

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XL, No. 35.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1910.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

HALF MILE HILL FOR COASTING PURPOSES—THE JOYFUL HERITAGE OF NORTHVILLE PEOPLE DURING THE PAST WINTER.



—Photo by Ball.

BUCHNER'S HILL, WHERE NORTHVILLE'S "YOUNG AMERICA," AND "COME NOT SO OLD, ENJOY MERRY TIMES."

[Detroit News, February 25]  
Not many villages in Michigan can boast of a half-mile steep coasting hill within its limits. Northville has it, however, and has it in plenty. Buchner's hill, as it is called, came into fame about twenty-five years ago when John Buchner, a citizen of the town, conceived an idea that the big hill, then covered with shrubbery and trees which he owned, would be a great place for people seeking slightly homes or fresh air elevations. He held it all out in lots from top to bottom and on its very summit he invested his all in a large, beautiful two and a half story brick residence, with slate roof, Mansard-style, with an observation tower rising therefrom. That was the end; in later years nice homes arced, built on two streets leading toward the Buchner mansion, but they never got farther than half way up. Buchner's dream never came true, and the house was finally disposed of at a forced sale,

and a few years ago he went to Washington state, where he now has a fine position with a big lumber firm, though he is seventy years. Buchner was a fine fellow and was known far and wide as "The Giant of the Hills." He stood six feet four in height and had the strength of an ox. From the Buchner house the view for miles and miles is magnificent. Detroit can easily be seen on the east, and but for the woods and Arbor would be in easy view on the west. The base line of the state runs over the hill, but here is the only place in Michigan where it cannot be traversed by road in a direct line from Lake St. Clair on the east to Lake Michigan on the west. A trail leads over it following the surveyors' line of the early days, but it is practically impassable except by foot, and the road leads up into the main part of the village for half a mile, and around the elevation.

Many years ago there was a rumor that big coal veins were in the hill and some quiet prospecting was done, but without avail. The Buchner house now occupied by J. L. Morse and family. Morse is a war veteran, while Mrs. Morse is a florist of much repute, her hobby being sweet peas, of which she grows varieties and sizes which are the envy of the city producers. She is also a contributor to several agricultural and horticultural journals. The steep roads leading from the hill down through the village furnish a means of great sport for the boys and girls of the village and older ones as well, for coasting in winter. A full half mile ride can be had in just twenty seconds, although the lighter loads usually consume ten seconds more in the downward trip. Often as many as a hundred youngsters will be in the game at one time. Recently a jumper was put on the

report for a few days and one road was closed up, because of accidents resulting in the breaking of legs. Not many accidents occur, however, considering the number of persons coasting, but going at the terrific rate of speed they do, the only wonder is that when something does go wrong, someone isn't killed. In the summer time the hill becomes famous for testing out city-made automobiles. Last summer one of the big Detroit companies kept one of their new model machines here in charge of experts for several weeks trying out its weak and strong points on hill climbing. Demonstrators with prospective customers often run out here from the city and mount the hill to show what the car will do. They all get to the top, but half way is the limit for the "high speed" gear. Besides boasting as the only village in Wayne county with a hill, Northville also brags of being the only town in the county with a lake.

## NORTHROP AND O. S. HARGER

THEY ARE THE NOMINEES FOR SUPERVISOR.

No Excitement at the Two Caucuses.

The Republican township caucus was held Saturday afternoon and the following ticket was named:  
Supervisor—Floyd A. Northrop  
Clerk—Samuel W. Knapp  
Treasurer—James A. Huff  
Comr. of Highways—Jesse Clark  
Overseer Highway—Harley Johnson  
Member Bd. Rev.—John O. Knapp  
Justice (Full term)—Chas. M. Joslin  
Justice (Short term)—J. O. Knapp

Constables—Frank N. Perrin, David W. Barber, Horace S. Green, Joseph D. Miller  
County (Committee)—Wm. D. Town Com.—C. C. Chadwick, J. W. Perkins, D. T. Griswold

The Democrats held their caucus Monday evening with the following result:

Supervisor—Oscar S. Harger  
Clerk—Will L. Tinsam  
Highway Comr.—B. A. Northrop  
Overseer Highway—Richard Tapp  
Justice (Full term)—D. B. Northrop  
Justice (Short)—L. W. Simmons  
Member Bd. Rev.—Lou A. Babbitt  
Constables—Myron Robbins, Frank Taylor, Gus School  
Twp. Com.—B. A. Northrop, C. A. Sessions, T. E. Murdock.  
The township was left blank and apparently the fight is to be centered on the clerkship and highway commissioner.

## BELIEVES IN PAT KELLEY

Huron County Editor's Opinion on Lt. Governor.

The following is from the "Owensdale Herald," published by Rev. Frederick Klump, presiding elder of the Evangelical church society of Michigan.

"Undoubtedly all the aspirants for the gubernatorial nomination are good men. We believe they are. We cannot agree with those who think that a man with political aspirations must be a rascal. No doubt there are rascals in politics—but we know of some outside of the political realm, in homes, in society, in the church, who do not belong to the angelic flock.

"The Herald is not acquainted with the candidates above mentioned, except the one known as honest Pat Kelley.

"We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Kelley, the first time, about eighteen years ago, at a school commencement in Buchanan, Michigan. He impressed us then as a coming man—a strong man—who has made his own way among men, and who has since then elbowed his way to the front.

"Mr. Kelley comes from the farm. He comes from sturdy Michigan stock having first seen the light of day on a farm in southern Michigan. This was in 1867. He got his start in a district school, and by close application he forged ahead from one period of his life to another, until now he stands in the front rank of Michigan's able men.

"Mr. Kelley is a poor man, and because of this fact our sympathies are with him. A man who by sheer pluck and the never-lay-down qualities is deserving of the support of other men who have and are fighting every inch of the way through life. The Herald believes in Patrick H. Kelley."

Congratulates N. H. S.

Congratulations to those Northville girls and boys who have decided to do without gewgaws and graduate from the village high school in calico dresses and business suits so that they may take a three day trip to Niagara Falls. They are setting an example that thousands of other young people might emulate with pleasure as well as with profit. Fine clothes fade and find their graves in the rag bag, but the trip to Niagara will occupy a sunshiny place in memory's front parlor, and perhaps to some, it may be the "one journey" of a lifetime. There is education as well as enjoyment in such a trip—Detroit Free Press.

Death of Silas Springstein.

Silas Springstein, father of Mrs. W. H. Hutton of Pontiac and Mrs. Hiram Jackson of Detroit, died at his home in Plymouth Saturday.

Mr. Springstein was formerly a resident of this town and is well known here and highly respected. He was nearly eighty years old. He leaves, beside the two daughters, an aged widow to mourn his death.

