

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 8.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1913.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

"MOVE ON"



SATURDAY NIGHT IN NORTHVILLE

The Saturday night band concert and street sports were pulled off, regardless of the chilly aspect of the weather to a fair sized crowd of spectators last week. The announcement was made that this would be the last regularly scheduled program to be carried out this season, which has been a profitable and enjoyable one to all the boys is a list of the prize winners.

Harold Merthwe captured first prize in Stanley's apple dip. John Burch and Edgar Fryd second and third prizes. They all had a good head wish, to the amusement of the spectators.

Mrs. Chas. Payne won first prize in Brock's peanut shucking contest. Miss Sherwood of Plymouth, second. The hustling exhibited in this contest was in keeping with the many other "tunis" pulled off this season. R. M. Kehrl got the prize in Murdoch's ship hitting her, Fred Lake coming next. Mr. Kehrl's exhaustive attempt ended in his dropping the bag used for this contest spilling the shot, which likewise ended the race.

Oldenburg furnished the apples for the Stanley apple dip and C. E. Ryder furnished peanuts for the shucking contest. Several of the Saturday night flash light pictures were sold at Huff's hardware and some are still there for sale for the benefit of the Band boys.

The evening's entertainment was a fitting close for the many pleasant ones carried out this season and the committees in charge thank the public at large for their hearty support and evident appreciation of their efforts.

PRESBYTERY MEETING.

There was a goodly sized audience at the meeting of the Detroit Presbytery held in the Northville Presbyterian church Monday evening. Three addresses were given on "Modern Needs of the Church" by Dr. Jack Rer, Fitchlen and Dr. Bareley. About 65 ministers and elders were in attendance.

The regular fall business meeting was held in two sessions morning and afternoon of Tuesday. The ladies of the church served dinner to the guests Tuesday noon in a most acceptable manner. The tables as well as the church itself, were beautifully decorated with flowers.

The visiting ministers spoke very highly of the appearance of the newly built edifice, as well as of the improvements on the older portion of the church.

MILFORD FAIR.

As usual, Milford people are preparing for the big annual fair to be pulled off in that city Sept. 22-26. Besides the usual good exhibits, there will be some lively horse racing, and exciting base ball games.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Following is the list of prize winners in last week's business men's ball game. Garry Deal captured first prize in three things, for the longest throw, first two-base hit and most hits. Clyde Johnson got the prize for the next to the longest throw. Elder Webber got the second base hit and W. L. Tinsam almost got the most hits. J. E. Webber and W. L. Tinsam tied in getting the most runs, while W. J. Thompson made the most stolen bases with W. L. Tinsam a close second. "Short," Thompson was again first in the matter of the longest slide, and Mr. LeFever next. Clyde Johnson made the most sensational catch. Geo. Hills getting second baset. Mr. LeFever and Frank Merrin won first and second prizes in being the pitchers getting the most strike-outs. Nelsa Schrader got a prize for the worst ball and Bob McCully for the most popular player. F. N. Perrin and Charles Blackburn were awarded honors for the most bonthead plays. The prizes for the best lay rooters went to Mrs. Will Tinsam and Mrs. Geo. Hills. For the gentlemen, Ray Richardson.

THE SIGN AT SIX.

In a few weeks we will run in the Record the first installment of Stewart Edward White's great story by the above title. We have secured the rights to print this unique piece of fiction serially. We are emphasizing this announcement as we will be sorry if in any way our readers miss this superb feature. You have never read a story just like this one. A mysterious scientist evidently deranged menaces the city of New York by stopping it stated times various ether waves. But we don't want to tell too much. Read it for yourself. You will find that this author has filled every chapter with real thrills and interest. If you read the first installment we will not need to urge you to finish it. Watch for it.

THOMAS CALHOUN DEAD.

Thomas Calhoun, aged 50, Northville resident and an old soldier, died at his home on Rogers street, in this village on Wednesday aged 50 years. He leaves two brothers and a sister. The funeral will be held from the home at 1 o'clock, this Friday, afternoon.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the friends and neighbors for their kindness shown during my recent bereavement; also for the beautiful flowers.

MRS. LAURA HAZEN, Nov.

Another Sure Cure.

Pierre Loti says there is "too much talk at dinner." Way to prevent it would be to enlist the services of the hotel men and have it put on the extra list, along with bread and butter.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MRS. GORTON DEAD; AGED NEARLY 91

Mrs. Lydia Gorton, wife of the late Major Gorton and mother of W. D. Gorton, the Northville clothier, died at the home of her daughter at Birmingham on Friday of last week.

She was a highly respected lady and was well known to the older inhabitants of this vicinity.

Mrs. Lydia B. Gorton was born at Rutland, Vt., January 14, 1823. She came to Michigan two years later and settled with her parents at Newburg, where at the age of 20 she was united in marriage with Major D. Gorton, who died about eleven years ago. They lived at Salem some years and settled in Northville first on Rogers street and later at the corner Gads and Center streets, in all living in the village for 35 years.

In her ninety-first year she had lived for eighty-eight years either in Northville or near by. The children are Mrs. Lucy Brooks of Birmingham and W. D. Gorton of this place. The funeral was held from the daughter's residence at Birmingham on Monday, and the body was brought here for burial in Rural Hill.

PROFITS OF AUTOMOBILE MAKING.

Just ten years ago the manufacture of a popular priced automobile was begun in Detroit. At the recent birthday party of the corporation a cash dividend of \$10,000,000 was declared on the capital stock of \$2,000,000. The people who were fortunate enough to begin with the company have enjoyed profits that make the gains of railroads and public service promoters look like gnatlike poverty. It is not likely that this dividend represented the surplus of the company by any means for it is now doubling the size of the factory for the purpose of putting out next year 350,000 cars. In case the demand slackens it will be possible for this concern to summate consumption by still further reducing the price. A net profit of only \$10 a car would yield profits of \$2,500,000 a year, or more than 150 per cent. Some money has been lost in the automobile business, but a whole flock of new millionaires has been created by the development of the industry.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends, K. of P. and F. of A. for their beautiful flowers and kind sympathy shown us during the illness and death of our little babe; also to Elder Webber for the consoling words, and to Mr. and Mrs. VanValkenburg for their sweet singing.

MR. AND MRS. PAUL STAMANN.

Explains.

"Why do you suppose he has such a vacant expression?" "Well, he thinks of himself a good deal."—Judge.

REV. R. M. PIERCE RETURNS AGAIN

POPULAR PASTOR IS SENT TO NORTHVILLE BY THE M. E. CONFERENCE.

Northville people in general are much gratified over the result of the M. E. conference which closed at Ypsilanti Monday, in returning Rev. R. M. Pierce again to the Northville church. He will also have charge of the Novi church for the present.

Other appointments of interest to our readers are C. S. Lee, Farmington; W. G. Stephens, Stockbridge.

The next conference will be held at Saginaw.

Not a Complaint.

There is a good deal of complaint because people don't walk more, but it doesn't come from the head of a large family with shoes to buy.—Chicago Globe.

Had All the Symptoms.

The guide, in referring to the Egyptian pyramids, remarked, "It took hundreds of years to build them." "Then it was a government job—eh?" replied the wealthy contractor.

Not for That Reason.

"Why is it that so few people heed the warning about kissing being an unsanitary practice?" "I suppose it is because so few people do it for their health."—Baltimore American.

WASHINGTON THEATRE, DETROIT.

Cecelia Loftus and the permanent organization the William Morris players were a tremendous success in "Troloway of the Wells" at the Washington Theatre, Detroit, last week.

Mrs. Loftus has only this week at the popular playhouse and will be seen in "Mrs. Danes Defiance." The character role of Mrs. Danes will undoubtedly give her an opportunity to display her emotion that has made her engagements as leading woman with J. H. Southern, Sir Henry Irving, and other great stars ones that are still remembered.

PIANO INSTRUCTION.

Mrs. Arthurs Wolf will be in Northville every Saturday. Pupils wishing to study piano can see her on these days.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent, For Sale, Lost, Found. Wanted notices inserted under this head for 1 cent per word.

FOUND—Hand Bag, Sunday. Owner may have same by calling at Wheeler's store, proving property and paying 25c for this notice. 8-1c

NEW LUMBER CHEAP. About 3,000 feet of good Pine siding; 2x4 Hemlock; Roof Boards, etc. Incubator; Two 200 Egg, hot water machines, excellent condition. LOESER, Bell phone 14, Northville. 8-1c

WANTED—By elderly gentleman furnished or unfurnished room with or without board, for the winter in private dwelling house. 8-1c

FOR SALE—Base burner in good condition. Cheap if taken at once. Apply to Thos. Gleason, S. Wing street. 7-1c

FOR SALE—Spring chickens; also extracted honey, in 5 or 10 lb. pails. Del. Saver. Phone 53R. 8-1c

FOR SALE—Car load of new milch cows, mostly Holsteins. J. A. Leavenworth, Nov. 8-1c

FOR SALE—Survey in good condition. Horace Marsham, South Center St., Northville. 8-1c

FOR SALE—Farm of 80 acres located 3 miles south-west of New Hudson. Inquire of Mrs. Mary Renwick, New Hudson. Phone 1772. 7-1c

FOR SALE—Wood. Inquire of W. H. Catermole. 8-1c

FOR SALE—Domestic Sewing Machine. Drop head, latest style, and not used more than two days. \$25 takes it. Apply to Record office, Northville. 5-1c

FOR SALE—At Bargain—Full set Britannica Encyclopedia, 30 volumes. Apply at Record office, 10-1c.

FOR SALE—Old Papers, clean and in Big Bundles for 5c. Just right for pantry shelves or to put under carpets. Record office, 11-1c.

FOR SALE—Franco-American Hygienic toilet articles, perfumes, extracts and baking powders. Ind. phone, 105 L. G. E. Tremper. 8-1c

—EVERY PENNY IS A VOTE.— —EVERY PENNY IS A VOTE.—

CASH-\$200-CASH

This is of interest to the Community at Large.

\$200 Cash as Prizes to Local and Vicinity Churches Benevolent and Lodge Societies

Will be distributed in Ten Grand Prizes—1st, \$75.00; 2nd, \$45.00; 3rd, \$25.00; 4th, \$15.00; next two, \$10.00 each; next 4, \$5.00 each.

This is no Scheme to deceive the Public. Our intentions are purely Business, and expect service rendered for the time and money invested.

