

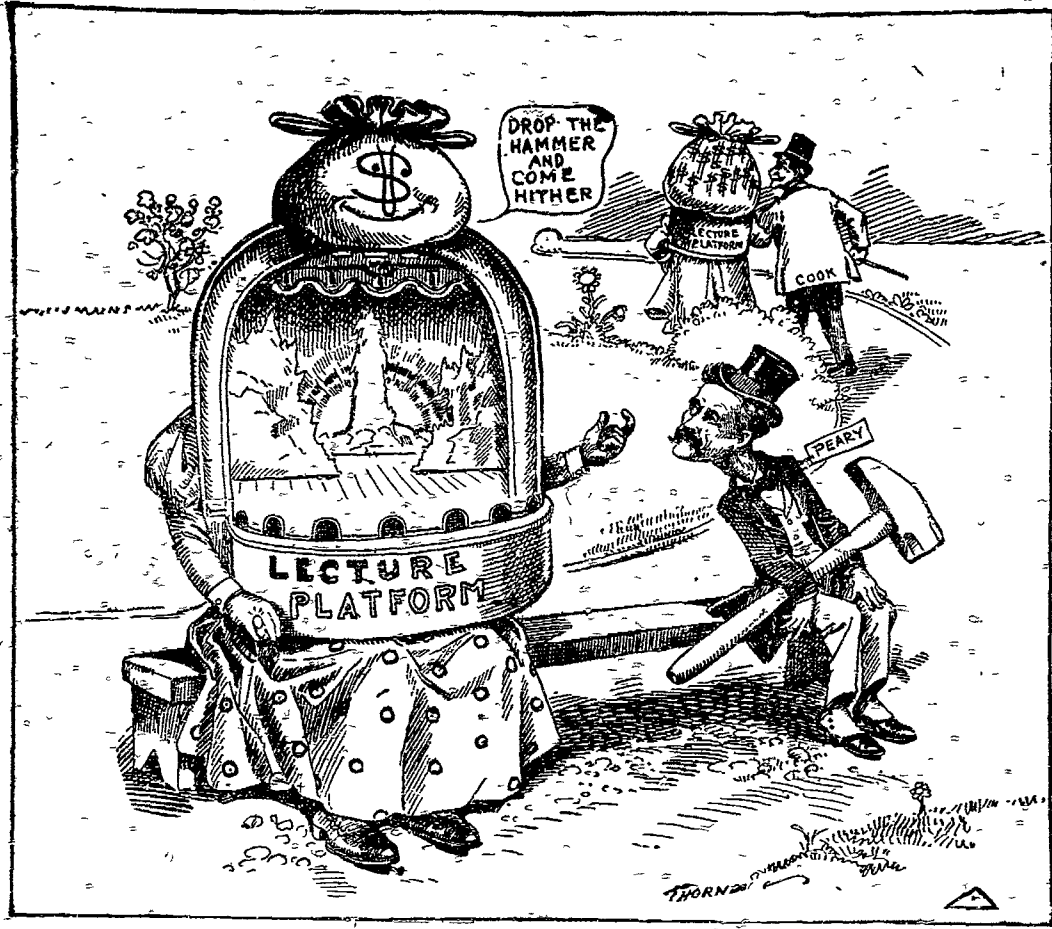
THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XL. No. 18.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1909.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

HE MAY YET EMBRACE HER.



Doesn't Like Kerosene Tincture.

Keeping the dust reduced to the minimum in our groceries is to be desired, but it is a pity some other remedy than sprinkling the floors with kerosene cannot be discovered. Within the past week we have bought bread, fried cakes, crackers, corn meal and rolled oats all beautifully (?) tinctured with kerosene. Not belonging to the Eskimos or South-sea-island tribes we do not take kindly to the new flavor.

A SUFFERER

Newberry.

Secretary of Navy Meyer and other authorities at Washington had not better criticize ex-Secretary Newberry of Detroit too much. Michigan people have a way of resenting such attacks upon one of its favorite citizens. Alger was Secretary of War and when he was thrown down Michigan made him a U. S. senator.

W. C. T. U. Notes.

(By Press Correspondent)

The meeting Dec 6th will be held in the parlors of the Baptist church commencing at 2:30 p. m. Subject for debate "Medical Temperance." This department presents to the people in general, the teachings of eminent physicians who discard alcohol as a medicine. It also seeks to educate the public as to the danger of self medication with powerful drugs, especially in the form of patent or proprietary medicines and it exposes fraudulent medicines.

New Independent Telephones.

Julius Darling	164 J
Ed. Fuller	172 L
J. W. Lewis (Salem)	329 2 1/2
Dr. E. P. Wald (Salem)	329 6 R

Notice to Taxpayers.

Beginning Friday, Dec. 10, I will be at the store of Carpenter & Huff and every Friday and Saturday up to, and including, Jan. 10, to receive taxes.

J. A. HUFF,
Township Treasurer.

For Christmas

Nothing nicer than Engraved Calling Cards to give some Relative, Friend or Sweet-heart.



From new copper plate in new neat Holly covered box

50 FOR 50 CENTS

Mailed free to any part of the United States.

THE RECORD PRINTERY
NORTHVILLE.

School Notes.

[By a Pupil]

Eva Wood of the Sixth grade is ill. Fay Baxton is a new Eighth grade pupil.

Lewis Specks is back in school in the Third grade.

Francis Chadwick of the Eighth grade is ill this week.

The Eighth grade bake sale last Saturday netted them \$4.74.

The Second grade has a black-board devoted to Christmas pictures.

Henry Holmes of the Third grade, who has been ill a week, is back in school.

The boys' basket ball team will play the Pontiac team in that city this evening.

Eight out of the twenty-eight pupils in the Third grade have been neither absent nor tardy for three months.

The Seventh and Eighth grade pupils are planning an entertainment for Friday evening, Jan. 14, so please save this date.

L. A. Babbitt, who was to speak Wednesday morning in the High school, was prevented by a severe cold but we have him down for later on.

Miss Weibourne presented the Sophomore class with a beautiful pennant, black with "Northville" in large orange letters on it. The class have placed it on the walls of the "Rest Room," where it puts the finishing touches to a finely furnished room.

Miss Cole, our special drawing teacher, began work Monday morning dividing her time between the grades and High school, where some of the girls have started charcoal drawing and several boys have applied for mechanical drawing and cartooning.

The Junior class chose green and white for their class colors in a class meeting Wednesday night. Class pins were also ordered which carry out the color scheme. They expect to give a musicale soon in order to earn the money for the pins. Watch for further announcements.

The boys' basket ball team was defeated Saturday evening by the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co. of Detroit, reinforced by a contingent from the swiftest team in the city, the "Riversides." In the first half things went against our boys, losing in a score of 19 to 2. Cray, Turner, Johnston, Selden and LaRue composed the team. A different story was told however in the second half where Northville made 13 to Detroit's 9. The High school boys were changed in this half, Ball, Tibbitts, Schoultz and West being given a chance to play. Considering that this team has the championship

Mrs. T. H. Turner will have her holiday sale of painted china at the Misses McHugh's Millinery store. A fine line of articles will be exhibited. Sale opens next week. 18w1

of Detroit, our boys have no reason to complain as this was their first game. The girls' game was interesting from beginning to end, Loretta Shafer's side winning the first half by a good margin, but the opposite side "gingered up," as Mr. LaRue says, and held the other team in good shape in the second half. The final score was 10 to 5 in favor of Miss Shafer's team.

Baptist Church Notes.

[By the Pastor]

No cottage prayer meeting next week.

Subject of the Bible study Thursday evening "Reconciliation and Righteousness."

Pastor Munser speaks Sunday morning on the topic, "The Results of a Larger Vision of Christ."

B. Y. P. U. topic Sunday evening, "Life Lessons for Me from I. John 4:7-21. Mrs. Ethel Clark, leader."

The annual social and business meeting of the B. Y. P. U. will be held Tuesday evening at the home of Roy Clark. All are urged to be present.

The order of the Sunday evening meeting will undergo a change. The Praise service will be made more special than usual and will conclude with a short sermon by the pastor.

There was a goodly attendance at the Mission meeting held in the church parlors Wednesday afternoon. The Misses Grant and Ergtzing of Detroit were present and helped in the program.

There was a good attendance at all the services Sunday. Mr. Bradley has few equals in his line of work, especially of his age, anywhere in this country. His efforts were wonderfully well appreciated and inspiring. The remarks made in the Sunday school by Mr. Bradley, Mr. Lawrence and Miss Ruth Bacon, a teacher of Beulah Home, were very fitting indeed. The music was greatly enjoyed, especially the male quartet and the beautiful solo by Ray Van Valkenburg.

Notice to Novi Taxpayers.

I shall be at Wixom Dec. 15, 22 and 29, 1909 and Jan. 5, 1910; at Novi Dec. 16, 23 and 30 and Jan. 6, 1910; at Northville States Savings bank Dec. 18, 24 and 31 and Jan. 8, 1910 for receiving taxes.

HENRY C. MILLER,
Township Treasurer.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank the president of the W. C. T. U., also the W. C. T. U. and Ladies' Aid for the plants and the friends and neighbors for their kindness. MRS. URSULA BENTON

Piano Lessons.

Thorough method. For terms apply at my home, 52 Main street. 13tfp ARDUTUS M. WOLF.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent, For Sale, Lost, Found. Wanted notices inserted under this head for 1 cent per word for first insertion, and 1/2-cent per word for each subsequent insertion.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—the A. L. Tait farm (31 acres) 1/2 mile southeast of village. Inquire of N. L. Clark, Northville. 14tf

FOR SALE—The house and lot on Main street, owned by the late Chas. D. Waterman, 92 ft. frontage on Main street, 211 ft. deep. The property has been ordered sold by Probate Court to close the estate. Wm. H. Ambler, Executor. 36tf

LOST—A flat door key. Finder please leave at post office

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

FOR SALE—300 cords good stove wood. Price reasonable and wood delivered. A. N. Wixom, Novi. Bell phone 110 L5 14tf

FOR RENT—House on south Wing street, third door from Main. Home phone 312 2R. 17tf

WANTED—At once three good coal handlers. Good wages for good men. Plymouth Transfer Co., Plymouth, Mich. 17w2

TO TRADE—Work horse for cow. J. A. Cole, two miles north and one and one half miles west of Northville. 13w1pt

FOR SALE—Two acres of land, good house and barn, hen house, new brooder house 18x40, plenty of fruit. Located three miles west of Novi and known as the Daniel Dunham place. Inquire of J. E. Dunham, R. F. D. No. 1, Northville. Home Phone 190 2L. 13w6p

FOR SALE—Victor cornet, good condition. Inquire R. J. Gibson, Northville. Home phone 130 R. 18w2p

Registered Duroc hog for service. U. A. Tibbitts Ind. phone 301-7R, Northville. 18w2p

FOR RENT—The Covert house on Dunlap street. Inquire of R. R. McKahan. 18w2

FOR SALE—My place on Main street known as the Star Laundry building; also my house and lot on Plymouth avenue, Northville. E. J. Bradner. 11tf

FOR RENT—House south of Ladies' Library. Electric lights, furnace, every room heated, hot and cold water in bath room and kitchen. Large basement. Two large rooms in "Annex" building. Inquire at house or of A. M. Randolph. 16tf

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

List of Northville property for sale: Two houses on Main street, several on Dunlap street also in Beantown and several in Northville. Prices \$550 to \$3,500. Also farms and residences in Farmington, Wayne and Oakland (Also western land). Farm to exchange for good house and lot in Northville. O. S. HARGER. 15tf Northville

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence 31 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. and 12:00 to 2:30 and 6:00 to 7:30 p. m. Both Phones.

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

DR. B. RUTH JEPSON, OSTEOPATHIC Physician of Detroit will visit Northville every Tuesday and Friday. Appointments can be made by mail, or Home phone 145-X at W. P. Johnson's residence. 29mos 3p

DR. RODERICK B. WILSON, OSTEOPATHIC Physician of 212 Stevens Bldg. Detroit, Mich. will visit Northville Monday and Thursday of each week. Appointments can be made by phone or call. Phone, Home 145-X. Office at W. P. Johnson's residence. Office hours—9:30 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. 49m3

IT'S TIME

perhaps for you to give an answer as to closing of that business deal. How are you fixed?

HAVE YOU MONEY ENOUGH TO PAY IN FULL?

If you haven't it's the business of this bank to make loans. Call and see us and we will help you out.

THIS BANK LOANS MONEY FOR WORTHY ENTERPRISES.

Northville State Savings Bank.



We have a Few Pieces of

Graniteware

left in our west show window for 23c while they last

23c

In our East Window your choice of

ANY ARTICLE FOR 8-CTS.

If in need of a Coal Stove or Heating Stove

call and let us quote you prices.

CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.

"Seaside Oyster Dishes"



This is the name of our new book which gives many shore receipts, unknown inland. Every housewife is welcome to a copy at our store.