The funeral was held in Plymouth Monday. Neither daughter was able to be present.

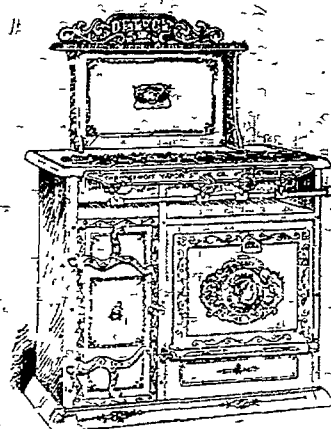
Card of Thanks.

We, the members of the Presbyterian Aid society, desire to express our appreciation, through the public press, on the part of Mr. Gorton in donating to the society ten per cent of his sales of Saturday of last week. The total amount given us was \$17.69, for which we feel very grateful. Mrs. T. B. HENRY, Pres.

Card of Thanks.

To the Baptist Young People of Novi, who so kindly contributed to the Easter offering of eight dollars and with its sent words of greeting and cheer to their late pastor, Rev. Brent Harding, he would extend his most sincere appreciation and gratitude. BRENT HARDING, Northville, Mich.

## HERE WE ARE



Just What You've Have Been Waiting For.

The 1910 Detroit Vapor Gasoline and Oil Stoves and Cabinet Ranges.

If you are timid about using gasoline as a fuel, these same stoves with a little adjustment of the burner parts, BURN OIL, and although the Detroit Vapor Stove Co. does not recommend it, it has been successfully demonstrated that the same stove will burn both fuels.

CALL IN AND LET US EXPLAIN.

Now is the Time, they are going fast.  
Can also Supply You in "Quick Meal" Gasoline Stoves and Ranges.  
White Lily Washing Machine. Sherwin-Williams Paints.  
Oliver Plows. J. C. Goss's Awnings.  
Fishing Tackle and Base Ball Goods.

**JAMES A. HUFF**  
Northville (HARDWARE) Michigan.



THE POINT

to consider is not whether your affairs are large enough to warrant a bank account, but how to make them so. No man can do his best in business or anything else whose mind and attention are divided.

Northville State Savings Bank

Is the depository not alone of a man's money, but also of many of his money worries. Open an account and you'll realize how true this is.

## 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

## Look Through the Right Glasses



If you would see properly and continue to do so. Just because you can't see better at first with glasses doesn't always mean you will continue to do so.

ONLY AN EXPERT EXAMINATION

of your eyes can determine

just the glasses which will be of the most permanent benefit to you

Come to Us and Get That Examination.

**G. W. & F. DOLPH**

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

## SATURDAY AND MONDAY SPECIALS!

Humpty Dumpty Egg Crate...  
Brass Wash Board...  
5 Bars Ivory Soap...  
5 Bars Galvanic Soap...

**19c**

Any one of the above article with a \$1 order or more.

**C. E. RYDER**  
Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## Nut Taffy Kisses

10 Cents Pound for Saturday

Reminders

Tapioca.....6c lb  
4 lbs Rice.....25c  
6 lbs Rolled Oats.....25c  
Lard Compound.....13c lb  
3 Cans for 25c.....Tomatoes, Corn or Peas

SEEDS

We are Headquarters for Garden or Flower Seeds in Bulk or Package.

**B. A. WHEELER**

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.











## The Northville Record

Published by  
NEAL PRINTING CO.  
Established 1889

An Independent Newspaper Published every Friday morning. The Record is printed at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post-office as Second-Class Matter.  
Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentional published that cannot be personally endorsed.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., APRIL 1, 1910.

Be progressive. Do not wear your life away struggling along in the old rut; that four forefathers cut so deep by continual travel. While they are good in their way and no doubt considered safer, yet the wheels of your vehicle turn so slowly that you are left far behind by your more progressive fellow travelers. Keep a moving and a pushing and a crowding toward the front. You'll not much more than hold your place in the procession the best you can do. The men at the front these days are those of brains and energy combined. You have a place there if you will bustle for it. If you don't bustle, your place will be taken by the fellow who does. Be alive.

Some Michigan newspapers and binder twine trusts would be nearly tickled to death if the Jackson prison twine plant would bust up. The Jackson plant doesn't bust worth a cent however and Michigan farmers continue to buy the best quality of twine at a very much lower price than ever before.

### School Notes.

(By a Pupil.)

Don't forget the Junior play, April 20.

We have three days this week for spring vacation.

Gladys Angell has been elected as Valedictorian for the class of '10.

Miss Wills, the Kindergarten teacher, is spending vacation week in Detroit.

Mr. Glaser, who is to be our Principal next year as Mr. Selden goes to college, visited the High school Monday.

School Savings deposit last Friday was \$56.21 making a total of over \$780. The deposit by grade was as follows: Kindergarten \$10, First \$82, Second \$148, Third \$7.04, Fourth \$88, Fifth \$11.19, Sixth \$2.66, Seventh \$2.50, Eighth \$8.50, High school \$28.21.

### SALEM NEWS.

James Merritt does not improve as rapidly as his friends hoped for. At this writing he is very low with Bright's disease.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nollar of Great Falls, Mont., and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nollar of Kamsack, Mont., were called here this week to attend the funeral of their mother.

A. Canda are not announcing the approaching marriage of Miss Hilda Merritt and Mr. Guy Rorabacher, the ceremony to take place at the home of the bride's parents, Wednesday evening, April 6.

Mrs. Ellen Herrenden, who resided in this township for many years, died of cancer at the home of her sister, Mrs. Grogan, of Whitmore Lake last Sunday. The funeral was held from the Congregational church Wednesday afternoon. Burial in Thayer cemetery.

Mrs. Geo. Nollar died at her home in this village Sunday afternoon. Her husband and seven children survive her. In 1885 Mr. and Mrs. Nollar moved from Hawksville, Canada, to Northville where they remained two years. They then purchased and moved onto a farm in Salem township where they lived until fifteen years ago when failing health caused them to leave the farm and since that time they have resided in the village. Mrs. Nollar was an exemplary Christian. Her bright sunny disposition, her kind unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others endeared her to all who knew her. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved family. All feel that in her death they have lost a dear friend. The funeral was held from the home Thursday.

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, 177 X.

G. P. ALLEN.

Nothing piles provoke proflity, but proflity won't cure them. Doan's Ointment cures itching, bleeding or protruding piles after years of suffering. At any drug store.

## NORTHVILLE.

### Purely Personal.

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

Grant Stimpson was home from Ann Arbor Sunday.

Mrs. E. B. Cavell and daughter spent Sunday in Detroit.

Mrs. Chas. Yerkes visited in Mt. Pleasant from Monday until Thursday.

Ralph Pomeroy and lady friend of Detroit were Northville visitors Sunday.

