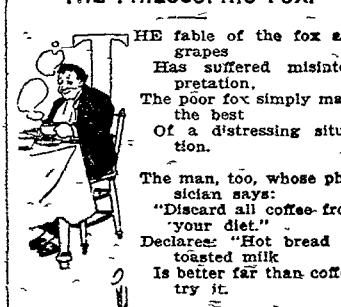
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Getting In.

Generally a man "enters" politics in about the same way that a six-dollar-a-week clerk "accepts" a position.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

## THE PHILOSOPHIC FOX.



HE fable of the fox and grapes. Has suffered misinterpretation. The poor fox simply made the best of a distressing situation.

The man, too, whose physician says: "Discard all coffee from your diet." Declares "Hot bread on toasted milk is better far than coffee, try it."

"And water hot, at breakfast time, makes my temper placid. I can't bear coffee any more. And tea is full of tannic acid."

To say: "Sour grapes" to this dyspeptic, would really be most unkind. When, like the fox, he simply has a philosophic turn of mind.

"Johnny Cake."

This is a corruption of the old-time "Journey Cake," so called because it could be relied upon to keep fresh during a long journey. It was a favorite dish with the pioneers in the early days of the last century when the corn meal was grated by hand, each housewife preparing it as was needed. The grater was a primitive affair—usually a perforated tin against the rough edges of which the ear of corn was drawn back and forth by our patient grandmothers.

To mix the "Johnny cake" take two-thirds teaspoon soda, one of cream of tartar, three tablespoons sugar, one egg and a cup of milk. To this add six tablespoons corn meal, three of flour and some salt. The batter will be thin and should bake about 20 minutes.

Bridget's Beautitudes.

Blessed is the alcohol applied to the linen tableclothes, lunchcloths, etc., to remove drops of candle grease.

Blessed is the pail of scalding suds into which, once a week, the broom is dipped.

Blessed is the granulated sugar used with whites of eggs for meringue; it "stands up" better with granulated than with powdered sugar.

Blessed is the dripping pan placed over the flatirons to keep the heat in longer and with less fire.

Blessed is the lamp wick which is first frayed at the lower end. The light will be stronger.

Blessed is the trip to the open window or back porch every three or four hours for a dozen long deep breaths. It makes housework lighter.

SCRIPTURE CAKE.

OUR and one-half cups of 1 Kings, 4th chapter, 22.

Of Judges, 5, verse 25. Last clause—one cup will do.

Two cups of Jeremiah, 6th chapter and verse 20.

Two cups 1 Samuel 30 12. figs, raisins, too, a plenty.

Two cups each Nahum 3 verse 12, and Numbers 11 8.

Two tablespoons 1 Samuel 14 25, "Straight."

Were his eyes enlightened—"that honey in the wood. When Jonathan did eat thereof, behold, they found it good!"

One pinch—Leviticus 2 13 "Salt every offering."

Six of Isaiah 10 14 "There was none moved the wing."

One-half cup Judges 4 19: 'Twas Sisera's last drink.

Two teaspoons Amos 4, 5th verse, and lastly, if you think

That Solomon and Sheba's Queen had tastes quite extra fine, Season with 2nd Chronicles, chapter and verse 9 9.

Kitchen Hints.

Cleaning knives will be less trouble if, instead of using a rag, the housewife will take a large cork, dip it in bath brick or any polishing stone, and rub the knives with it. The bath brick should first be powdered and wet in water. Afterwards, polish with the dry powder.

When milk is very sour, it requires more soda. Many cooks forget this, and make the mistake of using the specified amount of soda regardless of the condition of the milk.

In making hot corn bread, remember that the pan should be, not only greased, but sprinkled with dry corn meal as well.

A teaspoon of vanilla added to the cheaper grades of chocolate or cocoa, gives it richness and flavor.

An egg beaten into a cup of beef tea is nourishing and tasty to the convalescent. If the patient is troubled with nausea, try using only the white of the egg.

To the mush which is intended for frying, add a little milk. It is amazing how much better the mush will brown.

Starch is better and smoother if made with soapy water. Always sprinkle the clothes with tepid water.

Place a dripping pan over your flatirons; they will keep hot with half the fire.

Bacon Fritters.

Cut stale bread into thin, three-inch slices. Place between them thin slices of bacon, sandwich fashion. Press them firmly together, then dip into a thin, fritter batter and fry in deep fat. Drain and dust with black pepper. Serve hot.

Always read the above letter! A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## SOME REMARKS FROM MINNESOTA EDITORS.

## What They Think of Western Canada.

A party of editors from a number of cities and towns of Minnesota recently made a tour of Western Canada, and having returned to their homes they are now telling in their respective newspapers of what they saw on their Canadian trip. The West St. Paul Times recalls the excursion of the Minnesota editors from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast ten years ago. Referring to what has happened in the interval the writer says: "Thousands of miles of new railway lines have been built, and the development of the country has made marvelous strides. Millions of acres, then lying in their wild and untouched state, have since been transferred into grain fields. Towns have sprung up as if by the wand of a magician, and their development is now in full progress. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."

The Hutchinson Leader characterizes Western Canada as "a great country undeveloped. The summer outing," it says, "was an eye-opener to every member of the party, even those who were on the excursion through Western Canada ten years ago, over considerable of the territory covered this year, being amazed at the progress and advancement made in that short space of time. The time will come when Western Canada will be the bread-basket of the world. It was a delightful outing through a great country of wonderful possibilities and resources."

Since the visit of these editors the Government has revised its land regulations and it is now possible to secure 160 acres of wheat land at \$3.00 an acre in addition to the 160 acres that may be homesteaded.

The crops of 1908 have been splendid, and reports from the various districts show good yields, which at present prices will give excellent profits to the farmers.

From a Milestone, Saskatchewan, there are reported yields of thirty bushels of spring wheat to the acre, while the average is about 20 bushels. The quality of grain to be shipped from this point will be about 600,000 bushels. Information regarding free lands and transportation will be freely given by the Canadian Government Agents.

## A HINT TO GOLFERS.



The Visitor—What on earth does that chap carry that phonograph round for. Is he dotty?

The Member—No! But he's dumb. So he has that talking machine to give instructions to his caddy or to make a few well chosen remarks in case he fumbles his drive or does anything else annoying.

## Like a Dream.

A bubble of air in the blood, a drop of water in the brain, and a man is out of gear, his machine falls to pieces, his thought vanishes, the world disappears from him. Like a dream at morning. On what a spider-thread is hung our individual existence. Fragility, appearance, nothingness. If it were not for our powers of self-deception and forgetfulness, all the fairy world which surrounds and brands us would seem to us but a broken specter in the darkness—an empty appearance, a fleeting hallucination. Appeared—disappeared—there is the whole history of a man, or of a world, or of an infusoria—Amiel.

## UPWARD START

## After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body.

This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee evils and a Tenn. lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun.

"There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I finally quit coffee and drank hot water, but there was so little food I could digest; I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat—felt strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, to-day I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady.

"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

An independent newspaper published every Friday morning by The Record Printing Co., 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 is an exception.

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

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

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

Copy for change of advertisement should be received not later than Tuesday, P. M.

Notices for religious and benevolent societies, of reasonable length, one insertion free.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., NOV. 20, '08.

## Michigan in the Cabinet

The accession to the navy portfolio of Truman H. Newberry of Detroit in the closing months of the Roosevelt administration is a personal tribute to the business ability and executive powers which the Michigan man has demonstrated himself to be possessed of in the discharge of his duties as assistant secretary of the navy. No cabinet officer has been more efficient or more attentive to his duties than has Mr. Newberry and it is also safe to say that no clerk under him has done more work or worked longer hours than he. When he first accepted the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy he made it his business to familiarize himself with the entire workings of the navy department and he mastered every detail from the manufacture of guns and ships to the equipping and manning of the men who operated them. Whether President Taft next March will retain Mr. Newberry in his cabinet as the head of the Navy Department, it is not yet known but it is safe to say that the services of men of Mr. Newberry's stamp are not likely to be dispensed with by President Roosevelt's successor.

## The Doctor has a Grouch

Dr. Bradley as auditor general has insisted on depleting the state treasury by paying out all the primary school money in one lump just at the end of the year when the treasurer's funds are always low. It made no difference to the grouchy doctor that scarcely a school district in the state needed all the money just at this time, as long as he could keep his spleen in working order. No one will suffer except employees of the state, and no small number of them are in the auditor general's office at that. The taxpayers of the state can sit back and laugh anyhow for the money is still in their pockets instead of the state treasury and doubtless the employees of the state can stand the crimp if it will satisfy the auditor general's grouchy grouch. A number of the big banks of the state have offered to cash the warrants on the treasurer but the stick is that the doctor won't give the employees even a due bill.

