

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XLII, No. 47.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1911.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## DETROIT HARBOR FOLKS HERE YESTER

### WHOLESALE AND MANUFACTURERS IN NORTHVILLE.

#### The Village in Gala Attire to Welcome Them

Two special car loads of Detroit Wholesalers and Manufacturers et al arrived here at 11 a. m. Thursday. They were all five wires headed by Detroit's mayor, W. B. Thompson and the mayor was just as live-a-wire as the "Harbor" city can produce.

Mayor Childen welcomed the big bunch in a fitting manner and turned over all the village's keys that could be found and Detroit's mayor responded in his usual graceful manner.

Then the visitors were shown about the town by auto and by foot guides, until time to be whirled away to Plymouth where they were fed by the business men there.

In the way of decorations and entertainment, Northville did itself proud. All the business places were nicely decorated for the occasion and refreshments and cigars dealt out in a lavish manner. Mrs. Brock served punch and wafers in their store and at other places cigars, etc. were in evidence, and the visitors voted the town as being all right.

## NORTHVILLE HORSES AT MONROE RACES

### GEORGE STANLEY AND THIBBETS BROS. HAVE THEIRS.

#### Harry German Will Also Have a Classy Pacer There.

Tuesday next is the beginning of the Michigan Short Ship Races. Monroe is the opening city and four days' racing is on the program. George Stanley's chestnut gelding, "Tyros" will start in one of the events and Thibbets Bros' little bay mare, "Michigan Queen," which is

under lease to Harry S. German, will also be on the program. These horses have been doing extra good miles in the hands of Trainer Gray of Monroe. It was Gray who piloted Harry German's Grace G, 2:05 1/2, to the front last fall in the \$5,000 pacing stakes at the State Fair.

Harry will start his new one, "Major Peeler," a half brother to "German Boy," 2:10 1/2, who has made things lively to all pacers for two years around Michigan.

"Major Peeler" and "Michigan Queen" are both candidates in the Chamber of Commerce races at the Blue Ribbon meeting in Detroit and those seeing their performance at Monroe next week will get some idea of their qualifications for the big Detroit meeting.

## THE "SKIDDOO" CLASS GETS SHEEPSKINS

### LARGEST BUNCH EVER GRADUATED HERE.

#### Interesting Grade Doings All The Week.

##### PRIMARY GRADES

The Commencement week exercises started off Monday afternoon with the primary grades. The little folks all did credit to those who had trained them and the results were very enjoyable. It would be useless to try to say which little one did the best. Three of the little Fredrick children made quite a hit with their popular songs, as did the Farmer twins, Clifford and Clinton. A dialogue in two scenes was given by William Grant and Reginald Hills, which was also enjoyed. The stage was very prettily decorated in plants.

##### JUNIOR EXERCISES

The Juniors gave a very enjoyable musical Monday evening as their share of the week exercises. Gray's orchestra consisting of five pieces, was encased several times. A humorous reading, entitled, "An Asparagus Dishwasher," was given by Katherine White, who really did wash dishes while she recited. A piano duet by Bob Hall and Ray Gray, and two piano solos by Margaret Yerkes and Helen Holmes were also enjoyed. Harold Turner rendered a fine violin solo and Leota

Kenyon's vocal solo was generously applauded.

##### GRAMMAR GRADES

The Grammar grade exercises occurred Tuesday afternoon. Numerous musical selections were given, also an Indian bow and arrow drill. Emily Snyder's German class sang and danced, a very catchy little German song. The playlet, "A Negro Boarding House," was full of laughter from start to finish. Louis Fair was scarcely recognizable in the role of Mrs. Fuzzy, the landlady, and with the other characters, showed up boarding house life in a humorous way.

##### FIGHT GRADE EXERCISES

Tuesday evening was given over to the eighth grade exercises. The stage at the opera house was very prettily decorated with plants and the class motto, "Building for the Future," in blue and gold, carried out the class colors. Although there were thirteen graduates, the exercises went off finely, without a bit of bad luck.

The members of the class marched in to the music of a march played by Marjorie Shafer and Helen Wilkinson. Rev. K. M. Pierce then gave the invocation, which was followed by a song by the class. Mr. J. H. Gutknecht of Ann Arbor gave the class address. When one knows that he has taken first honors in both debating and oratory, they can be sure that his address was fine. The diplomas were presented by Supt. LaRue with an appropriate speech.

##### SOPHOMORE PLAY

The Sophomores gave a play "The Professor" Wednesday afternoon, which was full of humor from first to last. The play was written on the graduation exercises at Rafter High school, and dealt with the cares and trials of the professor. Francis Wilkinson, every one of the Sophomores taking part, seemed to live their part as real was their acting.

##### SENIOR CLASS DAY

Senior class day was celebrated Wednesday evening. The stage presented a very cool, inviting aspect. Maple branches stood about—true to life—while the floor was thickly strewn with the leaves. The Seniors, twenty-three in number, sat on rustic chairs, and the class motto, "Impossible is American," was arranged in green and white, class colors. Each graduate carried white roses, the class flower. Songs by the girls' glee club, piano solos by Norma Hoyle and Viola McNulty, made up a very enjoyable musical of the program.

The president's address, as given by Ralph Shafer, could not have been better if given by President Taft himself. The class history was given by Elizabeth Touney and Raymond Deantel. This history uncovered many long forgotten pranks of childhood, which were enjoyed by all.

The history of Northville, given by Hazel Bovee contained many interesting historical facts, and was very well given.

The class poem, as given by the two class poets, Bertha White and Ruth Christensen, was one equal to any of Longfellow's, while the delivery of them was exceedingly enjoyable.

"Hispania" was the subject upon which Arthur Power discoursed freely, with many Spanish words thrown in.

A talk on "Farming as a Profession" was given by George Simmons, which proved very interesting to both farmers and townspeople.

The class prophecy, as given by Hazel Perkins, disclosed the future of the various Seniors in a rather surprising way, and not at all the figures, that anyone not gifted with her visionary powers, would predict for them.

Edward Bogart's essay entitled, "Physiography of Northville" was very interesting and well given.

Joseph Taback, talking on his own country, Poland, presented a touching plea for help for his countrymen. In a way none could resist. The talk was very interesting as well as instructive, and the delivery fine.

The valedictory was given by Bert Clark, and was one of the finest ever written and given. These constituted a very enjoyable program.

##### COMMENCEMENT NIGHT

The Seniors of 1911 were given their diplomas Thursday evening. Songs by the High school double quartet were very much enjoyed. Miss Anne Jerome rendered a fine solo, and Rev. T. J. Murdock gave the benediction. An address was given by Charles Allen, D. D. of Detroit, was much appreciated by the graduates, as well as the audience. The diplomas were presented by C. L. Dubur, with a few well chosen words to the graduates. Thursday ended the commencement exercises for 1911.

## SUPT. LARUE STOPS AT NORTHVILLE

### HE DECLINES FLATTERING OFFER AT LANSING

#### Offered Assistant to State Supt. of Public Instruction.

Learning of the ability and hustle of Northville's superintendent of schools, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, made Prof. LaRue the tender, last week, of the position of assistant to the State Superintendent. This is the new office created by the last legislature. While appreciating the offer, Mr. LaRue declined to accept, preferring to fulfill his contract here for another year and in the meantime take a special summer course at the U. of M.

## VILLAGE TAXES NOW PAYABLE

The tax roll for the Village of Northville, for the year 1911, is now in the hands of the treasurer at the Lapham State Savings Bank. Taxes may be paid on or before August 1st, 1911, without any additional per cent for collection.

D. H. LAPHAM,  
Village Treasurer.

## Special Bonus Inducements.

For every seven new subscriptions handed in at one time, 10,000 extra votes, making a total of 14,200 votes.

For every seven renewals at one time, 8,000 extra votes, making a total of 11,500 votes.

For every seven back subscriptions at one time, 6,000 extra votes, making a total of 8,800 votes.

For every bunch of forty merchants' coupons brought to this office and counted by the publisher or his assistant he will give 500 extra votes. This will make a total of 1,500 votes in all.

These coupons may be collected from any and all merchants who are in the contest.

Remember the \$10 in gold goes to the one who makes the GREATEST GAIN in number of votes.

The following young ladies have been nominated in this contest:

NORTHVILLE  
Orah Hayes, Mae McCullough  
Ida Morrie, Hattie Pagel  
Thelma Bennett, Madell Tiffin  
Armeda Masters, Gladys C. Morse  
Helen Scherer, Helen Ward

NORTHVILLE  
Flora Hendryx, Martie Kreeper  
Helen Melsner, Edna Kabri  
Mary Payne, Cecil Heinze  
Mae French, Lola Roberts  
Ernest Tiffin, Myra Thompson  
Blanche Clark, Orab Johnson  
Leola Hunt, Jennie VanSickle

NOVI  
Mae McCowan, Miss Lee  
Pearl Taylor, Elsie Woodruff

WATKINS  
Beattie Chafy, Ruth Barrett

WYOM.  
Retta Pearse, Mrs. Will Witt  
Lydia Fuller, Etta Mowrey

PLYMOUTH  
Ruth Huston, Frances Ford  
Hazel Taylor, Charlene Penny

SALEM  
Sadie Walker, Edith Bueers  
Lydia Stevens, Rachel Shipley

NEW BUDSON.  
Miss Richards, Mrs. Bruce Shear

FARMINGTON  
Lillian Phelps, Nettie Dickerson  
Lillian Gildemester

The piano is here and is on exhibit at the furniture store of Schrader Bros.

## HAMMOCKS

Now is the time to get a pretty, comfortable and serviceable. Hammock. Huff's line comprises all of these qualities and at prices that are within the reach of all.

Croquet Sets, Base Ball Goods, Fine Line of Fishing Tackle and other sporting goods, just what is needed for vacation days now near at hand.

Quick Meal and Detroit Vapor Gasoline Stoves and Ovens, New Perfection Oil Stoves, Cabinets and Ovens and "Rayo" Lamps.

