

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XLII. No. 43.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1911.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

MEMORIAL DAY'S OBSERVANCE HERE

G. A. R. POST WILL TAKE USUAL
CHARGE.

Judge P. T. VanZile Delivers The
Address.

The forty third anniversary of
Memorial Day will be appropriately
observed on Tuesday afternoon,
May 30, at 2:30 o'clock at Princess
Rink, Northville.

The exercises will consist of patri-
otic songs by the ladies of the W.
R. C. and Northville Male Quartette.
A Reminiscence, "Gray Men of
Battle," Recitation, "The Passing
Veterans," Reading Lincoln's Gettys-
burg Memorial Address, etc. Hon.
Phillip T. Van Zile of Detroit will
deliver the address.

At the close of these services the
Veterans and Ladies of the W. R. C.
preceded by the Northville band,
will march to Oakwood cemetery
where the closing ceremonies will
occur.

Memorial services will be held in
the Baptist church Sunday evening,
May 28, at the usual hour, with
Rev. T. J. Mardock in charge.

On Monday afternoon, May 29, the
graves of Northville and outlying
cemetaries will be decorated, and dele-
gations for that purpose will leave
Northville going north to arrive
at Novi cemetery at 2:00 o'clock p.
m., Knapp cemetery at 3:00 o'clock;
Yerkes cemetery at 3:30; and going
south, to arrive at Briggs' cemetery
at 2:30 p. m.; Waterford cemetery
at 3:00 o'clock; Northville cemetaries
at 3:30.

It is earnestly hoped that on this
occasion the citizens of Northville
and vicinity, so far as possible will
lay business cares aside and unite in
this Nation-wide tribute to our
Fallen Heroes whose sacrifices and
suffering in the dark days of '61-'65,
made possible the blessings of today.

The Grand Commander-in-Chief
of the G. A. R. of the U. S. A. requests
that on that day all flags on public
and private buildings be displayed
at half mast.

J. E. Munsell, M. D. Johnson,
Adjutant, Commander.

Duan-Little Wedding.

Miss Pearl Little of this place and
Mr. Frank E. Duan of Plymouth
were united in marriage at the
former's home on North Center
street, Monday evening by Rev.
Mr. Farber of Plymouth in the
presence of the immediate relatives
of the bride and groom.

The happy young couple left the
same evening for Kingsville, Ont.,
for a week's visit among friends
after which they will return to
Plymouth where they will go to
housekeeping as soon as their new
house is completed.

The Record, with a host of other
Northville people, wishes the newly
weds all good kinds of happiness
and prosperity.

BIG EVENTS.

HERE MAY 30th.

GOOD HORSE RACES, BALL GAMES
AUTO PARADE.

Athletic Sports and General Recre-
ation Time.

May 30th will be a big day at the
Driving Club park.

In the forenoon there will be a
ball game between the "Circ N"
boys and the Millford sluggers and
in the afternoon a ball game be-
tween the "Circ N" boys and the
Farmington Tigers will be one of
the attractions. At 1:00 o'clock
sharp the "All Stars" are billed to
crowd bats with a Detroit team.

In the horse racing events there
will be \$60 in prizes hung up
There will be an auto parade and
probably an auto slow race on
"high speed." About twenty-five
cars are already promised.

Another event will be a motor-
cycle race.

Admission 15c and 25c for all day.

THE DETROIT BASE BALL CLUB.

Following are the dates when the
Tigers will play in Detroit:

May 27—With St. Louis
May 28—With St. Louis
June 18—With Chicago
June 20—With Cleveland

The World's famous Victor Talk-
ing Machines and Records at Loomis'

MRS. S. C. HANSFORD DIED MONDAY NIGHT

Active in Church Work. Mother of
Mrs. R. A. Grant.

The death of Mrs. Sarah C. Hans-
ford occurred Monday night at the
home of her daughter, Mrs. R. A.
Grant, after an illness of a few days
of heart trouble. She had not been
well for some time, but her friends
did not think her dangerously ill,
until last week when she was taken
worse.

Deceased was born in Godrich,
Ont., Jan. 16, 1841 and came to
Northville about five years ago. At
the age of twenty-five she was
married to Mr. Hansford and to-
gether were born three children, Mrs.
Grant being the only surviving one.
Mrs. Hansford was active in all

church work and was loved by all
who knew her.

The funeral was held from the
house Wednesday, Rev. Ralph Pierce,
pastor of the Methodist church,
officiating, and the remains taken
to London, Ont., for burial.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the neighbors
and all kind friends for their christian
kindness and mercy shown our
sister in her late sickness and death.
The P. & A. M., The King's Daugh-
ters, the C. E., the Presbyterian
Ladies' Aid, the Baptist Ladies,
the Fleur de lis club, also to all
other friends who sent flowers.

MR. AND MRS. J. W. KATON.

Diamond Ear Screws, Broaches,
Stick Pins, Cuff Buttons, all must
go at Loomis' auction sale.

Best chance in the world to buy
Pianos at forced sales. You should
go to the Loomis' sales.

Coupons Talk of Town and Vicinity

Many Inquiries Are Received Daily About Voting,
Working and Getting New Subscribers
for the Northville Record.

The candidates and others inter-
ested in the Record Voting Contest
will soon have the opportunity of
seeing the piano which will be given
to the lady having the largest num-
ber of votes. The company of whom
we are securing the piano write us
that the piano will be shipped at
once. When it arrives the fact will
be announced so they may come and
view it at Schrader's store.

To own a magnificent \$400 Upright
Piano will be the privilege of some-
body in this section through the
Record contest. To secure some of
the other big prizes offered will be
the privilege of other young ladies
in the contest and work is required
to win, that's all.

Nothing is more talked about in
this community at present than the
great prize voting contest inaugu-
rated by the Record and votes are in
great demand. The town and
country are being scoured for them
and the merchants who are giving
prizes are continually being asked
for coupons.

Many people are willing to help
their friends in this contest and are
only waiting to be asked. The
first candidate to ask, of course, will
be the one to get the assistance of
friends. Those who desire to en-
large their count should get out
among their friends and make their
wants known.

The prizes that are offered are
surely worth the smallest effort required.
Let each contestant show the people
that she has the determination to
succeed in anything she undertakes
and that she is out to win.

The list of prizes and rules and
regulations will be found on another
page of this issue.

Remember the \$10.00 in gold to be
given the contestant having the
largest number of votes on May 30,
is a special prize offered by the
Record. It will in no way affect
the standing of the winner of the
contest.

A few contestants have thought
that the winning of \$10 would affect

their votes for the piano. It will
not. All votes found in the box on
May 30, will be included in the final
count, which will decide the winners
of the piano and other prizes.

NORTHVILLE.

Maie McCullough, Thelma Bennett,
Hattie Pagel, Orah Hayes,
Ida Morris, Maybell Tiffin,
Arnetta Masters, Gladys C. Morse,
Helen Scherer.

NORTHVILLE R. F. E.

Norine Hogue, Dawn Clark,
Helen Melaner, Lida Kahri,
Mary Payne, Cecil Heinke,
Flora Hendryx, Mae French,
Lola Roberts, Emma Tiffin,
Myra Thompson, Blanche Clark,
Orah Johnson, Lena Hunt,
Jennie Vansickle.

NOVI.

May McCowan, Miss Groner,
Miss Lee, Lulu Dandelson,
Pearl Taylor, Elsie Woodruff.

WATER LANE.

Bessie Chaff, Ruth Barrett,
Sadie Bender.

WINON.

Retta Pearsall, Mrs. Will Witt,
Lyla Fuller, Etta Mowrey,
Ethel Oldenburg, Mabel Burgess,
Mrs. A. F. Spalding.

PLYMOUTH.

Ruth Huston, Frances Ford,
Hazel Taylor, Carlina Penny,
Marian Hood, Gula Becker,
Hazel Smitnerman,
Adeline Simmons.

SALEN.

Sadie Walker, Edith Buers,
Lydia Stevens, Myra Dickinson,
Rachel Shipley.

NEW HUDSON.

Mrs. Bruce Shear, Ira Johnson,
Miss Richards.

FARMINGTON.

Ernestine Pierce, Alma Efy,
Lillian Phelps, Lucile Davis,
Lillian Glidemester,
Nettie Dickerson.

25=VOTE COUPON

Send this Coupon to The Record office within 15 days
from date and it will count for TWENTY-FIVE VOTES. No
money is required with this Coupon.

Voted for

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1911.

NOMINATING BLANK

The Record Popular Voting Contest

I HEREBY SUGGEST THE NAME OF

As a lady worthy to become a candidate in your Popular Voting Contest, I
present this name with the distinct understanding and agreement that the editor
shall not divulge my name. This does not obligate me in any way whatever.

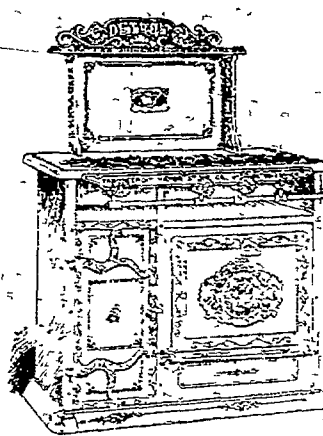
Signed

Call In

and see our line of Detroit
Vapor Gasoline and Oil Stoves;
all styles and all prices to suit
your purse. The up to date
housewife needs, and can find
good use for a Detroit Vapor,
during the exceedingly hot
weather—if not the year round.

Have just received some 4-yd
wide Linoleum. Come and take
a look at this.

Everything in the Hardware
line. Can save you money and
always at your service.



Asbestos Sad Irons save
labor, worry, perspiration and
makes ironing a pleasure.