Mrs. W. D. Stark and children visited friends in South Lyon this week.

Miss Aline McCully is spending the week with Miss Mildred Harger in Detroit.

Mr. Tait of Perrinsville was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Sanderson, Sunday.

Miss Iva Hubbard, who teaches in Battle Creek, is home for the spring vacation.

Mrs. Alice Freeman of Lansing is here helping care for her sister, Mrs. L. W. Simmons.

Don Hall is spending his vacation with his brother, Forest, and Ed Mettraln at Elletts.

Mrs. W. H. Carter and daughter, Ruth, are visiting in Detroit and Wayne this week.

Mrs. J. R. Truett of Schenectady, N. Y., is spending the week with Mrs. L. E. McRobert.

Little Katharine Burgess of Detroit is visiting her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Burgess.

Mrs. E. M. Johnson of Howell is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Fred Wheeler, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith attended the funeral of Silas Springsteen at Plymouth Monday.

Mrs. J. E. Church and two sons of Saginaw were guests of Mrs. Guy Jackson Wednesday.

Rev. E. P. Clark of Dearborn was a caller at the Presbyterian manse the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hutton of Flint spent Sunday and Monday at Mrs. L. W. Hutton's.

John Wilcox of Plymouth spent the fore part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Simonds.

Miss Emaline Lapham has returned from Nov. where she has been caring for Mrs. Bert Leavenworth.

Mrs. C. A. Hutton and Mrs. Lucy Ambler visited Monday with Mrs. W. H. Hutton in Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Pashley of Detroit were over Sunday guests at the home of Mrs. C. J. Hall.

Charles Hutton of Pontiac spent part of the week with his grandmother, Mrs. L. W. Hutton.

Mrs. Sude Woolley is spending her Easter vacation with her brother at Watford, Oakland county.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bristol and daughter, Lora, attended a family reunion at Dearborn Sunday.

Miss Mary Kunkel returned Sunday from Ypsilanti where she was called by the illness of her mother.

The Messes Madge and Bly Quigley of Ypsilanti were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Carpenter.

Mrs. Lydia Truett of Ypsilanti was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. McRobert, Wednesday.

Mrs. Fred Howland and niece, Mrs. Ida Eryn, of Flint spent Tuesday with the former's sister-in-law, Mrs. Rose Little.

Mrs. Ida Voight and Mrs. Flora Maloin of Detroit spent over Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Garfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark of Detroit were Easter guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Clark.

Miss Ella Power returned last Thursday from a four weeks' visit with relatives and friends in the west and south.

Willie Marvin and daughter, Nellie, of Bothwell, Canada, spent Friday and Saturday with the former's father, Wm. Marvin.

Mrs. W. J. Somerville and little daughter, Marian, spent last week at the home of Mrs. L. W. Hutton.

Mr. Somerville came out Sunday.

Mrs. W. A. Caruthers and children of Detroit, who had been guests of Mrs. F. B. Macomber for a few days, have returned home. Mr. C. came out and spent Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Richardson have been entertaining the latter's sister and husband, Prof. and Mrs. Fred Flecher, and uncle, Jewett Anerman, of Belleville for a few days.

Young men get the latest out in Hats and Suits. Just received a fine line at Frey's. Come and see them. New nobby spring goods.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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## AGED LADY

### PASSED AWAY

MRS. CATHARINE OVENSHERE OF THIS PLACE

Was One of Northville's Oldest Inhabitants.

Mrs. Catharine Ovenshere, one of Northville's oldest inhabitants, passed quietly away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. K. Simonds, early this morning, aged nearly ninety-two years. Mrs. Ovenshere has been remarkably well up to



MRS. CATHARINE OVENSHERE

about a week ago, when she was taken ill and grew worse until the end came.

She was the wife of John Ovenshere, who was a prominent Northville business man over forty years ago. Her quiet, unassuming way won her the love of all who knew her. The funeral will be held from the house Sunday afternoon at 2:30, Rev. Wm. Jerome officiating.

Mrs. W. Y. Murdock and daughter, Dorothy, of Ypsilanti are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Barley, this week.

Mrs. R. H. Sackett and daughter, Elvora, of Detroit spent last week with relatives here. Miss Zera Sackett returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cavell of Detroit and Mrs. E. B. Cavell of this place attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Mary Power, at Hamburg Tuesday.

Dr. P. A. Chesterfield will be in Northville every Tuesday. Office in Room 1 Bank building. 32w1

### LIVONIA NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Leece of Detroit visited the latter's grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Peck, over Sunday.

Will Wolf of Detroit spent Sunday with his parents.

The ladies of the Cemetery society will serve dinner at the center election day.

M. D. Johnson and family were Sunday visitors at Fred Lee's.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Smith entertained her mother of Detroit Saturday and Sunday.

It looks as if spring had opened up for good as many farmers are plowing and some have already sowed oats.

### Piano Lessons.

Thorough method. For terms apply at my home, 52 Main street. 32tp

ARLETT'S M. WOLF.

### Floating Dock for Brazil.

The Brazilian government has placed an order with an English shipbuilding firm for a floating dock to be used in connection with the two big Dreadnoughts now being built for her in that country. The dock is to be one of the largest, if not the largest of its kind in the world, and will have a lifting capacity of 22,000 tons. It is to be constructed in 12 months, at a cost of \$913,500.—Popular Mechanics.

### Four Votes for Her Candidate.

Cook—You'll vote like I vote—you and the young ladies—or I'll quit ye. "Merciful heavens! And the Van Damms expected on Thursday!"—Life.

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

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

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### Presbyterian Church News.

(For the Pastor.)

The sermon next Sunday morning, April 3, will be appropriate to the tenth anniversary of the present pastorate.

Next Sunday evening we will resume our series of sermons on "Human Activities." The subject will be "The Doctor."

The Ladies Aid society have in preparation a playlet, "The Old Melodeon," which will be given April 12. Further notice later.

The Ladies Home and Foreign Missionary society of the Presbyterian church will meet at Howell on Wednesday and Thursday next.

The Ladies Aid society greatly appreciate Mr. Gorton's kindness in donating a tenth of his sales on Saturday last. An increase of \$17.69 in their treasury was very acceptable.

Our Passion Week services were interesting and profitable, though the prevailing sickness affected the attendance. Our thanks are due to the brethren who so kindly and ably filled the pulpit and to the friends who gave them hospitality.

Easter services were largely attended and greatly enjoyed. At the morning service Dr. Burrows' cello playing was a very acceptable feature. At the communion service eight persons were received into membership, two being baptized. In the Sunday school the little ones gave interesting exercises under the direction of Mrs. Walter.

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

### 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.

Horses Clipped at my stable, 15 Randolph street. J. B. TIDMAN.

