

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XLI. No. 48.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1911.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

PIANO CONTEST COUNT NO. TWO

SIX YOUNG LADIES IN ABOUT EVEN RACE.

Mac McCullough Winner of \$10
Gold Prize

Extra Bonus Now on Merchants'
Coupon Tickets.

The second count in the Piano contest occurred Wednesday morning with F. S. Harmon in charge. Mac McCullough showed the largest gain and hauled in the ten-dollar gold prize. Ora Hays was second and Mattie Kreeger third with Thelma Bennett and Ida Morris not far away.

NAME	FIRST COUNT	SECOND COUNT	TOTAL
Mac McCullough	23,250	58,200	81,450
Ora Hays	30,150	52,900	83,050
Mattie Kreeger	8,350	48,000	56,350
Thelma Bennett	9,000	46,800	55,800
Ida Morris	23,400	45,575	68,975
Flora Hendryx	5,114.00	27,850	32,964
Hattie Pagel	12,025	1,875	13,900
Mabel Tiffin	7,600	2,975	10,575
Mae McCowan	6,500	3,575	10,075
Arnetta Masters	5,150	4,050	9,200
Gladys Morse	575	350	925

MAYOR COLDREN AUTHORIZES TAG DAY

Believing in the Worthy Objects of the society of The King's Daughters of Northville, I, as president of the said village, do hereby designate Tuesday, July 4th, as Tag Day for said society and urge all our citizens and visitors upon that occasion to assist, cooperate and contribute to the cause which that society so faithfully and worthily represents.

CHARLES COLDREN,
President.

Dated, Northville, June 27, 1911.

Tewksbury-Dolph.

Miss Lilla H. Dolph, formerly of Northville, was quietly married Saturday, June 24, to Mr. Otto Tewksbury of Detroit at the home

Following is the vote and standings to date:

This places six young ladies in about an even race and as there are only eleven contestants now in the race and eleven merchants' prizes offered besides the piano, they are all sure to get one.

From now until the third count the bonus will be as follows:

For every seven new subscriptions handed in at one time, 3,000 extra votes, making a total of 12,200 votes. For every seven renewals at one time, 5,000 extra votes, making a total of 8,500 votes.

For every seven backsubscriptions at one time, 4,000 extra votes, making a total of 6,800 votes.

For every bunch of forty merchants' coupons, brought to this office and counted by the publisher or his assistant he will give 1,000 extra votes. This will make a total of 2,000 votes in all.

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

"CIRCLE N" TEAM GETS TWO GOATS

FRIDAY THEY DEFEATED THE CLEARY BUSINESS COLLEGE

And Saturday They Did Up Holly's
Crack Team.

The Cleary Business College base ball team came over here Friday afternoon to "do up" the "Circle N" boys. However, they were completely out-classed as is shown by the score, 5 to 2.

It looked like a shut-out game for Northville, until, completely discouraged, they put in a pinch hitter, who started the score with a three base hit. This greatly encouraged the Business boys that they ran up a score of three in the last two innings. The Northville boys all played a good game. The main features of the game were a home run by Boyden, and three batters by Turner and Stimpson.

One of the best games of the season occurred here Saturday afternoon, when Holly's crack team wandered into the hall grounds. The entire company of Northville rooters was out to cheer on the Northville boys and Floyd Northrop and Neil Schrader haven't been able to talk since. The resulting score was 3 to 6 in our favor.

Turner made a double play unassisted, covering center field and touching second base. Moffitt tagged a three bagger, and Boyden and Rilmeyer working together, made a double play. Holly's third baseman hit several scores by on account of a "physical peculiarity." This is only the second "Circle N" game of the season,—here's to more victories.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. B. A. NORTROP

Had Been Ill the Past Six Months
—With Heart Trouble.

Mrs. Bernella Northrop, wife of B. A. Northrop, one of Northville's leading citizens, died at her home in this village, of heart failure, Tuesday afternoon.

Bernella Rebecca Northrop was born in Ingham county, Feb. 15, 1851. Her early years were spent in Shiawassee county, where she united with the Baptist church at the age of twelve. January 18, 1892, she was united in marriage to B. A. Northrop.

The deceased, who was fifty-four years old, has been ill about six months, but no serious danger was anticipated until the last few days. Mrs. Northrop was an interested worker in the Baptist church, a member of the W. C. T. U., O. E. S. and the Northville Woman's club. She will be greatly missed, both in these societies and in the home.

Her husband and two step-sons, Floyd and Linn, are left to mourn her death.

The funeral was held at the home Thursday afternoon, Rev. Brent Harding officiating.

Let's Oil the Streets.

Is Northville to be a backwoods town all its life or will it wake up? Why should the people suffer and eat dust when a car of oil on the streets would make it almost a paradise. Look at Farmington. Every street oiled by the council. No mud and no dust. Look at Mr. Eatherly's place. Look at all the streets at Orchard lake and in front of all those beautiful homes. Clouds of dust are not seen there. Even Novi has the Enterprise. Why waste the water works water on Northville streets and compel the merchants to spend about all their profits to keep their business places clean. Talk to your councilmen. Get the Streets Oiled.

Dr. Paul C. Goodlove of Detroit

wishes to announce that he is devoting special attention to the treatment of all forms of Rheumatism. The treatment consists of the injections of a special preparation made in Germany, together with the latest approved remedial agents and Osteopathy. Office, 504 Healy Bldg., corner John R. and Broadway. Hours, 12:30 to 3:00 p. m. 46w4p

LEASED CATTERMÖLE'S GARAGE.

Ward Pettibone Comes Here From
Albion.

Ward Pettibone of Albion has leased the Cattermole garage and will fit it out for a first class garage shop. He will also be prepared to repair automobiles of all makes. Following is from the Albion Recorder of June 22:

"Mr. Ward Pettibone, who has been a resident of Albion for the past seven years and has been connected with the firm of Wolfinger & Pettibone, is making preparations to start an automobile garage in Northville. Mr. Pettibone has secured a very favorable location in that bustling little town and states that he expects to put in an up-to-date garage equipment. For a number of years before coming to Albion, Mr. Pettibone was employed as machine man for the Olds auto factory at Lansing and has been connected with the Albion Garage here until recently. He will move his family to Northville soon."

SCREAMIN' EAGLE IS 'MOST READY

WILL LET THINGS LOOSE HERE
NEXT TUESDAY.

Arizona and New Mexico to Get a
Send Off.

Inasmuch as this will be the last publication of the Record before the festivities of the 4th of July are inaugurated, we will endeavor to give our readers a faint idea of the thousand and one events planned for that day.

In anticipation of congress taking into statehood Mexico and Arizona, forty-six guns will be touched off instead of the regulation forty-four.

There will be races and contests, too numerous and varied to mention, for all of which prizes will be given. If you are a heavy-weight, join the fat man's race. If you have a fondness for fried cakes or pie, enter that contest and besides getting a free dinner you may get a \$1.00 prize. Sports start promptly at 9 o'clock.

A short open-air address will be given by Hon. S. J. Lawrence, on "Independence Day."

The industrial parade will form at the race track at 11 o'clock, coming up South Center street to Dunlap, up Dunlap to West street across to and down Main.

The automobile parade will form at the school house at 1:00 o'clock, headed by the bank, marching down Main to Center, where band will drop out, leaving the autos free sailing to Athletic park. The band will then escort the crowd to the race track.

Brown's "All Stars" will cross bats with the "Hamilton Tigers" of Detroit, the game to be called at 1:00 p. m. At 3:30 p. m. the "Circle N" boys will endeavor to teach the "Eastern Athletics" of Detroit, a few base ball stunts. Fireworks at Athletic park and a dance in the rink will wind up one of the most exciting 4th of July do's ever held in Northville—or any other old town.

MRS. JAS. MASTERS DIED SUNDAY

Mrs. James Masters died at her home Sunday afternoon after a long illness. Deceased was seventy-seven years old, having lived in Northville about five years. She leaves a husband, one daughter, Mrs. Woodmansee and one son, E. M. Masters, both of this place. The funeral was held from the house Tuesday afternoon, Rev. R. M. Pierce officiating. Burial in Rural Hill cemetery.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the pastor.)

The Ladies' Aid society will meet next Wednesday afternoon with the walls of the new church parlors are going up rapidly this week. Next Sunday evening we will unite in the meeting at the Methodist church.

The Lord's Supper will be administered next Sunday morning, and new members received into the church.

WATCH FOR THE BALLOONS!

SATURDAY AND
MONDAY NIGHTS

Every boy who comes to see the fireworks on show at our store at once will receive a membership ticket entitling him to participate in our Balloon contest Saturday and Monday night. Every boy has a chance to get his fireworks free. Get your membership ticket now and be ready to enter the contest. On Saturday and Monday nights (July 1 and 2) between the hours of 7 and 8.00 we will send up from the front of our store a number of large fire balloons. On each of these nights the first boy to tie up one of the asbestos wire protectors from a balloon will be given a \$2.00 package of fireworks FREE.

A COMPLETE LINE OF 4TH OF JULY GOODS
IS NOW ON SHOW.

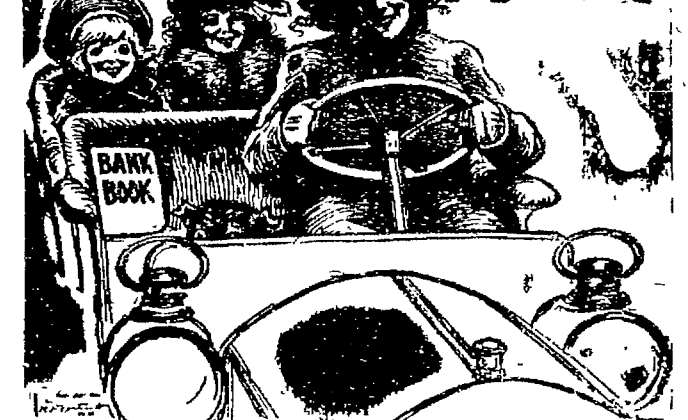
Boys! Parents!

Huff's Hardware
is Headquarters
for Fireworks and
Ammunition.

Make Yourselves at
Home at our store on
July 4th—and Wel-
come.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

YOUR FAMILY CAN BE COMFORTABLE IF YOU have BANKED YOUR MONEY



The price of electricity, food, means beginning to BANK and SAVE money when you do. Every man, woman and child who has a dollar in the bank can afford to let their money work for them. We will give you a free trial. Let OUR BANKERS YOUR BANK. We will give you a free trial.

Northville State Savings Bank

Fruit Cans.

Cherries are plentiful and prospects are good for all kinds of small fruit—which will make a big demand for Cans and Sugar and, no doubt, both will be higher. Better get your cans now. Our prices:

Pint Mason Cans 60c
Quart Mason Cans 65c
Half-Gallon Mason Cans... 85c
Sealfast—Pints 80c
Quarts 90c

We will make but one delivery July 4th, leaving here at 8:00 o'clock.

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.

GOOD SALESMANSHIP

Is the art of putting into another mind
what is in your own.

It is a Simple
Method of
Suggestion.....

To have the best results you must handle
the best goods.
That we are prepared to give you.

Walk Right In.

"GET THE HABIT"
TRADE AT RYDER'S

WE DELIVER ICE

To New Castles

Or To Old Castles!

To

Humble Cottages

Or Pretentious Homes.

