

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XLII, No. 49.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1911.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

HOUSE CORRECTION FOR BUSINESS MEN

PENALTY, MAYBE, IF THEY LAY
DUST WITH ROAD OIL.

Fear These Hot Days May See the
Streets on Fire.

The ordinance passed by the council Monday night, prescribes that a term at the house of correction in Detroit may be the penalty for any business man who disturbs the quiet and dignity of the council by oiling the streets to "lay the dust" or for any other purpose. Northville's reputation as a dusty town must not be ruined even if the council is obliged to run nights to devise an ordinance to hold off to the dust that breeds sickness and destroys roads.

To find some excuse for such an ordinance the council racked brains and demolished time with a recklessness that is startling if not astonishing. Ordinances are supposed to be for the preservation of peace, life, health and prosperity and for fire protection. The State and U. S. health boards recommend oil on streets for health, the State and national roads commission recommend it for the preservation of roads and streets and as a saving to taxpayers in road repairing, and it is not slippery enough to cause any one to trip up and break a neck or two. So the only thing left seemed to be the fire question. Inasmuch as road oil burns about like water the danger of Northville streets taking fire, even with the mercury up around the hundreds, is just a little too far fetched even for a blind man. If the council can set asphaltum oil on fire by any ordinary process the alert people of this county are looking for the process with a bucket of gold coins.

Anyhow, the business men needn't get scared because of the ordinance for nearly two weeks yet anyhow, for the laws of the State of Michigan steps in right here and hushes everything to any about brilliancy even though they are given "immediate effect." Sec 1 of chapter XI of the general incorporation act for incorporated villages reads as follows: No ordinance imposing a penalty, shall

take effect in less than twenty days after its passage. Therefore no ordinance can be given immediate effect.

Also according to a supreme court decision (37 Mich. 525) "The date when the ordinance takes effect should be expressed." This was not done. Also a supreme court decision (2 Doug. 337) says: "Ordinances must be reasonable." (105-603) "their validity involves the question as to how the courts regard their reasonableness." If any court would hold this new landango ordinance to be reasonable, then The Record has formed a wrong opinion of Michigan courts.

As one of Northville's leading citizens and business men expresses it: "The matter of oiling the business streets of Northville would be too progressive a measure for the council to wrestle with."

Possibly the council is right. And also perhaps all the business men should be in the house of correction for even suggesting such a thing as a village improvement even if they paid all the expense themselves.

OLIVER SLOAN DIED TUESDAY

Was One of the Pioneers of This
Township.

Oliver Sloan, aged 77 years, died at his home two miles west of this village Tuesday of paralysis. Mr. Sloan was a well known and highly respected resident of Northville, having lived here over fifty years. A widow and three children, Marvin, Grace and Cora are left to mourn his death. The funeral was held from the home Thursday afternoon, Rev. Brent Harding officiating.

King's Daughters Return Thanks.

To all friends at home and elsewhere who gave to our tag day fund we return our sincere thanks. Special mention is made of the hearty support given us by our business men. We also cordially thank those who gave prize money in addition to other gifts.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.
Lost articles quickly recovered through Record Want Ads.

GREAT CELEBRATION HERE TUESDAY

VILLAGE BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED FOR BIG CROWD.

Parades, Races, Sports, Fire Crackers and Sky Rockets.

Northville's celebration of Independence day was a hummer. The main streets were elaborately decorated with red white and blue bunting, cut pennant fashion and flags were suspended from the wires put up by electrician Sam Wilkinson, and an electric light between the pennants, made the streets a charming sight both in the day time and in the evening.

The athletic sports began at nine o'clock and the following prizes won: Girls' Race—Laura White 1st, Edna Kisham 2nd.

Hop, Step and Jump—Milo Ferguson 1st, Green Angell 2nd.

Sack Race—Alex Lyke 1st, M. Dalley 2nd.

Potato Race—Percy Shafer 1st, Arthur Erwin 2nd.

Egg Race—H. Lanning 1st, James Green 2nd.

Hundred Yard Race—Percy Shafer 1st, G. Langton 2nd.

Ladies' Egg Race—Laura White 1st, Barbara Frederick 2nd.

Wheelbarrow Race—G. Langton 1st, Arthur Erwin 2nd.

Pie Eating Contest—Chas. Freydl 1st, Roy Jones 2nd.

Fried Cake Contest—Willie Jones 1st, James Green 2nd.

Fat Man's Race—Milt Brown 1st, Geo. Stanley 2nd.

The industrial parade was a fine affair.

C. A. Ponderford was represented by the "four boys" shetland pony and carriage, which was completely covered with bunting.

Schrader's furniture store was

(Continued on page 4)

BIG PIANO CONTEST CLOSES JULY 26

ONLY FOURTEEN DAYS MORE TO
MAKE FINAL EFFORT

For the \$400 Piano, or One of the
Many Other Prizes.

Girls, you are in the last lap of the race to represent Northville and victory in the popular voting contest.

The contest closes July 26. After that date it will be too late. You

NAME	FIRST COUNT	SECOND COUNT	TOTAL
Mae McCullough	28,250	65,700	93,950
Oran Hayes	30,150	32,900	63,050
Mattie Kreger	8,350	48,000	56,350
Thelma Bennett	9,000	40,800	49,800
Ida Morris	23,400	45,575	68,975
Flora Hendryx	11,400	27,850	39,250
Hattie Page	12,025	1,875	13,900
Mabel Tiffin	7,600	2,875	10,475
Mae McCowan	6,500	3,575	10,075
Ametia Masters	5,150	4,075	9,225
Gladys Moore	575	575	1,150

have golden days during which opportunity knocks at your door, clamoring for admittance. It is up to you.

Have you seen a track meet? The man ahead has set a hot pace; too hot, perhaps, for his own good. The trailer is coming into his own on that last lap. It is a magnificent exhibition of gameness the man behind gives as he comes from the rear with pounding feet and breath. At the very tape he snatches victory. It is inspiring. You yell, you scream with delight at the bull dog courage of the manhood—the victory of courage and perseverance.

Today many girls may be leading in the number of votes they have. Do not be discouraged. That is in your favor. The girl may nap on her honors. Remember the hare and the tortoise. The hare was never so far ahead that he cannot be overtaken if he slows up, and the one behind lifts up the pace, as they say on the under path.

Think of the man in the long race on the track. This is your chance to spur. These days ahead of you give you plenty of time to change the whole appearance of the race.

Mrs. Rebecca Burkett Dead.

Mrs. Rebecca Burkett died Friday at the home of her foster son, A. A. Houghton, of a stroke of paralysis. Mrs. Burkett had suffered two strokes previously, having been ill about six weeks. The deceased was seventy-one years of age.

The funeral was held Sunday from the home, Rev. Brent Harding officiating. She was laid to rest in Rural Hill cemetery by the side of her husband who died about two months ago.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the friends and neighbors for the many acts of kindness shown during the sickness and death of our wife and mother, also for the beautiful flowers sent.

