

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 37.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1914.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

## DEMOCRATS GOT ONE LOOK IN

STEWART MONTGOMERY, DEMOCRAT, WAS WINNER FOR HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER.

JUD LANNING WAS RE-ELECTED BY USUAL BIG MAJORITY.

There was 475 votes cast Monday at the township election. Considering the weather, snow and mud that was a banner day for Northville. The Republicans tripped the machine for 303, the Progressives for 58 and the Democrats for 114 and just for that the Dems will get second place on the ticket next spring, while the Progressives will take the last column in their place. The whole Republican ticket was elected except that Stewart Montgomery the Democrat ticket won out over Jesse Clark by 40 majority.

W. JUD LANNING.



For the fifth time Mr. Lanning has been elected supervisor of Northville township. He has also held the office of village president and is also at present village treasurer. His ability and faithfulness in office is attested to by the way he is able to coral the votes on all occasions.

Following is the vote in full, appearing in the order of Republican, Progressive and Democrat:

Supervisor—Lanning 223, Brown 55, Kator 36.  
Clerk—Miller 259, Blackburn 93, Heaney 123.  
Treasurer—Huft 247, Baker 45, VanValkenburg 183.

Highway Commissioner—Clark 202, Johnson 31, Montgomery 242.  
Overseer Highways—Johnson 274, Clark 123.

Justice of the Peace—Noble 269, Ambler 90, Newson 1167.

Member Board Review—Northrop 280, Oldenburg 57, Babbitt 133.

Constables—Bogart, F. 304, F. N. Perrin, r. 233, Green, r. 289, Waterman, r. 283; Lichtenberger, p. 64; Schultz, p. 69, E. Perrin, p. 70, Olm, p. 58; Robbins, d. 107, Merritt, d. 112, Taylor, d. 114, J. Montgomery, d. 132.

## G. A. B. NOTES.

A full attendance of the Poost is earnestly desired at the next regular meeting on Saturday, April 11. It is expected that Comrade Thos. Shaw will talk on the reunion of the blue and the gray at Gettysburg. Also important business relative to Memorial Day services will be brought up at this time and all are earnestly requested to be present.

## The LILIES of EASTER



### NOBLE-ADAMS WEDDING.

Miss Lavilla Adams of Farmington township was united in marriage to Mr. Ralph E. Noble at the bride's home Wednesday afternoon by Rev. George Sullivan of Detroit. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Royal Adams and is a very charming as well as talented young lady. Besides being a graduate of the Northville High school she is an accomplished musician and elocutionist.

Mr. Noble is a well known farmer living a couple of miles north of Farmington and at this splendid rural home the young couple will now spend their way carrying along the best wishes of scores of friends for their future happiness and prosperity.

### PROPOSALS FOR HAULING COAL WANTED.

The Village Council hereby gives notice that it will receive sealed bids until May 4, for the delivery of coal from cars at P. M. depot to Electric Light plant bins. A bond of \$50 for faithful performance of contract must accompany each proposal. Right is reserved to reject and or all bids. Mark envelopes "Bids for Coal Delivery."

By Order Village Council.  
37w2c. T. E. MURDOCK, Clerk.

Do not fail to hear the Operetta at the Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening, April 14, at 7:30 o'clock—only 15c.

### OLD RESIDENT DEAD.

Mrs. Olive VanSickie died at her home on First avenue early Tuesday morning of a complication of diseases. She had been in poor health all winter but had been confined to her bed for only two weeks.

Born in New York state in 1836 she came to Michigan with her parents at the age of 9 years and with the exception of 3 years had lived the entire time in and around Northville. There are left to mourn her death a brother and sister, one daughter and three grandchildren.

The funeral was held from the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. H. Host, Thursday afternoon, Rev. Hugh officiating. Burial in Rural Hill.

### RESULT PLYMOUTH ELECTION.

Supervisor—Chas Bradner, clerk—Howard Brown, treasurer—William Rattenbury, justice of the peace—William Gayde and S. E. Campbell; highway commissioner—George White; highway overseer—Thomas Bissell; member board of review—W. T. Connor; drain assessor—D. D. Allen.

### AUCTION SALE.

Saturday, April 11—at the residence of C. A. Gardner, household goods; Brooks & Brown, auctioneers.

The April division of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid society will hold a sale of cakes, white and brown bread, and new beans at Stanley's drug store, on Saturday, April 11, beginning at 10:30 a. m.

## WIXOM NEWS.

W. G. Price is recovering from an attack of tonsillitis.

B. L. Clark and W. C. Banfield were in Pontiac Saturday.

Easter exercises will be held at the church, Sunday, evening.

Frank Madison acted as clerk on the election board at Novi Monday.

Howard and Florence Pratt entertained the "Who Do" class Wednesday evening.

Kathryn Burch and Frances and Lucille Prout, South Lyon visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McDougall were called to Inlay City Wednesday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. McDougall's grandmother.

Easter Lee and wife returned from Wyandotte Sunday evening after an extended visit with their son, Floyd, and family.