We Would Even Fill

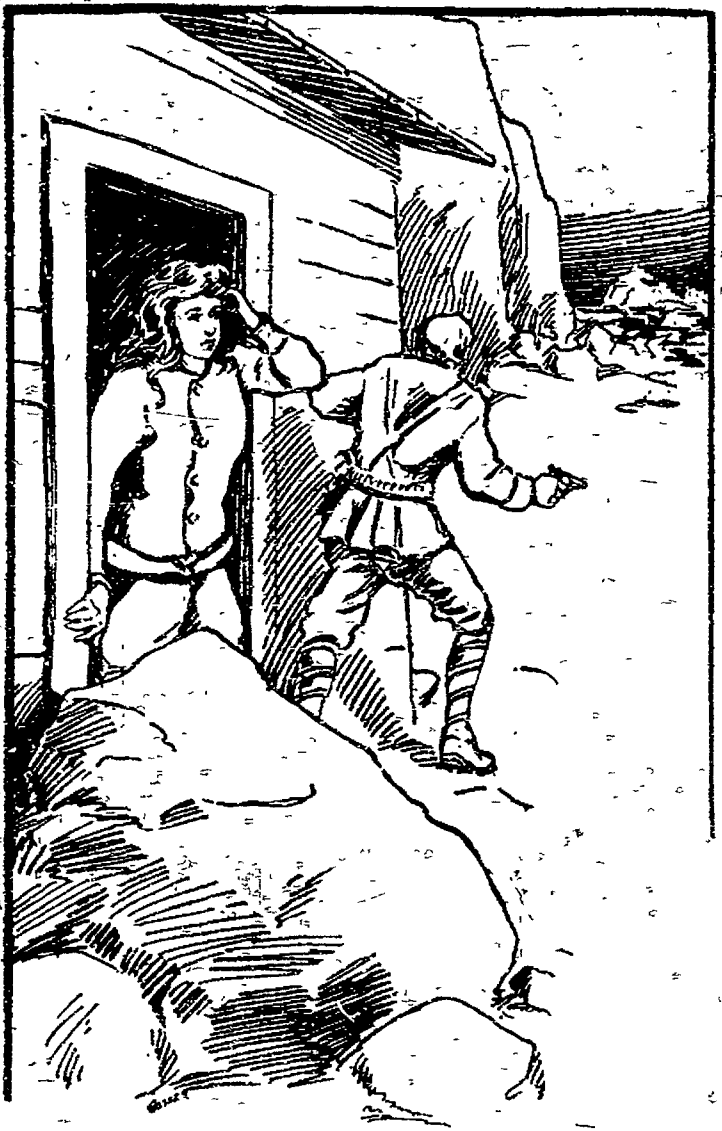
The Ice Box

Of Your Air Castles!

Send In Your Orders!

R. R. MCKAHAN

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.



The Yacht Had Disappeared.



SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, flees from the army in disgrace and his attention for his friend, Lt. Jerry Hunter, turns to hunting. Cayley, who is a skilled hunter, perfects a flying machine. While searching over the Arctic regions, he picks up a girl who is a captive of the Eskimos. He rescues her and discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending upon the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fanning, and that the yacht has come north to a rich mine of oil. After Cayley departs, Jeanne finds that she has dropped a curious shaped stick. Captain Planch, the surviving crew of the wrecked whaler, are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, had murdered Planch 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 Fanning, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanning declares that it is an Eskimo throwingstick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanning returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle. Jerry Hunter is found murdered, and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent. A relief 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. He is intent on murder when the sky-man swoops down and the ruffian flees. Jeanne gives Cayley her father's diary to read.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The scene before his eyes was beautiful, with that stupendous beauty that only the Arctic can attain. The harbor and beyond it, far out to sea—clear to the horizon, was filled with great plunging, churning masses of ice, all drenched in color by the low-hanging Arctic sun—violet, rose, pure golden-yellow and emerald-green, and a white whose incandescence fairly stabbed the eye. And as those great moving masses ground together, they flung, high into the air, broad shimmering veils of rose-colored spray.

Of the fice, which they had considered stable as the land itself, there was no longer any sign. There was nothing there, nothing at all to greet their eyes, to seaward, but the savage beauty of the ice.

The yacht had disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.

The Aurora.

"I tell you, sir, the thing is beyond human possibility. There is no help—no human help in the world. I would swear to that before God. But I think you must know it as well as I do." Captain Warner, standing upon the Aurora's bridge, was the speaker.

The two Fannshaws, father and son, their faces gray with despair, turned away and looked over the great masses of loose, churning, field-ice, which, filling the sea out to the utmost horizon, confirmed the captain's words.

"How long?" Tom Fannshaw began, any possible chance I would take it, but there is none—none in the world,

then he paused, moistened his lips and rubbed them roughly with his hand—"How long," he repeated, "shall we have to wait before it opens up?"

"It won't open up again this season—not if I know anything about the Arctic," said the captain.

"It will freeze, though," Mr. Fannshaw said, "freeze into a solid pack that we could cross about. How long shall we have to wait for that?"

"It's hard to tell. Generally in this latitude the pack is pretty solid by the first of September. But that warm current which caught Fielding's ship, which caught the Walrus—the current which makes, every summer apparently, that long gap of open water which enabled us to reach the land that Fielding reached—that current would keep loose field-ice floating about for at least another month."

Tom Fannshaw's eyes had almost the light of madness in them. "But she can't live a month!" he cried. "She's alone, unarmed! She has no food, no shelter but those bare huts!"

"The Walrus people doubtless left some stores there, if she could find them," said Captain Warner. "But, still, what you say is perfectly true. She can hardly hope to keep a live a week."

"Then," said Tom, in dull, passionate rebellion—"then, in some way or other, we must go back to her. If you won't go—if you won't take the Aurora back, I'll take one of the little boats and go myself!"

"If you want to commit suicide," said Captain Warner, "you could do it less painfully with a revolver. The small boat would not live 30 seconds after we put her over the side. You know that, if you are not mad. As for the Aurora herself, if she had not been built the way she is, she would have been crushed hours ago. And if I were to lower the propeller and start the engines, they would simply twist the screw off of her before she had gone a ship's length, and leave us helpless in the event of our ever finding open water. We may never live to find it, but there's a chance that we will. There are more than 30 lives that I am responsible for aboard this yacht, and I mean to live up to that responsibility. If we ever do find open water, then I'll do whatever you say. I will take you to Point Barrow and the yacht can winter there. Then when the pack is solid, if you can find dogs and sledges, you can attempt the journey across the ice. I don't believe it can be done. I don't believe there is a chance in a hundred that any single member of the party that set out would live to reach that shore. That, however, is not my affair."

"Or, if you wish, we can take the yacht back to San Francisco, refit her and come back next summer. I think that with our knowledge of the currents and where the open water is, we might get back to Fielding bay by the first of July. Then we can find whatever there is to find."

His own voice faltered there, and there were tears in the deep weather-beaten furrows of his cheeks. "God



knows," he concluded, "if there were not unless we could fly through the air."

It was only an hour since they had ascertained, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Jeanne was not aboard the Aurora. Until Tom had recovered consciousness, the others had entertained little doubt that she was safely hidden somewhere about the ship.

Cayley's warning, together with the confession of the Portuguese, Miguel, had caused them to steal alongside the Aurora as silently as possible. Not a word had been spoken by any of the party, and the sound of the rising wind had drowned the creak of their oars. Half a dozen well-armed men had stolen aboard over the bows to reconnoiter.

Making out the unfamiliar figures of the Walrus people on deck, and knowing that they had a fight on their hands, they had worked their way, unobserved, to a position amidships. Here, under cover of a brisk revolver fire, they had made it possible for the rest of their party to get aboard.

The Walrus people, several of whom were below, came tumbling up on deck at the sound of firing, and their whole party entrenched itself in the after-deck house. They had found arms of various sorts aboard the Aurora, and made a spirited resistance before they were finally overpowered.

The Aurora's people, under the cool headed command of Warner and the elder Fannshaw, had proceeded in a brisk, scientific, military style that had spared them many serious casualties. There were a number of flesh wounds when it was over, and one or two of a more serious nature. None of them had been killed.

The Walrus people, however, had not surrendered until their plight was wholly desperate. Only five of them were left alive, and two of these were mortally wounded when the struggle ceased.

The uninjured were heavily ironed and locked up in the steerage. All the wounded—friends and foes alike—were turned over to the care of the yacht's surgeon and a couple of volunteer assistants from among the crew.

Altogether, it was two of three hours after the Aurora's people had regained undisputed possession of the yacht before it was possible to form any definite idea of what had happened. In the excitement and the necessity of everybody doing two or three things at once, Tom Fannshaw and his serious plight were not discovered, until he himself, having partly regained consciousness, uttered a low moan for help, which was heard by a chance passerby.

The gale, which had been raging all this while, had gone screaming by unheeded, and it was not until dawn that the horrified conquerors of the yacht discovered that there was no land in sight.

It was several hours after that, not, indeed, until the captain had worked out their reckoning from an observation before they realized that they were 100 miles away from their anchorage of the previous evening, and that their return was hopeless.

Old Mr. Fannshaw gave his arm to his son, helped him down from the bridge and thence to the now deserted smoking room, forward. Tom submitted to be led blindly along, and did not demur when his father halted beside a big leather sofa and told him to lie down upon it. Since that momentary outburst of his upon the bridge, the young man had been unnaturally calm. His muscles, as he lay there now upon the sofa, seemed relaxed, his eyes were fixed, almost dull.

Through a long silence his father sat there watching him, but there was no dawn of a corresponding calmness in his face. It had aged whole years over night.

"It's strange to me," he said, "that we ever recovered possession of this yacht at all, let alone that we were able to recover it without its costing us the life of a single man. This gang must have had a leader, and a clever one. They way he maneuvered his men to keep them out of sight while he drew away first one party and then the other from the yacht was a piece of mastery strategy. He worked it out perfectly in every detail. He got possession of the yacht without losing a man, without even firing a shot that might give the alarm. And even with the warning we had and with the help of the fog, I don't see how we defeated a man like that. His success must have gone to his head and made him mad."

"He was probably killed in the first volley our people fired when they got aboard," said Tom dully. "He alone could have accounted for half a dozen of you, if he'd ever had a chance—a giant like that."

"A giant!"

"I think he must have been the leader," said Tom. "He was the first man to come aboard, certainly."

"But what makes you call him a giant?"

"Because he literally was. He struck me down with just one blow, and as he raised his arm to strike I saw that his shoulder-cap was above

the level of my eyes; and I pass for a tall man."

His father abandoned the subject abruptly, and for a while contrived to talk of other things; of the details of the fight and how different members of the crew had borne themselves.

But his mind was filled with a new terror, and as soon as he could feel that his son was in addition to be left alone, he left him, with a broken word of excuse. He must either set this new terror at rest, or know the worst, at once. There had been no one, either among the survivors or the slain of the Walrus party, who in any way resembled the monster Tom had described.

An hour later he went back to the bridge to talk again with Captain Warner. He thought that they had sounded the depth of despair; that former time when they had talked together there, but in this last hour he had sounded a new abyss beneath it all. He knew now why the yacht had been so easily taken. He knew all the details of the devilish plan which had so nearly succeeded. More than that, he knew the story of the man Roscoe from the time when Captain Planch had taken him aboard the Walrus, down to the hour last night when he had sprung into his boat again and pulled shoreward. Captain Planch was dying, and old Mr. Fannshaw's questions had enabled him to enjoy the luxury of a full confession.

So they knew now, those two men who stood there on the bridge, white-lipped, talking over the horror of the thing—they knew that Jeanne was not alone upon that terrible frozen shore. The man Roscoe was there, too.

A sound on the deck below attracted Mr. Fannshaw's attention. Tom, with the aid of a heavy cane, was limping precariously along the deck toward the bridge ladder, and, to their amazement, when he looked up at them, they saw that somehow, his face had cleared. There was a grave look of peace upon it.

"I've thought of something," he said, after he had climbed up beside them—"I've thought of something that makes it seem possible to go on living, and even hoping."

The two older men exchanged a swift glance. He was not to know about Roscoe. If he had found something to hope for, no matter how illusory, he should be allowed to keep it to hug it to his breast, in place of the horrible, torturing vision of the human monster which the other two men saw.

"What is it you've thought of, Tom?" his father asked, unthinkingly.

"It's—it's Cayley. He's there with her, I'm sure he is." He turned away a little from Captain Warner and spoke directly to his father. "I don't know how I know, but it's as if I saw them there together. He has fallen in love with her, I think, I'm quite sure she has with him. I wanted to kill him for that yesterday, but now—" his voice faltered there, but the look in his eyes did not change—the light of a serene, untroubled hope—"He's there with her," he went on, "and with God's help he'll keep her alive until we can get back with the relief."

He said no more, and he clutched the rail tight in his gauntleted hands and gazed out north, across the ice.

CHAPTER XII.

Cayley's Promise.

For this small mercy Cayley thanked God. The girl did not understand. She was rubbing those sleepy eyes of hers and putting back, into place, stray locks of hair that were in the way. "The ice must have gone to pieces," she said, "and they've drifted off in the fog without knowing it. I suppose there's no telling when they'll be back; very likely not for hours."

He did not risk trying to answer her. All his will power was directed to keeping the real significance of the yacht's disappearance from showing in his face.

She had turned to him quite casually for an answer, but not getting it, remained looking intently into his eyes. "Mr. Cayley," she asked presently, "were you telling me last night what you really thought was true, or were you just encouraging me—I mean about those men who attacked the yacht? Are you afraid, after all, that our people are not in possession of the Aurora, wherever she is?"