FOR SALE—Cheap Two lots in Oakwood cemetery. Mrs. E. S. Horton. Ind. phone 88 J. 35w1p

FOR SALE—Pure grape jelly, cottage cheese, buttermilk, pickles and chili sauce. Fresh Jersey butter. Burrows Poultry Farm Both phones. 35tf

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 of Wm. H. Ambler, Decatur. 36tf

FOR SALE—Carload of new Gillich cows, mostly Holstein, Jay Leavenworth, Nov. 31tf

FOR SALE—39,000 cabbage plants \$1 per thousand or ten cents per dozen plants. Wm. Wesley, Beloit, Wis. Phone Home 98 X. 36tf

FOR SALE—2 acres of land, 8 room house, horse barn, hen house and corn crib running water. Build ings nearly new. Within five minutes walk of Nov. village. Inquire on premises of Mrs. C. Cadwell, Bell phone 176 J. 3. 36w1p

FOR SALE—12 acres land. Nearly new house; near car line in Northville township. Apply to W. H. Ambler—Northville. 36tf

FOR SALE—New house. Barn extra. Large lot on Dubuque street. Inquire Mrs. Chas. Blunk. 34w3p

FOR SALE—25 acres of land just out of Northville. 200 trees bearing fruit, plums, pears, and apples. Will sell in part or the whole. Wesley Mills. 36tf

LOST—Fox hound answers to the name of "Jack." White with yellow spots on body and ears. C. P. Eckels, Ind. phone 911 1L 1S 1L, Plymouth. 35w1p

FOR RENT—Good house on Mill street steam heat and bath. Inquire of L. W. Simmons, Ind. phone, 2L R. 32w4p

FOR SALE OR RENT—3 houses and lots. Inquire D. Siver. 34tf

WANTED—Hides, pelts and furs for which I will pay highest market price. N. L. Clark. 29-35

WILL BE—in position to do all kinds of automobile and gas engine repairing after April 5. Albert Barnhart. Ind. phone 35w1

WEAVING—Carpet and rugs woven in the most up-to-date manner. Prices reasonable. Mrs. Charles Preston, 44 Plymouth Ave., Northville. 33w3p

EGGS HATCHED to Order Burrows Poultry Farm Both phones 33tf

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. List of Northville property for sale: Two houses on Main street; several on Douglas street; also in Beantown and several in Northville. Price \$530 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, Northville. 35tf

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. Nov. 19 '09

## THE WHITE HOUSE

House Dresses, Don't Fail to see Them...\$1 to \$1.75  
Look at Our Line of White Bed Spreads...69c to \$3  
Another Lot of Choice Novelties in Dress Goods.  
See our Windows for Unique Styles.  
Ladies' Muslin Underwear. A Large Variety to select from.  
Laces and Embroideries. A Large Assortment of Choice Patterns.  
100 Pretty Styles in Gingham...10c and 12 1/2c  
Wall Paper. Get your Choice Early before the Assortment is Broken.

Pictures Framed to Order.  
**EDWIN WHITE**  
Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

## Your Stationery

needs can now be well supplied. We have just received direct from the mills in "Berkshire," Mass., a very large consignment of Assorted Stationery, Tablets, Envelopes, etc.

Box Paper in several sizes,.....25c to 75c  
Louisine Pound Paper, excellent quality, best we ever offered, one size only.....25c lb  
Louisine Envelopes to Match.....10c bunch  
Louisine Tablets, various sizes.....10c

Call and look over the line. We are sure that we are now offering better goods for the same money than ever before, and a larger assortment.

## Stanley's Drug Store

The REXALL Store.

No. 1.

Wake Up!  
Get Wise!

ATTENTION--HOUSEWIVES!  
FOR SATURDAY ONLY  
APRIL 2ND

A Large Bottle of Machine Oil, War-ranted Not to Gum--Only 20-Dozen Left.

LOOK!--3c PER BOTTLE--LOOK!  
ACTUAL COST.

Watch This Space for Saturday Bargains.  
GET ACQUAINTED WITH US!

Successor to

**LOOMIS**

The Man

Merritt & Co. With Bargains.

## Unbelievable RELIEF

from the pain and misery of Sciatic, Chronic, Acute, Indurated, Muscular and Articular Rheumatism, can be obtained from a single bottle of

## CROCKER'S Rheumatic Cure

Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa.  
For sale at 50c a bottle by  
"For Sale by All Druggists."

### Auction Sale.

W. P. Johnson, administrator, will sell the household furniture of the late Mrs. Margaret C. Johnson, at her late home on Cady street, Saturday, April 2nd, beginning at 2:00 o'clock sharp. L. L. Brooks, auctioneer.

### J. E. WEDOW, Auctioneer

A Good Seller; Gives Perfect Satisfaction; Terms Reasonable.  
Bell Phone, Farm. 40-L 2-R.

Post Office, VALLED LAKE, MICH.  
R. F. D. No. 2.

### NEW DRAY LINE

Moving, Trucking, Baggage Prices Reasonable.

Orders left at Perrin's Livery promptly taken care of.

ELMER E. PERRIN, Prop.

### CHICHESTER'S PILL

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Sold with Blue Ribbon. Do not be misled by cheap imitations. Diamond Brand Pills, 10 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.





# The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By  
**CYRUS TOWNSEND  
BRADY**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
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## SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds a human skeleton, the skeleton of a man, a Bible and a silver box, which lead her to the conclusion that her companion was cast ashore on the island when a child, and that his name is John. She finds two women's rings, one of which bears an inscription: "R. C. to M. P. X. Sept. 10, 1880." Katherine Heron was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the new problem had attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire becomes infatuated with her, and they decide to put her theories into practice. With no other ceremony than a handshake they are married. A few days on his yacht shows her that the man only professed lofty ideals to possess her. Katherine discovers that the man is married. While drunk he attempts to kiss her. She knocks him down and leaves him unconscious, and escapes in the darkness in a gasoline launch. During a storm she is cast ashore on an island. Three years' teaching gives the man a splendid education. She becomes a Christian.

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

And he, too, longed for some hour to come when he might with right and decency and dignity speak the words which some day he must speak or die. He was not versed in the ways of women. He had no store of knowledge, no lesson of experience to fall back upon. He knew but one woman. He could not predicate from any petty maxim, or from any ancient aphorism, or from any word out philosophy, what she would or would not do under certain conditions. Indeed, he only thought that he loved her and he must tell her of his love in the concealment.