The Purpose of this Penny Vote Contest

Every Penny paid on account and every penny's worth of merchandise sold between now and time of closing contest, Dec. 24, will not have to be moved. Jan. 1st or about, at which time we expect to be in our new store, corner Main and Center Sts. It is not meant that our customers will have a depleted stock to select from; reasonable goods will be carried in stock at all times as near as possible.

This is strictly a home contest and we reserve the right only, to qualify any contestant, within our usual trade jurisdiction, and to equally disqualify, if necessity should (unlikely) require. Get in line early. Write, phone or call at the store for information. Watch this space each week. Official result of vote in next week's issue of this paper.

Watch This Space

EVERY PENNY IS A VOTE. In this contest, whether for Merchandise bought, or for Money received on Account, at JAMES A. HUFF'S HARDWARE, NORTHVILLE.

THIS PENNY VOTE CONTEST Begins SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1913. CHURCHES, BENEVOLENT and LODGE SOCIETIES, ONLY, will be officially recognized.

A PENNY VOTE deposit receptacle and counter room for writing purposes will be established inside near entrance to front of store for the accommodation of voters.

A BULLETIN BOARD with unofficial results up to WEDNESDAY NOON, can be found on east wall of store Show Window, from 3:00 to 5:00 p. m. of that day for time being.

The OFFICIAL Vote Result for each week closes WEDNESDAY Night of each week, and will be published in the Record and the Northville Record publication. Out out below Coupon, fill it out, mail or deposit same at our store at once. It has a value of 100 votes.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

—EVERY PENNY IS A VOTE.— —EVERY PENNY IS A VOTE.—

100 VOTES. 100 VOTES.

HUFF'S HARDWARE—PENNY VOTE CONTEST

NOMINATING AND COMPLIMENTARY VOTING COUPON

GOOD FOR 100 VOTES

I Nominate and Vote for

Name Address Town RFD

READ CAREFULLY.

This Coupon INVALID if not deposited or mailed to James A. Huff, Hardware, Northville, within 5 DAYS after date of issue. Mailed coupons figured from date of post mark. Coupons INVALID if not signed and with depositor's name and address. VOTES, complimentary or otherwise, issued during the continuation of this PENNY VOTE Contest are to be treated as strictly confidential by MANAGER and CLERKS of this contest, and our books are to be open for inspection to any duly elected appointed delegates (not to exceed three in number) from any body of contestants concerned and registered on our books.

100 Votes—issued in Northville Record Sep. 19, '13—100 Votes.

—EVERY PENNY IS A VOTE.— —EVERY PENNY IS A VOTE.—



THE HOME
Of Quality Groceries

Why We Deliver
THE GOODS!
FIRST,
Because We Have
The Goods to Sell!

SECONDLY,
Because We Sell The Goods We Have
Then, There's Another Reason—
The Quality!

TRADE AT RYDER'S

The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

by Harry King Tootle

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER I.

The surprise which Gloria knew her unexpected arrival would occasion was even greater than she could imagine. Several things had happened in Belmont recently to disturb David Kerr, and he was in no frame of mind for further complications.

The stockyards company was beginning to hint at certain favors it wished extended, and with an election coming on, Kerr was in no mood for such concessions. Worse still, the Belmont News had just changed ownership, and the new editor was not displaying that subservient fealty which had characterized all Belmont papers in the past. Already the News was snapping at his heels and asking questions which were extremely pointed. To have Gloria descend upon him at such a time was too much for even David Kerr. His mastery of the situation caused him to have no great fear for the stockyard demands and the newspaper outcry, vexing problems though they were, but Gloria—Gloria in Belmont—was quite another proposition.

"Father, this is Gloria," explained David Kerr's daughter when she had established telephone connection with Locust Lawn.

"Gloria," he exclaimed, "Where are you?"

"Here, in Belmont, at the station. I just came."

"How did it happen? I wasn't looking for you."

"Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad to see you? Of course I am, but it's a surprise. When did you come?"

"How do you happen to be here? Why didn't you let me know?"

"I wanted to surprise you," she laughed. "Annabel Hitchcock's aunt died, so we couldn't go to California. I had nothing else to do, so I came home. Won't that be right?"

"Exactly, exactly. But it's a bad time to come to Belmont."

"I don't care. I'm so glad to be home. How do I get out to Locust Lawn?"

"You can't well wait there for me to come in for you. Take a carriage and tell the driver you want to go to the end of the Belmont Park car line. Wait for me in the drug store. I'll get there almost as soon as you do."

"Hurry, father, because I'm so anxious to see you. I've been an age since I saw you, and you know I don't know a thing about Belmont. I've just tried to meet everybody, and then I'll ask some of the girls out to visit me."

"We'll talk that over after a while," was his uncommittal response. "Wait for me at the drug store. Good by."

The carriage drove through Belmont and Townsend Park, a suburb, was of great value. It gave her an interesting respect for Belmont. Although there was no remarkable residence district, there were occasional

homes which denoted refinement as well as comfortable circumstances. This was not in keeping with what David Kerr's daughter had been taught about her father's town. The number of automobiles also surprised her. By the time she reached the place appointed for her meeting with her father there was not so much of condescension in her attitude toward Belmont.

This changing viewpoint did not mean a diminution of enthusiasm. More than anything else it spurred her curiosity. She realized that the real Belmont was an advance over

what she had been led to expect, just how much only a dip into the social whirl could reveal. The pleasurable part of it all was that Gloria was still queen by right of inheritance. If the kingdom was more extensive than she had thought, the court life would also be more brilliant.

Gloria had not long to wait for her father. An old-fashioned carriage covered with mud and drawn by fat bay horses drew up before the drug store. Out of the vehicle a somewhat ponderous individual pulled himself—a smooth-shaven man who appeared to be something over fifty, with heavy jaws and piercing eyes which looked through you from under bushy eyebrows. With a cry the girl flung herself upon him and smothered him with kisses.

"You old dear!" she exclaimed. "You haven't changed a bit. I'm so glad to be at home with you. Isn't it just dandy to be back in Belmont?"

The man smiled. Even if he had not changed, as she had sworn, he recognized that she had changed. In the two years since he had seen her, out of the chrysalis had come the butterfly; and this radiant girl was his daughter. For one brief instant he unlocked the neglected chamber of his heart which was the prison of the past, and thought of Gloria's mother. Then the present with its obligations and its stern realities recalled him to the life that was from the days that once had been.

"Welcome home, daughter," he said, making a peck in the general direction of her mouth do duty for an answering kiss. With David Kerr kissing had long ago become an obsolete custom. Then, too, no one had ever accused him of being unduly demonstrative.

Seeing the negro driver bowing and scraping, Gloria left her father to speak to him. She might have forgotten Locust Lawn, but she had not forgotten Locust Lawn's chief factotum. Old Tom, who had been in Kerr's employ for a generation, had been her constant companion when she had outgrown the continuous vigilance of her nurse.

"How do you do, Tom," she said, extending her hand. "I don't believe you remember me. Now, do you?"

"Miss Gloria," he said, "I don't know you anywheres. An' it does me a pow'ful sight of good to see you. Why, chile, when you went away you was 'jest a little gal. An' now look at you; you's a regular grown-up woman. An' I reckon you'll want to get married soon, hey?"

Gloria laughed, that same fresh, infectious laugh of hers which had warned many a wary suitor that he had not found the combination to her heart and had brought him to that plane of friendship on which he was always welcome. As well try to describe Patti's singing, in the days when her charm was greatest, as try to describe Gloria's laugh. There be those persons so presumptuous that on hearing it would aver she had never loved. Whether David Kerr was one of those his countenance did not betray. As he waited for her answer to the question put her by the old negro, a privileged servant, his face was as impassive as ever it was on the night of an election.

"Why, Tom," she explained when she had ceased to laugh at the foolishness of the question, "I love everybody, of course, but nobody in the wide, wide world like that. I'm never going to marry any one; do you think so?"

"Miss Gloria, you never do know what de Lord'll provide. Look at me. Ah done say dat, too, when I wuz young lak you; but Ah's had to wivas already, an' mah time ain't come to die yet."

"All right, Tom. I don't know what the Lord will provide, but I'm not going out of my way to help Providence."

The words of this colloquy were neither more nor less than David Kerr had anticipated. It was from the spirit rather than from the wording of her reply that the father sought to ascertain the answer. It had been his one hope that somewhere on her travels she would meet a man worthy the love of a woman such as she, that she would marry him and never return to Belmont. Almost unconsciously, with that end vaguely in view, he had been diminishing his activities. He had money enough for Gloria's future, already she had her own income, and his age made even power trifling. He would move away from Belmont when Gloria married, and when she came to visit him it would be to some charming rural spot in the

neck. His gall was an effeminate trot. He was in the main a canine duplicate of the lady who was leading him, but as the fringes were artificial, and beyond the dog's own power to produce, it was evident that the similarity between the two was reached by the woman copying the dog's style, and not by the dog conforming to the woman's.—New York Mail.

New-Type of American. One of the effects of the life of the American people on the isthmus has

been the development of a new type—the "Zone-American." First, this type will be identified by its sterling moral character; then, by its independence, greater even than the independence of the average American. The melting together of different standards of life has taught many of the Zone-American families that the fine art of living is to be found in the home and in the family circles, rather than in the false life that seems so attractive in the great American cities "back-home."—Christian Herald.

For some time they sat in silence in the living room, gazing into the open wood fire. More than once Kerr thought his daughter was about to speak, but each time she seemed to think better of it or else lose her courage. He knew that something weighed on her mind.

"I know I'm going to like Belmont very much," she ventured at last. "And I want Belmont to like me. My coming home is different from that of other girls I know. At Annabel's or Jane Leigh's or any of the girls' homes we haven't been in the house ten minutes before the telephone begins to ring. In half an hour there are enough engagements to last a year. In Belmont I don't know any one yet."

This was not said in any tone of complaint. She could not dream of such a thing, because her father's position was such that her lack of friends was only a temporary embarrassment. She knew that well enough.

"If I had known that I was coming home I would have brought some of the girls with me." She did not allow him to know that the house had not come up to her expectations. "I'm glad I didn't because I don't know any one here yet, and although we'd all be received at once I couldn't make it as pleasant for them as I can after I have had an intimate knowledge of things. After you once introduce me I think I can begin to plan for the girls. I'm under obligations to every single girl I know. I don't mean single—unmarried. But I might as well, because married girls don't go visiting around the country."

