

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XXXIX. No. 17.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1908.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

AND AT LAST

WE HAVE LIGHT

NEW 250 H. P. ENGINE JUST INSTALLED.

Electric Light Plant Now Fully Equipped.

The street lights were on Saturday night for the first time in nearly six weeks, and the people of our village were happy once more. During this time Superintendent Wilkinson has been busily engaged getting things ready for a new engine as the old one was too small. The engine arrived last week and is 250 horse power. It will save between five and six hundred dollars a year on fuel and is adequate to take care of the village for the next seven or eight years.

LAPHAM-FELLER.

Cards have been received here announcing the marriage of Mr. Elbridge Lapham to Miss Elizabeth Feller on Sunday, Nov. 22, at Elkhart, Ind. The groom is a brother of E. H. Lapham of this place and is well known here. Although he was a complete surprise on his friends they extend hearty congratulations. They will make Elkhart their home for the present.

McMILLAN-LARKINS.

A very quiet wedding took place Thursday afternoon, Nov. 26, at the home of Mrs. Mary Larkins, when her daughter, Carrie, was united in marriage to Mr. W. H. McMillan of Ashland, Cal. Just the immediate relatives were present. The ceremony was performed by Justice of the Peace McCowan of Novi. The happy couple have the best wishes of a host of friends. They will reside here.

LEAVENWORTH-THOMPSON.

About one hundred relatives and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson Thursday afternoon, Nov. 26, to witness the marriage of their daughter, Eva Bell, to Mr. Burton H. Leavenworth. Promptly at four o'clock Miss Lee of South Lyon began playing the wedding march and the bridal party took their places beneath an arch of green and white, where Rev. N. E. Musser, pastor of the Baptist church, performed the ceremony.

The bride wore a dress of cream colored tulle and was attended by her sister, Miss Nellie Thompson. Jay Leavenworth acted as best man. The ribbon bearers were Lillie Clark, Bina Hayes, Vera Clark and Lera Whipple.

After congratulations, a fine wedding supper was served.

The bride and groom were the recipients of many valuable presents which spoke of the high esteem in which they are held. After a short wedding trip they will return to Northville where they will make their future home.

New Home Phones.

The Interstate Long Distance Telephone Co. or Home Phone Co. has placed phones in the following residences:

Miss Eva Joyce-149-X
C. B. Bristol-39-X
Mrs. Libbie Forbes-310-2R

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the friends who so kindly assisted us in our bereavement; also for the beautiful flowers.

MRS. BERRY AND CHILDREN.

Calumet Baking Powder

The only high-class Baking Powder sold at a moderate price.

MARTYRDOM.



DISEASED CATTLE IN LIVONIA TWP.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL TO STAMP IT OUT.

Dr. Granger of Plymouth Says Situation Dangerous.

Several herds of cattle in the vicinity of Plymouth are afflicted with the dreaded foot and mouth disease, which government officials are endeavoring to wipe out. A conservative estimate places the number of diseased animals as high as 105, says the Detroit News. The contagion according to investigations made by United States inspectors from Detroit and Dr. Granger, a local veterinarian, is prevalent in Livonia township and other neighboring sections. Four herds have been found to be suffering from the disease and already one death from it has occurred. It is feared the contagion will spread.

Shaw Bros. farm probably possesses the most cattle of any in the afflicted district. On the farm of Edward Pankow a number are sick, at Charles Hirschle's place, a number contracted the disease and about eighteen cows on the Cornell farm are also ill.

Dr. Granger says: "Unless the disease is checked immediately every animal in this section of the county will have contracted the disease. Since my first investigation one cow has died and while one or two show signs of improvement, more than a score of others have become afflicted. I think the disease originated on the Shaw farm and then spread to the others."

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson of Washington will remain here for a time taking direct charge of the work of stamping out the disease and a number of federal inspectors are on the ground and every herd in the district about Elm station will be carefully inspected. In every case where the infection is found, all the stock, except horses and dogs, will be slaughtered and buried.

The federal government will pay two-thirds of the cost of this work and the state the other third. Farmers will be paid for their stock but must not purchase new stock for a month or more.

The disease was brought in from a car load of cattle bought elsewhere.

Mrs. Minchart Dead.

Mrs. Minchart, mother of Mrs. Joe Miller of this place, died at her home in Plymouth Saturday morning, after a six weeks' illness of paralysis, aged seventy-five years. She leaves a husband and five children. Funeral was held Tuesday.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rattenbury wish to thank the Lady Maccabees for the beautiful flowers sent them during his illness.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Will Give Entertainment in Opera House Dec. 11.

It has been customary for the King's Daughters at this time of the year to ask your assistance in their work and on Dec. 11 they will give an entertainment in the Northville Opera House, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Tinsam, assisted by Mrs. J. B. Tinsam.

The first part of the program will consist of musical numbers, followed by a one act play, entitled "Too Much Married."

Admission 25c and 15c. Reserved seats without extra charge. Your patronage is solicited.

Aged Lady Dead.

Mrs. Clarissa Grace, aged ninety-two years, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. U. Biery, Wednesday morning. She had been an invalid for over a year, requiring the constant care and attention of her daughter. She was born in New York state and came to Michigan when quite young. She was a resident of Novi sixty-five years, moving to Northville about three years ago. She leaves besides her daughter, Mrs. Biery, a brother, I. M. Colvin, and a sister, Mrs. Oscar Whipple, both of Detroit.

The funeral was held from the house Wednesday afternoon, Rev. N. E. Musser officiating and the remains taken to Novi for interment.

Mrs. Electa Morley, Dead.

Mrs. Electa Morley, who has been ill for several weeks past, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. T. Stewart, yesterday morning. She was about sixty-four years of age and has resided here for several years. She was a faithful member of the Northville M. E. church and was much thought of here and at Farmington where she formerly resided and where she and Mr. Morley kept the toll gate for twenty-eight years. The only surviving relative is Mrs. Stewart.

The funeral will be held from the house at 1:00 o'clock standard time Sunday and the remains taken to Farmington for burial.

New Telephones.

The following is a list of the new phones recently installed by the Citizens' Telephone Co. of this place:

Parsons, S. E.
Ryder, C. E.
Miller, F. A.
Hetley & Balden
Ely, W. A.
Thurby & Gill
Themm, John
Moshermer, Charles
Halestead, E. W.
Everett, Pitt
Butler, F. G.
Woodworth, F. H.
Simmons, Mrs. Huldah
Blackburn, C. C.
Wilkinson, Samuel
Shafer, Edgar A.
Walter, Claude
Thompson, F. L.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The sermon Sunday evening will be on "The Gospel of the Tongue." The Ladies' Missionary society will hold their annual praise service on Sunday evening, Dec. 6. Rev. A. H. Barr of the Jefferson Avenue church, Detroit, will deliver the address.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Pastor Musser will speak next Sunday morning on the theme, "The Fatherhood of God."

The cottage prayer meeting for next Tuesday evening will be held with Mrs. Leavenworth on Randolph street.

The Missionary society will meet with Mrs. M. Brock next Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. All the ladies are urged to be present.

There was a large and attentive audience Sunday night to hear Rev. Sayles' splendid sermon. The players and singers did more than well.

Rev. N. E. Musser's topic for Sunday evening is "The Pathway of Life." This sermon will be illustrated by the use of the blackboard. Come and see as well as hear it.

The B. Y. P. U. promises to be a helpful and important meeting of the church at 6:00 p. m. Topic, "The Place of Baptists in World Movements." Mrs. Fred Tousey, leader.

Europe's Oldest Church.

The oldest church in Europe is said to be that of St. Pudenziana at Rome. About the middle of the first century, a certain Roman senator had a house on this spot. He was a Christian convert of St. Paul, who lodged with him from A. D. 41 to 50. For the religious uses of himself and his guests he built a small chapel in his house, which was later supplemented by the present church.

KISSING DAY AT HUNGERFORD.

Curious Old-Time Custom Which Still Prevails in an English Village.

The little town of Hungerford was recently the scene of the quaint celebration of Kissing Day.

The property of the manor, which comprises a valuable trout fishery, has lately come within the purview of the charity commissioners, who have established a scheme for the future administration by popular trustees, but with the proviso that the holdings of the manorial court, with its picturesque old-world customs, should be allowed to continue.

The functions began with a series of blasts on the historic horn, and then the tuff men, armed with staves, set forth on their perambulations, their duty being to demand a penny from every male householder and a kiss from each lady who crossed their path. As a rule the privilege is granted with much good humor, and husbands took on with equanimity.

Meanwhile the Kissing Day party were sitting in solemn conclave, appointing the constable and coroner and other ancient officers whose duties are more or less obsolete.—London Standard.

TRADE MARKS.

Sherlock Holmes Picks Out the Vacationists and Labels Them.

"Sherlock Holmes, seated on the board walk, languidly injected a pint of cocaine into his sunburnt arm.

"My dear Watson," said the detective, "let us beguile an hour by picking out the occupations of these vacationists. In their cheap white flannels they all think they look like millionaires, but—ha, ha—what a delusion!"

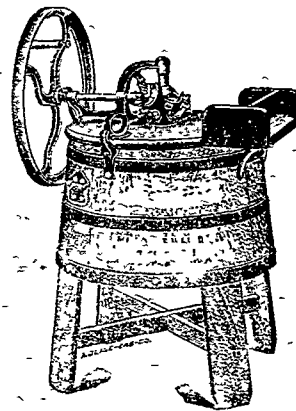
"There goes a waiter. Waiters are to be told by the size of their feet and the soft, careful way they set them down."

"The man in the imitation Panama hat is a tanner. His clear and ruddy complexion gives him away. The tanning trade imparts to the face a peculiarly healthy look. Why shouldn't it? What is good for dead skins must be good for living ones."

"She is a cook, the stout, scarlet lady getting weighed. Her fire, of course, gave her that unmistakable color, but it was not the eating of food that made her so fat. No; cooks have notoriously poor appetites. It was the inhalation that filled her out. Cooks inhale their fat. That is cheaper for the mistress, isn't it?"

"The little, thin chap in the large bathing suit is a groom. All good grooms are small and bowlegged, and they all wear tight trousers and are partial to brown."

"Do you see, my dear Watson, the stately man whose overtures the girl in white just repulsed? Well, he is an actor. The muscles in his face show it. Actors, you know, by the continual practice of expression, develop face muscles as marked as the arm muscles of a baseball pitcher."



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

A few Second Hand Base Burners to go Cheap

CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



A SIDE VIEW

of this Grocery business is our insistence on your satisfaction before we consider a transaction concluded. If by any possible chance you have cause for complaint come and tell us about it. We are very grateful to our many friends who tell others about the quality and low prices of our

Groceries

We shall be equally grateful if you will tell us of any defect in our service in order that we may remedy it.

RYDER

NORTHVILLE

CLARK'S RESTAURANT DETROIT.

UP-TO-DATE.
FINEST COFFEE. PURE BUTTER
Nice 25 Cent Lunch.
Regular 20 Cent Dinner.
25 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. YERKES, 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.

DOWN MISSOURI WAY

CANADA'S RESPECT FOR LAW
AND ORDER THE SUBJECT
FOR FAVORABLE COMMENT.

Those who have visited Canada are always impressed with the strict observance that is given to the laws of the country, and the order that is preserved everywhere. The editor of the Gazette, of Fulton, Nev., recently paid a visit to Western Canada. He was so impressed with the conditions that he saw everywhere, that on his return home he was inspired to write as follows: "Reverence and respect for law is a dominant characteristic of the Canadian people. Wherever one goes in Canada, whether east or west, the law is supreme. The law is obeyed because it is law, seemingly, and not because violation carries a penalty. Canada enforces the law and makes every law effective. No country is more free than Canada. In name Canada is a dependency of the British Crown. In fact, it is almost a third republic. All its laws are voted, collected and expended by the Dominion and the provinces. The nominal head of the Government is the Governor General, appointed by the English Crown. Practically his only authority is to veto the acts of parliament, which he scarcely ever exercises. Canada gives nothing to the support of the English government or the English king. She gives England the advantage in trade regulations and tariff laws, and in return receives the protection of the British army and navy. Canada enjoys the protection without sharing in the expense.

"The sale of liquor is strictly regulated. None but hotel-keepers may obtain license to vend the stuff, and before a license can be secured an applicant must prove good character and provide twenty rooms in his tavern for the accommodation of guests. The bar-rooms close at 7 o'clock Saturday evening and remain closed until Monday morning. The schools and churches in Western Canada excite admiration. Though new, Western Canada is not godless. The finest buildings in every town are the churches. Next come the school houses."