And so matters ran on and on. It needed but a spark to ignite the powder. It would have seemed, and yet a vast cataclysm of nature only brought about the explosion. He had never touched her except to take her hand. Her person had been as inviolate to him as if he had been a star above his head. And she had been careful under no circumstances to allow more than that. Their hands had clasped often. Indeed, with every "Good night" and "Good morning" the circuit of touch was made and broken, but that was all. They usually parted at night on the sands where she had first been thrown ashore. He would stand and watch her as she glided away from him in the darkness toward the cave that was her home. She had impressed upon him how she trusted him, the absolute assurance the entire confidence that she had that he would respect the agreement between them and he would have died rather than have transgressed the law, stepped over that imaginary barrier, as potent as the chills of Richelieu, which kept them apart.

And yet she would never know what horrible constant he put upon himself. How he stood with clenched hands and quivering body and stared after her, long after she had gone. She would never know how that intensity of longing grew and grew until some times he felt that he could not overmaster it. She would never know how he plucked away staggering through the woods and threw himself down upon the sands on his side of the island, disdaining even the rude shelter of the cave which was his home, and fought it out. Sometimes she saw evidences of internal conflict in his soul the next morning. The calm serenity, the indifference, the animal-like satisfaction with which he had faced life when she first knew him had long since disappeared. There were deepening lines upon his face which told of thought, of struggle, and of character thus developed by these two potent factors in shaping human destiny.

And he could never know what was in her mind, either. He never dreamed that she could love him. She was so far above him, so supreme in his eyes that the possibility never occurred to him. If he had known for a moment how she thought of him, the great passion in both hearts would have overleaped every obstacle and in a moment he would have had her in his arms. Well, indeed, it is that the power to read human hearts is reserved for the Mind which towers above human passions because it is divine.

And so these two white drawings together as inevitably and as irresistibly as the tide comes in were still kept apart. Their feelings were in solution as it were. A precipitant must be thrown into the atmosphere in which they moved and lived and had their being to disclose them to each other.

On one certain balmy night, they parted as usual. Was the hand clasp longer, was the glance with which he peered at her under the moonlight more self-revealing than usual? Did something in his own breast call to the surface that which beat around her heart? At any rate, it was with a great effort that she tore herself away at last and for the first time in his life, although she knew "not, he followed after her with a few useless steps only to stop, his face white in the moonlight, drops of sweat beading his brow in the violence of his effort. Having transgressed even to that degree the law, he turned instantly, without waiting to watch her

disappear around the jutting crag that marked the little amphitheater where she slept, and went to his own side of the island resolutely without a moment's hesitation or delay.

## CHAPTER X.

### Hearts Awakened.

For the moment she forgot where she was and fancied herself back on the ship or more naturally tossing about in that small boat after that long, eventful voyage. Yet no motion to which she had ever been subjected not even the wildest pitch of the storm which had finally cast her away, produced in her such strange emotions as she experienced then. For the earth itself was trembling, quivering, rocking. The cave wall above her, seen dimly by the filtering light of very early dawn which came through the opening, partook of the mad, fantastic motion. In another second she realized that it was an earthquake. The air seemed filled with a peculiar ringing sound of storm.

Her bed, of course, was the soft sand over which grass had been strewn. She lay, therefore, on the floor and could not be thrown down, but she was rolled from side to side in a way which paralyzed her senses. Never in all her experience had she known such a sick feeling of terror. When the foundations of things are shaken, when not merely the great deep but the solid earth is broken up, humanity stands as if in the presence of the power of God. She lay resistless, staring, praying, wondering whether the shaking rock over her head would fall and crush her.

In a moment the instinct of life quickened her to action. She rose to her knees, staggered to her feet and tried to make her way to the entrance. Walking was terrible. The earth seemed to have shaken for hours, and yet the duration of the shock was really less than a minute. Its violence was terrific. Just before she reached the opening, it stopped with one tremendous shock as suddenly as it had begun. The next second, with a roar that sounded like a thousand pieces of artillery, the gray-brown light in front of her was blotted out by a falling mass of rock which had escaped her. The face of the cliff had given away. In deeper, fiercer terror than before she threw herself against the barrier. It was as hard as an unyielding as the other wall. No light came to her eyes. She was imprisoned alive in this rocky sepulcher. She sank down on her knees and buried her face in her hands. She murmured words of prayer.

Her mind flew to the other side of the island, to the man. Was he, too, cowering? Was this the end of her labors? Outside she could hear the wind roar and the waves thundering with awful violence on the shore. Before the earthquake had come the storm. There was still some connection between the cave and the outer air, it seemed, for she was now conscious of lightning flashes. After the storm came the fire. Her mind went back to what she had read from the Bible a few days before of Elijah's despair. Therefore in like case she listened with all her heart for the still voice of comfort to her awestruck soul. It did not seem to come. She was doomed, she would never see him again, if indeed he were yet alive. She knew her feeling for him now. She shipped forward and fell fainting on the sandy floor of the cave. And still the voice was there. Presently it came to her, as the voice of God usually comes to humanity, through the lips of man.

After a space, how long after she could not tell, she was conscious of a human cry through the wild clamor of the storm. A voice that she knew and loved was calling her by name. Was it some what-hike fancy of the storm? She rose to her knees, sick and faint, and listened. No, it was a human voice, his voice, her name. The cry was fraught with frantic appeal. It thrilled and vibrated with passion. It told her that awful moment story which she had not read. It revealed to her imaginations of which she had not dreamed. She was fascinated with what she heard. She forgot for the moment to answer. All the woman in her, the eternal femininity in her, listened. Her bosom rose and fell, her heart throbbled, her pulses beat. Alone with that wild, passionate, appalling, frantic cry, she forgot the earthquake, she forgot the prison, she forgot the storm; she forgot the world. She only realized that there out in the dawn, a man, the man of all the world, who loved her was calling her name. The old call of manhood to womanhood, of mate to mate.

She rose instantly to her feet. This time it was the beating of her heart that pitched and tossed her body. She leaned against the rock wall and then she called his name.

"Man," she cried, "are you safe?"

"Yes," was the answer. "And you?"

"Entirely so, save for this prison." "Thank God!" came faintly to her from beyond the wall. "Thank God, I hear your voice. I shall have you out, never fear."

She pressed her ear close to the heap of huge loose stones which filled the opening. She could hear him working outside.

"Don't be afraid," he said at last.

"I fear nothing," she answered, "if you are there."

In one instant the situations of life



With a Great Burst of Strength He Rolled the Great Rock Aside.

had been reversed. He was the master now and she hung upon his words and actions even as he had done in days gone by.

She had no knowledge of what task was before him, but she could hear the progress that he was making. It was evident that he was working furiously, and yet he stopped once in every little while to reassure himself as to her presence.

"Woman," he called "are you still there?"

"Here and waiting," was the answer.