"I thought you'd come home engaged to a duke or a count at the east."

"I did, but girls like to get to a new place. They're not looking for any body, but the wider your territory the more certain it is that lightning will strike you."

"You've had a pretty wide territory," was her father's dry rejoinder. "But I always ran for cover when I saw a storm coming."

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"I did, but girls like to get to a new place. They're not looking for any body, but the wider your territory the more certain it is that lightning will strike you."

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The Lady of the Mount

by **FREDERIC S. ISNAM**
AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS," "UNDER THE ROSE" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WATERS**

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SYNOPSIS.

Comtesse Elise, daughter of the governor of the Mount, had a small encounter with a peasant boy, the Mount, a small rock-bound island, stood in vast bay on the northwestern coast of France, and during the time of Louis XVI. was a government stronghold. Develops that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur Desseigne, a nobleman, and that Comtesse Elise, daughter of the governor, had been educated and become a gentleman; sees the governor's daughter depart for Paris. Lady Elise returns after several years, and enters the many nobles. Her ladyship dances with strange flamenco, and a cell to army is made in an effort to capture a notorious Le Seigneur. She escapes. Lady Elise is caught in the "Grand" tide. The Black Seigneur rescues and takes her to his refuge. Elise discovers that her lover was the boy with the fish. Sanchez, the Seigneur's servant, is arrested and brought before the governor. Lady Elise has Sanchez set free. Sanchez tells Desseigne that Lady Elise has been captured, but is not believed. Desseigne plans to release prisoners at the Mount. Lady Elise pleads with her father to spare the lives of condemned prisoners. Disguised as a peasant, she escapes with the people and hears some startling facts. A mysterious Mountebank starts a riot. He is arrested and locked up after making close observations of the citizens and is afterwards summoned before the governor's daughter. The governor enters the room during the interview with the Mountebank. Desseigne overpowers guard and dons soldier's uniform. The Seigneur successfully escapes guards and ends the "Great White." Jacques, the jailer, forced to tread the wheels and bring up enemies of the governor. The Black Seigneur liberates the prisoners. The Seigneur again makes prisoner. The Marquis de Beauville visits the Mount. The lady and nobles inspect the dungeons. Elise visits the Seigneur. Lady Elise engages Nanette, daughter of Pierre Laroche, friend of the Black Seigneur, as maid. Nanette plans the release of the Black Seigneur. The Marquis and Lady Elise ride into an ambush. Lady Elise is held as hostage. Prisoners are exchanged. My lady, or the Seigneur. The people storm the Mount and the Black Seigneur tries to save Elise.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Near the Altar.

"Morbide! Here's a madman!" Ere the Black Seigneur could unshackle his sword, that of the Marquis had pierced slightly his shoulder. "Put up you blade, my Lord!" An quickly springing back and drawing his own, he held himself in an attitude of defiance. "In this matter we are, or should we be—of a mind!"

"We!" My lord's weapon played in fierce curves and flashes, he laughed derisively.

"I am here to serve her ladyship—If I can!"

"You!" A rapid coup de force was the Marquis' reply. "You! Whose out-laws carried her off before! You are pleased to jest, Monsieur Bahdit!"

"No jest, my Lord!" coolly. "Moreover, it is you who serve her ladyship ill at such a moment in—"

"Mon Dieu! You instruct!"

"I have no wish for this combat, Monsieur le Marquis!" As he spoke, the Black Seigneur retreated slowly toward the door. "But if you press too close—"

"Ma foi! You talk very brave, but I notice your legs take you backward. However, it will not serve; you shall not escape."

"No?" His back now against the door, the Black Seigneur defended himself with his right hand, the while his left felt behind for a bolt which it found; shot into place. "Then let us remove temptation by locking the door!"

"What! You did, then, intend—"

A sudden fierce pounding from without on the door, interrupted.

"It was necessary to keep them out—but it will be only for a moment. So put up your blade!" peremptorily. "There is no time to lose."

"You are right!" The Marquis' face expressed scorn and unreasoning anger; his sword leaped to an accelerated tempo. "There is no time to lose. I shall honor you! The Marquis de Beauville will stoop to cheat the fourches patibulaires!" And my lord lunged, a dangerous and clever thrust that was met; answered. From the Marquis' hand the blade flew; struck the pavement; at the same time, a rending and tearing of wood came from the door.

The Black Seigneur leaped forward, but the stroke his adversary, now disarmed, expected, fell not on him; directed toward a lamp overhead, sole source of illumination of the corridor, the weapon struck hard. Shattered by the blow, the ornamental contrivance crashed to the floor; the place was plunged in darkness.

"Save yourself, my Lord!" said a calm voice, and my lady, standing, as it were, in the center of a vortex of wildly rushing figures, felt her waist suddenly clasped; herself swept on! Once or twice she struggled; resisted, hardly knowing what she did; but the sound of a low, determined voice, not unfamiliar to her, and the consciousness of a physical force—or was it all physical?—that seemed to beat down her will, left no choice but to obey.

Darkness gave way to waves of light; reflections of flame surrounded them; black trails of smoke coiled around. The girl's strength went; her breath came faster. A thick cloud

choked her; she wished only to stop, when arms closed about her.

Upward! Still upward! By winding stairs, through passages and doorways, vaguely she felt herself borne, until a cold breath of air, blowing suddenly in her face, revived her; awoke her to a confused realization of the place they had at last reached—the upper platform at the head of the long, open stairway of granite. And with that consciousness, she again sought to free herself; but, for an instant the arms held tighter, while a dark face bent close, scanning her features, then abruptly he released her.

"Your Ladyship is uninjured?"

"Yes, yes!"

"One moment!" Turning, he left her, and walking to the verge of that open space, searched quickly the waste of darkness below, far out to sea. The girl's glance followed him; wavered; her first apprehension awoke anew. Her father! Where was he? She clasped her hands despairingly as she gazed down the Mount; then around her. Suddenly, a bright patch of light—open doorway, to the church—caught her eye and she started. At the picture, framed by the masonry, which the glow revealed, a low exclamation fell from her lips, and crossing the platform, and descending a few steps, she ran to the entrance of the sacred edifice.

"Oh, your Excellency! has your Excellency any orders?" sounded a voice.

There, before an altar, in the dim flicker of candles and the variegated gleaming from the ancient stained-glass windows, she saw at last him she sought, in one of the chapels, near the white marble monument to her mother, was his Excellency; but, not alone! Before him stood, or half crouched, the man Sanchez, who now was speaking.

"Shall I ring for your Excellency's servants and have the noise stopped?" Grotesquely he bowed, the while watching like an animal studying its prey.

"Hidde! Where are you—this rascal! Consign these fellows to the gibbet! What! You can't obey because your ears have been cut off and your throat slit? That's too bad!" Flarely the man laughed, then waved his arm toward the window, as if calling the Governor's attention to the apertures of demolition, the abrupt breaking of glass! "Patter! Patter! Murry little bullets, presents from the people, your Excellency! Metayage, your Highness!"

Still the other said no word; a figure, so motionless and white, it seemed but a wraith pausing at the side of its own "narrow house." A louder clamor without, a more vivid brightness of the red, yellow and purple hues, like a sudden wealth of strange flowers strewn on the marble floor, and again Sanchez laughed.

"Too bad! But 'tis I who must pay first! Who owe so much! Has your Excellency his strong box with him? Ah, he leans on it! Such a fine one, all of marble! Not easily broken into—or out of! En, your Excellency?" Swinging back something bright. "Full payment, this time! Not coppers or round bits of lead, but steel, beautiful steel!"

Held to the spot by the abrupt terror and fascination of the scene, the Governor's daughter had made no sound, fearful of hastening the inevitable; but at the moment the man, with a last taunting word, launched forward, a cry, half articulate, burst from her lips. It was drowned by another voice, loud and commanding, which rang out from the entrance to the church.

"Sanchez!"

Perhaps the call disconcerted him; robbed the old servant's eye of its certitude; his arm of its sureness, for the blow aimed at his Excellency the latter was enabled to evade. At the same time, as with singular agility he moved aside to save himself, the hand the Governor had been holding to his breast, shot out like an adder. It struck viciously; stung deep—full in the side of his tormentor.

"That for your metayage!"

But a momentary expression of satisfaction was, however, permitted his Excellency; the petty tragedy became overshadowed by the greater!

"The Bastille!—Our Bastille!"

And again a shower of bullets, directed in hatred, fell upon the church, because its windows were priceless; shone with saluts of inestimable value! In the chapel, an ambury and a piscina were struck; around the Governor, glass began to clatter and break into bits on the pavement, when suddenly he wavered; his hand sought his heart, then felt for and clung to the monument, as if abruptly seeking support.

"Why did you do it, Seigneur?" As my lady, exclaiming wildly, ran to her father, Sanchez, from where he lay, looked up to his master.

"Call out, I mean? Not that it matters much now!" His implacable

glance, staving to the Governor, lighted with satisfaction. "The people have paid. And 'twas I—showed them the way!"

"It was you, then—who broke faith in the negotiations for the exchange of prisoners?"

A smile came to the face of the old servant. "I had to," he said simply. "I alone am to blame. No one knew; except, perhaps, the poet, who may have surmised! It was treachery for treachery!" with sudden fierceness.

"You could not have done it, nor your father, nor any of the seigneurs before him!" The young man seemed scarcely to hear; his glance had again sought my lady. "But I am only a servant—and in dealing with a viper I used its own tricks! Did you think I had forgotten those stripes? Or the blow he gave your father—in the back?" A moment Sanchez' hand trembled at his coat; drew out a bag of plaited. "Here is something that belonged to your father. I took it from his breast the day he died; thinking some time—I can't tell what—only it contains a letter from the former lady of the Mount! When my master got it, he told me to pack a few belongings—that we were going—never to return!"

Sanchez' voice broke off; again he strove to speak; could not; put out his hand. Mechanically the Black Seigneur's closed on that of the old servant; even as it did so, the latter's fingers clutched suddenly; ceased to move. In the church now all was silent, but without arose discordant sounds, cries, harsh and vengeful, for the Governor!

Starting, the Black Seigneur gazed about, toward him they were clamoring for, now lying still, at the base of the monument. Then releasing the fingers, that seemed yet to hold him, the young man sprang forward, as my lady threw herself wildly, protecting, over her father. At that touch, the Governor's eyes opened, met here; the Black Seigneur!