Window Screens, Screen Doors, Wire Screen, etc.

There will be a Free Demonstration of the "Simplicity Steam Vulcanizer" for individual use, at Huff's Hardware Store Saturday, July 24th. Auto owners bring your tires.

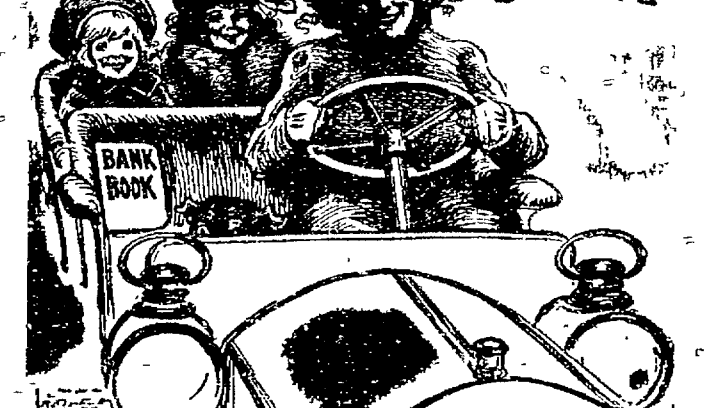
The progressive farmer uses "Cow-Ease" or Fly-Skoot on cattle and other stock for flies and vermin. Would be pleased to supply your wants in either or both. Also bear in mind that at Huff's you can get the genuine "Plymouth Binder Twine"—place orders now.

Sherwin-Williams Paints, Oils and Varnishes.  
"Campbell's Stains" for floors, tinware and furniture.  
Anything in the Hardware line at right prices.

Welcome to Northville July 4th—Big Doings. Come!

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

## YOUR FAMILY CAN BE COMFORTABLE IF YOU have BANKED YOUR MONEY



The price of Plenty is small, it only means beginning to BANK and SAVE money when young.  
Every man owes a DUTY to his wife and children, and the time to provide for their future is when he is young, well and prospering.  
Let OUR Bank be YOUR Bank. We pay 3 per cent interest.

Northville State Savings Bank

## Fireworks!

We have a fine line of Fireworks that are perfectly safe for Children. Everything complies with the Detroit ordinance which is very strict. Send the Children to us for Fireworks.

B. A. WHEELER  
Both Phones. NORTHVILLE.

## Wearing Glasses

is not a sign of old age nor is it a stylish fad. Wearing Proper Glasses is a mark of progression, signifying that you recognize the value of preserving a faculty with which Nature has endowed you.

GLASSES  
as fitted by us, serve the purpose for which they were intended—that of assisting Nature in the work which strenuous, present day life imposes upon her.

G. W. & F. DOLPH  
Dr. Swift Bldg. OPTOMETRISTS. Main St., NORTHVILLE.

We are Headquarters for the  
RICHELIEU BRAND  
OF GOODS—nothing better.

Our Sales of  
HOLSUM BREAD  
is a surprise to us as well as our customers.

"GET THE HABIT"  
TRADE AT RYDER'S

R. R. MCKAHAN  
The Coal, Wood  
and Ice Man

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## HAD BEEN SILENT SUFFERER

Subordinate Officer the Recipient of Hints Intended for His Superior.

A sea captain's wife tells this story of a maiden woman, sister of one of the owners of the ship on which she once made a long voyage. She had very decided opinion on most matters, and she and the captain had many spirited arguments at the dinner table. The captain's wife, a meek, submissive little soul, fearing that in the heat of argument her husband might say something to offend their august passenger, was, in the habit of kicking him on the shins to hint at moderation. Nevertheless, all these reminders passed unheeded.

One day she administered a more vigorous kick than usual, and noticed an expression of pain flash across the face of the mate, who sat opposite her.

"Oh, Mr. Brown, was that your shin?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Blake," said the mate, meekly, "it's been my shin all the voyage, ma'am."—Youth's Companion

## Free to Our Readers.

Write Munn's Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble, and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Munn's Eye Remedies to Your Special Case. Your Druggists will tell you that Munn's Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 5c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

## Two Varieties.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is business courtesy.

Pa—There are two kinds of business courtesy, my son. One, is the kind extended to people who pay cash, and the other is extended to people who don't.

## Use of Arts in Nature.

Prof. J. C. Branner, in the Bulletin of the Geological Society of America, describes the immense importance of ants as geologic agents, especially in tropical regions. Ant burrows have been found at a depth of 35 meters, and they ramify over vast areas.

## The Worth of the Voice.

How wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul. The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only; as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still, small voice and in the voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man—Longfellow, Hyperion

## Couldn't See the Resemblance.

They have been Jelling Assistant Treasurer I met A. Matthews of the Guardian Bank, on his resemblance to President Taft, and Mr. Matthews has steadily refused to be named there by the old poker pulled and the yoke did a natural death.

Until the other night when Mr. and Mrs. Matthews dined together with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harmon and their little daughter, when the Taft resemblance was revived turning to young Miss Harmon Mr. Matthews asked whether she, too, thought he looked like the president.

Dorothy studied long and earnestly then she answered "Not in the face, Uncle Jim."—Cleveland Leader

(A short human interest story written by C. W. Post for the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.)

# Some Day Ask Your Physician

To tell you the curious story of how the mind affects the digestion of food.

I refer to the condition the mind is in, just before, at the time, or just following the taking of food.

If he has been properly educated (the majority have) he will help you understand the curious machinery of digestion.

To start you thinking on this interesting subject, I will try to lay out the plan in a general way and you can then follow into more minute details.

Pavlov (pronounce Pavloff) a famous Russian Physician and Chemist, experimenting on some dogs, cut into the tube leading from the throat to the stomach.

They were first put under chloroform or some other anesthetic and the operation was painless. They were kept for months in very good condition.

When quite hungry some unappetizing food was placed before them and, although hunger forced them to eat, it was shown by analysis of the contents of the stomach that little if any of the digestive juices were found.

Then, in contrast some raw meat was put where they could reach it at once, and a little time allowed for the minds of the dogs to "anticipate" and create an appetite. When the food was finally given them, they devoured it ravenously and with every evidence of satisfaction. The food was passed out into a dish through the opening before it reached the stomach. It was found to be mixed with "Pepsin," the alkaline juice of the mouth which is important for the first step in digestion. Then an analysis was made of the contents of

the stomach, into which no food had entered. It was shown that the digestive fluids of stomach were flowing freely, exactly as if the desirable food had entered.

This proved that it was not the presence of food which caused the digestive juices to flow, but the flow was caused entirely and alone as a result of the action of the mind from "anticipation."

One dog continued to eat the food he liked for over an hour believing he was getting it into his stomach, whereas, not an ounce went there; every particle went out through the opening and yet all this time the digestive juices flowed to the stomach, prepared to quickly digest food, in response to the curious orders of the mind.

Do you pick up the lesson?

Unappetizing food, that which fails to create mental anticipation, does not cause the necessary digestive juices to flow, whereas, food that is pleasing to the sight, and hence to the mind, will cause the complicated machinery of the body to prepare in a wonderful way for its digestion.

How natural, then, to reason that one should sit down to a meal in a peaceful, happy state of mind and start off the breakfast, say with some ripe delicious fruit, then follow with a bowl of crisp, lightly browned, thin bits of corn like Post-Toasties, add a sprinkle of sugar and some good yellow cream and the attractive, appetizing picture cannot escape your eye and will produce the condition of mind which causes the digestive juices nature has hidden in mouth and stomach, to come forth and do their work.

These digestive juices can be driven back by a mind oppressed with worry, hate, anger or dislike of the disagreeable appearance of food placed before one.

Solid facts that are worthy the attention of anyone who esteems prime health and human happiness as a valuable asset in the game of life.

"There's a Reason" for saying "The Memory Lingers" when breakfast is started with POST TOASTIES.

Everywhere

For Your Enjoyment

Here's an individual among drinks—a beverage that fairly snaps with delicious goodness and refreshing wholesomeness.

**Coca-Cola**

has more life than mere witness or sweetness—it's vigorous, full of life. You'll enjoy it from the first sip to the last drop and afterwards.

DELICIOUS REFRESHING THIRST-QUENCHING

THE COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

When you see an Arrow mark of Coca-Cola

For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

Spohn's Distemper Cure

Spohn Medical Co., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

A self-made man? Yes, and works his creator—Henry Clapp.

Garfield Tea will set the liver right, correct constipation, cleanse the system, purify the blood and clear the complexion.

Is life worth living? I should say that it depends on the liver—Thomas Gold Appleton.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-PADE

The Archibute powder to be shaken into the shoes, feet, and feet. It takes the sting out of corns and bunions and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere. 2c. per box. For FREE trial package, address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

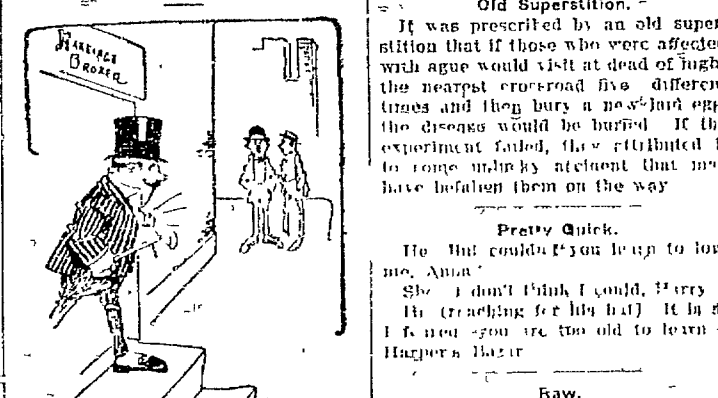
Speak kindly to all. It lies in God's hands whether or no that spoken word shall be the last you utter to the one you are addressing.

Outdone.

Willis—I'm raising 500 chickens on a five foot lot.

Gillis—That's nothing. You ought to see the relatives my wife is taking care of in our flat—Puck

WISE BROKER.