## Talks Crazy Talk

Wellington R. Burt, defeated candidate for the state senate from the town of Saginaw lays all his troubles to the saloon vote. It's a funny thing that Mr. Burt could not wake up to the fact that Arthur Hill owns quite a chunk of the Saginaw vote and that it would have been quite as humiliating for Mr. Hill to have had his candidate for senator, Whitney, defeated by Mr. Burt as to have his candidate for governor, Mr. Hemans, defeated by Governor Warner. Mr. Burt talks crazy talk.

When Dr. Bradley refused to draw warrants on the state treasurer some one asked how he knew there was no money in the treasury. "I am the only one that does know all about the funds in the state treasury," he is reported as saying. Funny isn't it, that along in the primaries when the Glasier failure was made an issue the doctor steered very clear of that sort of a claim.

## NORTHVILLE.

## Purely Personal.

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

Wm. Hakes of Boston spent Friday with W. C. Hakes.

Claude Stanley was over from Plymouth Saturday evening.

Miss Helen Passage of Plymouth was a Northville visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. Sinclair visited friends in Pontiac from Saturday until Tuesday.

Miss Angie Smith witnessed the football game at Ann Arbor Saturday.

Mrs. Maria Stimpson is spending the week with her son, Walter, in Detroit.

Cassie Johnston of Farmington was the guest of Mrs. S. F. Brown Sunday.

Mrs. Minnie Lewis of Muskegon is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. M. F. Stanley.

Jewett Cranston spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Orin Cranston, at Farmington.

Rev. Seth Reed of Flint was the guest of his granddaughter, Mrs. C. A. Gardner, Friday.

Miss Lilla Dolph of Detroit visited her brother, C. A. Dolph, and wife Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Potts of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emory VanValkenburg Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Murdock are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Booth in Ann Arbor.

Ed Gay of Milan, a former well known Northville citizen, was visiting in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Day Wilkinson of Detroit were over Sunday guests of Mrs. Mary Wilkinson and family.

Robert Pierson of Holly was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Brown Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Green and daughter, Juanita, of Novi were guests at the Park House Saturday.

Mrs. A. W. Olde, who has been visiting friends in Detroit the past two weeks, returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. M. E. Johnson returned from Walpole Lake Monday where she has been spending a couple of weeks with Mrs. Will Seeley.

Mrs. Estella Harrington visited her daughter, Mrs. Romala Gilbert, at Farmington Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert accompanied her home in the evening.

Chas. Harmon of Greenville, traveling salesman for the Bell Foundry Co. of this place, visited his brother, F. S. Harmon, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Mrs. John Hirsch and Miss Anne Jerome attended the Mary Scovel church in Detroit Sunday morning. Mrs. Hirsch remained with friends until Monday afternoon.

Miss Blanche Myers of Philadelphia, Leo Sharpe of Bay City and Claude Raymoure and Louis Cook of Detroit were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cook Sunday.

Mesdames Taft, Canfield, Heath, Broad, Stanton, Patterson, Chapman, Carroll, Hill, Beach, Taylor and Buttolph, all of Pontiac, were guests of Rev. and Mrs. Wm. S. Jerome yesterday.

## The One Exception.

You can never be perfectly certain of anything in this world except that, when you are alone in the flat and are taking a bath, some one is sure to ring the bell—Judge's Library.

## OASIS OF CIVILIZATION.

They Play a Great Development of Nerve.

Northern Chile, a so largely mountain or desert, is generally regarded as a forbidding wilderness, but here may be found a series of oases, the most conspicuous of which are Pica and Matilla.

It has been found that various parts of the great Atacama desert the earth underneath the surface layer of sand or salt is sufficiently moist to grow crops, capillary action spreading the water through the soil.

The rainless Atacama desert is the scene of the greatest fertility of its kind in the world, with enormous quantities of nitrates in it to enrich the fields of Europe and the United States.

The oases play a very important economic role in the industries of the region, supplying vegetables and food stuffs for the support of the workmen, alfalfa for the cattle and various fruits, and also serving as timber producers for the nitrate works, which require much fuel.

There is no part of the world where agriculture is more intensively carried on than in these green spots in the Atacama desert—Zion's Herald.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the great system tonic and builder.

## Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the pastor.)

The sermon next Sunday evening will be on "The Gospel for the Ear."

## Baptist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The cottage prayer meeting will be announced from the pulpit.

The usual services will be held Sunday. The pastor will speak in the morning on "Down to Business."

A Thanksgiving meeting, topic prepared by the B. Y. P. U., will be held at 8:00 p. m. Extra music for the occasion.

Rev. H. Sayles of Wilcox will speak Sunday evening. Mr. Sayles was an evangelist for thirteen years. He is a splendid speaker. Come and hear him! Special music.

The ladies of the church will hold their regular meeting with Mrs. Elijah Vradenburg next Wednesday afternoon and in connection a short Thanksgiving program will be given. Music appropriate for the occasion. All ladies are welcome.

## Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The pastor will conduct the usual services of worship Sunday. The morning subject will be "Helps and Hindrances" evening, "Personal Loyalty to the Master." You are invited.

The Junior League met last Sunday. Interesting plans for the year's work are ready. Parents are urged to co-operate with the children and help secure regular attendance. Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The first Quarterly Conference was held Wednesday evening. Dr. John Sweet presiding. The spirit of encouragement prevailed. Seven persons were reported as additions to church membership during the past few weeks.

The pastor's Sunday school class met and organized this week with enthusiasm that promises much toward success. If we are not greatly mistaken the Sunday school and the church will be aware of the existence of this class at all times.

## Less Beef, More Bacon.

The London Meat Trades' Journal figures that the United Kingdom imports of American and Canadian cattle show a 18 per cent decrease for the first five months of this year, compared with 1907. The American ship ments of refrigerated beef fell off 194.7 per cent (of 112 pounds) compared with the 1907 period. While the total increase of 39,889 was due to the heavy consignments from Argentina. A substantial increase of 27,238 hundred weight in the weight of bacon is due to the heavier shipments from the United States, the supplies from Canada and other countries being less.

## SHAKE IT OFF.

Rid Yourself of Unnecessary Burdens. A Northville Citizen Shows You How.

Don't bear unnecessary burdens. Burdens of a bad back are unnecessary. Get rid of them.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure bad backs; Cure lame, weak and aching backs; Cure every form of kidney ills. Lots of local endorsement to prove this.

L. W. Hutton, living on Main street, Northville, Mich., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and can give them my hearty endorsement. A year or two ago I was troubled with pains across my back and loins, sometimes so severe as to cause me great annoyance. I was told it was caused by the kidneys being disordered, but the remedies I used failed to help me. I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box at Murdoch Bros' drug store. They relieved me almost immediately and I was soon entirely well and have not been bothered in the same way since. Mrs. Hutton also used Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and the result was just as satisfactory as in my case. I can heartily endorse the claims made for your reliable remedy."

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

## Baldheads as Immunes.

It has been said that there are no bald-headed men in the asylums for the insane. We suspect this is true; at least, save for rare and unimportant exceptions. This is an important thing for the anti-baldheads to speculate upon; it may well furnish them food for serious and earnest thought.

## Delicate Instruments.

The amount of work done by the wink of an eye equals 100,000,000,000 of the winks marked on the scale of a delicate instrument, but even this performance is surpassed by the "coherers" of Branley of Paris, by which the Hertz waves of wireless telegraphy are caught in their pulsings through space.

## CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bear Brand.

Castoria.

Castoria.

Castoria.

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## School Notes.

(By a Pupil.)

Peter Perkins of the Fourth grade is ill.

Marion Power of the Sixth grade is ill.

Hilda Doan is a new pupil in the Kindergarten.

Clifford Doan and Aline Thompson are new pupils in the First grade.

Fred and Oliver Raymond of the Third grade are ill with tonsillitis.

The Fifth grade pupils have decided upon "Kindness" as their motto.

Helen McFarland of the Third grade is absent on account of illness.

The Sixth grade pupils have drawn and painted some very good maps this week.

The Seventh grade has a calendar for November drawn on the board by one of the pupils.

The High school girls have formed a Glee club under the direction of Miss Coldren, the music teacher.

The Fifth grade pupils are all endeavoring to keep from whispering in order that their name may stay on the "don't whisper" roll.

The Second grade pupils are writing the Thanksgiving story in a booklet. The Fifth grade is also doing this, adding illustrations in water colors.

The Second grade has a Pilgrim village established upon a table in that room. There is a large fort built of cardboard logs and several cabins nestled under evergreen trees laden with salt snow. Near a landing stands the Mayflower made out of a cucumber, with paper sails.