Nearer the door, now rang the

scissors, she seemed yet to shield him with figure inert. But only for a moment!

"Et la belle comtesse!"

Stooping, the Black Seigneur matched the slender form to his breast; ran back to the altar. There, looking around him, as one who made himself familiar with the place, his glance apparently found what it sought—a small stairway, entrance to the crypt. At the same time he started to descend, the people swept into the church.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

On the Sands.

A man, bearing in his arms the motionless form of a woman, paused later that night in the shadow of a low stone hotel, near the lower gate of the Mount. As he crouched beneath the thatch projecting like the rim of an old hat above him his eyes, eager, fierce, studied the distance he had yet to traverse from the end of the narrow alley, where he had stopped, to the open entrance at the base of the rock to the sands. The goal was not far; but a few moments would have sufficed to reach it; only between him and the point he had so long been striving to attain, an obstacle, or group of obstacles, intervened. Before a bonfire of wreckage of stuff—furniture and household goods—several ragged, dissolute fellows sat with bottles before them, drinking hard and quarreling the while over a number of glittering gems, gold snuffboxes and trinkets of all kinds.

"This bit of ivory for the white stone!"

"Add the brooch?"

"Not!! Look at the picture! Her ladyship, perhaps!"

"They have not found her?"

"No, for all the searching! But she is somewhere; can't have escaped from the Mount. And when the drabs and trulls lay hands on her!"

"Ay, when!" casting the dice.

The man, peering from the alley, hesitated no longer; behind sounded the footsteps of others, and gathering his burden more firmly, he strode boldly forth toward the group and the gate. At his approach, their talk—a jargon of "thieves' Latin" that smacked more of the cabarets of Paris than those of the coast—momentarily ceased; beneath lowering brows, they stared hard.

"What have you there, comrade?" said one.

"Look and see!" answered the man in a rough tone.

"Poor booty! A woman!" quoted another with a harsh laugh. "You're easily pleased. As if wenches were not plentiful enough on other occasions, without wasting time on a night like this, when diamonds and gold are to be had for the searching!"

"And silver plates and watches and rare liquors!" cried a third in knaves' argot. "Every one, however, to his taste. An you prefer a light of love

him steadily. "On the Mount is, of should be, plenty for all! Go seek for yourself!"

"Fard!" softly. "Here's one darge speak his mind!"

"I speak plainly, in a tone of authority, and you would do well to heed!"

"Perhaps," interposing. "What say you, comrades?"

Evil smiles illumined evil faces; they, who had just been on the point of blows among themselves, now regarded one another with common understanding. One weighed tentatively that delicate weapon, a spontoon; a second stroked his halberd, as liking to feel the smoothness of the shaft; while a third reached for a gleaming "Folded's Partizan." And in the glare of the fire every implement showed sign it had been used that night. The point of the spontoon was as steel crusted o'er; the ax of the halberd might have come from a boucherie; the blade of the "Partizan" resembled a great leaf at autumn-time. This last waved perilously near the unconscious burden; had the man made a movement to resist, would have struck; but the black eyes, only, combated—held the blood-shot ones. Though not for long; again the weapon seemed about to dart forth; the man about to hurl himself and his burden desperately aside, when, from above, came the sound of hoarse laughter and singing, and simultaneously a number of peasants, Bretous by their dress, burst into view.

"Eb, cockatoo, 'what now!"

"Eb, cockatoo!" shrilly. "Who would you be killing?"

"A selfish fellow that refuses to share!" answered he of the halberd, as if little pleased at the interruption.

"Refuses to share, does he?" she repeated, and, swaggering down, peered forward; only to start back. "The Black Seigneur!"

"The Black Seigneur!"

Those who accompanied her—a rough rabble from field and forest—gazed, not without surprise, or uncouth admiration, at one whose name and fame were well known on that northern coast; but these evidences of rough approval were not shared by the alien rogues. On my lady's finger the gem sparkled; held their eyes like a lure. Black Seigneur, or not, they muttered sullenly, what knew they of her he had with him; whose hand was not, that of clatter-wench or scullery maid? Let them look at her face! She might be a great lady—she might be the Governor's daughter herself!

"The Governor's daughter!" All, alike, caught at the word.

"And if she were!" fiercely the Black Seigneur confronted them.

While, hesitating, they sought for a reply, quickly he went on. "Who had a better right to her! The Black Seigneur! The Lady Elise! Harshly he laughed. Was it not fair? The Excellency's enemy; his Excellency's daughter! Did they think treasure sweeter than revenge? Let them try to rob him of it!" As for the ring, contemptuously he took it from my lady's hand, threw it among them.

A few scrambled, others were still for finishing the tragedy then. The people versus the lords and their spawn. "Kill at once!" The injunction had gone forth from Paris.

As he spoke, one of the fiercest put out his hand; touched my lady, when the fingers of the Black Seigneur gripped hard his throat, hurled him so violently back, he lay still. Com panions sprang to his aid, certain of the peasants interfered.

"Let him alone!"

"He speaks fairly!"

"Bah! Tonight all are equal!"

"Your Black Seigneur is no better than others!"

"You lie!" In a high tone the woman an with the great lady's hat broke in. "At them, my chickens! Beat well these Paris rogues, who come only for the picking!"

"Yes; beat them well!"

But the runagates of the great city were not of a kind to submit lightly; curses and blows were exchanged; knives gleamed and swords flashed. Amid a scene of confusion, the cause of it stayed not to witness the outcome; running down the sloping way, soon found himself on the sands; then keeping to the shadows, passed around the corner of the wall.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Statue That Sprang Up in Night.

In London where one of the most luxuriant and beautiful parks in the world, the Kensington Gardens, is a vast playground for children, the fairies' own month of May was celebrated this year with a rare gift. A statue of Peter Pan, the boy who would not grow up, prettily lit on an ancient tree-trunk and blowing his pipe, which brings the birds and squirrels, and field mice out to listen, was set up in a single night and when the little children came next day to play they believed that the beautiful image of the little boy who plays with them at make-believe was left by the fairy folk themselves. And who would be so sadly grown up as to tell them any different?

The statue, presented by Mr. J. M. Barrie, author of the story, "Peter Pan," is of exquisite beauty. The inscription is: "Peter Pan, Friend of the Fairies and Little Children"—The Christian Herald.

Woman's Unfitness.

An anti-suffragist once said, "Woman's unfitness for the ballot necessitates her continuance in a narrow environment."

This reminds us of the old negro who was asked why he did not seek religion. He replied, "Boss, I ain't fit."

"Well," said the other man, "why don't you get fit?"

Uncle Pete answered, "Boss, I ain't fit to get fit."—Woman's Journal.

STATE NEWS

Port Huron.—Circuit Judge Eugene F. Law fined William Ritchie of Sarnia \$100 for selling liquor to Indians.

Standish.—The annual encampment of the soldiers and sailors of northern Michigan will be held in Cheboygan, September 16, 17 and 18.

Otsego.—Although the wheels of a heavy wagon passed over him and fractured his skull, little Harold Mullen, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mullen, of this place, is recovering.

Lansing.—The Michigan Building and Loan Association league is holding its twenty-sixth annual convention in Lansing. One hundred members were guests at a theater party.

Jackson.—Pleading guilty in the circuit court to a charge of larceny from a dwelling in the day time, Adolph Becker, colored, was sentenced to Jackson prison for from two to five years.

Flint.—Robert A. Hurd, forty-eight years old, a farmer living in Clayton township, was instantly killed when a part of a bean loader on which he was working, toppled and fell on him, breaking his neck.

Grand Rapids.—Mrs. Frank Jordan, thirty-five years old, died from a broken neck, 15 minutes after she was thrown from a rig in a runaway near Lake Odessa. Her husband, a farmer, suffered a fractured ankle.

Bay City.—The board of health condemned 2,100 pounds of unsound pork in a local cold storage plant. Kerosene was poured over the meat by Meat Inspector Prybeski and Health Officer Keho, and the lot will be turned over to the city scavenger.

Albion.—Following the closing of the Albion creamery, the farmers of this vicinity are feeding cream to hogs. The local institution is suspending operations because of insufficient capital, but may be started again soon.

Vassar.—Ernest Miner, twenty years old, of this place, is under arrest in Bay City, charged with "joy riding." He is alleged to have taken a \$4,000 automobile owned by Dr. H. L. Morris and driven a party of friends to the fair in Bay City.

Pontiac.—Harry Cabot, Detroit, pleaded guilty in the circuit court to carrying concealed weapons. It was alleged he fired at a D. C. R. conductor at Royal Oak several weeks ago. He was sentenced to 60 days in the Detroit house of correction.

Battle Creek.—Although news of the death of Robert T. Winter, a newspaper man of Munster, Ind., was printed in the papers of his home city, Winter's still is patient at the local sanitarium and firmly believes he is better.

St. Joseph.—Arthur Hughes, wife of a local doctor, died. She was seventy, and had been married nearly thirty years. She died of a heart attack, and was buried in the local cemetery. She had been married nearly thirty years.

Logan.—Clyde McEllain, twenty-four years old, was drowned at Holland, Mich. He was swimming alone at the Kildaville bridge, and was not in a race for several hours. His body was found at midnight in 12 feet of water. He will be buried in McEllain.

Tate.—Mrs. Emma Ruple, eighty-seven years old, of St. Clair county's oldest pioneers, is dead of old age. For many years she and her husband conducted what was known as the Ruple house, one of the first hotels in this section of the state.

Mackinac Island.—Tourists and residents of Mackinac island are not so thirsty as they were—that is, not since workmen cleaning out "Devil's Kitchen" found the body of a colored man floating near the outlet pipe.

Port Huron.—Russell Richmond of Petrolia, Ont., and Miss Catherine McCormick, a recent arrival from Canada, will be turned over to the immigration authorities, following their arrest by the police on a serious charge. The woman is employed at a fashionable home here as a domestic.

Saginaw.—Saginaw must, according to the city controller, take immediate steps to repair the city hall, as neglect may lead to serious consequences. At the present time the red sandstone ornamentations and foundation, are showing the effects of the elements, and the three porch entrances have almost become what might be called dilapidated.