Life—That marriage broker was to get 10 per cent of the girl's estate for arranging a match with a French marquis, but he did better than that. He took it all.

Wiggs—How?

Jiggs—Married the girl himself.

Old Superstition.

It was prescribed by an old superstition that if those who were affected withague would visit at dead of night the nearest crossroad five different times and then bury a new-laid egg, the disease would be buried. If the experiment failed, they attributed it to some unlucky attention that may have befallen them on the way.

Pretty Quick.

He that couldn't you tie up to him me, Anna.

She—I don't think I could, Harry. (The trailing for his hat.) It is as I fear you are too old to learn—Harper's Bazar

Raw.

Pete—Do you believe oysters have brains?

Bored—Certainly I do, 'cause they know when to shut up.

You complain of ingratitude; were you not repaid by your pleasure in doing good?—Lytile

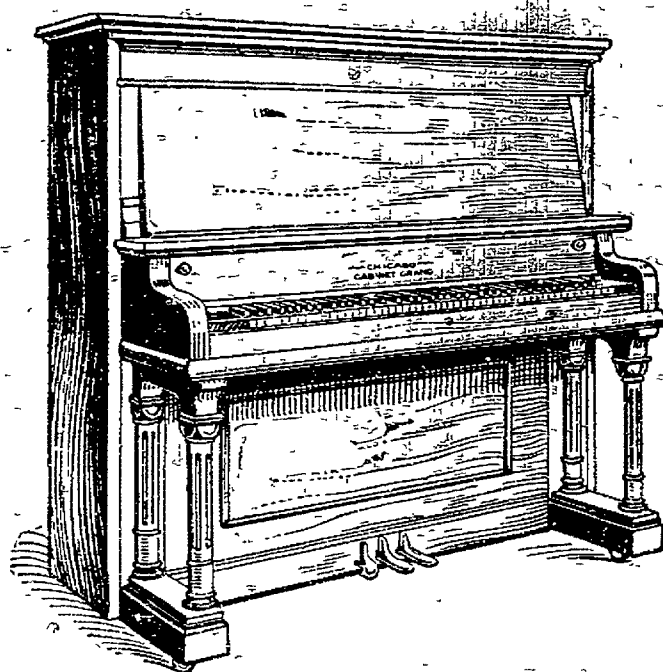
# \$500 in Prizes

TO BE DISTRIBUTED BY

## THE NORTHVILLE RECORD

In Its Great Prize Voting Contest.

The Capital Prize to be a \$400 OAKLAND PIANO



Record Prize Vote Coupons With \$1.00 Cash Purchases

RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING CONTEST ARE AS FOLLOWS:

1. **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 an assured success.

2. **Prizes**—The capital prize will be an Oakland Piano. Also other valuable prizes will be given which are announced herewith.

3. **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 Oakland Piano and other prizes will be distributed in accordance with standing at the final count.

4. **How to Vote**—Should any of the contestants live in Northville, the publisher's Music Co. will award a prize in accordance with standing at the final count.

5. **Votes Granted**—Votes will be issued in the following amounts: New Subscriptions, 600 votes; \$1.00 Renewals, 500 votes; \$1.50

Renewals, more than one year, 600 votes, for 1.00  
Back subscriptions, 400 votes, for 1.50  
Five year new subscriptions, 5,000 votes, for 5.00  
Ten years new subscriptions, 12,500 votes, for 10.00  
Twenty years new subscriptions, 30,000 votes, for 20.00

6. **Instructions**—Results, as to standing of votes will be issued after 30 days. No votes will be accepted at less than regular price of paper concerned 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 transfer whom you are going to vote for before coming to the ballot box, as the editor or anyone with 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.

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 seal 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. It will not be opened until the day of closing, 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 cash or 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.

<b>Ladies' Bicycle</b> Value \$25.00 DONATED BY <b>James A. Huff</b> <b>HARDWARE</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. No Cash Discount given if Coupons are taken.	<b>42-pc Dinner Set</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>C. E. Ryder</b> <b>Staple and Fancy Groceries</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
<b>Pair Ladies' Hunting Shoes</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>Will L. Tatham</b> <b>EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	<b>Ladies' Knit Coat</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>Wm. Gorton</b> <b>CLOTHIER</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
<b>2-Pr. Lace Curtains</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>Chas. A. Ponsford</b> <b>DRY-GOODS</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	<b>Leather Rocker</b> Value \$15.00 DONATED BY <b>Schrader Brothers</b> <b>FURNITURE-UNDERTAKING</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
<b>Willow Rocker</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>Fred Oldenburg</b> <b>Staple and Fancy Groceries</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	<b>Solid Brass Rayo Lamp</b> Value \$7.50 DONATED BY <b>A. E. Stanley</b> <b>DRUGGIST-REXALL STORE</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
<b>In Trade</b> Value \$15.00 DONATED BY <b>Wm. H. Cattermole</b> <b>HARNESS, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	<b>Black Plume</b> Value \$5.00 DONATED BY <b>Mrs. G. A. Tatham</b> <b>MILLINERY</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
<b>Ladies' Watch</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>Otto Loomis</b> <b>JEWELER</b> We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	<b>ANOTHER \$10.00 IN GOLD</b> to Contestant having greatest Gain in Votes at second count, June 28.



# The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL" ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

Copyright by Louis Joseph Vance

## SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shoot, is visited by his friend, Rutton, who is on a young lady's quest. Rutton, who has been disappointed by her, is becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He decides to go to the house of the girl, who is the daughter of the British diplomat, and the appointed mouthpiece of the Bell. Rutton, who is a man of high rank and address, is in the house of the girl, who is the daughter of the British diplomat, and the appointed mouthpiece of the Bell. Rutton, who is a man of high rank and address, is in the house of the girl, who is the daughter of the British diplomat, and the appointed mouthpiece of the Bell.

## CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

The servant brought from Rutton's leather trunk a battered black-lacquered tin box, which, upon exploration, proved to contain little that might not have been anticipated. A bankbook issued by the house of Rothschild Freres, Paris, showed a balance to the credit of H. D. Rutton of something slightly under a million francs. There was American money, chiefly in gold certificates of large denominations, to the value of, roughly, \$20,000, together with a handful of French, German and English bank notes which might have brought in exchange about \$250. In addition to these there was merely a single envelope, superscribed: "To be opened in event of my death only. H. D. R." Amber broke the seal and read the enclosed once to himself and a second time aloud to Doggott. The date was barely a year old.

"For reasons personal to myself and sufficient," Rutton had written, "I choose not to make a formal will. I shall die, probably in the near future, by my own hand, of poison. I wish to emphasize this statement in event the circumstances surrounding my demise should appear to attach suspicion of murder upon any person or persons whatever. I am a widower and childless. What relations may survive me are distant and will never appear to claim what estate I may leave—this I know. I therefore desire that my body servant, Henry Doggott, an English African, shall inherit and appropriate to his own use all my property and effects providing he be in my service at the time of my death. To facilitate his entering into possession of my means, whatever they may be without the necessity of legal procedure of any kind, I enclose a cheque by his order upon my bankers, signed by myself and bearing the date of this memorandum. He is to fill it in with the amount remaining to my credit upon my bankbook. Should he have died or left me, however, the disposition of my effects is a matter about which I am wholly careless."

The signature was unmistakably genuine—the formal "H. D. Rutton" with which Amber was familiar. It was unaltered.

The Virginian put aside the paper and offered Doggott the blank cheque on Rothschild's. "This," he said, "makes you pretty nearly independent. Is it right, Doggott?"

"Yes, sir," Doggott took the slip of paper in a hand that trembled even as his voice, and eyed it incredulously. "I've never had anything like this before, sir; I hardly know what it means."

"It means," explained Amber, "that when you've filled in that blank and had the money collected from the Rothschilds, you'll be worth—with what cash is here—in the neighborhood of forty-five thousand pounds sterling."

Doggott gasped, temporarily inarticulate. "Forty-five thousand pounds!"

"Mr. Amber," he declared earnestly, "I never looked for nothing like this—I-I-I—quite without warning he was quiet and composed again. 'Might I ask if of you as a favor, sir, to look after this?' he offered to return the cheque—for a while, till I can make up my mind what to do with it."

"Certainly," Amber took the paper, folded it and placed it in his card-case. "I'd suggest that you deposit it as soon as possible in a New York bank for collection. In the meantime, these bills are yours; you'd better take care of them yourself until you open the banking account."

"I'll keep as well in 'ere as anywhere," Doggott considered, relocking the box. "I aren't ardy any use for money, except, of course, to tide me over till I find another position."

"What!" exclaimed Amber in amazement.

"Yes, sir," affirmed Doggott respectfully. "I'm a bit too old to chynge my w'ys; a valet I've been all my life and a valet I'll die, sir. It's too late to think of anything else."

"But with this money, Doggott—"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I know; I could live easy like a gentleman if I liked—but I wouldn't be a gentleman; so what's the use of that? So the w'ys I look at it, there's naught for me but

him and Doggott found him sitting up, with a haggard and careworn face, but with the same light of a man composed in his eyes.

"Doggott," he asked in an even, toneless voice, "have you ever mentioned to anybody your suspicion about Mr. Rutton's race?"

"Only to you, sir."

"That's good. And you won't?"

"No, sir."

"Have you," continued Amber, looking away and speaking slowly, "ever heard him mention his marriage?"

"Never, sir," he said in that paper tone.

"He was a widower, I fancy the lady must have died before I entered his service. 'E was always a lonely man, all the 15 year I've been with 'im, keepin' very much to 'imself, sir."

Doggott disappeared to prepare a meal, but within five minutes a gunshot sounded startlingly near at hand. The Virginian's appearance at the door was coincident with a clear hail of "Ah-o-y, Amber!"—mistakenly Quain's voice, raised at a distance of not over 200 yards.

Amber's answering cry quavered with joy. And with a bear-like rush Quain topped the nearest dune, dropped down into the hollow, and was upon him.