JAMES MASTERS,
MR. AND MRS. ED. MASTERS,
MR. AND MRS. F. WOODMANSEI,
MR. AND MRS. JOHN BEIT.

W. R. C. Notes.

(By Press Correspondent.)

The regular meeting of the W. R. C., July 12, being the last one before vacation a full attendance is urged. Initiation and a short program are the special attractions.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the pastor.)

The Woman's Missionary society will meet next Wednesday afternoon.

The pastor took part in the service at the wedding of Mr. LaRue and Miss Deely last week.

The monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid society was held at Mrs. E. H. Lapham's Wednesday afternoon.

Our first union meeting of the summer will be held next Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock. If the weather permits it will be held on the church lawn. All are cordially invited to attend this out of door service.

A Record Want Ad will help you exchange something you have and don't want for something you haven't and do want.

Between now and the closing day of the contest, July 26, there may be such an upheaval in the standing of the girls that today's leader may be down in the list by that time. They have shown splendid work in the past and this be their warning. And if they are wise it will be. Over confidence may heat the leaders of today. This is your opportunity you who are behind. Grasp it quick.

Any of the prizes are worth working for.

So to the girl behind we would say, Get busy! Work! Work!


To the girl in front. Do not go to sleep on your honors.

Do not wait until the last day to turn your votes in, but do so as fast as you secure the necessary

Plymouth Binder Twine

SAVES TIME AND GRAIN

Twine is a small item, but good twine saves a lot of expense in harvest time. Every time your machine is stopped the delay costs you money. Time in harvest season is always valuable, and sometimes extremely precious on account of the condition of weather or grain. Be sure you use the best twine—PLYMOUTH TWINE. Then you will be safe from the annoyances, delays, expenses, which ordinary twine causes. Plymouth Twine works perfectly in every machine. More of it is made and used every year than any other kind, because it is known to be the best and has been, for years. Binds more sheaves with less expense, no knots, no breaks, and is guaranteed full length and extra strength. Get Plymouth Twine from the local dealer. Look for the wheat-sheaf tag.




JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

Running Over Your Money

affairs will often disclose the fact that you haven't saved as much as you thought. You had earned plenty but have spent likewise. A man gets rich by what he saves, not by what he earns. The best and really only way to save is to put your money in a savings bank. The more you put in the quicker it grows, for the interest goes on unceasingly. Money in the bank works 24 hours a day, and takes no holidays. The

Northville State Savings Bank

will accept your deposits, large or small, will open in a count with as little as \$1.00. This is the richest day of the year to start one.



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.

coupons to entitle you to the bonus. Remember only a few weeks more remain and it will be necessary to rally your forces if you expect to win the beautiful Oakland piano. Tell your friend about the coupons with every dollar purchase.

The Record has arranged a big bonus offer which will be good to and including the final day, which is July 26 and as follows:

For every seven new subscriptions handed in at one time, 8,000 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 back subscriptions 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.

(Continued on page 7)

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	80c
Quart Mason Cans	65c
Half-Gallon Mason Cans	85c
Sealfast-Pints	80c
Quarts	90c

We expect Celery and other Vegetables from South Lyon by Saturday.

B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE.

It Pays To Advertise in the Record Want Column.

Wearing Glasses

is not a sign of old age nor is it a stynish 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.

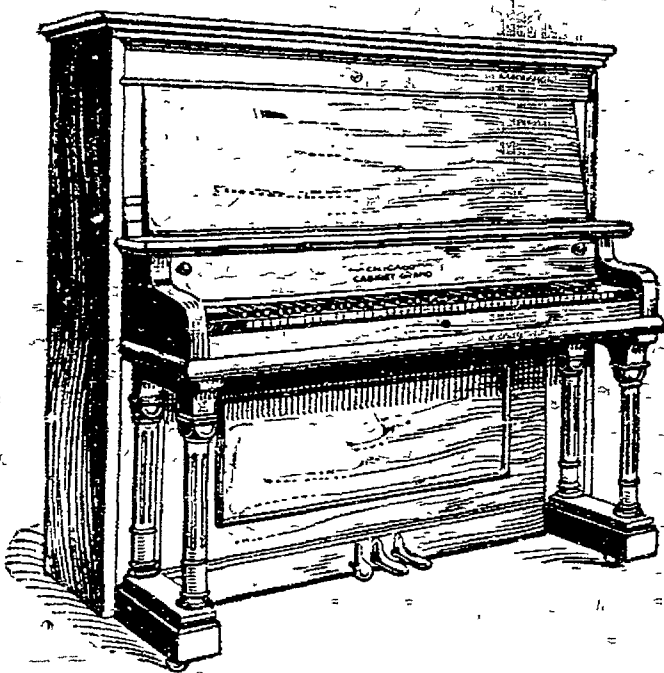
\$500 in Prizes

TO BE DISTRIBUTED BY

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD

In Its Great Prize Voting Contest.

The Capital Prize to be a
\$400 OAKLAND PIANO



The Progressive Merchants of Northville have contributed the following valuable prizes, printed below, and will give
Record Prize Vote Coupons
With \$1.00 Cash Purchases

RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING CONTEST ARE AS FOLLOWS:

- Announcement**—This Piano and Popular Ladies Voting contest will be conducted fairly and honestly on business principles strictly, with justice and fairness to all concerned. With the above principles the contest will be an assured success.
- Prizes**—The capital prize will be an Oakland Piano. Also other valuable prizes will be given which are announced herewith.
- Candidates**—Young ladies in this and adjoining towns are eligible to enter this contest and the prize is given to the lady who receives the largest number of votes. Each lady will receive a 25¢ coupon (paid by the Piano and other prizes) will be distributed in a random way with the contest.
- Eligible Votes**—She who at the time of the contest, is in value, the Publisher's Music Co. will award a 25¢ coupon to any one who will stand up at the time of the contest.
- Notes Checked**—Votes will be issued in the following denominations: New 25¢ coupons, 100 votes, \$1.00; Renewals, 50 votes, \$1.00.

Renewals, more than one year.