St. Johns.—Mrs. William Beebe, who resides about six miles north of this city, was kept a prisoner in her cellar by a huge rattlesnake. Mrs. Beebe was churning in the cellar when she saw the big rattler crawl out from behind some barrels and slowly coil itself up between her and the door. After some time Mrs. Beebe was able to make her daughter, Nora, hear her calls and the young woman ran to the fields and called her father, who hastened to kill the reptile and release his much-frightened wife. The snake had 14 rattles.

Lansing.—Stanley Putney, chief stenographer in the executive office, has tendered his resignation, and will leave September 15 to attend the University of Wisconsin. Putney was appointed by former Governor Osborn.

Cores.—An unidentified man, more than six feet tall, wearing two sweaters, two suits of clothes, and believed to be demented, has been jailed in St. Joseph county, pending an investigation. He was captured camping in a woods, and is said to have followed children to and from school, near here for several days.



"Here is Something That Belonged to Your Father."

shouts. His Excellency seemed to listen; to realize what they meant; to him—his daughter—

"The Governor! The Governor!"

"Tremble! Tremble! Tremble!"

An ironical flash lit up, for an instant, the drying eyes. He, soon, would be beyond reach of these dogs—canaille! But she? His gaze again rested on the Black Seigneur; in that tense fleeting second, seemed reading his very soul!

"Et la belle comtesse, sa fille!" cried the menacing voices.

A tremor crossed the Governor's face; his pale lips moved. "Forget! Save her!" An instant his eyes lingered persistently on the young man; then passed to his daughter; as they did so, slowly the light, more human and appealing than any that had ever shone there before, went out of them. My lady's fair head dropped until it lay on her father's breast; uncon-

to light such as these have," juggling with the gems, "you but stamp yourself a fool!"

"You're welcome to your opinion, my friend!" The man with the burden spoke brusquely. "Good night!"

"Stay; why such haste? You seem not a bad fellow. Set the wench down. We'll have night of her, and, perhaps, with coarse expletives, 'if she's a pretty face, and a taste for this fiery liquor the old monks laid down, we'll find a gewgaw or two to her liking!'"

But the man made no answer; was about to press on, when the speaker noticed for the first time the woman's hand, white and small, hanging limply.

"What's this? More jewels?" His exclamation was caught up by the others.

"Not so fast, comrade! This puts a different face to the matter. Set down the booty, and, springing to his feet, 'we'll see what it's worth.' 'I'll not stop!' The man looked at

The Northville Record

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
Established 1869

An Independent Newspaper published every Friday morning by the Neal Printing Co., at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post Office as Second-Class matter.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., SEP. 19, '14

HOW TO TREAT YOUR TOWN.

Praise it
Improve it
Talk about it
Trade at home
Be public spirited
Take a home pride in it
Tell of its business men
Remember it is your home
Tell of its natural advantages
Trade, and induce others to trade here.
When strangers come to town use them well
Support your local institutions that benefit your town
Look ahead of self when all the town is to be considered
Help your public officers do the most good for the most people.
Don't forget you live off the people here, and you should help them as they help you.

Instead of Detroit people being so much interested in a "Coast to Coast" highway, wouldn't it be a good idea to just think of one from the Metropolis to the state capital. From Novi to Lansing on Grand River is about the worst piece of roads in the United States and the most traveled.

After a New York minister has committed murder, it was easily and quickly found out that he was an impostor. Wouldn't it be well to find out a little something about a man before he gets a chance to commit a dastardly crime under the guise of the church?

At present 7,272 qualified banks are paying to the government 2% per cent interest on postal savings funds. The depositors number 376,000 and the deposits aggregate \$35,000,000. The government pays the depositors 2 per cent while the same qualified banks would pay the depositor 3 per cent.

There isn't half as much distinction in being a four-finger today as there was fifteen years ago. Nowadays there are so many playing the game that it's common.

Wholesale Bathing
At Kumbakonam the Indian Oxford, the biggest religious festival in Hindoostan takes place every 12 years. On the last occasion 460,000 people bathed in the tank, or pond, attached to the principal temple. As among the pilgrims there were those who had washed but seldom since the previous occasion, what the water looked like at the finish, save the Railway Magazine, may be imagined.

Peculiar Natural Fact.
One of the puzzles of nature is the fact that many springs show an increased flow of water several hours before a coming rain begins to fall. Various explanations have been attempted, the most plausible being that the weather before a storm is often of the kind which checks loss of moisture from the ground by evaporation and hence leaves more to feed the springs.

How About Madame.
"Under the lax American system of bringing up girls," says a Paris journal, "the American young man rarely wins the first kiss from the girl who is to be his bride." Maybe, but by Heck! that is not so bad as the Gallic discomfort of never knowing who has won the last kiss from the "madame."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Wanted a New Sensation.
"Dropped a little at roulette while I was abroad," remarked the ice man. "Can't beat that game," said the coal man. "Wasn't trying to. I just wanted to see how it feels to lose money."

Retaliating on the Baby.
"Johnny, did you make the baby cry?" "Yes, I did. I asked him sumfin' an' he wouldn't say 'Yes, sir,' so I gave him a lesson in politeness, just like you give me. I slapped him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stops earache in two minutes; toothache or pain of burn or scald in five minutes; hoarseness, one hour; rheumatism, two hours; sore throat, twelve hours.—Dr. Thomas Electric Oil, monarch over pain.

—Advertisement.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Allen of Ypsilanti was a Northville visitor over Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Sinclair was the guest of Pontiac friends last week.

Mrs. Maria Clark is spending a few days with Plymouth friends.

Harold Wheaton left Tuesday for Albion, where he will attend college.

The Misses Dixon and Wilkins were callers in grade 2 Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Mildred Wilkins of Highland Park visited relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Sidney Laddell at Milford.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stimpson of Lansing have been spending the week at Union Lake.

Andrew Houk of Detroit was visiting among old Northville friends on Saturday of last week.

Kurnal Babbitt left Monday for Concord, N. H., where he will attend school for the second year.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Blackburn, Sr., of Windsor, are at the home of T. E. Murdoch for an indefinite stay.

Ray Haddock of Detroit has been home several times this week to visit his father during his illness.

E. K. Starkweather and S. J. Lawrence are attending the G. A. R. National convention at Chattanooga.

Mrs. Bowen of Detroit visited Mrs. Neal a part of last week, the latter returning home with her for a Saturday and Sunday visit.

Miss Whitlam of Alma, who has been the guest of Miss Helen Bullis, left Monday for that city, where she will attend college.

Rev. and Mrs. Gyllen of Detroit were visitors at the M. E. manse a part of last week enroute to the conference at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Joe Montgomery and brother Joe Weston, received a visit from their aunt, Mrs. Arnold, of Waukegan, Colo., last week.

Mrs. Jay Herrick of Bodeman, Montana, is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. F. H. Woodworth. Other recent guests at the Woodworth home were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Herrick of Pontiac, Arthur City of Ypsilanti, and D. L. Herrick of Detroit.

Mrs. D. P. Yerkes and Mrs. Wm. Thayer accompanied their daughters, Margaret and Louise, to Alma Monday, returning home Tuesday evening.

The ladies were very much pleased with both the educational and social phases of the college, which the young ladies will attend this year.

Samuel Booth of New York was a Northville visitor this week. Mr. Booth lived in this village some seventy years ago and has not been back except once since he moved away. He is a brother of Mr. T. C. Booth of this place. Although seventy-seven years of age he is well preserved, and in looks and activity has the appearance of a man of sixty.

Fingers and the Calendar.
No doubt most people remember the number of days in any particular month by recalling the rhymes they learned at school. Another method is practiced in Iceland, and it is so simple and ingenious as to be worth knowing. Shut the fist and let the knuckle of the forefinger represent January with its thirty-one days, and the depression between that and the next knuckle will represent February with its lesser number of days. And thus every month that corresponds to a knuckle will be found to contain thirty-one days; and every month that corresponds to a depression a less number of days. The little finger will represent July, and beginning again with the forefinger knuckle it stands for August, and from this one continues to count through the months of the year.—Harper's Weekly.

That Lost Balance.
A young lady while out boat riding one day in a park, attempted to change seats, and fell overboard. When she was brought up gasping and struggling, the usual crowd gathered around and asked how it happened. "Oh, I just lost my balance," she began, when a little Jewish boy, who had been listening "open-mouthed," said: "Youse loose your balance, lad, I will find it for you."

Long French Fishing Grounds.
It is an established historical fact that for more than 400 years French fishermen have come each season to the shores of Newfoundland and the neighboring banks, except during the wars with England, when French ships were temporarily driven from these seas.

No Fasting.
"No, sir," said Uncle Sheepskin, "yeou don't ketch me takin' a fast train right threw tew Chicago; I kin dew without most anything else on the keers except eatin'."

Detachable.
"Is her hair a crown of glory?" "Yes, and every night she abdicates."—Town Topics.

HONESTLY MADE MEDICINE SUCCEEDS IN HEALING.

The value of Foley Kidney Pills over all other kidney medicines is due to their honest make, and to the wise selection of potent and restorative drugs used in their make up. Foley Kidney Pills act in harmony with nature and are a genuine "first aid" in restoring the kidneys and promoting thoroughly healthy action of the kidneys and bladder. Those fortunate ones who have used Foley Kidney Pills are now rid of their ailments. Try them, and they will succeed in helping your case of kidney trouble. 8-10. Adv. For Sale by all Druggists.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. R. ALEXANDER, DENTIST.—Office over Stark Brother's Store, Hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Home phone 29, p. 13.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office and residence 31 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. and 12:00 to 2:30 and 6:00 to 7:30 p. m. Both Phones.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Park House on Main street. Office hours 1:00 to 8:00 a. m. and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Both Telephones.

DR. D. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon.—Office, Lapham Savings Bank Bldg., Northville. Hours: 7 to 9 a. m.; 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m. Both Telephones, 371.

DR. BEEBE RUTH JEPSON, OSTEOPATHIC Physician, Northville. Office every day, except Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at Detroit office. Northville Phone 145-R-111.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Fifth grade now numbers 34.

The total enrollment in the school is about 380.

Sidney Ware is a new pupil in the Kindergarten.

Carroll Ambler has entered the Detroit schools.

Myrtle Smith entered the Second grade Tuesday.

Harold Wheaton will enter Albion college this semester.

Mrs. Springer visited the Kindergarten Tuesday afternoon.

Albert Bulman has left school as the family has moved to Ohio.

Margaret and Donald Wesley are new pupils in the Fourth grade.

Eather Brown is absent from grade Eight on account of illness.