"By the Lord Harry!" he cried, almost embracing Amber in his excitement and relief; "I'd almost given you up for good and all!"

"And I you," said Amber, watching curiously and somewhat distrustfully a second man follow Quain into the vale. "Who's that?" he demanded.

"Only Antonio. We've him to thank. He remembered this old camp here—I'd completely forgotten it—and was sure you'd taken refuge in it. Come inside."

He dragged Amber in, the Portuguese following. "Let's have a look at you by the light. Lord, you seem to be pretty comfortable—and I've been worrying myself sick for fear you—"

Amber swept the room with an approving glance which passed over Doggott and became transfixed as it rested upon the hammock-bed with its buffalo, and his jaw fell. "What's this? What's this?"

He swung upon Amber, appraising with relentless eyes the havoc his night's experience had wrought upon the man. "You look like hell!" he exploded. "What's up here? Eh?"

Amber turned to Doggott. "Take Antonio out there with you and keep him until I call, please. This is Mr. Quain. I want to talk with him un-

der the high nervous tension which had sustained Amber. He was now on the edge of collapse and showed it plainly. But two circumstances aided him to recover his grip upon himself. Quain's compassionate consideration in forbearing to press his story from him, and Doggott's opportune appearance with a pot of coffee, steaming and black. Two cups of this restored Amber to a condition somewhat approaching the normal.

He lit a cigarette and began to talk. For all his affection for and confidence in his friend, there were things he might not tell Quain; wherefore he couched his narrative in the fewest possible words and was miserably in detail of the coming of the boy and his going Amber was fairly free to speak; he suppressed little if any of that episode. Moreover, he had forgotten to remove the token from his finger, and Quain instantly remarked it and demanded an explanation. But of the nature of the errand on which he was to go, Amber said nothing; it was, he averred, Rutton's private business. Nor did he touch upon the question of Rutton's nationality. Sophia Farrell he never mentioned.

Nevertheless, he said enough to render Quain thoughtful. "You've set on this thing, I suppose," he asked some time after Amber had concluded.

"Set upon it, dear man? I've no choice. I must go—I promised."

Quain went to the hammock-bed, turned back the sheet, and for several minutes lingered there, scrutinizing the story, upturned face.

"So!" he said, coming back. "Here's news that'll help you some. You were blind not to see it yourself. That man's was, I should say—a Rajput."

He waited for the comment which did not come. "You know it?"

"I . . . suspected, tonight."

"It's as plain as print; the mark of his caste is all over him. But perhaps he was able to disguise it a little with his manner—alive, undoubtedly, I'd say. He was a genius of his kind—a prodigy; a mental giant."

Translation of the "Tantaras" won't do. Well, he's gone his own way. God be with him. When do you want to start?

"As soon as possible—sooner I've not a day to lose—not an hour."

"Urgent as that, eh?" Quain

which he was pleased to cherish an inspiration.

"It's this," he explained. "What do you know about Calcutta?"

"Little or nothing. I've been there—that's about all."

"Precisely. Now I know the place; and I know you'll never find this goldsmith in the Machua bazar without a guide. The ordinary, common-organ guide is out of the question, of course. But I happen to know an Englishman there who knows more about the dark side of India than any other man in the world. He'll be invaluable to you, and you can trust him as you would Doggott. Go to him in my name—you'll need no other introduction—and tell him what you've told me."

"That's impossible," Rutton expressly prohibited my mentioning his name to any one in India."

"Oh, very well. You haven't, have you? And you won't have to. I'll

take care of that. When I write and tell Labertouche you're coming."

"What name?"

"Labertouche. Why? You don't know him?"

"No; but Rutton did. Rutton got that poison from him."

Quain whistled, his eyes round. "Did, eh? So much the better; he'll probably know all about Rutton and'll take a keener interest."

"But you forget—"

"Hang your promise. I'm not bound by it and this is business—blacker business than you seem to realize, Davy. You're bent on jumping blindfold and with your hands tied into the something pool of infamy and intrigue that is India. And I won't stand for it. Don't think for an instant that I'm going to let you go without doing everything I can to make things as pleasant as possible for you. No, Labertouche is your man."

And to this Quain held inflexibly; so that in the end, Amber, unable to move him, was obliged to leave the matter in his hands.

A sudden and portentous dawn hung in the sky when the fifth party left the cabin.

Between two sand hills the Bengali lay supine, a huddled heap of garish color—scarlet, yellow, tan—against the cold bluish gray of noon.

At a word from Quain the Portuguese paused and began to dig. Quain, Amber and Doggott went on a little distance, then by mutual consent, halted within sight of Antonio.

"I wouldn't leave him if I were you," Amber told Quain, nodding back at the Portuguese. "It mightn't be safe, with that other devil skulking round—heaven knows where."

"Right-o!" agreed Quain. His hand sought Amber's. "Goodby, and God be with you," he said huskily.

Amber tightened his clasp upon the man's fingers. "I can't improve on that, Tony," said he with a feeble "Goodby, and God be with you." He dropped his hand and turned away. "Come along, Doggott."

The servant led the way backwards. Behind them the angry morning blazed brighter in the sky.

In the sedge of the shore they found a rowboat and, launching it, embarked for the power boat, which swung at her mooring in deeper water. When they were aboard the latter, Doggott took charge of the motor, leaving to Amber the wheel, and with little delay they were in motion.

As their distance from the shore increased Amber glanced back. The island rested low against the flaming sky, a shape of empurpled shadows, scarcely more substantial to the vision than the rack of cloud above. In the dark sedges the pools, here and there, caught the light from above and shone blood-red and suddenly the attention of the Virginian was arrested by the discovery of a human figure—a man standing upon a dune-top some distance inland, and staring steadfastly after the boat. He seemed of extraordinary height and very thin; upon his head there was a turban; his arms were folded. While Amber watched he held his pose, a living menace—like some fantastic statue bulking black against the grim red dawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fences Ward Off Rabbits. Owing to the increase of rabbits in certain parts of Australia a movement has been started in the Armidale district to construct a barrier fence along the eastern side of Central New England. This will serve to ward off the rodents, which now abound in the rough country along the edge of the tableland. These rabbits are beginning to crowd westwards, and are already making their presence felt on the adjoining country. The suggestion is to link up the rabbit-proof fences which already exist along the edge of the more settled area from Walcha to Glen Innes, districts, and thus cut off the rough country where the rabbits are thick, and where there is no chance of keeping them under.

# Libby's

## Vienna Style Sausage

A good dish for a Luncheon or Supper.

Brown the contents of a tin of Libby's Vienna Sausages in the frying pan and serve with baked potatoes.

Easy to serve—fine to eat

Look for the Libby label which means quality.

Libby, McNeill & Libby



TOOK HER AT HER WORD.



Mr. Benton, Home, Why, where's the new chambermaid? Mrs. Benton, Home—I told her to dust this morning and an hour later I found that she had dusted.

Willing to Support Proxy.

Albert Tiedemann, a freshman of the University of Pennsylvania, was called upon to vote for officers in a recent gathering. Not being well acquainted with the nominees, he thoughtfully hesitated before filling out his ballot.

One of the company left the room with the explanation that he would "vote by proxy."

"So will I," said Albert, and with his pencil poised above his paper, leaned over to a companion on his right and asked:

"Say, what's Proxy's first name?"

Curious That a Tired Preacher Should Have Such Desire.

A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape-Nuts food on him and how it has relieved him.

"You will doubtless understand how the suffering from indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unendurable burden, and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight."

"I had to be very careful, as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced poignant physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me."

"Since I began the use of Grape-Nuts the benefits I have derived from it are, very definite, I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I began to improve from the time Grape-Nuts appeared on our table."

"I find that by eating a dish of this food after my Sabbath work is done, (and I always do so now) my nerves are quieted and rest and refreshing sleep are ensured me."

"I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape-Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on our table—we feel that we need it to make the meal complete—and our children will eat Grape-Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

Read the famous booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in plays. "There's a Reason."

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



The Signature Was Unmistakably Genuine.

disturbed. . . . But you can bring us coffee when it's ready."

Quain motioned to Antonio, the Portuguese disappeared into the back room with Doggott, who closed the communicating door.

"You first," said Amber. "If you've fretted about me, I've been crazy about you—what time I've had to think."

Quain deferred to his insistence. "It was simple enough—and damned hard," he explained. "I caught the Echo by the skin of my teeth, the skinny almost sinking under me. She was hard and fast aground, but I managed to get the motor going and backed her off. As soon as that was a right we got a wave aboard that soured the motor—like a fool I left the hatch off—and short-circuited the coil. After that there was hell to pay. I worked for half an hour reefing, and meanwhile we went around again. The oar broke and I had to go overboard and get wet to my waist before I got her off. By that time it was blowing great guns and dead from the beach. I had to stand off and make for the mainland—nothing else to do. We beached about a mile below the lighthouse and I had the four-mile tramp home. Then after I'd shaved out and had a drink and a change of clothes, we had to wait two hours for the sea to go down enough to make a crossing in the launch practicable. That's all for mine. Now you? What's that there?"

"A guilotine: a friend of mine—the man Rutton whom we were discussing the night I came down. And that's not half. There's a man out there somewhere, shot to death by Rutton—a Bengali baw. . . . Quain, I've lived in Purgatory ever since we parted and now . . . I'm about done."

He was; the coming of Quain with the ease of mind it brought had

perced keenly into his face. "I wish I knew what you know. I wish to heaven I might go with you. But I'm married now—and respectable. The morning train leaves Yokohama at 7:30. You can make that, if you must. But you need sleep—rest."

"I'll get that on the train."

"Knew you'd say that. Very well. This is Tuesday. The Mauretania—or the Lusitania, I don't know which—sails tomorrow. You can catch that, too. It's the quickest route, eastwards."

"But I've decided to go 'rest.'"

"That means a week more, and you said you were in a hurry."

"I am; but by going westwards it's bare, possible I may be able to transact or wind up the business on the way."