We are handling only Sealship Oysters this year. We are registered agents of the Sealship Oyster System.

Sealship Oysters

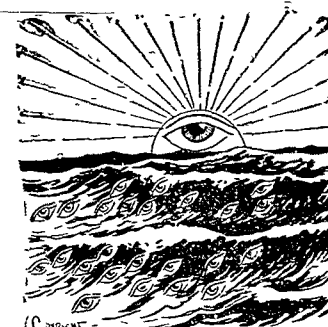
Straight from the Oyster Beds Under Seal.

C. E. RYDER

Both Phones.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

I SEE AND EYE SEA



are not a bit alike. You may "see" but not have perfect vision. Isn't it your duty to try to be helped? We think it is.

For Bad Sight Consult Us.

There's a "sea" of eyes wherever you go that have defects. Our optical methods help effect permanent cures.

Our Specially Fitted Glasses Strengthens weak Eyes.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

Dr. Swift Bldg.

OPTOMETRISTS.

Main St., NORTHVILLE.

Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

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

DR. W. H. YARNALL.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

New English Walnuts

20c per lb.

These are New California Nuts and every one good

Toasted Rice Flakes

This is a new Breakfast Food and only 10c

Corn

3 Cans Red Bird Corn for..... 25c

Mexican Blend Coffee 20c

Each package contains a certificate and five certificates gets a nice China Plate.

Soups

Campbell's Soup in 12 varieties,..... 10c per can

Buckwheat Flour, 10 lb Sack for 30c

B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

UTENBERG

Invented Printing,
and Since His Day

TYPE has done more for the world's advancement than any other thing. Our type will ADVANCE YOUR BUSINESS.

Let Us Do Your Printing

VAUDEVILLE

When visiting Detroit don't fail to see the finest Vaudeville Theatre in the world

TEMPLE
THEATRE.

Two Performances
Daily
2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

Fine
Stationery

Engraved
Wedding Invitations
Calling Cards
Monograms.

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

The Record Printery
Opera House Bldg.
Northville, Mich.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND
Largest and Best
Pills in Red and Gold
Metallic Cases, sealed with Blue Ribbon.
Take no other. Buy of your
Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25
years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

A Very Bad Element.
Willie—This paper says that people who pursue a high-handed course ought to be punished. What kind of course is that, pa?

Pa—It's the system a man plays on when he won't bet on anything less than a royal flush or four of a kind. The paper is right, my son; it is just such lukewarm sports that are killing the great American game.—Puck.

Art of Life

A wife leaves her husband and children and goes on the stage. She is called by the higher life of art. In a month she leaves the stage and returns to her husband and children. She is called by the higher art of life.—New York Evening Post.

It Quieted Mother.

The house was all paid for! Mother was exultant, jubilant, reiterative "Say, mother," burst out six-year-old Paul, eagerly, "print it on your cards mother, print it on your cards!"—The Deileator.

THE CASHIER'S
STORY RIDDLED

WAS AN ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE
MADE UNDER STRESS OF
FEAR?

A GASH SELF-INFLICTED.

The Affairs of the Vernon Bank Do Not Tally With Cashier's Story of its True Condition.

"I was afraid to go home on account of that \$2,000 loan which I got from the Cornum State bank," said Ned Sargeant, the Vernon banker, who disappeared from home and is now in Grace hospital with a gash in his left forearm, as he lay on his cot Wednesday morning. "My father, who has been in the bank with me for about four months, didn't know anything about that loan, and I feared he would be angry when he learned of it. He is very stern and I was afraid of him. The loan is due to be paid on Dec. 15, and I was afraid I couldn't meet it very well at that time."

"There are collateral notes in the bank to more than cover the loan, but no cash can be realized on them until March of next year. However, I should have no difficulty in paying back the \$2,000 on Dec. 15 if the Cornum bank insists on payment at that time. I have a \$6,000 farm in my own name; the block in which the bank is located is worth \$7,000 and my own home is worth all of \$1,800. These properties are in my own name."

"More than that, my father owns a big farm, and there would be no difficulty in raising \$25,000 or \$30,000 if we needed it. But I am satisfied there is no shortage. I will open the bank as soon as I get home. I intend to be out of here within a day or two."

Sargeant used the name of "C. C. Jones" in registering at the Franklin house. While he maintains his arm was cut by a highwayman after he left the Lyceum theater Sunday night, the officials of the Franklin house are convinced that he did the cutting himself in their hotel.

"I am satisfied that Sargeant was not out of his room from the moment he entered it Saturday night until Monday, when he was taken to the hospital," said the clerk.

"His bed was literally soaked with blood and he was so weak he couldn't stand when the ambulance came for him. He collapsed and had to be carried out on a stretcher. He insisted on walking to the ambulance until he reached the ground floor. Then his knees gave way and he almost fell to the floor."

"An examination of his coat convinced us that he cut himself in his room after baring his arm. There was not a particle of blood on the coat sleeve, where the cutting was done. He was cute enough to cut the sleeve, but he forgot to soak it in blood. Had he been attacked in the street, as he claims, he certainly would have notified the police and got surgical attention right away."

Although nothing definite can be ascertained because of the refusal of the bank officials to make any statement, it is now believed that the loss in the failure of the Sargeant bank will reach \$45,000.

J. Wilson Staley, assistant cashier of the First National bank, Detroit, had a meeting with Receiver R. McLaughlin of the Vernon bank. They refused to disclose the purpose of the meeting but it is said that the Detroit institution is a loser to the extent of \$1,000 or more.

Four Were Drowned.

Of the Carlson family, which on Thursday of last week consisted of seven children, there are but three left, Ernest, 15; Carl, 13, and Emma, 11.

The other four, Oscar, Hulda, Anna and Esther, and Anna Saunders, a neighbor girl, were drowned when the gasoline launch Olga, in which they were crossing Muskegon lake, on the way home from a wedding, capsized. Oscar Carlson died in a desperate effort to save Esther, 14, the last being seen of them by the survivors when they went under the water, clasped in each other's arms. Their bodies have not been recovered. Ernest and Carl saved themselves by clinging to the overturned boat until help came. Emma was the only member of the family who did not make the trip to the wedding. Mrs. Carlson, mother of the sadly depleted family, died two months ago. Their father has been dead 12 years.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES.

Mrs. Harriet C. Mott, sister of the famous Bidwell brothers, whose forgeries swindled English banks out of \$1,000,000 forty years ago, and who made desperate efforts to free her brothers from life sentences, died in Muskegon recently.

Nothing has been heard of Willard Robinson, the 22-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Robinson, who disappeared from his home in Flint about six weeks ago. It is known by the parents of the young man that when he was in the regular army he kept company with a Mexican girl in Arizona, whose letters to him were signed simply "Concha." The young lady has been communicated with.

Frank Green, the 17-year-old Ooroo lad arrested and released on suspended sentence last June, was sentenced to 350 days in the Detroit house of correction by Judge Price for stealing an overcoat.

BRIEF MICHIGAN NEWS.

Chimax has lost its grain elevator by fire, causing a loss of \$5,000.

Fielding H. Yost has signed a contract to coach the U. of M. football team two years more.

George Selman was killed in the woods near Prescott while loading logs on cars. He leaves a widow and two children.

The people of Marquette will choose their own postmaster. An election for the office will be held next spring. There are three candidates.

The local optionists of Grand Traverse county at a meeting Sunday admitted themselves outwitted by the supervisors, and decided not to ask the submission of the question until 1911.

Arthur Roth, the consumptive whose pitiful case aroused sympathy all over the state through being kicked consecutively out of his boarding house and then out of Saginaw, died last week.

Making a dash to catch an M. C. train just as it was pulling out of the depot, George Dodds, a traveling salesman, was dragged 50 feet, and as a result is in a Lansing hospital with serious injuries.

While attempting to steal a ride from Toledo to Detroit, Harold Young, 16, a messenger boy, whose home is at Bradford, Pa., was instantly killed by Lake Shore passenger train No. 324.

Despite the fact that the Flint police received a message from a Detroit woman claiming to be his wife and asking him to return to her at once, J. C. Volmer denies that he has or ever had a spouse.

The funeral of Mrs. Hannah J. Bostwick, who for 72 years was a resident of Comstock township, was held Monday. Mrs. Bostwick, who was 96, died at the home of a daughter in Galesburg.

Charles Swint, aged 82, of Eaton Rapids, was buried to death in his shed when he lighted his pipe and his clothing caught fire. He was too feeble to call for aid, and before help reached him he was dead.

An unknown man was struck and instantly killed by a Chicago & North Western passenger train at Negaunee. The body was dragged along the track for half a mile, crushed and mangled beyond recognition.

William Wright, a Traverse City laundryman, fell or was pushed from a dock into the cold waters of Grand Traverse bay, and yelled so lustily for help that 500 people were attracted to the scene. He was rescued.

Thirty-two cases of smallpox were reported in Flint last week, and the disease seems to have spread to every part of the city. Manufacturers and employers have been notified to obey the vaccination law to the letter.

Thomas Rowley, 48, of Port Huron, was arrested Friday night for striking his wife. When the police arrived the woman was unconscious. Fifteen minutes later Thomas Holbrook, 51, was arrested on a similar charge.

Part of an old gypsum mine on the Butterworth road, Grand Rapids, caved in under half a dozen houses and the frightened Polish residents scurried to shelter, leaving their belongings behind. No one was injured.

Leslie Holcomb, a Benton Harbor liquor dealer, entered a Turkish bath and was forgotten by his attendants until he became unconscious. His flesh was literally cooked by the heat and fears are entertained for his recovery.

Taken from a train on which he had become suddenly ill, Orrin Colberg, a well known resident of Escanaba, died just as he reached a Menominee hospital. Colberg was on his way to Green Bay to receive treatment for stomach trouble.

Bertha Voight, aged 14, was struck by a Pere Marquette freight train in Saginaw and received what will prove fatal injuries. The girl was walking down the track with a few school mates when the train hit her, throwing her into a ditch 20 feet away.

The body of Esther Carlson, one of the party drowned in Muskegon lake, Thanksgiving, has been recovered, about 15 rods from the scene of the accident. The lake is still being dragged for the body of Oscar Carlson, who drowned while trying to save Esther.

George Gibbens, 47, a homesteader of Wirtz lake, who went insane after he had shot and killed J. C. Kruse, whom he had mistaken for a deer, Oct. 28, 1907, is dead. Kruse was an Iron Mountain mine superintendent and he and his party had hired Gibbens for a guide.

Editor F. L. Baldwin has been awarded a verdict of \$1,000 damages against the Escanaba Liquor Dealers' association for injury to his business because of a boycott instituted against his paper. The affair was the result of Baldwin's activities in the anti-saloon fight.

More entanglements in the affairs of M. Lee Hagle, missing village treasurer of Oxford, are promised by the action of his bondsmen. They have levied on all the property owned by Hagle in Leonard, even including the bank building of the Bank of Leonard. The affairs of the bank have been placed in the hands of a receiver, who will contest the levy of the bondsmen. The receiver will endeavor to hold all the property for the depositors of the wrecked bank.

County treasurers will have to give larger bonds before the collection of the big state tax which comes due next January, and Auditor-General Fuller is preparing to send them notices to that effect. Under the law the auditor-general is directed to require from the treasurers a bond which will fully protect the tax they collect, and this makes it necessary for every county treasurer except those of Lake Oscoda and Roscommon counties to furnish a larger bond.

Natali Ragni, single, aged 28, fell down a shaft at the Traders' mine on Mountain, and was instantly killed.

BENEFIT OF HOME TRAINING

Probability That Father "Improved" on Anything Willie Had Heard on the Street.

When Willie's father came home to supper there was a vacant chair at the table.

"Well, where's the boy?"

"William is upstairs in bed." The answer came with painful precision from the sad-faced mother.

"Why, what's up? Not sick, is he?" (An anxious pause.)

"It grieves me to say, Robert, that our son—your son—has been heard swearing on the street! I heard him."

"Swearing? Scott! I'll teach him to swear." And he started upstairs in the dark. Half-way up he stumbled, and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the atmosphere cleared a little Willie's mother was saying sweetly from the hallway: "That will do, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."—Judge.

TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching—Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.

Cured by Cuticura in Three Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions, but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 23, 1907."

Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Schools for Tuberculous Children.

Special schools for tuberculous children have now been established in Providence, Boston, New York, Rochester, Washington, Hartford, Conn., Chicago and Pittsburgh. New York has three schools and Washington, D. C., two. The board of education of New York city is proposing to establish three more, and similar institutions are being planned in Detroit, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Newark, N. J.

In cities like Providence, Boston and New York, where outdoor schools have been conducted for two years, the results obtained from the treatment of children in special tuberculosis open air schools seem to show the great advantage of this class of institutions. This, coupled with the experience of open air schools in Germany and England, proves that children can be cured of tuberculosis and keep up with their school work, without any danger to fellow pupils.

Pathetic Pride.