Louise Thayer and Margaret Yerkes started for Alma college Monday.

Louis Messner entered grade Eight Monday, making the enrollment 21.

Miss Olive Hixon and Miss Wilkins were callers in the Kindergarten Monday.

Miss Whitlam of Alma college visited the Kindergarten Friday afternoon.

Stanley Rexall has entered the High school from Detroit Eastern High school.

William Cook of the Western High school of Detroit has enrolled in this high school.

The Board of Education requests that all tuition be paid promptly to the superintendent.

Mrs. O'Brien, who lives southwest of town, is supplying in the English department.

Frank W. Beals of Plymouth took magazine subscriptions from the teachers on Monday.

Kurnal Babbitt visited grade Eight Friday. Kurnal left for Concord, Sept. 15. Our best wishes go with him.

Mrs. W. H. Ambler, Mrs. N. I. Golf and Mrs. Lillian Ambler were visitors during the program last Friday.

The High school gives us sympathy to Clement Curtiss, who fell Friday afternoon and broke one of the bones of his wrist.

The Board has given the school permission to discuss on Friday in order that all may have an opportunity to attend the state fair.

The Second grade nature study class has been studying about flower which sleep, and the time of day they open and close their petals.

Dr. Henderson of the U of M will give his lecture "The Boy Problem" Friday evening, Sept. 26. The lecture will probably be in the High school auditorium.

The B fifth graders wrote letters on Tuesday for their language work, to their little schoolmate, Vere Sonnenburg, who has been ill and out of school for some time.

Friday afternoon the grades from the Fifth to the Twelfth, inclusive, celebrated Perry's Day in the High school session room. Over 200 were in attendance at the program gave either a patriotic poem or an account of some phase of Perry's victory. Several patriotic songs were sung. An orchestra composed of seven instruments greatly helped in the excellent program.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

DETROIT BASE BALL GAMES

The Tigers will play in Detroit this year as follows:

Sept. 26, 27, with Cleveland.

Sept. 28, with St. Louis.

October 1, 2, with Cleveland.

October 3, 4, 5, with Chicago.

FOR SALE—Strawberry plants at 30c per 100. Apply to old man Charter, Dunlap St. 2wip.

WHAT THEY ARE PAYING.
The Northville Market corrected up to date:

Wheat, White—58c Red—88c

Oats—33c

Shelled Corn—70c

Baled Hay, per ton—\$14.00

Hogs, alive—\$9.00

Dressed Hogs—\$12.00

Cattle—\$9.00

Lambs—\$5.50

Veal Calves—\$1/2 to 9c. per lb.

Beef Hides—9c

Eggs—25c Butter—25c.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS

The Latest Styles
The Best of Values.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES. SPECIAL LOW PRICES—THIS WEEK.

LADIES' MUFFS and SCARFS, From \$3.50 to \$25 set

OUTING FLANNEL; NEW PATTERNS.

BLANKETS, and COMFORTERS. Lots of Choice. All Prices.

COMFORTER GOODS, a Score of Choice Patterns—Sateens, Challies, Silkolines, etc.

WHITE BED SPREADS \$1.00 to \$5

PILLOW TOPS and RUNNERS—BIG LINE.

ART LINEN, IN Brown 22-in., White 36-in., and 45-in.

GUEST TOWELING. 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c.

EDWIN WHITE.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

If You Knew--

Of the months, and oftentimes years, devoted to painstaking, conscientious testing and proving by actual use of every formula for any Rexall Toilet Preparation before that formula was finally adopted as worthy.

Of the exact, earnest care used in selecting each ingredient, and the rigid testing for purity and strength before it could become a part of the preparation.

Of the guarantee on each Rexall Toilet preparation that, if it does not give satisfaction in every way, "we want you to go back to the store where you bought it and get your money; it belongs to you and we want you to have it;" and

If You Saw--

The sanitary, airy, sun-lighted, shining-clean laboratories in which Rexall Toilet preparations are made; the white-capped white-aproned, wholesomely clean young women who put them up; and

If You Realized--

That the co-operation in buying, manufacturing and selling of more than 7,000 Rexall Stores—one leading drug store in each important city and town in the United States, Canada and Great Britain—makes it possible to reduce to a minimum the cost to you of the finished product;

Then You Would Believe--

That it is an Advantage
for you to buy

TOILET
PREPARATIONS

They are listed here at very low prices for goods of high quality. They are:

Rexall Shaving Lotion	25c	Rexall Tooth Wash	25c
Rexall Toilet Cream	25c	Rexall Tooth Paste	25c
Rexall Cream of Almond	25c	Rexall Antiseptic Tooth Powder	25c
Rexall Violet Talcum Powder	25c	Rexall Cold Cream, 3 sizes	10c, 25c, 50c
Rexall Toilet Soap, 10c cake	3 for 25c	Rexall Camphorated Cold Cream	25c
Fragrant and sanitary preparations for the teeth, in whichever form you prefer		Rexall Shaving Stick	25c

"Rexall Toilet Goods Week" begins to-day at all The REXALL Stores.

THESE GOODS ARE SOLD ONLY AT

A. E. STANLEY'S

NORTHVILLE,

The REXALL Store.

MICHIGAN.

THE FASHIONABLE FIGURE

Wear just the right model of American Lady Corsets for your individual figure (and there is just that model for you) and you will have absolutely the correct lines of the present vogue, the smart low bust, the straight hip and the altogether free, willowy, uncorseted effect. American Lady Corsets are guaranteed for their superior style, unquestionable quality and faultless fitting. Let us show you the latest models in AMERICAN LADY CORSETS, the most exclusive high grade corset on the market, selling at the popular prices of

\$1.00 to \$3.00

Do You Know

That we are showing a very handsome SILK WAIST, nicely made; one that will wash perfectly. One of the fall's latest creations, at just

\$2.25.

Cadet Hose

Cadet Hose cost less, when you consider that they WEAR BEST.

Quilts and Blankets

You are beginning to think about QUILTS and BLANKETS aren't you? This is the place to come for them. We have everything

Renfrew Rippelettes

Dark Colors, very similar to Seersucker; require no ironing—make great dresses for little folks.



American Lady Corsets
Have made figures for thousands
They will give you

CHARLES A. PONSFORD, Northville.

Ever Watchful

A Little Care May Save Many Northville Readers Future Trouble.

Watch the kidney secretions. See that they have the amber hue of health. The discharge not excessive or infrequent.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for weak kidneys. Let a Northville citizen tell you how they work.

Mrs. Martha Taylor, Center St., Northville, Mich., says: "The first symptom of kidney trouble were severe pains through the small of my back and after I stooped over I could hardly straighten again. At times I was dizzy and nervous. The kidney secretions were unnatural. Finally, I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, and got a supply at T. E. Murdock's drug store. They proved so good that I kept on taking them until I was completely cured. I am glad to confirm all I said some years ago, praising Doan's Kidney Pills."

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

—Advertisement.

The Nicest

TOOTH PASTE WE'VE EVER SAW.

Nydetta Cream is the most delightful and effective tooth cleanser and preservative you can possibly use.

Nydetta enters the crevices and crevices of the teeth—often where the brushes fail to go—prevents fermentation and inhibits the growth of disease germs upon the mucous membranes of the mouth.

Nydetta Cream is a prophylactic and preservative—it supplies the cleansing elements necessary to tooth preservation, elements that are found in the normal secretion of every mouth but always absent in the presence of decay. It hardens the gums, protects, whitens and polishes the enamel of the teeth—sweetens and perfumes the breath.

There is absolutely no waste to Nydetta—it is clean and economical.

25 CENTS THE TUBE.

Whatever a good drug store ought to have—and many things that other drug stores don't keep—you'll find here. Come to us first and you'll get what you want.

T. E. Murdock

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 6:15 a. m. and 4:45 p. m. (for Orchard Lake and Piquette only 11:15 p. m. for Farmington Junction only 12:30 a. m.)

Half hourly service Saturdays and Sundays between Detroit, Farmington Junction and Pontiac.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 10:15 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. (for Plymouth only 11:15 a. m. and 8:45 p. m. and hourly to 6:44 p. m.; also 8:44 p. m. to 10:15 p. m. and midnight.)

HAPPENINGS IN LOCAL SOCIETY

Cooler.

Frosty nights.

Village taxes.

Better Alseum.

Nice ran Tuesday.

Electric light bills.

Frost Saturday night.

Hay fever season's over.

Julius Haddock is still very ill with stomach trouble.

Miss Reno will sing at the Alseum theatre Saturday evening. Good program of pictures.

Don't forget the annual meeting of the O. E. S. this Friday evening, to be followed by a social time.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stamann died last week Thursday, the funeral being held from the home Monday.

The Elsie Sun has added a magazine section to its regular four sheet weekly, the magazine being published once a month.

Will Kreeger, who lives on the John Shaw farm, has been suffering for a week or so past with neuritis of the face chest.

The municipal court, the treasurer and the board of supervisors have moved to the new office building across from the post office.

Miss Carrie Brooks of Birmingham has returned to the Dr. Holmes hospital in Cincinnati, O., where she is training for a nurse.

Clement Curtis, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Curtis, fell while running on the ball grounds last Friday afternoon, fracturing one of his wrist bones.

Mrs. Lillian Ambler has gone to Detroit, where she will teach school. She was accompanied by her son, Carroll, who will attend school there.

The 1914 automobile is already racing around the streets and country roads. It is certainly "going some" when the auto can not only keep up with the "mad rush," but can beat it, and next year's calendars, and time itself by four months.

The city treasurer's office and the police court was removed into the new municipal building, on Center street Monday, and Treasurer Lansing and Judge Noble are as cozy camped as two kittens on a velvet rug before a grate fire on a cold day.

Bill Brothers' peach orchard, northwest of town has been a sight for several weeks past. Their 16 acres of fine trees have been full of beautiful fruit. Many of the trees were so heavily laden that they were split apart at the body and the limbs covered with fruit reeled off the ground. The boys will sell about 1,600 bushels of the peachers nearly all in Detroit markets. They are mostly Allwinds and Kalama zoon. Besides the peaches and other fruits the boys will have about a thousand barrels of apples to market.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clear-eyed, clear-brained, clear-skinned.

—Advertisement.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Regular Convention Tuesday Evening, Sept. 23. Work Second Rank.