600 votes, for \$1.00

Back subscriptions, 100 votes, for 1.00

Five year new subscriptions, 5.00

Ten years new subscriptions, 10.00

Twenty years new subscriptions, 20.00

30 years new subscriptions, 30.00

40 years new subscriptions, 40.00

50 years new subscriptions, 50.00

60 years new subscriptions, 60.00

70 years new subscriptions, 70.00

80 years new subscriptions, 80.00

90 years new subscriptions, 90.00

100 years new subscriptions, 100.00

110 years new subscriptions, 110.00

120 years new subscriptions, 120.00

130 years new subscriptions, 130.00

140 years new subscriptions, 140.00

150 years new subscriptions, 150.00

160 years new subscriptions, 160.00

170 years new subscriptions, 170.00

180 years new subscriptions, 180.00

190 years new subscriptions, 190.00

200 years new subscriptions, 200.00

210 years new subscriptions, 210.00

220 years new subscriptions, 220.00

230 years new subscriptions, 230.00

240 years new subscriptions, 240.00

250 years new subscriptions, 250.00

260 years new subscriptions, 260.00

270 years new subscriptions, 270.00

280 years new subscriptions, 280.00

290 years new subscriptions, 290.00

300 years new subscriptions, 300.00

310 years new subscriptions, 310.00

320 years new subscriptions, 320.00

330 years new subscriptions, 330.00

340 years new subscriptions, 340.00

350 years new subscriptions, 350.00

360 years new subscriptions, 360.00

370 years new subscriptions, 370.00

380 years new subscriptions, 380.00

390 years new subscriptions, 390.00

400 years new subscriptions, 400.00

410 years new subscriptions, 410.00

420 years new subscriptions, 420.00

430 years new subscriptions, 430.00

440 years new subscriptions, 440.00

450 years new subscriptions, 450.00

460 years new subscriptions, 460.00

470 years new subscriptions, 470.00

480 years new subscriptions, 480.00

490 years new subscriptions, 490.00

500 years new subscriptions, 500.00

510 years new subscriptions, 510.00

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650 years new subscriptions, 650.00

660 years new subscriptions, 660.00

670 years new subscriptions, 670.00

680 years new subscriptions, 680.00

690 years new subscriptions, 690.00

700 years new subscriptions, 700.00

710 years new subscriptions, 710.00

720 years new subscriptions, 720.00

730 years new subscriptions, 730.00

740 years new subscriptions, 740.00

750 years new subscriptions, 750.00

760 years new subscriptions, 760.00

770 years new subscriptions, 770.00

780 years new subscriptions, 780.00

790 years new subscriptions, 790.00

800 years new subscriptions, 800.00

810 years new subscriptions, 810.00

820 years new subscriptions, 820.00

830 years new subscriptions, 830.00

840 years new subscriptions, 840.00

850 years new subscriptions, 850.00

860 years new subscriptions, 860.00

870 years new subscriptions, 870.00

880 years new subscriptions, 880.00

890 years new subscriptions, 890.00

900 years new subscriptions, 900.00

910 years new subscriptions, 910.00

920 years new subscriptions, 920.00

930 years new subscriptions, 930.00

940 years new subscriptions, 940.00

950 years new subscriptions, 950.00

960 years new subscriptions, 960.00

970 years new subscriptions, 970.00

980 years new subscriptions, 980.00

990 years new subscriptions, 990.00

1000 years new subscriptions, 1000.00

1010 years new subscriptions, 1010.00

1020 years new subscriptions, 1020.00

1030 years new subscriptions, 1030.00

1040 years new subscriptions, 1040.00

1050 years new subscriptions, 1050.00

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1070 years new subscriptions, 1070.00

1080 years new subscriptions, 1080.00

1090 years new subscriptions, 1090.00

1100 years new subscriptions, 1100.00

1110 years new subscriptions, 1110.00

1120 years new subscriptions, 1120.00

1130 years new subscriptions, 1130.00

1140 years new subscriptions, 1140.00

1150 years new subscriptions, 1150.00

1160 years new subscriptions, 1160.00

1170 years new subscriptions, 1170.00

1180 years new subscriptions, 1180.00

1190 years new subscriptions, 1190.00

1200 years new subscriptions, 1200.00

1210 years new subscriptions, 1210.00

1220 years new subscriptions, 1220.00

1230 years new subscriptions, 1230.00

1240 years new subscriptions, 1240.00

1250 years new subscriptions, 1250.00

1260 years new subscriptions, 1260.00

1270 years new subscriptions, 1270.00

1280 years new subscriptions, 1280.00

1290 years new subscriptions, 1290.00

1300 years new subscriptions, 1300.00

1310 years new subscriptions, 1310.00

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1370 years new subscriptions, 1370.00

1380 years new subscriptions, 1380.00

1390 years new subscriptions, 1390.00

1400 years new subscriptions, 1400.00

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1500 years new subscriptions, 1500.00

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1890 years new subscriptions, 1890.00

1900 years new subscriptions, 1900.00

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1990 years new subscriptions, 1990.00

2000 years new subscriptions, 2000.00

2010 years new subscriptions, 2010.00

2020 years new subscriptions, 2020.00

2030 years new subscriptions, 2030.00

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2070 years new subscriptions, 2070.00

2080 years new subscriptions, 2080.00

2090 years new subscriptions, 2090.00

2100 years new subscriptions, 2100.00

2110 years new subscriptions, 2110.00

2120 years new subscriptions, 2120.00

2130 years new subscriptions, 2130.00

2140 years new subscriptions, 2140.00

2150 years new subscriptions, 2150.00

2160 years new subscriptions, 2160.00

2170 years new subscriptions, 2170.00

2180 years new subscriptions, 2180.00

2190 years new subscriptions, 2190.00

2200 years new subscriptions, 2200.00

2210 years new subscriptions, 2210.00

2220 years new subscriptions, 2220.00

2230 years new subscriptions, 2230.00

2240 years new subscriptions, 2240.00

2250 years new subscriptions, 2250.00

2260 years new subscriptions, 2260.00

2270 years new subscriptions, 2270.00

2280 years new subscriptions, 2280.00

2290 years new subscriptions, 2290.00

2300 years new subscriptions, 2300.00

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2360 years new subscriptions, 2360.00

2370 years new subscriptions, 2370.00

2380 years new subscriptions, 2380.00

2390 years new subscriptions, 2390.00

2400 years new subscriptions, 2400.00

2410 years new subscriptions, 2410.00

2420 years new subscriptions, 2420.00

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2440 years new subscriptions, 2440.00

2450 years new subscriptions, 2450.00

2460 years new subscriptions, 2460.00

2



SYNOPSIS

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace, and his affection for his friend, Captain Fielding, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curious shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mending again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs, Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curious shaped stick. Captain Fielding and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of 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 Fielding, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man, and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fielding declares that it is an old-fashioned throwing stick, used to shoot down a Tomahawk. Roscoe, from the searching party, with a sprained ankle, Perry Hunter is found murdered, and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne swears him innocent. A relief party goes to find the searchers. Tom Fielding, 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. The yacht disappears and Roscoe plans to capture it. Jeanne's only hope is in Cayley.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"And that's what might have happened, oh, so easily, to you. Yes, it might. I've been realizing that. And I shan't forget." Her eyes had brightened and she pressed her hands to them for just one moment, then she straightened up briskly. "Anyway, I'll not make a scene about it now," she said. "I'll show a little practical sense and help you with the breakfast."