"I told you the truth last night. I can't imagine any possibility by which the men who came here on the Walrus could get the Aurora away from your people, except by stealth."

"But if our people beat them off, why didn't they come ashore? There aren't any of them around, are there?"

"Apparently not," said Cayley. "They may have all been killed before they could get back to shore, or some of them may have been captured. No, I really don't think you need worry about them."

She drew a long deep breath, flung out her arms wide, and then stretched them skyward. "What a day it is. Was there ever such a day down there in that warm green world that people live in?—Oh, I don't wonder that you love it. I wish I could fly as you do. But since I can't, for this one day you



The Two Older Men Exchanged a Quick Glance.

must stay down here upon the earth with me."

Her mention of his wings gave him his first faint perception of the line the struggle would take. His mind flashed for an instant into the position which her own would take when she should know the truth. To her it would not seem that they were castaways together. He was not marooned here on this shore. His ship was waiting to take him anywhere in the world. He was as free as the wind itself.

"I believe living in the sky is what makes you do that," he heard her say—"makes you drift off into trances that way, perfectly oblivious to the fact that people are asking you questions."

He met her smiling eyes, and a smile came unbidden, into his own. "You've forgiven me already, I see," he said. "What was the question about?"

"It was about breakfast. Have you anything to eat in that bundle of yours?"

He shook his head, and she drew down her lips in mock dismay.

"Is there anything to eat anywhere?"

She questioned, sleeping her arm round in a half circle landward.

"Mustn't we go hunting for a walrus or a snark or something?"

Cayley had to turn away from her as she said that. The remorseless irony of the situation was getting beyond human endurance. The splendor of the day, the girl's holiday humor, her laughing declaration that she would not permit him to fly away; this last gay jest out of the pages of Alice in Wonderland about hunting for a walrus.

"God!" he whispered as he turned away—"My God!"

He had his revolver, and besides the six cartridges which the cylinder contained, there were, perhaps, 20 in his belt. For how many days, or weeks, would they avail to keep off starvation?

But his face was composed again when he turned back to her. "There are two things that come before breakfast," he said—"Fire and water. There is a line of driftwood down the beach to the westward, there at the foot of the talus. When we get a fire going—" he stopped himself short. "I was going to say that we could melt some ice for drinking water but until we have some sort of cooking utensil to melt it in, it won't do much good. There must be something of the sort in the hut here."

She shook her head. "They're completely abandoned," she told him. "Our shore party searched them first of all, and afterward Uncle Jerry and I searched them through again. There is nothing there at all, but some heaps of rubbish."

"I think I'll take a look myself," said he. "Rubbish is a relative term. What seemed no better than that yesterday afternoon while the yacht was in the harbor may take on a different meaning this morning."

He disappeared through the doorway, and two minutes later she saw him coming back with a big battered-looking biscuit tin.

"(Unless this leaks too fast," he said, "it will serve our purpose admirably.")

He observed, without reflecting what the observation meant, that a beautiful supply of fuel was lying in great drifts along the lower slope of the talus. Jeanne accompanied him upon his quest of it, and with small loss of time and no trouble at all they collected an armful. They laid their fire upon a great flat stone in front of the hut, for the outdoor day was too fine to abandon for the dark and damp in the interior, and soon they had the fire blazing cheerfully.

For a while they sat, side by side, upon his great sheepskin, warming their fingers and watching the drip of the melting ice in the biscuit tin.

But presently Cayley got to his feet. "Breakfast!" he said.

"Is there to be anything besides a good big drink of water apiece? If there isn't, I'd rather not think about it until the yacht comes back."

"Unless I'm mistaken, there's an excellent breakfast waiting for us not far from where we got the fire-wood. But I'll go and make sure before I raise your expectations any higher."

He walked away a half-dozen paces without waiting for any reply, then, thinking suddenly of something else, he came swiftly back again.

"Do you know anything about fire arms?" he asked. "If you've come to shooting, I'll leave my revolver with you. No, I want an answer to the question which she had not spoken—"no, I don't foresee any danger to you. It's just on general principles."

"I'm a pretty good shot. But if you're going on a hunting expedition for our breakfast and there isn't any reasonable danger to me in being left alone, it seems reasonable that you should take the gun."

He took the revolver from his belt, however, and held it out to her. "Our breakfast doesn't have to be shot And as a concession to my feelings—no, it's nothing more than that—I'd rather you took it."

She did as he asked without further demur, and he went away. When she was left alone, the girl added fresh sticks to the fire, and then, in default of any more active occupation took up the red-bound book which lay beside her and began once more to peruse its pages. She had by no means exhausted them. In her reading of the night before, she had skipped the pages of scientific description for those parts of the journal which were most purely personal. Even now the whole pages of carefully tabulated data concerning the winds, currents, temperature, and magnetic variations got scant attention. In her present mood the homeliest little adventure, the idliest diversion of a winter's day meant more to her than all her father's discoveries put together. When she saw Cayley coming back toward her across the ice, she put the book down half reluctantly.

Evidently his quest for breakfast had not been in vain; he had a big black and white bird in his hand. "Do you suppose it's fit to eat?" she called out to him. "How in the world did you manage to kill it without the revolver?"

"Fit to eat! It's a duck. What's more, it's an elder, which means that her coat is worth saving."

"But how did you contrive to kill her?"

"I didn't. She killed herself. I suppose she was too low last night. She was going down the gale, and in the fog she went smack into the side of the cliff and broke her neck. That was a very destructive storm for the birds. There must be 50 of them, of one kind and another, lying dead there along the top of the talus, at the foot of the cliff."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Prayer Unanswered.

It had been raining all day and little Mark, shut up in the house, was anxious to get out and play. His mother, in another room, thought that she heard him talking, and presently inquired to whom.

"I was talking to God, mamma," the child replied. "I asked Him to make it stop raining so I could go outdoors, but—I don't think He was very polite about it. He never let on that He heard me at all!"

The Northville Record

Published by

NEAL PRINTING CO.

Established 1869

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JUNE 30, '11

NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. J. Leavenworth is seriously ill.

Mrs. Bloss is visiting the Hazen and Putnam families.

Mrs. Hyde is having a serious attack of heart trouble.

Mrs. Greer of Plymouth is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. O. Munro.

Rev. and Mrs. Hiley and Mrs. Via Munro spent Tuesday at Belle Isle.

Mrs. Carrie Bloss of Cadillac is visiting among friends in Northville.

Clement Gage and wife of Saginaw have been in town attending the W. N. D. C. reunion and visiting for a few days at the Gage homestead.

The BYPC will give a Kaliko Carnival at the Baptist parsonage Friday night, July 7. The ladies will be expected to dress in Kaliko. You are invited.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 6:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 12:30 a. m. for Farmington and Detroit at 12:30 a. m.

First car on Sunday—Leave Northville at 10:30 a. m.

Northville to Farmington, Saginaw and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 6:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Leave Farmington for Northville at 6:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Leave Saginaw for Northville at 6:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

West-bound cars to Detroit connect at Warren. Cars for Saginaw connect at Ypsilanti.

W. L. B. CLARK'S

MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

Try a Linc in the Record

Phone 247-J

DIAMOND DAIRY

Northville's Milk Dairy. Every thing in strictly sanitary condition. All milk we sell is the product of our own cows. Our having fresh cows at a time of the year gives you a high standard of milk at all times. It is worth a few cents a week to know that you're getting

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE
G. C. BENTON

OSCAR S. HARGER

REAL ESTATE BOUGHT, SOLD and EXCHANGED

Estates Settled and Managed—Insurance and Loans. Notary Public. Bell Phone, 60. 124 N. Center St. NORTHVILLE. MICHIGAN.

EXCURSIONS

PERE MARQUETTE

ON SUNDAY, JULY 9, 1911

DETROIT

Train will leave Northville at 9:33 a. m. Returning, leave Detroit at 7:00 p. m.

FARE: Round Trip, 25 Cents.

EXCURSIONS

PERE MARQUETTE

ON SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1911

BAY CITY

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

ROUND TRIP RATES
FLINT.....90c
SAGINAW & BAY CITY \$1.40

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Laxative. Admired Druggists for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills. A Red and Gold Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills. 25 years' record. Best. Suffer. Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

NORTHVILLE.

Partly Personal.

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

Melvin King of Detroit, was in town Tuesday.

Miss Marion Johnston is visiting Miss Helen Ward, at Detroit.

Mrs. Henry Perry of Wixom was a Northville visitor Monday.

Georgia Day of Dearborn spent Saturday with Doris Haddock.

Mrs. Lillian Ambler spent the week with her brother in Chicago.

Erwin Porter of Detroit, called on Wm. White and family Sunday.

Mrs. Delta Barrier of Howell is visiting at the home of W. H. White.

Robt. Neelands of Ann Arbor visited Northville friends over Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Baldwin of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting relatives in town.

Mary Vanaken of Detroit is visiting at the home of her uncle, Henry Vanaken.

Mrs. Frances Cole left Tuesday afternoon for a trip to Buffalo and Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Frederick entertained relatives from Walkerville, Ont., Sunday.

J. B. Dodge of Owosso, formerly of this place, visited old friends in town Monday.

Mrs. John Burton and son Clifford of Yale, spent Friday with Mrs. C. A. Ponsford.

Mrs. E. H. Noble of Crookston, Minn., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Coldren.

The Messrs. Gwineth and Esther Eckett of Ypsilanti were over Sunday visitors in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Herrick visited the latter's mother, Mrs. Wm. Richardson, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Pridmore have returned from their visit at Stone Cottage Farm near Pontiac.

The Messrs. Leah Bonin and Maria Myers of Saginaw are visiting their cousin, Miss Virginia McElly.

The Messrs. Caroline and Lulu Richardson of Coleman are visiting their sister, Mrs. Clarence Wisdom.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brown of Detroit were Saturday visitors at the home of Arthur Grant and family.

Miss Anne Jerome left Tuesday afternoon for an extended visit to Miss Charlotte Bullens at Newton, Ind.

Rev. John M. Rutherford of Walton, N. Y., visited his cousin, George Hotelling and Mrs. Fred Moffitt, last week.

Grant Stimpson and wife of Ann Arbor came over to attend the graduation exercises last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Bertha Curtis of Detroit, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Hazel Boyer, returned home Monday.

Mrs. C. B. Burr of Flint returned home on Tuesday morning, having been a guest of Mrs. Wm. S. Jerome since Saturday.

Mrs. Wallin and daughter, Mera, quite a lot of Detroiters, spending a week or two among friends in Northville and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barley and little daughter of Saginaw spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Barley.

Miss Eda Anderson of Ann Arbor, a former Northville schoolmate of Mrs. R. R. Ball, was the guest of the latter at the Joslin home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Nims and daughter, Thelma, of Detroit were guests of Miss Elizabeth Ostrander Sunday at the home of Mrs. Tremper.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker and little son, who have been spending the past week at G. W. Hills', returned to their home in New Hudson Saturday night.

Mrs. Simmons and nephew, Mr. Murdock, of Lansing were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. A. K. Dolph, and brother, E. C. Murdock, part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Clapp, Mrs. J. B. Cook, Mrs. Jas. Dunham, Mrs. Joslin and Mrs. A. C. Harmon attended the W. N. D. C. reunion in West Nov. Saturday.

Rev. Judson Vradenburg, for some years pastor at Belleville, has been visiting relatives in town this week. The family are now moving to Buffalo for the summer.

J. H. Bishop and two sons, Arthur and George of Ithaca, Gratiot Co., spent Sunday and Monday in this village, making the trip by auto. Mr. Bishop moved from this vicinity fifty eight years ago and this was his first visit since then. At that

time he owned the Seeley farm west of here which he sold to Charles Seeley, father of C. S. Seeley, Northville's well known stock buyer.

Miss Emma Farbrother of Kalamazoo is spending some time with her niece, Mrs. E. F. Holden.

The Messrs. Edith Daggett and Lida Richardson were guests of Miss Ethel Chapman at Walled Lake Saturday.

Miss Edith Daggett returned to Pentwater Tuesday, after a week's visit with her classmate, Miss Lida Richardson.

Lawrence Hale and Arthur Schamehorn of Ann Arbor spent a few days last week with the Messrs. Edith Daggett and Lida Richardson.

E. F. Holden and wife and their aunt, Miss Farbrother, of Kalamazoo have returned from a delightful tea day's outing at Walled Lake.