## What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.

Wheat, new—1.00 Wheat, old—1.00 Oats, new—45c Oats, old—55c Corn in ear—40c Shelled corn—80c Baled hay per ton—\$15.00 Hogs dressed—\$6.75 Cattle—\$4.25

Lambs—\$1.75 Beef hides—6c per lb Veal calves live—\$6.50 Eggs—27c Butter—27c Poultry live—

Turkeys, young and plump—13c Geese, young and plump—10c Ducks, young and plump—8c Hens—6c.

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

## Here You Are!

As announced in our window on Wednesday last the standing of parties in our Piano Contest at the end of the first week is as follows;

1. Madeleine Barnum.....	381
2. Reginald Hills.....	251
3. Mrs. E. B. Cavell.....	174
4. Mildred Ely.....	117
5. Katie White.....	106
6. Myrtle Thomas.....	84
7. Mrs. Bertha Welch.....	3
8. Marcia Hoar.....	3

Showing a total of 1119 votes cast for the first week of Contest.

The large vote cast shows the intense interest taken in our Piano Contest.

Owing to the rush of business on Saturdays we find it impossible to start our Weekly Special Sales on that day, so hereafter we will start them on Wednesday Morning. Do Not Miss These Sales. They are Money Savers for You. Starting next Wednesday morning we will put on sale

## 500 Art Pictures

at the unheard of price of 5c and 10c each; 6 for 25c and 3 for 25c. These Pictures are in Gun Metal frames with glass and hanger, and retail at 10c and 15c each. You can't buy them at the price we are offering them anywhere in the U. S. Buy a quarter's worth of each kind and get two votes on our Piano Contest. Remember this Sale lasts one week only.

## Merritt &amp; Company

## Piano Contest

This Coupon Counts One Vote For

Name.....

Address.....

Void After November 23.

## MERRITT &amp; COMPANY

Leaders in Xmas Goods, NORTHVILLE.

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

## Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

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

FOR SALE—Sewing machine. Latest improved drop leaf. Best made. Cheap. Record office.

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

FOR SALE—The Dodge Fruit farm. Will sell for cash or easy terms to suit purchaser; or will trade for smaller place. J. Dodge, Northville, Mich.

LOST—Friday night, either on the Farmington car or in Northville, a gold chain and charm. Finder please leave with Mrs. Trempier at the Record office.

LOST—On D. U. R. car between Snyder Road and Northville Monday afternoon, a hand bag containing sum of money. A reward will be given if left with Mrs. John Hirsch, Northville.

WANTED—Invald's wheel chair. Inquire at Record office.

LOST—Tuesday morning between Satorvsky's store and Angus McKay's house, a brown leather hand bag containing sum of money. Finder please leave with Mrs. Crommer on Northside.

LOST—Friday night Nov. 13, between Wesley Mills and Judd Allen's a good woolen horse blanket, green and yellow stripes. Finder return to Wesley Mills and receive reward.

LOST—Thursday, Purse containing small sum money on street between Satorvsky's store and the bakery. Finder please leave at Record office for Mrs. Louis Ash.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence 31 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 6:00 a. m. and 12:00 to 2:30 and 6:00 to 7:30 p. m. Both Phones.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Post Office. Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Both Telephones.

E. B. CAVELL, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Ontario College, now has his office in residence, corner of Cady and Center streets. Calls attended night or day. Both Phones.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of ALFRED W. ELY, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of the Globe Furniture Co. (Ltd) in the village of Northville in said county, on Monday the 21st day of December A. D. 1908, and on Saturday the 20th day of February A. D. 1909, at 12 o'clock M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 21st day of October A. D. 1908 were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.—Dated October 21, 1908.

HORACE GREEN, ORVILLE LEVINE, Commissioners.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas, default having been made in the payment of interest on a certain mortgage made by George W. Flint, of the City of Detroit (Wayne County, Michigan, and Alfred Flint his wife, to the Northville State Savings Bank of Northville, Michigan, which mortgage bears date the 23rd day of July 1905, and is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne County, Michigan, on the 5th day of August, 1906, in Liber 472 of Mortgages on page 440, and on which mortgage there is now due to be due for interest overdue and unpaid the sum of forty-seven and two hundredths (47 1/2) dollars and no proceedings at law or otherwise having been taken to recover the same or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the statutes in such case made and provided the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on Monday, the 14th day of December, 1908, at 10 o'clock noon, Detroit city time, at the southern or Congress street entrance to the County Building in the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan (that being the place where the Circuit Court for said County is held), the premises described in said mortgage of so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness and such further interest as may be due at such sale, together with costs and expenses of such mortgage sale, as an attorney fee as provided for in said mortgage and allowed by law. Said premises being located in the Township of Livonia, Wayne County, Michigan, and described as the West seventy (70) acres of the West half (1/2) of the Northwest one-quarter (1/4) of Section fifteen (15), Township one (1) South of Range one (1) East, containing seventy (70) acres, more or less.

Dated September 14 1908.

THE NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.

C. C. YERKES, Attorney for Mortgagee.

Northville, Michigan.

I. W. Duffee, Attorney.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Jane Fulford of Birmingham; Oakland County, Michigan, to Robert Bird of Port Huron, Michigan, dated the 13th day of April 1881 and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Wayne and state of Michigan on the 7th day of May A. D. 1881 in Liber 160 of mortgages on page 264 and by the said Robert Bird duly assigned in writing to Charles Fulford of Romulus, Michigan, on the 5th day of December 1891 which said assignment was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne County on the 21st day of October 1893 in Liber 37 of assignment of mortgages on page 241 on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due the sum of eighteen hundred ninety-three and one hundredths dollars and the further sum of twenty-five dollars as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage, and authorized by statute; and no suit nor proceeding at law or in equity having been instituted to recover any of the moneys due on said mortgage, now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the authority of the statutes of Michigan, I will sell at public venue to the highest bidder, at the Southern or Congress St. 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) on Saturday, the 23rd day of January, A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the lands and premises described in said mortgage, to-wit: The north three-fourths of the north east quarter of the southeast quarter of Section twenty-two (22), Township of Romulus, being town 2 South Range 9 East and containing thirty (30) acres more or less.

CHAS. FULFORD, Assignee of Said Mortgage.


Dated, October 20th, 1908.

I. W. DUFFEE, Attorney.

## A Complete Drug Store

That's just what we have here—one to which you can come for anything in the druggist's line and not be disappointed. A great stock? Yes, ten thousand and one different articles. Some are called for fifty times a day; others once or twice a year. But we must have them all, because you expect to find them here. Proprietary medicines of all kinds. Toilet and sanitary articles in great abundance and variety. All prescriptions filled with accuracy by graduate pharmacists of long experience.

**Murdock Bros.**  
DRUGGISTS  
62 Main St. NORTHVILLE.



### Practical HORSESHOEING

All Work Guaranteed.

**SAUVIE & WALTER**  
NORTHVILLE. PROPERS.

### MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

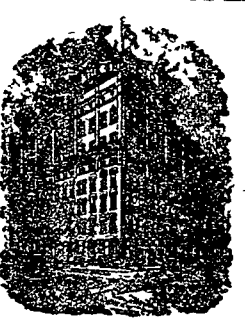
**F. A. MILLER, Propr.**  
109 Main St. NORTHVILLE.  
TELEPHONE.

### DIAMOND DAIRY

For Pure Milk, Cream and Ices.

**G. C. BENTON, Prop.**

### Detroit Headquarters for MICHIGAN PEOPLE



GRISWOLD HOUSE.  
AMERICAN PLAN, \$2.50 TO \$3.50 PER DAY.  
EUROPEAN PLAN, \$3.00 TO \$5.00 PER DAY.

Stately modern and commodious hotel, in the very heart of the retail shopping district of Detroit, corner Griswold and Grand River Aves., only one block from Woodward Ave., Jefferson, Third and Fourth streets, only one pass by the house. When you visit Detroit stop at the Griswold House.

**POSTAL & MORREY, Props.**

Freight Roughly Handled.  
Bought is handled in the Philippines. Coccolis, who, with a bamboo pole, a piece of rope, carry in a most ingenious fashion packages that are liable to drop and burst at any moment. Hence the need of good stock for the casings and re-enforcement with iron strap bands.

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

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

## NORTHVILLE.

### The City in Brief.

Seymour Seeley was a victim of grip last week.

John D. Mabley of Detroit is advertising clothing.

Fred L. Cook & Co. of Farmington are advertising table linen.

Regular meeting of Orient Chapter O. E. S. this Friday evening.

Satovsky & Son are advertising cretons and silkolines this week.

D. C. Hubbard of Bay City visited his sister, Mrs. Carrie Mosher, over Sunday.

Little Dorothy Stanley celebrated her third birthday Nov. 9, by entertaining seven little girls.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Franklin Thursday, Nov. 12, a son. Miss Emeline Lapham is the nurse.