He needed that assurance of her safety to enable him to achieve his prodigious task. How terrible were the efforts he put forth, she did not know until afterward, but his was the work of a Titan. He was moving mountains with his bare hands. In spite of love, heightened of passions, he was tearing himself, like the earthquake, the rocky foundations of the world. Well for him that he was so old and sinewy. Well for her that God had added strength and power and energy to all his other splendid qualities. He had never done any work in his life harder than the climbing of a tree, but no toil with a heritage of earth's whole experience of labor could have struggled as did he.

He had been awakened at the same instant in his lonely cell upon the other side of the island. With the first shock he remembered that some time in his days of darkness before she came there had been a similar upheaval. He realized instantly what it was. Less timorous than the woman, more agile, he did not lie supine for a single second. His thoughts were instantly for her. He had thrown himself from his cave and had faced across the shaking, quivering island without the hesitation of a moment. Never so long as he might live could he forget the shock that came to him when he saw his way to her barred by that great heap of rock, fallen from the face of the cliff, which lay over the entrance to the cave. For one moment he had stood appalled and then he had got to work. How much time had elapsed before he arrived at her door, how much time it took him to clear it away, he had no idea. He had no thought but that he must open a passage and get to her dead or alive.

It was not wise for him to expend breath in cries, but until he had some reason he could not keep silent. After that, when her answer came to him, he worked more quietly save for those periods when he felt that he must hear her voice to enable him to go on. Such was the furious energy of his toil that by and by the great mass of rock was cleared away save one huge boulder which fairly blocked the entrance. It was light outside now. A gray dawn and full of storm. Through the wider interstices she could see him plainly. She knew now that her rescue was only a matter of time. A branch of a tree for a lever and his strength would roll the rock away. She started to tell him but he caught a glimpse of her white face pressed against a crevice and the sight inspired him. With a great burst of strength, the like of which possibly had never been compassed by mortal man since Samson pulled apart the pillars of the temple, he rolled the great rock aside and stood in the entrance, gasping, panting, with outstretched arms.

But a step divided them. That step she took. With a sob of relief she fell upon his breast, naturally, inevitably. His splendid arms swept her close to him. Her own hands met about his neck. With upturned face she looked upon him in the abandonment of perfect passionate surrender. He bent his head and kissed her, the first time in all his years that his lips had been pressed upon another mouth. He clung to her there in that kiss as if to make up in one moment for all the neglected possibilities of the past, as if never in all the bringings forth of the future should such another opportunity be afforded him. He felt for the first time in his life the beat of another human heart against his own, the rise and fall of another human breast, the throbbing of another human soul. Tighter and tighter his arms strained her to him. She gave herself up in that mad, delicious, awful moment to the full flow of long checked passion, and knew for him, pressing for pressure, and heart beat for heart beat, she made response.

It was too much. It was the man who broke away. There was nothing, no experience, no remembrance to teach him. It was all surprise. He thrust her from him slowly. Her hands lingered about his neck, but his backward pressure would not be denied. He held her at arms' length, her hands outstretched to him, her bosom panting, her eyes shining, her cheeks aflame in the gray dawn. Yielding, giving up to him absolutely, yet something, the magnificent metal of the man, the restraints through which he had gone, the long battles with his own passion, rose to his soul and gave him mastery once more.

"Woman!" he whispered, "no mere local name would represent her now. She was humanity to him—'Woman,' he whispered, 'my God! my God!'"

He turned away, sank down on one of the great boulders that he had thrown aside and buried his face in his hands, his body shaking with emotions he could scarce define but well understood. The woman threw herself down on her knees before him and took him once more in her arms.

"Man," she said, "I love you!"

She drew his hands away from his face, she laid her own face in his bleeding palm and kissed it.

"Man," she said, her lips wet with his own blood in a sort of wild, barbaric sacrament, "man, I love you."

He stared at her as one distraught. He had dreamed of this, he had imagined it, he had prayed for it, he had hoped for it, but no revelation had come to him in the years of their association, equalled in its blinding brilliancy, in its intense illumination, the revelation in that woman's voice, in that woman's eyes, in that woman's touch.

"Man," she said again, "I love you. Do you understand? Do you know what it means?"

Then he found his voice. He took her hand and pressed it against his heart.

"I know," he whispered "I understand here."

He rose to his feet, stooped, caught her by the shoulders and lifted her to his level. A piece of rock lay balanced on the edge of the cliff fall crashing. The place was dangerous. Without a word he slipped his arm beneath her, lifted her up as he might have done a child and carried her out upon the sand away from the heeling

crag of the rocky wall. She nestled in his arms, with a sense of joy and satisfaction and helplessness cared for so exquisitely that it was almost pain. He sat her down, presently on the sand and knelt before her. The sunlight sprang through the gray haze on the horizon's edge and lighted her face as he peered into it. Suddenly he threw himself prostrate before her and his lips upon her feet.

"Not there," she whispered, laying her hand upon his bent head, "but here, here in my arms, upon my heart, for Man, Man, I love you!"

Then kneeling by her side he took her once more within his arms.

"But you have not said!" she began at last, "that you loved me."

"There is no word," he said, softly, "in that speech that you have taught me which is equal to what I feel. You don't know how I have looked upon you and longed for you ever since you made me know and feel that I was a man with a man's soul. Night after night I have watched you as you went to your room in the rocks. But that you have taught me honor and consideration, what it is to be a gentleman, I had followed you and caught you in the dark within my arms."

She laid her hand upon his breast and looked at him feelingly, entreatingly, with touching consciousness of his strength and her weakness.

"What I have taught you," she asked, "you will not forget?"

"Never! Never!"

He released her waist and took her hand and kissed it. There was as much passion in the pressure of his lips upon her hand as there was in the beat of his heart against her own, she felt.

"You," he continued, "will say what is to be done."

"Not I," she answered, pitiously, "but you. I have no strength when you are by. Since that moment when you kissed me, you are the master and the man, but you will respect me in my helplessness."

"As if you were God in heaven," cried the man, raising his hand as one who makes a vow. "You are to me everything that is pure, that is holy, that is lovely."

"No! No!" she whispered, a look of terror coming into her face.

"Yes," he said, "Through you I know God, through you I know woman. You are sacred to me. Never again, unless you give me leave will I pray my lips to yours; never again, unless you say I may, will I take you in my arms; never again will I even touch your hand. Indeed, indeed, I cannot do these things. And yet I will love you in ways of which you cannot dream so long as I can draw the breath of life."