Prof. Ernest White, who has just closed several years' work as superintendent of school at Monroe, is visiting among Northville friends before leaving for an extended European tour.

Rev. T. J. Murdock and wife attended a church wedding at Bloomingdale Monday. They remained there the rest of the week visiting old friends as that was their former home.

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Epworth League at 8 o'clock Sunday night. C. A. Dolph is the leader.

Evening service will be held out of doors, weather permitting. Text "What is That to Thee; Follow Thou Me." This is a union service.

Sunday, July 2nd, will be known throughout the country as Peace Sunday. (The subject for the morning sermon will be, "Righteousness Exalteth a Nation.")

The monthly business and social meeting of the Epworth League will be held at the home of Mrs. J. Savage on Friday July 7th. Every young man and young woman in our church is cordially invited.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Fred Baumann is quite ill.

Miss Emmeline Lapham of Northville spent Sunday at the Wilber's.

Mr. and Mrs. Baleo are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter, June 12.

Miss Leola Thayer visited her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Mosher, in Pontiac part of last week.

Mrs. Nasmann of Northville is caring for her daughter, Mrs. Clyde Adams, who is ill.

Miss Martha Myer attended the picnic of the deaf and dumb school in Detroit Sunday.

Larl Gullen and Carl Wolfe left here Monday morning to attend the summer school at Ypsilanti Normal.

Miss Lucile Power of Detroit is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hendryx, and other relatives in this vicinity.

Miss Lou Grace, who has been spending several months with her aunt, Mrs. C. H. Morgan, in New York City, returned home last Friday.

Miss Lella Cash, who has been bookkeeper and clerk in Cook & Co.'s store the past three years, has resigned and returned to her home in Peck.

Mrs. L. F. Holcomb was in attendance at the commencement exercises at Pontiac last Thursday evening, her sister, Gladys Sherman, being one of the graduates.

Fire broke out in the Grace sheds Friday afternoon, but by prompt action on the part of the fire department and residents of the village the fire was soon extinguished without much damage excepting the loss of several feet of the sheds. It is thought the fire started from a lighted cigar carelessly thrown on the floor.

Messdames Robt. Webber and Leon Green entertained twenty-six young ladies Tuesday afternoon at the home of the latter at a miscellaneous shower for Mrs. Ivan Webber of Northville. Ice cream and cake were served. The house was prettily decorated with myrtle and daisies. Guests were present from Plymouth, Northville, Pine Lake, Pontiac and Farmington. The bride received many useful gifts.

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured

with local application, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients, what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrah. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Will Double Money Invested.

The marvelous growth of Detroit shows how money has been doubled when put into real estate. The opportunities for large profits are just as good at present. The State Metropolis is extending its lines continuously and rapidly, and real estate in that city is bound to increase heavily in price and to keep on increasing. While real estate is one of the safest investments known, in Detroit it is not only safe but certain to produce great gains. Fortunes will be made in a few years by those who are foresighted enough to take advantage of the opportunities offered in the State Metropolis.

School Notes.

(By a Pupil.)
The Juniors held a class picnic at Walled Lake Saturday. A picnic dinner and ice cream and cake for supper, together with a day's fun, made them wish they could always be Juniors.

Notice of the baccalaureate sermon, which was given a week ago Sunday evening in the Presbyterian church was unintentionally omitted last week. Rev. Wm. Jerome preached this annual sermon to a large and appreciative audience, consisting of the twenty-three Seniors and others. Mr. Jerome left with the class many useful thoughts and advice. The class wishes to thank him.

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

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

FOUND—An overcoat. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this notice. 45w1

WANTED—Plain sewing. Mrs. Newman, 47 Randolph street. 45w2

WANTED—About July 1st, 2 furnished rooms, with use of bath, with or without board, for two people. Inquire at Record office. 45w3

FOR SALE—One dozen Plymouth Rock hens. Also currants picked to order. D. Silver, Northville. 45w4

FOR RENT—House known as the Lowden place, corner Main and Rogers Sts. Inquire of Miss Alice Hinman. 47w2b

FOR SALE—Mrs. Price's running compound. Apply to Mrs. J. Richardson. Ind. phone 605 GR. 45w4p

FOR SALE—Well established coal and ice business. Mrs. J. Martson. 2011

FOR RENT—Part of my house on North Center street. Mrs. Sara Lapham. Bell phone 13. 111

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SAMUEL A. TORRES, Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence, 1211 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. and 12:00 to 2:00 p. m. and 5:00 to 7:00 p. m. Both Telephones. 45w5

DR. T. H. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence, 1911 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. and 12:00 to 2:00 p. m. and 5:00 to 7:00 p. m. Both Telephones.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMOEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Park House on Main street. Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 5:00 to 8:00 p. m. Both Telephones.

DR. ALFRED RUTH, DENTIST. Office at 1411 Woodward avenue. Dr. Ruth has been practicing dentistry in Northville since 1891. He has a complete set of dental appliances and is a member of the American Dental Association. For further information address Dr. B. B. Johnson, 1471 Woodward avenue or call at Northville office at Mr. Pitt Johnson's residence. Tuesday or Friday of any week. Detroit phone, Bell North 4996. Northville phone Home 147 K. Nov. 19 10

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date
Wheat, white—\$2.22 Wheat, red—\$2.13
Oats, No. 2—1.25
Shelled corn—55c
Baled hay per ton—\$15.00
Hogs dressed—\$8.50
Cattle—\$6.00
Lamb—\$5.00
Egg—14c Butter—23c

Save 20 to 33 1-3 per cent On Your 4th of July Suit!

We invite you here this week to see the beautiful suits which we offer at a saving of from \$5 to \$10. They are from the wholesale surplus of the makers and broken lines from our own stock. We've never seen nor offered better values—three-piece and two-piece suits for business and outing, in the latest, smartest styles—all sizes and models for men and young men.

Now Repriced in Three Great Lines \$12.50, \$15, \$18

Blue Serges—

Better have one of these Ideal Summer Suits. We make a special feature of Fine Serges—a wonderful collection here—plain and fancy blues in three-piece and two-piece styles for men and young men of all sizes and proportions. Better come in this week and be fitted and pleased—we will positively do both.

Most Excellent Values in Blue Serge Suits \$8.50, \$10, \$15.

FREYDL, The Tailor.



100 Pairs of \$1.50 Corsets for \$1.00 pair, at

THE WHITE HOUSE

Pillow Tops Free. Call for particulars.

Table Covers, red and green... \$1.25, 1.50, 2, \$2.25

Colored Drapes, red, green, brown... \$1.75 to \$15 pr

Petticoats... 50c, 79c, \$1.00 to \$3.00

Window Shades at cut free

Embroideries... 5c to \$1.00 yd

Ladies' and Children's Underwear, all sizes

Dainty line of Wash Goods from... 5c to 25c yd

Door Panels... 25c, 45c, 75c, \$1.00

House Dresses \$1.25 and \$1.50 ones for... 98c

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER

Watch for Next Week's Bargains.

EDWIN WHITE,

Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

CLOSING OUT SALE

HUPP FARM BERKSHIRES.

The Hupp Brothers, proprietors of the Hupp Farm, having decided to confine their attention to their Automobile Business, have placed the farm and all their live-stock on the market at prices that will insure quick sale. "BERKSHIRES" at prices to suit—\$15 to \$500. A few Boar-Pigs ready for fall service, and a few Dandy Sow Pigs, ready to breed in fall. They go cheap and must be sold at once. Also have a fine herd of Milch Cows, Grade Guernseys, Jerseys, Shorthorns, etc. Write or come and see us.

HUPP FARM, Birmingham, Mich.

Bell Phone No. 18.

Buy Flour of Steady Satisfaction

YOU'LL get good results always (not sometimes) when you use matchless STOTT Flour. Because the most exacting care is taken to keep its quality unfalteringly up to its high standard of goodness.

Stott Flour

never fluctuates in quality. Our expert buyers select the finest of plump, full-ripened wheat. Our careful millers wash and scour it thoroughly and watch it vigilantly during its journey through our modern system of grinding and bolting machinery. It's always as good as it can be made.

Enquire of your Grocer or

DAVID STOTT

Miller

Detroit - Mich.

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

Cement Blocks

12 Cents Each.

Size, 8x8x16-inches. 112 Blocks lays 100 sq. ft. of wall surface. Your choice of Four Styles of Rock Faces. Cheaper than wood, stone or solid concrete. Fire, frost and water proof.

ORNAMENTAL CONCRETE WORK

A SPECIALTY.

(If of Concrete we can make it.)

A. A. HOUGHTON

Yard—Cor Horton Ave. and Base Line.

Don't Wait

Take Advantage of a Northville Citizen's Experience Before It's too Late.

When the back begins to ache, Don't wait until backache becomes chronic. Thorough kidney troubles develop. The urinary troubles destroy health.

Profit by a Northville citizen's experience. Mrs. George Brown of Northville, Mich., says: "I cannot say too much in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. For almost a year I suffered from kidney complaint. I had acute pains across my back and hips and the kidney secretions were unnatural, showing that my kidneys were disordered. Often at night the muscles in my back contracted and the pain was so terrible that I was obliged to get up and walk the floor. I had often heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and finally I had my husband procure a supply at Murdock Bros' Drug Store. They soon brought relief and I continued taking them until my condition had improved in every way. I heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to other sufferers from kidney complaint."

The above statement was given on November 28, 1909 and on March 6, 1910 it was confirmed in detail by Mrs. Brown.

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

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
Handling all Reasonable Claims
Office over Lapham Bank
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE
CUT FLOWERS
AND PLANTS
J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phones

Remember

That every added subscriber helps to make this paper better for everybody



Note Carefully

We are prepared to do all kinds of

Engraving and Bench Repairing!

And guarantee to give you Prompt and Efficient Service.

Glasses Repaired

while you wait

ALL SERVICE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.

Big Discount on Jewelry.

Otto Loomis
NORTHVILLE.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Emmet Fowler is ill with the mumps.

W. G. Yerkes and family are enjoying life at Walled Lake this week.

The "Circle N" boys will play the "Hipp Mobile" game at Athletic Park Saturday.

Special communication of Northville lodge, 186, F. & A. M., Monday evening, July 3. Work.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Richardson attended the wedding of the latter's sister at Belleville last Thursday evening.

The Bogart Co-operative Delivery Co. will make only one delivery July 4th, at 8:00 o'clock. All orders must be in by 7:30.

The Keo Keo club, with the Misses Buils and Withee as chaperones, camped at Walled Lake from Friday until Monday.

Rev. Wm. S. Jerome officiated at the marriage of F. T. Norris and Mrs. M. M. Noyes, in Detroit on Monday evening.

Might have known it would rain Sunday, Saturday's papers all had the weather report of "Fair and warmer for Sunday."

Mrs. W. A. Ely and sisters enjoyed an automobile ride Friday visiting South Lyon, Whitmore Lake, Ypsilanti and Plymouth.

E. C. Murdock and Mrs. A. K. Delp received word last week of the death of their nephew, Carl W. Murdock, of typhoid fever at El Paso, Texas.

At the annual meeting of the County supervisors at Detroit this week, W. J. Lanning of this place was honored with an appointment on the Committee of Equalization.

Owing to a lack of space the report of the annual meeting of the North Debating Club, which was held last week, will be held over to next week when it will be published in full.

Miss Ruth Gilie and Mrs. G. C. Roberts entertained the First "500" club at the home of the former, Saturday evening. The same club was entertained by three two ladies at the home of the latter Monday evening, a six o'clock dinner being the main attraction.

It will be the annual Women's club picnic which will be held at the home of Mrs. John Tibbitts, June 30, instead of the annual meeting, as might be inferred from our previous item. However, there will be no shortage in refreshments on account of this error. On the contrary an additional gallon of ice cream has already been ordered.

Twenty-two members of Allen M. Harmon Post, G. A. R., attended the 33rd annual State Encampment at Ypsilanti, June 21-23. (Gov. Chase S. Osborn viewed the line of march by the old soldiers. E. King Stark weather was elected a delegate from this congressional district to the National encampment at Rochester, N. Y.)

The "All Stars" went to Salem last Friday, taking with them a crippled team and a lot of bad luck and although Stimpson struck out eleven "smokers," they were defeated 12 to 8. The team is practicing hard for their game the 4th, when they will go against the strong "Hamilton's Tigers" of Detroit. The Tigers are one of the fastest 15-year-old teams in Detroit so a good game is guaranteed.