No, we're camping out today, and on such occasions the men always do the cooking. Go back to your book while I skin this fowl and dress it." Then as she still hesitated, he went on. "The most beautiful garment I ever saw, anywhere, was on a Chukchee Indian girl. It was made of moose skin but the breasts of these dresses. But the process isn't pretty. I'd much rather you went back to your book."

Seeing that he meant it, she did as he asked. A single half page of what was written upon those closely ruled pages was enough to absorb her again completely. The power it had over her seemed to grow rather than to lessen. When Cayley came up with the big bird which was to serve for their breakfast, impaled upon a sharp stick ready to be roasted over the fire, she no more than looked up at him, with a smile very friendly, but half-appealing, and then went on with her reading. He crouched down near by her, built a little frame-work of sticks above the fire and began his cooking.

It was, perhaps, ten minutes after that when he saw the book drop suddenly from her hands. When he glanced up at her, she was looking seaward—out over those miles of plunging, heaving ice. And, under his eyes, her face turned white as marble. Her bloodless lips were parted. They

did not move at all and they looked as if they were frozen. He could not see that she was breathing. Her eyes were turned away from him and he was glad of that. For another moment more, at least, he need not read the look in them. For now, at last, he was sure she understood. He himself fixed his eyes upon the fire and waited.

"There's something here," she whispered, "here in this book of father's, that—that I want you to read."

It was still open at the page she had been reading when she had dropped it. With his first glance at what was written there he saw how she had come, so suddenly to understand.

"September 18th.—Fielding came into the bay last night, just as it has come at about this season in the two preceding years—a dense fog and a whole gale blowing from the east. To me its coming is a relief. It is, in a way, the official beginning of winter. The tantalizing hope of a rescue is now put away on the shelf to wait for another summer. After all, to men in our condition, a temporary hopelessness is much more comfortable than hope itself. The long winter night gives an opportunity to revive our belief that with another season of open water, rescue will come."

"I have been very busy lately stocking our larder for the next six months. Fortunately, I have succeeded in killing bears and walrus enough to keep us supplied. I wish I could feel as easy about our fuel. We have swept the beach clear of drift-wood, but shall have barely enough to get through the winter with. For myself, who have no real hope at all, it doesn't greatly matter. I greet the dawn of each of these interminable arctic days with intense weariness. And I never bid farewell to the sun for another winter without an involuntary 'In manus'

Cayley read the entry through slowly. "I'm glad it happened this way," he said when he finished, "glad it was your father who told you. All this past hour I've been wondering how I could tell you, how I could make you understand."

The girl had been half-reclining upon the great sheepskin, her weight supported by one hand. While Cayley read this support failed her, and she sank down, rather slowly, until her head was buried in the arms which were stretched out as if in blind supplication.

As Cayley spoke, he covered those clasped, outstretched hands with one of his own. The touch and the sound of his voice steadied her a little.

"You've known, then, from the first?" The words came brokenly, half-voiced, muffled.

He bent down over her to hear them. "Yes, I knew from the first."

He said no more than that just then, but remained as he was, his hand covering her two, holding them tight, his body bending over hers protectively.

After a little while she ceased shuddering, and answered the pressure of his hand with a sudden clasp of her two; then drew them away again and sat erect.

Her eyes, when they rose to his face, were still wide with fear—a deeper seated fear, really, than her first momentary panic. But now she had

it in control, and spoke steadily enough.

"There is no chance at all, do you think?"

"For the Aurora to come back? No, not this season, at least; no possible chance."

"And—how much ammunition have you, Mr. Cayley?"

"Thirty-one cartridges, besides the ones in the revolver."

He would have said something more, but with a little gesture she prevented him. "You've been thinking it out," she said. "You know what it means now, and I—I feel that I don't. I can't quite realize it yet. You must give me a little time to think, too."

He had to assent to that, though he knew, in advance, the direction her thoughts must take, and foresaw the dreadful conclusion of them. And the answer he had to make to that conclusion? Well, he had it ready.

How long that silence lasted, neither of them knew. He sat there beside her, and yet even his eyes allowed her perfect solitude. He mended the fire, and attended to his cooking as quietly as before, when the girl was reading.

Finally a little move of hers, preparatory to speech, gave him leave to look at her. In those silent minutes, however long they were, her face had changed. It was grave now, intensely thoughtful, but the color had come back into it. It was alive again.

"When I asked you a while ago if there were any chance, you asked me if I meant a chance for the return of the Aurora, and said there was none. That was what I meant then, but it's not what I mean now. Is there any chance at all? I haven't been able to see any myself, and I've been over it all pretty carefully. Do you see any? You—you must tell me the truth, please."

"I haven't been trying to assess the chances. I spent my hour thinking about something else, and I can't answer your question really with a yes or a no."

"Not with a yes, but can't you answer it with a no? Aren't you perfectly sure, in your heart, that there's no chance at all?"

"Not yet," he answered. "There may be a chance, and if there is, we can meet it half way." Then he stretched out his hand. "That red bound book there is our Bible now. Do you remember what your father said? We can live like Christians, and we can always hope. He thought when he put that Bible, which contained his message, into the sea, that there was hardly any chance in a million of its reaching in an official relief. Yet he went on living as a brave man lives, a day at a time. And when he died, he died without fear. Doing that, he not only helped himself but he helps us in a way that he couldn't possibly have foreseen."

Her eyes filled suddenly with tears, and a smile, of a divine and tender nature, touched for an instant her mouth. "But that isn't our case, you know. Ours isn't as simple as that."

"What makes the difference?"

"Your wings." She said it hardly above a whisper, and as she said it she turned a little paler and her brave lips trembled. But in an instant her will had taken command again. "I am sure you see. It's quite plain," she went on steadily. "If you will spread them, those great wings of yours, and take to the air with them, and fly away, as you are free to do, and leave me here alone, as I really am alone, the only person marooned here—oh, you'll do that, then I'll follow my father's gospel. But you won't go away. You can't—not a man like you, and I know that. I know I mustn't even suggest it."

Her voice sank again and grew unsteady. "While I am starving, you will be starving, too. And while I am freezing, you will freeze." She stopped there with a shudder and a deep, gasping sob; then, "Won't you go?" she cried out. "You said once that one of us might be dreaming, but that one was not I. Can't you believe it's so? Can't you wake up from the dream that is turning into a nightmare, and fly away?—No, you can't! You can't!—There is only one way out of it!"

There was the conclusion he had foreseen, had foreseen long before he could formulate it—the inevitable conclusion that had led him to pray for an hour. And now he thanked God that the answer was ready.

"But before he could speak she turned to him with a sudden transition of mood, which left him gasping. The face she turned upon him now was radiant, flushed with life, fearless. She held out both hands to him. "Come," she said; "that's over. You're to forget it ever happened, and you're to do something for me that I want. Will you? I want this for a holiday, just as I set out to make it when I saw the yacht was gone. The day's as bright as it was then, and we can make the hours pure gold. It all depends on us. Come, will you do that for me?"