As a matter of fact Amber was hoping the Rolands, with Sophia Farrell, might linger somewhere en route, remembering that the girl had scussed a tentative project to stop over between steamers at Yokohama.

"Very well," Quain gave in; "you're the doctor. Now as for things here, make your mind easy. I'll take charge and keep the affair quiet. There's no reason I can see for its ever getting out. I can answer for myself and Antonio; and the two of us can wind things up. Get ready now to trot along, and I'll take care of everything."

"There's no way of thanking you."

"That's a comfort. Call Doggott now and tell him to get ready. You haven't much time to lose."

While they waited for the servant to pack his hand-bag—at being obvious that to take the trunk with them was not feasible; while Quain was to care for Amber's things at Tanglewood until his return from India—Quain was possessed by an idea

that the night I came down. And that's not half. There's a man out there somewhere, shot to death by Rutton—a Bengali baw. . . . Quain, I've lived in Purgatory ever since we parted and now . . . I'm about done."

He was; the coming of Quain with the ease of mind it brought had

At length the young man called





## Happy Results

Have Made Many Northville Residents Enthusiastic.

No wonder scores of Northville citizens grow enthusiastic. It is enough to make anyone happy to find relief after years of suffering. Public statements like the following are but truthful representations of the daily work done in Northville by Doan's Kidney Pills.

A. M. Piper, Center street, Northville, Mich., says: "I cannot say too much in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had occasion to use this remedy about a year ago, when I was suffering from a severe attack of kidney trouble. My back ached so lame that I could hardly get around and if I sat down for awhile, it was almost impossible for me to get up. When I stooped or lifted, sharp pains darted through me. The kidney secretions were highly colored, contained sediment and were painful in passage. The contents of three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Murdock Bros. Drug Store, completely cured me and I have been in good health since. I can certainly give this excellent preparation a strong endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McIlburn 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.

## J. O. KNAPP

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Insurance, Real Estate, Collecting and Renting at Reasonable Rates. Office over Lapham Bank NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## EXCURSIONS

## PERE MARQUETTE

SUNDAY, JUNE 25, 1911  
TOLEDO

Train will leave Northville at 10:15 a. m. Returning, leave Toledo at 6:00 p. m.

FARE:

Round Trip, 80 Cents.

## NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS

J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phones.

Advertise in the Record Want Column

## 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

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Laxative and Blood Purifier. For Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, etc. Sold by all druggists everywhere.

## NORTHVILLE.

### The City in Brief.

The cherry crop promises to be as large as the strawberry one.

A big "Welcome" 4th of July banner is to be strung across Main street.

Catholic services will be held in Chadwick's Hall Sunday morning at 8:00 o'clock standard time.

Auto tire troubles is the subject of N. C. Schrader's new book. Not finished all the thrilling chapters on Monday.

Mrs. E. J. Tremper was the recipient of fifty or more postal cards in honor of her 74th birthday which occurred Tuesday.

L. L. Brooke, with the aid of May Green and Henry Vanaken in an auto, made a seventy-mile bill posting trip last Saturday.

Now, don't be a "stingy". Have a piece of silver ready for The King's Daughters' Tag Day dolls. It's a work of charity. Help it along.

A very attractive new barber pole adorns the front of Hotaling & Halls' consorial emporium. It's really the most artistic sign of the kind seen in these parts.

Arrangements for the ever glorious Fourth are nearly complete and nothing more is needed to insure a big crowd and a big time other than good weather.

Remember the next piano coupon contest count taken place next week Wednesday. Ten dollars in gold to the young lady showing greatest gain since last count.

The auto slow race on the Fourth of July is likely to prove the big attraction. The half mile in six minutes is the record slow speed and that is going some slow.

The street commissioner will draw away on Saturday mornings all the refuse that the business men will have cleaned up in front of their business places on Fridays.

Ed. Lockwood recently purchased the little Brush Run-a-bout of Mrs. Alice Yerkes and he and Mrs. Lockwood are just more than enjoying themselves riding around these days.

Mrs. Ada Letts of Elsie is seriously ill with bronchial trouble. Mrs. Letts was a former resident of this place and a niece of Mrs. Wm. Pinkerton of this place and a sister of Mrs. L. J. Blair of Detroit.

Mr. Carl W. Wellman of Bellevue, Ohio, and Miss Martha Boughman of Farmington township, were married at the Baptist church Sunday afternoon by the pastor, Rev. T. J. Murdock.

Register of Deeds Stoll and his chief deputy Benton make a great showing of work this year. The receipts of the office are shown to be more than the expenditures. That the office is self sustaining for the first time in its history.

The Novi highway commissioner has accomplished his usual annual stunt of plowing up the side of the roads and scraping the sod up in the center. If Novi taxpayers like to have their money thrown away and the roads injured at the same time, then they are getting what they want.

The county road commissioners have commenced work on the Northville-Plymouth road and Commissioner Hines advises the Record that the gang will make quick work of this street. When complete there will be a splendid county-state road all the way from Northville to Plymouth and back again.

Northville farmers have commenced feeding their cows ice in order to have the milk cool as it comes from the cow so as to please the Detroit health board and Detroit newspapers. Detroit babies are so much different from those grown on any other part of the earth that anything but ice cold cows' milk is poison to them.

The "All Stars" base ball team gave Allen and Robert Newman, who leave the last of this week for their new home in Yale, a farewell reception in Chadwick's hall Monday evening. It was a complete surprise on the boys, but greatly enjoyed, nevertheless. They are nice, manly little fellows and have won a host of friends, not only among their schoolmates, but among the older people as well, and their going away is regretted by all who know them. They were each given a pin, engraved with the initials, N. A. S., Northville "All Stars."

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.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Is sent for the following persons are admitted at the post office this week:

Thm. Mearby  
G. E. Gauss Co.  
Mrs. O. L. Abbott  
Mrs. Mathilda Jost

Miss Mary Hill, who was seriously ill with diphtheria, is able to be out again.

Mrs. Harley Johnson, who has been seriously ill the past few weeks, is able to sit up most of the day.

Elwood Knapp has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to sit out on the porch most of the time.

Special meeting of Northville Lodge, 156, F. & A. M., Monday evening, June 26. Work in F. C. Degree.

Mrs. Delany has been quite ill the past two weeks with erysipelas in her face. She is better and able to be up around the house.

The Northville Woman's Club will hold their annual meeting at 2:30 p. m. Friday, June 30, at the home of Mrs. Joan Lapham. All members urged to be present.

The annual meeting of the society of The King's Daughters was held at the home of Mrs. Chas. Bloom Tuesday afternoon and besides the regular business meeting a delightful social session was held.

Miss Ina Vanaken is still alive but her hair has almost turned gray and she is short seven years' growth all on account of the explosion of one of her auto tires while she was out driving Tuesday evening.

Tomorrow (Friday) afternoon at 3:00 o'clock at Athletic Park, the Cleary Business College ball team will cross bats with the Northville High school team and it promises to be a good game. Don't fail to see it. See small bills.

Regular meeting of Northville Camp, 5533, M. W. A., Thursday evening, June 29, important business to be transacted as this will undoubtedly be our last meeting in the old hall, it is very desirable that we have a good attendance. V. C.

Geo. Cook, an employe on the Fred Simmons farm, tried to see how far he could drive a pitchfork into his foot without hurting himself, and succeeded in forcing it from the toe to the ankle. He is in a precarious condition, and blood poison is feared.

By some means young Brantle Freydl has secured a bunch of tar peds and was scaring the life out of other children of his age along one street this week. Next thing we know Eddie Lapham and Charlie Bloom will be shooting off fireworks on the main streets before Lyman Brooke lets go of the big engine.

The "All Stars" with Ferguson pitching, defeated the "Elm Juniors" last Saturday in a score of 11 to 7 and repeated the stunt last Monday when Simpson defeated the "Salem Smokers" by the score of 24 to 5. The last game was simply a little batting practice for our boys. They go to Salem this afternoon and clash with Hamilton's Tigers of Detroit July 4th. Everybody turn out and see the 15-year old champs of Wayne county.

What do you think? Deacon Brock brought down more than a bushel of cherries Sunday and didn't do it on the sly either. This is how it happened: He was asleep in a hammock which was attached to a cherry tree, when, without warning, down came the hammock, deacon and half the tree, loaded with luscious cherries. It was a sudden "awakening" to the deacon and he considers himself fortunate in getting out of it without injury.

The Misses Mabel Stark and Mary Kunkle gave Miss Beale Seely a miscellaneous shower at the home of the former Saturday afternoon. There were about twenty young ladies present and the afternoon was pleasantly spent in playing cards. On Tuesday evening a linen shower was given in honor of Miss Seely at the home of Miss Lora Bristol. Both occasions were very enjoyable and the bride-to-be was the recipient of many beautiful presents.

Rev. Ralph Pierce delivered a splendid address to the local K. P. order gathered over forty strong in the Methodist church Sunday morning. It was one of the best discourses of the kind which the order has had the pleasure of listening to. The members presented Mr. Pierce with a purse of ten dollars and then marched to Oakwood cemetery where the ritualistic service was observed at the grave of Star Thomas, the first member of the Northville lodge to pass into the great unknown.

Doan's Regulents cure constipation, tone the stomach, stimulate the liver, promote digestion and appetite and easy passages of the bowels. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

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 car or steamship. For sale by all dealers.

Rev. Wm. S. Jerome officiates at a wedding in Detroit Monday.

The "Circle N" boys played their "best game ever" at South Lyon last Friday afternoon and won by a score of 3 to 0.

The elaborate interior decorations at the Northville State Bank at yesterday's welcome to the Detroit visitors, brought forth many congratulatory remarks from the out of town guests.

W. H. Cattermole is remodeling the entire second floor of his big agricultural building on Center street for society rooms. The Woodmen has leased the rooms and has subleased to both branches of the Macabees, the Royal Neighbors and the G. A. R. Post. The lodge rooms will be made modern in every respect and besides the big lodge room, will contain a reception room, dining room, club room, lockers, toilet room, electric lights, steam heat, etc.