Roy Terrill was driving along one of the peaceful farm roads over Ypsilanti way last week with his automobile when a big iron bridge jumped out at him and his auto in a startling manner. The auto was hit on the neck and sides in horrid shape and nearly all the bones in its front legs broken. The Union Mfg. Co.'s ambulance was hurry-up called and the victim was removed to the Elliott hospital here. Roy wasn't hurt.

The teachers of the Northville schools expect to enjoy their vacation in various ways. Miss Willie will spend here at points along the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair. Miss Buils will be at her home in Maple Rapids and Miss Withee will spend the summer at the home of her sister in Chicago. Supt. LaRue will spend a portion of his vacation and his honeymoon on his father's farm at Lakeview. Later, he will take a summer course at the U. of M.

Happiest Girl in Lincoln.

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

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

F. B. Macomber has his new garage completed and now has his new E. M. F. auto snugly tucked away therein.

Mr. N. Johnson, Milt Burrows, Will Ely, Ed. Starkweather, Geo. Stanley, Dr. Turner and Harry Clark took in the races at Monroe Wednesday.

Miss Cecil Johnston gave a miscellaneous shower for Miss Gladys Angell Monday evening. She is the first of the 1910 Senior girls to be given a party of this sort.

Jim Huff will give to every boy who calls at his store to view the fireworks on exhibition, a free ticket entitling him to participate in a balloon contest Saturday and Monday evenings.

Frank Macomber has shown enterprise by being the first man in town to sprinkle the streets in front of his place with oil. Both from a sanitary point of view and a good roads proposition oil is being recognized as the leading product to spread on the streets and highways.

Highway Commissioner Clark and a gang of 22 men and several teams are busily engaged in helping the Wayne county commissioners finish up the good roads between the Northville and Plymouth town line and the work will be completed probably by August 15. Mr. Clark will go back on his own road work west of the village about August 1st he says and will complete his road building early in September.

The valuable chestnut blood mare, Sid Rose, belonging to Ed. Starkweather, was hitched up Wednesday at the race track, by two boys, King and Pearson, in the absence of trainer Markham. The horse started to run away, was pulled up rather short, with one eye, (the other having been dropped) and the horse took a tumble in such a way as to break its neck. Starkweather valued the horse at \$400. The boys had no authority to hitch the animal up and their conduct is subject to much severe criticism.

At the Seelye-LaRue wedding Tuesday evening, there was great excitement in chasing up the bride and groom to give them the required amount of rice, etc. They followed them to South Lyon and various other towns, but the young couple had taken no straw and eluded their pursuers. However, several automobile loads of them met the bridal pair as they passed through Plymouth on the train Wednesday afternoon and succeeded in giving them all that was coming to them, and then some.

Rossmann-Angell Wedding.

Miss Gladys Angell, daughter of Charles F. Angell, who lives three miles west of here, was married to Henry Rossmann of Metamora, at her home Wednesday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Callaghan of Salem officiating. The bride is well known here, was a high school graduate of the class of '10. She carries the best wishes of the community with her to her new home at Metamora, where the groom is engaged in the farming business.

Franklin-Hamilton Wedding

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Henry Franklin of this place and Miss Blanche Hamilton of South Lyon, were united in marriage by Rev. Wm. S. Jerome. The ceremony was performed in the Barhart flats, where the newly married couple will reside. There were many guests present, both from Northville and other towns to give them a glad hand and to wish them years and years of joy and prosperity.

THE DETROIT BASE BALL CLUB.

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

- July 2—With Cleveland
- July 4—With Chicago
- July 5—With Chicago
- July 7—With Washington
- July 8—With Washington
- July 9—With Washington
- July 10—With Washington
- July 11—With Philadelphia
- July 12—With Philadelphia
- July 13—With Philadelphia
- July 14—With Philadelphia
- July 15—With Boston
- July 16—With Boston
- July 17—With Boston
- July 18—With Boston
- July 20—With New York
- July 21—With New York
- July 22—With New York
- July 23—With New York
- Aug. 12—With Chicago.

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

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulents (25 cents per box) correct the liver, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

Eight in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhoea and loose bowels, day 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.

SUPT. J. D. LaRUE TAKES A BRIDE

WEDDED TUESDAY TO MISS BESSIE SEELEY.

Both are Popular Northville Society People.

A very pretty wedding occurred here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Seelye at 6:00 o'clock on Tuesday evening, when their daughter Bessie, was united in marriage to Supt. John D. LaRue of the Northville schools. Rev. G. W. Sherman of South Lyon, Mr. LaRue's former pastor, performed the ceremony in the presence of about one hundred relatives and immediate friends of the young people. Following the wedding dinner they left mid storms of rice, old shoes and sundry other noises and doing, for the latter's home at Lakeview, where they will visit for a few days, previous to going to Ann Arbor where Mr. LaRue will take a summer course at the U. of M.

The bride was attired in a beautiful gown of marquisette, trimmed with Irish point lace, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaids were the Misses Lora Bristol and Mabel Stark. They both wore very charming gowns, the former of pale green messaline and the latter of pink crepe de chene. Each young lady carried a bouquet of pink sweet peas, thus carrying out the color scheme of the house decorations, pink and green.

Mr. Crumbly, brother-in-law of the groom, acted as best man, and little Marguerite Crumbly was the ring bearer.

The bride and groom are decidedly popular in this town and they will carry with them the best wishes of Northville's entire two thousand population.

At the commencement of the school year in September they will return to Northville to stay, at least another year.

COUNTY ROAD COM. BUSY THESE DAYS

Are Now Finishing Grand River and Northville Roads.

"The 125 men with teams, engines, pumps and other paraphernalia that have been working on Grand River for the past month, have finished their job," says Commissioner Dines, "and this crew has been moved to Grand River road where we will build a stretch of concrete about three miles long. We have the grading done on about one and one-half miles and have a large quantity of material on the grade so there will be no delay in getting under way. We were compelled to dig a well for our water supply on Grand River road and water will be pumped with a gasoline engine a distance of approximately three miles. The men will be housed and fed in the county road camp, which is being established for their accommodation.

"We have also started the work of grading on the Northville road, starting at the end of the present improved gravel one mile out of Plymouth. The completion of this job will finish up one of our second ary roads connecting two thriving small centers of population in Wayne County."

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Mr. Lepley is very ill.

Mrs. Saele Mahts has been quite ill but is improving.

C. F. Rose is home for his summer vacation after six months spent in the South.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Richardson Tuesday, June 20, a daughter.

Frances McCabe of Detroit spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Angell.

Miss Blye Quigley of Ypsilanti is visiting at the home of her uncle, Hyde Smith.

Aaron Button of Ann Arbor is visiting at the home of his uncle, Dr. Chapman.

Clarence Parmelee, who has been spending the past year in the South, is visiting friends here.

The rain was most welcome to

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

VACATION DAYS

are not necessarily days of idleness. Many of our young depositors make the remark:

"Now I am going to make my bank account grow."

Interest from date for the full time is appreciated by the children.

We invite every boy and girl to open a Savings account with us.

\$1.00 starts one.

Lapham State Savings Bank

farmers as crops were beginning to suffer from the dry weather.

Mr. Groll is building a large boat house and otherwise improving the place recently purchased of Mrs. Dye.

Miss Bessie Beach left Friday for the Mr. Pleasant Norman where she will spend six weeks as music instructor.

Mrs. Roy Hine entertained a party of friends Saturday evening in honor of the birthday of her mother, Mrs. D. B. Moyer.

Amos Bentley and Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Gage attended the State Encampment of G. A. R. at Ypsilanti Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Eugene Beach of Syracuse, N. Y., will speak in the interest of the Epworth League in the M. E. church Sunday morning. It is expected that this will be a very interesting meeting. Mr. Beach has had much experience in League work, having been appointed by the general conference for the work.

W. R. C. Notes.

(By Press Correspondent.)
The Northville W. R. C. was well represented at the Department convention held in Ypsilanti last week. Those attending were Mesdames Cobb and McCreant, delegates, Past Department Chaplain and Senior Aide Lawrence, Past Presidents Asbler and Brooks, Patriotic Instructor Woolley, Schoultz, Van Cassell, Wing, Miller and Sessions. Mrs. Ambler was elected alternate delegate-at-large to attend the National convention at Rochester, N. Y. August 21-26.

NOTICE.

To owners, possessors or occupiers of land or any person or persons, firm or corporation having charge of any lands in this state.
Notice is hereby given that all noxious weeds growing on any land in the Township of Northville, County of Wayne, or within the limits of any highway passing by or through such lands must be cut down and destroyed on or before the 10th day of July A. D. 1911.

Notice is also given that all brush growing within the limits of any highway passing by or through such lands must be cut down and removed on or before the 1st day of November A. D. 1911.
Failure to comply with this notice on or before the date mentioned or within ten days thereafter shall make the parties so failing liable for the costs of cutting same, and an additional levy of ten per centum of such costs, to be levied and collected against the property in the same manner as other taxes are levied and collected.
JESSE W. CLARK,
Commissioner of highways of the Township of Northville, County of Wayne.

Dated June 23, 1911. 48w2

Cures baby's croup, Willie's daily cuts and bruises, mama's sore throat, grandma's lameness—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the great household remedy.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Interest is paid twice each year

This is one of the convenient features of Certificates of Deposit issued by the Union Trust Company. Interest yield is

4 PER CENT ANNUALLY

Simply by retaining the Certificate, the deposit is continued to the credit of the holder, from period to period. The merit of this plan attracts an increasing number of patrons. Will you join them?

Union Trust Company
Detroit, Michigan

WIXOM NEWS.

Mrs. Leek entertained two ladies from Highland Saturday.

Born June 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stowe and wife, a son.

Mesdames Chamberlain and Spalding were in Milford Wednesday.

D. W. Euler was home from Pearl Beach Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. J. L. Calkins and son of Clyde spent part of this week with relatives here.

Mrs. Libbie Hazen of Northville was a week end guest of Mrs. Beulah Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Boynton of Galesburg are visiting Mrs. Boynton's parents, D. D. Bennett and wife.

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.

L. H. LAPHAM,
Village Treasurer.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. It cures piles, eczema, any skin itching. All druggists sell it.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Advertise in the Record Want Column

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

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

Pianos At Right Prices

GOOD STANDARD MAKES

HARDMAN KROEGER HARRINGTON PEASE and Other Pianos

Detroit Music Co.

288 Woodward, DETROIT.

W. D. STARK, General Salesman

7 Randolph St. NORTHVILLE

Both Phone No. 62.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR TUNING

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

The BRONZE BELL

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

SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady, Quain's daughter, who has been disoriented by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a "burly Hindu." He declares he is Behari Lal Chatterji, the apostle of a mouthpiece of the Bell, addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box, "The Token," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name and in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India, and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaching a cabin and recognizing as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely agitated. Chatterji appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious society. Rutton, after a revolver and dashes after Chatterji. He turns wildly excited, says he has killed a Hindu, takes poison, and when dying asks Amber to look on a mysterious box and Amber decides to leave at once for India.

CHAPTER VII.

Masks and Faces.

Like many a wiser, and a better man, Amber was able upon occasion to change his mind without entertaining serious misgivings as to his stability of purpose. Therefore, on second thought, he elected to journey India via the Suez canal rather than by the western route. Rutton's instructions had been explicit upon this point: Amber was to enter India only by the port of Calcutta. In deserting to this the Virginian lost several days waiting in London for the fortnightly P. O. boat for Calcutta; a delay which might have been obviated by taking the overland route to Brindisi, connecting there with the weekly P. & O. boat for Bombay, from which latter point Calcutta could have been quickly reached by rail across the Indian peninsula.

Now Quain's letter to Labertouche went by this quicker route and so anticipated Amber's arrival at the capital of India by about a week; during all of which time it languished unread.

A nice young English boy in Mr. Labertouche's employ received and stamped it with the date of delivery and put it away with the rest of the incoming correspondence in a substantial looking safe. After which he returned to his desk in the ante-room and resumed his study of the law, which he pursued comfortably enough with a cigarette in his mouth, his chair tilted back, and his feet gently but firmly implanted upon the fair printed pages of an open volume of Blackstone. His official duties, other than to consult solely in the morning to all and sundry the information that Mr. Labertouche was "some where up in the Mofussil, handling big business," I don't know exactly where.

Precisely why Mr. Labertouche maintained his office was a matter for casual conjecture to his wide circle of acquaintances, although it is not unlikely that, were he the subject of discussion, the bulk of the wonder expressed would be inspired by his unreasonable preference for Calcutta as a place of residence.