Farmers, try "Cow Ease"
for flies and vermin on cattle
and horses.

A HOT
IRON

A COLD
HANDLE



Bicycles, Bicycle Sundries, Auto Oils and Repair Kits.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

Write It Down

and when you see it again it will
serve to jog your memory. Every
transaction of finance and money
at this bank is faithfully recorded
in ink.

We Lend You Money

and the transaction is inscribed in
our books. Security is certain to
our depositors. We balance books
daily and can call off your credit
at a moment's notice. Bank here.

Northville

State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICH.



Columbus Flour

Has made many friends. Try a sack. We
guarantee it.

You will want Olive Oil and Salad Dressing
to make your Spring Vegetables taste
good. We have the good kind.

"ICED TEA." Bours' Royal Garden or Silver
Cross. We also sell Armour's Grape Juice
—Keep it on ice ready for you.

"GET THE HABIT"

TRADE AT RYDER'S

Now Is The Time

To order your Coal for next winter—if you
want it at the low price for April and May
delivery—Lowest prices in the year. Don't
wait until it goes up and then blame us.

Yours for good No. 1 Anthracite.

R. R. McKAHAN

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

PINE APPLES

Place your order for Pines for canning and I will
take good care of you. Size 30's are about the
best size for all purposes. We are selling them
for 15c each now, but by the doz they will come
a little cheaper.

Pillsbury's Flour

I am agent for the above Flour and there is noth-
ing better in a western Flour. Ask for Pillsbury's
Best.

REMINDERS

6 Cans Sardines for.....25c
3 Cans Peas for.....25c
3 Cans Corn for.....25c
7 lbs Rolled Oats for.....25c

B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones.

NORTHVILLE.

It Pays To Advertise in the Record Want Column.

Relieving

Muscular Strain

of the eyes that rob the vigor of the rest of the
body, is our profession. Glasses are intended
for more than the aiding of vision. Some of
the most distressing diseases have been relieved
by glasses. Do not procrastinate in the matter
of having your eyes examined by us.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

Dr. Swift Bldg.

OPTOMETRISTS.

Main St., NORTHVILLE.



SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the yacht, he meets a girl on an ice-floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs, Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously shaped stick. Captain Planck and the surviving crew of the wrecked whaler are hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

For a long time Roscoe walked steadily on, until the two had come far up the glacier. Finally, when he did stop, he whirled quite around and stood confronting Planck, squarely in the middle of a narrow path between two deep fissures in the ice. His eyes were glittering malevolently.

"Do you know any reason," he asked in a thick voice, "why I don't pick you up and drop you down one of those cracks there, or why I don't serve you as I served that fellow yesterday?"

Planck thought he meant to do it, but, with the fatalism that marks the men of his profession, he stood fast and eyed his big opponent.

"You're strong enough to," he said. "And I'll do it if I want to; you know that," Roscoe supplemented.

"Yes, I know that." The big man nodded curtly.

"Well, I'm not going to now, because I choose not to listen. If you had the chance, could you navigate that solid mabogany, hand-painted ship down there?"

Planck cleared his throat, as if something were stifling him. "With a crew, yes," he answered.

"Could Schwartz run those nickel-plated engines he'll find in her, do you think?"

"Yes."

"Well, within two days I'll give you a chance to make good. Now, I'm going to tell you my plan, not because you asked me, but because I want you to know. I'd run the whole thing alone if I could, but I want you with me. We're going to take that yacht and we're going off alone in her—us of the whaler, alone. Do you understand that?"

"They're better armed than we," said Planck reflectively. "Better fed, better everything. And man for man, but you they're just as good, and they're three to one of us. It will want some pretty good planning."

"You needn't worry about that," answered Roscoe. "I didn't expect you to make the plans; I knew you couldn't. I've made them myself; they're working right now. Can you keep your tongue in your head and listen?"

Planck nodded.

"That searching party didn't go back to the yacht last night. They're all camped together—about 20 of them—down in the Little Bear valley. There aren't above half a dozen fire-arms in the bunch; none of the sailors from the yacht have any, and they've got about two days' rations. They're all there together, except the one man we accounted for yesterday."

"I see," said Planck; "and you think we can capture the yacht now while they're ashore."

"Don't try to think, I tell you," Roscoe growled. "I'm doing the thinking. There are probably ten able-bodied men left on the yacht. That's not good enough odds, considering the way they're armed. But about an hour ago I sent Miguel down to the shore party to be their guide. He isn't going to say anything much to them, but what he says will be enough, I reckon. He's to pretend he's dotty and can't understand what they say to him."

Planck's eyes widened a little and he did not ask his next question very steadily. "Where is he going to take them?"

"Can't you guess that? He's going to lead them into Fog lake, of course."

The thought of it made Planck's teeth chatter. Fog lake was, perhaps, the most curious natural phenomenon upon that strange arctic land—a little cup-shaped valley, from which the fog never lifted—had never lifted once, in all the four years they had lived there. On days when the rest of the land was clear, the fog hung there, half way up the side of the hills, so that from the ridges surrounding it it really looked like a strange vapory sea. They had explored the edges of it, fearfully, at times, but had never penetrated far enough to learn the secret of its mystery, if it had one.

"And then?" Planck asked.

"Why, they'll send out a relief party from the yacht, of course. The yacht's people know what rations the searching party took with them, and when they don't come back in two days, they'll probably set out from the yacht with every able-bodied man on board, and try to find the first party and bring it in. As soon as they are

well out of hearing, we take the yacht. We may not find a living soul aboard her; and we certainly can't leave one there. But we'll steam up and take our gold aboard—all our gold. And then, well—there's where you'll come in."

"But what then, man? My God! what then? Do you suppose we can go steaming into San Francisco, or any other port in the world, with all that gold in our hull and another captain's log and papers? We might just as well hang ourselves from our own crow-jack yard."

"I hope your wits will improve when you get a deck under your feet," Roscoe growled. "On land here you're about as much good as a pelican, in a foot race. No, your sailing orders won't be San Francisco, nor any other port that has such a falling as a revenue officer about. But you ought to know the north coast line over there as far east as McKenzie bay. You must know some harbor there where we can lie up for the winter and not be bothered."

"Yes," said Planck. "I could take the yacht to such a place as that. There's a very good harbor in behind Hirschel Island. But what will we do when we get there?"

"After that, it's my affair," said



His Eyes Were

Roscoe. "We'll winter on the yacht. Then when the weather begins to loosen up a bit, before the spring thaws, we'll land our gold and our stores; cache all the gold, except what we can carry over the trail, say, about 500 pounds of it, and we'll leave the yacht's sea-cocks open, so that when the ice goes out, she'll scuttle herself. We shall probably find ledges, and perhaps a pony or two, on the yacht. If we do, it will be easy. It's only a short hike to one of the tributaries of the Porcupine river. Once we reach the Porcupine, it will be easy, for it flows into the Yukon, and that's as good as a railway line. We'll make a raft and float it the way down to Saint-Michaels with no trouble at all. The gold we have with us will be enough to take us down to Vancouver, and there we can charter a ship. You take command of her, and we go north through the straits again that very summer—next summer, that will be, of course. We go back to the harbor where we left the yacht. You can figure out the rest for yourself, I guess."

"Yes," said Planck. "It's all very well—only won't there be a good many to trust that sort of secret to?" Roscoe looked at him with a savage sort of grin. "Come, you're improving. But that like across the mountains to the upper tributaries of the Porcupine is a hard trail. There aren't likely to be many of us left by the time we get started floating down open water. When we get to the Yukon it won't be surprising if there isn't anybody left at all, but you and me."

Planck caught his meaning quickly enough, indeed, a duller man could have read it in Roscoe's savage light blue eyes and the thought made his teeth chatter. He would have felt a deadlier terror, perhaps, could he

have read the thought that lay at the bottom of Roscoe's mind. The gold hunter was not much of a sailor, but he felt confident that on the broad stretches of the Yukon he could navigate a raft alone.

CHAPTER IV.

The Throwing-Stick.

"Oh, I suppose," said Jeanne, "there's no use worrying."

Across the table from where she sat at breakfast in the snug, warm, luxurious little dining room on the yacht, old Mr. Fanshaw methodically laid his coffee spoon in the saucer beside his cup, and looked up at her with his slow, deliberate smile.

"My dear," he said, "remember that Tom is in the party. Unless they find everything that, by the utmost stretch of hope, they could find, he would insist on keeping up the search as long as the light lasted, and when the light failed, there would be no more light to come home by. Don't think of worrying; I don't. We'll hear nothing of them for hours."

"It won't be as long as that," she predicted confidently. "My sky-man will probably bring me news before then."

Old Mr. Fanshaw halted his coffee

himself, coming down out of the sky last night—I was out on deck, huh."

Fanshaw looked quickly from the negro's face to the girls as if he suspected a hoax, but the terror in one face and the mystification in the other were obviously genuine.

Then he rose and went over to the buffet, returning to the table with the oddly-shaped, rudely-whittled stick. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, looking up at the girl with a puzzled frown—"do you mean to say that he, the man you dreamed about, made you a present of this stick?"

She laughed. "If that seems a reasonable way of putting it, yes, at least it slipped out of his belt and I found it where he had been sitting. But can you imagine what he used it for?"

"Oh, I know what it is, but that only makes the puzzle all the deeper. It's an Eskimo throwing-stick. They use it to shoot darts with. It lies in the palm of the hand; so, and the dart is put in that groove, though the butt of this one seems curiously misshapen; I can't make it fit my hand. But I can't figure out how the thing got aboard the yacht; it wasn't here yesterday."

"Of course not," she said; "my sky-man brought it."