"Turning to the wheat fields of Western Canada, the editor of the Laurel (Neb.) Advocate of Sept. 17th says: 'I have often thought that the reason that the characters of Charles Dickens are so impressed upon the minds of his readers is because he dwells upon them so long and describes them so minutely that by the time one has waded through his long drawn out stories they are so burned into his brain that he can never forget them. It was this way with the Canadian wheat fields. Had we only seen a few the memory of them might have worn away in time, but a long drawn out experience such as we had is sure to leave an uneffaceable impression. Never while we live shall we forget the Canadian wheat fields. They call it the granary of the British Empire, and we don't blame 'em. Nobody who has seen these wheat fields can wonder at their enthusiasm. It is worth while to record that these fields have now been harvested, and in many cases yields as high as forty and fifty bushels per acre have been marketed, while the general average has been away above 20 bushels per acre. Oats and barley have also done well, and the profits, the prices of grains being high, have paid the entire cost of the farms of many a farmer. There is now 169 acres of land given away, in addition to the 160 acres that the homesteader may purchase at \$5.00 an acre. Particulars of this as well as the lowest railway rates will be given by the Canadian Government Agent."

The Horological Revenge.

They were looking over their wedding presents. He pointed to a small bronze clock. "Seems to me," he said, "that I have seen that before."

"You have," she returned sardoniously. "You gave it to my first husband and me for a wedding present. When we divided the things after the divorce he kept the clock, and now he is sending it back to us."

The Real Place.

First Amateur Fisherman—Where is really the best place to get the best trout?

Second Ditto (confidentially)—In any first-class fish market.—Baltimore American.

Even the pessimist has his use in the world. He causes lots of people to be glad they are not in his class.

Syrup of Figs
and **Elixir of Senna**
Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispel Colds and Headaches due to Constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

SERIAL STORY

THE SMUGGLER

By ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

Illustrations by Ray Walters

SYNOPSIS.

Three girls—Elizabeth, Gabrielle and Elise—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. Elise shared her stateroom with a Mrs. Graham, also bound for Canada. The young women on a slight delay, met Mrs. Graham, who 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 a call. Two men called, one of them being the queer-acting 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. Elise visited Mrs. Graham to find that her life was not the life she had learned. She learned that the Grahams and Lady Edith were acquainted. A wisp of yellow hair from Mr. Graham's pocket fell into the hands of Elise. 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 declared that she had been in the basement, where she had seen a man, who she thought was a smuggler. Mr. Gordon Bennett was properly introduced, explained his queer actions, returned the lost bag.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"I am glad it amuses you," I remarked, in my most frigid manner, which I have been told is extremely chilling.

"Oh, I say," he said quickly, "don't look at it that way. Why, it was nothing after all. I had made two trips on that old boat this summer, and one of those dilapidated chairs broke down with me and nearly pitched me overboard. I complained, but the company would not get new ones, which put my back up a bit, so I got into the habit of examining them, and when I found one weak in the back or legs I just pitched it overboard. That wasn't so bad, was it? Of course I never thought how it looked, and I did 'mutter,' but I'm heartily glad you did not hear what I said."

It was a very simple explanation—so simple, in fact, that I felt provoked it had not occurred to me, and I hated to think how he would relate the incident to his friend Mr. Blake, and how they would laugh over it. So I merely looked out at the ocean and made a frosty, impersonal remark about the view.

But instead of the familiar landscape I found myself looking straight into two very blue eyes with a trace of anxiety in them, and a sunburned hand was extended toward me appealingly.

"Let's shake and be friends," he said heartily. "I'm sorry I alarmed you, but I'm glad I found out my offense. I was determined I would know what it was. When the general wrote me his daughter was here, and I discovered who it was, I was delighted, for of course I saw you all on the boat, and I wanted awfully to know you. You don't mind my saying so? Then when I got snubbed so unmercifully I could not understand it. Shall we start all over again, and will you explain to your friends that I am in possession of all my senses and hope to keep them a while longer?"

Well, it was impossible not to smile also, and indeed I was very glad of a chance to descend gracefully from my high horse, so we shook hands gravely and started all over again, as he had suggested.

I inquired where he spent the night, and he mentioned the hotel we had deserted, so I told him about the robbery. He had heard nothing, having left very early in the morning, meaning to sail home in time for breakfast. I asked him if his boat suffered any ill effects from the storm, and his manner grew all at once constrained and all at ease, so I changed the subject, fearing that it might have been irrevocably damaged against our ship, and feeling somewhat responsible. I spoke of the cottage, and how we enjoyed life here, and the contrast it was to the hotel.

"Yes," he said absently; "it's a jolly little place. But, tell me, how did you hear of it, and how did you manage to get it? I understood it was not for rent."

I told him he was mistaken; that we had no trouble at all in securing it, and that the rent was ridiculously low, all things considered.

"I would like to know to whom it belongs," I remarked. "I understand it was some woman's whim, and she has tired of it. Perhaps we might get some of our relatives to buy it and come here every summer."

"Don't you know anything about it?" he was looking at me curiously now. "Not a thing," I said lightly; "do you?"

A dull red flush was distinctly visible beneath his coat of tan as he replied to my question.

"I'm not a native, you know. I was here for a bit last year, and I liked it; so when I had a chance to buy an island, house and all, I jumped at it. But I'm not wise about my neighbors. I do know that this cottage was occupied last summer, and I heard the people were very unsocial and never received a guest or entered the village while they were here; and, of course, there were stories. Gossip flourishes on a mystery, you know."

"Well," I returned, "I don't care how mysterious the former tenants were, but I'm glad they did not come back. Perhaps they were in mourning, or invalids, or something of that sort."

"No doubt," he agreed hastily; "no doubt."

And then we changed the subject and talked of other things till the sound of voices and laughter told me Elizabeth and Gabrielle were returning from the village. They brought Lady Edith and Lord Wilfrid both home with them to dinner, and it was not difficult to persuade Mr. Bennett to stay also, so we had the first of some very merry repasts, where morning costumes were allowed, and where Mary Anne, to quote her own words, "dished up anything that came handy and prayed the Lord it would be enough."

That night I asked Gabrielle to look in her bag and give me my side comb; but she found that it was not there, and that our picture also was missing.

"We will ask for it the next time we see him," remarked Elizabeth. "I don't think it is very nice in him to have taken it out."

"Oh, no," I objected; "don't say anything about it. I don't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing we missed it."

And we all agreed that this was our most dignified course.

CHAPTER VII.

Elizabeth inspected the cellar next morning, and I went with her, by request.

"Not that I'm afraid," she explained elaborately; "but it is always nicer to have some one to speak to, and, besides, one of you, at least, ought to take an interest in such things."

It looked very much like other cellars, with paved floor, coal bins, and so on, except that it ran far back, forming a sort of alleyway, which was



"It Must Have Belonged to the People Who Were Here Last Year."

very dark and unprepossessing and seemed to be a repository for old boxes, bits of paper, kindling wood, and the usual accumulated trash of a household. At the extreme end an empty packing case large enough to have contained a piano rested against the wall, which looked and smelled very damp and mouldy.

Elizabeth glanced about and curled her lip contemptuously; the zeal of the born housekeeper shone in her eye, and I knew she had visions of nicely whitewashed walls, with eminently proper receptacles for kindling and waste paper, and foresaw trouble ahead for Mary Anne.

We could hear the ocean outside, for the cellar was an excavation in the bluff, and it conveyed such an unpleasant impression of a vault-like cave that I was not sorry when Elizabeth proposed an adjournment.

"And here is the hanging shelf," I remarked, as I almost ran into it. "Mary Anne has lost no time in putting it up again—on chains this time, so I hope it is safe."

"How rusty they are!" said Elizabeth, pausing to examine them. "They look as though they had been here for years, but I suppose they are old ones she found somewhere. This place must be well aired; it is awfully musty."

She gathered up her skirts as she spoke, preparatory to going up the steps, and I was about to follow when something caught my eye, and mechanically I stooped and picked it up from a crack between two bricks.

"Have you lost anything?" called Elizabeth from the stairs.

"No," I replied; "I have found something. Look here."

Together we examined my discovery as it lay in the palm of my hand—a man's cuff link of dull, raised gold, the head of the Sphinx on one side and the under link shaped like a small key.

Elizabeth turned it over curiously. "It must have belonged to the people who were here last year," she conjectured. "It's very pretty, isn't it? I never saw one anything like it."

"Look, Mary Anne!" I exclaimed, as we entered the Pitchen. "See what I have found."

Mary Anne advanced willingly, but as I raised the button by the little key and held it toward her, her jaw dropped suddenly and the color forsook her ruddy face.

"Where'd you find it, miss?"

"In the cellar, right by the steps."

"You've been down in the cellar?"

"Certainly, why not?"

Mary Anne wiped her face with a corner of her gingham apron, and poked wood into the stove with reckless prodigality.

"It's entirely too forebanded you are, Miss Elizabeth," she grumbled—"the cellar lookin' like distraction and you goin' down there the first time! What kind of 'ousekeepin' do you think I do? This very day I laid out to put everything shipshape down there and take you around meself. And the cellar's damp-like, and no place for a lady any'ow, and you like to take cold and sneeze yer 'ead off!"

Elizabeth laughed and assured her that this catastrophe was not liable to happen to-day, and suggested that the cellar might be improved by the introduction of fresh air and sunlight.

"And how soon you got the shelf fixed!" she added, by way of soothing Mary Anne's ruffled feelings.

"Shelf!" she repeated vaguely. "Oh, of course, miss. 'Ow could I get along without it? And what else did ye find in the cellar, Miss Elsie, besides the little button?"

"I thought she watched me keenly as I replied I had not looked for anything more, and wondered she had not seen it on her trips up and down the steps."

"My eyes are not so good as they once were, nor so bright as yours, Miss Elsie," she remarked. "It's a pretty thing, now isn't it? What will you be doin' with it?"

But I did not reply, for Gabrielle, who had been to the village for the mail, now appeared, and Elizabeth immediately lost interest in everything else.

I do not wish to arouse false suspicions, but Elizabeth certainly wrote a great many very long letters, and received volumes all in the same handwriting, which always arrived on certain days of the week. She used to open them with an air of indifference and glance over them carelessly, then in a few minutes she would make some excuse to go off alone, and we could sometimes see her poring over them, dead to the world as she turned page after page, and smiling a smile which exasperated Gabrielle exceedingly, although she also did not a little corresponding on her own account that summer.

To-day, however, she handed Elizabeth her letter without comment, and only glanced casually at the cuff link when I displayed it in triumph, for she was eager to relate the news she had accumulated during her trip to the village.

"You know that smuggler?" she began, seating herself on the kitchen doorstep and removing her hat.

"No," I interrupted; "I'm happy to say I don't know him."

"You know about him, don't you? It's all the same thing. Well, I've been to the hotel, and I heard that he is suspected of having been on the island the night of the storm, and they think"—she dropped her voice cautiously—"they think he took Mrs. Bundy's emeralds."

"Oh, the detectives, of course. Lady Edith told me. And they say it was a very foolish thing for him to do, because he can now be arrested in Canada. And our government officials are perfectly wild, too, for a whole lot of things were smuggled in somehow right under their noses."

"Is he on the island now?"

"Oh, no. As Lord Wilfrid said, it would be madness for him to stay here now. He must have been one of the men who left the hotel so early that morning—before Mrs. Bundy discovered her loss. They are following them up, of course, but it was easy enough to register a false name and address. I can forgive his smuggling, but I can't forgive his robbing that poor old woman—she's just scared to death, and expects to have her throat cut every night, they say—so I hope they will catch him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CRAZE FOR TITLED HUSBANDS.

Cynical Bachelor Criticizes Aims of Average Rich American Mother.

"Not only an English earl, but an Italian prince and a German count proposed to my daughter while we were abroad, but—"

"That is the sort of thing," said a cynical bachelor, "that we hear on all sides from the average rich mother on her return from Europe. What does it denote? Why, hang it, it denotes that the average American mother feels actually ashamed nowadays if her daughter doesn't marry into a noble foreign family. To marry into the foreign nobility is the correct thing to do, and the girl who doesn't land a duke or a count or something feels ashamed, and her mother feels more deeply ashamed still."

"I don't want to boast, but, considering the quality of us American men, I think it's terrible that American heiresses only marry us as a last resort when they are ashamed of their failure to get a duke or marquis."

"If you think I'm exaggerating, listen to the shamed mothers of marriageable daughters who have returned from Europe without a title in tow. Like parrots they say nothing but:—"

"Yes, Prince Petti and Lord Lacland and Count Sago all proposed to Mamie, but—"

Nationalities Remain Apart.

In the French schools in Algiers and Tunis the Arabic boys sit with the French in school, but out of school they do not mix much.

CURE FOR HYSTERIA

RED-HOT IRON APPLIED TO
FLESH IS MOST EFFECTIVE.

It is the Opinion of Physicians That
Too-Much-Sympathy is Usually
Given to the Victims of
"Nerves."

A red-hot iron applied to the flesh is a vigorous but none the less effective cure for hysteria. The physicians have concluded that too much sympathy is usually given in cases of hysteria, and that a realistic shock sometimes accomplishes more than medicine. In fact, one expert at the recent meeting of the American Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists asserted that physicians practice more Christian Science than do the Christian Scientists. The principal paper was read by Dr. A. Morgan Vance of Louisville on the subject: "Hysteria as a Surgeon Sees It."