The Misses Katie White and Eva Musser took part in the B. Y. P. U. meeting at Novi Sunday evening.

Mrs. George Stadel entertained thirty-five ladies at what last evening. A very enjoyable time was had.

John Buckley has been called to the northern part of the state on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Catholic services will be held in their house, corner of Center and Dunlap streets, Sunday morning at 8:00 standard.

Mrs. Walter Mosher of Newark, N. J., is visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. Carrie Mosher. Walter is still with the U. S. fleet.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kohler and sons, Ernest and Fred, attended the funeral of their cousin, Miss A. Kohler, in Detroit Friday.

C. M. Joslin was taken ill Saturday with neuritis of the heart and on Sunday his condition became serious. He is some better, but still quite weak.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ely gave a fish supper Monday evening to their former boarders. After supper the guests were most royally entertained by the host and hostess.

Perline White, who has been in poor health all summer, is now confined to his bed and growing weaker all the time. The doctors say it is a general breaking down and gives very little hope for his recovery.

Some smart alec shot and badly wounded a pet dog last week belonging to the children of John C. Thomas. Mr. Thomas' folks say the act was down right meanness and the fellow who did it ought to have a good thrashing.

Morris Johnson of this place, Will Seeley of Walled Lake and Bert Seeley of Pontiac, who are hunting in McKinley, have killed two deer and expect to get the third one soon. This town won't be big enough to hold Johnson when he returns.

The wedding of Miss Carrie E. Larkins of this place to Mr. W. H. McMillan of Ashland, California, is announced to take place at the bride's home on west Randolph street on Thanksgiving day. They will make Northville their future home.

The Farmington Enterprise has again changed hands, F. E. VanBlack of Detroit having purchased the plant and began business there last week. Mr. VanBlack is an old newspaper man and will undoubtedly give his patrons the best of satisfaction.

The following item came to the Record this week. "The Mohawk Football team of Detroit would like to arrange a game with any team to be played in Northville Thanksgiving day. For further information write Chris Hogg, 358 VanDyke Ave., Detroit.

The entertainment given by Mrs. Workman for the Library association Tuesday evening was well worth the large patronage that it had. Mrs. Workman is a very pleasing elocutionist and her readings, both dramatic and comic, were well received. The door receipts were about \$27.

The Stimpson Scale Co., report a steady increase in business and that prospects were never brighter. For some months past the business at the factory has been on the upward move and even when other factories of the kind have had to shut down or run on half time the Stimpson has been gaining all the time.

Mrs. Geo. Stimpson was "too surprised for utterance" Friday evening when she answered a ring at the doorbell and in walked about thirty Lady Macabees. Mrs. Stimpson soon recovered and entertained her guests in a royal manner. Miss Gladys Hunt, violinist, Miss Marcella Hoar, pianist and Fred Savage, vocalist, furnished music for the occasion.

Cures baby's croup, Willie's daily cuts and bruises, mama's sore throat, grandma's lameness—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the great household remedy.

Allen, the Stove Man.

Am located in Northville and am prepared to do all kinds of repairing: Stoves, lawn mowers, clothes wringers and sewing machines. Castings for all stoves 12c per lb. In stove. Second hand gasoline stoves for sale. Phone residence, 128 x.

G. P. ALLEN.

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:  
Mrs. Emma Norton  
Mr. H. C. Miller  
Mr. F. Pearce

G. W. & F. Dolph have something to tell about glasses.

Taylor-Woolfenden are advertising dress goods and gloves.

Miss Myrtle Phillips is ill with neuritis necessitating medical attendance.

Mrs. T. E. Murdock entertained a number of ladies at cards last Thursday evening.

Yesterday was an ideal "Indian summer" day. Let us have more of them, please.

Nelson Hogart has been quite ill the past week and is still unable to leave the house.

A father odd but pretty sight are barns and a silo painted a green color east of Northville.

Gov. Warner has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, Nov. 26, as Thanksgiving Day.

Regular convention of Knights of Pythias Tuesday evening, Nov. 24. All brothers asked to be present.

George Stanley and party, who are hunting in Kenton, U. P., already have captured five deer and one bear.

Carpenter & Huff were at Walled Lake this week installing one of the Bell furnaces in the Methodist church there.

O. S. Harger has sold the McNaughton place on the base line to Horace Wilson and sister, Mrs. Wood.

A. T. Stewart was called home from Charlevoix yesterday by the serious illness of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Morley.

Mrs. Electa Morley was taken much worse the first of the week and now lies very low. Her recovery is doubtful.

"The great and mighty war is still raging". In the piano contest. Just read what Merritt & Co. have to say about it in their ad.

While coming out from Detroit Monday afternoon, Mrs. John Hirsch lost a black hand bag containing purse with quite a sum of money.

Dr. T. H. Turner has purchased the Jud-Lanning house opposite the school house. The house and property is one of the finest in town. O. S. Harger made the sale.

Mrs. Fred Oldenburg, daughter, Mabel, and sons, Clarence and Edgar, were in Detroit Wednesday to attend a farewell party given the former's daughter, who leaves soon for California.

Don't fail to go and see Christy & Basset in the Northville Opera House this (Friday) evening in their marvelous legerdemain and sleight of hand performances. They are highly recommended.

The rural mail carriers received word last week from the postoffice department in Washington that they were to start on their routes one half hour earlier. They now leave at 7:30 instead of 8:00.

Miss Vesta Clark, who has been spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Ciapp, has accepted a position with the Jarvis Machine Co. at Lansing, as stenographer. She left Monday to begin her work.

The "Merry-Go-Round" met with Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Carpenter Wednesday evening and slung on considerable style by having "colored waiters." The colored gem in was A. K. himself while Mrs. Will Stark was the lady who helped wait on the "white trash." Both were certainly typical coons and coonesses. A huge time was had by the two dozen guests present.

Just as Mrs. Lizzie Teagan was about to retire Friday evening the door was opened and in walked the "500" club of which she is a member. There were both "ladies" and "gentlemen" of all "nations" and even some farmers with their hoes and shovels. They had the jolliest time ever and regretted when the time arrived for them to return to their homes. The surprise on Mrs. Teagan was complete.

Tippling Barred.

A well-known New York hotelier has awarded an anti-gratuity pool at least the current season.

Management makes official statement. "The servant's of the house receive full and satisfactory satisfaction for their services from owners, and are neither permitted to accept nor do they expect to receive fees of any kind from guests."

One Rule of Luck.

When a man has worked desperately for 15 hours a day for 15 or 20 years and got a little money ahead, it is amusing to hear his neighbors tell how lucky he has always been.—Norfolk (Neb.) News.

Allen, the Stove Man.

Am located in Northville and am prepared to do all kinds of repairing: Stoves, lawn mowers, clothes wringers and sewing machines. Castings for all stoves 12c per lb. In stove. Second hand gasoline stoves for sale. Phone residence, 128 x.

G. P. ALLEN.

## OPERA HOUSE

### NORTHVILLE

Christy & Basset are Coming Friday Evening, Nov. 20, at 8 o'clock.

Christy and Basset, the foremost entertainers at the present day, will be at the Northville Opera House this Friday evening, Nov. 20, in their up to date marvelous art of legerdemain, magic, sleight-of-hand, spirit slate writing, Indian strength test, the Hindoo mystery old English stocks—bring along your padlocks for this number—the great sack and packing box trick greatest of mystery.

Flowers for the ladies, a clean, refined and educating entertainment for old and young. Concert by Michigan Military Academy orchestra. Admission, first 5 front rows, 35c; rest of lower house 25c; balcony 15c. Advance ticket sale at Park House.

### NOVEMBER.

BY DELLA F. HARMON.

"November has come and winter's step is near."

His footsteps rustle in the fallen leaves. His chill breath murmurs in the herbage. His frown would darken even the garnered sheaves.

But kindly Nature mitigates the frown. And glides the dying year with glories all her own."

As each month brings its peculiar atmosphere, physical and mental, so November seems, even more than the others, pregnant with meanings "all her own."

No vember means "no" a great many other things. No fragrance of flowers, no summer melody of bird-song, no soft and cloudless blue of sky, no living green of meadow and forest; but it never means, for those whose vocation brings them "near to nature's heart," no work to do.

It means the gathering up of all the loose ends of various unfinished things, indoors and out, in preparation for the winter so close at hand. It means not only a farewell to many pleasant things—an ending, but also a beginning—a getting ready—for things inevitable. It is true, but for the useful and enjoyable as well.

November is not alone a season of cloudy skies, chilling winds and premonitory snowflakes, of death and decay of nature's inanimate life, but it opens to our minds vistas of coming good cheer; of evenings with our books; of glowing fires; of interchange of social visits—the gathering of ourselves together for mutual pleasure and benefit.