He ran his fingers through his bushy gray hair perplexedly. Then he laid the thing down and seated himself at the table. "At any rate," he said, "we needn't let even a mystery spoil our breakfast. Come, my dear, you've eaten almost nothing. That omelet deserves better treatment."

Obediently she took up her fork, but almost immediately laid it down again, and he saw her eyes brighten with tears. "Of course, if there'd been any news, if there'd been anything to find, we'd have heard."

Silently he reached across the table and patted the hand that lay there on the white cloth.

"Oh, I know I oughtn't to cry," she said, "and I won't; it's your goodness and kindness to me as much as anything else. Ever since he went away you've been like a father to me, and Tom, dear old Tom, like a brother."

"What words, Tom? Out with it."

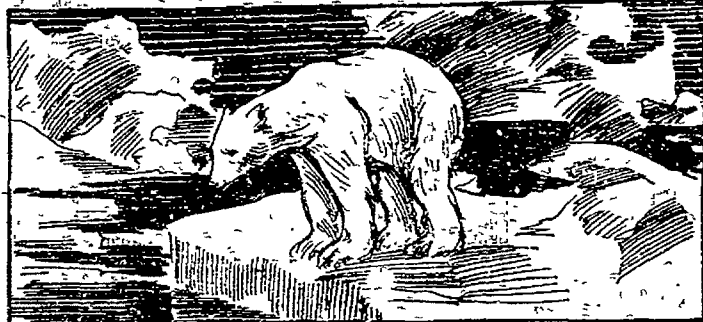


"I Can't Make It Fit My Hand."

And then building this ship and coming up here yourself, facing the dangers yourself and letting Tom face them, all for such an impossible, hopeless hope as that message the sea brought to us?"

Her voice faltered there, and she bent down abruptly and kissed the hand that was still caressing her own. "My child," he said, "your father and I were like brothers—nearer to each other than most brothers. He went away, knowing that if his venture failed, it ended fatally for him, as it probably did. I should regard you as my daughter—as just as much a child of mine as Tom is. If you hadn't been in the case at all, we'd have built this ship and come up here to find Tom-Fielding just the same. There, don't cry. Put on that big fur coat of yours and come out with me on deck."

"I see, Mr. Fanshaw, I see



The moment Mr. Fanshaw and Jeanne emerged upon the deck they heard the sound of oars beneath them, and looking over the rail saw one of the boats in which the shore party had set out, pulling up alongside the accommodation ladder. Three men were in it, two of the crew and Tom Fanshaw.

"What news, Tom?" his father called out anxiously enough to belie his former tranquil manner. "Have you found anything? I hope there's nothing wrong."

The younger man looked up. He saw his father, but not the girl. "Nothing wrong," he growled, "except this infernal ankle of mine I've sprained it again, and I did it just when—" He broke the sentence off short there, his eye falling at that moment upon Jeanne.

She paled a little, for she had been quick to perceive that something he had been about to tell would not be told now, or must be told differently. But she waited until his father, together with the two sailors, had got the disabled man up onto the deck and safely installed in an easy chair. Then, gravely, but steadily, "Just as what, Tom? What clue had they found just as you had to come away?"

"It was very wonderful," he said; "quite inexplicable. Just as we were about breaking camp this morning we saw a man coming toward us across the ice. We thought at first that it was Hunter, and we were mighty glad to see him, because he had strayed off somewhere and hadn't camped with us. But we soon saw it wasn't he, wasn't a man anything like him. He was a queer, slouching shuffling creature, dressed in skins, and he came up in a hesitating way, as if he was afraid of us. He couldn't talk English, nor understand it, apparently. He looked to me like a Portuguese, and I tried him in Spanish—good Filipino Spanish—on the chance I thought it startled him a little, and he picked up his ears at it, but he couldn't understand that either. He just kept backing and repeating two words—"

"What words, Tom? Out with it."

—even let myself begin to hope yet, must I, not yet?"

"I don't know," said Tom. "The fellow seemed half-crazed; seemed, almost, to have lost the power of speech from long disuse of it. But he meant to take us somewhere, that was clear enough from his gestures. If I could only have seen you before I began to blurt the thing out, I'd have spared you the suspense until there was something to tell. I'm sorry, Jeanne."

"It's queer," she said, at the end of a rather long silence. "I'm sure there was no Portuguese in father's expedition. Except for two or three Swedes and Norwegians, they were all Americans. I know the name of every man who sailed in his ship."

"He might have taken some one on at St. Michaels," suggested the elder Fanshaw. "Yes," she said a little dubiously, "only he never thought much of southern Europeans as sea-faring men." "There was another silence after that. She rose presently, and began sweeping the shore line with a systematic binocular which was slung across across her shoulders. The two men exchanged glances behind her, the elder, one of inquiry, his son, a reluctant negative. No, it would clearly be insane to build any hope on the incident.

At last, she let the glass fall from her listless hand and turned to them, her face haggard with the torture of impossible hope. "I wish my sky-man would come," she said forlornly, "come whirling down out of the air, with news of them."

"Your sky-man?" said Tom Fanshaw questioningly.

Here was something to talk about at last, and the old gentleman seized the chance it afforded.

"Yes, we've another mystery," he said. "See what you can do toward solving it." With that for an introduction, he plunged into a humorous account of Jeanne's report of her adventure of the night before, of the man who had dropped down from the sky, in the middle of the night, and talked to her awhile, and then flown away again. "She was really out on the ice floe," he said. "So much I concede; but when I assure her that she dreamed the rest, she is skeptical about my explanation."

"But even you can't explain," she protested, "how I could dream about an Eskimo throwing-stick, and then bring it back to the yacht with me when I was wide awake and show it to you at the breakfast table this morning?"

"I'll have to admit," said the old gentleman, "that my explanation doesn't adequately account for that."

The expression of the young man's face was perhaps rather more than merely dolorous.

"But, my boy," cried the elder man, "think of it! He comes down out of the sky and says he just dropped in from Point Barrow, and that's 500 miles away. That's just as impossible as it would be to materialize an Eskimo throwing-stick out of a dream, every bit."

"No, hardly that," said Tom judicially. "What was his aeroplane like? What was it made of? Did you notice it particularly?"

"Yes," she said, "I helped him fold it up. It was made of bladders and bamboo and catgut, he said."

"And his motor?" cried Tom. "What was his motor like?"

"There was no motor at all," she said, "just wings."

"There you see, Tom," interrupted his father, "absolute moonshine."

But still the younger man shook a doubtful head. "No," he said, "the things not impossible—not inconceivable, at least. The big birds can fly that far, and think nothing of it."

The old man snorted. "They're built that way. Think of the immense strength of their wing muscles."

"Not so enormous," said the younger man. "I dissected the wing of an albatross once to see. It's not by main strength they keep aloft in the air, it's by catching the trick of it."

"That's what he said," the girl cried eagerly. "He told me I could fly across the north pole—on Dawson City to St. Petersburg, and when I asked him if he could keep flying, flying all the time like that, he said the biggest birds didn't fly; they sailed, and he said he sailed too, and the force of gravity was his keel."

Her story was making his impression on the younger man at least, even if his father was as imperious to it as he still seemed.

"Well, if you dreamed that," said Tom, "it was a mighty intelligent dream. I'll say that for it."

"But it wasn't a dream at all," she cried. "Didn't I help him take the thing apart and fold it up into a bundle? And didn't he say that he was a tax payer, and that his name was Philip Cayley?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

By Way of Variety.

"How did you enjoy the vaudeville performance?" "It was good. They had performing rats, a baseball player, a champion pugilist, a trained cockatoo, and I give you my word, they even had an actor doing a turn."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Northville Record

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
Established 1880
NORTHVILLE, MICH., MAY 26, '11

Just a Word More.

In the agitation of the slot machine question the Record desires to say it has no personal grievances against any one and no axes to grind. The successful newspaper is a reflector of public sentiment. The Record is owned and controlled by its fifteen hundred subscribers and to be a success it must reflect the opinion and sentiment of the majority of this big list of stockholders.

It is safe to say that ninety per cent of our subscribers and ninety per cent of Northville people are in favor of the elimination of gambling slot machines in Northville. That's all there is to that side of the question.

There hasn't been an hour this year when a word from the village president or council would not have stopped this gambling business at once without the least trouble.

Judge Feagan Should Resign.

With humiliation and profound sorrow the public must have read that testimony of the little woman, struggling to maintain her self respect, and the respect of her home, while the drunken justice of the peace staggered home to fall in the bathtub helpless, to upbraid her vulgarly and drunkenly before her neighbors and relatives. But why repeat the word story? Let us draw the curtain, as Judge Maudell did. He granted the wife a divorce from the man who spoiled her life. It is now for the public to grant the bench a divorce from the occupant who has defiled it with his breath.

No man who can put himself in a condition to administer such justice to his wife is fit to administer justice to the poor litigants in the justice court. The womanhood and the manhood of Detroit call upon Justice John B. Feagan to resign. - Detroit News.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Miss Stewart entertained 30 lady friends from Detroit Saturday evening.

Lightning struck an electric light pole Saturday night and put out nearly all the village lights.

Mrs. E. B. Lapham visited her niece, Miss Lorraine Lapham, at Northville a few days this week.

The sum of \$14.40 was realized from the entertainment in the town hall given by Lloyd Gulien and his son Sunday school class of girls Saturday evening.

Lloyd Gulien has closed his school in Ionia township and left here the first of the week to spend the summer with his parents at Grandford, Ont.

Memorial services of the G. A. R. will be held in the Methodist church Sunday afternoon at one o'clock. Rev. Geo. Gulien will deliver the address. Decoration Day will be observed with appropriate exercises.

A specific for pain—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, strongest, cheapest, most efficient ever devised. A household remedy in America for 25 years.