### TREE TRIMMING DAY

HERE NEXT WEEK

Village President Golden has designated next week Tuesday and Wednesday as Tree Trimming days in Northville and everybody is requested to take advantage of it. The street commissioner will draw away all the brush free of expense. The shade trees of the village need trimming very badly and here is a good opportunity.

### Union Services.

During the next six weeks the village churches will hold union services on Sunday evenings. If the weather is favorable, the services will be held out of doors. The preachers will be as follows:  
June 25—Rev. T. J. Murdock  
July 2—Rev. R. M. Pierce  
July 9—Rev. Wm. S. Jerome  
July 16—Rev. T. J. Murdock  
July 23—Rev. R. M. Pierce  
July 30—Rev. Wm. S. Jerome  
The first service will be held next Sunday at 7:00 o'clock on the lawn of the Baptist church.

### National Traits

It takes one hour to know a Frenchman, one month to know a German, almost a lifetime to know an Englishman—well—Rome Corriere.

### The Test of Civilization.

The quality of the bread which a nation eats is the true index of the grade of civilization—Baker's Weekly.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch.

G

## Doc Says==

Business now-a-days is certainly a scramble. Against you and your ideas of a square deal are hungry and unscrupulous competitors. They will try to match their disregard for the truth against your prestige for honesty.

One can easily foresee the result. If you have good goods and deliver what you advertise, the people will make a beaten path to your door.

We don't want to sell you only a suit of clothes, we want to sell you satisfaction. That's why we handle the very best line of Men's Clothes made—

## KIRSCHBAUM'S

Behind every Kirschbaum garment is the great Kirschbaum organization—over 5,000 skilled clothing builders working under ideal conditions.

These are the reasons why we sell Kirschbaum Clothes.

## Wm. GORTON

77 Main Street.

North Side.

Whipple Store.

G

G

## One of the Principal Places

of interest visited by the

Wholesalers and Manufacturers Association of Detroit.

June 22, 1911, was the

## Lapham State Savings Bank

## HOTEL GRISWOLD

CORNER GRAND RIVER AVE. AND GRISWOLD ST.

FRED POSTAL,

PRESIDENT.

POSTAL HOTEL COMPANY

FRED A. GOODMAN

SECRETARY.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE WOLVERINE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

\$125,000 Expended in Remodeling, Furnishing and Decorating.

The Finest Cafe west of New York. Service a la Carte, at Popular Prices.

A strictly modern up to date Hotel. Centrally located in the very heart of the city. "Where life is worth living."

DETROIT'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL  
EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY  
RATES, \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP

NOTHING BETTER AT OUR RATES.

DETROIT, MICH.

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# The SKY-MAN

HENRY KETCHUM WEBSTER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS. W. ROSSER  
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## 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 steamer, 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 Black and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant, rufous name Roscoe, Jeanne tells Farnshaw, and his two companions after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Farnshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Farnshaw declares that this is Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Farnshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle. Perry Hunter is found murdered and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent. A feller party goes to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jeanne. She rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut and there finds her father's diary, which discloses the explorer's suspicion of Roscoe. The ruffian returns to the hut and sees Jeanne.

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

At the sound of it, he drew himself up, towering before her, and so became visible to her—a monstrous, blurred, uncertain shape.

And she cried out, this time in terror. Then, before he could spring upon her and kill her with his hands, as his brutal instinct or rage urged him to do, he started back suddenly, and himself cried out.

For a faint circle of light, wavering, wandering, unearthly, was shining straight down upon both of them through the fog—out of the sky itself.

Looking up, he saw overhead a single great luminous eye, and in the reflection of its own light upon the ice, very faintly, this fabric of outstretched wings.

Then from up there, overhead, he heard a voice—a quiet voice, in his ear. It said: "Don't be afraid."

Blindly Jeanne flung up her hands, whirled around and fell, paralyzed to his feet again and held, like a manning hidden death the silence.

As he did so, he heard a ragged volley of shots from the direction of the Aurora. This sound of plain human fighting, which he understood and right at that moment a noise to equilibrium his mind which a moment before had been torturing a horrible, a direction. Once he could get back to his boat and feel the cold under his hands.

He found himself pulling out toward the yacht, no matter how desperate the odds, toward him there, he felt, himself once more.

He ran on and on down the beach. He had not passed his boat, he knew, but he finally realized that he had passed the place where he had brought the boat ashore.

## CHAPTER IX.

## Waiting for Dawn.

Cayley wheeled so that he headed up into the wind and dropped, facing the girl and with his back to her, treating assault. He had to drop almost vertically in order to avoid being blown out into the sea after he struck the ice. Even as it was, he went slithering down the glassy slope toward the water, and only managed to check his impetus by throwing himself flat on his face and clutching at a hummock which chanced to offer him a precarious hold. He had come down "all adrift," as sailors say, and his monstrous wings, powerless for flight but instinct with flapping perversity, cost him a momentary struggle while he was getting them bundled into controllable shape.

But thanks as much to luck as to skill, he presently found himself upon his feet unharmed. He at once set out, making what haste he could, across the ice toward where he had last seen the girl, shouting "up" the while to her at the same time, to know if she were safe. He heard no answer, but presently made her out, dimly, only a pace or two away. His first act then, even before speaking, was to take out his pocket electric bull's-eye and turn it full upon her.

"It's just to make sure you're not hurt—that I really got down here in time," he apologized. "I wish I might have saved you the terror, but it wasn't until you cried out that I knew."

"I'm not hurt," she assured him. "I'm a little dazed, that's all. No, not with fright, with wonder. I hardly had time to be frightened. But I thought you'd gone this morning, that you had abandoned us just as you said you would. And yet, when I cried out just now, for help, it was you that I called to. And then you came, out of the sky, just as I was sure you would. For I was certain, with the same certainty one has in dreams. Now, that it's over, I find myself wondering again if you are real. I'm not hurt at all."

Before he could find anything to say in answer, they heard another shot, muffled in the fog, from the direction of the Aurora, and in prompt reply to it, another volley.

"Wasn't there firing before?" she asked. "Can any one be attacking the yacht? There is no one there but Tom; you know, and he's disabled. Can't we can't I get out there any way? The boat I came ashore in is right here."

Without making her any answer, he carried the muffled bundle his wings made into the hut and left it there, then returned to her and offered her his hand.

Well go down and look for your boat," he said.

Along the water's edge they searched aided by the light beam from his bull's-eye, the sound of intermittent firing from the yacht urging haste all the while. But it did not take long to force the conviction upon them that the boat was gone. Flown adrift, most likely, was Cayley's explanation.

He felt her trembling. Whether with cold or dread, he did not know, but he took her arm and steadied her with the pressure of his own.

"Come back to the hut," he said. "The situation isn't as bad as you think. I'll tell you when we get to shelter where we can talk."

"She turned obediently, and breasted the icy slope with him. Neither spoke again until they were safe in the lee of the hut. Then he said:

"I don't think Farnshaw is alone there on the yacht. The relief party and the first party from the Aurora got together some time this afternoon and started back toward the shore. They should be aboard the yacht by now, though when the fog fell it put an end to my activities. The Walrus people have undoubtedly attacked them, but they shouldn't have any trouble in beating them off. They outnumber them and they are better armed, in fact, so far as I know, the Walrus people aren't armed at all. They knew your people, I mean—that the yacht was likely to be attacked. I told them so myself, and then their pretended guide confessed."

"How did you know about the Walrus?" she asked curiously.

The Portuguese was one of them; he had guided your first party down into a little valley of perpetual fog, under orders to abandon them there. When he saw me sailing about overhead—through the fog, you know—he broke down and confessed—and then, well, he made a clean breast of it. He knew nothing of the details of his leader's plans; but the mere fact that he had been delegated to guide the party into a place from which it was to be expected they could never get out, was conclusive as to his intentions at least."

He had spoken rather disconnectedly, his sentences punctuated by the sounds of firing from the yacht. By the time he finished they were almost continuous.

"Why does it sound so much fainter than it did?" she asked. "It's not nearly so loud as that first volley we heard."

"It's a trick of the fog, very likely," he said. "Fog is a frightfully treacherous thing. It deceives men's ears as well as their eyes. There's no judging distance through it. When you cried out just now, I couldn't tell whether you were 50 feet below me or 500 feet. I was up above it, you see, and I hadn't any way of telling how deep it was—there. Do you hear? He went on. "The firing has stopped altogether. Your people are almost certainly safe."

"Will you let me go inside this hut," he asked, "and see if it is habitable? If it is, you'd better go in and let me make you as comfortable as I can. I don't think you need have any fears about the Walrus people. And worrying wouldn't do any good any way. There's nothing we can do but wait for daylight. Nothing can happen anywhere until then."

He had, very distinctly, in mind what might happen then if the Walrus people were repulsed from the yacht. Unless they were all destroyed in the attack, they would undoubtedly make trouble as soon as morning revealed the fact that they had two hostages in their hands. But he could fight them off better from the doorway of the hut than from anywhere else. And there was no need of troubling the girl with that consideration, not for the present, at least.

"It's all right in there," she said. "I spent I don't know how many hours there reading before you came. But the candle has burned out."

The open door behind them gave access into a tiny shed, protruding from the corner of the hut and serving, evidently, as a vestibule for it. The inner door, a heavier and stronger affair, opening at right angles to it, gave access to the interior of the hut.

Cayley switched on his bull's-eye and cast a brief glance about the room. There were two or three rude, flimsy-looking doors which undoubtedly opened into small, cabin-like bedrooms; but the principal part of the hut was taken up by the room in which they found themselves.

Cayley set his little bull's-eye on a shelf where they could make the most of its thin pencil of light. He then turned his attention to the door, and after a little struggle succeeded in getting it shut, and what was more, securely bolted, by means of a heavy wooden bar which dropped into an iron crotch. If they were attacked with the first of the daylight, this place would afford them security until the people from the Aurora could come to their rescue. His revolver was a Colt 45, and his belt was full of cartridges. With that weapon, he remembered that he had once been considered the best shot in the army.