And it means—oh, lovely meaning!—Indian summer (that is, unless our erratic climate of late years should say us nay) Indian summer! That blessed halting time between summer and winter that is like no other time, with its indescribable tints and sounds and scents, its softening, soothing magic of air and earth and sky, as different from the exhilaration of the quickening life of spring as from the lassitude of summer's solstice. And, too, what a boon is it to those all-too-numerous victims of the thief procrastination in its opportunities for finishing the undone duties of many neglected yesterdays.

But of all November's significances, one stands pre-eminent—it is our Thanksgiving month. Whether or not we observe it in its original and inherent sense, whether we even consider—as too many of us do not—all that it is and ought to be to us nationally and individually, materially and spiritually, yet it is our own dear day, antedating as it does even that July holiday when the noise of our rejoicing resounds to the echoing skies and unto the far horizons.

For, of all the Christian lands of earth, we have one proud claim apart: In our land, alone, do a nation's heart. On one glad day of all the year, To our bountiful Father above, Who has kept us safe three hundred years In the shadow of His love.—Mich. Farmer.

Loving and Serving.

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—Stevenson

Disappearance of the Eland.

The rapidly disappearing wild eland is the eland or Cape elk, which is a native of South Africa and one of the largest antelopes, and is locally prized as furnishing the best of all venison. Schemes for preservation include a plan for domesticating it and making it perform an important share of the farm work of Cape Colony. The beast is easily captured, thrives under the new conditions, and in an experiment in the M'Chekwe district of Mashonaland two eland spans were used for a considerable time for drawing wagons, proving docile and tractable. Healthy calves were born in captivity. The animal seems to be proof against the common diseases of farm stock, and its flesh is desirable for beef and its hide for leather.

## Some Exceptional Values.

## Glove Dept. Special

ON SALE THIS WEEK

We offer a lot of sample gloves in Real Kid, Mocha and Cap Leather. Sizes 5 1/2, 6 1/2 and 6 3/4. Regular prices \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, and \$2.50. They are more or less soiled, having been shown as agents' samples, but are all first quality of each grade. They will be sold on our Bargain Table, in rear of the elevator, first floor, at EXACTLY HALF PRICE.

### DRESS GOODS DEPT.—

This week we will offer to close out a few pieces of Imported Cheviot Suitings, formerly priced \$2.25 a yard, choice for \$1.59 a yard.

### MEN'S DEPT.—

Last week of the "ollar Button sale. Remember there are all guaranteed buttons. Those we sell at 8 cents each will compare favorably with any 25 cent button on the market.

### BLACK GOODS DEPT.—

A small lot of Imported Velvets, Silk stripes, shadow cloths, etc., formerly priced \$1.25 and \$1.50. We have them all one price to close them out quickly, 89c a yard.

## The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.

165 to 169 Woodward Ave.

DETROIT, MICH.

## Hides Tanned FOR ROBES AND COATS.



Send us your Cattle and Horse Hides, or any skins you have, and we will make you a FINE COAT, ROBE or a FLOOR-RUG at a reasonable price.

We have one of the largest Fur Coat and Robe Factories in the country, and tan and dress in our own plant, all the hides and skins we use. We can therefore handle your Custom work in the very best manner. All hides are soft and pliable when finished. We guarantee our work. A postal card and 25 cents of your time will bring one of our circulars. If possible, call and inspect our plant. We are on the Boulevard, three-quarters of a mile East of Woodward Avenue. WRITE NOW.

**HUGH WALLACE CO.**  
Tanning Dept. DETROIT, MICH.

## J. E. WEDOW, Auctioneer

A Good Seller; Gives Perfect Satisfaction; Terms Reasonable.  
Bell Phone, Farm. 40-L. 2-R.  
Post Office, WALLED LAKE, MICH.  
R. F. D. No. 2.

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

**OSCAR S. HARGER**  
REAL ESTATE BOUGHT, SOLD and EXCHANGED.  
Estates Settled and Managed.  
Insurance and Loans. Notary Public.  
Bell Phone, 60. 124 N. Center St.  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## 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.

## FOR GUARANTEED CHRISTMAS PHOTOGRAPHS

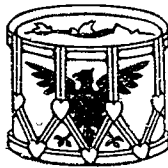
Consult L. L. Ball  
The Northville Art Studio  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

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## THE RECORD PRINTERY

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# SERIAL STORY

## THE SMUGGLER

By ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

Illustrations by Ray Walters

(Copyright, 1907, by J. R. Appleton & Co.)

### SYNOPSIS.

Three girls—Elizabeth, Gabrielle and Edith—started for Canada to spend the summer there. On board steamer they were frightened by an apparently demented stranger, who finding a bag belonging to one of them, took enjoyment in scrutinizing a photo of the trio. Edith shared her stateroom with a Mrs. Graham, also bound for Canada. The young women on a night-sleeping trip met Mrs. Graham, anxiously awaiting her husband, who had a mania for sailing. They were introduced to Lord Wilfrid and Lady Edith. A cottage by the ocean was rented by the trio for the summer. Elizabeth learned that a friend of her father's was to call. Two men called, one of them being the queer-looking stranger on the steamer. The girls were "not at home," but discovered by the cards left that one of the men was Elizabeth's father's friend. The men proved to be John C. Blake and Gordon Bennett. The party was told of the search for smugglers in the vicinity of the cottage. Edith visited Mrs. Graham to find that her life was not the happiest. She learned that the Gabriels and Lady Edith were acquainted. A wisp of yellow hair from Mrs. Graham's pocket fell into the hands of Edith. Mrs. Graham's hair was black. During a storm the young women heard a crash in the basement of the cottage and a moment later Mary Anne, their woman servant, entered her arm bleeding. To assure them there was no danger, Mary Anne descended to the basement alone and quieted their fears.

### CHAPTER VI.

It was a very beautiful world which greeted us in the morning after the storm, all swept and garnished and freshly painted for our delectation.

I wish I could describe it, as we stood upon our veranda drinking in the life-giving ozone and feasting our eyes upon the landscape. Perhaps if I were an artist I could better express the bright azure of the sky, the deep or blue of the sparkling ocean rippling with white-capped waves, the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere, and the glorious sunlight gilding everything until the commonest objects were endowed with a charm hitherto unsuspected.

I had awakened tired and unrefreshed, and both Gabrielle and Edith both looked rather pale and heavy-eyed, so we decided to spend the day at home, and established ourselves upon the veranda for one of the long lazy mornings in which we frequently indulged.

Lady Edith Campbell soon joined us, fresh and dainty in her pretty morning costume and simple hat, and we greeted her with enthusiasm.

"Wilfrid has gone fishing," she remarked, as she removed her hat, "and as he means to be away all day, I shall not be missed. How very cozy you all look, and what a wonderful morning, is it not?"

"If storms bring days like this," remarked Gabrielle, from the hammock, "I shall not care how often they come."

"Oh, shall you not?" replied Lady Edith, with a little shiver. "I do not believe I agree with you. Last night was terrible even in the village; what it must have been in this exposed place I cannot imagine. I am always afraid of the wind, and then, too—"

She paused uncertainly and looked at us.

"Such a dreadful thing happened! Do you care to hear hotel gossip?"

We hastened to assure her that we loved all gossip, hotel or otherwise, and she resumed:

"Well, last night Mrs. Bundy, the fat old lady who had the table next to ours, you know—"

"Who were a diamond sunburst on her forehead and headlight in her ears," interrupted Gabrielle.

"And came to breakfast in a velvet tea-gown, with an emerald necklace," supplemented Elizabeth. "Of course we remember her. Did she die of apoplexy or anything?"

"She was robbed," said Lady Edith gravely. "All her jewels were taken, and they were very valuable. Poor old woman! Was it not dreadful? She is in a state of hysterical collapse this morning, and who can wonder?"

"Robbed!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"Yes, robbed. It makes one very uncomfortable, does it not? They say it is the work of an expert, and have put the matter into the hands of the police, hoping to recover the jewels."

"Whom do they suspect?"

"I do not know," she hesitated a moment, then resumed quietly: "You see, the hotel was crowded last night with strangers storm-bound on the island, and it will be difficult to form an opinion. Mrs. Bundy was alarmed at the storm, and spent most of the night in her daughter's room. It is probable that, thief got in then, or when she was at dinner."

"But," objected Elizabeth, "it must have been some one who knew she had them. It could not have been a stranger."