Giving him her hands, she had meant him to assist her to rise, but he disregarded the intention and knelt on one knee beside her. "Jeanne!"

Her color flared like a flag at

that, and she caught her breath.

"Thank you—Philip."

"We'll have our holiday, Jeanne, but we must have a better understanding first."

"No! No more!—I can't!"

But he went steadily on: "You said there was only one way out, and I knew what you meant. It is a way out—a way that I can't deny your right to take, if we're talking of rights. During the five years that I spent at Sandoval I always regarded it as a right that I could exercise when I chose. Perhaps that is one of the reasons I never exercised it. But, Jeanne, if you elect to take that way, I shall take it with you."

She struggled away from him, turned and faced him with horror-stricken eyes. "You must not say that! You're no right to threaten me with that! No right!" Then, clutching at his hands again, "You must promise!"

Again she pulled her hands away and covered her face with them. She was trembling uncontrollably.

"It was not a threat," he said steadily. "It was a promise. A promise I have the right to make. I make it again, now, Jeanne—a solemn promise before God. Whether it's living or dying, I shall go beside you."

"No right!" she repeated in a whisper.

"What possible right could you have to make a promise like that—a threat that calls itself a promise?"

"I have, the only right there is. Listen. Last night, when you were lying there asleep, I sat thinking, thinking about you, about the love I had for you; about the change which that love had made in me and would go on making after I had lost you. For I faced losing you. I knew that when they sent a boat ashore for you, I should have to let you go without a word. If I could have heard a prophecy then, that today I should be telling you I loved you, telling it with a clear heart and conscience, I should have gone half mad for joy. It seemed as if the thing could never happen. I am a man with a stain upon me, and yesterday that stain made it impossible to say anything to you but goodbye. I meant to say it, and take my way through the air again and live out the rest of my life on what, from your beauty, you had already given me."

"But the coming of a new day has changed all that. It has given me the right to tell you what I have told you, and it gives me the right to make that promise. I don't think that quite plain? Don't you understand?"

"I must think," she gasped. "You must let me think."

"No," he said, "I have not asked for an answer. There is nothing that you have to tell me. Nothing that I'm waiting to hear. No decision that you must make. You understand what I said and you know it's true. The supreme fact in my universe is just this: That gives me the right to follow you wherever you go. But you are still free. You can stay here, where Fate has put you, and let me stay here too, being sure that all the happiness in the world there is for me is to be found here at your side, in helping you. And then if the torture of privation, loneliness and despair become too hard—"

She turned to him then and interrupted. Her words came quietly, unaccompanied by any gesture of her expressive hands. She spoke with the utmost simplicity.

"They won't be too hard, I think—neither the privation nor the loneliness. There won't be any despair—not with you, my friend. And—and we will follow my father's gospel!"

She saw the blood ebbling out of his face, and then came back with a surge. "He drew me in, or win like a breath of the keen, winelike air. Then, in a strangely matter-of-fact fashion, he seated himself beside her."

"That gospel begins with breakfast," he said.

CHAPTER XIII.

Captain Fielding's Gospel.

Side by side, upon that great sheepskin, they sat, those two people, in the very lap of death. A reasonable estimate of their chances would give them, perhaps, a week to live. With exceptional fortune, that week might stretch itself into a month. The great blue spirit of the arctic would darken to purple, and to black. The icy hand of the savage polar winter would get its clutches upon them. They had nothing to resist it with. No stores of ammunition or of food. No clothing, except what they wore. No fuel, save what they could contrive to gather along the talus before the winter gales would make further search impossible.

Neither Jeanne nor Cayley was of a sort to face the prospect of that death with resignation. They were young, intensely alive, and with Jeanne, at least, the best and biggest part of life lay, or had lain until yesterday, in a broad open road before her. But a prospect like the one that lay before them brings its own anaesthetic with it. It was so utterly hopeless that it became unreal. The face of the future, into which she had cast just one horrified glance, was so hideous that to the girl, at least, it was like some monster mask of carnival—too grotesquely horrible to be taken seriously.

That is partly the reason why she

succeeded in surprising Cayley by sitting down to breakfast with him in the same mood and spirit which she had shown before when she did not know.

"I'm about half famished," she said as they began their meal, "at least that duck smells perfectly irresistible. It's done to a turn, I think. In a way, it's rather a joke that we should begin our arctic privations with a roast duck."

"There's something queer about that but," he said, "something that gets queerer the more I think about it. Why do you suppose the Walrus people abandoned it? Or, rather, do you suppose they did abandon it? They couldn't have built another house without dismantling this one. There are no trees on this land to furnish timber, and there certainly isn't any hardware store where they could have those doors swung on hinges. But those doors swung on hinges last night and the bolt worked, and more or less, the walls and roof kept out the gale. For this style of architecture it's in pretty good repair."

The girl was only half convinced. "That great heap of stones in there," she began, "doesn't look like good repair or recent habitation."

"No it doesn't," he rejoined. "It's been made to look as little that way as possible. It wouldn't have got into that condition otherwise in 100 years. Come, let's have a look. It's something to hope for, at any rate."

"To hope for?" she repeated questioningly.

He had already entered the hut and did not at once volunteer any further explanation, but from the shine of excitement she could see in his eyes, it was evident that he contemplated something better than merely holding death at arms' length for a little while.

To the girl's eyes there was but little about the interior of the hut to account for such a hope, even though she saw that all of the things he had said about it were true. The flimsy inner doors were still hinged in their frames, and were provided with a miscellaneous assortment of catches. It was marine hardware, all of it, evidently from her father's ship. The benches and shelves which lined the walls looked perfectly solid and well built. But the general appearance of the room presented a look of dilapidation. It was absolutely unfurnished. The great heap of smoke-blackened stones, of various sizes and shapes, and the hole in the roof above them, attested that they had once been a fireplace.

From the forward aspect of the room the girl gazed, turned her eyes away and stood looking at Cayley instead. He had been sweeping the walls, roof and floor in a general survey. Now, abruptly, he went over to the heap of stones, picked up one of them, rubbed his thumb over it and scrutinized, with an air of considerable interest, the black smears it left.

"That would account for the drift-wood," he said absently.

At that he might have seen in the girl's face a look of half-amused impatience, but his abstraction was too deep for him to notice it.

He walked over to one of the side walls, pulled open what proved to be a big solid shutter, revealing a glazed window, and, for a long while, stood there, unconscious of the look the girl had turned upon him, unconscious of his present surroundings.

"Yes, something to hope for, certainly." He turned away from the window as he said it, and smiled at her. "A good hope—a good fighting hope that when the relief comes back next summer they'll find you here alive."

"If you say so, I'll believe it," said the girl, because you told me the truth before. But do you mind telling me why?"