Willie had had a tumble when he was a baby and his hip was so hurt that ever afterward he was obliged to use a crutch. On one occasion, when his mother had bought him a new crutch of the latest and most approved style, Willie expressed his enthusiasm and delight in the roughest terms. "And oh, mother!" he exclaimed, in conclusion, referring to a little friend of his who having the use of both legs had no need of crutches, "won't Johnny Knowles be jealous?"

Prescriptions Not General.

Some people look on a doctor's prescription in the same light as a cookery recipe and pass it on to their friends for general use. They forget that some symptoms may come from totally different causes and that to take a medicine prescribed for a friend is a very risky thing to do and may do a great deal of harm.

SECRET WORKERS

The Plan Upon Which Coffee Operates.

Coffee is such a secret worker that it is not suspected as the cause of sickness or disease, but there is a very sure way to find out the truth.

A lady in Memphis gives an interesting experience her husband had with coffee. It seems that he had been using it for some time and was an invalid.

The physician in charge shrewdly suspected that coffee was the "worm at the root of the tree," and ordered it discontinued with instructions to use Postum regularly in its place.

The wife says: "We found that was the true remedy for his stomach and heart trouble and we would have gladly paid a hundred times the amount of the doctor's charge when we found how wise his judgment was."

"The use of Postum instead of coffee was begun about a year ago, and it has made my husband a strong, well man. He has gained thirty-five pounds in that time and his stomach and heart troubles have all disappeared."

"The first time I prepared it I did not boil it long enough and he said there was something wrong with it. Sure enough it did taste very flat, but the next morning I followed directions carefully, boiling it for fifteen minutes, and he remarked 'this is better than any of the old coffee.'"

"We use Postum regularly and never tire of telling our friends of the benefit we have received from leaving off coffee."

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Dr. H. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Griswold House

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

European Plan

200 Rooms	100 Rooms	50 Rooms
with running water	with private bath	Large, well lighted, for samples, with bath
Per Day \$1.00	Per Day \$1.50	Per Day \$2.00

Dining Room and Cafe

Club Breakfast from 25 cents up Table d'Hote dinner at noon and night, 50 cents
Large, well lighted dining room on parlor floor, and cafe grill room on ground floor. Lady waiters in main dining room.

POSTAL & MOREY, Proprietors

Keeps Heat "Just Right"
Both Day and Night

This "boss" of the heating plant looks after your comfort, stands guard over your coal bin and safeguards the family from colds due to uneven temperature in the home.

The Jewell Controller
with Time Clock attachment

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Suppose you want to reduce the temperature of the house to 60 degrees during the night, but would like to have it at 70 degrees by the time the family arises.

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WHISPERING SMITH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY ANDRE BOWLES

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SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck. She gave him a message for Sinclair. "Whispering" Gordon Smith told Dickie Dunning was the daughter of the late Richard Dunning, who had died of a broken heart shortly after the wreck of the bridge. Sinclair visited Marion Sinclair's shop and a fight between him and McCloud was narrowly averted. Smoky Creek bridge was mysteriously burned. McCloud prepared to face the situation. President Bucks notified Smith that he had work ahead. McCloud worked for days and finally got the division running in fairly good order. He overheard Dickie's criticism of his methods. For Marion Sinclair, a stock train was wrecked by an open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the express car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. McCloud was notified that Whispering Smith was to hunt the desperadoes. Dickie, a girl of the west, was proposed to by Sinclair and his gang he sent to hunt the desperadoes. A stranger, apparently with authority, told him to go ahead. Whispering Smith, a man of the west, was "Whispering" Smith. Smith approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed. He warned McCloud that if he was a danger, McCloud was carried forcibly into Lance Dunning's presence. Dunning refused the railroad. A fight-of-way, he had already started. Dickie interfered to prevent a shooting affair. Dickie met McCloud on a lonely trail to warn him his life was in danger. In his way home, he passed through his hat. Whispering Smith reported that Du Sang, one of Sinclair's gang, had been assigned to kill McCloud. He and Sinclair saw Du Sang. Whispering Smith taunted Du Sang and told him to get out of Medicine Bend or suffer Du Sang seemed to succumb to the bluff. McCloud's construction was taken from him because of an injunction issued to Lance Dunning by the United States court. A sudden rise of the Crawling Stone ranch created consternation. Dickie and Marion appealed to McCloud for help. Whispering Smith joined the group. Dickie spent the night in conversation, Smith giving the girl an outline of his life. In the morning McCloud took his men to fight the river. Lance Dunning welcomed them cordially.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Let me talk with them."

"Just what I should like. Come on!" said Dickie, leading the way to the chicken-yard. "I want you to see my bantams, too. I have three of the dearest little things. One is setting. They are over the way. Come see them first. And, oh, you must see my new game chickens. Truly, you never saw anything as handsome as Caesar—he's the rooster; and I have six pullets. Caesar is perfectly superb."

When the two reached the chicken house Dickie examined the nest where she was setting the bantam hen. This miserable hen will not set," she exclaimed in despair. "See here, Mr. Smith, she has left her nest again and is scratching around on the ground. Isn't it a shame? I've tied a cord around her leg so she couldn't run away, and she is hobbling around like a scrub pony."

"Perhaps the eggs are too warm," suggested her companion. "I have had great success in cases like this with powdered ice—not using too much, of course; just shave the ice gently and rub it over the eggs one at a time; it will often result in refreshing the attention of the hen."

Dickie looked grave. "Aren't you ashamed to make fun of me?"

Whispering Smith seemed taken aback. "It is really serious business?"

"Of course."

"Very good. Let me watch this hen for a few minutes and diagnose her. You go on to your other chickens. I'll stay here and think."

Dickie went down through the yards. When she came back, Whispering Smith was sitting on a cracker box watching the bantam. The chicken was making desperate efforts to get off Dickie's cord and join its companions in the runway. Smith was eying the bantam critically when Dickie rejoined him. "Do you usually," he asked, looking suddenly up, "have success in setting roosters?"

"Now you are having fun with me again."

"No, by heaven! I am not."

"Have you diagnosed the case?"

"I have, and I have diagnosed it as a case of mistaken identity."

"Identity?"

"And misplaced energy. Mr. Dickie, you have tied up the wrong bird. This is not a bantam hen at all; this is a bantam rooster. Now that is my judgment. Compare him with the others. Notice how much darker his plumage is—it's the rooster," declared Whispering Smith, wiping the perplexity from his brow. "Don't feel bad, not at all. Cut him loose, Miss Dickie—don't hesitate; do it on my responsibility. Now let's look at the cannibal leghorns—and great Caesar."

CHAPTER XXI.

Between Girlhood and Womanhood.

About nine o'clock that night Puss ushered McCloud in from the river. Dickie came running downstairs to meet him. "Your cousin insisted I should come up to the house for some supper," said McCloud, dryly. "I

could have taken camp fare with the men. Gordon stayed there with him."

Dickie held his hat in her hand, and her eyes were bright in the firelight. Puss must have thought the two made a handsome couple, for she lingered, as she started for the kitchen, to look back.

"Puss," exclaimed her mistress, "try a chicken right away! A big one, Puss! Mr. McCloud is very hungry, I know. And be quick, do! Oh, how is the river, Mr. McCloud?"

"Behaving like a lamb. It hasn't fallen much, but the pressure seems to be off the bank, if you know what that means?"

"You must be a magician! Things changed the minute you came!"

"The last doctor usually gets credit for the cure, you know."

"Oh, I know all about that. Don't you want to freshen up? Should you mind coming right to my room? Marion is in here," explained Dickie, "and I am never sure of Cousin Lance's—he has so many boots."

When she had disposed of McCloud she flew to the kitchen. Puss was starting after a chicken. "Take a lantern, Puss!" whispered Dickie, vehemently.

"No, indeed; dis nigger don't need no lantern to chickens, Miss Dickie."

"But get a good one, Puss; and make haste, do! Mr. McCloud must be starved! Where is the baking powder? I'll get the biscuits started."

Puss turned fiercely. "Now look-a-heah, yo' can't make biscuits! Yo' jes' go se' down wif dat young gen'm'n! Jes' lemme lone, ef yo' please! Dis ain't de firs' time I killed chickens, Miss Dickie, an' made biscuits. Jes' clair out an' se' down! Place fr' young ladies is in de parlor! O! Puss can cook sapper fr' one man yet—ef she has to!"

"Oh, yes, Puss, certainly, I know; of course; only, get a nice chicken!" and with the parting admonition Dickie, smoothing her hair wildly, hastened back to the living room.

But the harm was done. Puss, more excited than her mistress, lost her head when she got to the chicken-yard, and with sufficiently bad results. When Dickie ran out a few moments afterward for a glass of water for McCloud, Puss was calmly wiping her hands, and in the sink lay the quivering form of young Caesar. Dickie caught her favorite up by the legs and suppressed a cry. There could be no mistake. She cast a burning look on Puss. It would do no good to storm now. Dickie only wrung her hands and returned to McCloud.

He rose in the happiest mood. He could not see what a torment Dickie was in, and took the water without asking himself why it trembled in her hand. Her restrained manner did not worry him, for he felt that his fight at the river was won, and the prospect of fried chicken composed him. Even the long hour before Puss, calm and inviting in a white cap and apron, appeared to announce supper, passed like a dream. When Dickie rose to lead the way to the dining room, McCloud walked on air; the high color about her eyes intoxicated him. Not till half the fried chicken, with many compliments from McCloud, had disappeared, and the plate had gone out for the second dozen biscuits did he notice Dickie's abstraction.

"I'm sure you need worry no longer about the water," he observed, reassuringly. "I think the worst of the danger is past."

Dickie looked at the tablecloth with wide-open eyes. "I feel sure that it is. I am no longer worrying about that."

"It's nothing I can do or leave undone, is it?" asked McCloud, laughing a little as he implied in his tone that she must be worrying about something.

Dickie made a gesture of alarm. "Oh, no, no; nothing!"

"It's a pretty good plan not to worry about anything."

"Do you think so?"

"Why, we all thought so last night. Heavens!" McCloud drew back in his chair. "I never offered you a piece of chicken! What have I been thinking of?"

"Oh, I wouldn't eat it anyway!" cried Dickie.

"You wouldn't? It is delicious. Do have a plate and a wing at least."

"Really, I could not bear to think of it," she said, pathetically.

He spoke lower. "Something is troubling you. I have no right to a confidence, I know," he added, taking a biscuit.

Her eyes fell to the floor. "It is nothing. Pray, don't mind me. May I fill your cup?" she asked, looking up. "I am afraid I worry too much over what has happened and can't be helped. Do you never do that?"

McCloud, laughing wretchedly, tore Caesar's last leg from his body. "No, indeed. I never worry over what can't be helped."

They left the dining room. Marion came down. But they had hardly seated themselves before the living room fire when a messenger arrived with word that McCloud was wanted at the river. His chagrin at being dragged away was so apparent that



"Yonder They Come!"

Marion and Dickie sympathized with him and laughed at him. "I never worry about what can't be helped," Dickie murmured.

He looked at Marion. "That's a shot at me. You don't want to go down, do you?" he asked, ironically, looking from one to the other.

"Why, of course, I'll go down," responded Dickie, promptly. "Marion caught cold last night, I guess, so you will excuse her, I know. I will be back in an hour, Marion, and you can toast your cold while I'm gone."

"But you mustn't go alone!" protested McCloud.

Dickie lifted her chin the least bit. "I shall be going with you, shall I not? And if the messenger has gone back I shall have to guide you. You never could find your way alone."

"But I can go," interposed Marion, rising.

"Not at all; you can not go!" announced Dickie. "I can protect both Mr. McCloud and myself. If he should arrive down there, under the wing of two women he would never hear the last of it. I am mistress here still, I think, and I shan't be leaving home, you know, to make the trip!"

McCloud looked at Marion. "I never worry over what 'can't be helped'—though it is dollars to cents that those fellows don't need me down there any more than a cat needs two tails. And how will you get back?" he asked, turning to Dickie.

"I will ride back!" returned Dickie, loftily. "But you may, if you like, help me get my horse up."

"Are you sure you can find your way back?" persisted McCloud.

Dickie looked at him in surprise. "Find my way back?" she echoed, softly. "I could not lose it. I can ride over any part of this country at noon or at midnight, asleep or awake, with a saddle or without, with a bridle or without, with a trail or without. I've ridden every horse that has ever come on the Crawling Stone ranch. I could ride when I was three years old. Find my way back?"

The messenger had gone when the two rode from the house. The sky was heavily overcast, and the wind blew such a gale from the south and west that one could hardly hear what the other said. McCloud could not have ridden from the house to the barn in the utter darkness, but his horse followed Dickie's. She halted frequently on the trail for him to come up with her, and after they had crossed the alfalfa fields McCloud did not care whether they ever found the path again or not. "It's great, isn't it?" he exclaimed, coming up to her after opening a gate in the dark. "Where are you?"