Some of Dr. Vance's ideas follow: "A physician asked me to go to a place 100 miles from Louisville to see his sister, who was bedridden and had worn out her family and other relatives being waited on. I refused to go and said she would have to be brought to me. Some time later the physician asked me to go to a hospital in Louisville to see his sister. She declared she was going to die and that she couldn't turn over when I told her to. 'The devil you can't,' I said roughly, and grabbed her by the hips and threw her over. I had her taken away from a lot of sympathizing old women, and in a short time she was walking around."

"I was called to treat a young woman whose leg had 'drawn up.' Her mother gave her trashy French novels and wrote her 40-page letters; besides, she was surfeited with sympathy from mothers. The leg was put in a plaster cast for effect, and when I was cutting it out later she said: 'I know my leg is going to draw up—I know it!' Just as I was about to remove the cast I sprang at her and shaking my fist in her face I growled: 'If that leg draws up I'll break your d— little neck!'

She was a refined and cultured girl, and the shock cured her immediately."

Dr. John A. Lyons of Chicago told an amusing story of how he furnished an infant to a hysterical woman, who imagined she was about to become a mother. The woman's friends and relatives had been busy making baby clothes for months, and when the woman learned from the doctor that she had a case of imagination she went on so that the doctor had to get a baby to wear the clothes that had been made. He got one at a hospital and the neighbors don't know any better, he said.

Three Views of the Unemployed.

All the world over, the workless workman is tasting of the bitterness of hope deferred or of despair only too well justified. New York's Paris, Berlin, London, are full of the cry of the workless—Freeman's Journal, Dublin.

There is no doubt that the thriftless habits of the working classes in England—Scotland is much better in this respect—are greatly to blame for the extreme destitution that prevails. As a rule, the English workman increases his expenditure with every increase made in his wages—Town and Country.

State employment brings us no nearer a solution of the unemployed problem. The bootmaker wants bread and the baker wants boots, and some unexplained defect in the industrial machine keeps them apart. The socialist remedy is to set them both to plant trees upon a windswept moor, and to plunder the butcher and bricklayer to provide for the cost of the experiment.—Spectator.

The Mutton Birds.

Large poisonous snakes and mutton birds, otherwise known as antarctic sooty petrels, fraternize in the Furneaux island rookeries, northeast of Tasmania, according to Consul Baker of Hobart, who investigated the habits of the birds.

Mutton bird hunters in reaching into the nests frequently lay hold of snakes instead of birds. Capt. Flinders of the British royal navy reported that a flock of mutton birds he once saw was 40 miles in length. Even the lighthouse at Goose Island, in the Furneaux islands, has to be protected from the birds by iron screen work and frequently hundreds of birds are killed. The birds arrive in enormous numbers at the rookeries every year, about September 20.

After the eggs have been laid the male and female bird takes turns at hatching, each when relieved scouring the country all day in quest of food.

Wanted a Good Time.

Recently the orphans of Manhattan were taken in automobiles to Coney Island. A stylish mother, accompanied by her well-dressed daughter, stood watching the procession. The mother said that the little girls and boys had homes and that they were orphans. Finally she discovered her little one's eyes filled with tears.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked.

"I want to be an orphan," was the obnoxious reply.—New York Herald.

An Important Distinction.

"I have discovered," remarked the gossip, "that Mr. Bilgins owes everybody."

"Indeed?" replied Mr. Cayenne. "Does he borrow small sums enough to entitle him to respect as a pauper?"—Exchange.



This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

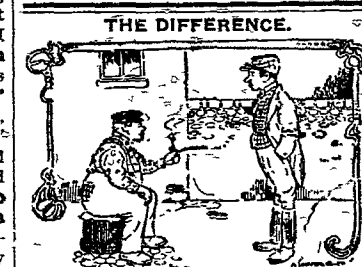
"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured."

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



Jones—You never hear of a fat criminal, do you?

Bones—Certainly not. Look how difficult it would be for a stout person to stoop to anything low!

No Cremation.

"I was visiting Atlanta during the late wave of reform there," recently said a Philadelphian, "when I overheard an amusing conversation in a barber shop between a patron and the boy who shines shoes."

"I saw you playing craps this morning," said the patron, by way of a joke. "If the grand jury got at you, it would make you tell all about the gambling among the darkies."

"No, suh, dey wouldn't," protested the negro, warily. "I knows enough about de law to know dat a man dave t' tell nothin' dat cremates hisse'f."

Spoils for Fashion's Followers.

At auctions in London during the last half of 1907 there were catalogued for sale 19,742 skins of birds of paradise, nearly 115,000 white heron plumes and a vast number of the skins and plumes of many other birds of beautiful plumage, including albatross quills and the tails of the lyre bird.

How Rows Begin.

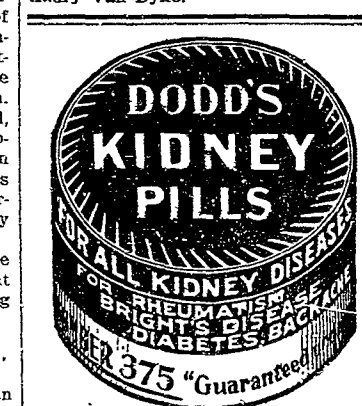
"Hubby, I dreamed last night that you didn't love me."

"How foolish you are."

"Foolish, am I? As if I could help what I dream about!"

And the fight was on.

Remember what you possess in the world will be found at the day of your death to belong to some one else, but what you are will be yours forever.—Henry Van Dyke.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too-Hasty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Gift as Thanksgiving Offering.
A calf was found to be one of the gifts in connection with the harvest Thanksgiving at Pirkmere (England) Wesleyan chapel. The animal was not present along with the other products of nature, but some one had painted it on a card, and underneath the picture was written, "Calf to be sold, presented by Mr. A. Platt, Winchester." The calf was given along with fruit, flowers and vegetables.

Getting Near It.
Freshly—"Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?" "There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."—Jewish Ledger.

Has One Real Advantage.
Staying in nights may be galling to the spirit, but it certainly is good for the rheumatism.—Nashville American.

Makes a Good Solder.
The addition of three drops of mercury to each ounce of common solder will make a solder fusing at a low temperature for uniting soft metals.

Produces Living Larvae.
Although the house fly lays eggs, the flesh fly, better known as the "blue bottle," produces living larvae, about 50 at a time.

Merit.
Earn the honors and the praise you get. No press agent will work for you after you are dead.

Dangerous.
Nature is a good physician who causes trouble when her medicine is adulterated.

Needed Addition.
A little nonsense now-and-then is relieved by the best of men. If it is on the other fellow.—Detroit Free Press.

Large Cities of United States.
This country has 133 cities with a population of over 30,000.



COLDS FROM EXPOSURE

to all kinds of inclement weather are of such common occurrence that they are not generally considered dangerous. This is a great mistake. Serious illness often follows in the wake of a neglected cold.

DR. D. JAYNE'S Expectorant

has been successful for seventy-eight years in curing Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, and Pleurisy. It is also a standard remedy for Croup, Whooping-Cough, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest and Asthma.

Cure your cold now—go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. Three sizes, \$1.00, 50c. and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge will build you up splendidly if "run down" from a severe cold.

Western Canada

MORE BIG CROPS IN 1908

Another 60,000 settlers from the United States. New districts opened for settlement—320 acres of land to each settler—166 free homestead and 160 at \$3.00 per acre.

"A vast rich country and a contented prosperous people."—Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, whose visit to Western Canada, in August, 1906, was an inspiration.

Many have paid the entire cost of their farms and had a balance of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 per acre as a result of one crop. Spring wheat, winter wheat, oats, barley, flax and peas are the principal crops, while the wild grasses bring to perfection the best cattle that have ever been sold on the Chicago market.

Splendid climate, schools and churches in all localities. Railways touch most of the settled districts, and prices for produce are always good. Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies. For pamphlets, maps and information regarding low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration Ottawa, Canada.

or to the authorized Canadian Gov't Agent:

H. V. McINNES, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, South St. Marit, Mich.

Readers

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

CANDY

For famous and delicious candies and chocolates, write to the maker for catalog, wholesale or retail. Confectionery, 212 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

POCKET GOPHERS COST FARMERS PRETTY PENNY

Directions for the Destruction of the Little Pests—By David E. Lantz, Assistant, U. S. Bureau Biological Survey.

Pocket gophers infest all the states and territories west of the Mississippi, and parts of Illinois, Wisconsin, Florida, Georgia, and Alabama. They occur also in southwestern Canada and over the greater part of Mexico. All the species live underground in ramifying tunnels, and all bring to the surface quantities of earth, which is heaped up in the shape of mounds. The habits of these animals are everywhere much the same.

Throughout their range pocket gophers are very destructive to crops. They eat the roots of fruit trees and in this way sometimes ruin whole orchards. They eat both roots and tops of clover, alfalfa, grasses, grains and vegetables, and are especially harmful to

tain enough sugar to disguise the bitterness of the poison.

Pocket gophers in ditch banks may be poisoned in the following manner: Select the freshest hill or mound and with a narrow garden trowel follow the soft earth of the tunnel until the main runway (c. Fig. 2), is reached. By noting the direction from which the earth was pushed out and locating the closed entrance, the burrow may be readily followed and the main runway quickly found. The poisoned raisin, corn, or small potato should be placed well back in the main runway and the opening closed. It is usual for one gopher only to occupy the burrow connected with a group of hills, and when the burrow remains open

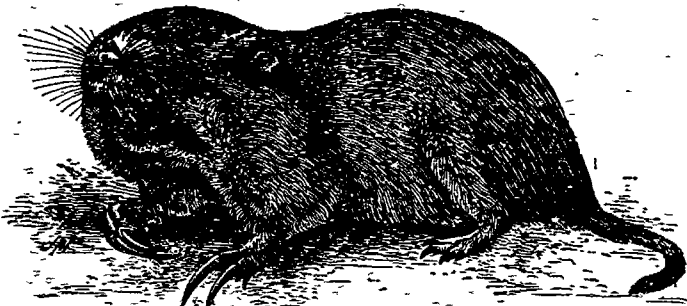


Fig. 1.—Mississippi Valley Pocket Gopher.

potatoes and other tuberous crops. Besides this, they throw up innumerable mounds of earth in meadows, pastures, and grain fields, which cover and destroy far more of the crop than is eaten by the animals or killed by having the roots cut off. These mounds also prevent close mowing, so that much of the hay crop is lost, and the pebbles they contain often break or injure farm machinery. The loss due to gopher mounds in the clover and alfalfa fields in some of the western states has been conservatively estimated at one-tenth of the entire crop. In many of the fertile valleys where

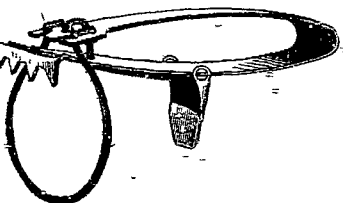


Fig. 3.—A Type of Gopher Trap Which Has Been Used with Success in California and Other Parts of the West.

they abound the animals are by far the most formidable of the farmer's mammalian enemies. In addition to all this, in the far west they burrow in the banks of irrigation ditches and thus cause extensive breaks, the repair of which results in the expenditure of much time and money.

Pocket gophers may be destroyed by poison, by traps, and by the use of carbon bisulphid.

Poisoning with strychnine is the most effective means known for killing pocket gophers, and as it involves the least expenditure of money and labor, the biological survey recommends it for general use. As a rodent poison to be used by farmers, strychnine has several advantages. Its action is sure, its deadly character is known to most persons, and its bitter

it indicates that the animal has been killed.

Trapping is a successful method when followed intelligently and persistently. It is especially adapted to small fields, orchards, gardens, and irrigation embankments, where only a few gophers are present; but in the case of large areas that are badly infested, the method involves too much labor.

For trapping gophers an ordinary No. 0 steel trap may be employed with success, but there are on the market several special gopher traps which are better adapted for general use.

In using the ordinary steel trap, the first step is to make an opening into the main gopher tunnel. The trap should then be sunk so that the jaws are level with the bottom of the runway and lightly covered with green clover, alfalfa grass, or even loose soil, care being taken that these do not clog under the pan, or trigger. No bait is required. The hole should be just large enough to receive the trap and should be covered so as almost to exclude the light. Scalding the trap frequently to remove the animal odor is important.

Some of the special gopher traps possess the advantages of ease and simplicity of operation, and kill the animals instantly (Figs. 3 and 4). These special traps should be set in the laterals leading into the main tunnel of the gopher, or at the entrance of open burrows where fresh earth is being thrown out. The trapper should choose the freshest of a series of mounds and dig along the lateral until it is found clear of soil.