"One can never tell," said Lady

Edith, thoughtfully. "But I confess it has made me nervous. I did not bring many jewels, fortunately, but I have my mother's pearls and a few other trinkets I would not care to lose, and I do not know what to do with them, since it appears unsafe to trust things in one's room, even if they are securely put away. Mrs. Bundy insisted that she locked up her emeralds with her own hands, and had the key on a ribbon around her neck."

"I am glad we left when we did," I remarked as she paused. "Not that I am burdened with jewels, but it must be awfully unpleasant."

"It is," she agreed; "one is inclined to look suspiciously at one's neighbors, not to mention servants. As for me, I have put my treasures in this box and carried it with me everywhere this morning. I would not even trust my maid, who has been with me for years. I do not know what in the world to do with them, and am more than half inclined to dig a hole and bury them deep and safe."

She gave a vexed little laugh as she spoke, and raised a box wrapped in white paper which she held on her lap, and which had appeared to contain bonbons.

"I'll tell you," said Elizabeth, impulsively. "Leave them here. There is a little iron safe under the china closet in the dining-room. I can't imagine why it was put there, for it is not big enough to hold much silver, even if it had anything but the most obvious plate; but it possesses two padlocks, and you could lock it and keep the keys."

"Do you really mean it?" said Lady Edith, incredulously.

"Yes—why not? I'm sure we won't be pursued for our valuables, and, if you will take all responsibility for leaving them, you are more than welcome to the exclusive use of the safe—isn't she, girls?"

Of course we agreed willingly, and were quite repaid by the look of relief in her big brown eyes and the pretty, eager manner with which she endeavored to express her gratitude.

"Let us put them away at once and get them off our minds," suggested Gabrielle, springing from the hammock and leading the way to the dining-room.

So we opened the door—which looked like an ordinary wooden panel below the corner closet—and disclosed



For Awhile! Swung Idly To and Fro.

the little iron safe with its two padlocks—both so rusty from disuse that it took all the strength I possessed to turn the keys.

"There!" I remarked, handing them to Lady Edith and closing the outer wooden door. "Now you can rest in peace."

"You have removed an incubus from my shoulders," she said, with a quick display of dimples, "and I am more grateful than I can express. I should not have had an easy minute after Mrs. Bundy's experience, although I am inclined to believe it was one of the strange men who spent the night here, rather than a guest or servant of the hotel. I would rather think so."

"And do you know," she continued, thoughtfully, "my maid says that several of these men left very early, without waiting for breakfast—as soon as it was light, in fact. That in itself seems suspicious, under the circumstances, but then, as I said, every one is inclined to suspect every one else, and it is all very horrid and uncomfortable. Now, do let us go outside again, and not waste this glorious day."

We had a delightful morning, for our guest was even more charming than usual. There was a subdued exhilaration in her manner, and an exuberance of spirit we had never seen before; her cheeks were softly pink, and her eyes shone, as she chatted merrily of various things after the fashion of girls the world over. In her softened mood, with the grande dame manner laid aside, she was quite irresistible, and I found myself wondering why her left hand bore neither wedding nor engagement ring, and whether she as well as her brother had an unhappy romance to be lived down and forgotten.

She did not, however, convey the impression of a lovelorn damsel, for a more radiant creature I have never seen. By the time lunch was over we felt as though we had known her all ways, and were planning a summer abroad, part of which was to be spent at her father's castle in Scotland.

"I hope," she added, "that Wilfrid will have quite recovered his pulse before you come over, and you can see him as he really is—such a dear fellow! And then, who knows what might happen? One of you might be induced to stay in the old world, for we have many friends, and American girls are very popular, you know."

After lunch Elizabeth declared her intention of going down the cellar to see what it was like, saying that it made her very uncomfortable not to know what she lived over; but she returned immediately, with a most disgusted expression.

"Mary Anne is scrubbing," she announced, "and the whole place is as wet as the ocean. I'll have to wait until to-morrow. Just now I would need a boat."

"What's the use of bothering?" inquired Gabrielle, placidly. "It would not worry me if I never explored the cellar. Just so I know it's there, I don't care what it looks like."

"Well, I do," returned Elizabeth, "and I'm going down there the first thing in the morning, if I don't forget it."

"Suppose we walk down to the wharf in the village," suggested Lady Edith, "and meet Wilfrid. We might induce him to take us for a sail."

But I still felt very indolent and preferred the hammock, with its many pillows and cool breeze, to the long, hot walk to the village, so the other three started cheerfully off, leaving me to my own devices.

For a while I swung idly to and fro, watching the dancing water and admiring the effect of the sunlight on the occasional sail which ventured around the point from the island colony on the other side. I was thinking in a desultory way of poor Mrs. Bundy and her lost emeralds, and of Lady Edith and her mother's pearls, and wishing she had opened the box and shown them to us before locking them away. When I heard a step upon the gravel-path, and Gordon Bennett lifted his cap and smiled amicably upon me, as though he were quite in the habit of paying us daily visits.

I noticed then what white teeth he had and how he smiled with his eyes as well as his lips, but this is an unimportant digression.

"I apologize for coming so often," he remarked, "appropriating a comfortable chair. My excuse is that I wish to return your property. I forgot it yesterday."

He drew Gabrielle's bag from his pocket as he spoke, and regarded it affectionately.

"At last," he continued, "I suppose it belongs to one of you; I found it on the steamer coming up, you know, just where you had been sitting."

I acknowledged our ownership of the property, and extended my hand for it, but he held it thoughtfully, as though unwilling to relinquish it.

"Would you mind," he said at last, with some hesitation, "telling me why when I started to bring you this bag, that night on the steamer, you all turned and fled as though I had been a carnivorous animal?"

There was a twinkle in his eye which made me hotly resentful, although I tried to preserve a cool and indifferent manner.

"Would you really like to know?" "Pining to be told; I have lost valuable sleep trying to work it out."

"Well, we thought you were crazy." "Why, please?"

His voice was genuinely astonished, and I plunged at once into an explanation I hoped would be satisfactory.

"You see, it was those chairs you threw overboard. It was such an extraordinary thing to do. And Gabrielle said you muttered when you did it."

"Is that all?—relief and amusement struggled for supremacy in his voice, and I felt myself flushing uncomfortably.

"I think it's quite enough," I returned, irritably. "No men in their senses go around throwing chairs overboard."

"And is that why I got the cold shoulder when I called?"

Mr. Gordon Bennett laughed then as he has never dared laugh since when referring to that subject, for we don't like to talk about it, as it makes us appear rather foolish.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### ASKED TO WATCH FOR HUSBY.

Cleveland Woman Thinks That Request Was The Limit.

"I don't care what anybody asks me now," remarked the woman with the heavily upholstered velvet jacket. "I'll be prepared now for anything. Nothing would surprise me. Not after what the woman across the hall asked me yesterday."

"It was after five o'clock, and I was busy getting dinner, for my husband is usually home by six. I guess the woman across the hall must have been figuring on having her dinner ready just on time, too. She knocked at the door, and when I asked her to come out to the kitchen she says: 'O, no, I haven't time to stop only a moment. I just wanted to ask you if you would look out of your window and let me know when my husband gets off the car and then tell me so I can hurry my supper on the table. He's always in such a hurry when he gets home. You'll watch out for him, won't you, dear? You know I can't see the car from our flat.'"

"And she was gone before I had time to catch my breath. I can see myself sitting at the window and watching for her husband. The idea!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Man—the Driver.

No man will ever admit that any woman can drive better than he can. Even the woman who dances on the back of a horse at the circus doesn't know as much about horses as he does. The only reason he can't dance on the back of a horse is that he can't dance; it isn't the back of the horse that cuts any figure. The man who drives with a woman, and lets the woman drive, should have one of these two signs tacked to him if he wants to keep the respect of other men: "I am in love," or "I have rheumatism in my fingers."—Atchison Globe.

## The Pumpkin

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

At—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,  
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-rearied man seeks his mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,  
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?  
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

## Thanksgiving

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving. —Psalm 147:7

THANKSGIVING is one of our highest and holiest duties. There are in the Scriptures more commands and calls to praise than to prayer. Yet few duties are more frequently neglected than this. There are many people who are always coming to God with requests but who do not come to him with thanksgiving after their requests have been granted. Ten lepers once cried to Jesus for cleansing, as he was passing them at a distance. He graciously heard them and granted their plea. When they had been healed, one of the ten returned to thank the healer, but the other nine came not again with any word of recognition of the great favor they had received. So it is continually—many are blessed and helped, but few show gratitude. Our Lord felt keenly the ingratitude of the lepers who returned not "Where are the nine?" was his pained question. God pours out his gifts and blessings every day upon his children, and whenever no voice of thanksgiving is heard in return he misses it. If one bird of the forest is silent in the glad spring day, he misses its song. If one human heart fails to utter its praise amid life's countless blessings, he is disappointed.