No Reason for Doubt

A Statement of Facts Backed by a Strong Guarantee.

We guarantee complete relief to all sufferers from constipation. In every case where we fail we will supply the medicine free.

Rexall Orderlies are a gentle, effective, dependable and safe bowel regulator, strengthener and tonic. They re-establish nature's functions in a quiet, easy way. They do not cause any inconvenience, griping or nausea. They are so pleasant to take and work so easily that they may be taken by anyone at any time. They thoroughly tone up the whole system to healthy activity.

Rexall Orderlies are unexcelled and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. Two sizes, 10c and 25c. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store, A. E. Stanley & Co., Northville.

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.)

Lloyd Burrows is home for a two weeks' vacation.

N. H. Power of Detroit visited friends in town Wednesday.

L. A. Kemp of Gars Bay, Ont., is visiting at the Burrows poultry farm.

Edward McGrain of Flint, spent Sunday with W. L. Bishop and family.

Mrs. Fannie C. Burton and Miss Purdy visited Mrs. James Sessions Saturday.

Mrs. Blon Hewitt of Maple Rapids visited Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Harmon this week.

Elizabeth Holcomb of Detroit visited relatives in Northville the fore part of the week.

Mrs. Helen Judson of Howeworth, Ohio, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, at the Poultry farm.

Edward Porter of Bay City and Mrs. Momer (Chapman) of Wisnom visited their aunt, Mrs. Lowe, Friday.

Mrs. Jane Power and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Vreeland, of Pontiac were guests of Mrs. J. B. Cook and other friends in town Tuesday.

W. B. Ryan of St. Johns, a former manager of the Bell Telephone of this place, was the guest of Frank Thompson and wife Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Streeter and daughters, Doris and Marlon, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark from Friday until Sunday evening.

Will Simmons, wife and little girl of Pontiac and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Meyers of Grand Ledge were visitors of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Simmons, over Sunday.

Mrs. W. M. Woodworth left yesterday for Washington, D. C., to visit her daughter, Emma. She will also visit Richmond, Norfolk and other places in Virginia.

Forrest Ball, who has been spending the winter in Clifton, Arizona, returned home Monday. He also visited Los Angeles, Cal., and other places of interest along the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Lewis Vandenburg, Miss Simmons and Miss Margaret Sloan were guests here of Miss Ruth Vandenburg at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Vandenburg, over Sunday.

School Notes.

(By a Pupils)

Clarke Cuthbert spelled down the Seventh grade last Friday.

The school savings bank deposits for the past two weeks were \$69.91.

Donald Ryder of the Seventh grade is back in school after three weeks of illness.

If you are planning to visit the school, come early because we are "the early birds" now.

Garnet Grant of the Sixth grade is absent this week because of the death of his grandmother.

Remember that "Compliments Blinded Men" is tonight at the opera house and Saturday evening at Salem.

Velma and Elva Saure, Stewart Colt, Irving Lapham and Jessie Jackson of the Third grade are home sick with the measles.

The Seniors have their papers ready for the final touches and we feel sure that they have something that will be of interest to all.

The foreign pupils who intend starting next year in the High school and taking botany, will learn how to make part of the credits by doing a little work this summer. If they communicate with the superintendent.

School will be open at 7:30 a. m. and close at 2:20 p. m. until further notice. The object in thus changing is to take advantage of the cooler part of the day for our heavy work. Thus far the results have more than exceeded our anticipations.

The program for Commencement week will be substantially as follows: Sunday evening, June 18, Baccalaureate sermon in the Presbyterian church; Monday p. m., June 19, Lower Grade Exercises at Opera house, consisting of plays, pantomimes, recitations and music; Monday evening, June 19, Junior Class Day exercises, Tuesday, p. m., June 20.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.—Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of P. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1896.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
(Seal)
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Grammar Grade exercises, consisting of a play, drill and four class songs—Tuesday evening, June 29. Eighth Grade Commencement exercises—in which music will be furnished by themselves. Mr. John Guthrie of Ann Arbor will deliver the address, Wednesday p. m., June 21, Sophomore play, "The Professor." Wednesday evening, June 21, Senior Class Day. Thursday evening, June 22, Commencement, for the High School. Friday, Ball game with Cleary and sports.

The banquet, tendered the Seniors of 1911 by the Juniors was one of the best of its kind. The pink in which it was held was charmingly decorated, as were also the tables, in colors of the two classes, red and black and green and white. The members of the school board and their wives, together with the Seniors and Juniors, brought the number of guests up to about sixty. The banquet, which consisted of four courses, carried out the Senior colors in every possible way, and was served by six Sophomore girls. After enjoying this, toasts were in order. Ralph Shaler and Harold Turner, as class presidents, gave very appropriate toasts; Mr. C. L. Dubuque gave a very profitable talk on "Things Learned Outside of School," and Mr. Miller rendered a song solo. Mr. E. St. Elmo Lewis, as speaker of the evening, talked on "What are you going to do with it?" meaning your education. This talk brought forth a sentiment of appreciation as to its truth and value to all present. A. Dolph made a very humorous toastmaster and his many jokes were greatly enjoyed. Dancing, with Cray's orchestra, rounded out a very enjoyable evening.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor)

"Caught in a Storm" will be the topic next Sunday morning. In the evening the annual G. A. R. Memorial service will be held. There will be an appropriate address by the pastor and music by the choir.

The ladies of the church will meet Wednesday, May 31, in the church parlors at 2 p. m. Ladies please come prepared to do a little sewing. Good attendance is desired as there is business to come up that all are interested in.

For summer diarrhoea in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all dealers.

A fine time to buy Watches, Diamonds, Clocks and Jewelry, at auction sale.

Dyspepsia is our national ailment. Burdock Blood Purifiers is the national cure for it. It strengthens stomach membranes, promotes flow of digestive juices, purifies the blood, builds you up.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

WANTED—Fricking to do. 1 horse rig. Haves Benton Bell phone 176 L3 R 43w2p

FOR RENT—House on Randolph street. Inquire of Dr. Burgess 43t

FOR SALE—Cheap Good work horse. Apply to Dell Silver, 41t

FOR SALE—11 shoats and 1 young brood sow. Albert Ebersole, Ebersole, Northville Phone 130 J. 43w1

FOR SALE—Two new boats. F. S. Fry, Northville 42w2p

FOR SALE—Old papers by the tray load. Just the thing for putting under carpets or pantry shelves, at the Record office. 28c

FOR SALE—Good work horse; also young cow giving milk. Wesley Mills, Northville. 42w2p

FOR SALE—Well established coal and ice business. Mrs. J. Matson. 28t

FOR RENT—Part of my house on North Center street. Mrs. Sara Lapham. Bell phone 13. 43t

FOR SALE—(load of new milk cows, mostly Holstein. Jay Leavenworth. Both phones. 23t

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. HERB RUTH JEPSON, -OSTEO-PATH. Will take patients at \$25.00 per week at her Sanatorium at 1951, Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich. All kinds of cases except infectious or contagious diseases are handled here. For further information address Dr. B. R. Jepson, 1951 Woodward avenue or call at Northville office, at Mr. Fitt Johnson's residence Tuesday or Friday of any week. Detroit phone, Bell North 3896. Northville phone Home 145-R. Nov. 19 '10

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor)

Sunday Morning subject, "Christianity a Personal Experience." Union services in the evening at the Baptist church in honor of the G. A. R. Our people are urged to attend.

The fourth quarterly conference, which is the last for this year, will be held Thursday night, June 1. Every member of the church and congregation is invited. Important business matters will be discussed.

Sunday morning an opportunity will be given to any who desire baptism to present themselves. Also a further reception of members will be held. Anyone desiring to unite with the church are cordially invited to be present at this service.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Best Ice Cream.

The BEST Ice Cream for people who are particular what they eat is what people want when they pay out good money. The Velvet Brand we sell is the Best. None better in the world. Price the same. Confectionary, Cigars, etc.

FINCKEY, D. U. R. Waiting Room.

For Bald Heads

A Treatment that Costs Nothing if It Fails.

We want you to try three large bottles of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic on our personal guarantee that the trial will not cost you a penny if it does not give you absolute satisfaction. That's proof of our faith in this remedy, and it should indisputably demonstrate that we know what we are talking about when we say that Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will grow hair on bald heads, except where baldness has been of such long duration that the roots of the hair are entirely dead, the follicles closed and grown over, and the scalp is glazed.

Remember, we are basing our statements upon what has already been accomplished by the use of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, and we have the right to assume that what it has done for thousands of others it will do for you. In any event you cannot lose anything by giving it a trial on our liberal guarantee. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store, A. E. Stanley & Co., Northville.

THE WHITE HOUSE

We have a few more Rugs to give away on Saturday, May 27. Every tenth customer who buys one dollar's worth or more, gets one free.

- Stair Carpets 19c, 25c, 30c and 35c yd.
- Carpets 25c, 30c, 45c, 55c, 65c, 75c yd.
- Lace Curtains 50c, 75c, \$1.00 to \$5.50
- Choice Spring Curtains \$1.00 to \$2.50
- Kimono in Percales and Lawns 50c
- Ladies' White Waists 50c to \$2.00
- Choice Lawns 5c, 8c, 10c, 12c and 15c yd.
- Petticoats 50c, 80c, 95c to \$3.50
- Scrump, lots choice patterns
- Bargains in Ladies' Spring Coats
- Dress Skirts, good values
- Wall Paper, Room Moulding

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER.