Carbon bisulphid has been employed for killing pocket gophers, and under favorable conditions its use is recommended. If the burrows are extensive or the soil dry, the gases are dissipated so rapidly that a large quantity of the liquid is required to kill the animals and the method becomes too ex-

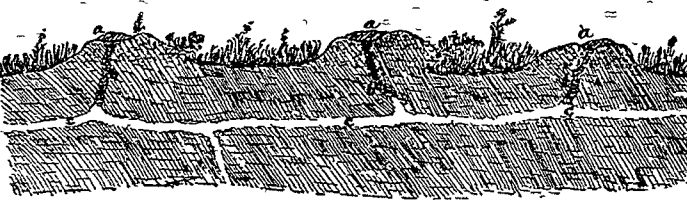


Fig. 2.—(a) Mounds of Loose Soil; (b) Laterals Leading to Mounds, Usually Closed with Earth; (c) Main Runway, Usually Clean.

tensive. If, however, the burrows are simple and the soil moist, bisulphid may be used successfully. For pocket gophers an ounce of the liquid for each burrow is sufficient. The carbon bisulphid is poured over a bunch of cotton, rags, or other waste material and this quickly pushed into the burrow, which should be closed at once.

Any farmer may readily rid his premises of gophers by the use of poison or traps. Unless, however, the entire community unites in active and intelligent co-operation in the destruction of the animals, the cleared area

will be sooner or later invaded from neighboring premises, and the work of destruction must be repeated. Co-operation only will effect a radical cure. When co-operative efforts for the extermination of gophers over a considerable area are attempted, careful attention must be given to waste lands along fences, streams, public highways, and railroads.

Dissolve an ounce of strychnine sulphate in a pint of boiling water. Add a pint of thick sugar syrup, and stir thoroughly. The syrup is usually scented by adding a few drops of oil of anise, but this is not essential. If preserved in a closed vessel, the syrup will keep indefinitely.

The above quantity is sufficient to poison a half bushel of shelled corn or other grain (corn recommended). The grain is steeped in hot water and allowed to soak over night. It is then drained and soaked for several hours in the poisoned syrup. Before using, corn meal may be added to take up the excess of moisture.

Dry crystals of strychnine also may be used. They are introduced, by means of a knife, into small pieces of potato, carrot, or sweet potato, or into the entire raisins or dried prunes. A single large crystal (or several small ones), is enough for each bait. Raisins are especially recommended.

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Fig. 4.—A Simple and Effective Type of Gopher Trap, Easily Set in a Variety of Positions.

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ONE KIDNEY GONE But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Veirill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly disordered. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

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



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MIX FOR RHEUMATISM

The following is a never failing remedy for rheumatism; and if followed out it will effect a complete cure of the very worst cases: "Mix one-half pint of good whiskey with one ounce of Tor's Compound and add one ounce Syrup Sassailla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bedtime." The ingredients can be procured at any drug store and easily mixed at home.

An Intelligent Child.
A small boy was playing with the scissors, and his kindly old grandmother chided him.

"You mustn't play with the scissors dear. I know a little boy like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put them in his eye and put his eye out, and he could never see anything after that." The child listened patiently, and said, when she got through the narrative: "What was the matter with his other eye?"—Bystander.

The St. Anthony chapel car which recently finished a long tour through Wisconsin and Minnesota, has had a prosperous week in Philadelphia.

Foot Ache—Use Allen's Foot-Powder. Over 100 testimonials. Bottle 10c. Send for free trial package. A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

How we dislike to accept a favor from a person we dislike!

A Long Wait.
"Well, Jesse," said a New Englander, on returning to his native Vermont town after an absence of several years, "how are things? Are you married yet? And did that rich old uncle of yours leave you any money?"
"No, I ain't married yet; nor ain't likely to be, so far's I kin see," answered Jesse, despondently. "If Uncle Billy had done as he ought to, I s'pose I'd been settled

The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

An Independent Newspaper published every Friday morning by The Record Printing Co., Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post-office as Second-Class matter.

Terms of Subscription—One year, \$10.00; six months, \$6.00; three months, \$3.50; (to new subscribers 25c in advance). Single copies, 5c.

Advertising Rates made known on application. All advertising bills must be settled monthly; transient advertising in advance.

Obituary notices will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of Thanks, 1 cent per word, invariably in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 3-cent per word. For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, etc., of average length, 15c for first and 10c for subsequent insertions. Marriage and death notices free. Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentional published that cannot be personally endorsed.

No false 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 5 P. M.

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., NOV. 27, '08.

Thanksgiving.

BY DELLA F. HAMMON.

Once more the days and weeks and months have slipped away with the ever increasing speed which the added years and duties bring to those who have passed life's morning time, and that most appropriate of feast-days for the season and for our land of plenty is again at hand.

Subtle suggestions of good things galore are part and parcel of the very sound of "Thanksgiving"—set forth each season in solemn proclamation by national and state executives, woven with word of wisdom and reverential reverence to the duty of gratitude for benefits received. The form is not forgotten by commonwealth or by individual, but it is nevertheless an incontestable fact that in the hustle and bustle of our latter day American life we are gradually losing our mental and spiritual grip on many customs which to our forefathers represented principles and ideals worthy a truer perpetuation than we are giving them. One does not need to see matters and men from the pessimist's viewpoint to realize that we of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are becoming less cognizant of the spirit than of the letter of our public observances, both constitutional and ethical. Our attitude is by no means intentionally irreverent or careless; we are simply in too much of a hurry to think.

The headlong speed and high-pressure power of our industrial and social machinery give us no leisure to study causes when we cannot even keep in touch with effects.

Thus, with the same thoughtlessness that is fast allowing our national birthday to degenerate into a national noise-fest with the sole significance of sound without sense, so is our time-hallowed Thanks giving in danger of becoming a perfunctory observance—or a landmark in the annual edition of football history—instead of what, by all the ideals of tradition and Christianity, it should be to us. We observe it as a holiday, it is true; but how differently in spirit as well as in form, from those of whose piety and principle it was born in days of long ago! Then it was a reverential religious rite, now we too seldom give a thought to its beautiful true meaning.

Not that our own cheerful form of the festival is not preferable to the gloomy solemnity of men who feared far more than they loved the Great Giver, if only we keep in mind the fundamental significance, past and present, of this most important festival, set apart for almost three hundred years as a feast of national gratitude to the God of nations by just one country among all the great nations of the earth—our own dear Columbia.

What a proud distinction for use among so many Christian lands! Let us look to it that we do not allow ourselves, or those who shall come after us, to lose the precious meaning of such an institution. Let us repeat its name over, and ever with the accent on the first syllable as it should be said, "lest we forget."

And now Mr. Hemans has discovered—along with Mr. Burt, the original—that the saloons elected Warner. Well what next? If the

saloon element in Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, Jackson, Saginaw, and in almost every other big city, which was busier than bees in buckwheat time in trying to defeat Warner was what defeated Hemans, then it must be so—according to the Hemans-Burt arithmetic.

State Treasurer John T. Eich arranged with the big banks of Detroit to cash all orders on the state treasurer until the tax money came in, and then Dr. Bradley, as auditor general, refused to issue the orders, on technical grounds. It is safe to say if Dr. Bradley had not been defeated for governor he would not have been quite so particular.

In other words Mr. Hemans says all the honest men voted for him—all the rascals for Warner. "Nother poor loser."

Dr. Bradley hasn't yet charged Governor Warner with being to blame for the diseased cattle in Livonia.

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

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

Mrs. Col. of Milan is visiting her son, I. N. Col, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Brock visited friends in Ann Arbor Wednesday.

Mrs. J. R. Trufant left last Thursday for her new home in Ypsilanti.

W. S. Clark and daughter, Ella, visited Duffield relatives last week.

Mrs. Holmington of Detroit is visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. B. Henry.

Miss Bessie Wells visited relatives and friends in Milford Thanksgiving.

Miss Mable Stark was the guest of Detroit friends from Friday until Sunday.

J. B. Cavell and wife of Detroit are spending the week with Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Cavell.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Barley are visiting their son, George, and family in Saginaw.

Miss Dunning of near Toronto is visiting Mrs. Sanderson for an indefinite time.

Miss Ethel Fuller spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Will Danton at Farmington.

J. A. Dart left Wednesday to take up his work with the Handy Wagon Co. of Saginaw.

Miss Carrie Sly and Miss Lela Greer of Ypsilanti spent Thanks giving at A. P. Scott's.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson of South Lyon were guests at the home of C. E. Ryder over Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Cattermole and little daughter, Ruth, visited relatives in Detroit from Thursday until Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Lipps and baby of Detroit are spending the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strauss.

The Misses Winnifred and Rena Chesterfield left Tuesday for Sault Ste Marie to spend the winter with their parents.

Miss Faye Palmer, compositor in the Plymouth Mail office, was in town Monday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Harger and daughter, Mrs. Teagan, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carpenter near Wixom.

Mrs. Frances Eaton of Danville, N. Y., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Steers. She expects to remain until after the holidays.

E. R. Herrick of Bay City was a guest at A. F. Daly's Friday and Saturday called here by the serious illness of his father, L. V. Herrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Carter and daughter, Ruth, of Flat Rock have been spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Limbriant and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Hatton returned to their home Monday in Beach Park, Ohio, after a three weeks' visit with relatives here and in Farmington.

Oliver Sutphen, who has been visiting relatives in Owosso the past three months, has returned to Northville and will spend the winter with his sister, Mrs. E. J. Tremper.

Mrs. Fred L. Cook, Mrs. Agnes Buno, the Misses Carrie Noble, Lulu Grace, Eva and Ida Nelson, Jessie Sowle and Miss Cash of Farmington and Mrs. John Harlan of Livonia were guests of Mrs. E. J. Tremper and daughter, Grace, Friday evening.

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

(Claude McFarlan was a Detroit visitor Sunday.)

Mrs. Sule Gorton is spending the week in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Meserault spent Sunday with Detroit friends.

W. H. Cattermole spent a few days of last week in Saginaw.

Mrs. Amanda Burgess is visiting relatives and friends in Birmingham.

Mrs. Lucinda Conroy of Farmington was a visitor in town Monday.

Miss Lina Ward visited her parents in Saginaw from Wednesday until Sunday.

L. C. Perrigo of Detroit visited Northville friends Tuesday and Wednesday.

J. H. Walt of Novi spent Friday and Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Harmon.

Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Weltz of Detroit spent Thanksgiving with J. S. Haddock and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Wald spent Thanksgiving with their son, Dr. Wald and family at Salem.

Miss Emeline Lapham ate Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Wilber at Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Potts of Salem were guests of S. D. Meserault and family part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Harger and daughter, Mrs. Teagan, were guests of Detroit relatives Thanksgiving.

Mrs. R. M. Johnson returned Saturday from a ten days' visit with friends in Hudson and Ann Arbor.

Mr. Behm of Wyandotte was the guest of M. A. Porter Saturday night and B. A. Northrop Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hinkley and Miss Coral Ruthuff spent Thanksgiving with relatives in Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dolph spent Thanksgiving day with the latter's sister, Mrs. Mercy Evans, at Holly.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Peters of Wayne were guests of Mrs. Alice Postal and daughter, Minnie, Sunday.

Miss Olive Dixon, who is teaching school near Pontiac, came home Wednesday night for a few days vacation.

Mrs. Geo. Clark and Mrs. Albert Riggs of Belleville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Carpenter Friday and Saturday.

Dr. T. B. Henry, N. C. Schrader and A. C. Balder returned Wednesday night from a three weeks' hunt in the North Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dart and children returned home Monday from Deckerville where they have been visiting for a few weeks.

Morris Johnson returned home Friday from McKinley where he has been hunting deer. He captured one to bring home with him.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons visited Harry German and family at Carleton last week. They also spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Simmons' daughter at Milford.

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 pills. 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.

Less Beef, More Bacon. The London Meat Trades' Journal figures that the United Kingdom imports of American and Canadian cattle show an 18 per cent. decrease for the first five months of this year, compared with last year, and 29½ per cent. with 1906. The American shipments of refrigerated beef fell off 404,479 hundredweight (of 112 pounds each) compared with the 1907 period, while the total increase of 30,889 was due to the heavy consignments from Argentina. A substantial increase of 327,238 hundredweight in the weight of bacon is due to the heavier shipments from the United States, the supplies from Canada and other countries being less.

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

School Notes.

[By a Pupil.]

Ralph VanSickle of the Fourth grade is ill.

All the grades enjoyed (?) their monthly exams this week.

Dorothy Wilkinson of the First grade has moved to Detroit.

There was no school after Wednesday on account of Thanksgiving.

Esther Bulmah of the Kindergarten is absent on account of sickness.

The flowers in the Fourth grade window box have just begun to blossom.

Nettie Dodge of the Kindergarten, who has been visiting in Milan, has returned.

The Sixth grade's calendar for Thanksgiving was drawn by one of the pupils.

Morice Dart of the Kindergarten, who has been out of town, is back in school again.