He rose to his feet as he spoke and turned away from her and stood with clasped hands and bowed shoulders. In one moment the whole course of their lives had changed. It had taken an earthquake shock to do it, but no terrible had been the submerged force of mutual passions that a whisper, opportunistly uttered would have effected the same revolution. She sat and watched him wondering what would be the end of it. She knew at last that love was, not the pale philosophical emotion she had experienced in the cabin of that yacht. God, now she hated that recollection. Now she wished that it had never been. If it touched by man she could have been cast upon that island to be given to this man who looked upon her as a goddess. She had told him some of her history, but not the part which was vital. It had been easy not to enlighten him wholly as to that. He knew nothing about conditions. He had never seen a ship or a boat within his recollection, and the story she had settled upon and told him was one that received instant acceptance from him. Indeed there was nothing that she had told him, or could have told him, that he would not implicitly have accepted and believed. The king could do no wrong. She was incarnate truth. And she would have to tell him all now. She would have to put into that pure soul, alive with passionate devotion, admiration, respect, every feeling that can make up the sum of mighty love, this story of evil and shame. There was no help for it. She would have to tell him.

But she could not tell him now, not on this day. She would have a few perfect hours. She would stand for a little while within the vale of Eden. She would look for a little time through the gates of heaven. Tomorrow! To-day she would have and she would enjoy to the full. She rose softly to her feet as well and stepped closer to him. She laid her hand upon his shoulder. She could see the muscles in his arm tighten as he clenched his hands the harder. She turned him gently about and lifted her perfect lips to his. She kissed him again. Her hand sought him; her fingers parted his iron grasp. She drew his arm about her and nestled against him.

"I trust you," she said, "as I love you. I shall be safe with you. You shall not draw away from me in such isolation. You have waited long for kisses like this."

And then the man spoke, the man in him.

"Woman," he said, "yours are the only lips that have been pressed upon mine, save perhaps my mother's as a child. Has any other man ever kissed you?"

"She could not lie to him."

"Don't ask me," she said, the futile request.

The man had turned away with a



groan. No happiness is unalloyed; no joy comes into our lives that some pain does not dog its footsteps. With love came jealousy before the flood.

"At least," she said, pressing closer to him and he did not repulse her, "I have loved no man but you."

"Oh!" he said, taking her once more within his arms, "that I might know for one moment what is out there, how you lived, who saw you, who followed you, who loved you!"

"I shall tell you," said the woman.

"But you have told me."

"Not all."

"When the rest then?"

"To-morrow. Meanwhile let us enjoy the day—the old, old human prayer, let us enjoy the day despite the morrow—let it suffice that I love you; that I never loved anyone else; that no kisses like to yours have ever been pressed upon my lips, nor I believe not upon the lips of mortal woman. Let us pass the day in happiness together. Come, we must breakfast. We must see what the earthquake has done to our island. We have things to think about, things to do."

"I have nothing to think about but you; nothing to do but to love you."

Hand in hand, they stepped across the sand to the shade of the trees, a royal and a noble couple, the splendid woman nobly planned, at mate for the godlike man, children of God and Nature, both of them in loose tunics which she had woven from the long soft grass, which left neck and arms bare and fell to knee and were belted in at the waist. Unhindered by any of the degrading or degrading garments of civilization, they were a pair to excite the admiration and envy of the gods.

## CHAPTER XI.

### The Conscience Quickened.

They had spent the morning together, but not as usual. Things were different, conditions had changed. For the first time in years the daily lesson which she had given him was interrupted. Today they were both at school with Love for preceptor and such willingness in their hearts as made them ideal pupils. The storm had died away as suddenly as it had arisen. No visible evidence of it was left, save the tremendous thunder of the long undulating seas upon the outward barrier. The earthquake had not greatly damaged the island, the fallen cliff, a few prostrate palms here and there, that was all. But there was visible evidence in them of the storm through which they had passed and which still held them in its throes, in the tumult of their souls.

To the man the experience of the morning was absolutely new and to the woman it was so different from what had hitherto transpired that it was practically new. They luxuriated in their emotions. They sat side by side, hand in hand, they walked together, hand in hand. Yet it was the woman who was the bolder, the woman who made the advances. The man was not passive. Kiss for kiss, look for look, word for word, touch for touch, he gave, but the initiative was hers not his. He was putting a constraint of steel upon himself. She saw that and was glad. It made her bold. Womanlike she tried and tested the blade that she had forged again and again, growing daring in her immunity, braver in her trust.

They stood in one part of their wanderings before the door of what had been her cave. Hand in hand they looked down upon the heap of rocks that he had torn away. It was nothing to him, to her it was incredible. She could better estimate what human strength was capable of than he. She had standards of comparison which he lacked.

"It cannot be possible that you lifted that boulder and that one, alone?" she said, gazing at him wonderingly.

"At that moment, to release you, I could have torn the rock asunder," he cried, throwing out his arms in a magnificent gesture of strength and force.

She caught his hand with her own and once more pressed her lips within his palm.

"I don't know how to say how much I love you," she cried.

"Say that you will try to care as much for me as I for you and I will be content," he answered.

And so there was a pretty rivalry between them as to which loved the more. In the midst of the strife of tongues the woman spoke. She could not keep away from the subject.

"You love me," she said at last, "because you think me more than I am, because," she ran on in spite of his protesting gesture, checking his denying word, "because you have seen no other woman, because—"

"I will not hear another word," he cried, finding voice at last and stopping her. "I know not woman or man save as I know you and myself, save as you have taught me by the women of whom you have read me in that single book we have, the women of whom you have told me who have played their parts in the world. All of them together are not like you."

"That is because I am alive and here and they are dead and away."

(TO BE CONTINUED)







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### WALLED LAKE NEWS.

J. A. Devereaux is not as well. Mrs. Ellen Gilchrist has been quite ill with grip. Mr. Fisher of Hastings was a guest of S. M. Gage Friday. Clarence Chafy is confined to the bed with sore throat. Earl Parmenter of Detroit spent Sunday with his parents. Mrs. McQueen has been entertaining relatives from Detroit. S. M. Gage is ill with pneumonia. Mrs. John Ryel is also very ill. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McKnight are visiting friends in South Lyon. Mr. Gibson of Allegan was a Walled Lake visitor Thursday. Mrs. Lena Matthews of Clyde is visiting her father, Joseph Brangart. Jay Corey has moved to the house recently vacated by Clarence Welfare. Mr. and Mrs. Will Austin of Pontiac spent Sunday with their parents here.

Mrs. Delos Baker is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Brington, of Lakeland.

Wille Griffin has been having a bad time with inflammatory rheumatism.

Three young ladies of Detroit have been stopping at the Angell Inn the past week.

Mr. Prescott of Detroit is moving to the farm he recently purchased of Isaac Ryel.

Certrude Kinney of Detroit is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kinney.

Miss Bessie Beach of St. Louis and Rev. King Beach of Detroit are visiting their parents.

Mrs. Clarence Bickling has been spending several days with her mother at Farmington.

L. G. Sutherland of Argentine has been visiting at the homes of A. V. Tamlyn and A. J. Church.

Mrs. Frank Harlow of Newark visited her aunts, Mrs. Johns and Mrs. Parmenter, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Russell of Leonard are visiting Mrs. Russell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Johns.