"This way," laughed Dickie. "Look out for the trail here. Give me your hand and let your horse have his head. If he slips, drop off quick on this side." McCloud caught her hand. They rode for a moment in silence, the horses stepping cautiously. "All right now," said Dickie; "you may let go." But McCloud kept his horse up close and clung to the warm hand. "The camp is just around the hill," murmured Dickie, trying to pull away. "But of course if you would like to ride in holding my hand you may!"

"No," said McCloud, "of course not—not for worlds! But, Miss Dickie, couldn't we ride back to the house and ride around the other way into camp? I think the other way into the

camp—say, around by the railroad bridge—would be prettier, don't you?"

For answer she touched him lightly with her lines and his spring released her hand very effectively. As she did so the trail turned, and the camp-fire, whipped in the high wind, blazed before them.

Whispering Smith and Lance Dunning were sitting together as the two galloped up. Smith helped Dickie to alight. She was conscious of her color and her eyes were now unduly bright. Moreover, Whispering Smith's glance rested so calmly on both McCloud's face and her own that Dickie felt as if he saw quite through her and knew everything that had happened since they left the house.

Lance was talking to McCloud. "Don't abuse the wind," McCloud was saying. "It's our best friend to-night, Mr. Dunning. It is blowing the water off-shore. Where is the trouble?" For answer Dunning led McCloud off toward the bend, and Dickie was left alone with Whispering Smith.

He made a seat for her on the windward side of the big fire. When she had seated herself she looked up in great contentment to ask if he was not going to sit down beside her. The brown coat, the high black hat, and the big eyes of Whispering Smith had already become a part of her mental store. She saw that he seemed preoccupied, and sought to draw him out of his abstraction.

"I am so glad you and Mr. McCloud are getting acquainted with Cousin Lance," she said. "And do you mind my giving you a confidence, Mr. Smith? Lance has been so unreasonable about this matter of the railroad's coming up the valley and pow-wow-ing so much with lawyers and ranchers that he has been forgetting about everything at home. He is so much older than I am that he ought to be the sensible one of the family, don't you think so? It frightens me to have him losing at cards and drinking. I am afraid he will get into some shooting affair. I don't understand what has come over him, and I worry about it. I believe you could influence him if you knew him."

"What makes you think that?" asked Whispering Smith, but his eyes were on the fire.

"Because these men he spends his time with in town—the men who fight and shoot so much—are afraid of you. Don't laugh at me. I know it is quite true in spite of their talk. I was afraid of you—myself until—"

"Until—"

"But I think it is because I don't understand things that I am so afraid. I am not naturally a coward. I'm sure I could not be afraid of you if I understood things better. And there is Marion. She puzzles me. She will never speak of her husband—I don't know why. And I don't know why Mr. McCloud is so hard on Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair seems so kind and good-natured."

Whispering Smith looked from the fire into Dickie's eyes. "What should you say if I gave you a confidence?"

He answered without hesitation. "You shall see. Now, I have many things I can't talk about, you understand. But if I had to give you a secret this instant that carried my life, I shouldn't fear to do it—so much for trusting you. Only this, too, as



to what I say: Don't ever quote me or let it appear that you any more than know me. Can you manage that? Really? Very good; you will understand why in a minute. The man that is stirring up all this trouble with your Cousin Lance and in this whole country is your kind and good-natured neighbor, Mr. Sinclair. I am prejudiced against him; let us admit that on the start, and remember it in estimating what I say. But Sinclair is the man who has turned your cousin's head, as well as made things in other ways, unpleasant for several of us. Sinclair—I tell you so you will understand everything, more than your cousin, Mr. McCloud, or Marion Sinclair understand—Sinclair is a train-wrecker and a murderer. That makes you breathe hard, doesn't it? But it is so. Sinclair is fairly educated and highly intelligent, capable in every way; daring to the limit, and in a way, fascinating; it is no wonder he has a following. But his following is 'divided' into two classes: The men that know all the secrets, and the men that don't—men like Rebstock and Du Sang, and men like your cousin and a hundred, or so sports in Medicine Bend, who see only the glamour of Sinclair's pace. Your cousin sympathizes with Sinclair when he doesn't actually side with him. All this has helped to turn Sinclair's head, and this is exactly the situation you and McCloud and I and a lot of others are up against. They don't know all this, but I know it, and now you know it. Let me tell you something that comes close to home. You have a cowboy on the ranch named Karg—he is called Flat Nose. Karg was a railroad man. He is a cattle-thief, a train-robbler, a murderer, and a spy. I should not tell you this if you were not game to the last drop of your blood. But I think I know you better than you know yourself, though you never saw me until last night. Karg is Sinclair's spy at your ranch, and you must never feel it or know it; but he is there to keep your cousin's sympathy with Sinclair, and to lure your cousin his way. And Karg will try to kill George McCloud every time he sets foot on this ranch, remember that."

"Then Mr. McCloud ought not to be here. I don't want him to stay if he is in danger!" exclaimed Dickie.

"But I do want him to come here as if it mattered nothing, and I shall try to take care of him. I have a man among your own men, a cowboy named Wickwire, who will be watching Karg, and who is just as quick, and Karg, not knowing he was watched, would be taken unawares if Wickwire goes elsewhere to work some one else will take his place here. Karg is not on the ranch now; he is up north, hunting up some of your steers that were run off last month by his own cronies. Now do you think I am giving you confidence?"

She looked at him steadily. "If I can only deserve it all." In the distance she heard the calling of the men at the river borne on the wind. The shock of what had been told her, the strangeness of the night and of the scene, left her calm. Fear had given way to responsibility and Dickie seemed to know herself.

"You have nothing whatever to do to deserve it but keep your own counsel. But listen a moment longer—for this is what I have been leading up to," he said. "Marion will get a message to-morrow, a message from Sinclair, asking her to come to see him at his ranch house, before she goes back. I don't know what he wants—but she is his wife. He has treated her infamously; that is why she will not live with him and does not speak of him. But you know how strange a woman is—or perhaps you don't; she doesn't always cease to care for a man when she ceases to trust him. I am not in Marion's confidence, Miss Dickie. She is another man's wife. I cannot tell how she feels toward him, I know she has often tried to reclaim him from his devilry. She may try again, that is, she may, for one reason or another, go to him as he asks. I could not interfere, if I would. I have no right to it if I could, and I will not. Now this is what I'm trying to get up the courage to ask you. Should you dare to go with her to Sinclair's ranch if she decides to go to him?"

"Certainly I should dare."

"After all you know?"

"After all I know—why not?"

"Then in case she does go and you go with her, you will know nothing whatever about anything, of course, unless you get the story from her. What I fear is that which possibly may come of their interview. He may try to kill her—don't be frightened. He will not succeed if you can only make sure he doesn't lead her away on horseback from the ranch-house or get her alone in a room. She has few friends. I respect and honor her because she and I grew up as children together in the same little town in Wisconsin. I knew her folks, all of them, and I've promised them—you know—to have a kind of care of her."

"I think I know."

He looked self-conscious even at her lone of understanding. "I need not try to deceive you; your instinct would be poor if it did not tell you

more than I ought to. He came along and turned her head. You need fear nothing for yourself in going with her, and nothing for her if you can cover those two points—can you remember? Not to let her go away with him on horseback, and not to leave her where she will be alone with him in the house?"

"I can and will. I think as much of Marion as you do. I am proud to be able to do something for you. How little I have known you! I thought you were everything I didn't want to know."

"It's nothing," he returned, easily, "except that Sinclair has stirred up your cousin and the ranchers as well as the Williams Cache gang, and that makes talk about me. I have to do what I can to make this a peaceable country to live in. The railroad wants decent people here and doesn't want the other kind, and it falls on me, unfortunately, to keep the other kind moving. I don't like it, but we can none of us do quite what we please in making a living. Let me tell you this—he turned to fix his eyes seriously on her: "Believe anything you hear of me except that I have ever taken human life willingly or save in discharge of my duty. But this kind of work makes my own life an uncertainty, as you can see. I do almost literally carry my life in my hand, for if my hand is not quicker every time than a man's eye, I am done for then and there."

"It is dreadful to think of."

"Not exactly that, but it is something I can't afford to forget."

"What would become of the lives of the friends you protect if you were killed?"

"You say you care for Marion Sinclair. I should like to think if anything should happen to me you wouldn't forget her?"

"I never will."

He smiled. "Then I put her in charge of the man closest to me, George McCloud, and the woman she thinks the most of in the world—except her mother. What is this, are they back? Yonder they come."

"We found nothing serious," McCloud said, answering their questions as he approached with Lance Dunning. "The current is really swinging away, but the bank is caving in where it was undermined last night." He stopped before Dickie. "I am trying to get your cousin to go to the house and go to bed. I am going to stay all night, but there is no necessity for his staying."

"Damn it, McCloud, it's not right," protested Lance, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead. "You need the sleep more than I do. I say he is the one to go to bed to-night," continued Lance, putting it up to Whispering Smith. "And I insist, by the Almighty, that you two take him back to the house with you now!"

Whispering Smith raised his hand. "If this is merely a family quarrel about who shall go to bed, let us compromise. You two stay up all night and let me go to bed."

Lance, however, was obdurate. "It seems to be a family characteristic of the Dunnings to have their own way," ventured McCloud, after some further dispute. "If you will have it so, Mr. Dunning, you may stand watch to night and I will go to the house."

Riding back with McCloud, Dickie and Whispering Smith discussed the flood. McCloud disclaimed credit for the improvement in the situation. "If the current had held against us as it did yesterday, nothing I could have done would have turned it," he said.

"Honesty is the best policy, of course," observed Whispering Smith. "I like to see a modest man—and you want to remind him of all this when he sends in his bill," he suggested, speaking to Dickie in the dark. "But," he added, turning to McCloud, "admitting that you are right, don't take the trouble to advertise your view of it around here. It would be only decent strategy for us in the valley just now to take a little of the credit due to the wind."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Needed to Begin at Home.

Two young women were scheduled to read papers on the rearing of children in connection with a mothers' meeting, their husbands being left at home to put the two children to bed. They lived in adjoining apartments.

The young women attended the meeting, read the papers and after the discussion on the care of infants adjourned to the home of a friend for refreshments. When they reached home at 11:30 the two husbands had joined forces and were frantically pacing the floor, each carrying a shrieking baby.

His Efforts Wasted.

Lecturer on Art—"Before I sit down I shall be happy to answer any questions that any of you may wish to ask." Gentleman (in audience)—"I have enjoyed the lecture much, sir, and have understood it all except a few technical terms. Will you please tell me what you mean by the words perspective, fresco, and mickle anjelo?" (Lecturer sits down discouraged.)—Chicago Tribune.

The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

Published.....1869.

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

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., DEC. 3, 1909.

Pays Large Dividends.

Encourage every home enterprise. Take an interest in every industry, invest liberally in the stock of faith and good will, and distribute it all over your city, in every factory, every work shop, every business house. It will pay you large dividends and will cost very little. It can never depreciate in value. It will always be above par. Buy home made goods. Ask your merchants for them. Wear home made garments, eat home made articles of food, sleep on home made beds, read home made newspapers. In this way the money you spend is only loaned. It will come back to you again with interest. Praise up your city—don't run it down. Stand by your merchants and manufacturers—they are the bone and sinew of your municipal structure. Stand by your churches and your schools—they are the hopes of your future. Stand by your press—it is the tireless sentinel that guards your interest.

The Boy on the Farm

It is all very well when you have nothing to do but kill time, to talk about keeping the boys on the farm, but you might as well spend your time spitting at a crack. Boys will stay on the farm as well as anywhere if they receive decent treatment at home. The boy who is yanked out of bed by the hair, kicked out to milk and cuffed in to breakfast, as a preliminary to being popped through in the field all day, is not likely to be consumed by his love for the glories of agriculture. Give the boy a fair show, and he'll stay with you till the cows come home. If a man is so mean that the boy can't stay at home, don't go to your neighbors with a snuff and tell about the boy's ingratitude after you have raised him.

The question of good roads is one of untold importance. It has been considered, from time to time, by the press, but only in a fragmentary way, and never as it has really merited. It is not affirming too much to say that the bad condition of the roads entail a heavier burden on the farming community than do all the taxes of county and state combined. The waste of time, the wear and tear of wagons, the excessive work of horses, the loss of opportunity to take advantage of high markets, and the cost to keep the roads even in their present condition, are appalling to consider. But the farmer is not the only loser. The manufacturer, the merchant and in fact every class are affected by bad country roads. The public roads are of paramount interest to the people at large; they belong to the county and state and should be systematically built and cared for by them. The great volume of trade in the state is the common road trade. It exceeds, by millions of tons, the tonnage of all the railroads combined.

Notice to Subscribers.

Under the U. S. Postal laws no newspaper can be mailed to a subscriber after he or she is more than one year in arrears. About a dozen of our friends are now in that condition. Please look at the label on your paper this week, and see if it reads '08.

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.]