The girl, when he turned to look at her, was seated on the edge of a bunk at the other side of the hut. Her pallor, the traces of tears he could see in her eyes, the pathetic droop to her lips, all emphasized the thing her voice had told him already, namely, that some emotional crisis, which she had been through in those recent hours, had left her quite exhausted.

Without a word, he turned to his bundle which he had deposited in a corner of the room, and fished out from it his sheep-skin sleeping-bag. It was not until he approached her, with it across his arm, that his eye fell upon the rosewood box and the morocco bound book which lay beside it.

Her eye followed him. "They're father's papers," she said. "I found the box in here. That's why I stayed. I had come ashore."

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. He took up the book with a gentleness almost reverent, laid it in the little chest and set it down on the floor beside the bunk.

The quality of the act brought her too ready tears to her eyes, but he did

not look up at her to surprise them there. "Now," he said, "I'm going to take off these boots of yours, which are wet, but which will serve excellently, nevertheless, for a pillow, and you are to take off that heavy coat and get inside this bag. Have you ever slept in one?"

He was already tugging at one of the boots, and her protest went unheeded—it was only a half-hearted protest after all.

"When he had taken off the boots," she submitted, without demur, to his unfastening the frogs on her heavy seal-skin coat and slipping it off her shoulders.

When finally, with some assistance from him, she nestled down inside the great fleece-lined bag, when he had rolled her small boots into a bundle and made a pillow of them for her head, as he had said he would, she exclaimed, half-rebelling, at the comfort of it all.

"It is so deliciously warm and soft," she said. "I didn't know you were just being a luxurious sybarite when you refused a mattress and a pair of blankets on the yacht. If only you could be warm, too, and comfortable."

"I shall be," he assured her. "I'll make a cushion of that great coat of yours and sit down here at the foot of the bunk. You're not to bother about me. You're to prove the efficacy of the sleeping bag by going to sleep in it."

And what will you do all the while sitting there and keeping watch? Would you—would you like to read father's journal? If you would, I'd like to have you, after what you said long ago about the men who risked and lost their lives trying to reach the pole. I think if you will read that book, you will understand, in spite of your wings, Add—well, I'd like to have you understand."

He moved the bull's-eye to another part of the hut, where the light from it would not shine in her eyes, and would illuminate the pages of the book she offered him to read, while he sat, wrapped in her great coat, at the foot of the bunk.

Once as he passed by her in the completion of these arrangements, she withdrew her hand from the bag and held it out to him. "You've been very good to me," she said. "I don't mean by risking your life and plunging down into that bank of fog when you knew I was in danger. A brave man would do that, I suppose—some brave men, anyway. But you've been better than that."

He told her not to talk, but to go to sleep; and without any more words, he unrolled himself at her feet, drew his legs up under him, tailor-fashion, and began to read.

She saw him close the book at last and sit there, as she had sat, with it upon his knees, absorbed, reflective. Suddenly, he took up the book again, opened it and referred to the entry on that last page.

He was thinking now, not dreaming. His mind was on the active present. Before long he stole a look at her. She met his eyes.

"I'm glad father told us that the man was left handed," she said gravely. "Because the man who killed Mr. Hunter was left handed, too."

She had spoken this very thing his own mind had been groping for with out finding, and he started and stared at her. "Why do you say that?" he demanded. "How do you know?"

"It was a left handed stick I took it up in my left hand and it fitted, that was when I was fetching it out of the cabin for Uncle Jerry."

"Then that was how you knew I hadn't done it?"

"No, I didn't need any proof. I knew already without that."

"Suppose I had turned out to be left handed, too?"

"I didn't think of that. But it wouldn't have made any difference to me. When you really have faith in anybody it isn't easily shaken; not by mere circumstances, at least."

"When you really have faith," he repeated. "Yes, I suppose that's so." He pressed his hands against his temples. "But there isn't too much of that divine commodity in the world. There was a long silence.

## CHAPTER X.

## What the Dawn Brought.

The man rose from his seat at the foot of the bunk and, with restless strides, began pacing back and forth in the narrow limits of the little hut. The girl lay still, but her eyes followed him. Her thoughts were keeping step with his.

There's not much faith in the world, that's true," she said presently. "And yet, that's not exactly the world's fault. When people haven't anything else to walk by, they have to walk by sight."

She hesitated a little there, feeling for the words she wanted. "It was so easy," she went on at last, "to clear you of the thing they thought you did yesterday. Couldn't you give them a chance to believe the truth about the other thing too? There must be something you could reveal about that old charge that would wash out the stain of it—something that would make Tom see the falsity of it as clearly as I do."

"No," he said; "that was never possible. It's less possible than ever now."

That involuntary admission told her much. If the thing she suggested were less possible now than it had been before, then, somehow or other, the vindication must have rested in Perry Hunter's hands. But the finality of his voice and the dumb agony she saw in his face, as he paced back and forth beside her, prevented her from following up the admission, or urging him any further.

He pulled himself up sharply and looked at his watch. "It will be daylight in two hours now," he said. "When it comes we'll signal to the



"You've Been Very Good to Me."

yacht and they'll send for you and take you away—you and this precious book she offered him to read, while he sat, wrapped in her great coat, at the foot of the bunk.

"I hardly dare go to sleep—not really deep asleep. If I did I'm afraid I'd turn out to be all a dream, and I'd find myself back in my stateroom on the yacht."

She was speaking half in mockery, but there was an undertone of seriousness in her voice. "Think how unlikely it is that all this can have happened," she went on. "You said this morning you were going to leave us, and I watched you go—how could it be anything but a dream that you were hanging aloft there in the sky, above the fog, ready to come plunging down when I cried out for help?"

"I told you once," he said not very steadily, "that one of us might be dreaming, but that one was not you."

"You will promise, then," she asked, "that if I go to sleep, I'll wake up here and not on the yacht, and that you won't leave me?"

"I promise," he said seriously. He gazed himself more at her feet, switched off the fading light from the bull's-eye and drew the sleeves of her coat across his shoulders. "Good night," he said.

She answered drowsily.

Warned a little, and oppressed by complete exhaustion, he still asleep himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



## LAWYERS' FEES IN GERMANY

Trey Are Fixed by Law and the Attorney Can Charge Neither More Nor Less.

Lawyers in Germany cannot advertise, and their fees are fixed by law, according to Dr. Hermann Haessler, rechtsanwalt, of Berlin, Germany, who is at the New Willard. A rechtsanwalt is an attorney at law and counselor combined.

The German law fixes the exact fees which a German attorney has to claim for all kinds of professional work, and the rechtsanwalt can charge neither more nor less. These fees are fixed whether the cases are criminal or come under the civil code. The amount depends exclusively on the value of the object of contention or the character of the crime. It is an old, though still unfulfilled, wish of German lawyers to have a new fixed list of fees, not made after the old low standard of the year 1878, but with consideration to the changes—numerous and decided—which have taken place since that year.

The rechtsanwalt can never be a business man, as may the lawyer in the United States. The practice of the law is not considered a calling or profession, but is essentially a public office.

According to the code of 1878, a lawyer is charged with certain public duties. He is obliged to have his residence in the town or district whence appointed. Further, he must conduct himself in and out of office in a manner befitting his professional and social standing—a duty devolving upon his rank. A lawyer is forbidden to advertise in newspapers, by canvassing, etc., or to buy or take over a practice already made, as being unworthy of his calling.

His position in society is between

himself. He knew, at least, that he must have done so, when, rousing with a start and springing to his feet, he saw a ray of sunshine splashed golden upon the opposite wall of the hut. It must have been light for hours.

Very silently, very cautiously, he unbarred the door and pulled it open. Before opening the outer door, he drew his revolver and spun its cylinder underneath his thumb-nail. If the repulsed party from the Walrus were camped near by, it would be well to be cautious before reconnoitering.

He pulled the outer door a little way open and glanced slantwise up the beach. The brilliant light dazzled him and made it hard to see, but apparently there was no one there. Stepping outside, he turned his gaze inland, along the foot of the cliff. His mind was entirely preoccupied with the danger of a sudden rush of enemies from near at hand.

That is how it happened that, for quite a minute after he opened the door and stepped outside, he did not cast a single glance seaward. He did not look in that direction, until he saw that Jeanne, awakened by the daylight in the hut, was standing in the doorway. Her own eyes, puzzled, incredulous, only half awake, were gazing out to sea. The expression on her face made him turn, suddenly, and look

that of officials and scholars," said Dr. Haessler, "and through custom and law he is compelled to keep the position to the last degree. This compulsion to keep one's rank has given rise to the existence of committees, called anwaltskammern, whose duty it is to scrutinize the conduct of the members of the profession. These committees have a strict code of punishment, which includes the power to disbar or expel a lawyer from his calling."

In this way the lawyers in Germany have a good and honored position. In fact, there is scarcely a country in which the lawyer enjoys more respect and confidence.—Washington Herald

## Ancient Suffragettes.

The suffragette is not new in England. As far back as 1641 "several gentlewomen and tradesmen's wives from the city" wanted to present a "no popery" petition. The commander of the guard, in obedience to the commons' command, "spoke their fair" and advised them to go home. They replied that they would return next day, and that "where there was one there would be 500." They proved as good as their word. Pym, the leader of the house in those days, did not prove so unperturbed as Mr. Asquith, for it is related that he came to the door, thanked the women for the petition, and promised that it would have attention.

## Headache Hat.

A hat with a circumference of some 5 1/2 feet weighs about fourteen ounces as a rule—a winter hat made of fur. A man's silk hat, at the weight of which many universally raises a howl of woe, weighs six or seven ounces. Woman is supposed to be the weaker, and yet she bears this weight without a murmur, because it is the fashion. No wonder the big hat has been named







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For the Woman who cares  
at..... \$1.00 to \$3.00

We have all sizes from 34 to 46 inch. F.L.B. DRESSES..... \$1.00 Dressing Sacs..... 50c

Just received another lot of White Waists 50c to \$5

Come in and look them over.