The play given by Wikom talent in Angell's hall Friday evening was quite well attended and enjoyed by all.

Miss Grace Porter, who is teaching near Rochester, is spending the week with her grandmother, Mrs. E. H. Hoyt.

Seymour Devereaux, who has been spending the winter in Florida, visited his brother, Orson Devereaux, last week.

Mrs. Chafy received 84 post cards at the "show" given her by the patrons of the Home phone and she.

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

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

wishes to express her appreciation of the many kind messages which they conveyed.

Mrs. Edgar Baker, who injured her hip so severely five weeks ago, is able to get about the house with the aid of a crutch.

An Easter post card shower was given by the patrons of the Home Telephone to our obliging "Hello" lady, Mrs. Lizzie Chafy.

There was a good attendance at the Easter services in the Methodist church Sunday morning. The music by the choir was enjoyed by all.

There will be a Local Option meeting in the Baptist church next Sunday at 10 a. m. Prof. G. Masselink, Principal of the Ferris Institute, at Big Rapids, will speak. There will be no service in the Methodist church in the morning. Union service in the evening will be held there.

Mrs. Ormsby passed away Monday at 6 p. m. aged 85 years. She had enjoyed excellent health. Her mind was also very active and clear. She was taken sick Monday with what seemed to be paralysis and passed quietly away. The funeral was held in the Methodist church at Commerce Thursday.

The funeral services of Mrs. Henry Hodge were held in the Baptist church last Tuesday afternoon, Rev. G. V. Pixley officiating. The text from Rev. 21:4 was selected by the deceased. After the services, her body was laid to rest in the Richardson cemetery beside those of her children who have passed away.

We may not always understand why joy must flee at grief's command. But though you wish from day to day The dear one who has gone away, Remember this, God knows your best, And has given his sweet rest. Then do not turn away to weep, God gives his loved sleep. Just leave her, then, within his care, And trust his love so wide and deep.

### Notice.

C. P. and T. J. Eckles will have an auction 1 1/2 miles south and 1 1/2 miles east of Northville on Friday, April 3,

consisting of:  
2 Holstein Bulls  
20 Cows, 6 New Milks, 16 due in April  
15 Brood Sows  
5 Horses, Japan Cream Horses 7 and 8 yr. old, wt. 2400  
1 Grey and Bay Mare, 12 and 14 yr. old, wt. 2300  
1 Black Mare, 10 yr. old, wt. 1100  
2 Double Harnesses  
All kinds farm tools  
Frank Boyle auctioneer.

### Auction Notice.

Rattanbury & Starkweather will have a sale at the Exchange hotel barn every Thursday at one o'clock. Parties having anything to sell can enter same at the sale at 5 per cent commission.

### FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. John Graham is sick. Mrs. Wm. Widow is sick again. Mrs. F. A. McClure is quite sick.

Leater Vincent's children are very sick. Chris Brossow is ill with pneumonia.

School closed Friday for a week's vacation. Dr. L. F. Holcomb has a new Cartier.

Fraser Hultz and Wm. Gildner are on the sick list.

Miss Emma Sherman of Detroit is visiting friends in town.

Chauncey Wolcott of Detroit visited friends in town Thursday.

N. H. Power of Detroit visited friends in town last Thursday.

Miss Bessie Newton of Detroit is spending a few days with friends here.

Mrs. M. Newton of Detroit spent Friday on her farm north of the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelley Gates intend moving into their new house about April 1.

Mrs. John Phelps spent last Thursday and Friday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bicks, at Novi.

Edd Grimmer and friend, Miss Bakheart, of Detroit attended the surprise on Thomas Lytle last Tuesday.

Mrs. Ann Stevens and Mrs. Helen Gray, who have been spending the winter in Fair Hope, Alabama, returned home Thursday.

There will be a double Silver Medal contest in the Methodist church Friday evening, April 8. A Matrons' class and a Young People's class will contest for two separate medals. Good music will be furnished for the occasion. Admission 20 and 15 cents.

On Tuesday evening, Mar. 22, about thirty friends and neighbors of Thomas Lytle surprised him at his home, reminding him that it was his birthday. Progressive Pedro was the amusement of the evening. A dainty lunch was served after which the guests left for their homes, wishing Mr. Lytle many happy returns of the day.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

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

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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## HOTEL GRISWOLD

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\$50,000 Now Being Expended in Remodeling, Refurnishing and Decorating.

### We Will Have

Two hundred rooms, all with bath. New Ladies' and Gentlemen's Cafe. New Grill for gentlemen. New Hall, with seating capacity of 400 persons, for Conventions, Banquets, Luncheon, Card Parties and Dances. Six Private Dining Rooms for Clubs and After Dinner Parties. Private Parlors for Weddings, Receptions, Meetings, Etc. Our facilities for high class service are exceptional, and similar to the best hotels of New York. Business now going on as usual.

Club Breakfast, 25 Cents and up

Luncheon, 50 Cents

Table d'Hotel Dinner, 75 Cents

Also Service a la Carte

Rates (European) \$1.00 to \$3.00 Per Day.

## YOUR ATTENTION

Is called to the fact that we are showing one of the largest and most up-to-date Stocks of

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in this part of the country. We have the "Wall Papers That Talk" as you will readily find by looking over our stock. Don't pay agents a long profit but buy where you can get good goods and moderate prices.

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FARMINGTON, MICH.

Mystified Mabel, Mother (at lunch)—"Yes, darling, these little sardines are sometimes eaten by the larger fish." Mabel (aged five)—"But, mamma, how do they get the cans open?"—Exchange.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

New Music.  
A Virginia newspaper puts its announcements of births under the heading "New Music."

## 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

### Relics of Long Ago.

In a deep cutting on the Great Eastern line near Ipswich Eng. Miss Nina Layard, F. L. S., a well-known woman scientist, has unearthed, at a depth of 30 feet, a mammoth, horse, gigantic ox, bear, wolf, red deer and a bird, with a few flint implements of palaeolithic type. In her opinion, these are from the pleistocene deposits in the gravels of the original course of the river Gipping, when the site of Ipswich was beneath its waters.

## Why Take Alcohol?

Are you thin, pale, easily tired, lack your usual vigor and strength? Then your digestion must be poor, your blood thin, your nerves weak. You need a tonic and alterative. You need Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. We believe your doctor would endorse these statements, or we would not make them. Ask him and find out. Follow his advice. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. and remember your doctor will certainly greatly increase your confidence in Ayer's Pills as a family laxative. Liver pills. All vegetable. Ask your doctor about them.

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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.

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PURE AERATED MILK  
Sweet and Sour Cream  
Furnished on Application.

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You will receive it from funds left with the Union Trust Company, which pays at the rate of

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