The Fifth grade pupils have drawn and painted with water colors, pictures of the Mayflower.

The Kindergarten, First and Second grades have been furnished with charts for new work.

Fred and Oliver Raymond of the Third grade, who have been absent on account of sickness, have returned to school.

Ruth Cattermole of the Kindergarten celebrated her fifth birthday Tuesday by treating her schoolmates with candy, apples and dates.

Mrs. Col. of Milan and Mrs. Col. of Northville visited the Kindergarten Monday and Messdames Ford, Fuller and Bulmah visited that room one day last week.

Women Tougher Sex.

Although men, as they run, are, perhaps, muscularly stronger than women, their inability to withstand the elements and their reliance upon clothes places them considerably below the so-called weaker sex in the matter of unclothed toughness. Women wear clothes for ornament; men use them as a protective covering. A group of men, marooned clothesless on an island in the temperate zone, might be expected to die off in a month from drafts and colds and rheumatism. The health of women similarly placed would suffer little from exposure. The fact appears to be, therefore, that in everything but muscle—in vitality, ruggedness, character, disposition, brain power, etc.—woman is the tougher, not the weaker, sex.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*.

Their Standing

Standing of the contestants at the end of second week is as follows:

1. Madeleine Barnum.....627
2. Reginald Hills.....521
3. Mrs. E. B. Cavell.....313
4. Mildred Ely.....252
5. Katie White.....249
6. Myrtle Thomas.....147
7. Mrs. Earl Banks.....20
8. Mrs. Bertha Welch.....3
9. Marcia Hoar.....3
10. Carrie Larkins.....1

This week we have a total of 2136 votes cast, a good, steady increase. The people now realize that this is not only a great contest but that we are making one of the greatest sales of Xmas Goods ever held in Northville, our prices are right and our assortment is the best we have ever shown.

\$150 Worth of Clocks Sold During Our Weekly Clock Sale

which speaks for itself.

Starting Next Week Wednesday We Will Make a Special Sale on Box Paper

for one week only. All Papeteries running in price from 40c to 60c.

Your Choice for 25c

These are not old goods, but the very latest, choicest stationery. Lay in a year's supply and help swell the number of votes. Don't forget the sale of ART PICTURES now going on at 5c and 10c each.

Merritt & Company Piano Contest

This Coupon Counts One Vote For

Name.....

Address.....

Valid After December 5.

MERRITT & 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 insertion.

FOR SALE—Smith Premier Typewriter, good condition. Cheap. Apply to Record office. 40c.

FOR SALE—Sewing machine. Latest improved drop leaf. Best made. Cheap. Record office. 40c.

FOR SALE—Old papers in big bundles for 5 cents at the Record office. All nice and clean and just the thing for shelves or to put under carpets. 4c.

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. 12c.

LOST—Friday night, either on the Farmington car or in Northville, a gold chain and charm. Finder please leave with Miss Tremper at the Record office. 13c.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Farm of 160 acres. Half of stock furnished. Address Floyd Lapham, South Lyon. 17c.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence 81 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 9:00 a.m. and 12:00 to 2:30 and 5:00 to 7:30 p.m. Both Phones. 12c.

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

E. B. CAYELL, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Ontario College, now has his office in residence, corner of Lady and Center streets. Calls attended night or day. Both Phones. 13c.

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. 13c.

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. 13c.

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—10c Shelled corn—80c Eggs—27c Butter—27c.

Hogs dressed—\$6.75 Cattle—\$4.25 Lamb—\$4.75.

Beef hides—6c per lb Veal carcases—\$6.50.

Registries of Deeds—10c Turkey, young and plump—13c.

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

You Read the Other Fellow's Ad

You are reading this one. That should convince you that advertising in these columns is a profitable proposition; that it will bring business to your store. The fact that the other fellow advertises is probably the reason he is getting more business than is falling to you. Would it not be well to give the other fellow a chance

To Read Your Ad In These Columns.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.—In the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, in Chancery.

SAMANTHA M. GROVES vs. AUGUSTUS G. GROVES. Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne in Chancery at Detroit on the 16th day of November, A. D. 1908. In this cause, appearing from

1908. In this cause, appearing from the record on file, that the defendant, Augustus G. Groves is not a resident of this State, and his residence is unknown. On motion of C. C. Yerkes, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant, Augustus G. Groves, give his appearance to be entered herein, within five (5) months from the date of this order, and in case of his appearance, that he cause his answer to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed, and in case of his failure to do so, that the complainant's bill of complaint be taken as confessed, and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant.

And it is further ordered, that within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said county, and that such publication be continued thereat at least once in each week, for six weeks in succession, or that he cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant, at or before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

J. O. MURFIN, Clerk of Court. C. C. YERKES, Complainant's Solicitor. H. A. CACUHEY, Deputy Register.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas, a default having been made in the payment of a certain mortgage, made by George W. Flint, of the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan, and Alina Flint, his wife, to said Northville State Savings Bank, of Northville, Michigan, which mortgage bears date the 23rd day of July, 1906, and is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of said County, Michigan, on the 8th day of August, 1906, in Liber 472 of Mortgages on page 140, and on which mortgage there is now claimed to be due for interest overdue and unpaid the sum of forty-seven and two hundredths (\$47.02) 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 contained in said mortgage, and of the statutes in such case made and provided the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on Monday, the 1st day of December, 1908, at twelve o'clock noon Detroit city time at the southerly 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 or 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 sale, including 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 (½) of Section fifteen (15), Town one (1) South of Range nine (9) 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. Durfee, Attorney.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the payment 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 284 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 and ninety-three (1893) dollars and ninety-three (93) cents 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 vendue to the highest bidder, at the Southerly 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 3 South Range 9 East and containing thirty (30) acres more or less.

CHAS. FULFORD, Assignee of Said Mortgage. Dated, October 20th, 1908.

I. W. DURFEE, Attorney.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Relief Ask Your Druggist for

Pills in Red and Gold metallic wrapper. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S PILLS. Beware of cheap imitations. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

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CHICHESTER'S PILLS


THE DIAMOND BRAND. Relief Ask Your Druggist for

Pills in Red and

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. PROPRES.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

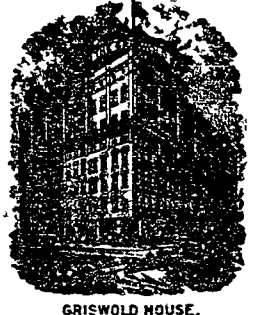
F. A. MILLER, Propr.
109 Main St. NORTHVILLE.
TELEPHONE.

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, \$1.00 to \$2.50 PER DAY.

Strictly modern and complete hotel, in the heart of the retail shopping district of Detroit, corner Griswold and Grand River Aves., only one block from Woodward Ave., Jefferson, Third and Fourth cars pass by the house. When you visit Detroit stop at the Griswold House. **POSTAL & MOREY, Props.**

Freight Roughly Handled.
Freight is handled in the Philippines by coolies, who, with a bamboo pole and a piece of rope, carry in a most precarious 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.

This is the week the poor turkey robber got it "in the neck."

Regular meeting of the King's Daughters next Tuesday at 3:30.

Fred L. Cook & Co. of Farmington are advertising furniture this week.

L. V. Herrick of Plymouth is very ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. F. Daly.

G. W. & F. Dolph have a brand new sign in front of their optical parlors on west Main street.

The "Monday Night" club met with Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Babbitt on Monday evening of this week.

Arthur Phillips has charge of the Pinckney Pharmacy at Plymouth during Mr. Pinckney's illness.

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co. of Detroit have something special to say about silks in their ad this week.

Remember the King's Daughters' entertainment in the Opera House Dec. 11 will only be 25c and 15c admission.

Dr. Chesterfield recently returned from a hunting trip at Sault Ste. Marie. While there he killed a buck that dressed 200 pounds.

The Ambler reunion was held at the homes of W. H. and W. E. Ambler Thanksgiving. There were about thirty-five relatives present.

Regular meeting of Northville Commandery, K. T., will be held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 1. Work, drill and balloting on candidates.

Ray Daggett has accepted a position with the Northville Milling Co. as delivery man. He and his family will reside here as soon as they can find a house.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the West Livonia church will serve a chicken pie dinner at the regular meeting on Dec. 3, at the home of Mrs. Pitt Everitt. All are invited.

Mrs. Gilbert Palmer, who lives on Randolph street, fell down the sample room hotel steps Saturday night and broke her wrist. Dr. Turner reduced the fracture.

About fifty neighbors and friends gave Miss Eva Thompson a granite shower Friday evening. Several games of pedro were played after which refreshments were served.

While it was raining Tuesday afternoon the sun shone out brightly and a beautiful rainbow appeared in the east. That is something out of the ordinary for this time of the year.

Rev. Wm. S. Jerome has been somewhat under the weather with grip this week and Rev. N. E. Musser very acceptably supplied his place at the Thanksgiving service last evening.

The "striking" apparatus of the town clock went on a "strike" and refused "to strike" the fore part of the week. It certainly didn't make a very "striking" effect on the people, anyhow.

Charlie Thornton left Tuesday for Snohomish, Wash., to install machinery in a condenser for C. E. Rogers. He was accompanied by Alex Christensen, who went along for his health and to see the country.

C. A. Sessions and Glenn Richardson, who have been hunting at McKinley, with four others, returned home Saturday. Glenn was the only one so far out of the six to kill a deer. The others remained for a few days, determined not to be beaten, if possible.

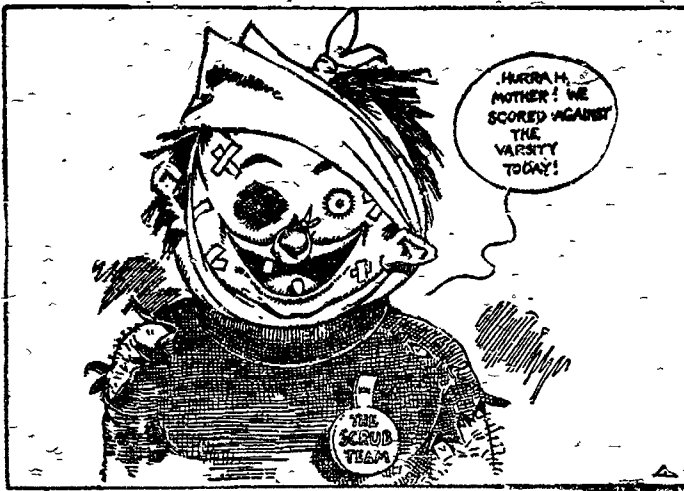
Mr. Christy of Orchard Lake gave a good sleight-of-hand entertainment in the Opera House Friday evening to a fair sized audience. He fully demonstrated he was master of the art. Four pieces from the Michigan Military Academy orchestra rendered some very nice music.

Mrs. Sarah Palmer has been a member of the L. O. T. M. M. of this place since 1895, and on Tuesday evening about thirty-five members of that order gave her an old-fashioned surprise. She crowned her the "Queen Bee" and presented her with a bouquet of chrysanthemums and an emblematic pin. A fine supper was served and everybody had a good time.

Uile Tibbits met with what might have been a serious, if not fatal, accident Saturday. He went in the barn to feed the horses and in passing in the stall, caught his toe and fell headlong on his face. He had a pan of oats in his hand and that landed in the manger, frightening the horse. The animal made a lunge and came back planting both hind feet on Mr. Tibbits' hips and one fore foot on his hand. He finally succeeded in extricating himself and when he got out almost collapsed. He is pretty badly bruised, but thankful it was no worse.

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.

GLAD TIDINGS FROM THE GRIDIRON.



P. E. White is still very ill. C. E. Ryder is advertising groceries this week.

Merritt & Co. are having a sale of box paper. Read their ad.

Don't forget the King's Daughters' entertainment in the Opera House Dec. 11.

The U of M and Ypsilanti Normal students are all home to spend the Thanksgiving vacation.

Will Lanning has just completed a heat little carpenter shop on his lot on North Center street.

There will be a meeting of Knights of Modern Macabees this (Friday) evening. Nomination of officers, etc.

We are somewhat crowded for space this week on account of the "Merry Widow" hat on the first page.

The Northville Milling Co. has a new "mocking bird" whistle on their engine and it can be heard all over town.

Joe Montgomery is building a new concrete basement for his barn. It is the only one of its kind in this village.

Mrs. Bert Phillips and Mrs. Ernest Miller entertained the Clover Whist club at the home of the former Monday evening.

So that the coupons may be cut out without injuring the serial story in the Record, the inside will not be paged in regular order for a few weeks.

The story has been going the rounds that Miss Katie White has withdrawn from the piano contest. This is not true. Katie is in it to stay and win out if she can.

George Stanley is home from a hunting trip in the Upper Peninsula. There were six in the party and they captured eight deer, one of which Mr. Stanley killed.

The W. R. C. will serve a supper in Ambler's hall Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, from 5 o'clock until all are served. Fifteen cents pays the bill. Everybody invited.