Now upon the morning of the day that found the steamship Poonah nuzzling up the Hooghly's dirty yellow flood, Mr. Labertouche's clerk arrived at the Dhurrumtoollah street office at the usual hour; which, in the absence of his employer, was generally between 11 o'clock and noon. Having assorted and disposed of the morning's mail, he donned his office coat, sat down, thumbed through Blackstone until he found two perfectly clean pages, opened the volume at that place, tipped back his chair, and with every indication of an untroubled conscience imposed his feet upon the back and began the day's labors with a cigarette.

Presently he became aware that an especially dirty and travel worn Attit mendicant had squatted down across the way, in the full glare of sunlight, and was composing himself for one of those apparently purposeless and intermittent vigils peculiar to his vocation. Rubbing his eyes, he looked at the eyes of the old man, brightened. But he did not move. Neither did the Attit mendicant.

In the course of the next half-hour the clerk consumed two cigarettes and entertained a visitor in the person of a dapper little Greek curio-dealer from the Lal bazar, who left behind him an invitation to Mr. Labertouche to call and inspect some scarabs in which he had professed an interest. It was quite a fresh importation, averred the Greek; the clerk was to be careful to remember that.

When he had gone the clerk made a note of it. Then, glancing out of the window, he became aware that the Attit mendicant, for some reason dissatisfied, was preparing to move on Yawning, the clerk resumed his street coat and went out to lunch, carelessly leaving the door unlocked, and the memorandum of the Greek's invitation exposed upon his blotter. When he returned at three o'clock, the door of Mr. Labertouche's private office was ajar, and that gentleman was at his desk. The memorandum was, however, gone.

Mr. Labertouche was in the process of opening and reading a ten-days' accumulation of correspondence, an occupation which he suspended temporarily to call his clerk in and receive his reports. This proved to be a tolerably lengthy session, for the clerk, whose name appeared to be Frank, demonstrated his command of a surprising memory. Without notes he enumerated the callers at the office day by day from the time when Labertouche had left for the Mofussil with his specimen-box and the rest of his bug-busting paraphernalia; naming, those known to his employer, minutely describing all others, even repeating their words with almost photographic fidelity.

Labertouche listened intently, without interrupting, abstractedly tapping his desk with a paper-cutter. At the end he said, "Thank you," with a dry, preoccupied air, and resumed consideration of his letters. These seemed to interest him little; one after the other he gave to his clerk, saying, "File that," or "Answer that, so-and-thus." Two he set aside for his personal disposition, and these he took up again after the clerk had been dismissed. The first he read and reconsidered for a long time; then crumpled it up and, drawing to him a small tray of hammered brass, dropped the wadded paper upon it and touched a match to it, thoughtfully poking the blazing sheets with his paper-cutter until they were altogether reduced to ashes.

Quain's was the second letter. Having merely glanced at the heading and signature, Labertouche had reserved the rather formidable document for Quain had written fully—as probably of scant importance, to be dealt with at his absolute leisure. But, as he read his expression grew more and more serious and perturbed. Flushing the last page he turned back to the first and went over it a second time with much deliberation and frequent pauses, apparently memorizing portions of its contents. Finally he said, "Hum!" inscrutably and rang for Frank.

"He left New York by the Lusitania, eh?" said Mr. Labertouche aloud. The clerk entering interrupted his soliloquy. "Bring me, please," he said, "Bradshaw, the News—and the latest P. & O. schedule." And when Frank had returned with the articles, he desired him to go at once and enquire at Government House the whereabouts of Col. Dominiak James Farrell, and further to search the hotels of Calcutta for a Miss Farrell, or for information concerning her. "Have this for me tonight—come to the lounge at seven," he said. "And I shall probably not be at the office again for several days."

"Insects?" enquired the clerk. "Insects," affirmed Mr. Labertouche gravely. In the Mofussil? "There or thereabouts, Frank." "Yes, sir. I presume you don't feel the need of a capable assistant yet?" "Not yet, Frank," said Labertouche kindly. "Be patient. Your time will come, you're doing famously now."

"Thank you." Good afternoon. Lock the door as you leave." Immediately that he found himself alone, Labertouche made of Quain's letter a second burnt offering to pre-judice upon the tray of hammered brass. This matter attended to, he lost himself in Bradshaw and the Pénin-sular & Oriental Steamship company's list of sailings; from which he derived enlightenment. He was to come direct," mused Labertouche. "In that case he'll have waited over in London for the Poonah." He turned to the copy of the Indian Daily News which lay at his elbow, somewhat anxiously consulting its shipping news. Under the heading of "Due this Day" he discovered the words: "Poonah, London—Calcutta—Straits Settlements." And his face lengthened with concern.

"That's short notice," he said. "Lucky I got back today—uncomforted." Still I may be mis-taken. But the surmise failed to comfort him.

"He drew a sheet of paper on which there was no letter head to him and began to write, composing deliberately and with great care. The building in which his offices were located stood upon a corner; at either end of the long corridor on the upper floor, upon which the various offices opened, were stairways, one descending to Dhurrumtoollah street, the other to a side street little better than an alley. It may be considered significant that, whereas Labertouche himself was not seen either to enter or to leave the building at any time that day, an Attit mendicant did enter from Dhurrumtoollah street shortly after Frank had gone to lunch—and disappeared forthwith; while, in the dusk of evening a slim Eurasian boy with a clerical air left by the stairs to the alley.

CHAPTER VIII.

First Steps.

Forward on the promenade deck of the Poonah, in the shadow of the bridge, Amber stood with both elbows on the rail, dividing his somewhat perturbed attention between a noisy lot of lascivious stewards, deckhands, and native third-class passengers in the bows below, and the long lines of Saugor Island, just then slipping past on the starboard beam.

Up to the day that the Poonah had sailed from Tilbury dock, London, from the time he had left Quain among the sand dunes of Long Island, he had not been conscious of any sort of espionage upon his movements. But from the hour that the Poonah, with its miscellaneous, ship's company, white, yellow, brown, and black, had warped out into the Thames, he had felt he was being watched—had realized it, instinctively, having nothing definite whereon to base his feeling. He was neither timorous, nor given to conjuring up shapes of terror from the depths of a nervous imagination; the sensation of being under the surveillance of unseen, prying eyes is unmistakable. Yet he had tried to reason himself out of the belief; after taking all sensible precautions, such as never letting the photograph of Sophia Farrell out of his possession and keeping the Token next his skin, in a chamol bag that nestled beneath his arm, swinging from a leather cord round his neck. It was quite conceivable that that jewel, intrinsically invaluable, was badly wanted by its former possessors, whether for the simple worth of it or because it played an important part in the intrigue, or whatever it was, that had resulted in Rutton's suicide. For his own part, Amber cared nothing for it.

Such, in short, had been his frame of mind up to eight o'clock of the previous evening. At that hour he had made a discovery which had diverted the entire trend of his thoughts. Doggott, ever a poor sailor, had been feeling ill and Amber had excused him early in the afternoon. About his o'clock he had gone to his stateroom and dressed for dinner, unattended. Absorbed in anticipations of the morrow, when first he should set foot in Calcutta, and take the first step in pursuit of Sophia Farrell, he had absent-mindedly neglected to empty the pockets of his discarded clothing. At seven he had gone to dinner, leaving his stateroom door open, as was his habit—a not unusual one with first-class passengers on long voyages—and his fannels swinging from hooks in the wall. About eight, discovering his oversight through the absence of his cigarette case, he had hurried back to the stateroom to discover that he had been curiously robbed.

Fits watch, his keys his small change and his sovereign purse, his silver cigarette case—all the articles, in fact, that he was accustomed to stuff into his pockets—with one exception, were where he had left them. But the leather envelope containing the portrait of Sophia Farrell was missing from the breast pocket of his coat. From the hour in which he had obtained it he had never but this once let it out of his personal possession. The envelope had caused to be constructed for its safe-keeping during his enforced inaction in London. He had never once looked at it save in strict privacy, secure even from the eyes of Doggott, and the latter did not know what the leather case contained.

Thus his preconceived and self-constructed theory as to the extent of The Enemy's knowledge, was in an instant overthrown. "They" had seized the very first relaxation of his vigilance to rob him of that which he valued most. And in his heart he feared and believed that the incident indicated "their" intimacy not alone with his secret but with that which he shared with Colonel Farrell.

Since then his every move toward regaining the photograph had been fruitless. In the end, and in despair, Amber posted a notice on the ship's bulletin board, offering 50 guineas reward for the return of the photograph to him either before landing or, at the

Great Eastern hotel, Calcutta, and having thereby established his reputation as a mild lunatic, sat down to twirl his thumbs and await the outcome, confidently anticipating there would be none. "They" had outwitted him and not 500 guineas would tempt "them," he believed. It remained only to contrive a triumph in despite of this setback.

The Poonah slipped in to her dock under cover of darkness. Amber, disembarking with Doggott, climbed into an open ghari on the landing stage and was driven swiftly to his hotel. As he alighted and leaving Doggott to settle with the ghariwallah, crossed the sidewalk to the hotel entrance, a beggar slipped through the throng of wayfarers, whining at his elbow. "Give, O-give, Protector of the Poor!"

Preoccupied, Amber hardly heard, and passed on; but the native stuck leech-like to his side. "Give, hazzor—and the mercy of God shall be upon the heaven-born for ten thousand years!"

Now "heaven-born" is flattery properly reserved for those who sit in high places. Amber turned and eyed the man curiously, at the same time dropping into the filthy, importunate palm a few annas.

"May the shadow of the heaven-born be long upon the land, when he shall have passed through the Gateway of Swords!"

And like a flash the man was gone—coddling him by the ghari and across Old Court House street, losing himself almost instantly in the press of early evening traffic.

"The devil!" said Amber thoughtfully. "Why should it be assumed that I have any shadow of an intention of entering that damnable Gateway of Swords?"

An incident at the desk, while he was arranging for his room, further

ing house known as 'Honest George's,' back of the Lal bazar, and ask for Honest George himself, refraining from mentioning my name. Dress yourself in your oldest and shabbiest clothing; you cannot overdo this since the neighborhood is questionable and a well-dressed man would immediately become an object of suspicion. Do not wear the ring; keep it about you, out of sight. Should this fail to reach you in time, try tomorrow night between eight and ten. You would serve us both well by burning this immediately. Pray believe me yours to command in all respects."

There was no signature. Amber frowned and whistled over this. "Undoubtedly from Labertouche," he considered. "But why this flavor of intrigue? Does he know anything more than I do? I presume he must. It'd be a great comfort if—Hold on. News of the Fs? That spells the Farrells. How in blazes does he know anything about the Farrells? I told Quain nothing. Can it be a trap? Is it possible that the chap who took that photograph recognized—?"

The problem held him in perplexity throughout the evening meal. He turned it over this way and that without being able to arrive at any comforting solution. Impulse in the end decided him—impulse and a glance at his watch which told him that the time, grew short. "I'll go," he declared, "no matter what it's nearly nine, but the Lal bazar's not far."

In the face of Doggott's unbending disapproval he left the hotel some 20 minutes later, having levied on Doggott's wardrobe for suitable clothing. Once away from the Great Eastern he quietly insinuated himself into the side of the city's night life that tirelessly ebbs and flows north of Dal-housie square—the restless currents of native life that move ceaselessly in obedience to impulses so meaningless and strange to the Occidental understanding. Before he realized it he had left civilization behind him and was breathing the atmosphere, heady and weird, of the Thousand-and-One-Nights. The Lal bazar seethed round him noisily, with a roaring not unlike that of a surf in the hearing of him who had so long lived separate from such scenes.

At a corner where there was more light he came upon a policeman whose tunic, helmet, and truncheon were so closely patterned after those of the London Bobby that the simple sight of them was calculated to revive confidence in the security of one's person. He inspected Amber shrewdly while the latter was asking his way to Honest George's, and in response jerked a white-gloved thumb down the wide thoroughfare.

"You can't miss it, sir—a ylor's boardin' house, all lit up and likely a run on at the bar. Mind your eye, guv'nor. It ain't a place you'd ought to visit on your lones."

Thanks, I've business there. I reckon to take care of myself."

Nevertheless it was with a mind preyed upon by forebodings that Amber stumbled down the cobble way, looking with furtive glances toward the establishment of Honest George.