R. H. Sackett of Detroit visited in town last Thursday.

Mrs. Geo. Sinclair is spending the week with friends at White Lake.

Miss Beattie Wells will be the guest of Milford relatives over Sunday.

Miss Leeta Wallenfeld of Ann Arbor was the guest of Miss Hattie Page Sunday.

The Misses Lena and Permelia Kohler visited relatives in Redford Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Rood of Detroit is visiting at the home of Mrs. L. B. Reynolds.

Mrs. Flubner of Adrian is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. John Armstrong.

Mrs. Chas. Woodworth of Ann Arbor visited F. H. Woodworth and family this week.

Hattie Page visited relatives in Ypsilanti from Thursday until Saturday of last week.

Mrs. John Ambler and brother, Geo. Terry, were guests of Plymouth friends Wednesday.

Mrs. M. E. Edson and D. O'Connor of Detroit spent Thanksgiving with Dr. and Mrs. Burrows.

Mrs. Farber Buzzell of Flint was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. F. H. Woodworth, Monday.

Miss Edith Parry of Detroit was an over Sunday guest of her sister, Mrs. John Armstrong.

Mrs. E. B. Cavell and daughter spent Tuesday with Mrs. Henry Pauline of Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Ball spent Thanksgiving with the latter's sister and family in Plymouth.

C. L. Cook and family of Detroit spent last week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cook.

Misses Nellie Armington and Anna Doran of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Coff Sunday.

Ed Starkweather and Milton Burrows attended the big live stock show this week at Chicago.

Mr. Seestedt, one of Romulus' leading laundry men, made Northville friends a call on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. Weiz of Detroit were over Sunday guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Knapp.

Chas. H. Paul of Rupert, Idaho, arrived the latter part of last week for a visit with Northville relatives.

Mrs. Jessie Lyndon and daughter of Fairport, N. Y., were over Sunday visitors at the home of W. D. Stark.

Lloyd Burrows of Detroit spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Burrows, at the Poultry farm.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Raymoure of West Branch visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Lester Cook, part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cook of Detroit have returned home after a week's visit with their sister, Mrs. E. B. Cavell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Bishop and son, Martie, were guests of friends in Saginaw and Gero from Friday until Monday.

Miss Marybelle Totten of Detroit was the guest of Northville relatives from Thursday until Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Harger and daughter of Detroit were guests of O. S. Harger and family Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Amy J. Stark returned to her home near South Lyon Wednesday after spending a week with her son, W. D. Stark.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Strohmer, son, George, and daughter, Emily, of Detroit spent Thanksgiving with George Rayson.

Mrs. J. H. Steers, who had been the guest of her sister in Danville, N. Y., the past two months, returned home last Friday.

Mrs. R. H. Sackett and daughters of Detroit spent Thanksgiving and the remainder of the week with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard E. Warner, Mrs. C. E. Warner and son, Carl, of Detroit were the guests of Rev and Mrs. Jerome on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Harris and daughter, Olive, of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown were guests of the former's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cook, Sunday. The Harris and Browns were neighbors about thirty years ago.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulents. They operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Every Form of RHEUMATISM

Sciatic, Acute, Chronic, Inflammatory and Muscular Rheumatism yield promptly to the wonderful pain relieving and curative powers of

CROCKER'S Rheumatic Cure

Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa. For sale at 50c a bottle by

"For Sale by All Druggists."

O. Sutphen is visiting relatives in Owosso.

Mrs. Seth Hughes of Owosso is visiting Mrs. Mary Ward.

Mrs. H. M. White spent the latter part of last week with her daughter in Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Burrier of Howell spent Thanksgiving with W. H. White and Lester Stage.

Harvey White and family of Detroit and Miss Lottie White of Ypsilanti spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Myron White.

Mrs. W. Y. Murdock and daughter, Dorothy, of Ypsilanti, were guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Barley, from Thursday until Sunday.

C. Severance and family, Mrs. Lowe and son, Herbert, and Anne Booth spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Severance at Romeo.

Mrs. Hatfield of near Fowlerville visited her sister in law, Mrs. Sander, at the home of S. D. Meseraugh the latter part of last week. It was the first time the sisters had met in several years.

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N. Y.

Miss Ulla Stillson visited Miss Kate White Saturday.

Harry White spent Friday and Saturday in Pontiac with Dayhue Riker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Crosby and son, Louis, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Thorton.

Hoimer Brooks and Fred Brooks attended the Chicago Live Stock convention this week.

Mrs. F. G. Butler entertained her sister, Miss Edna Shepley, of Detroit Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sekell and Mr. Slaymaker of Detroit spent Saturday with C. M. Thornton and family.

Miss Dot Shepley of Detroit visited at the home of F. G. Butler and family from Thursday until Sunday.

B. C. Stark, H. F. Jackson, Chas. Sessions and M. A. Porter attended the ginseeng growers convention at Lansing this week.

YOUR SURPLUS FUNDS

ARE YOU DEBATING how and where you will place them to be assured of their safety and the largest interest yield possible with prudent business methods?

Let the Union Trust Company decide the question for you.

Investigation will pay you.

Union Trust Company
Detroit, Michigan.

Timely Suggestions for Xmas

Towels....5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50, 75c \$1
Table Linen.....50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25
Dresser Scarfs.....25c, 50c, 75c
Lunch Cloths....50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50
Handkerchiefs....5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c
Umbrellas.....50c to \$2.50
Fancy Aprons.....25c to 50c
Night Gowns.....50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50
Linen Doilies.....25c, 35c, 50c

Wall Paper, Room Mouldings. Pictures Framed to Order.
McCall's Patterns.

EDWIN WHITE

Main Street.

NORTHVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Tousey and son, Harold, of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Don Norton and son, Reginald, of Ypsilanti have been spending a few days at the home of M. L. Smith.

Last week we omitted to mention that the new band played for the Commandery drill last Wednesday evening.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by

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 & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & 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.

LIVONIA NEWS.

Will Pankow commenced working in Detroit Monday.

Walter Collem of Pontiac visited Harry Peck Saturday.

The Germans are having their church re-shingled which very much improves it.

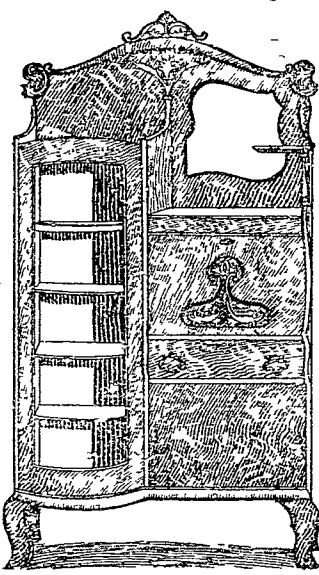
Harry Peck spent Thanksgiving with his cousins, Edward Peck and wife in Detroit.

A True Republic.

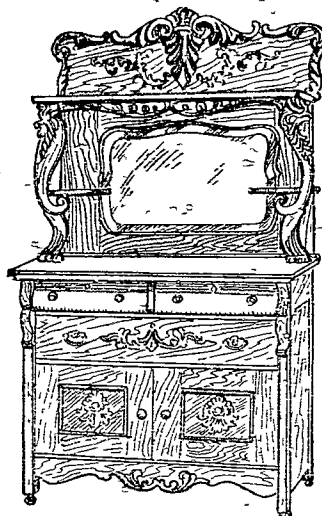
The only country we can think of where republican traditions are properly followed out is the little state of Andorra; and there they have no politicians; everybody works.—London Saturday Review.

Christmas is Near

And when it comes to choosing a Christmas Present where could you find a nicer or more suitable present than one of our Elegant



Book Cases
China Cabinets
Sideboards
Dining Tables
Bed Room Suites
Buffets or
Nice Morris Chair



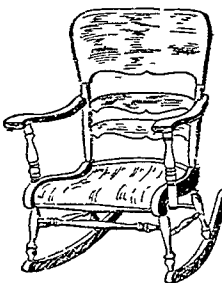
Or Come in and Select a Nice Leather Rocker.

We have an endless line of Rockers that cannot help but please you.

Rockers

This elegant Quarter Sawed Oak Rocker for only

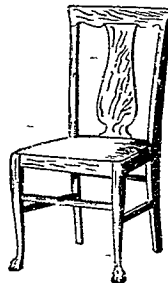
\$4.00



Diners

What is nicer than our Oak Diners, Leather Seat for

\$22



This fine Oak Diner makes a nice Xmas present

\$6.00



A Room Sized Rug isn't so bad for a Christmas Present.

Or One of Our Elegant Couches.

Select Your Christmas Presents Now

While the stock is complete and affords you a better selection and we will lay it aside for you.

SCHRADER BROS

Furniture Dealers--Funeral Directors.

Both Phones.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

May Prove Fatal

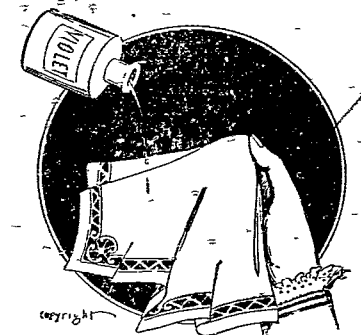
When Will Northville People Learn the Importance of It?

Backache is only a simple thing at first; But when you know 'tis from the kidneys; That serious kidney troubles follow; That diabetes, Bright's disease may be the fatal end; You will gladly profit by the following experience. The statement of a Northville citizen.

Mrs. W. M. Frederick, Wing street, Northville, Mich., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been of such great benefit to me that I feel justified in giving them my endorsement. I had considerable trouble from my kidneys for several years and I suffered constantly from dull, nagging backaches, coupled with pains through my loins. I doctored and tried many remedies but found no relief until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Murdock Bros. drug store. Since taking this remedy, my condition has improved in every way and backache has not bothered me."

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.

PERFUMES!



We have a fine line and this is just the season when you want them. From 10-cent size bottle to whatever your pocket book warrants.

Murdock Bros.
DRUGGISTS. NORTHVILLE.

They ALSEIUM

MOVING PICTURES

Opera House Bldg., Northville

Four Performances Weekly
THURSDAY, FRIDAY
and SATURDAY EVENINGS

Matinee
Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m.

Admission, 5 Cents.

SPECIAL ATTENTION
TO LADIES AND CHILDREN.

EXTRA PERFORMANCE
SATURDAY EVENING. 10 Cents
CHILDREN, 5 CENTS.

DO YOUR Christmas Buying HERE.

This store is stocked with all the Newest and Most Popular Designs in JEWELRY AND ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR XMAS GIFTS.

DON'T WAIT

Until the last week to make your selections—Making your purchases early gives you first choice.

Remember, We Guarantee to Save You Money.

THIRY'S

Jeweler. DETROIT.
27 Monroe Ave.
Near Temple Theatre.

PERRIN'S
Livery, Feed and Sale Stable
150 'Bus to and from All Trains.
Best Rigs in Town.
Telephone Connections.
P. M. PERRIN, Prop.

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

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

A. J. Welsh is able to be out on the street after several weeks' illness.

Mrs. S. J. Lawrence took two girls and a boy to the State Public school at Coldwater last week.

Louis Cook left this week for Detroit to take a course in the Detroit Business College.

The Fleur-de-lis whist club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Chas. Bloom on Monday evening.

A small Northville boy was heard to remark upon seeing a deer for the first time, "oh, auntie, just see what pretty shoes he has on."

The Misses Mabel Stark and Lora Bristol entertained the "Eclipse" very pleasantly on Monday evening at the home of the former.

The Starkweather stock farm sold two milk cows from their fine Holstein herd to Dr. Palmer of Detroit for \$300 last week.

Mrs. Maude Bennett entertained a party of friends Wednesday evening at a venison dinner. Out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houck of Plymouth and R. Detwiler of Detroit.

The regular communication of Northville Lodge, No. 188 F. & A. M. will occur on Monday evening, Dec. 20. This will be the annual meeting at which time will occur the election of officers and payment of dues.

There are thirty-two girls now employed at the U. S. Fish station sorting eggs. Fifty-two million have been received (eggs we mean) and the probabilities are that they will pay out about fifty per cent good.

The combined deposits of the three banks in Northville and Plymouth is over a million dollars. That's going some. The one bank at Plymouth has bankings of \$619,421, while the two Northville banks together has \$478,196.

Next Monday evening the Winter Night club will debate the question: "Resolved that the English suffragettes are justified in using violence to obtain the suffrage." The annual election of officers will take place at this meeting.

Pastor Jerome called the attention of his congregation Sunday to the crying need of an addition to the church. The pastor thought if it had happened to have been a rainy day he could have more fittingly illustrated some of the need for haste in the matter.

A husky looking young man was beggin' among the business houses last week and at one of the stores he told the proprietor to go to h— Judge Joslin heard of it and instructed the marshal to give the fellow seven minutes to get out of town. He got.

One step won't take you very far—you've got to keep on walking; one word won't tell folks what you are—you've got to keep on talking; one inch won't make you very tall—you've got to keep on growing; one little "ad" won't do it all—you've got to keep 'em going.