EDWIN WHITE,

Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

The Leading All Purpose Flour

EVERY sack of Columbus Flour is full of possibilities to the economical and skillful house-wife. Among the almost endless array of inviting and healthful foods that are best made with Columbus Flour are:

- Bread
- Biscuits
- Muffins
- Puddings
- Short Cakes
- Popovers
- Cake
- Pies
- Griddle Cakes
- Gravies
- and lots of other good things.

Try this most dependable family flour. If your grocer doesn't sell it, write and we'll be glad to tell you where to get it.

Columbus Flour

DAVID STOTT, Miller
DETROIT MICHIGAN

For Sale by C. B. RYDER, A. H. KOHLER, FRED OLDENBURG.

J. O. KNAPP
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Insurance, Real Estate, Collecting and
Notary Public at Reasonable Rates.
Office over Lapham Bank
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Good Pansy Plants
Now Ready
NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE
J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phones.

Advertise in the Record Want Column.

Great Auction Sale

Desiring to get out of doors I will sell my Entire Stock of Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Hand-Painted China Silverware, Optical Goods, Fountain Pens, Pianos, etc., to the Highest Bidder.

Sales Every Day at 2:30 & 7:30 p. m.

and continue until all is sold. Goods ordered in April for my spring and summer trade are in, and I am pleased to state, that I can show you a fine line all of which I am forced to close out as quickly as possible.

Afternoon sales are especially for Ladies, who are most cordially invited to attend each and every sale. I want to make these sales as interesting as possible, and to accomplish this I have decided to give away FREE a fine Diamond Ring, worth \$35, and too, I will give fine prizes at every sale.

I have engaged Mr. G. W. French of Ionia, Mich., to conduct this sale for me. While he is not a regular auctioneer, he has made several sales in Ionia reducing his own large stock, and he commands the highest esteem of the best people of his city. Mr. French is a graduate Optometrist and holds State Certificate No. 421. He will test your eyes free, and I will close out my Eye Glasses and Spectacles at half price. This will be a golden opportunity for you. Courteous treatment assured, and a cordial invitation to all.

FINE PIANOS

I had arranged with the factory to handle them direct, and have a fine line of them in stock, all of which must go.

(Copy of Letter from State Savings Bank of Ionia:

Mr. Otto Loomis,
Northville, Mich.
Dear Sir:—In reply to yours in reference to G. W. French of our city, will say that he is perfectly reliable in every way, and has the finest store in this city, and has the trade of the leading people.

Yours truly,
ALEX ROBINSON, Cashier.

OTTO LOOMIS, The Jeweler.

The True Test

Tried in Northville. It has stood the Test.

The hardest test is the test of time, and Doan's Kidney Pills have stood it well in Northville. Kidney sufferers can hardly ask for stronger proof than the following:

J. W. Kator, of Northville, Mich., says: "A year ago I began to have trouble from my kidneys and I was caused much misery by pains across the small of my back. The kidney secretions were irregular and painful in passage and led me to believe that my kidneys were out of order. Hearing about Doan's Kidney Pills, I began their use and in a few weeks I was completely cured. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills an effective medicine for kidney complaint, and I do not hesitate to recommend them."

The above statement was given in a November 1908 and on March 31, 1909, Mr. Kator said: "I can still recommend Doan's Kidney Pills and I have no objection to the continued publication of my testimonial. The cure this remedy made in my case has been permanent."

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

3 MINUTES

In the morning and three minutes at night with a good TOOTH BRUSH and PASTE, will keep your teeth clean and white. Let us recommend

Euthymol Tooth Paste

for the care of your teeth. More economical than a powder or liquid. EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE will accomplish just what it was made for. It will make the teeth white, purify the breath and keep the mouth in a clean, healthy condition. This product is no experiment. We use it, and we know what we claim to be a fact. Try Euthymol Tooth Paste on your teeth to-night.

Price, 25 Cents a Tube.

Murdock Bros.,

DRUGGISTS

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

OSCAR S. HARGER

REAL ESTATE BOUGHT, SOLD and EXCHANGED
Estate's Settled and Managed
Insurance and Loans. Notary Public
Bell Phone 60, 124 N. Center St.
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

EXCURSIONS

PERE MARQUETTE
ON
SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1911
BAY CITY

Train will leave Northville at 8:42 a. m.
Returning, leave Bay City at 6:45 p. m.

ROUND TRIP RATES

RENT..... 90C
SAGINAW & BAY CITY \$1.40

TO CURE SORE BUNIONS.

Treatment Marvelously Quick for
This and All Foot Troubles

"Dissolve two tablets in a basin of hot water; soak the feet in this for full fifteen minutes, gently massaging the sore parts. (Less time will not give desired results.) Repeat this each night until cure is permanent." All pain and inflammation is drawn out instantly and the bunion soon is reduced to normal size. Corns and callouses can be peeled right off and will stay off. Sore, tender feet and smelly, sweaty feet need but a few treatments. A twenty-five cent package of Calocide is usually sufficient to put the worst feet in fine condition. Calocide is no longer confined to only the doctors' use. Any druggist has it in stock or will quickly get it from his wholesale house. This will prove a welcome item to persons who have been vainly trying to cure their foot troubles with ineffective tablets and foot powders.

The popular R. J. Rider Fountain Pens at auction sale. Loomis.

Show Cases, contents and Fixtures for sale. Otto Loomis.

Sprains require treatment. Keep quiet and apply Calocide and Liniment freely. It will remove the soreness and quickly restore the parts to a healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.
Wheat, white—\$1.87 Wheat, red—\$1.87
Oats, New—35c
Shelled corn—55c
Baled hay per ton—\$15.00
Hops dressed—\$8.00
Cattle—\$5.50
Lamb—\$5.00
Butter—22c
Eggs—12c-14c

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Catholic services at 8:00 Sunday morning in Chadwick's hall.

Miss Ruth Willis of Detroit is clerking in J. S. Haddock's grocery store.

There will be a special meeting of Northville Lodge, No. 186, F. & A. M., next Monday evening, May 29. Work on the First Degree.

A number from here attended a special meeting of the Eastern Star at Farmington Tuesday evening. Four candidates were initiated.

Charles Dingman was prostrated by the heat while working in the condensery Saturday and had to be taken home. He is better now.

The Tigers manage to win at least half the games these days—or rather we should say the visiting teams manage to lose half of 'em—any how.

George W. Rider of Farmington and Miss Mina Vansickle of this place were married at the home of and by Rev. George Gullen one evening last week.

S. E. Cranson is digging the cellar for his new house on Randolph street. This is not figuratively speaking either for Sam is really doing the work himself—for exercise, we presume.

Miss Ruth Vradenburg of this place is one of the graduates at the Detroit Commercial college on June 2. She has taken a course in book-keeping, stenography and three other commercial subjects.

Mrs. Mark Ambler of Detroit, who underwent a serious operation a few weeks ago, is getting along nicely and expects soon to be able to leave the hospital. Mrs. Ambler was formerly a resident of this place.

Rev. Mr. King, the M. E. pastor at Plymouth, and Paul Pentfield of this place didn't know they had such speedy autos until a Plymouth traffic cop timed them the other day. Then in the municipal court they each paid \$5 fine.

Northville Commandery will attend Ascension day services, May 28, in the Methodist church at Farmington, in full dress uniform, taking the 11:15 a. m. train for Northville at 9:00 o'clock a. m. sharp.

Neighboring towns will please take notice that Northville will celebrate July 4th. This notice is given out thus early so that our neighbors will not go to the expense of getting up a celebration on a day when all their own citizens will come to this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Sherard, who were recently married in Gerrardstown, West Virginia, have moved into the east part of Mrs. Katharine Strong's house on Dunlap street. Mr. Sherard is an employee at the U. S. Fish Station at this place.

Now if the weather weren't will let the weather alone for a while the people will do their own guessing. The weather reports had it raining every day last week and not until Saturday night did it come. The rain then stopped but the same old weather report kept on coming.

At the Matinee Saturday, Starkweather's King Hal won first in class A, Hubam's French K second and Vanilets, Don Wood third. Starkweather won them all in class B. Lyon and Huntington of Plymouth won the motor-cycle races. The ball game was won by Detroit by a score of 9 to 5.

The "All Stars" defeated the Redford Juniors Saturday by a score of 6 to 2. Our boys played faultless ball and our pitchers, Stimpson and Ferguson only allowed the "Redies" five hits. They will meet the Northwood A. C. tomorrow and a good game is looked for. Let everybody turn out and get the worth of their money. Stimpson or Ferguson will pitch.

Nothing reserved, but all must go at Loomis' auction sale.

There will be a demonstration of the famous One Minute Washing Machine in front of Hoff's hardware store Saturday.

A fine line of Pianos must go at Loomis' auction sale.

Ladies! Auction sales are popular; why not attend the Loomis' household sales. Every article guaranteed.

Any skin itching is a temper-temper. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Atkinson

Let us see the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:

Allen Hanley
Edward Scott
J. P. McPherson
Mrs. Geo. R. Nims
Catherine M. Payne

George Hills is improving the appearance of his house by the addition of a new coat of blue white paint.

Mrs. E. B. Lapham gave a birthday party to 27 very young ladies Tuesday afternoon in honor of her daughter Elizabeth's seventh birthday. They all had a fine time.

All Northville will rejoice at the outcome of the Judge Tengan case in Detroit last week. Mrs. Tengan won out and her many friends here are glad. Her best witnesses were among the Judge's own relatives. Mrs. Tengan is very popular in Northville and is one of the best church, society and charitable organization workers in the village.

The Great Auction sale began Thursday and the people are greatly pleased with their bargains. Every lady in our country should attend these sales.

Novi News.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the friends and neighbors for all the kindnesses rendered us during the illness and death of Mr. Rice, and assure them all it is greatly appreciated.
Mrs. A. T. Rice and Children.