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ages from 6 to 14 years. All New.

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Black Petticoats, Summer weight, 65c to \$2.25

Summer Muslins for Dresses, all new 5c to 25c yd

Come to Northville on July 4th Not a Dull Moment all day.

### PONSFORD, Northville.

#### DETROIT UNITED LINES

##### NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

Northville to Farmington and Detroit—Also to Orchard Lake and Pontiac.

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 5:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 9:30 p. m. for Orchard Lake and Pontiac only 11:30 p. m. for Farmington and Detroit only 12:30 a. m.

First car on Sundays one hour later.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Leave Wayne for Northville at 7:15 a. m. 6:30 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. and for Detroit at 7:30 a. m. 6:30 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. and for Detroit at 7:30 a. m. 6:30 p. m. and 10:30 p. m.

West bound car to Jackson connects at Wayne. Cars for Saimie connect at Ypsilanti.

Try a Liner in the Record

#### The Shapely Back

It is only within comparatively recent years, says the London Daily Sketch, that women have come to realize the importance of the back view. Bernhardt insisted on having the backs of her gowns trimmed and it was counted an eccentricity. Many women are charming simply because the lines of their backs are good, while others get no credit for pretty faces because their backs are poorly shaped. One reason for dressing the back well is that people gaze at backs more than at faces. It is not permissible to do the latter, while nobody can object to the former.

#### Happiest Girl in Lincoln.

A Lincoln, Neb., girl writes, "I had been sitting 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 got better right along. I am the proudest girl in Lincoln to find such a good medicine." For sale by all dealers.

#### FARMINGTON NEWS.

The Universalist church of Farmington and a piece, Miss Jessie Burch, will receive all the property of Mrs. Betsey E. Longnecker, who died May 20th at Wixom, according to the will filed in the probate court last week. Two sons are mentioned. Should the Farmington Universalist society become extinct, "the will provides the property shall then revert to the Michigan state convention of Universalists. The property to the niece is dead-end outright and the church society is obliged to use only the income from the residue of the estate.

Children Cry FOR ELETCHER'S CASTORIA

#### SAEN NEWS

A number of the neighbors and friends surprised Mrs. Flora Larkins Monday afternoon, not only bringing the luxuries of a two-course luncheon, but presented her with a beautiful bouquet of carnations, to remind her that she was remembered on her birthday.

A miscellaneous shower was given at the home of C. P. Angell Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Gladys Angell, who will soon become the bride of Henry Rossman of Metamora. About twenty-five were present and it will be necessary to charter a car to ship the kitchen utensils to her new home.

Quite a number from here attended the graduating exercises of the Pontiac Teachers' Normal school Tuesday evening, Miss Carrie Merritt being one of the graduates. As the result of her year's work she is proud, not only of a diploma from the school, but a teachers' certificate good for ten years.

#### WIXOM NEWS.

Guy Mowry was home from Ann Arbor over Sunday.

Mrs. Beniah Thompson was a Detroit visitor a part of this week. Mesdames Patton and McCallre were Northville visitors, Tuesday.

Mrs. Ford Burch and sister, Grace Decker, were Detroit visitors Tuesday.

J. G. Madison visited his agent, Miss Neward, at Clarenceville, Tuesday.

Fred Garlick and wife have moved into the house recently vacated by Mr. Ellenwood.

Mrs. A. Fisher of New Hudson is caring for her daughter, Mrs. E. E. Richardson, who is ill.

Mrs. Cornelia Madison of Detroit is visiting her sisters, Mesdames Thompson and Shannon.

There's nothing so good for a sore throat as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Rub it in a few hours. Relieves pain in any part.

#### NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. D. Donahue is in Pontiac. Place Woodruff was home from Detroit Sunday.

H. E. Jones is at St. Clements doctoring for rheumatism.

Rev. Huey and wife are entertaining his company from Indiana.

Frank Sanford and mother spent over Sunday at Mrs. Kurbis.

Frank Rice, wife and son Warren spent Sunday at Royal Oak.

J. A. Chapman, of Ypsilanti is visiting at Helen Leavenworth's.

N. Dew Thompson of Detroit spent last week with Novi friends.

Mrs. F. J. Verdon is entertaining her father, Mr. Ewald, of Detroit.

The What I am Society will meet at the church Saturday afternoon.

Dr. A. T. Holcomb and family are at their cottage at Walled Lake this week.

Mrs. Bertha Palerborg is spending a few days at Flint, Cho and Mt. Morris.

Miss Camilla Hsner is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Elmer Root.

Mrs. Sarah Root is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Josephine Stanton, at Mason.

George Goodell is attending the State Encampment of G. A. R. at Ypsilanti this week.

Harry White of Northville visited at the homes of Phil Taylor and Eugene Root this week.

Frank Burch and family and Ben Burch and family of Milford visited Mrs. L. Bathrick Sunday.

Chas. Sebalt and family of Detroit were guests at the homes of Walter Coats and Geo. Taylor Sunday.

Mrs. Lydia Horner returned to her home in Walled Lake, after spending the past month with Mr. and Mrs. J. Greer.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly, who has spent several months with her niece, Mrs. Lizzie Coates, has returned to her home in McLean.

#### Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our deep gratitude to the kind neighbors and friends and all who assisted us in any way to the Cheerful Workers, the W. C. T. U. and others for the beautiful floral offerings and for the many words of kindly sympathy extended to us in our sad bereavement.

MR. AND MRS. DEALTON DONELSON, MRS. BERTHA PALERBORG, MRS. LOUISA BATHRICK, MR. AND MRS. E. R. BATHRICK.

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For Infants and Children.

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CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.

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

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## CASTORIA

THE BENTON COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

#### C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of CHARLES M. JOSLIN, deceased, was the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioner to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, on Thursday, the 7th day of September, 1911, and on Thursday, the 7th day of October, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. at each of said dates for the purpose of receiving and examining all claims and demands against said deceased, and for the purpose of settling all claims and demands against said deceased, and for the purpose of distributing the assets of said estate to the persons entitled thereto. All persons having claims against said deceased, or demands against said estate, are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at the times and places above specified, or to file the same with the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, on or before the 7th day of September, 1911, and on Thursday, the 7th day of October, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. at each of said dates, or their claims and demands will be barred. All persons are hereby notified that the undersigned will not be responsible for the payment of any claim or demand against said deceased, or against said estate, unless the same shall have been presented to the undersigned at the times and places above specified, or filed with the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, on or before the 7th day of September, 1911, and on Thursday, the 7th day of October, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. at each of said dates.

C. C. YERKES, Commissioner.

#### STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.

In a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit on the thirtieth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven. Present, Henry S. Halbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JACOB SLAUGHTER, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Jeanne E. Sprague praying that said estate and said estate be granted to John G. Gilloup or some other suitable person.

It is ordered that the twelfth day of July next at 10 o'clock a. m. in the forenoon at said Court Room be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive times previous to said term, appearing in the Northville Post in a newspaper printed in Northville, Michigan, and in the Flint Evening News, a newspaper printed in Flint, Michigan.

HENRY S. HALBERT, Judge of Probate.

#### EXCURSIONS

VIA PERE MARQUETTE

SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1911

### BAY CITY

Train will leave Northville at 8:42 a. m. and arrive Bay City at 3:45 p. m.

ROUND TRIP RATES

FLINT..... 90c

SAGINAW & BAY CITY \$1.40.

## A Dainty Enameled Bedroom

What could be prettier or more inviting than a dainty bedroom with walls, furniture and woodwork all enameled in white or some delicate tint to harmonize nicely with furnishings and draperies? Why not have one?

### ACME QUALITY ENAMEL (Zeh's)

gives that smooth, beautiful, genuine enamel surface so sanitary and so easy to keep bright and attractive. Anyone can apply it by following the simple directions.

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.

**PAINTS ENAMELS**

**THE ACME QUALITY KIND**

**STAINS VARNISHES**

WM. H. CATTERMOLE Northville, Michigan

PAINTS, HARNESS, FARM IMPLEMENTS, WAGONS, CARRIAGES.

## SICK FOLKS

The percentage of those between the ages of 20 and 70 who are in the enjoyment of perfect health and nerve force is small. If you will talk candidly with those afflicted you will find in the vast majority of cases their troubles are due to a lack of healthy training. To all who have not started right, or have fallen by the wayside in later years, we offer a helping hand. We have a plan that will restore to them the vigor and sense of perfect health. We have a plan that will restore to them the vigor and sense of perfect health. We have a plan that will restore to them the vigor and sense of perfect health.

**If You Suffer Let Us Cure You**

Lacking, chronic or acute ailments, come to us. Those of you who are dragging along with one foot in the grave, despondent, discouraged, without confidence, ambition or hope.

### YOU CAN AGAIN HAVE PERFECT HEALTH.

Family doctors do the best they can, but they are not specialists devoting a lifetime to curing these few diseases. Sufferers have been sending hundreds of letters to the Dr. Hunt Institute for many years, where they KNOW can be restored to them the vigor and sense of perfect health. We have a plan that will restore to them the vigor and sense of perfect health. We have a plan that will restore to them the vigor and sense of perfect health. We have a plan that will restore to them the vigor and sense of perfect health.

**OUR MOTTO: Small Fees, Quick Results, Easy Terms.**

Consultation, Examination and Advice FREE. SPECIAL PARLORS FOR WOMEN.

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## WINCHESTER

### Repeating Shotguns

USED IN THE U. S. ARMY.

The U. S. Army authorities know a gun; that is why, when they decided to equip some troops with repeating shotguns, they selected the Winchester in preference to all other makes. The experts of the U. S. Ordnance Board also know a gun; that's why, after submitting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun to all sorts of tests, they pronounced it safe, sure, strong and simple. If you want a shotgun—buy the one whose strength and reliability led the U. S. Army authorities to select it and the U. S. Ordnance Board to endorse it—that's the Winchester.

### THE RELIABLE REPEATERS