He stopped in front of a building whose squat brick facade was lettered with the reassuring sobriquet of its proprietor. A bench running the width of the structure, was thick with sprawling loafers, who smoked and spat and spoke a jargon of the seas, the chief part of which was blasphemous. Within, visible through windows never closed, was a crowded bar-room ablaze with flaring gas jets, uproarious with voices thick with drink.

One needed courage of no common order to run the gauntlet of that rowdy room and brave the more secret dangers of the infamous den. "You've got to have your nerve with you," Amber put it. "But I suppose it's all in the game. Let's chance it." And he entered.

Compared with the atmosphere of that public room a blast from hell were sweet and cooling, thought Amber, the first whiff he had of it all but staggered him; and he found himself gasping, perspiration starting from every pore. Faint with disgust he elbowed his way through the mob to the bar, thankful that those about him, absorbed in the engrossing occupation of getting drunk, paid him not the least heed. Flattening himself against the rail he cast about for the proprietor. A blowsy, sweating bar-maid caught his eye and without a word slapped down upon the sloppy counter, before him a glass, four fingers deep with unspeakable whisky. And he realized that he would have to drink it; to refuse would be to attract attention, perhaps with unpleasant consequences. "It's more than I bargained for," he grumbled, making a pretence of swallowing the dose, and to his huge relief managing to spill two-thirds of it down the front of his coat. What he swallowed bit like an acid. Tears came to his eyes, but he choked down the cough, and as soon as he could speak paid the girl. "Where's the boss?" he asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Film Drama for 108,000,000 Russians. Cinematograph theaters are tremendously popular in Russia. Almost every village has one. Moscow and St. Petersburg have about 80 each. For the empire the number is estimated at 1,200, with an aggregate attendance last year of 108,000,000. At the average admission of 20 cents, \$21,600,000 was taken in. Admission charges range from 8 to 67 cents. Many houses entertain 1,000 a night. On Sundays and holidays the crowds are enormous. The pictures shown are largely educational and do much good, especially as so large a proportion of the Russian population is illiterate.

OUT FOR BUSINESS.



The Arctic Explorer—Say, can you tell me where I can find the North Pole?

The Eskimo—Nix. If I knew I'd have had it in a museum long ago.

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s, psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp, and in spite of all I could do, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning when I would be nearly a dozen of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. — treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs, feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone, hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer."

"My sister wouldn't give up," said, "We will try Cuticura." Some was applied to one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the world go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely, applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y."

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1899, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

Adequate Rest Is Necessary. Prof. Frederic S. Lee of Columbia university, New York, writing on the subject, "The Physiology of Rest and Exercise," in the Journal of the Outdoor Life for June, shows by experiments on dissected frogs the way in which exercise tires the muscles and, in fact, all the organs of the body. He says, "There is no known antidote to fatigue, unless it be rest, with all that rest implies. Sleep allows the reparative process of rest to be performed most quickly and completely. A moderate degree of fatigue, or even a considerable degree, when not too often incurred, is not detrimental to a healthy body and is even to be advised. The healthy body is provided with great recuperative powers, and does not rapidly succumb to even excessive demands, on its energy. But it should be allowed the proper condition for recuperation, and that condition is adequate rest. There is danger when the fatigue of one day's labor is not eliminated before the next day's work is begun. The effect may be cumulative, the tissues may be in a continued state of depression, and the end may be disastrous."

Never Forget Business. "What would you take for a cold?" the sufferer said.

"I dunno," the man who never forgets business replied. "What'd you be willing to give?"

A lot of the money people marry for is counterfeit.

Keep Fit

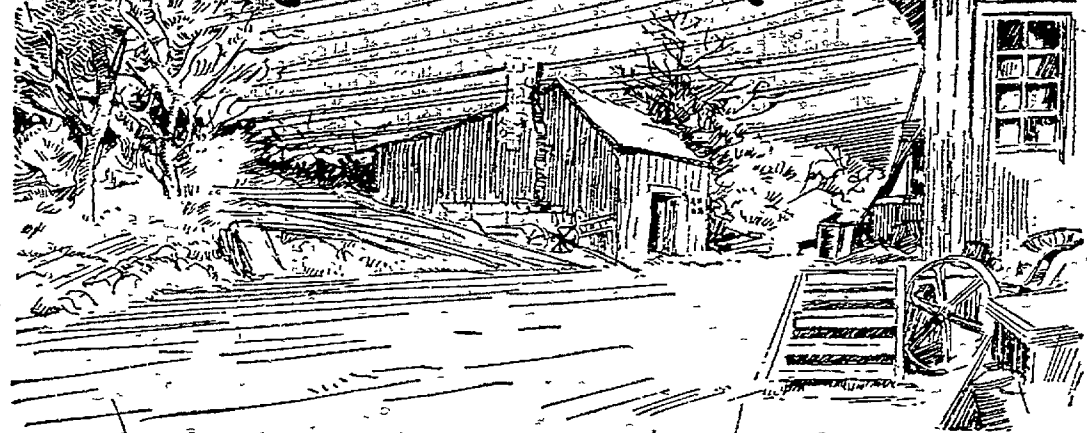
Your brain, muscles and nerves depend upon good physical condition. Secure it by using

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

The Old Time Salute

By Wilbur D. Nesbit



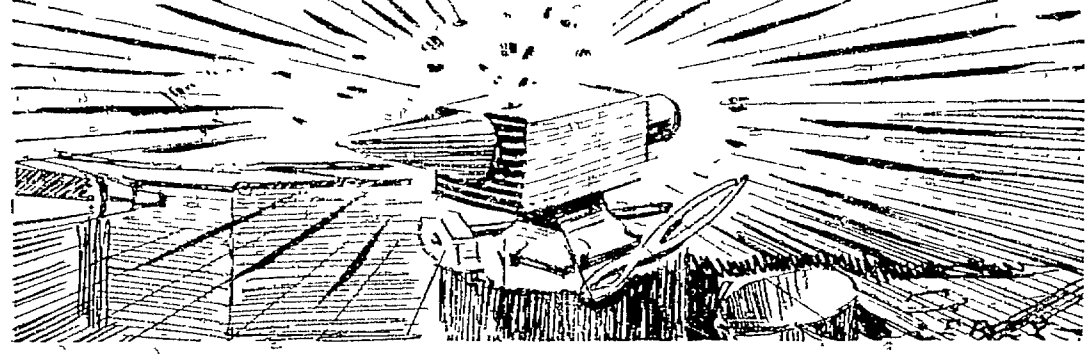
Most ever place has got a gun o' some kind nowadays—
The guve'nment is givin' cannon ever whichaways—
An when th' Fourth is welcomed in they load th' gun an
shoot;
But, say, it isn't nothin' to th' good old time salute.

Remember how we use to do? We didn't need no gun.
We'd get a pair o' anvils an' we'd wait the risin' sun,
A shiverin' a little bit when th' cold wind 'ud strike—
But when we shot th' anvils off—well, that 'uz somepin' like!

We'd set th' biggest on th' ground an' Keerfully we'd drop
Some blazin' powder in th' hole that's sunk into th' top,
An' then we'd make a primin' fuse, an' put th' little one
On top th' other—There you've got the finest kind o' gun!

We'd have some turn rods red, hot an' still a heatin', too,
An' when th' sun's first ray 'ud come th' gray clouds streakin'
through
We'd tech th' turn to th' fuse—an' all of us 'ud scoot
To safety when we shook th' ground ith that old time salute.

Th' cannons ain't as good, no, sir! When me an' you was
boys—
I leave it to you now—them anvils made th' biggest noise!
I wonder if there is a place where still they like to shoot.
The anvils jest at early dawn in the old time salute.



CANNON CRACKERS

By W. D. NESBIT.

Happily, the fifth of July, like the day after Christmas, comes but once a year.

The outlawed toy pistol will claim as many victims as the prohibited whisky of Kansas.

Some men have a genius for making explanation, but lack the cleverness to make them fit.

We are as patriotic as the next man, and we love our country dearly, but we are not so constituted that we can sit up in bed and sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" when the boy across the street cuts loose with his fireworks at 8:30 a. m. July 4th.



Usually when opportunity knocks at a man's door he utters a few remarks on knockers in general.

It is unnecessary to tell a man not to hold a dynamite cracker in his hand after it is lighted. He can't hold it—long.

BLIGHTER HOPES

It is the left for a letter to me? What is the left? I'm asking of you. Ain't my two does that he can kill. Some they was finished by Buffalo Bill. Ain't my two does that he can kill. Some they was finished by Buffalo Bill. Ain't my two does that he can kill. Some they was finished by Buffalo Bill.

I've looked around an' all over the ground, Nothin' is left, sence th' pole has been found.

I'd been a thinkin' o' goin' some day—Hittin' th' trail for th' plains far away; Learnin' to lasso an' handle a gun, But bein' cowboy now ain't any fun; Thought some o' bein' a handmaiden, but they got th' phonographs, open an' shut! All a boy's chances is bygone an' past. Sence th' north pole is discovered at last. Can't go kill Injuus—there ain't none to kill!

Most o' them's workin' in somebody's mill, Or else they're farmin'; they don't any more.

Take to th' warpath an' holler for gore. I've thought an' thought till I'm puzzled.

There ain't no place I can run away to. I might as well get a job haulin' coal. Sence Mister Peary discovered th' pole.

Prize-fightin' used to suit me purty well, But there ain't no one like big old John L.; Brakin' a train was a job that looked fair, But nowadays they are brakin' with air; Minstrel shows once had attraction for me.

But there's no chance any more, I can see. Now my last hope has been busted in a smash.

Sence th' north pole has been found in a dash.

Huh! I have thought of th' sledges an' all, Climbin' th' icebergs that loomed like a wall.

Livin' on pemmikin, walrus an' bear, Eatin' my boot heels at last in despair! Then to come home with th' bands playin' in gay.

A people cheerin' me all o' th' way— But there's no chance, an' I've looked all around; Nothin' is left, sence th' north pole is found.

Revised Proverb. "It wishes were horses," began the man who intended to show his friend the fullness of idle hopes. But the friend interrupted.

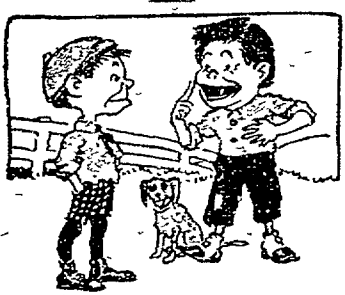
"If wishes were automobiles," he said, "they couldn't land us up against it any oftener than they do."

JULY 4TH, 1776.



"Fare thee well," sighed the colonial lover. "I go to defend my country. Who knows what the future may have in store for us?" "Adieu," whispered the colonial damsel. "My earnest hope is that when we both figure in the historical novels the authors will neither misspell your name nor fail to properly describe my appearance."

JOHNNIE'S ADVISERS.



"My pa showed me how to set out my firecrackers this morning."

"What for, ma do?"

"She showed me how to tie up pa's fingers."

Also So. Some people listen to our jokes. As if they had the blizzards. They're like the bogus fireworks which do their part refuse. The pessimistic cracker, with the optimistic fuse.

WESTERN CANADA'S GOOD CROP PROSPECTS

YIELDS OF WHEAT WILL LIKELY BE 25 TO 30 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

In an interview with Mr. W. J. White, who has charge of the Canadian government immigration offices in the United States, and who has recently made an extended trip through the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in Western Canada. He said that every point he visited he was met with this one report, universally good crops of wheat, oats and barley. There will this year be a much increased acreage over last year. Many farmers, who had but one hundred acres last year, have increased their cultivated and seeded acreage as much as fifty per cent. With the prospects as they are at present, this will mean from \$12 to \$15 additional wealth to each. He saw many large fields running from 300 to 1,000 acres in extent and it appeared to him that there was not an acre of this but would yield from 20 to 25 or 30 bushels of wheat per acre, while the oat prospects might safely be estimated at from 40 to 50 bushels per acre. In all parts of the west, whether it be Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, north and south, east and west, and in the districts where last year there was a partial failure of crops, the condition of all grain is universally good and claimed by most of the farmers to be from one to two weeks in advance of any year for the past ten or twelve years. It does not seem that there was a single foot of the ground that was properly seeded that would not produce.

There are those throughout western Canada who predict that there will be 200,000,000 bushels of wheat raised there this year, and if the present favorable conditions continue, there does not seem any reason why these prophecies should not come true. There is yet a possibility of hot winds reducing the quantity in some parts, but with the strongly rooted crops and the sufficiency of precipitation that the country has already been favored with, this probability is reduced to a minimum.