Happiest Girl in Lincoln.

A Lincoln, Neb., girl writes: "I had been ailing for some time with chronic constipation and stomach trouble. I began taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and in three days I was able to be up and get better right along. I am the proudest girl in Lincoln to find such a good medicine." For sale by all dealers.

WHOLESALE FROM DETROIT CITY

Two Car Loads of 'Em Soon to Visit Northville.

The citizens of Northville will be very glad to know that the trolley trips of the Wholesalers & Manufacturers' Association of Detroit will include a visit to our city.

The various trips planned by the Detroiters will cover a period of over two months, and while definite plans have not as yet been settled for visiting Northville, we are assured by the Trade Promotion committee of the association that our merchants will be called upon in a social way before the series of trips are concluded.

We will be prepared to give advice of the exact date of the visit to Northville previous to the arrival of our friends.

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.

Have your Eyes tested free by an expert of 30 years' experience. Eye Glasses and Spectacles ball price at Loomis' sale. Examinations free forenoons.

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.

Doc Says==

May Thirtieth, aside from its Historical and Sentimental Merits, has got to be quite an Important Date in the Clothing World. Every Year More and More People set it as a day on which to don their New Summer Clothing.

Our Line of

Kirschbaum's Guaranteed All-Wool Clothing

is without exaggeration the Best we have ever shown. Mostly Worsted in finish; in colors they are Blue Serges, Plain and Fancy Grays, in Broken Plaids and Browns in all the New Colorings.

We are also selling a Strictly All-Wool 18-oz. Blue Serge for \$10. It is a peach. Now is a good time to decorate yourself with one of them.

Carhartt's KaKi Pants, Peg Top, Cuffs and Belt of same material; the Best Working Pant Ever Made for the Money, \$1.50.

Boys' 2-pe. Blue Serge Suit. All-Wool, Fast Colors; Pants Knickerbocker Style and Peg Tops. Prices \$5.00 and \$7.00.

Hot Weather Shirts

The soft light weight Swazette, than which there is nothing more comfortable or sightly, made Coat Style and French Cuffs. We are also showing the same styles in French Flannels, just the thing for an outing.

Hot Weather Collars

The Soft Kind that are so popular. We have them in both Men's and Boys' Sizes.

Hot Weather Underwear

We are showing a Complete Line of the "Porosknit" for Men and Boys, in all combinations, as follows: ankle length with short sleeves, knee lengths, short sleeves, knee length, no sleeves.

Bathing Suits

Bathing Suits—in styles, 1 and 2-pe Suits, all sizes 28 to 44.

Straw Hats

In an Endless Profusion for all.

Everwear Hosiery

Six Pair Guaranteed to last six months without a break if alternated in wear.

Trunks, Suit Cases and Hand Bags

We are making a specialty of Travelers' Outfits and can furnish you most anything.

Sun Hats

An Endless Profusion of those cool, comfortable protectors, from the scorching rays of Old Sol.



WM. GORTON

77 Main Street
North Side
NORTHVILLE.

The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting trip with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Behari Lal Chatterji, the appointed mouthpiece of The Bell, addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box, "The Token," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

"You will have it that I must surrender my only advantage—my incognito. If I tell you how I happen to know who you are, I must tell you who I am. Immediately you will lose interest in me, because I'm really not at all advanced. I doubt if I should understand your book if I had to read it."

"Which heaven forbids! But why," he insisted mercilessly, "do you wish me to be interested in you?" She flushed becomingly at this, and acknowledged the touch with a rueful, smiling glance. "But, because I'm interested in you," she admitted openly.

"And why?" "Are you hardened to such adventures?" She nodded in the direction the babu had taken. "Are you accustomed to being treated with extraordinary respect by stray Bengalis and accepting tokens from them? Is romance commonplace to you?" "Oh," he said, disappointed, "if it's only the adventure—Of course, that's easily enough explained. This half-witted mammoth—don't ask me how he came to be here—thought he recognized in me some one he had known in India. Let's have a look at this tokening."

He disclosed the bronze box and let her take it in her pretty fingers. "It must have a secret spring," she concluded, after a careful inspection. "I think so, but—"

"She shook it, holding it by her ear. There's something inside—it rattles ever so slightly. I wonder!"

"No more than I!"

"And what are you going to do with it?" She returned, it reluctantly.

"Why, there's nothing to do but keep it till the owner turns up, that I can see."

"You won't break it open?"

"Not until I'm convinced of knowing me and I've exhausted every artifice, trying to find the catch."

"Are you a patient person, Mr. Amber?"

"Not extraordinarily so, Miss Farrell."

"Oh, how did you guess?"

"By remembering not to be stupid. You are Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Colonel Farrell of the British Indian army, in India. He chuckled cheerfully over his triumph of deductive reasoning. You are telling the Q. A. for a few days, while en route for India with some friends whose name I've forgotten."

"The Rolands, etc. prompted in volubility."

"Thank you. The Rolands, who are stopping in New York. You've lived several years with your father in India, went back to London to 'come out' and are returning, having been presented at the court of St. James. Your mother was an American girl, a schoolmate of Mrs. Quain's. I'm afraid that's the whole sum of my knowledge of you."

"You've turned the tables early, Mr. Amber," she admitted. "And Mr. Quain wrote you all that?"

"I'm afraid he told me almost as much about you as he told you about me. We're old friends, you know. And now I come to think of it Quain has one of the few photographs of me extant. So my claim of reasonings complete. And I think we'd better hurry on to Tangletwood."

"Indeed yes. Mrs. Quain will be wild with worry if that animal finds his way back to the stable without me; I've been very thoughtful."

"How much longer shall you stay at Tangletwood, Miss Farrell?"

"Unfortunately," she sighed, "I must leave on the early train tomorrow to join the Rolands in New York."

"You don't want to go?"

"I'm not an American, Mr. Amber. I've learned to love the country already. Besides, we start immediately for San Francisco, and I'll be such a little while before I'll be in India."

"You don't care for India?"

"I've known it for less than six years, but already I've come to hate it as thoroughly as any English woman there. It sits there like a great, insatiable monster, devouring English lives. Indirectly it was responsible for my mother's death; she never recovered from the illness she contracted when my father was stationed in the Deccan. In the course of time it will kill my father, just as it did his father and his elder brother. It's a cruel, hateful, ungrateful land—not without the price we pay for it."

"I know how you feel," he said with sympathy. "It's been a good many years since I visited India, and of course I then saw and heard little of the darker side. Your people are brave enough, out there."

"They are. I don't know about government, but its servants are loyal and devoted and unselfish and cheer-

ful. And I don't at all understand," she added in confusion, "why I should have decided to inflict upon you my emotional hatred of the country. Your question gave me the opening, and I forgot myself."

"I assure you I was thoroughly shocked, Miss Farrell."

"Will you tell me something?"

"If I can."

"About the man who wouldn't acknowledge knowing you? You remember saying three people had been mistaken about your identity this afternoon?"

"No, only one—the babu. You're not mistaken."

"I knew you must be David Amber the moment I heard you speaking Urdu."

"And the man at the station wasn't mistaken—unless I am. He knew me perfectly, I believe, but for reasons of his own refused to recognize me."

"Yes?"

"He was an English servant named Doggett, who is—or once was—a valet in the service of an old friend, a man named Rutton."

"She repeated the name: 'Rutton.' It seems to me I've heard of him."

"You have?"

"I don't remember," she confessed, knitting her level brows. "The name has a familiar ring, somehow. But about the valet?"

"Well, I was very intimate with his employer for a long time, though we haven't met for several years. Rutton was a strange creature, a man of extraordinary genius, who lived a friendless, solitary life—at least, so far as I knew. I once lived with him in a little place he had in Paris for three months and in all that time he never received a letter or a caller. He was reticent about himself, and I never asked any questions, of course, but in spite of the fact that he spoke English like an Englishman and was a public school man, apparently, I always believed he had a strain of Hun or Italian blood in him—or else Italian or Spanish. I know that sounds pretty broad, but he was emigrative—a native I never managed to make much of. Aside from that he was wonderful—a linguist, speaking a dozen European languages and more eastern tongues and dialects. I believe, than any other living man. We must be incident in Berlin and were drawn together by our common interest in orientalism. Later, hearing I was in Paris, he hunted me up and insisted that I stay with him there while finishing my big book—the one whose title you know. His assistance to me then was invaluable. After that I lost track of him."

"And the valet?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten Doggett. He is a cheerful, self-contained fellow, a Nankin. I met Doggett at the station, called him by name, and he refused to admit knowing me—said I must have mistaken him for his twin brother. I could tell by his eyes that he lied, and it made me wonder. It's quite impossible that Rutton should be in this neck of the woods. He was a man who preferred to live a hermit in centers of civilization."

"I don't wonder you think so. Perhaps the man had been up to some mischief."

"But," said the girl with a note of regret, "we're almost home!"

"They had come to the seaward verge of the woodland, where the trees and scrub rose like a well-hedged row on one side of a broad, well-metalled highway."

"To the right, on the other side of the road, a rustic fence enclosed the trim, well-groomed plantations of Tangletwood Lodge; through the dead limbs a window of the house winked in the sunset glow like an eye of garnet. And as the two appeared a man came running up the road, shouting:

"That's Quain!" cried Amber; and sent a long cry of greeting toward him.

"Wait!" said the girl impulsively, putting out a detaining hand. "Let's keep our secret," she begged, her eyes dancing. "Just for the fun of it."

"O—secret?"

"About the babu and the Token, it's a bit of mystery and romance to me—and we don't often find that in our lives, do we? Let us keep it personal for a while—between ourselves; and you will promise to let me know if anything unusual ever comes of it after I've gone. We can say that I was riding carelessly, which is quite true, and that the horse shied and threw me, which again is true. But the rest for ourselves only."