Miss Hattie Carson celebrated her eighth birthday, Nov. 19, by entertaining thirty-two little friends. A dainty lunch was served and the afternoon was very pleasantly spent.

The Thanksgiving party given in the rink Wednesday night was a fine affair and a good big crowd happily enjoyed the occasion. The hop was given under the auspices of the Northville Dancing Club.

BY WHEELBARROW IN CHINA.

Two Passengers Go 20 Miles a Day for Ten Cents Each.

Probably more freight and more passengers are transported in China by the wheelbarrow than by any other land method. The wheelbarrow used in China differs from that used in America in the fact that the wheel is set in the center and thus supports practically the entire load, while the handles are supported in part by a strap or rope over the shoulders of the man who operates it.

As a result the coolie in China will transport nearly half a ton on his wheel. Wheelbarrows are much used in the country where the roads are but little developed, and I have heard that passengers sometimes make the entire trip from Shanghai to Peking, a distance of 600 miles, by barrow.

A two-passenger barrow will make about 20 miles a day, and the coolie is content with a pay of about 20 cents a day, or an average of about half a cent a mile for each passenger.

On the level, well-kept streets of the foreign quarters of such cities as Hongkong, Shanghai and Peking the wheelbarrow coolie will struggle along with a load of six or even eight people. —Washington Herald.

Jap Company's B. C. business. The Nitsui Trading Company of Japan does a \$100,000,000 business with Europe, Australia and Asia.

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 store. Second hand gasoline stoves for sale. Phone residence, 128 x. **G. P. ALLEN.**

Value of Education. A man carves his own luck and the last tool he can use is a good education. It never grows dull, but is always bright and sharp for his purpose. A man's fail or become successful can be relied upon to do his best.

American Coinage. Ninety per cent of the coinage by the United States in the fiscal year of 1908 consisted of gold eagles, a coin which probably not one in a hundred people sees as often as once a year. Altogether the coinage of the country comprised 17 different varieties, seven of which were for the Philippine Islands in pesos and centavos, and one of which of the same denomination was for account of the Mexican government. The number of coins turned out averaged a little less than one for each inhabitant. The total coinage for continental United States was \$215,714,862. This has been one of the most active years in the history of national minting. Of this amount \$179,238,337 were in gold and \$16,532,477 in silver, or about the ratio of one of silver to 12 of gold. —Wall Street Journal.

Collecting Old Glasses. The fascinations of old glass have never rivaled those of old china, yet the variety and beauty of even a small glass collection will surprise those whose collecting thoughts have always turned elsewhere, says House Beautiful.

"But glass is so colorless," says the devotee of blue Staffordshire. "It looks so insignificant when compared with old blue." Quite true. But why compare it with blue china? Placed near the rich tones of Clews or Wood it becomes quite vivid. But why group glass and china together? The combination is as incongruous as ivory and eggshell porcelain, copper and brass. The delicacy of glass makes it seem heavy, and the deep tones of china cause glass to become lifeless. Glass needs a cabinet to itself, where it will develop a wealth of color possibilities.

OASES OF CHILE'S DESERT.

They Play a Great Part in Development of Nitrate Basins.

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

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

The rainless Atacama desert is the scene of the greatest industry of its kind in the world, producing enormous quantities of nitrates used 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.

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 600 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 gray, 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 dipped 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.

THANKSGIVING WEEK SILK SALE

Our Annual November Clearing Sale of PLAIN AND FANCY SILKS Occurs This Week.

Fancy Silks, Messalines, Taffetas, Rough Pongee, Fancy Crepes, etc., from our regular stock, formerly priced 75c, 85c, \$1.00, \$1.25, are now offered at 50c a yard.

Now is the time to select Silks for Holiday gifts.

WHITE GOODS DEPT.

One case of Cross Barred Muslins in ten styles. Sheer well made cloth, equal to anything sold the past season for 18c, for a yard, 12 1/2c. Being out of 25c Peruvian Lawn, and having a surplus of the 30c quality, we have reduced it for a few days to 25c a yard.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR DEPT.

A beautiful line of Bretele Aprons in all the newest designs at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, 85c, and \$1.00 up. Organdie Aprons of the finest materials and trimmings, 25c, 50c, 75c and upwards of \$2.00 each. Plain and Fancy Band Aprons at 25c, 39c, 50c and up to \$1.50. Gingham Aprons of all kinds at 25c, 39c, 50c and 75c. Maids' Caps, 10c up to 35c each.

DRAPERY DEPT.

To close out a few Japanese Screens we have reduced them from \$4.00 to \$2.98. Three 18 inch panels 5 feet 6 inches high. While they last we offer a few 50 pound \$23 Ostermoor Mattresses at \$15.00 each. This is an opportunity of rare occurrence. Agents for the Ostermoor Mattresses.

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.

165 to 169 Woodward Ave.

DETROIT, MICH.

Darkest the Distinction. The bishop of Tasmania says that a girl in a shop is addressed as Miss, while if she works as cook or housemaid she is called simply "Susan." He objects, and says that a girl who is good enough to work for him is good enough to be addressed as Miss.

Tipping Barred. A well known New York hostelry has inaugurated an anti-gratuity policy for at least the current season. The management makes official statement thus: "The servants of the hotel receive full and satisfactory remuneration for their services from owners, and are neither permitted to accept nor do they expect to receive of any kind from guests."

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 lamboos. The precious liquid is worth its weight in silver.

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.

Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

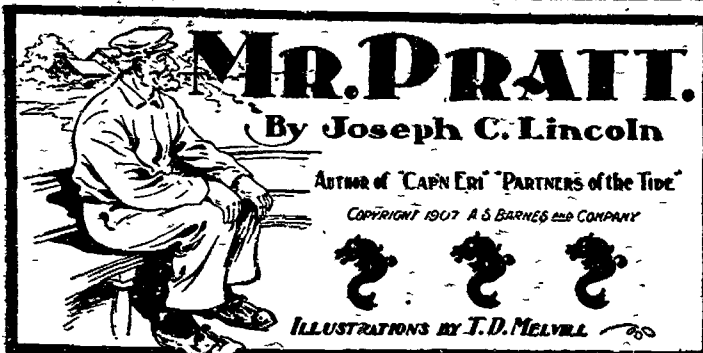
Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.



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 what they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt it was learned, was the successful author for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who saved Hartley up. "The Heavens!" near 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. Twins agree to leave Nate Scudder's abode and begin unavailing search for another domicile. Adventure at "Porthole" July celebration at Eastwick. Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the urchin proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Miss Page and Hartley were separated during a severe storm, which followed the picnic.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

I presumed likely that I understood more maybe that he thought I did. Headache is a fair to middling excuse, but I judged there was other things I'd seen them two look at each other when they met, and—well, they say a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse, and I ain't blind. I made a sort of note in my mind to get the pumps to working again on Lord James' next time I got a chance at him alone. Hartley left me and went over to the railroad depot and I kept on down the road to the shore. I was loafing along, going over to myself the doings of the afternoon and wondering what Van Brunt would say and so on, when I come out into the clear place at the top of Meeting House hill. And the meeting house clock struck four.

I jumped like I'd set down on a hot stove. I hadn't no idea it was as late as that. The pig and the Page girl and the rest of the mix-up had put all notion of time out of my head. I yanked out my watch to make sure that that clock was right, and then I glanced at the sky. Over to the eastward a big, fat, gray fog bank was piling up. 'Twas high water at two, Eastwick Port cove is a nasty place to get out of at low tide, and here was an easterly fog coming.

As a general thing I don't take anybody's wash when it comes to handling a boat or looking out for weather and such, but now I was ready to sing small. A ten-year-old boy brought up along shore would have known better than to do as I'd done. Don't make no odds how good an excuse I had for forgetting; no excuse is good where it comes to sailing. I went down that hill like the man in the tin coffin went to Tophet, "clinketty jingie." I jumped fences and cut across lots, and I'm ready to swear right now that there's more horsebriars to the square inch in Eastwick Port than in any other place on the Lord's green earth I bust through the pines and come out on the beach yelling: "Hi! Turn out everybody! Get aboard now. Live!"

And, by time! there wa'n't a soul in sight. For no less than twenty-two and a half minutes by my watch I walked up and down that beach, seeing the tide go out and bellowing "Aho!" and "Where are you?" at the top of my lungs. And then, lo and behold you, here comes Van Brunt and Lord James, poking along as if they had all the time there was. Van had been over behind the point taking a swim and his lordship had gone along to set on his boss' trousers and keep the creases in, or some such mighty important job.

"All right, skipper; all right," drawls Van, cool as a Sunday school boy at an ice cream social. "You've got good lungs and you'd ought to be careful of 'em. I've heard you whooping for the last ten minutes. What did you and Martin have when you were up town? By the way, where is Martin?"

He was so everlasting comfortable and sassy and I was so biling hot and nervous that it made me mad.

"He's gone home on the train," I snapped out. "Got a headache."

"Headache, eh? Humph! What did you have up town and where did you get it?"

"Never mind where we got it," says I. "You'll get a headache from setting up stuck on a shoal all night if you don't get aboard that boat. Look at them clouds."

He looked at 'em. "Ah," he says, "very like a whale."

"I didn't know what he meant and I didn't care. "Whale!" says I. "Well, we'll be lucky if we ain't the Jonahs. Get aboard with that basket, you Oppy what's-your-name, will you; if you want to fetch port to-night."

Lord James looked like he'd like to put another "ead" on me, but his boss was round and he dament talk back. Between us we loaded the dunnage. Then Van got aboard, deliberate enough to try a parson's patience, and I cast loose and got sail on the Dora Bassett. We'd made a start, anyhow.

But it turned out that was all we'd made. Van commenced to ask me more about Hartley, and afore I could tell him the news about the pig race and the rest, the Dora Bassett run her

nose on a sand flat and there she stuck. I was afraid of that tide all along.

I tried to get her off with the oar, but 'twas no go. Then I pulled the skiff alongside—the one we'd been towing astern—and got into that and tried that way. But that wouldn't work either. Finally I jumped overboard up to my waist and then I got her off.

But she stuck again afore we got out of the cove. I splashed and shoved and worked for another half hour or so, the wind dying out and the fog drifting in. Time I got her afloat this time and had listened to a steady stretch of Van Brunt's lazy sarcasms, my temper was worn to shoe-strings. Consume the man! It didn't seem to make no difference to him whether he got home that night or a week from then.

We got out of that blessed cove and into the channel—somewhere around six o'clock. Then 'twas a dead beat home and the breeze pretty nigh gone. A few minutes, and the fog shut down on us, wet and thick and heavy as ever I see it. We poked along for an hour or so more and then 'twas most dark and we wa'n't half way to Wellmouth. Lord James in his usual position, hanging on to the centerboard and moving his head from one side to 'tother as if he was afraid of being hit when he wa'n't looking. I'd pretty nigh scalped him with the boom once or twice—and now he ducked whenever the tiller squeaked. He certainly looked like a statue of misery in a fountain, with the fog dripping off his side-whiskers. Van was stretched out on the locker,



"Put—Your—Helm—Over—to—Port! Port! You Lubber, Port!"

blowing smoke rings and spouting poetry. I'd been too busy to tell him a word about his girl's being in the neighborhood. Fact is, I didn't like the feel of things. I believed there was wind coming.

"See here," says I, finally, "one of you fellers 'll have to go forward and keep an eye out for shoals. We're on the edge of the channel here and I want to be in deep water afore a squall hits us. I callate there's one pretty nigh due."

His lordship just stared at me fishy-eyed and pitiful. As for Van, he went on reciting something about being on the sea, "with the blue above and the blue below." He wa'n't going to stir—not him.

"Look here," I says "If we strike a sand bar and a squall strikes us at the same time we'll go below, way down, where it's a big sight bluer than 'us here, 'cording to the minister's tell. Go forward on lookout, won't you?"

So he went, though I doubt if he'd have known a bar when he see one—not that kind anyway.

Pretty soon the breeze give out altogether. And then, from off in the distance, I heard a noise, a rushing, roaring kind of noise.

"Hark!" I yells. "Do you hear that? Here she comes! Down with the jib. Haul on that rope, Mr. Van, will you? No, no! 'Tother one! 'Tother one! Godfrey scissors! Here you Oppy; hang on to that tiller! Keep her just as she is."

I made a long arm, grabbed that valet man by the collar, yanked him into the sternsheets and jammed the tiller into his hand. Then I took a flying leap forward where the Twin was trying to cast loose the peak haliard, having a notion, it seemed, that it ought to belong to the jib. The squall struck us. The fog

split into pieces, same as a rotten top's. The Dora Bassett heeled over till I thought she was going on her beam ends. His lordship turned loose a yell like a tugboat whistle, lets go the tiller and dives headfirst into the cockpit amidships. As for me, I was swinging over the side with my whole weight on the jib downhaul, pawing air with my feet, and trying to get back my balance.