A Webster reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Webster Thanksgiving day. Those present were M. B. Webster and wife of Wayne, H. P. Webster and wife of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Lane and son, Dr. Lane, of Whitmore Lake and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Lane of South Lyon.

At the coroner's inquest on the body of a woman who was drowned in a well in Monroe county, the husband testified: "I saw her when she leaned over the curb and tumbled in and I was going to help her out, but just then I saw the cow among the cabbages and I thought I'd drive her out first. Mary orter known nuff to hang on till I got there."

While here last week Prosecuting Attorney VanZie of Detroit told Judge Joslin he wanted to compile the people of Northville over the fact that law and order had prevailed here for two years or more past without any trouble or a single cent of expense to the county. "In this respect," said the prosecutor, "Northville is the banner town of the county."

Bert Rea left this week for Kenton, Ohio, where he will engage in the laundry business. Bert sold his plant in Plymouth some months ago and since then Mr. and Mrs. Rea have lived in Northville. He is an expert laundryman and he and his wife will be a valuable addition to the social and business life of Kenton. Their many Northville and Plymouth friends will wish them all kinds of success in their new home.

Can't look well, eat well or feel well with impure blood feeding your body. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean and you will have long life.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA.

Nice weather, this.
T. G. Richardson is a little better this week.

The roads are getting in nice shape once more.

Susie E. Woolley was one of the winners in the National Magazine contest.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Meseraull entertained the "500" club Tuesday evening.

"The Alselum" put up a twenty-five cent show-Thanksgiving evening for five cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Miller and family ate Thanksgiving dinner with her sister in Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Conroy have moved to Farmington and will live on his mother's farm.

The "First 500" club were royally entertained at the home of Mrs. A. J. Rickle Tuesday evening.

Special meeting of Orient Chapter No. 77 O. E. S. occurs this (Friday) evening for initiatory work.

Three lively fist fights was the record in the village yesterday, one of which at least promises to get in the courts.

Clare Kingsley and Miss May Williams of Jackson spent Thanksgiving with Harmon Kingsley and family at Salem.

G. W. Hill has organized a town basketball team with Principal Selden as head coach. The team is now ready to meet all comers.

Rev. J. M. Shank formerly of this place, has been assigned to a church in Cuba, N. Y., a beautiful village in the western part of the Empire state.

The Globe company is completing a large and beautiful altar for a big Lutheran church at Binghampton, N. Y., to cost upwards of one thousand dollars.

C. M. Thornton and wife have just received word from Mountain Home, Idaho, that their son, Charles, his wife and daughter, Marjorie, are all sick with typhoid fever. Mrs. Thornton is very low.

The Globe company has just closed a contract for the seating of the large new Catholic church on Grand River avenue, Detroit. The company also recently closed a contract for seating of a Catholic church at Bay City.

Street Commissioner Green says that he will say to it that every sewer cover and opening and the cracks under crosswalks are thoroughly cleaned out before the winter freeze up occurs. Heretofore this has been somewhat neglected.

The increasing interest and attendance at the Scott School of Dancing shows that conscientious work in any line will produce success. Pupils may join the class during the next four lessons and will be guaranteed to dance well before the term is closed.

A musical entertainment will be held at the residence of Eliza Simmons, one-half mile west of Powers station Friday evening, Dec. 10, for the benefit of the Thayer school. A silver collection will be taken at the end of the program and light refreshments served. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

The Record believes the ministers and teachers should shut down, or at least curtail, on the giving out of general public notices in their pulpits and schools. That is the field of the newspaper and a person who hasn't enterprise enough to read the home paper wouldn't pay any attention to a notice given in any other manner. The Record devotes columns each week to this purpose and most people read and profit by it.

Editor Brown of the Harbor Beach Times is fixed for the winter. One of his good farmer subscribers recently presented him with a Hubbard squash that weighed thirty one pounds. Squash is said to be one of the best things in the world for an editor. They contain enough starch to make him keep his spine stiff when the collector calls; enough morphine is under their hard skin to make him insensible to the proddings he gets; baked, they are said to contain sufficient alcoholic stimulant to cause him to forget his troubles and enough elements of corn to make him fat. Come on with your squash. —Floater.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.
We pay within five cents of the Detroit market for wheat
Oats, New—40c
Corn in ear—30c Shelled corn—60c
Baled hay per ton—\$15.00
Hogs dressed—\$10.00
Cattle—75c
Lambs—70c
Beef hides—9c per lb.
Veal carcase live—\$6.50
Eggs—28c Butter—29c

Hives, eczema itch or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment cures the most obstinate cases. Why suffer. All druggists sell it.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the pastor.)

The Ladies' Aid society met with Mrs. Wm. Yerkes on Wednesday afternoon.

The sermon next Sunday evening will be on "John Brown, the Martyr of Liberty."

A committee of the Sunday school are preparing an attractive program for Christmas.

The Ladies' Missionary society will meet with Mrs. T. S. Murdock next Wednesday afternoon.

The ladies of the Third Division of the Aid society have a bake sale in Ryder's store tomorrow morning.

The Junior Endeavor society of last year have given to the Ladies' Aid society twenty dollars which they had raised.

Dr. Black gave us a most excellent missionary address on Sunday night which was greatly enjoyed by a large audience. The Ladies' Missionary society received nearly \$25.

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the pastor.)

The pastor will conduct the usual services of worship Sunday.

Remember the communion-service Sunday morning. Every member of the church should endeavor to be present.

The meeting of "The King's Own" Bible class will be announced in the class Sunday. It is expected that the November and December committees will hold a joint meeting.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Epworth League will be held in the church parlors next Monday evening. After the business session the time will be spent socially. Everyone is invited whether they are Leaguers or not.

An interesting program is being prepared for the Epworth League service at 8:00 o'clock Sunday evening. This will be preparatory to the following service and all members of the League are expected to be present. Leader, Miss Gladys Cobb. Sunday evening will be devoted to Epworth League interests. A class will be graduated from the Junior League with appropriate exercises. The pastor will give an address especially to young people. All parents and friends are invited to attend.

Allen, the Stove Man.

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

G. P. ALLEN.



BACK OF OUR GOODS

We give as reference the only living personage of renown who has a thousand years of experience behind him. It's dear old Santa Claus, and he says.

BUY YOUR XMAS SWEETS

at GARDNER'S

We make every piece of Candy that we sell. It is always fresh, clean and wholesome. Our trade is the best proof of the way it suits the public.

Pay-From-Date Bank What It Means

to receive 3 per cent interest on your Savings Account, on EVERY deposit made from the date of deposit for the EXACT time the deposit remains. The following is a copy of one of the accounts on our books for the period of six months from June 1st, 1909 to December 1st, 1909.

Deposits.	Withdrawals.	Balance.	Time.	Interests.
June 1,		\$282.59	21 days	.48
22, \$11.65		294.24	24 "	.58
July 16, 14.00		308.24	15 "	.38
31, 7.33		315.57	14 "	.36
Aug. 14, 14.00		329.57	5 "	.14
19, 6.25		335.82	12 "	.33
31, 13.20		349.02	3 "	.08
Sept. 3, 6.27		355.29	17 "	.50
20, \$100.00		255.29	1 "	.02
21, 92.24		347.53	20 "	.17
Oct. 11, 6.90				
		358.35	1 "	.3
		362.35	4 "	.2
		376.35	3 "	.9
		380.27	20 "	.3
Nov. 9, 12.82		393.09	21 "	.8
Dec. 1, Int. 4.99		398.08		Total .10

All of our Savings Accounts are figured this way and we send an invitation TO ALL to become one of our depositors and receive the benefit of our method.

Certificates of Deposit Issued. Money to Loan.
Checking Accounts Welcomed
DRAFTS SOLD ON NEW YORK, DETROIT OR CHICAGO.

Lapham State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

The Presbyterian people are considering the proposition for a new church addition. There is certainly great need for it. The present edifice is no longer adequate nor is it rain proof or convenient.

NO REASON FOR DOUBT.

When we offer to return the money paid us if our claims do not prove true, we must know exactly what we are talking about. When we say Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will relieve scalp irritation, dandruff and falling hair, and prevent baldness. Don't scoff, doubt or hesitate. Try the remedy at our risk. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00.

A. E. STANLEY & CO., NORTHVILLE.
THE "REXALL" STORE.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

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

Your SWEETHEART

Mother, Father, Brother, Sister, Aunt, Uncle and All your Friends would like a good

Life Like

PHOTOGRAPH

of you for Christmas, and we know they make the best Xmas Present you can think of. Our styles this fall are the neatest and most attractive we have ever had. We make Photographs that are up-to-date, guaranteed and Reasonable in Price.

"Get Sepia Platinums" if You Want Style.

If you have any Picture that needs Framing bring them up and we will frame them up-to-date.

COME NOW—DON'T BE LATE.

The Northville Art Studio

NORTHVILLE, L. L. BALL, Artist. MICHIGAN.

HOLIDAY GOODS CLOSING OUT AT COST

We have in our lines of Fancy Celluloid Novelties, Ebony Goods, etc., comprising Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Smoking Sets, Shaving Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Glove Boxes, Work Boxes, etc. Articles too numerous to mention. As we said, these goods purchased early in the year, before we decided to go out of business, we had to take, but we are going to give you

The Grand Opportunity of Buying at Actual Cost

In order to close them out entirely before January 1st, when we move. Never before have the people of Northville had such an opportunity of securing their Christmas Presents at such a Low Figure.

This week we call your attention especially to our

TOILET SETS

We have never shown a better line. Now is the time to buy. Goods will be laid away by making a deposit on same.

Merritt & Company

Jewelers and Booksellers.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

MICH.

The Exceptional Equipment

The California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

JOY OF THE WILDERNESS

Small Piece of String Would Have Rendered Prospector's Long Journey Unnecessary.

There are situations worse than Gail Hamilton's famous "Twelve miles from a lemon." The man in this New York Telegram item seemed to have found one of them. A party was encamped on the Bear river in eastern Utah, when a prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up, and at first seemed inclined to pass on without a word. On second thought, however, he halted and gruffly queried:

"How far to Salt Lake?"
"Three hundred miles."
"Bum!"
"Traveled far?"
"About 200 miles."
"Get your jaw hurt?"
"No. It's just an infernal toothache, and I'm riding 500 miles to get it pulled."
We invited him down and one of the crowd got a piece of string round the tooth and jerked it out as slick as you please. After the overjoyed man had ceased dancing about I queried:
"Why didn't you try the string before starting on such a long ride?"
"Best kind of reason, sir. I hadn't nary a string."—Youth's Companion.

That Single Thought.

You've heard the old story of sweet wedded bliss, of the two hearts that flutter as one, and the two souls single-thought-sealed with a kiss, and have wondered, no doubt, how 'twas done. As a wise one who was by experience taught, this effect we will briefly explain; in most of the cases that "one single thought" is: "I wish I was single again!"

Marks on Silverware.

"Sterling" as used in connection with silverware means genuine silver. The addition of the word "patent" is to indicate that the particular design of the article on which the word appears is patented and that the article is genuine silver.

A man may be as brilliant, as clever, as strong and as broad as you please, but, with all this, if he is not good he may be a paltry fellow.—J. S. Blackie

The finest
assortment of
table china
in

Quaker Oats

Family Size Packages

WESTERN CANADA

Senator Dooliver, of Iowa, says:

"The stream of emigrants from the United States to Canada will continue."

Senator Dooliver recently paid a visit to Western Canada, and saw "There is a land hunger in the hearts of English speaking people, that will account for the removal of so many Iowa farmers to Canada. Our people are pleased with the government and the excellent administration of law, and they are coming to you in thousands, and they are still coming."

For particulars as to location, low settlements, railway rates and descriptions of crops, soil, climate, etc., send for literature to the Canadian agent, or to Canadian agent.

100 ACRES FREE

can farmers who made Canada their home during 1909.

Field crop returns alone during year added to the wealth of the country upwards of

\$170,000,000.00

Growing raised farming, cattle raising and dairying are all profitable. Free home-lands of 100 acres are to be had in the very best districts, 100 acre pre-emption at \$5.00 per acre within certain areas. Schools and churches in every settlement. Climate excellent, soil rich, water good, and building material plentiful.

For particulars as to location, low settlements, railway rates and descriptions of crops, soil, climate, etc., send for literature to the Canadian agent, or to Canadian agent.

Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. (nearest you.)

WANTED

one year of our free edition. Please send your paper this reads '08.

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
**MEREDITH
NICHOLSON**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitor, Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Gillespie lay on his back, wrapped in his dressing-gown, his knees raised, his bandaged arms folded across his chest. Since bringing him into the house I had studied him carefully and, I must confess, with increasing mystification. He was splendidly put up, the best-muscled man I had ever seen who was not a professional athlete. His forearms and clean-shaven face were brown from prolonged tanning by the sun, but otherwise his skin was the pink and white of a healthy baby. His short light hair was combed smoothly away from a broad forehead; his blue eyes were perfectly steady—they even invited and held scrutiny; when he was not speaking he closed his lips tightly.