"Please?"

"What do you say?"

"He was infected by her spirit of irresponsible mischief. 'Why, yes—' I say yes," he replied, and then, more gravely, "I think it'll be very pleasant to share a secret with you, Miss Farrell. I can't say a word to any one, until I have to."

"As events turned he had no need to mention the incident until the morning of the seventh day following the girl's departure. In the interim nothing happened and he was able to enjoy some excellent shooting with Quain, his thoughts undisturbed by any further appearance of the babu."

But on the seventh morning it became evident that a burglary had been visited upon the home of his hosts. A window had been forced in the rear of the house and a trail of burnt matches and candle-grease between that entrance and the door of Amber's room, together with the somewhat curious circumstance that nothing whatever was missing from the personal effects of the Quains, forced him to make an explanation. For his own belongings had been rifled and the bronze box, alone abstracted—still preserving its secret.

In its place Amber found a soiled slip of note paper inscribed with the round, unformed handwriting of the babu: "Pardon, sahib. A mistake has been made. I seek but to regain that which is not yours, to possess. There will be naught else taken. A thousand excuses from your humble obt. svt. Behari Lal Chatterji."

CHAPTER III.

Marooned.

A cry in the windy dusk; a sudden, hollow booming overhead; a vision of countless wings in rapid, scathed flight upon a background of dulled silver; two heavy detonations; and, with the least of intervals, a third; three vivid flashes of crimson and gold stabbing the purple twilight; and then the acrid reek of smokeless drifting into Amber's face, while from the sky, where the V-shaped flock had been, two stricken bundles of blood-stained feathers fell slowly, fluttering.

Shotgun poised abreast, his keen eyes marking down the fall of his prey, Amber stood without moving, exultation battling with a vague remorse in his bosom—as always when he killed. Quain, who had dropped back a pace after firing but one shot and scoring an unqualified miss at close range, now stood plucking clumsily, with half-frozen fingers, at an oostinate breachblock.

"Just my beastly luck," he growled. "It wouldn't've been me if—How many'd you got, Davy?"

"Only two," said Amber, lowering his weapon, extracting the spent shells, and reloading.

"Only two!" The information roused in Quain a demon of sarcasm. "Only

but white of crests. Beyond, seen dimly as a wall through driving sheets of snow, were the darkly wooded rises of the mainland."

But, in the gloom, their little catboat lay occult to his searching gaze. Quain's voice recalling him, he turned to discover his host stumbling through a neighboring vale, and obeying a peremptory wave of the elder man's hand, descended, accompanied by an avalanche in miniature.

"Better hurry," shouted Amber, as soon as he could make himself heard above the screaming of the gale. "Wind's freshening; it looks like mean weather."

"Really?" Quain fell into-step at his side. "You stonish me. But the good Lord knows I'm willin'! Whereabout's the boat?"

"Blessed if I know: over yonder somewhere," Amber told him, waving toward the bay-shore an arm as vaguely helpful as his information.

"Thank you so much. Guess I can find her all right. Hump yo'self, Davy."

They plodded on heavily, making fair progress in spite of the hindering sand.

A little later they came to the water's edge and proceeded steadily along it, Quain leading confidently. Eventually he tripped over some obstacle, stumbled and lurched forward and recovered his balance with an effort, then, remained with bowed head, staring down at his feet.

"Hurt yourself, old man?"

"No!" snapped Quain rudely. "Then what is it?"

"Eh?" Quain roused, but an instant longer looked him blankly in the eye. "Oh," he added brightly, "oh, she's gone."

"The boat?"

"The boat," affirmed Quain, too discouraged for the obvious retort ungracious. He stooped and caught up a frayed end of rope, exhibiting it in witness to his statement. "Aint it hell!" he inquired plaintively.

He cast the rope from him in disdain and wheeled to stare baywards. "There!" he cried, leveling an arm to indicate a dark and fleeting shadow upon the storm-whipped water. "There she goes—not 300 feet off. It can't be

in the moments that followed, while he stood listening, with every fiber of his being keyed to attention, the sense of his utter isolation chilled his heart as with cold steel.

A little frantically he loaded and fired again; but what at first might have been thought the faint far echo of a hail he in the end set down reluctantly to a trick of the bagridden wind.

An hour passed, punctuated at frequent intervals by gunshots. Though they evoked no answer of any sort, hope for Quain died hard in Amber's heart. Resolutely, he turned to a consideration of his own plight and a problematic way of escape.

His understanding of his situation was painfully accurate, he was marooned upon what a fine old man had called a desert island but which at the ebb was a peninsula a long and narrow strip of sand, bounded on the west by the broad shallow channel to the coast, on the east cornered with the mainland by a sandbar which left no day to be submerged.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

QUEENS BOROUGH TIN HORSES

How Nightmares, Hobbies and Ponies of Beer Were Put on the City's Pay Roll.

"What's all this talk I hear about tin horses in Queens borough?"

"I'm surprised at your ignorance. Tin horses are a mere term used to designate equines which never existed, part of a graft game."

"Explain some more, please."

"Well, it was like this. If a fellow with a pull wanted some extra money he would have a couple of nightmares, report to the powers that be that he had a team, and they would be hired, at so much a day, for city work."

"Did all of the grafters have to have nightmares?"

"O, no; one of the gang had his wife's two clothes horses, drawing full pay."

"He was a genius."

"Yes, another man had a hobby about not wanting to work; his son had a hobby horse, and so he doubled them up and sent in bills for a team, at least, so I hear."

"That's interesting."

"Yes, rather. There was a rumor going around the other day that a man who owned a pair of ponies of beer also figured in the game."

"I suppose if one of the gang's wife and daughters owned pony skin coats they could have got on the pay roll too."

"Sure thing; it was a pony skin game, all the way through."

"And all that these fake horses ever drew was pay?"

"That's true, although they have set tongues awagging"—Brooklyn Times.

The Siamese Cat.

Siamese cats, with various markings and loud, dissonant voices, are favorite pets.

In many respects the Siamese breed are like dogs. They follow their masters like dogs, they are exacting in their demands and insist upon being fed and they mew loudly and incessantly when they are not being talked to.

In color they vary from white through shades of brown to black. There are two varieties, the Siamese and the Burmese, and the difference between them is that the Siamese are more intelligent and more affectionate.

Oh, all right.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Many a girl has too many strings to her beau.

Don't mind being laughed at; some day you may splash mud on the laughers with your touring car.

Try Martin's Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Lids. No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Martin's Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes New Size 25c. Martin's Liquid 50c-50c.

Their Time. Foolish Fred—Do you like lobsters? Pert Polly—Yes, both human and crustacean, in their salad days.

"When a Wife is Cruel." The husband rushed into the room where his wife was sitting. "My dear," said he, excitedly, "guess what! Intelligence has just reached me!"

The wife gave a jump at this point, rushed to her husband, and, kissing him fervently, interrupted with: "Well, thank heaven, Harry!"

Made Father Better Himself. When Dorothy Meldrum was a little younger—she is but ten now—her father asked her on her return from Sunday school what the lesson of the day had been.

"Dandruff in the lion's den," was her answer.

Ever since Rev. Andrew B. Meldrum, D. D., has personally applied himself to the religious instruction of his little daughter.—Exchange

Her Qualifications. Pat and his little brown mare were familiar sights to the people of the town of Garry. The mare was lean, blind and lame, but by dint of much coaxing Pat kept her to the harness.

One day while leading her to water he had to pass a corner where a crowd of would-be sports had congregated. Thinking to have some amusement at Pat's expense, one called out:

"Hello here, Pat! I'm looking for the real goods. How much is that mare of yours able to draw?"

"Begorra," said Pat, "I can't say exactly, but it seems to be able to draw the after-shun of every foot in town!"—The Housekeeper.

OF COURSE.



Weeks—I once knew a man who's ally enjoyed moving. Weeks—I don't believe it. Weeks—it's a fact. You see, I've lived in a houseboat.

One Cook

May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill! People appreciate, who have once tasted.

Post Toasties

A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite! "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite! "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

Libby's

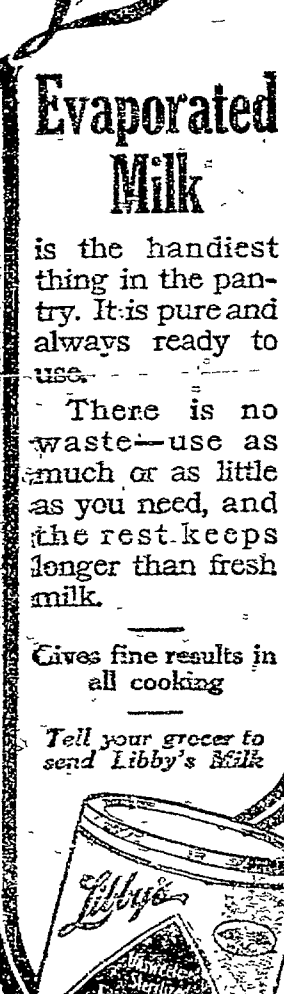
Evaporated Milk

is the handiest thing in the pantry. It is pure and always ready to use.

There is no waste—use as much or as little as you need, and the rest keeps longer than fresh milk.

Gives fine results in all cooking

Tell your grocer to send *Libby's Milk*



"Children, children, will you stop that noise! I can't read a line," she postulated the mother. "Now, Margy go play with some of your toys and Polly, let your little sister alone."

Margy retired to another part of the room, but none of her playthings seemed to afford her amusement. She gave yearning glances toward her sister, who was now intently reading.