Many there are who think that if certain definite days are set apart for praise it is enough. For example, they will be grateful for a whole day once in a year, touching then every chord of praise in their being, thinking that this is the way God wants them to show their gratitude. But the annual Thanksgiving day is not intended to gather into itself the thanksgiving for a whole year; rather it is intended to give the keynote for all the year's life. Life's true concert pitch is praise. If we find that we are below the right pitch, we should take advantage of the particular thanksgiving seasons to get keyed up. When the strings of life begin to grow discordant thanksgiving will put us in tune.

The ideal life is one of gladness. Unthankfulness and fretfulness are discords in the song. We have no right to live gloomily or sadly. Go where we may, we hear the music of joy, unless our ears have become tone-

"It is both the duty and the privilege of a Christian people to recognize their obligations to the bountiful Giver of all good, and to recognize the fresh and continued evidence of the Divine favor and forbearance during the past year."

deaf. The world is full of beauty and full of music. Yet it is strange how many people seem neither to see the loveliness nor hear the music. It were well if many of us would train ourselves to see the glory and goodness of God, as revealed in nature. It will be sad to leave this world, after staying in it three-score or four-score years without having seen any of the ten thousand beauties with which God had adorned it. "Consider the lilies," said Jesus. Every sweet flower has a message of joy to him who can read the writing. One who loves God's flowers and birds and trees and mountains and rivers and seas, and has learned to heed the voices which everywhere whisper their secrets to him who understands, can never be sad or

### BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hopo Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yow and Washington Sts., Centerville, Wash., says: "For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome;—pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

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

### THE NEWEST MODE.

Sue!—What does the new baby at your house look like? Is it nice?—Sammy—Must be the latest thing in babies. Maw's as tickled over it as if it just came from the milliner's.

### WARNED OF THE CYCLONE.

Telephone Just a Few Seconds Ahead of High Wind.

Once upon a time a Kansas zephyr broke loose and meandered about the country, picking up various things. Bill Baumgartner's telephone, 20 miles away, rang: "Is that you, Bill?" yelled an excited voice. "Yes. What's the matter?" "This is Frank. We've got a cyclone down here, and it's headed your way. Look out! I—" Frank's voice broke off suddenly. Bill heard a crash and a spluttering, then all was silence. He gathered up his family and rushed them to a deep ravine. They were just in time to dodge a funnel-shaped cloud that wrecked the house, picked up his barn, two cows, and a couple of miles of fence.—Hampton's Broadway Magazine.

### SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS.

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 80 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months—but did not get much help. During this time sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

### A Riddle.

An English paper recently asked its readers for an answer to the following riddle: What does a man love more than life, Hate more than death, or mortal strife; That which contented men desire, The poor have, and the rich require; A miser spends, the spendthrift saves, And all men carry to their graves? All sorts of answers were sent in, but the correct one was declared to be "Nothing."

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed, it swells and shuts out the sound, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH CURE. Send for circulars, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Too Unkind.

"Didn't you say there was a statesman in your family?" inquired my deaf friend. "Oh, no," I cried, hastening to correct his peculiar impression; "I merely said that a relative of mine was one of the United States senators from New York."—Bohemian Magazine.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.—George Eliot.

## PISO'S

### Coughing Spells

are promptly relieved by a single dose of Piso's Cure. The regular use of this famous remedy will relieve the worst form of coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, and all the troubles of the throat and lungs. Absolutely free from harmful drugs and opium. For half a century the household remedy in millions of homes.

At all druggists, 25c.

## CURE



## For Constipation

A Medicine that Does Not Cost Anything Unless It Cures.

If you suffer from constipation in any form whatever, acute or chronic, we will guarantee to supply you medicine that will surely effect a cure. If taken with regularity and according to directions for a reasonable length of time, should the medicine fail to benefit you to your entire satisfaction, we promise that it shall cost you nothing.

No other remedy can be compared with Rexall Orderlies for the easy, pleasant and successful treatment of constipation. The active medicinal ingredient of this remedy which is odorless, tasteless and colorless, is an entirely new discovery. Combined with other extremely valuable ingredients, it forms a preparation which is incomparable as a perfect bowel regulator, intestinal invigorator and strengthener. Rexall Orderlies are notable for their agreeableness to the palate and gentleness of action. They do not cause griping or any disagreeable effect or inconvenience, and may be taken at any time, day or night.

We particularly recommend Rexall Orderlies for children, delicate or aged persons because they do not contain anything that could possibly injure the most delicate organism. They are just as easy to take as candy, and unlike other preparations for a like purpose they do not create a habit, but instead they overcome the cause of habits acquired through the use of ordinary laxatives, cathartics and harsh physic, and permanently remove the cause of constipation or irregular bowel action.

We want you to try Rexall Orderlies at our risk. We know that there is nothing that will do you so much good, and we will refund your money without argument if they do not do as we say they will. They are prepared in tablet form in two sizes of packages: 36 tablets 25c. and 12 tablets 10c. A. E. Stanley & Co., Northville, Mich.

### Thieves and Humor.

The reason why cockneys are such smart thieves is that they have a keen sense of humor. The street rat picks your pocket while he grins at you. It is only stupid thieves who are serious. Poor Oliver Twist's serious was the cause of his arrest. The humor of the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates saved them.—Strand Magazine.

### A Day with Dollars in It.

"It was such clear, bright, beautiful weather yesterday," says a Georgia editor, "that you could see a silver dollar half a mile, with a bill collector ten steps behind it—and, of course, he had a better chance to get it than you had. Heaven send us more beautiful weather, and more silver dollars!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props. Toledo, O. 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 obligation made by their firm. West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, Ohio. Walbridge Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### Asked to Stay In.

In Changsha the other day all the foreigners received a communication from the Taotai requesting them to remain within their own doors for a period of four days as a religious festival was in progress, and the Taotai could not hold himself responsible for the safety of foreigners who would venture among the crowds.—Hong Kong Daily Press.

## CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### Its Blood Precious.

The blood of the rhinoceros is highly esteemed by the Burmese and Chinese as a medicine for all kinds of ailments. Whenever a party of hunters are successful in shooting a rhinoceros—they are less numerous than they used to be—the native hunters carefully draw off the blood and bring it to Rangoon stored in hollow bamboo. The precious liquid is worth its weight in silver.

## Does Not Stimulate

Ayer's Sarsaparilla does not stimulate. It does not make you feel better one day, then as bad as ever the next. It is not a strong drink. No reaction after you stop using it. There is not a drop of alcohol in it. You have the steady, even gain that comes from a strong tonic and alternative. We wish you would ask your doctor about this. He knows. Trust him. Do as he says. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

What are Ayer's Pills? Liver Pills. How long have they been sold? Nearly thirty years. Do doctors recommend them? Ask your own doctor and find out.

## NEIGHBORHOOD

### LIVONIA NEWS.

Corn shredders are busy in this vicinity just now.

H. Kingsley is boarding with W. O. Minkley at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lee attended the Baptist church at Plymouth Sunday.

Horace Kingsley lost his house by fire last Thursday morning. Cause unknown.

Mr. Simon's little boy is quite sick with pneumonia. Dr. Holcomb is attending him.

Wm. C. Smith was taken seriously ill on Tuesday and Dr. Tupper of Redford was called to attend him.

Mrs. Dora Baze is remodeling her house. She will occupy one part and her son the other.

There was a jolly crowd at the social at Rual Lambert's Saturday night and the cemetery realized a snug sum. All report a fine time.

German school opened up at the church here last Monday. Rev. Ehms as instructor is here as usual and all are pleased to see him looking so well.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulents (25 cents per box) correct the liver, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

### NOVI NEWS.

Miss Dora Groner is very sick.

Mrs. Chas. Cadwell is on the gain. Herman Smith has gone to Flint to work.

Mr. King's family are moving to Plymouth.

Mrs. Floyd Biery spent Saturday at Northville.

Mrs. G. W. Hills of Northville was in town this week.

Mr. Gordon and family are living at the hotel in Wixom.

Miss Mabel Whipple of Northville spent Tuesday in town.

Mrs. Rose Haven is sewing for Mrs. Frank Hamilton this week.

Miss Vesta Clark of Frankfort visited at Job Leavenworth's this week.

Frank Hamilton and wife of Novi visited the latter's parents at Wixom Sunday.

Harry Bassett of Pontiac visited his sister at Frank Hamilton's over Sunday.

Mrs. Lee Wooster, Miss Banks and Mrs. S. Brown were Detroit visitors Friday.

Miss Eva Musser of Northville spent Sunday night with Mabel Harding.

Miss Ruth Vradenburg of Northville visited Miss Effie Risher Friday and Saturday.

Gordon Deer is sick with typhoid fever. Dr. Burgess of Northville is attending him.