I half believed the fellow to be amusing himself at my expense; but he met my eyes calmly. If I had not caught a lunatic I had certainly captured an odd specimen of humanity. He was the picture of wholesome living and sound health, but he talked like a fool. The idea of a young woman like Helen Holbrook giving two thoughts to a silly youngster like this was preposterous, and my heart hardened against him.

"You are flippant, Mr. Gillespie, and my errand with you is serious. There are places in this house where I could lock you up and you would never see your buttocks factory again. You seem to have had some education—"

"The word does me great honor, Donovan. They chuckled me from Yale in my junior year. Why, you may ask? Well, it happened this way: You know Rooney, the Bellefontaine Cyclone? He struck New Haven with a vaudeville outfit, giving exhibitions, poking the bag and that sort of fake. At every town they invited the local sports to dig up their brightest amateur middle-weight and put him against the Cyclone for five rounds. I brushed my hair the wrong way for a disguise and went against him."

"And got smashed for your trouble, I hope," I interrupted.

"No. The boys in the gallery cheered so that they fussed him, and he thought I was fruit. We shook hands, and he turned his head to sneer at the applause, and, seeing an opening, I smashed him a hot clip on the chin, and he tumbled backward and broke the ring rope. I vaulted the orchestra and bolted, and when the boys finally found me I was over near Waterbury under a barn. Eh? wouldn't stand for it, and back I went to the button factory, and here I am, sir, by the grace of God an ignorant man."

"How did you find your way here, Gillespie?" I demanded.

"I suppose I ought to explain that," he replied. I waited while he reflected for a moment. He seemed to be quite serious, and his brows wrinkled as he pondered.

"I guessed it about half and for the rest, I followed the heaven-kissing stack of trunks."

He glanced at me quickly, as though anxious to see how I received his words.

"Have you seen anything of Henry Holbrook in your travels? Be careful now, I want the truth."

"I certainly have not. I hope you don't think—" Gillespie hesitated.

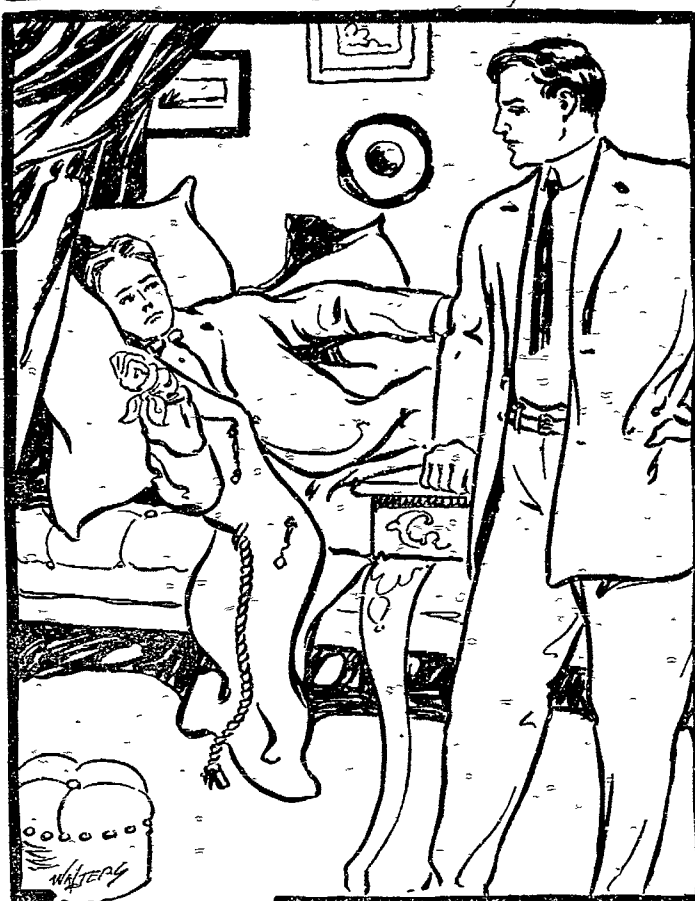
"It's not a matter for thinking, or guessing, I've got to know."

"On my honor I have not seen him, and I have no idea where he is."

I had thrown myself into a chair beside the couch and lighted my pipe. My captivè troubled me. It seemed odd that he had found the abiding place of the two women, and if he had succeeded so quickly, why might not Henry Holbrook have equal luck?

"You probably know this troublesome brother well," I ventured.

"Yes; as well as a man of my age can know an older man. My father's place at Stamford adjoined the Holbrook estate. Henry and Arthur Holbrook married sisters, both women died long ago, I believe; but the brothers had a business row and went to smash. Arthur embezzled, forged, and so on, and took to the altitudinous timber, and Henry has been busy ever since trying to pluck his sister. He's wild on the subject of his wrongs—ruined by his own brother, deprived of his inheritance by his sister and abandoned by his only child. There wasn't much to Arthur Holbrook; Henry was the genius, but after the bank went to the bad he sought the consolations of rum. He and Henry married the Hartridge twins who were the reigning Baltimore belles in the early '80's—so runneth the chronicle. But I gossip, my dear sir; I gossip, which is against my principles. Even the humble butan king of Strawberry Hill must draw the line."



"I Suppose I Ought to Explain That."

When Ijima brought in a plate of sandwiches he took one gingerly in his swathed hand, regarded it with cool inquiry, and as he munched it, remarked upon sandwiches in general as though they were botanical specimens that were usually discussed and analyzed in a scientific spirit.

"The sandwich," he began, "not unhappily expresses one of the saddest traits of our American life. I need hardly refer to our deplorable national habit of hiding our shame under a blithe and misleading exterior. Chicken sandwiches in some parts of the world are rather coarsely marked, for purposes of identification, with pinfeathers. You may covet no nobler fame than that of creator of the Flying Sandwich of Annandale. Yet the feathered sandwich, though more picturesque, points rather too directly to the strutting lords of the barnyard. A sandwich that is decorated like a fall bonnet, that suggests, we will say, the milliner's window—or the plumed knights of sounding war—"

With a little sigh, a slow relaxation of muscles, Mr. Gillespie slept. I locked the doors, put out the lights, and tumbled into my own bed as the chapel clock chimed two.

In the disturbed affairs of the night the blinds had not been drawn and I woke to find the room flooded with light and my prisoner gone. The doors were locked as I had left them. Mr. Gillespie had departed by the window, dropping from a little balcony to the terrace beneath. I rang for Ijima and sent him to the pier, and before I had finished shaving the boy was back, and reported Gillespie's boat still at the pier, but one of the canoes missing. It was clear that in the sorry plight of his arms Gillespie had preferred paddling to rowing. Beneath my watch on the writing table I found a sheet of note-paper on which was scrawled:

Dear Old Man: I am having one of those nightmares I mentioned in our delightful conversation. I feel that I am about to walk in my sleep. As my flames are a trifle sluggish, pardon loss of your dressing-gown. Yours, R. G. P. S.—I am willing to pay for the glass and medical attention, but I want a rebate for that third sandwich. It really tickled too harshly as it went down. Very likely this accounts for my somnambulism. G.

When I had dressed and had my coffee I locked my old portfolio and tossed it into the bottom of my trunk. Something told me that for a while, at least, I should have other occupation that contributing to the literature of Russian geography.

CHAPTER IV.

I Explore Tippecanoe Creek. My first care was to find the garden of St. Agatha's and renew his pledge of silence of the night before; and then I sought the ladies, to make sure that they had not been disturbed by my collision with Gillespie. Miss Pat and Helen were in Sister Theresa's pretty sitting room, through whose windows the morning wind blew fresh and cool.

"This is a day for the open! You must certainly venture forth!" I began, cheerily. "You see, Father Stoddard chose well; this is the most peaceful place on the map. Let us begin with a drive at six, when the sun is low; or, maybe, you would prefer a little run in the launch."

They exchanged glances. "I think it would be all right, Aunt Pat," said Helen.

"Perhaps we should wait another day. We must take no chances; the

relief of being free is too blessed to throw away. I really slept through the night—I can't tell you what a boon that is!"

"Why, Sister Margaret had to call us both at eight!" exclaimed Helen. "That is almost too wonderful for belief!"

"Oh, the nights here are tranquility itself! Now, as to the drive—"

"Let us wait another day, Mr. Donovan. I feel that we must make assurance doubly sure," said Miss Pat; and this, of course, was final.



on the launch, and, hearing a step on the pier planking, he glanced up, then rose and asked the stranger his business.

The man shook his head.

"If you have business it must be at the house; the road is in the other direction," and Ijima pointed to the wood, but the stranger remained stubbornly on the edge of the pier. I now stepped out of the wood and walked down to the pier.

"What do you want here?" I demanded, sharply.

The man touched his hat, smiled, and shook his head. The broad hand he lifted in salute was that of a laborer, and its brown back was tattooed. He belonged, I judged, to one of the dark Mediterranean races, and I tried him in Italian.

"These are private grounds; you will do well to leave here very quickly," I said.

I saw his eyes light as I spoke the words slowly and distinctly, but he waited until I had finished, then shook his head.

I was sure he had understood, but as I addressed him again, ordering him from the premises, he continued to shake his head and grin foolishly. Then I pointed toward the road.

"Go; and it will be best for you not to come here again!" I said, and, after saluting, he walked slowly away into the wood, with a sort of dogged insolence in his slightly swaying gait. At a nod from me Ijima stole after him while I waited, and in a few minutes the boy came back and reported that the man had passed the house and left the grounds by the carriage entrance, turning toward Annandale.

With my mind on Gillespie I put off in the launch, determined to study the lake geography. I have, I hope, a soul for landscape, and the soft bubble of water, the lush reeds in the shallows, the rapidly moving panorama of field and forest, the glimpses of wild flowers, and the arched blue above, were restful to mind and heart. It seemed shameful that the whole world was not affloat; then, as I reflected that another boat in these tranquil waters would be an impertinence that I should resent, I was aware that I had been thinking of Helen Holbrook all the while; and the thought of this irritated me so that I criticised Ijima most unjustly for running the launch close to a bowlder that rose like a miniature Gibraltar near the shadowy shore we were skirting.

We gained the ultimate line of the lower lake, and followed the shore in search of its outlet, pleasantly set down on the map as Tippecanoe creek, which ran off and joined somewhere a river of like name. The lake's waters ran away, like a truant child, through a woody cleft, and in a moment we were as clean quit of the lake as though it did not exist. After a few rods the creek began to twist and turn as though with the intention of making the voyager earn his way. In the narrow channel the beat of our engine rang from the shores rebukingly, and soon, as a punishment for disturbing the peace of the little stream, we grounded on a sand-bar.

"This seems to be the head of navigation, Ijima. I believe this creek was made for canoes, not battle-ships."

Between us we got the launch off, and I landed on a convenient log and crawled up the bank to observe the country. I followed a stake-and-rider fence, half hidden in vines of various sorts, and tramped along the bank, with the creek still singing its tortuous way below at my right hand. Soon the rail fence gave way to barbed wire; the path broadened and the underbrush was neatly cut away. Within lay a small vegetable garden, carefully tilled; and farther on I saw a dark green cottage almost shut in by beeches. The path dipped sharply down and away from the cottage, and a moment later I had lost sight of it; but below, at the edge of the creek, stood a long houseboat with an extended platform or deck on the water-side.

I can still feel, as I recall the day and hour, the utter peace of the scene when first I came upon that secluded spot. The melodious flow of the creek beneath; the flutter of homing wings; even the hum of insects in the sweet, thymy air. Then a step farther and I came to a gate which opened on a flight of steps that led to the house beneath; and through the intervening tangle I saw a man sprawled at ease in a steamer chair on the deck, his arms under his head. As I watched him he sighed and turned restlessly, and I caught a glimpse of close-trimmed beard and short, thin, slightly gray hair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Supposed Relic of St. Peter. It is announced that a remarkably interesting discovery has been made in the catacombs of Priscilla at Rome in the form of the following inscription: "In isto loco Petrus fuit." Signor Marucchi, the eminent archaeologist, is convinced, after careful study of circumstances, that the Petrus is none other than the Apostle St. Peter.

LOST REGISTERED LETTERS FOUND IN QUEER PLACE

Missed From a Mangled Mail Bag, They are Recovered From Car Trucks.

It does not always follow that the disappearance of registered mail packages indicate a robbery of the mail. This was demonstrated on The Overland Limited train No. 2 Friday, November 5th, when a package of five registered letters from Schuyler disappeared between that point and Omaha.

The recovery of the lost package was as strange as its disappearance. The Schuyler pouch is picked up from a crane by means of a pouch catcher as the train passes. This pouch catcher is attached to the mail car and hooks onto the pouch suspended from the crane as the train passes. In this particular instance the pouch catcher did not make a good catch and the pouch fell under the wheels of the train and was cut in two. The mail was scattered along the track for a considerable distance, but the five registered letters, which were in a packet, could not be found when the other mail was picked up. The impression at once prevailed that the registered package had been found and kept by some one and it was reported as lost.