Margy could stand the tunc no longer. "Mother," she besought in a whining voice, "please make Sister Polly stop letting me alone." Every

Read the little book, "The Road to Greenville" in pags.

PUTNAM

FADELE

SS DYES

NOVI NEWS.

Burel Bogart has the measles. Mark Risner and wife spent Wednesday in Northville. Mrs. Frank Deer of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. Deer. Herman Smith of Saginaw visited his parents recently. Mrs. Sarah Pinney of Detroit spent Sunday with Novi friends. Mrs. Bertha Palethorp and Mrs. Lizzie Coates spent Friday in Pontiac. The "What I Can" society will meet in the Baptist church parlors

instead of with Mrs. Burton Munro, Saturday afternoon from 1 to 6. Mrs. Woodworth of Detroit is visiting friends and relatives here. Mr. Verbyne is improving the appearance of his house by a coat of paint. Mr. and Mrs. Burton Munro are visiting in Bay City and Saginaw this week. Almond Hoeser and wife of North Farmington visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Bathrick, Sunday. John Russell, formerly of this

"I have been somewhat costive, but Doan's Regulets gave just the results desired. They act mildly and regulate the bowels perfectly."—George B. Krause, 306 Walnut Ave., Altoona, Pa.

place, has returned from the West and will remain here for a time. Mrs. Edith Finn of Mt. Morris visited from Friday until Monday with her friend, Mrs. Bertha Palethorp, at the home of Mrs. Lorisa Barberick. Miss Alice McCowan is making a lively bustle in the Record Piano contest. Some other Novi young ladies are also in and as there is two months yet, there is still a chance for all the contestants.

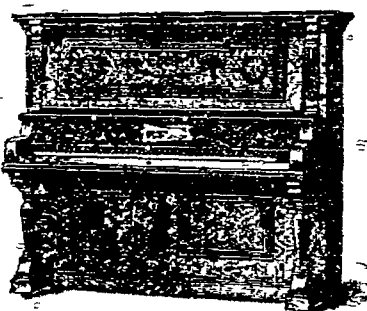
Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhoea and lose several days' time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by all dealers.

\$500 in Prizes

TO BE DISTRIBUTED BY
THE NORTHVILLE RECORD
In Its Great Prize Voting Contest.

The Capital Prize to be a

**\$400.00
OAKLAND
PIANO**



The Progress Merchants of Northville have contributed the following valuable prizes, printed below, and will give

**Record
Prize Vote
Coupons**
With \$1.00 Cash Purchases

RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING CONTEST ARE AS FOLLOWS:

- Announcement**—This Piano and Popular Ladies Voting contest will be conducted fairly and honestly on business principles, strictly with justice and fairness to all concerned. With the above principles the contest will be in assured success.
- Prizes**—The capital prize will be an Oakland Piano. Also other valuable prizes will be given which are announced hereafter.
- Candidates**—Young ladies in this and adjoining towns are eligible to enter this contest and the party receiving the largest number of votes shall receive the beautiful \$400.00 Oakland Piano and other premiums will be distributed in accordance with contestants standing at the final count.
- Their Votes**—Should any of the contestants be in doubt, the Publisher's Mutual Co. will award a small prize in accordance with standing at the final count.
- Votes Closed**—Votes will be issued in the following denominations: New Subscriptions 100 votes \$1.00 Renewals, more than one year, 600 votes, for \$1.00 Back subscriptions, 600 votes, for \$1.00 Five year new subscriptions 5,000 votes \$1.00 Ten years new subscriptions, 12,500 votes \$1.00 Twenty years new subscriptions, 30,000 votes \$1.00
- Instructions**—Results as to day of votes will be issued after 30 days. No votes will be accepted at less than regular price of paper connected in this contest. No one connected with this paper will be allowed to become a candidate in this contest or work for contestants. Votes after being voted cannot be transferred to another. Be sure you know when you are going to vote for before coming to the ballot box. The editor or any one will positively not give you any information on the subject. The keys to government ballot box shall be in possession of the awarding committee during the contest. For the first thirty days the paper will run a 25 vote coupon which can be voted free for any lady contestant. Contest to run not less than 90 days. Closing of contest will be announced 25 days in advance of closing. The right to postpone date of closing is reserved if sufficient cause should occur. The contest shall close on a day which will be announced later. Ten days prior to closing contest the judges will carefully look over ballot box and take the same to the bank, where the same will be kept in a place where the voting can be done during business hours and locked in a vault at night until close of contest, when the judges will take charge and count same and announce the young ladies winning in their turn. The last ten days all voting must be done in a sealed box at bank. If you do not wish anyone to know whom you are voting for place your name for subscriptions together with your coupons in a sealed envelope, which will be furnished you, and put same in ballot box. This will give everyone a fair and square deal.

Ladies' Bicycle Value \$25.00 DONATED BY James A. Huff HARDWARE We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	42-pc Dinner Set Value \$10.00 DONATED BY C. E. Ryder Staple and Fancy Groceries We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
Pair Ladies' Hunting Shoes Value \$10.00 DONATED BY Will L. Tingham EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	Ladies' Knit Coat Value \$10.00 DONATED BY Wm. Gorton CLOTHIER We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
2-Pr. Lace Curtains Value \$10.00 DONATED BY Chas. A. Ponsford DRY GOODS We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	Leather Rocker Value \$15.00 DONATED BY Schrader Brothers FURNITURE—UNDERTAKING We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
Willow Rocker Value \$10.00 DONATED BY Fred Oldenburg Staple and Fancy Groceries We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	Solid Brass Rayo-Lamp Value \$7.50 DONATED BY A. E. Stanley DRUGGIST—REXALL STORE We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
In Trade Value \$15.00 DONATED BY Wm. H. Cattermole HARNESS, IMPLEMENTS, ETC. We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	Black Plumie Value \$5.00 DONATED BY Mrs. G. A. Tingham MILLINERY We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
Ladies' Watch Value \$10.00 DONATED BY Otto Loomis JEWELER We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	\$10.00 IN GOLD to Contestant having Highest Number of Votes at first count. May 30.

BE SURE AND ASK FOR PIANO COUPONS.

The American Lady Corset

For the woman who cares. Have your new dresses fitted over this popular garment. Your model is here.

\$1.00 to \$3.00.

Hosiery! Hosiery!

Ladies' Pure Silk Hose 50c
Ladies' Gauze Lisle Hose, Black, Tan, Lt. Blue, Pink, Pearl Grey and Lavenders, at 25c.
Boys' and Girls' Hose. Nothing better than Cadets, (they are guaranteed) at 25c pr.

No Lady should be without one of our \$1.00 Tub Dresses; all colors; high or low neck; long or short sleeves.

Misses' Dresses, better than you would make at home, sized from 6 to 14 years, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.25. They are well made and beautifully trimmed.

SPECIAL

Call our last publication. Van's Negatives. Dress Size, 36 to 44, 39c, 3 for \$1.00.

PONSFORD'S, NORTHVILLE.

WIXOM NEWS.

Born Monday, May 22, to B. A. Holden and wife, a son.

Miss Alice Wixom spent Wednesday and Thursday in Pontiac.

Mrs. R. A. Butwell and daughter were Detroit visitors Saturday.

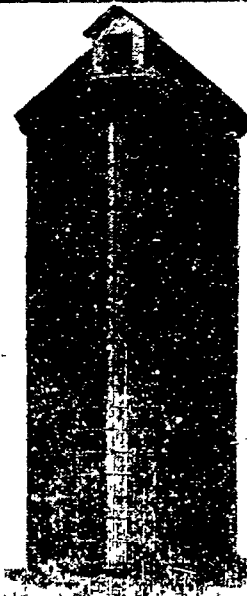
Mrs. H. E. Savies and children are visiting in Hillsdale and vicinity. Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Alice Wixom to Dr. Harry A. Stibley of Pontiac on June 7, at the bride's home.

B. D. Burch and wife, F. F. Burch and wife and E. B. Furman attended the funeral of their uncle, Wesley Sly, at Cleveland, O., Wednesday.

Mrs. Betsey Longnecker, an old and respected resident of this place, died at her home Saturday, aged 81 years. The funeral was held from the church Wednesday, Rev. Shipman of Detroit officiated.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

It Pays to Advertise in the Record Want Column.



Every advance step in the world's history has at first been met with more or less opposition and hostility. But true merit always wins and for this reason

THE IMPERISHABLE SILO

soon wins against all competition. It makes friends and enthusiastic advocates wherever it is introduced. Being built of **Patented Hollow Blocks of Vitriified Clay**, a material that lasts always, it is in immediate favor over the decaying, shrinking, tottering, storm-tossed stave silo and being impervious to moisture it keeps the silage perfectly clear up to the wall and is therefore superior to any form of cement. Our silo is not a cement silo. The Imperishable is strong, needs no paint outside or coating inside. Simply Ideal.

Imperishable Silo Co.
HUNTINGTON, IND.

For Catalog and particulars call on
RAY H. BAKER, Local Agent, Northville, Mich.



Paint Advice

Let us help you, with some experienced paint advice, to select the right paint for your home. It requires experience and paint knowledge, because the paint is just as important as the lumber, hardware and furnishings. We can help you. Also let us show you some tasteful color combinations for your home; let us explain why, if you ask your painter to use

ACME QUALITY

HOUSE PAINT

you will save money and get better paint. The real test of paint value is not the per gallon cost, but the yards of surface it will cover and the years it will last. Acme Quality House Paint costs less because it takes less and lasts longer.

Come in and get an Acme Quality Painting Guide Book and some color suggestions.

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose.

WM. H. CATTERMOLLE Northville, Michigan

PAINTS, HARNESS, FARM IMPLEMENTS, WAGONS, CARRIAGES.