W. L. TINHAM, C. C.
C. B. Bristol, K. of R. & S.

Furnaces needed last week. Moon's last quarter Tuesday. Last day of summer Monday. School closed for the state fair. State fair week is a regular rain maker.

Mr. Henne, who clerked in Rider's grocery store for some time past, has returned to Ann Arbor.

George Hotelling says it's about as difficult to run an automobile as it is a barber shop. Poor George.

The new dam and municipal power plant were the object of many a sight-seeing tour Sunday winter's evening.

The Chadwick building on Main street, occupied by A. E. Stanley and Carrington & Son, has been sold to Mrs. Amos Northrop.

Mrs. Charlotte Allen of Andover, Ohio, arrived here Thursday. To care for her daughter, Mrs. H. A. Thofers, who has been seriously ill the past three weeks.

Mrs. E. M. Pierce of Wilkesbarre, Pa., arrived Wednesday morning to help care for her daughter, Grace, who has been very ill for a week past, but who is now on the gain.

Word comes from Ithaca that Prof. and Mrs. J. D. LaRue and little son are nicely settled in their new home and like it very much. A reception was given for them Friday evening.

Through her attorney, Paul Voorhis, Mrs. Genevieve Ball is suing for a divorce from her husband, Lyman Ball, alleging cruelty and intemperance. Yerkes and Cochran have been retained by Mr. Ball.

The new electric light and power dam is all complete except for the dirt fill-in which will probably be completed next week and the water turned on about October 1. Mayor Schrader, the aldermen and Supt. Wilkinson are to be congratulated on the splendid piece of work and the prospects that it will be a money-saver for the village.

One can more readily understand how vast this country is getting to be even in our own neighborhood, as well as how rapidly the scenery changes, when it is learned that one of Northville aldermen became lost in coming from Walled Lake recently. He left the main traveled Novi road for one mile and everything seemed so new that he had to another passing auto to lead him into the village over the Taft hill route.

Dow Nagle of Albion, quite well known in Northville, has been admitted to the M. E. conference and has been assigned to the Tracy church near the city limits out Grand River avenue. Mr. Nagle graduated from the Albion Theological college in August. This will be Mr. Nagle's first experience in the ministry, but with his pleasing address, coupled with a splendid ability as a singer, he is quite sure to succeed.

Huff's penny vote contest opens Saturday and much interest is anticipated in the event by the churches and lodges of this section. There will be \$200 in cash prizes of which \$75 is the leader. It is said that Novi people will make a vigorous contest for the big prize for their church recently destroyed by fire, and the Salem people will also be alive when the votes are given out. See Huff's ad for full particulars and coupons.

The Voice a Pearl. Elihu Burritt says of the voice: "Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea." A kind voice in joy, like a lark's song, to a hearth at home. Train it to sweet tones now and it will keep in tune through life.

Rural Borders on Rugs. Rag rugs in two-toned or hit-or-miss design are made now with contrasting borders showing country lanes, schoolhouses, churches, hay stacks and other rural attractions. These are especially suitable to rooms furnished with old fashioned furniture.

Surprising Cure of Stomach Trouble. When you have trouble with your stomach or chronic constipation, don't imagine at your case is beyond help just because a doctor fails to give you relief. Mr. Temple, Plainfield, N. J., writes, "For a month past I have been troubled with indigestion. Everything I ate upset me. I read of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in a paper. After reading a few lines I was from people who had been cured of similar troubles. I decided to try it. I have taken nearly three-fourths of a bottle of it and can now eat almost anything I want." For sale by all druggists.

EARL STIMPSON



Northville boy who has been drafted by the St. Louis Browns of the American league. It is presumed that Earl will make good and that he will be seen on Navin field at Detroit next season trying his darndest to knock a tooth out of the Tigers.

G. A. R. NOTES

There will be no meeting of the Post this week; the absence of Commander Craft and several other officers making it advisable to postpone the meeting until Saturday, Sept. 27.

We note by the Detroit papers that Capt. (?) Samuel J. Lawrence of Detroit, formerly of Northville, and Major (?) E. K. Starkweather of Northville were in the party of veterans which started for the National Encampment. Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some, more lucky than their fellows, have greatness thrust upon them. As comrades Lawrence and Starkweather are both members of the vast and honorable army of privates we conclude their new titles are of the "Thrust-On" variety. Pass the cigars, comrades.

WEEK'S CALENDAR

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES. (By the Pastor.)

Morning service 10 o'clock. Subject: "The Battle of the Lord." Special music for the evening. (Good congregational singing. Subject: "Five Mottos I Have Known.")

Ask your neighbor to come to church. Seek out the children and help gather them in. This is your part in playing the year's work.

I return to my work for another year with joy in my heart that I am privileged to work with you a little longer. Let our aim be to strengthen all that remains weakened and in need; also to march forward to new fields of conquest for Christ and humanity.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Preaching at 10 a. m. by the pastor. Theme, "Willing Workers." Sunday school at 11:30. Evening services at 7 o'clock. Subject, "An Important Question."

Let every one come out to these services and we will try to make them profitable to you.

Our Wayne association meets at Walled Lake Baptist church on the 1st and 2nd of October. Now is the time to rally and make the other churches know that we are here by being in attendance and helping in all ways. You, and all concerned, will be better pleased by so doing.

The Ladies Aid society will meet with Mrs. Fred Tousey next Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Morning service 10 o'clock. Subject: "A Cure for Oynicism."

Sunday school at 11:20. C. E. at 6 o'clock.

Evening service at 7 o'clock. Subject: "The Problem of the Unemployed."

The members of the congregation are reminded of the community church rally day to be held last church rally day, to be held the first Sunday of October. It is hoped that the constituency will co-operate in making this day a success. Watch for more definite information later.

The meeting of the Detroit Presbytery which was held here this week, was a success. The ladies of the congregation are deserving of every praise for the royal way in which they cared for the visitors. A welcome is extended to all the meetings of Sunday.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD

IT'S THE DOLLAR

Behind the man that counts—

NOT until a man really wants money, and needs it badly, does he realize that it's the dollar behind him that counts.

There is more truth than fiction in the old adage, "Your dollar is your best friend."

Why not open a savings account today, and have the dollars behind you at the time they are most needed?

Lapham

State Savings Bank

SPECIAL AGENCY

For the famous

"Star Brand" Shoes

The Largest Selling Brand of Shoes in the World

SOME POPULAR LINES

The "Patent"—
The "Patent" for Men
The "Patent" for Women
The "Patent" for Children
The "Patent" for Babies

"One Family"—
For Every Member of the Family
"Stronger Than The Law"—
The Longest Wearing Work Shoe Made
"Soft and Good"—
A Work Shoe True to Name

All made of Good Leather. No substitutes for leather are ever used.

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MEATS.

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DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

Everything in a strictly sanitary condition. All milk we sell is the product of our own dairy.

Our having fresh cows at all times of the year gives you a high standard of milk at all times. It is worth a few cents a week to know what you are getting. WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE. G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

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received at the Northville

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L. B. KING & CO.

China, Crockery,

Glassware, Lamps,

Ornaments,

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Complete Stock. Up to Date.

We have what you want in

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Booklet showing the latest styles

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WANTED—Capable lady to represent

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No investment required. We teach

you the business and refer customers

to you. BARLEY CORSETS are NOT

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VAUDEVILLE

When visiting Detroit don't

fail to see the finest Vaudeville

Theatre in the world

TEMPLE

THEATRE.

Two Performances

Daily

7:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

BE FRANKLIN SAID



Save

a little of thy income and thy hide bound pocket will soon begin to thrive and will never again cry with the empty belly aches neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor will nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart.

HE WAS RIGHT

JUST PLAIN, COMMON HORSE-SENSE OUGHT TO TEACH EVERY MAN THAT FRANKLIN WAS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, JUST AS SURE AS TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR. CREDITORS CANNOT INSULT YOU, NOR CAN WANT PRESS YOU IF YOU HAVE PREPARED FOR THEM BY HAVING SOMETHING IN THE BANK; BESIDES, YOUR MONEY IS SAFE IN THE BANK, NOT ONLY FROM FIRE OR BURGLARS, BUT FROM YOUR OWN EXTRAVAGANCE.

DO YOUR BANKING WITH US.

WE PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST.

Northville State Savings Bank.

CORONER BLAMES ROAD'S EMPLOYEES

RESULT OF PRIVATE INQUEST
IS ANNOUNCED AT NEW
HAVEN.

WRECK OF SEPT. 2ND CAUSED BY
DISOBEYING RULES.

Railroad Company Is Neither Blamed
Nor Absolved—Signals Were
Found to Be Working
Perfectly.

New Haven, Conn.—Three employees of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, are held by coroner E. M. to be primarily responsible for the disastrous wreck at New Haven, on September 2, when the White Mountain express plunged through the second set of on the strand Bar Harbor express, exacting a toll of 21 lives. The coroner's findings were filed after he had conducted a "private" inquest.

Those held to be responsible are Augustus B. Miller, engineer of the White Mountain express, the Bruce C. Adams, and Charles H. Murray, conductor and flagman, respectively, of the Bar Harbor train.

The coroner neither blames nor absolves the New Haven road. He finds the signals were in perfect working order and whether the bang signals were obsolete or not, the accident would have been prevented if the company's rules had not been violated. He declares the number of violations of rules by employees "makes a sorry record."

Village of Hooper Burned.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Only one house and a saw mill remain standing in Hooper, a little settlement 20 miles north of this city in Allegan county. Flames having destroyed the general store, the depot, a crate factory, the freight house and nine houses.

The fire started, it is said from sparks from a freight engine and set fire to dry grass. Driven by a strong wind that was blowing it rapidly crept to a small shed then leaped to a small lumber yard owned by the railroad. Railroad locomotives, women and farmers fought the fire by hand, but could not stop its progress and by midnight only a smoldering mass remained of the place where the mill place had stood. The loss will probably reach \$15,000.

Appointments By the Governor.

Lansing, Mich., Sept. 19.—The following appointments have been made by the governor: Charles A. Smith, of the 1st and 2nd regiments, to be major of the 1st regiment; John H. Brown, of the 1st regiment, to be major of the 2nd regiment; and John H. Brown, of the 1st regiment, to be major of the 3rd regiment.

Tallest Man Is Insane

Houghton, Mich.—Louis Mountain, measured 5' 10" tall, and is the tallest man in the world living. On a visit to this city, he was taken to the insane asylum, where he is now confined. He is said to be insane.