Mrs. Clyde Putnam of Novi visited her sister, Mrs. Seeley, in Pontiac a part of the week.

The ladies of the Methodist church will give a chicken pie supper Friday from 5 o'clock until 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Coomer of Four Towns visited Monday and Tuesday at Samuel Bassett's.

Miss Phebe Goodell has gone to spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Collins at Fennville.

Mrs. Wm. Mairs of Walled Lake visited her mother, Mrs. George Dandison, Friday and Saturday of last week.

James Leavenworth was home from Ypsilanti to attend the birthday party of Floyd Leavenworth Friday evening.

We would be glad to have all who can attend our B. Y. P. U. services. The Temperance meeting last Sunday evening was well attended and very interesting.

The B. Y. P. U. met with Burton Munro Tuesday evening for their election of officers which resulted as follows: President, Burton Munro; vice president, Mrs. Jas. Devereaux.

# JOHN D. MABLEY

Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing  
Hats and Furnishings

NECKWEAR, SHIRTS, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR, HOSE

MAIL ORDERS  
OUR SPECIALTY.  
SAMPLES ON REQUEST.

184 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

### WALLED LAKE NEWS.

The people of Walled Lake and vicinity responded nobly to a call to aid the fire sufferers. \$114.00 was raised besides a large supply of bedding and clothing.

### SALEM NEWS.

Mrs. Harmon Kingsley has a new Sterling piano.

Miss Cora Dekay, who was ill last week, is much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Merritt spent Sunday at Silver Lake.

Lenard Vickery of Plymouth was calling on relatives in this vicinity Monday.

Mrs. Robt. Mackey of South Lyon is visiting her mother, Mrs. Kenner, for a few days.

The ladies of the German church will have a social and quilt drawing in the near future.

Chas. E. Stanley and lady friend of Northville were visitors at G. P. Conroy's last week.

Walter White and grandmother expect to leave for their new home in Ypsilanti about Thanksgiving time.

The neighborhood was shocked last Friday to hear of the death of H. M. McCarthy, a prosperous farmer living in this vicinity.

There is some talk among different ones interested of forming a society for improving the Thayer cemetery. A very good idea, helped along.

Miss Hilda Merritt's pupils in the Thayer school will give a Thanksgiving program Wednesday afternoon. Any one interested is invited.

Corn husking was delayed at Geo. Whipple's last week on account of the serious illness and death of Hulett McFarland's mother, Mrs. Taylor at Northville.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. It cures piles, eczema, any skin itching. All druggists sell it.

### Work in Minute Fractions.

The human heat sense cannot realize a difference of temperature beyond one-fifth of a degree; but the thermometer, an instrument 200,000 times as sensitive as the skin, notes a difference of a millionth of a degree. A galvanometer flexes its finger at a current generated by simply depressing a drop of mercury so as to press it out of a spherical shape into that of an egg.

### CURIOUS

Tribe Where Sigs... a Ma...

A Methodist... a British New Guinea—now... Papua—Rev. W. E. Brown... added to the world's knowledge... of the great north Pacific island... and partial taming... tribe.

The race in question... is of about 20,000 blacks, living... called Dobu. The customs... of the race are most curious.

The immigration... is more drastic than that of... Australia," for all strangers... to become full members of the tribe or be eaten. When dealing... Brownlow, however, the... was got over by making him a member of the tribe.

Each tribe and each family had their own land, and no person is allowed to go out of their possession except as a loan for a season's crop. The men marry out of their own tribe and on their death their land becomes the property of their sons' children.

Women have great influence in the affairs of the tribe and their duties are quite distinct from those of the men. The men clear the bush and dig the ground, then the women prepare it and plant yams, the crop being theirs. If a man wants any yams he has to ask for them. The banana patch, however, is his own property.

Wives are obtained by purchase. If a man pays well for his wife he can thrash her occasionally, but she could leave him if she did not like it, and go back to her own village. Their heaven is a place where the healthy, strong and good looking go. All the others go to hell—London Chronicle.

secretary, Eugene Root; treasurer, Mrs. S. Brown.

Thanksgiving services will be held next Sunday morning in Baptist church. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Miss Katie White of Northville gave a recitation at the Temperance meeting in the Baptist church Sunday evening.

Miss Lulu Dandison attended a party at Walled Lake last Thursday given by Mrs. Emily Gilchrist, in honor of Miss Mary Gray of Silver Creek, Neb.

### GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mrs. E. Kahrl visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Collum, at Salem Sunday.

Miss Nettie Pankow entertained Geo. Kincaid and two sisters of Stark Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Heppner entertained their niece and nephew of Detroit Sunday.

Little Thelma Bond of North Farmington has been visiting with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wolfe, the past week.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. Francis R. Riley spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. W. Warby at South Lyon.

Wm. Danton and wife will occupy the Wm. Thomas house recently vacated by F. L. Thompson.

Mrs. J. M. Truscott and Mrs. Agnes Buno attended the Epworth League convention at Mt. Clemens last week.

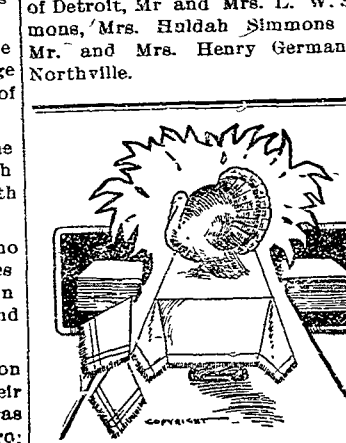
The Eastern Star meeting Friday evening was a very enjoyable one. After initiation ice cream and cake were served.

Mrs. Fred Follette of Detroit is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Edwards. She has been suffering with rheumatism.

Mrs. Orpha Cranson entertained Mrs. Mary Judd and daughter, Hatfield, and Mrs. Anna Judd of Columbus, Ohio, the latter part of last week.

Miss Emaline Lapham of Northville was taken ill while visiting relatives here last week. She was able to return home Saturday, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. E. B. Lapham.

A very pleasant surprise was given Mrs. C. J. Sprague last Saturday in honor of her birthday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Springer of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons, Mrs. Hilda Simmons and Mr. and Mrs. Henry German of Northville.



### THE THANKSGIVING TABLE

will be all the more tempting if it looks snowy white, with its new napkins and tablecloth. To make it so you should see our new stock of high-class napery. "It's a bird." And it will make you and your guests enjoy the bird all the better if on your dining table on Thanksgiving. For such high qualities the prices are really low.

**Fred L. Cook & Co.**  
FARMINGTON, MICH.

## DETROIT

# United Lines.

### TIME-TABLE.

Cars Run on Central Standard Time. Northville to Farmington and Detroit—Also to Orchard Lake and Pontiac.

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 5:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10:30 p. m.; for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6:30 a. m. and hourly until 11:30 p. m., and also 12:30 a. m. for Farmington.

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 11:00 p. m.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 6:00 a. m. and every two hours to 8:00 p. m.; also 8:30 p. m. changing at Wayne, and to Wayne only at 11:30 p. m.

Cars leave Detroit for Northville at 5:55 a. m. (from Michigan car barns only); also at 7:30 a. m. and every two hours to 7:50 p. m.; also at 9:00 p. m. and 11:00 p. m., changing cars at Wayne.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:39 a. m. and every two hours to 8:39 p. m. 10:10 p. m. and midnight. Leave Plymouth for Northville at 6:04 a. m. (except Sundays), 7:10 a. m. and every two hours to 9:10 p. m. 10:42 p. m. and 12:20 a. m. West bound cars to Jackson connect at Wayne. Cars for Salsine connect at Ypsilanti.

**FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS**  
Operated over the Detroit United Railway, Detroit, Monroe & Toledo Street Line, Detroit, Jackson & Chicago R. R., 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 John F. Keyes.  
Local Agent, Gen. Pass Agt., Detroit.  
Subject to change without notice.

**Charity Begins at Home.**  
In regard to the duties of the clubwoman to her own family a writer in a current periodical says: "The husband and home have the first claim on a wife's individual attention, it being a consideration of the proper meeting of domestic demands that she receives her board, lodging and such other emoluments as are her portion. For, apart from sentimental considerations, marriage is a business arrangement on a cash basis and a woman is no more justified in delegating her obligations to a hireling, who can not possibly be a qualified substitute, than she would be in undertaking a commercial position on a salary and then turning over a part of her important work to the office boy while collecting the pay for full service."

**His Busy Day.**  
Gen. Winfield Scott, on August 20, 1847, gained five victories in a day while marching to the City of Mexico.

—Toledo News Bee

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

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

Prepared by Dr. J. C. FAY, Fitchburg, Mass.

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

Fac-Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DROPS = 35 CENTS.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.