Postoffice Inspector L. A. Thompson was started out to investigate. His first visit was to Council Bluffs to make inquiries of the postal clerks on the car, and scarcely had he reached there when he received word that the registered package had been found by the car cleaner resting snugly on the trucks under the dining car, where it had been blown or thrown when the mail pouch was hung under the wheels at Schuyler. That the package was not injured in the slightest, nor jarred from its position on the trucks, is simply another tribute to the Union Pacific's unsurpassed roadbed and perfect track.

Country Neglecting the Children.

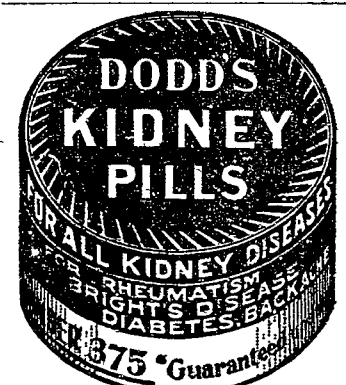
If the percentage of tuberculous children recently ascertained by an investigation in Stockholm, Sweden (1.61 per cent.) were applied to the schools of the United States there would be 278,700 children between the ages of eight and fifteen who are positively affected with tuberculosis, according to a statement of the National Association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis. As contrasted with this figure, there are only 11 open-air tuberculosis schools in operation in the entire country, and nine more under consideration. At the lowest estimate, even with all the schools now in operation and those proposed, accommodations will not be provided for four-fourths of one per cent. of the children who need this special treatment.

Debut of the Green-Eyed. Adam—I couldn't believe my eyes when I first beheld you!

Eve (wraithfully)—So you were expecting some other woman, were you?

WHEN YOUR JOINTS ARE STIFF and muscles sore from cold, rheumatism or neuralgia, when you limp, or bruise yourself, or suffer from any ailment, try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The home remedy 70 years.

The worm may turn, but the grindstone has to be turned.



SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Trouble. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, RIBBON LIVER, etc.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Refuse Substitutes.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Instantly relieve Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Coughs. Unexcelled for clearing the voice. Absolutely free from opiates or anything harmful. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per box. Sample sent on request.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

TAKE A DOSE OF

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM

It will instantly relieve that racking cough taken promptly it will often prevent Asthma, Bronchitis and serious throat, lung troubles. Guaranteed safe for palatable.

All Druggists, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. Hewitt is on the sick list. Miss Anna Booth has been visiting in Romeo.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Risner entertained company over Thanksgiving. The seven cent social given in the Baptist church last week, was a success.

Mrs. Booth and daughter, Myrtle, spent Thanksgiving with friends in Northville.

Lauren B. Flint has been drawn juror for the December term of the circuit court.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Parker of Detroit were guests of Jay Leavenworth recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deer of New Haven were guests of Charles Deer Thanksgiving.

Frank Rice and wife were callers at the home of E. Simmons east of Northville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark were guests of the former's mother at Lexington last week.

The Ladies' Mission Band will give a chicken dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Taylor, Thursday Dec. 9.

The "Social Tea," given for the

"Cheerful Workers" at the home of Fred Simmons last week, was a success. The Society added several new members to its list.

The silver medal contest will be held in the Baptist church this Friday evening. A fine program has been prepared with fine music. The soloists are Loren B. Flint and Mrs. May Woodruff. A ladies' quartet, led and instructed by Mrs. Gertrude Welch of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, will also be heard. This entertainment will be given under the auspices of the E. Y. P. U.

One Million Dollars for a Good Stomach

This Offer Should be a Warning to Every Man and Woman.

The newspapers and medical journals have had much to say relative to a famous millionaire's offer of a million dollars for a new stomach.

This great multi-millionaire was too busy to worry about the condition of his stomach. He allowed his dyspepsia to run from bad to worse until in the end it became incurable. His misfortune should serve as a warning to others. Every one who suffers with dyspepsia for a few years will give everything he owns for a new stomach.

Dyspepsia is caused by an abnormal state of the gastric juices. There is one element missing—Pepsin. The absence of this destroys the function of the gastric fluids. They lose their power to digest food.

We are now able to supply the pepsin in a form almost identical to that naturally created by the system when in normal health, so that it restores to the gastric juices their digestive power, and this makes the stomach strong and well.

We want every one troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia to come to our store and obtain a box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. They contain Bismuth-Subnitrate and Pepsin prepared by a process which develops their greatest power to overcome digestive disturbance.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are very pleasant to take. They soothe the irritable, weak stomach, strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, relieve nausea and indigestion, promote nutrition and bring about a feeling of comfort.

If you give Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets a reasonable trial we will return your money if you are not satisfied with the result. Three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain Rexall Remedies in Northville only at our store, the Rexall store. A. E. Stanley & Co.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Maass of Farmington spent Sunday at W. Wagonack's.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Bond of North Farmington spent Sunday at R. Wolfe's.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Walters of Detroit spent a few days of last week with relatives here.

John Kahrl and Miss Edith Robinson of Plymouth were guests of R. Kahrl and family, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kincaid of Stark were guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Pankow, Sunday.

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Coe Saturday a son.

The school Thanksgiving entertainment Friday evening was well attended.

Lincoln Benjamin has been drawn juror for the December term of the circuit court.

There will be a silver medal contest in the Baptist church tomorrow evening, Dec. 4.

Mamie Smith of Detroit was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Rex Angell, over Thanksgiving.

Seven little friends of Janette Howard helped her celebrate her third birthday on Saturday, Nov. 27.

Miss Gertrude Everett of South Lyon has been a guest at the home of Sidney Holmes for the past few days.

Mrs. D. B. Wilson and children have been visiting at the home of her father-in-law in Ann Arbor the past week.

The ladies of the Methodist church will hold an apron sale in the church this (Friday) afternoon. Good program this evening.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Miss Lulu Sprague of Ypsilanti spent Thanksgiving week here.

C. J. King has been drawn juror for the December term of the circuit court.

Mrs. J. A. Miller visited at the home of A. J. Comstock in Detroit Friday.

Miss Mary Lee spent the latter part of last week with relatives in Southfield.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller spent Thanksgiving with his parents in Birmingham.

Miss Blanche Botsford of Detroit was an over Sunday guest of Miss Edessa Warner.

H. H. Habermehl left here Thursday to make his home in Canada with his children.

Mrs. Agnes Buno attended the Epworth League convention in Detroit Saturday.

Mrs. W. W. Hayward and children of Ypsilanti visited relatives here the last of the week.

Mrs. Minnie Paulger of Midland is spending some time with relatives in this vicinity and in Ypsilanti.

Miss Ethel Fuller of Wixom was a guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Danton, last week.

Charles Wixom and family of Pontiac were guests of his two brothers and their families here last Thursday.

Governor Warner writes that he will be home from his western and southern trip tomorrow (Saturday).

Misses Hannah, Eva and Ida Nelson were Thanksgiving guests of their sister, Mrs. W. H. Woodworth, at Pontiac.

L. W. Sowles has moved into his new house and John Lapham and family are moving into the house just made vacant.

Mr. and Mrs. William Daines ate Thanksgiving dinner with the former's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Long, at Redford.

Rev. and Mrs. Chas. Collins and little niece of Dearborn spent Thursday and Friday with friends here.

Rev. Collins delivered the Thanksgiving sermon in the Universalist church.

WIXOM NEWS.

Rev. N. E. Munger of Northville was in town Monday.

H. A. Smith attended the funeral of a cousin at Noyburg Sunday.

Mrs. Hulet of Traverse City visited her son here last week and this.

The L. O. T. M. M. held their bazaar and chicken pie supper Wednesday.

Mrs. Rob. Chamberlain was a Detroit visitor from Friday until Monday.

Mrs. Sturtevant of near Milford is visiting Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Hodges.

Wilfred Banfield has moved his family here from Clyde to live with his mother.

Mrs. J. H. Abrams visited her brother near New Hudson the first of this week.

Mrs. May Proud and daughters and Miss Jennie Burch were Detroit visitors Monday.

Mrs. A. F. Spalding is in Ohio assisting in the care of her grand father, who is very ill.

Mrs. J. G. Madison and daughter, Dorothy, returned Sunday from a visit at Hand Station.

Mrs. Andrews of Milford visited her granddaughter, Mrs. Ray Abrams, over Sunday.

John Porter, wife and daughter, and S. H. Nicholson and wife spent Thanksgiving in Toledo.

Miss Avis Hopkins left Saturday for a visit with Detroit and Cleveland relatives until after the holidays.

The body of Charles Griffiths was brought here from Pontiac Tuesday for burial. He was a brother of Mrs. Mary Banfield.

Primitive Philosophy.

Animism is the name of a theory originally propounded by Stahl, about 1707. It asserts that the soul is the vital principle and a by cause of life, and that the functions of plant and animal life depend upon this principle of vitality, and not mere mechanical and chemical action. As the word is now used, it denotes the general doctrine of spiritual beings. It is not itself a religion, but a sort of primitive philosophy.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

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, nervous 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.

Get acquainted



TALK with the thousands who wear them and you will quickly realize the worth of

KEITH'S KONQUEROR

SHOES for MEN

\$3.50 \$4.00 \$5.00

FRED L. COOK & COMPANY FARMINGTON, MICHIGAN.

Running Water in Your Home

SAVE \$50 PLUMBING COST

With this Rowe Sanitary Lavatory in any room you can have fresh water instantly. Yet you need no expensive plumbing.

Neatly concealed behind that French Plate Mirror is a 4 1/2 gallon rustless tank in quarter sawed oak cabinet highly polished or in mahogany or white enamel finish. Press the spring faucet below. Clean water runs into the bowl. When through, pull out stopper. The waste water disappears into the pedestal. It can't overflow—holds 5 gallons.

Built to Last 50 Years

Bowl of lavatory is made of heavy white porcelain; pedestal of steel; white enamel baked to make it handsome and durable; nickel plated brass trimmings throughout.

30 Days' Free Trial

Rowe Sanitary Lavatory will be shipped to any address upon receipt of very low price—\$15. Use it 30 days. Then if you are not satisfied, we will refund your money promptly.

Our \$10 offer—If your home has a cistern or other means of getting water we will send stand only for \$10. Mail us money order today or write for our special free illustrated booklet.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

Agents can secure a statement of our special proposition by writing at once.

Rowe Sanitary Lavatory Company 59 Larned St. West Detroit, Mich.

Phone 323-3R

DIAMOND DAIRY

Northville's Model Dairy. Everything in a strictly sanitary condition. All milk we sell is the product of our own dairy. Our having fresh cows at all times of the year gives you a high standard of milk at all times. It is worth a few cents a week to know what you are getting.

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.

G. C. BENTON NORTHVILLE Proprietor.

Wm. H. Ambler, Administrator.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of LOUISA BARRETT deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Wm. H. Ambler in the Village of Northville, in said county, on the twenty-fourth day of January A. D. 1910 and on the twenty-fourth day of March 1910 at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the twenty-fourth day of November A. D. 1909 were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated November 24, 1909

ORSON EVERITT, WM. J. LANNING, Commissioners

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney. COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of RICHARD M. JOHNSON deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court, for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of Mrs. R. M. Johnson, 112 N. Center St. in the Village of Northville in said county, on the 21st day of February A. D. 1910 and on the 21st day of May A. D. 1910 at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 22nd day of November A. D. 1909 were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated, November 22, 1909. JAMES TAYLOR, ABRAHAM KIPP, Commissioners

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

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 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 p. m. First car on Sundays one hour later.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:30 a. m. and hourly to 9:30 p. m. and to Wayne only at 11:20 p. m. Cars leave Detroit for Northville at 5:48 a. m. (from Michigan ave. barns only) also at 6:39 a. m. and hourly to 9:30 p. m. also 9 p. m. and 11 p. m.

Cars leave Northville for Detroit at 6:39 a. m. and hourly to 9:30 p. m.; also 10:10 p. m. and midnight. Cars leave Plymouth for Northville at 6:03 a. m. (except Sunday), 7:10 a. m. and hourly to 9:10; 10:43 p. m. and 12:28 a. m.

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

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

Some Specials

On Suits and Overcoats

I want once more to call your attention to some prices I am making on Suits and Overcoats

Suits

Have some Elegantly Made and Correct Fitting Men's Suits at the following prices:

\$ 8.50
10.00
12.00

Every Suit guaranteed to be worth at least \$2.50 more than the above special price.

Overcoats

How do these prices suit you on this year's style of Overcoat?

\$ 8.50
10.00
12.00

Every Overcoat in the above price list is marked \$2.50 less than what it is worth.

Overcoats are all First-Class Goods—Date Styles, that will fit you and wear and comfort.

The Tailor

WILLE, MICHIGAN.

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