Only Woman Lightkeeper Resigns.

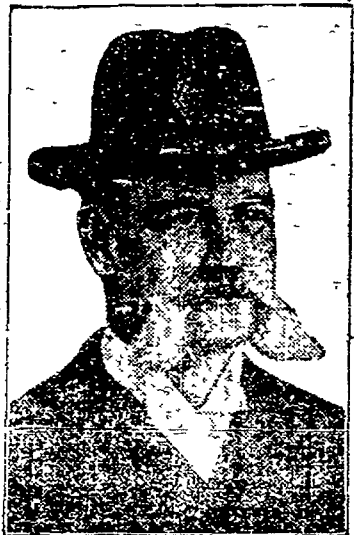
Petoskey, Mich.—Mrs. Daniel Williams, for 25 years keeper of the Harbor Point light on Isle Traverse Bay, said to be the only woman lightkeeper on Lake Michigan, has resigned. For 15 years prior to assuming charge of the Harbor Point light she served in a similar capacity on Beaver Island. She is author of a book, "Child of the Sea," which deals with her life among the lighthouses under the reign of King Strong on Beaver Island. She and her husband will reside at Charlevoix after November 1.

McAneny Named for Mayor.

New York—George McAneny, president of the borough of Manhattan, was designated by the Gaynor campaign managers as their candidate for mayor, to take the place made vacant by the death of Mayor Gaynor, whom the whole city mourns. McAneny at present is on the Fusion ticket for the presidency of the board of aldermen. He is a Roosevelt.

At the annual reunion of the Soldiers' and Sailors' association of Macomb, Sanilac and St. Clair counties, held at Lexington, Oliver Yates, of Lexington, was elected president, and C. B. Newland, of Marshall, secretary-treasurer.

JUDGE ALFRED BEERS



Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic now in annual encampment at Chattanooga.

HOLLAND WOMEN TO VOTE

Speech From Throne Indicates That
Franchise Will Also Be Extended
to All Male Citizens

The Hague, Netherlands.—There is every indication that women will shortly be given the parliamentary franchise in Holland.

In the speech from the throne delivered at the opening of the state's general body, the new Dutch cabinet stated its intention of granting the vote to women.

The speech from the throne, says that a bill is to be introduced removing all constitutional obstacles in the way of granting the suffrage to women.

The same bill will revise the Dutch constitution in such a way as to extend the parliamentary franchise to all male Dutch subjects on reaching a certain age, with exceptions to be determined later. The bill is to be prepared without delay.

Anti-American Mexican Designs.

Mexico City.—Dr. Aureliano Lira, Mexican minister of the interior, has just given a speech in which he has said that the United States is a "great enemy" of Mexico.

Dr. Lira is under charges preferred by the United States government, for having been a member of the "Luz" party, which was a secret society of revolutionaries.

Report of State Sanatorium.

Lansing, Mich.—The annual report for 1912 of the Michigan State Sanatorium, located at Houghton, has been made by Dr. Eugene H. Thayer, its superintendent. It shows that during the year the average number of patients was 78 and average weekly cost for each patient was \$11.27. The patients stay an average of 42 days.

San Antonio, Tex.—Mexican army soldiers, captured after a battle with United States cavalrymen near Alamo crossing at the Rio Grande river, were led by an American, Barney Chis, an automobile driver of El Paso, as he descended himself to military authorities.

Further details of the battle given by the returning soldiers placed the number of Mexican dead at two, with three seriously wounded and 14 captured.

Acting under instructions from the board of police and fire commissioners, every patrolman in Grand Rapids must learn how to operate an automobile. The order is the result of the experience of Patrolman Edward Januaga, who was taken on a wild ride by auto thieves two weeks ago, in which he was nearly killed, and which could have been avoided had he known how to operate the car.

Practical Fashions

CHILD'S DRESS.



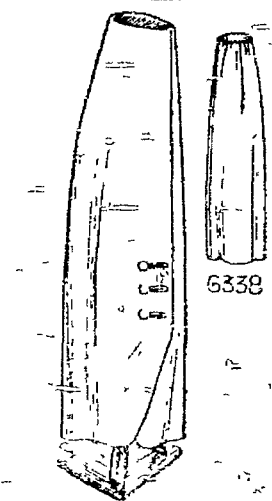
A frock suitable for linen, pongee, gingham, pique and simple serge or challie. A tuck at each shoulder, front and back produces a central panel. The closing is at the left side of the front. A three-piece skirt completes the dress. The neck, cut out in square outline and the sleeves may be long or short, as desired.

The dress pattern (6304) is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Medium size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material, with 1/4 of a yard of 27 inch contrasting goods to trim.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department" of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6304. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

LADY'S THREE-GORED SKIRT.



After a bit of fullness at the waist line in this pretty skirt which is particularly effective. A stitched tab holds it in place. This and the cut-off corner on the front gores is the only trimming with the exception of the buttons and loops. A skirt of this description is especially suitable for wear with separate blouse. And suitable material such as rayon, whip cord and serge will make up effectively.

The lady's three-gored skirt pattern (6338) is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department" of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6338. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

Varied Causes of Suicide. Causes of suicide vary. In the Oriental patriotic and religious reasons present themselves. In the west the causes are of a more personal nature. There are many classes into which cases may be divided. For example the lonely, the sick and incurable, the unemployed and financially embarrassed, victims of nervous diseases.

Domestic Frankness. Feder (taking a tablet)—The doctors get pepsin from the stomach of a hog. Did you know that? Mrs. Feder—Yes. And it goes back to the same place!—Puck.

Might Work. "How's things in New York?" "Our policemen are getting too fat to catch anybody. The chief is experimenting with a scheme to mount 'em on motor rolling skates."

Injured by Sulphuric Acid. English scientists have found that more than a million tons of sulphuric acid are discharged into London's atmosphere every year, mainly by the combustion of illuminating gas, to the injury of the city's stone buildings.

Unwise Kindness. Occasionally a man gets by with a tremendous bluff simply because his friends are kind hearted and hate to spoil a beautiful specimen of self esteem.

For Sunburn, Insect Bites, Ivy Poison or any other skin inflammation use Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and get quick relief. 25c. at drugists. Sample sent free by J. S. Tyree, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

Literat. "What is the most sunshiny system to live by you ever heard of?" "I guess it is the solar system."

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

Its Definition. "How do you make this out to be a case of light assault?" "Please, your honor, the defendant hit the plaintiff with the lamp."

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

What Can Be Done About This? "Here's an item," observed Rivers, who was looking over the newspapers, "to the effect that the king of Sweden raises prize dogs on his farm."

"I suppose he uses them," suggested Brooks, "to drive his Stockholm."

After which the rattle of the typewriter broke out afresh with great violence.—Stray Stories.

THE BEST TREATMENT FOR ITCHING SCALPS, DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura Ointment into the parting with a bit of soft fannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura Ointment on the scalp, rather than on the hair. It is well to place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stain. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used, as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p Skin Book. Address post card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

A Fact. "My dear, those high heeled shoes were a blunder on your part." "I guess I did put my foot in it."

PECULIAR LIVE STOCK FARM

Canadian Has Pleasant Possibilities in His Proposed Raising of Black Foxes.

Probably few, if any, men in this province have started a black fox farm at less cost than Robert Rowley, proprietor of the Laurentide preserves at Lake Edward, says a Quebec correspondent of the Montreal Gazette. While up at Roberval Mr. Rowley heard that a man there had four young pups, part red and part black. It is said that nobody wanted to buy the animals, though the price was about \$10 or so a head. Mr. Rowley gave the man his price. The next morning Mr. Pridman, manager of the black fox ranch of Lieutenant Governor Wood, of New Brunswick, who had been scouring the country for young stock, saw the foxes and immediately went into the hotel and in front of every one present offered Mr. Rowley several thousand dollars, but was refused. When the villagers realized the offer some of them almost collapsed on the spot and the place has been fox crazy ever since. Mr. Rowley is also purchasing a pure black dog fox at a very small sum and will cross it with the litter which he got so cheaply. He expects to have a litter of pure black foxes next spring.

Quaint Critic. George B. Luke, the painter, said to a critic in his New York studio: "Your criticism is at any rate original and amusing, my boy. It reminds me of the colored laundress in the Uffizi Gallery. When this colored laundress visited the Uffizi, her mistress led her up to Correggio's masterpiece. 'There, Hannah, what do you think of that?' she said. Hannah, shaking her head lugubriously, stared a long while at the pictured angels whose white robes were all yellowed by time, and then, with a sigh and a disapproving shake of the head, she said 'De saints is de last folks to put up wir bad laundry work.'"

In the Stone Age. "Here are 32nd words, professor, on the walls of this cave." "So I see."

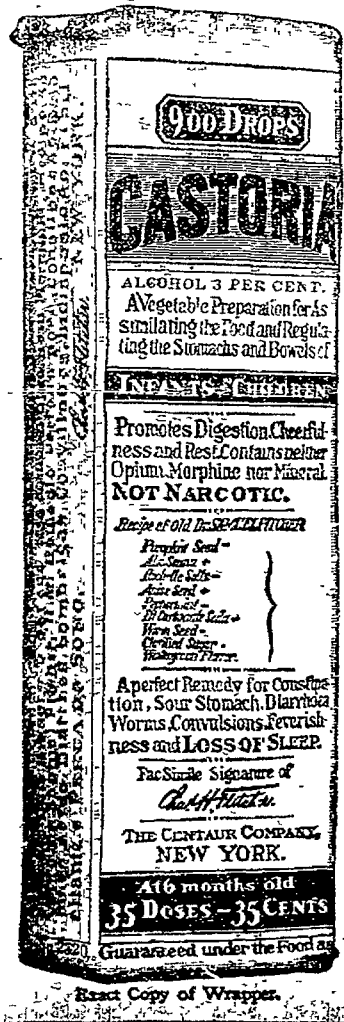
"They tell, no doubt, a tale of great historical value."

"Not exactly! This is just the lair of the cave. Says the tenant must pay forty clamsheils per month in advance and isn't allowed to keep dinosaurs, pterodactyls or sabre-toothed tigers."

Lightly Glad. "Don't you think she dresses in good taste?" "Perhaps so, but not in good measure."

Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: First—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless; Second—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food; Third—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—Hall's Journal of Health.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory." Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place." Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent." Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's." Dr. Wm. J. McCrann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and as a father from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home." Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy." Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