That downhaul was old and some rotten. It broke and I went overboard with a howl and a splash.

I went down far enough to begin to see glimpses of that blue place I was speaking of just now. Then I pawed up for air. When my head stuck out of water there was something big and black swooping past it. I made a grab-and caught hold. As luck would have it 'twas the skiff we was towing astern.

I climbed into that skiff like a cat up a tree. I was full of salt water—eyes and all—but I could see the Dora Bassett hopping ahead of me with her gaff half-way down her mast. Seems the halliard had broken just after the downhaul did.

I roared, a sputtering kind of roar. And then Van's head stuck out over the sloop's stern.

"God sakes!" says he. "Are you drowned?"

"Drowned!" I hollers. "Think I'm a pesky lubber just cause you—" I had to stop here to cough. I was a regular tank, as you might say, of salt water.

"Good heavens!" says Van. "Do they always do that—boats, I mean?" "Always do—" I was so mad at myself and all creation that I could scarcely answer. "Oh, suffering might! If ever go to sea again with a parcel of— Catch a hold of that tiller. Bring her into the wind! Cast off that mainsheet! Cast it off! Here comes another one!"

I supposed mainsheets are kind of scarce on the "Street." Anyhow—I see that he didn't know what I meant.

"That rope at the stern," I hollers, dancing around in the skiff. "Cast it off! Live!"

The second squall struck us. I see the Dora Bassett drive off in a sweeping half circle, the end of the boom knocking the tops of the waves to pieces and the spray flying like a

scared, don't say a word. Not scared for myself, you understand—no, indeed. When I get drowned, with a tight plank under me and a pair of oars in my hand, 'twon't be in the bay, I'll tell you that. But I was scared for Van Brunt and his lordship in the Dora Bassett. They didn't either of 'em know the jib from the rudder, and the valet was too crazy frightened to be of any use if he had.

But Van was sure to be cool enough, and the broken gaff would act like a double reef, so that was some comfort. And the squall wa'n't going to amount to nothing—'twas only a fair breeze even now—so if Van had sense enough to keep the tiller straight and let her run they'd fetch up somewhere alongshore, I judged. And, to make me hope still more, the squall had brought a complete change of wind with it; now 'twas blowing back up the bay instead of out to sea.

So I squared my shoulders and laid to the oars, heading for where, judging by the wind, the land ought to be. 'Twas darker than a black kitten in a nigger's pocket, but I callated to be able to hit the broadside of the United States somewhere. I got aground on the flats five or six times, but along towards midnight I butted ashore at the little end of nowhere where there was nothing but bushes and sand and pines, no sign of civilization. And by this time 'twas pouring rain.

After a couple of years of scratching and swearing and falling down I come out of the scrub into a kind of clearing. Then I discovered a barbed wire fence by hanging up on it like a sheet on a line and located the back of a barn by hanging into it with my head. Then a nice talkative dog come out of the barn and located me; and things commenced to liven up.

While me and the dog were conducting our experience meeting, a light showed in an upstairs window a little ways off and somebody sticks their head out and wants to know what's the matter.

"Who are you?" he says.

"My name's Pratt," says I.

"Where are you?"

"Well," I says, "judging by the feel and smell I'm on top of the pigsty. But I ain't real sure. I can tell you where your dog is, if you want to know."

"What are you doing round here this time of night?" he says.

I told him as well as I could. The dog was having a conniption fit, trying to bark itself inside out, and I had to say things over three or four times so's a body could hear. But the feller at the window wa'n't satisfied even then. I never see such a wooden-head.

"What-Pratt did you say you was?" he hollers.

"I told him my name and where I hailed from."

"Sol Pratt?" he says. "Of Well-mouth? What are you doing way over here?"

"Blast it all!" I yell. "If I wa'n't half drowned already I should say I was getting wet. Turn out and let a feller into the kitchen or somewhere, won't you? And tie up this everlasting dog."

That seemed to wake him up some and in ten minutes or so he comes poking out with a lantern. I knew him then 'Twas Ebenezer Holbrook, Huldry Ann Scudder's sister's husband, who lives over in the woods on the line between South Eastwick and West Ostable. There was another man with him and blest if it didn't turn out to be Nate Scudder himself. Him and Huldry was visiting over there, same as he said they was going to.

Nate had more than a million questions to ask. Ebenezer tied up the dog—the critter pretty nigh broke down and sobbed when he found I wa'n't to be fed to him—and we went into the kitchen. Then Mrs. Holbrook and Huldry Ann, rigged up tasty and becoming in curl papers and bed quilts, floated downstairs and there was more questions.

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Author Poorly Remunerated. For "Middlemarch" George Eliot got \$40,000 and for "Romola" \$35,000.

CHAPTER VI. Ozone Island.

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The KITCHEN CABINET

THE WAITRESS.

ARIETY is infinite in the girls who wait at table. Different in each land and clime, Lucia, Gretchen, Mary, Mabel.

Kipling writes in scornful mood Of the service on the Strand: "Aw, wot do they understand? Beefy face and scubby hand."

But the dark-eyed, sweet Lucia Is a maid we can't forget at all.

How sedate, how calm she murmurs, "Si, si, Signor; il spaghetti."

"Out, Monsieur; que voulez-vous?" Ferily the Parisians say. Dutty Gretchen shrugs her shoulders "Ach, mein Gott; ou nichts verstaht's!"

But Mabel, with her Pompadour, Our Mabel nothing can abash. She stands behind with haughty air—"Soup-beefsteak-pork-chops-corned-beef-veal."

A Word on Tomatoes. "Love-apples," so they called them 40 years ago, and nobody thought of eating them! They were by some considered poisonous, and the most our grandmothers would do was to use them on the mantel for ornament.

But nowadays we use them in a variety of ways, and no soup, no stew, no sauce but what is improved by a dash of tomatoes. We scallop them, stuff and bake them, fry them—and as a salad they are a summer standby.

Recaloped with cheese and onion they are delicious; and they combine nicely with corn—either in alternate layers in a baking dish or whole, stuffed with the corn. They are pronounced in a variety of ways—tomatoes, tomatoes, and just plain tomatoes. The new dictionary gives the preference to the last.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

HE pot once to the kettle said: "You're so black you sell the shelf."

The kettle hissed: "Oh, you are not so all-fired white, yourself."

"So so in human nature. One says: 'It's paralyzing.'"

How Mary Smith has no idea Of true economizing.

And Mary Smith will simply rave. Think her own menu scant.

And wonder why the other one Is so extravagant!

One cooks with eggs all winter; One has grapes the whole year 'round; Yet says "Of meat I can't afford To buy a single pound."

Thus, in matters of economy About the home—alack! We all are pots who spend our time In calling kettles black.

"Wild" Preserves. The English method of preserving is worthy of note because, in the first place, the season lasts so much longer than ours. All through the fall and well into the winter, the English housewife is busy "putting up" fruit.

And by fruit she understands many things which an American woman would scorn—rowan berries, hips or haws. Anything which grows on roadside hedges she boils with sugar for a conserve, a relish or even a medicine. The rowan berry is fruit of the mountain ash, and is much valued in England as a wine. The hip is merely the calyx of the rose, and from this and the simple hawthorn berry a rich and palatable jelly is made. The hip is also much valued as a medicine.

Parisian Charlotte. This is one of the latest changes rung on the charlotte russe. Soak one-quarter box gelatine in a little cold water. Meantime, scald in double boiler, one-half pint cream. Pour this over four eggs well-beaten, and a half cup sugar. Stir together till thick, then add the gelatine, strain, and set away to cool. But before it thickens, add a quarter pound each macaroons, and lady fingers, cut in small pieces. Add a cup of grated cocoanut, a teaspoon vanilla, a dash of sherry and a cup of whipped cream. Fold and mix lightly, and turn into a wet mold to stiffen. Garnish with maraschino cherries.

Two Ways to Serve Peanuts. Peanut Soup.—Shell and blanch one pint of peanuts; chop fine and cook for 20 minutes in a pint of stock with two tablespoons celery, two of onion and one whole clove. Melt and cook separately four tablespoons butter, a pint of thickened milk and seasoning. Add the two mixtures, strain, cook five minutes and serve.

Peanut Salad.—Soak half a pint of peanut meats in olive oil. Drain and mix with one pint of cut celery and 12 olives chopped. Mix with mayonnaise and serve on lettuce. This is good with duck or game.

Berry-Gin. This, partly a beverage and partly a medicine, is made with any of the wild fruit in these proportions: To a pint of the berries add eight ounces of crushed sugar candy. Pour over it one pint of good, unsweetened gin, and set aside for three months, shaking the jar daily for the first month. Then strain and serve.

NEW LIFE Found in Change to Right Food.

After one suffers from acid dyspepsia, sour stomach, for months and then finds the remedy is in getting the right kind of food it is something to speak out about.

A N. Y. lady and her young son had such an experience and she wants others to know how to get relief. She writes:

"For about fifteen months my little boy and myself had suffered with sour stomach. We were unable to retain much of anything we ate.

"After suffering in this way for so long I decided to consult a specialist in stomach diseases. Instead of prescribing drugs, he put us both on Grape-Nuts and we began to improve immediately.

"It was the key to a new life. I found we had been eating too much heavy food which we could not digest. In a few weeks after commencing Grape-Nuts I was able to do my housework. I wake in the morning with a clear head and feel rested and have no sour stomach. My boy sleeps well and wakes with a laugh.

"We have regained our lost weight and continue to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meals. We are well and happy and owe it to Grape-Nuts."

"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.

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CHAPTER VI. Ozone Island.

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split into pieces, same as a rotten top's. The Dora Bassett heeled over till I thought she was going on her beam ends. His lordship turned loose a yell like a tugboat whistle, lets go the tiller and dives headfirst into the cockpit amidships. As for me, I was swinging over the side with my whole weight on the jib downhaul, pawing air with my feet, and trying to get back my balance.

That downhaul was old and some rotten. It broke and I went overboard with a howl and a splash.

I went down far enough to begin to see glimpses of that blue place I was speaking of just now. Then I pawed up for air. When my head stuck out of water there was something big and black swooping past it. I made a grab-and caught hold. As luck would have it 'twas the skiff we was towing astern.

I climbed into that skiff like a cat up a tree. I was full of salt water—eyes and all—but I could see the Dora Bassett hopping ahead of me with her gaff half-way down her mast. Seems the halliard had broken just after the downhaul did.

I roared, a sputtering kind of roar. And then Van's head stuck out over the sloop's stern.

"God sakes!" says he. "Are you drowned?"

"Drowned!" I hollers. "Think I'm a pesky lubber just cause you—" I had to stop here to cough. I was a regular tank, as you might say, of salt water.

"Good heavens!" says Van. "Do they always do that—boats, I mean?"

"Always do—" I was so mad at myself and all creation that I could scarcely answer. "Oh, suffering might! If ever go to sea again with a parcel of— Catch a hold of that tiller. Bring her into the wind! Cast off that mainsheet! Cast it off! Here comes another one!"

I supposed mainsheets are kind of scarce on the "Street." Anyhow—I see that he didn't know what I meant.

"That rope at the stern," I hollers, dancing around in the skiff. "Cast it off! Live!"

The second squall struck us. I see the Dora Bassett drive off in a sweeping half circle, the end of the boom knocking the tops of the waves to pieces and the spray flying like a

scared, don't say a word. Not scared for myself, you understand—no, indeed. When I get drowned, with a tight plank under me and a pair of oars in my hand, 'twon't be in the bay, I'll tell you that. But I was scared for Van Brunt and his lordship in the Dora Bassett. They didn't either of 'em know the jib from the rudder, and the valet was too crazy frightened to be of any use if he had.

But Van was sure to be cool enough, and the broken gaff would act like a double reef, so that was some comfort. And the squall wa'n't going to amount to nothing—'twas only a fair breeze even now—so if Van had sense enough to keep the tiller straight and let her run they'd fetch up somewhere alongshore, I judged. And, to make me hope still more, the squall had brought a complete change of wind with it; now 'twas blowing back up the bay instead of out to sea.

So I squared my shoulders and laid to the oars, heading for where, judging by the wind, the land ought to be. 'Twas darker than a black kitten in a nigger's pocket, but I callated to be able to hit the broadside of the United States somewhere. I got aground on the flats five or six times, but along towards midnight I butted ashore at the little end of nowhere where there was nothing but bushes and sand and pines, no sign of civilization. And by this time 'twas pouring rain.

After a couple of years of scratching and swearing and falling down I come out of the scrub into a kind of clearing. Then I discovered a barbed wire fence by hanging up on it like a sheet on a line and located the back of a barn by hanging into it with my head. Then a nice talkative dog come out of the barn and located me; and things commenced to liven up.

While me and the dog were conducting our experience meeting, a light showed in an upstairs window a little ways off and somebody sticks their head out and wants to know what's the matter.

"Who are you?" he says.

"My name's Pratt," says I.

"Where are you?"