"I should have thought of it sooner. I should have noticed it last night. My guess was right, that's all. This is not an abandoned hut. Don't you see, it's in almost perfect repair? The hinges on this shutter work, although if you look closely you can see that some one gave a tug at them not long ago in an attempt to pull them out. And that patch on the wall was put on within a month. The men who wrecked this place worked hastily and showed no great degree of imagination. They hadn't much time, you see, because they couldn't have begun until they caught their first glimpse of the yacht. They had finished the job before they could send a party ashore."

"But why in the world should they do such a thing?" the girl protested.

He shook his head. "I haven't worked that out yet; not fully, at any rate. After all, it's not the question that concerns us."

"I'm still in a maze about it. What did you mean about the drift wood?"

"Why, the soot on these stones showed me that. They haven't been burning drift wood in this fireplace. They've been burning coal—or oil, perhaps. I hadn't thought of that. That's why the drift wood collected again out there on the talus. You remember your father speaks of having used it all? There have been a dozen men living here ever since, and they didn't need it. So they must have had some other sort of fuel."

"You mean they've got a supply somewhere—hidden?"

He nodded. "Not only a supply of fuel, but of food, too. You remember your father also speaks of having his larder completely stocked for the winter at this time? Well, these fellows weren't expecting any relief. They must have stocked their larder, too—Of course," he went on, a moment later, "I realized vaguely all along that there must be stores somewhere here on the land because men were living here, but on the theory that they had abandoned the beach and were living in some undiscovered part of the mainland, our chance of finding those stores was almost nothing at all. Finding them would be like trying to find Point Barrow in a fog. But you see, if they kept them here, in these huts, and then hid them when they caught sight of the yacht, while they may be well hidden, they can't be far away. There wouldn't have been time to move them far, certainly not over the glacier and into the interior there. It must all be hidden somewhere, here on the coast. When we find that hiding place, we shall probably find all the stores we need for the winter."

"Then, I suppose, the next thing for us to do is to go out and find it."

"Not quite the next thing. Unless we have exceptional luck, we can hardly hope to find it for several days; it may take a fortnight, and we must have some temporary security first. In the meantime there is no telling what sort of weather we will have. It's rather late for these beautiful, mild days, I fancy. No, the first thing to do is to rebuild this fireplace and bring in a lot of drift wood and all those birds that were killed last night by flying against the cliff. When we have made this but habitation against a spell of 40 below zero weather, such as we're likely to have at any time, and have accumulated stores of fuel and food for a few days, then we'll begin our search. I had better get to work at once. I think I can re-

build this fireplace by myself. Will you go and begin carrying in fire wood, and as many of those ducks and geese and loons as you can find there along the talus?"

She nodded, and turned to leave the hut. "Take the revolver with you," he called after her.

At that she halted abruptly in the doorway. "Why should I have it any more than you?" Then, answering his smile with a look of her own, she added: "I suppose a well trained crew doesn't demand reasons for the captain's orders—only."

"There's a perfectly good reason. I'm working in the shelter, and you in the open. Besides that, I'm stronger and I have my sheath knife. If I were attacked by anything, I could give a better account of myself than you could. You'd better take bait and holster and all, and buckle it right around your waist."

When Philip finally had his fireplace rebuilt, in a temporary fashion which he thought would serve till greater leisure should allow him to perfect it, he stepped outside the hut and looked, first down and then up the shore in search for her, and was disappointed at finding her nowhere in sight.

She must be dreadfully tired he thought, and with that thought decided to set out to find her first. However, he transferred the remnants of the fire from the flat stone before the hut to his newly constructed hearth, heaped on more wood and noted, with satisfaction, that his makeshift chimney drew well and did not smoke intolerably. He had discovered an empty cask under a heap of rubbish in the storeroom and this he filled with chunks of ice and set by the fire to melt.

Five minutes later he was just a weeping, glinting, sun-bathed speck in the amber air, the thrilling, pringing, wheel-like air. He had taken to his wings, upon leaving the hut, simply because they offered him the quickest, easiest way of finding Jeanne.

"You'd Better Take Bait and Holster and All."

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TO BE CONTINUED.



"That Gospel Begins With Breakfast," He Said.

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NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

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

Lucile Wheeler is visiting relatives in Howell.

Harold White is visiting friends in Grand Rapids.

Miss Claire Woodworth is visiting friends in Howell.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barkley is visiting her sister in Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Colt and two children spent Sunday in Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Dolph spent the Fourth with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. Will Becker of Detroit, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ren of Kenton, Ohio, visited Northville friends this week.

W. H. Hutton and family of Pontiac spent the Fourth with relatives in town.

Ed M. Grain came over from Flint to help Northville celebrate the Fourth.

Jordan Allen received a visit from his sons, George and James on the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Old of Detroit spent the Fourth with Archie Morris and wife.

Mark Ambler and family of Detroit spent the Fourth with relatives in the village.

Mrs. E. G. Filkins and Miss Hazel Egge spent several days at Walled Lake last week.

The Misses Kate and Eva Hubbard of Battle Creek are visiting old friends in town.

Ralph Neelands of Ann Arbor was among former Northville school mates Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parks and son of Detroit are visiting W. E. Ambler and family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sinclair left this week for a visit with the latter's son at Marquette.

Mrs. Edwin White is spending a couple of weeks with relatives and friends in Grand Rapids.

J. L. Nichols of Napoleon, Ohio, spent Sunday and Monday with Emory Hook and family.

Mrs. R. Timin and little son of Detroit visited relatives and friends here the first of the week.

Elmer Katoff, wife and son, Harry, were out from Detroit to spend the Fourth with Northville friends.

Mrs. Lydia Lucas and Miss Florence Lucas of Cleveland, Ohio, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Nellie Shook.

Ed Ferris, who has been attending a veterinary college in Washington D. C., is home for two months.

The Misses Hazel Southerman and Lillian Jenson of Plymouth spent Sunday with Miss Ina Smithman.

Miss Marguerite Seeloffs of Ann Arbor was the guest of her grandmother Mrs. James Seeloffs, over the Fourth.

Miss Bertha White and Raymond Desautels, who are attending summer school in Ypsilanti, were home over Sunday.

Mrs. Jessie VanLeeven and Miss Jennie Palmer of Detroit, spent Tuesday with their mother, Mrs. Mary Palmer.

Mrs. Geo. Conroy and children of Farmington were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Stanley, over the Fourth.

Avery Powner of Chicago and Will Powner of Oklahoma spent the Fourth with their mother, Mrs. Gertrude Powner.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cardona and the former's sister, Salie, of Richmond, Va., spent the Fourth with Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hoar.

Mr. and Mrs. Ballantyne and Francis Ponsford, all of Detroit, were visitors at the home of C. A. Ponsford and family the Fourth.

The Misses Mary and Ethel Freeman and Messrs. Carl Switzer and Tony Schultz of Ypsilanti were guests of Jesse Clark and family the Fourth.

Mrs. Emma Farbrother of Kalamazoo, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. E. F. Holden, the past four weeks, returns to her home tomorrow.