The prices of farm lands at the present time are holding steady and lands can probably still be purchased at the price set this spring, ranging from \$15 to \$20 per acre, but with a harvested crop, such as is expected, there is no reason why these lands should not be worth from \$20 to \$25 per acre, with an almost absolute assurance that by next spring there will still be a further advance in prices.

Mr. White says that these lands are as cheap at today's figures with the country's proven worth as they were a few years ago at half the price when the general public had but a vague idea of the producing quality of western Canada lands.

The land agents at the different towns along the line of railway are very active. A large number of acres are turned over weekly to buyers from the different states in the south, where lands that produce no better are sold at from \$150 to \$200 per acre.

The homestead lands are becoming scarcer day by day and those who are unable to purchase, preferring to homestead, are directing their attention to the park acres lying in the northern part of the central districts. It has been found that while these are somewhat more difficult to bring under the subjugation of the plow, the soil is fully as productive as in the districts farther south. They possess the advantage that the more open prairie areas do not possess, that there is on these lands an open acreage of from fifty to seventy per cent of the whole and the balance is made up of groves of poplar of fair size, which offer shelter for cattle, while the grasses are of splendid strength and plentiful, bringing about a more active stage of mixed farming than can be carried on in the more open districts to the south.

The emigration for the past year has been the greatest in the history of Canada and it is keeping up in record shape. The larger number of those, who will go this year will be those who will buy lands nearer the line of railways, preferring to pay a little higher price for good location than to go back from the line of railways some 40 or 50 miles to homestead.

Mr. White has visited the different agencies throughout the United States and he found that the correspondence at the various offices has largely increased, the number of callers is greater than ever.

Any one desiring information regarding western Canada should apply at once to the Canadian Government Agent nearest him for a copy of the "Last Best West."

The One Thing Needful. "Arms and legs are not so indispensable after all," remarked the man who narrowly escaped with his life in an explosion where he lost the use of both arms.

He slipped his milk in silence through a straw, shook some change out of his pocket to the waiter, and, reaching down with his mouth for the lighted cigar, puffed vigorously. Then, bowing his head and jamming it into his hat on the table, he arose and turned to go, saying: "But this head of mine is mighty useful."

A half truth always seems more impressive than a many-sided view; a liberal is always at a disadvantage in contention with a dogmatist.

Here's to Your Good Health and Pleasure

Come—follow the arrow 'til you join the merry throng of palate pleased men and women who have quit seeking for the one best beverage because they've found it—

Coca-Cola

Real satisfaction in every glass—snap and sparkle—vim and go. Quenches the thirst—cools like a breeze.

Delicious—Refreshing—Wholesome

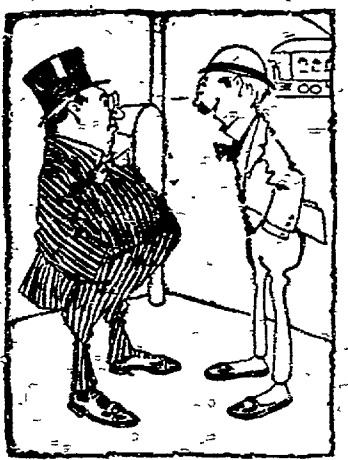
5c Everywhere

THE COCA-COLA CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Send for our interesting booklet, "The Truth About Coca-Cola"

Wherever you see an Arrow Think of Coca-Cola

THE REASON.



De Quiz—Are you in favor of a safe and sane Fourth of July?

De Quiz—No; let the boys have all the giant firecrackers they want.

De Quiz—But such things are dangerous.

De Quiz—I know it. I haven't any boys.

HAVE YOU TRIED PAXTINE?

The Great Toilet Germicide.

You don't have to pay 50c or \$1.00 a pint for Histerian antiseptics or peroxide. You can make 16 pints of a more cleansing, germicidal, healing and deodorizing antiseptic solution with one 25c box of Paxtine, a soluble antiseptic powder, obtainable at any drug store.

Paxtine destroys germs that cause disease, decay and odors—that is why it is the best mouth wash and gargle, and why it purifies the breath, cleanses and preserves the teeth better than ordinary dentifrices, and in sponge bathing—it completely eradicates perspiration and other disagreeable body odors. Every decent woman appreciates this and its many other toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine is splendid for sore throat, inflamed eyes and to purify mouth and breath after smoking. You can get Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic at any drug store, price 25c and 50c, or by mail postpaid from The Paxtine Toilet Co., Boston, Mass., who will send you a free sample if you would like to try it before buying.

Wanted Too Much.

The hansom ordered by a middle aged spinster was late, and the cabby came in for a good railing when he finally drove up to the door.

"I shall probably miss my train," the frail "fare" informed him, "and I shall hold you responsible. I want to know your name, my man. Do you understand? I want your name!"

The driver clicked up his horse easily. "You'll make your train all right, madam," he assured the woman inside. "And I'll let you have me number if you like. But you can't have my name. That's promised to another young lady."

Just Then the Tea Bell Rang.

One of the best repartees ever credited to a habitual maker of happy phrases was that made by the beloved "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" on a certain social occasion.

Going to dine with a Boston neighbor, Dr. Holmes was met by her with an apology:

"I could not get another man. We are four women, and you will have to take us all in."

"Forewarned is four-armed," he said, with a bow—Youth's Companion.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Fletch**.

In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Smoke Volumes Only.

Architect (showing plans)—This room will be your library.

Mr. Newrich—My library? Oh, yes, of course I must have a place to smoke.—Exchange.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES.

one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Return substitutes. For Free trial, package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

When you want the best there is, ask your grocer for

Libby's Pickles and Olives

Libby, McNeill & Libby

44 Bu. to the Acre

to a heavy yield but that is what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 44 acres of Spring Wheat in 1910. Report from other sources shows that other farmers have secured other crops of wheat—such as 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100 bushels per acre.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

These crops were secured from 44 acres of land in Western Canada. As high as 100 bushels of wheat per acre is being produced in Western Canada.

July
1st to the 15th
inclusive.

JUST WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR
OUR

Consult
The Red Tags
They Mean Bargains.

Mid-Summer Clearing Sale

of Warm Weather Merchandise

When we announce A SALE our customers have enough confidence in us (from past experience) to know that we mean what we say.

Beginning Saturday Morning, July 1st, and
Continuing Until Saturday, July the 15th

We are going to offer Some Great Inducements on Summer Merchandise. One of the most advantageous features of this event is that it comes at a time when there is yet a great amount of warm weather coming in which to make use of the Bargains that may be obtainable during this sale.

White Waists

Over a hundred different styles of Shift Waists, no two alike, and every one new this season. We positively will not carry them over and have made prices on them that are astonishingly low. First choice to those who come first.

Thin Muslins

For Warm Weather Dresses.

Some very handsome goods among our showing. They were all purchased new this season and we are going to do the same next season. Our policy is to clean up lines during the same season they were purchased. Though it means a sacrifice of profits, they all go at sale prices.

Muslin Underwear

Corset Covers—25c goods at... 19c
35c goods at... 28c
50c goods at... 38c
Ladies' Drawers—25c goods at... 19c
50c goods at... 38c

White Skirts at great reductions in price.
Night Gowns—Our stock contains a very complete assortment at from 50c to \$2.50 each. These prices have all been reduced and during this sale you will be able to save money on this class of wearables.
Combination Suits and Princess Slips

Beautiful Embroideries For Dresses

That have been so much admired on our counters this summer, all go in this sale.
\$1.25 Good 98c; 75c Goods 59c; 50c Goods 39c
A Big Lot of Embroideries... 6c yd

Laces

Long, Torchons, Fine Vals, with insertions to match, all classed together in the... 5c Lot

White Goods—Linaire, Flaxon, India Linon Dimities, etc., at Greatly Reduced Prices

Apron Gingham at 6½c yd. These goods are full standard cloths and cannot be bought again at this price.

One lot Ladies' Fast Black Hose 25c values at... 19c
One lot 25c Ribbed Hose at... 19c pr
One lot 15c Hose at... 11c pr

Wash Belts, White, with pearl Buckles.

50c Numbers... 36c 35c Numbers... 27c
25c Numbers 19c 15c Numbers 11c 10c ones 7c

Light Weight Summer Petticoats at sale prices during these 13 days.

Camping Blankets

Just the thing to take to the lakes with you. Not a great many, but what we have go at sale price.

There are a great many lines included in this sale that are not mentioned here. Ask for what you do not see mentioned.



A Beautiful All-Silk Hair Ribbon in all shades at... 10c yd
Asbestos Iron Holders... 3c ea
1 lot Men's Women's and Children's Handkerchiefs at... 3c ea
Chinese Ironing Wax Wood Mountings at... 1c ea
6 yards Lace for... 10c
10c and 15c Shell Hair Pins at... 5c ea
1 lot 15c and 20c Turkish Towels at... 11c ea
1 lot 25c Huck Towels at... 18c ea
25c Damask Towels at... 18c ea
10c Towels at... 7c ea
Wire Hair Pins... 2c pkgs for 1c
Embroidery Hoops, all sizes at... 4c set
Lot 25c Hat Pins for... 10c ea

Enlist and fly by night and we are right here on the spot 30 days in the year.



"At the old swimming hole," that's where you will find the village youth these summer days. We sell them a dandy Bathing Trunk during this sale at 10c
Full Suits... 25c

Men's Shop Caps, black, with patent visor... 7c each
Ribbons for Corset Banners, in all the light shades... 10c per bolt
Long Sleeve White Silk Gloves—\$1.50 ones for \$1.10, \$1.00 ones for 70c, 50c ones (wrist length) 35c

Your housecleaning is over. If you need a few pairs of Lace Curtains we can save you money during this sale.

We will sell you a new Ingrain Carpet during this sale for 24c yd that you would ordinarily pay 45c to 50c per yd for.

All Matings—25c and 30c goods at 21c yd. to close up the lines.

Regular 25c 6 ft. Window Shades, light colors, only 16c each. The rollers alone are worth that price.

One lot Extension Rods at... 7c each

Northville Celebrates

from early morning until

late at night, on

July 4th.

COME AND HELP US.



Our Store Will Be Open Until 12:00 O'clock--Noon.

This section cannot help being of interest to men.

Negligee Shirts

We sell the always reliable "Lion Brand" for \$1;
Sale price they go at... 73c ea
All \$1 Fancy Shirts, with or without collars at... 73c
All 50c Shirts (dress negligee) at 38c; 3 for \$1.00

Men's Hats

It has come to a place where we will have to do one of two things—either put in hat cases to take care of our Big Stock of Hats and thus by showing them well increase our sales; or else go out of the hat business entirely. After much thought we have decided that we can use the space occupied by hats to better advantage and will close them all out with one grand sweep and here they go.

\$1.25, 1.50, \$2 Soft Felt Hats at... 93c
Blacks or Colors—Don't miss this snap
Straws—\$1.50 Hats for... 98c
1.00 Hats for... 69c
50c Hats for... 39c
Harvest Hats—25c ones for... 19c
15c ones for... 11c

Men's and Boys' Summer Caps

They must also go
50c Caps for... 36c 25c Caps for... 18c

Men's Light Weight Pants

\$1.00 goods at... 69c
\$1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00, \$3.50 Pants
at... One-Third Off Regular Price

Colored Sox wear longer and are cooler than black ones. We find that we have an over supply of Colored Hosiery for men and are going to sell all 25c goods at... 17c pr

Mothers' Friends

Are our "Tudor" or Romper Suits, just the thing to save the little fellows' clothes. They are made from an excellent grade of shirting and sell always at 50c per suit. Our sale price... 38c
Yes—"I'm not dissatisfied with one suit—you will want more."

Boys' Vacation Trousers at real vacation prices.
25c goods 19c 50c goods 37c 75c goods 57c

Men's Gauze Underwear

25c goods at... 19c 50c goods at... 38c
Some Sample Garments in Men's Muslin Night Shirts... at Sale Price

Men's Overalls—Here is a chance

50c Overalls... 38c 75c Overalls... 59c
Better stock up for a year to come.

Men's Plaid Work Coats or "Wamac" 50c grades at... 38c

We will endeavor to have enough help on hand to give you prompt and courteous attention.

In arranging the dates of this sale we have made them at a time when our customers can make instant use of the Values that are theirs at greatly reduced prices. Seasonable merchandise is offered right in the height of the season rather than at the end of the summer when a bargain would have to be put aside for almost a year before you could derive a benefit from it. Come Early and Often.

CHAS. A. PONSFORD, Northville.