"Well," I says, "judging by the feel and smell I'm on top of the pigsty. But I ain't real sure. I can tell you where your dog is, if you want to know."

"What are you doing round here this time of night?" he says.

I told him as well as I could. The dog was having a conniption fit, trying to bark itself inside out, and I had to say things over three or four times so's a body could hear. But the feller at the window wa'n't satisfied even then. I never see such a wooden-head.

"What-Pratt did you say you was?" he hollers.

"I told him my name and where I hailed from."

"Sol Pratt?" he says. "Of Well-mouth? What are you doing way over here?"

"Blast it all!" I yell. "If I wa'n't half drowned already I should say I was getting wet. Turn out and let a feller into the kitchen or somewhere, won't you? And tie up this everlasting dog."

That seemed to wake him up some and in ten minutes or so he comes poking out with a lantern. I knew him then 'Twas Ebenezer Holbrook, Huldry Ann Scudder's sister's husband, who lives over in the woods on the line between South Eastwick and West Ostable. There was another man with him and blest if it didn't turn out to be Nate Scudder himself. Him and Huldry was visiting over there, same as he said they was going to.

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ACTUAL STARVATION.

The R. M. Hyde Drug Co. Give Facts Regarding Dyspepsia.

Although indigestion and dyspepsia are so prevalent, most people do not thoroughly understand their cause and cure. There is no reason why people should not eat anything they desire—it they will only chew it carefully and thoroughly. Many actually starve themselves into sickness through fear of eating every good-looking, good smelling and good-tasting food, because it does not agree with them.

Dieting cannot cure dyspepsia. If we refuse every article of food that disagrees with us, before long we have nothing left, and find ourselves chronic dyspeptics.

We can cure dyspepsia. We are so confident of this fact that we guarantee a cure, and promise to supply the medicine free of all cost to every one who will use it, who is not perfectly satisfied with the results which it produces. We exact no promises, and put no one under any obligation whatever. Surely, nothing could be fairer. We are located right here in Northville, and our reputation should be sufficient assurance of the genuineness of our offer.

We want everyone in Northville who is troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia in any form to come to our store and get a box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. Take them home and give them a reasonable trial, according to directions. They are very pleasant to take; they soothe the irritable stomach; strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs; promote a healthy and natural bowel action; immediately relieve nausea and all stomach irritation; produce perfect and healthy digestion and assimilation, and promote nutrition.

A box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets furnishes 15 days' treatment. In ordinary cases, this is sufficient to produce a cure. In more chronic cases, a longer treatment, of course, is necessary, and depends upon the severity of the trouble. For each case, we have two larger sizes which sell for 45c and 89c. A. E. Stanley & Co., Northville, 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 6:30 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 8 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 9:00 p. m.; also 9:30 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 barn only), also at 7:30 a. m. and every two hours to 9:30 p. m.; also at 9:00 p. m. and 11:00 p. m., changing cars at Wayne.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 6:30 a. m. and every two hours to 9:30 p. m. and 10:10 p. m. and midnight.

Leave Plymouth for Northville at 6:45 a. m. (except Sunday) and every two hours to 9:10 p. m. and 10:42 p. m. and 12:20 a. m.

West bound cars to Jackson connect at Wayne. Cars for Saling connect at Ypsilanti.

FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS
Operated over the Detroit United Railways, Detroit, Monroe & Toledo Short Line, Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Ry. and Rapid Railway System, giving prompt express service to all points on the Electric Lines.

Local express office corner Main and Griswold streets.
For rates and other information apply to
G. H. Baker or John F. Keys,
Local Agents, Gen. Pass Agt., Northville, Detroit.
Subject to change without notice.

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 live axes and a razor.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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.

NEIGHBORHOOD

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Miss Floy Kahrl spent Sunday at her parental home.

Levi Pankow spent Sunday afternoon with Harley Kahrl.

Mrs. J. Myers and Mrs. R. Wolfe called on Mrs. J. Schoutz Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagonjack called on the latter's mother, Mrs. Wingert, at Clarenceville Sunday.

Mrs. C. Lockwood and children of East Farmington called on Mrs. W. Wagonjack Saturday afternoon.

NOVI NEWS.

P. U. Taylor spent Sunday in Detroit.

Job Leavenworth spent Wednesday in Detroit.

Mr. Hagen from the north is visiting friends here.

Stanley Kelly of Loomis is visiting relatives here.

G. H. Taylor has gone to Alabama for a two weeks' stay.

Mrs. S. L. Woodruff was in Detroit Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Huldah Simmons is visiting her son, Will Simmons.

Mrs. S. Brown entertained Mrs. A. B. Avery of Pontiac Saturday.

Mrs. L. Bathrick has gone to Durand for an indefinite time.

Miss Elsie Risner is spending a few days with Miss Mable Harding.

Mrs. Herman Smith visited from Saturday until Monday in Flint.

Mrs. Forbes spent Thanksgiving day with her daughter in Detroit.

Miss Bassett, teacher of the Griswold school, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Putnam entertained the Putnam family Thanksgiving.

Revival meetings are being conducted by Rev. DuPuis in the Methodist church.

Miss Whipple of Northville is spending a few days with her friend, Mrs. Loren Flint.

Mrs. Stanton of Mason has been visiting her niece, Mrs. A. N. Wixom, the past week.

Mrs. Lydia Burch and sister of Wixom spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. L. O. Banks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Richardson of Chicago are visiting their father, Miles Richardson.

Miss Lenta Baker of Pontiac, a niece of Mrs. H. F. Taylor, is teaching east of Northville.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Brown and daughter spent Sunday at the home of Charles Matheson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Clark's mother at Lexington.

Wm. D. Trump and family of Detroit spent Thanksgiving at the home of C. E. Goodell.

The Methodist ladies cleared about twelve dollars at their chicken-plate supper last Friday evening.

The "What I Can" society will meet with Helen Hammond Saturday from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m.

George Dandison and family spent Thanksgiving with his daughter, Mrs. Wm. Mairs, at Walled Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Holmes attended the entertainment in the Walled Lake Methodist church last Friday evening.

The monthly business meeting of the B. Y. P. U. will be held at the home of Miss Harding Tuesday evening, Dec. 1st.

Miss Vesta Clark of Lansing spent Thanksgiving with relatives here and also attended the Leavenworth-Thompson wedding.

Remember the Library is open Fridays from 2 o'clock until 5 p. m. Dues are twenty-five cents a year, which entitles each member to two books each week.

Job and Delos Leavenworth and families, Mrs. Jay Leavenworth and son, Floyd, James Munro and family, the Misses Camilla and Effie Risner and Miss Mabel Harding attended the Leavenworth-Thompson wedding at Northville Thanksgiving day.

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.

WIXOM NEWS.

H. E. Richardson and Henry Perry were in Northville Saturday.

Mrs. J. Gillett and daughter visited relatives in Flint over Sunday.

School Commissioner H. S. Elliott of Oxford was in town Monday.

Isabel and Lola Hautebueque spent Sunday with their aunt in Pontiac.

L. C. Ferrigo of Detroit is visiting his daughter, Mrs. R. Chamberlain.

E. S. Madison of Traverse City visited at the Madison home part of this week.

Wm. Chambers and wife visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Jas. Wilson, near Millford Sunday.

Mrs. W. E. Hoyt of Muskegon is helping care for her father, B. F. Madison, who is very sick.

Winfield Perry and wife of Eagle River, Wis., and A. A. Perry and family of Howell were guests of their brother, W. H. Perry, and wife over Sunday.

H. Richardson and wife entertained Bert Richardson and wife of Chicago, Judd Richardson and wife, Miles Richardson and Mrs. Williams of Novi Friday last.

CROCKER'S RHEUMATIC CURE.

A prominent lady of Geneva, Ohio, says Crocker's Rheumatic Cure is alright. Under date of Jan. 5, 1906, she says: This is to certify that I have had rheumatism more or less all my life and have taken only one and a half 50 cent bottles of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure and have been very much benefited by it. Mrs. Ora Patch Prepared by Phillips' Drug Co., Warren, Pa. For sale by Murdoch Bros.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Will Way is numbered among the sick.

Mrs. H. W. Lee is the proud possessor of a new piano.

Ralph Hogle of Detroit spent Thanksgiving day at home.

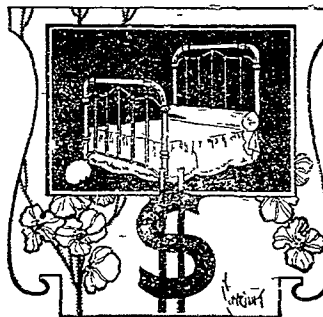
Miss Ella Clark of Northville spent Wednesday with the Misses Burtop.

Mrs. Nettie Brown spent Thanksgiving in Detroit with her sister, Mrs. Edgar DuBois.

The U-Go-L-Go pedro club will meet with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hogle this (Friday) evening.

Mrs. Hannah Moore of Pontiac was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jerome Adams, Tuesday.

Gov. and Mrs. Fred M. Warner of this place, Mrs. St. John and John Haggerty of Lansing, Will Dohany of Detroit and Elmer Dohany of Clarenceville left Monday for a ten days' outing on the west coast of Florida.



STANDS ON VALUE

And at Bed-Rock Prices.

You cannot "over-value" our Furniture because we always put lower prices upon it than we should. We carry the very best lines of Bedsteads, Bedding and every requisite for thorough home furnishing. We have some splendid Parlor and Dining-room Suites and Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Mattings, etc., that will please the most fastidious. In spite of high qualities prices are low.

Fred L. Cook & Co.
FARMINGTON, MICH.

LIVONIA NEWS.

Mrs. Baze's house is progressing rapidly.

Elmer Chilson visited Paul Lee over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Wilber of Farmington visited at Mrs. Elizabeth Stringer's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Millard are visiting Chas. Colby and wife at Northville this week.

Harry Peck and Will Pankow visited friends in Detroit from Friday until Monday night.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulax (25 cents per box) corrects the liver, tones the stomach, cures constipation.

SALEM NEWS.

Mrs. Spencer has a new piano.

John Sprague has returned to Plymouth.

John Canfield was a Detroit visitor Sunday.

Lillian Archer was a Northville visitor Sunday.

Little Randolph Kahrl was on the sick list last week.

The children of the Thayer school gave Mrs. Johns a Thanksgiving dinner.

Frank Rider and wife were guests of Dearborn relatives Saturday and Sunday.

Melvin Beebe of Detroit was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Geo. Merritt, last week.

Have you heard any more about that Cemetery Improvement society? Let's get busy.

Mrs. Chas. Millard of Plymouth spent Thanksgiving with her daughter, Mrs. Harmon Kingsley.

George Walt of Novi and Miss Mabel Kennedy of Farmington visited relatives in this vicinity Sunday.

The Ladies' Dime meet at Mrs. John Rider's Friday and Saturday to work on a quilt for their bazaar.

The Ladies' Aid of Salem held a very pleasant all day session at Mrs. Flora Larkins last week Thursday.

The Missionary Circle of the Baptist church met with Mrs. Geo. Merritt the second Wednesday in December.

Mrs. M. F. Stanley of Northville and Mrs. Minnie Lewis of Muskegon visited the former's daughter, Mrs. G. P. Conroy, Sunday.

Born Sunday, Nov. 22, a girl, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Mackey at the home of Mrs. Mackey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Kenner.

Mrs. Harman Kingsley made a business trip to Detroit Saturday and Sunday was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Chas. Millard, of Plymouth.

The Germans of the Summit church will hold a box social and quilt drawing at the home of Rudolph Kahrl, near Salem, Friday evening, Dec. 5. Everybody invited.

Miss May Highland and Mr. Ernest Potts of Salem were united in marriage Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, by the Rev. Bettys at the home of the bride. They have the best wishes of all their friends.

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.

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.

Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CANTON COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Letter Heads Statements Bill Heads Envelopes Cards

Anything and everything in the way of high-grade commercial printing. Our assortment of job type is complete, our press facilities of the best, and our workmen true typographical artists. This tells all the story of our facilities for doing job printing of the right kind at the right prices.

Cards Envelopes Bill Heads Statements Letter Heads

Thieves and Humor.

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

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. Walding, Kinsman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting 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.

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.

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 unwise to hear his neighbors tell how lucky he has always been.—Norfolk (Neo) News.

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 regulate upon; it may well furnish them food for serious and earnest thought.

The French Point of Beauty.

A point of beauty always sought by the French in the arrangement of the hair is to present a joll nuque, 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.

Work in Minute Fractions.

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

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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The Doctor's First Question

"How are your bowels?" This is generally the first question the doctor asks. He knows what a sluggish liver means. He knows what a long list of distressing complaints result from constipation. He knows that headaches, bilious attacks, indigestion, impure blood, and general debility are often promptly relieved by a good liver pill. We wish you would talk with your own doctor about this subject. Ask him at the same time if he approves of Ayer's Pills. Do as he says. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.