Mrs. J. Henry Smith and daughters, Alene and Evelyn, of Pontiac were Northville visitors last week, attending the annual Women's Club picnic.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carpenter of Inkster, Mr. and Mrs. VanHove of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Burch, Mrs. Gryn and Miss Loretta Shafer of Plymouth, were Fourth of July visitors at the home of W. A. Ely.

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

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GREAT CELEBRATION HERE TUESDAY.

(Continued from page 1)

well advertised by his wagon, containing two valia little girls seated before a dressing table. The wagon was driven by a "colored" girl.

Gorin's clothing store was given prominent notice by the little wagon drawn by an ox.

Cartermole's farm machinery was given a conspicuous place in the parade.

The feature of Pettibone's garage exhibition, was the auto driven by his little six-year-old daughter.

The E. M. F. auto company was represented by an auto of thirteen little girls, each waving a flag.

James Huff's hardware was advertised by a wagon full of summer stores, followed by a band of boys wearing metal caps, representing the fire department.

J. S. Haddock had a very pretty decorated delivery wagon.

Even Rob McCully was there, staling out biscuits and mixing bread between times.

Pinckney brought up the rear of the parade with a whole load of Velvet Brand of ice cream with several boys up to their necks in the good stuff.

Mr. Wesley had a beautiful display of blossoming plants by his nervous horse created havoc with the load just before the parade started.

The auto parade was a pleasing affair. All were very prettily decorated, Schrader being awarded first prize, The King's Daughters, second and Huff, third. Schrader's car represented a boat drawn by an elk, whose head only was visible.

The float was a mass of red, white and blue bunting and was filled with old soldiers. The King's Daughters' auto was elaborately decorated in their colors, purple and white, and was loaded with little girls dressed in white with purple ribbons.

Huff's car was handsomely covered with a canopy of the National colors and many flags.

Schrader and Huff have kindly turned over to The King's Daughters their prize money and as the society won the second prize themselves they are highly elated.

The first prize in the slow auto race was won by a big Detroit auto, while Neal's Cadillac and Porter's Maxwell were tied for second.

Porter and Neal have turned their prize money also over to The King's Daughters so that in all that society logged off \$750 prize money besides their tag receipts.

The horse races were really an unusual and liberal prize were awarded.

The "All Stars" and Hamilton's "Tigers" had a close ball game. The Stars fought nobly but lost by a score of 6 to 4.

The "Circle N" easily beat the "Eastern Athletics" by a score of 10 to 4. Northville ran in score after score, and played equally well on the bases and field. Carl Stimpson covered a lot of ground for a little fellow like "Ky" and his stop and throw of one of the Athletics, in the seventh inning, was simply grand. Lack of space forbids our describing the distinguishing plays of each member.

In the evening the ball park very closely resembled Belle Isle, so numerous were the celebrators who had assembled to view the fireworks.

Will Tinsman and his aides proceeded to shoot up about \$125 worth of powder and other material for about two hours and there was not a fire cracker missing when he quit.

A dance in the rink wound up one of the liveliest celebrations that Northville ever witnessed and it is estimated that from four to five thousand people were in town.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kay and Mrs. Hattie Fair spent part of last week at Mrs. Dave Kay's cottage at Lakeland.

Mrs. J. Cobart and daughter, Ella, returned to their home in Kansas City, Mo., Monday after visiting Mrs. George Stanley and Mrs. M. White for several days.

Mrs. Lillian Ambler, who visited her brother in Chicago last week, also visited her and Mrs. J. W. Turner. She found them nicely situated and enjoying good health.

Mrs. A. S. Mattison and two children, after visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lawrence, the past three weeks, returned to their home in Bay City Wednesday.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We are underigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by them firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walden, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Solely a Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Hoops for Children.

The opinion is expressed by men who have made a study of exercises for health; that it is a pity the skipping-rope and hoop have gone out of fashion for children.

It is suggested they are more excellent mediums for the physical development than bicycles and roller skates. The fact that small children are allowed to have bicycles, and consequently make no use of nature's means of progression, is offered as an objection to them.

The skipping-rope and hoop require them to run and walk. Young children should be encouraged to do this as much as possible, and always with a springy step. They need to use their feet and legs, and exercise that brings these into play is beneficial.

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

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc. For Rent, For Sale, Lost, Found, Wanted, notices inserted under this heading, at 5c per word for first insertion, and 2c per word for each subsequent insertion.

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Best for Home Baking

COLUMBUS FLOUR is milled and blended especially for select home use. From the same sack you can make the most excellent bread, pies, cakes and dozens of other things. If you have never used



Columbus Flour



it offers you splendid possibilities of improving your baking, because it is of the very highest grade—always reliable and uniform.

If you don't know where to buy Columbus Flour, write us and let us tell you.

DAVID STOTT, Miller, Detroit, Mich.

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

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

WINCHESTER

Repeating Shotguns

USED IN THE U. S. ARMY.

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

THE RELIABLE REPEATERS

Detroit's Wonderful Growth.

The notable increase in the population and business of Detroit renders real estate investment in that city a sure means of large profits. In a few years Detroit will have a population of a million, and land will be no longer cheap. A large tract has just been opened in the North Woodward residence district, in which lots are offered very low and on extremely easy terms. The tract is controlled by Hannan's Realty Exchange, Detroit, acting with prominent Detroit capitalists. Here is an exceptional opportunity for a safe investment that will do doubt produce great gains.

NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. Mary Cogdell, aged 77, died Sunday. The funeral was held from the home of her son Wednesday afternoon. She had lived here for many years.

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

WIXOM NEWS.

Mrs. Harriet of Detroit visited Wixom friends Tuesday.

Perré Collard of Detroit visited Frank Madison Wednesday.

Mabel Stevens was home from Pontiac the fore part of this week.

J. L. Shibley and wife and Mrs. H. A. Shibley of Pontiac spent the Fourth here.

Mrs. Harry Kinney and daughter of Detroit is visiting at Charles Kinney's.

John Menton, and wife of Orin visited the latter's brother, Lester Lee, part of last week.

Mrs. Ellsworth Bryant and children of Rochester are visiting her parents and brother here.

Frank Allen and wife of Pontiac visited the latter's parents, Charles Bowers and wife, Tuesday.

A. I. Spaulding and wife left Saturday, per auto, for a few days' visit with the former's parents at Jeddah, this state.

Miss Sue Butwell and Thomas Stonehouse visited their brother, R. A. Butwell and family part of this week.

The Farmers' club and Grange dinner and dance, the Fourth was a financial success and a fine time was had by everybody who attended.

W. NOVI DEBATING CLUB'S ANNUAL

HAD ROUSING TIME AT THE FARMERS SCHOOL HOUSE

N. A. Clapp Was Again Elected President.

The second annual reunion of the West Novi Debating Club, a society once much more than locally famous for the ability of its orators and debaters, numbering among them all along the years of its active existence many who afterward filled high public position in Michigan and far beyond her boundaries, was held Saturday, June 24, at the West Novi school house, the old home of the club.

The glorious good time enjoyed last year was duplicated by a second "best ever," the same delightful atmosphere of comradeship and welcome pervading the meeting of the old friends and the new who gathered to the feast of material and intellectual good things liberally provided.

A delicious banquet, to other designation would be appropriate, was served at midday by the ladies of the neighborhood, after which came an afternoon of the only imperfection of which was that it was too short for the enjoyment crowded into it. Some unavoidable absences were keenly regretted—the only flaw in the day's pleasure—out the presence of other friends unable to attend last year helped to make up for the disappointments.

Messages of regret were read from some of the absentees, and one tribute from a former participant in the program—a gentleman occupying an important position—shows something of the estimation in which the work of the club has been held. He wrote, in part:

"I have been going back over the years, and my mind is filled with recollections of some of the brightest moments of my life as I enter, in memory, the little school house and listen to the discussions of great questions, the charming selections of song and recitation, and hear the happy laughter blending with the physical gleam of gleam bells upon the wintry air with a melody that still echoes at every turn of life's high way."

I think of those men and women whose power of ability, self-reliance and action were so well developed by persistent participation in the splendid exercises held in that very significant little building through a series of thirty or forty years. They have become citizens whose lives count for something more than ordinary lives. I cannot now recall an instance where one of the characters thus trained has failed to make good. The great state of Michigan has been a favored intellectually, spiritually and morally by their having been identified with it—citizenship. I am proud of every one of them and the influence that have come into my life by reason of my association with them have placed an important part in my successes and been a check to my failures. My chief regret is that I was not more thoroughly identified with the work of that superb organization, but I feel a pardonable pride in the fact that I sat at its feet and gathered in some of the crumbs of wisdom that fell from its well laden table."

The program for the afternoon was an old time one of music, recitations, impromptu speeches and a very interesting debate, and was closed with the heartfelt singing of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

The officers were re-elected—N. A. Clapp, president; Mrs. Della F. Harmon, secretary and J. A. Richardson, treasurer, with the addition of Thomas E. Johns as vice president. The next meeting was set for the first Saturday in June, 1912.

As to Absent Friends.

There is an unfortunate tendency with some people to talk in a disparaging way about absent acquaintances. "Oh, she's very nice, but—" and this "but" often leads up to a quite unnecessary and unkind comment. The golden rule to observe in talking about people is to speak exactly as though they were present, says Home Notes. Everything gains by repetition, and not always favorably. Bishop Beveridge once said: "Resolve never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back," and faultfinders and flatterers would do well to bear this in mind.

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 5:00 p. m.

CASTORIA

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

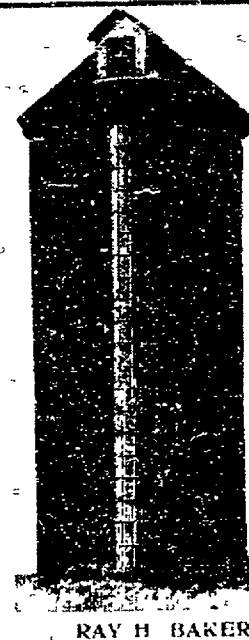
What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

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



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

THE IMPERISHABLE SILO

One who is against all competition. It makes friends and enthusiastic advocates wherever it is introduced. Being built of Patented Hollow Blocks of Vitrified Clay, a material that lasts always it wins immediate favor over the decaying, shanking, rotting, crumbling, stave silos and being impervious to moisture it keeps the silage perfectly clear up to the wall and is therefore superior to any form of cement. Our silos are not a cement job. The Imperishable is strong, needs no painting, and is of lasting value. Simply 11-11.

Imperishable Silo Co.
HUNTINGTON, IND.

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

JOB PRINTING

We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, safe bills, statements, doggers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

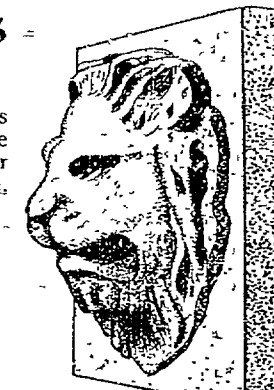
Cement Blocks

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.



HOTEL GRISWOLD

CORNER GRAND RIVER AVE. AND GRISWOLD ST.

FRED POSTAL, PRESIDENT. POSTAL HOTEL COMPANY. FRED A. GOODMAN, SECRETARY.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE WOLVERINE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

\$125,000 Expended in Remodeling, Furnishing and Decorating.
The Finest Cafe west of New York. Service a la Carte. At Popular Prices.
A strictly modern up-to-date Hotel. Centrally located in the very heart of the city. "Where life is worth living."
DETROIT'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL
EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY
RATES, \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP

NOTHING BETTER AT OUR RATES. DETROIT, MICH.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM H. HARMON, deceased. The undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that they will meet at the Lapham State Savings Bank, in the City of Detroit, on Thursday, the 14th day of Sept. A. D. 1911, and on Thursday, the 14th day of Dec. A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims and that six months from the 14th day of June, A. D. 1911, were allowed by said Court for presentors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated June 24th 1911.
FRANK S. HARMON,
WILLIAM G. YERKES,
Commissioners and Appraisers.

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Dated June 24th 1911.
FRANK S. HARMON,
WILLIAM G. YERKES,
Commissioners and Appraisers.

Allen, the Stone Man
An inventor in Northville and an inventor to do all kinds of repairing. Stoves, lawn mowers, clothes wringers and sewing machines. Castings for all stoves, perils in stove. Second hand gasoline stoves for sale. Phone residence, 177.
G. P. ALLEN

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Andrew Crawford and Reed Webster visited friends in Howell this week.

J. B. Meyers and wife spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. August Wagner at Northville.

Regular meeting of Farmington Chapter, O. E. S., Friday evening, July 14. Initiation of candidates.

Mrs. E. J. Hines of Ann Arbor has been spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Sowle.

Mrs. J. W. Payne and daughter, Lucile of Jackson are visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. S. S. Heberling.

Dr. and Mrs. Lurie of Hastings were guests of Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Heberling last Friday while on their way to the aviation meet in Detroit.

Traditions of Mother Shipton.

Of all British prophets, Mother Shipton is beyond doubt the most celebrated. She was in fact, all that a prophet and witch should be, in strange contraries: to the serious and scientific nostradamus. The day she was born the sky became dark and gloomy and, according to her biographer, "beheld out nothing for half an hour but flames, thundering after a most hideous manner." Her personal appearance, described by her admiring biographer in 1662, is scarcely flattering: "Her physiognomy was so misshapen that it is altogether impossible to express fully in words, or for the most ingenious to line her in colors, though many persons of eminent qualifications in that line have often attempted it, but without success."—Metropolitan Magazine.

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

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