Rev. and Mrs. Ciley, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Pearsall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon, LaRue Bogart and Mabel Burgess, were chosen delegates to the Quarterly meeting at Green Oak, this week.

Select dancing every Saturday night, 8 o'clock, at the Valley Hotel, Pontiac, Mich. By H. H. Host.

The Operetta, "A Tale in Flowerland," will be given by 45 children on Tuesday evening, April 14, at 7:30 o'clock, at the Presbyterian church. Admission, 15c.

## Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

FOUND—Solid gold ring. Owner can obtain same of Mrs. H. H. Host. 37w1c.

WANTED—Place of 4 rooms for room and board for about 3 weeks. Inquire Chas. Schmitt. 37w1p.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Mrs. J. Richardson, Novi. Phone 108 J5. 37w1c.

FOR SALE—Big bundles of newspapers, clean and nicely folded, 5c. Just right for shelves or to put under carpets. Record office, Northville. 37w1c.

FOR SALE—Good sound horse, six years old, weight about 1,300 lbs. Phone 155 J3. J. W. Cleaver. 37w2p.

FOR SALE—Few bundles of HEAVY wrapping paper, very large sheets. Just right to put under rugs or carpets. 5c and 10c. Record office, Northville. 37w1c.

FOR SALE—Dandy little 26 n. p. auto, fully equipped, auto, formerly owned by Miss Lida Richardson. Can be seen at Richardson's home, Northville. Bargain. Address: M. H. Mackey, 1227 Woodward Ave., Detroit. 37w1c.

FOR SALE—Black Minorca eggs for hatching; 75c for 13. E. A. Palmer. Phone 283 W. 35w1c.

FOR SALE—One acre, one-half mile from car line. Good nine room house; new furnace. Phone 243 2-R. Chas. Smock. 37w1c.

FOR SALE—Two brood sows. One has 9 pigs; the other 10. Also have registered Yorkshire boar. Chas. E. Bassett, Novi, Mich. 36w2c.

FOR SALE—Rubber tire surrey, in first-class condition, a bargain; 365. Troy Laundry, cor 12th and Grand River ave. Detroit, Mich. 36w2c.

FOR SALE—Good young team 6 and 7 yrs old, wt. 3,000. F. L. Carpenter, Northville. 36w1c.

FOR SALE—Carload new milk cows mostly Holsteins. Jay Leaveworth, Novi. Phone 310-2R. 36w1c.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

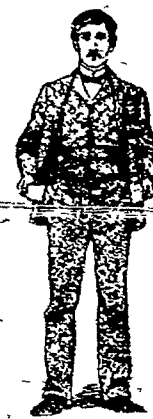
DR. P. R. ALEXANDER, DENTIST.—Office over Stark Brother's Store. Hours 8 to 12 and 4 to 6. Home phone 29. p18.

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 7:50 p. m. Bell Phone No. 1.

DR. T. E. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Park House on Main street. Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Both Telephones.

D. R. 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. 37w1c.

DR. BEBBS—RUTH JEPSON, D. Osteopath. Graduate American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Wis. Northville Tuesdays and Saturdays. Detroit office, Suite 301-244 Woodward Ave. Northville office, Mrs. Frances Horton's, Main Street. Phone 38. 37w1c.



## "Can't Afford to Paint."

The man who says that, forgets that painting properly done is economy, and the fact is he can't afford NOT to paint. How often you require to paint is largely dependent upon the paint you use.

THE  
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS  
PAINTS

## Linoleum Remnants.

- 1 Pc 6 ft. wide, 6 ft. long (4 sq. yds) 60c grade, each. \$1.75
- 1 Pc 6 ft. wide, 13 ft. 4-in. long (10 2-9 sq. yds) \$1 grade, Inlaid, \$8.50
- Here are 3 pieces Genuine Cook's Linoleum, that were damaged in shipping; bargains, can be laid and not show defects
- 1 Pc. 6 ft. wide, 9 ft. 7-in long (6 1-3 sq yds), 60c \$2.75
- 1 pc. 6 ft wide, 10 ft 3 in long (6 7-9 sq yds), 60c \$3.00
- 1 pc. 6 ft. wide, 17 ft. 11 in. long (11 1-3 sq yds, 60c grade, for \$5.00

JAMES A. HUEF, Hardware



## YOUR MONEY IN THIS BANK IS PROTECTED by the U.S. GOVERNMENT

UNDER the provisions of the new FEDERAL RESERVE ACT your money is SAFER THAN EVER in this bank. The government stands guardian. Periodical examinations by government experts are made for the benefit of depositors. A large sum in absolute reserve against its liabilities is kept with the government. In addition, there is the PERSONAL INTEGRITY of the officers and directors back of this institution.

NEW ACCOUNTS WELCOMED  
DO YOUR BANKING WITH US.  
WE PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST.

## Northville State Savings Bank.

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS AT

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE  
J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phones

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

W. L. B. CLARK'S  
MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream  
Furnished on Application.



THE HOME  
Of Quality Groceries

Make Known To Us  
In Person  
Or By Phone  
Your Wants.

## IN THE GROCERY LINE AND WE WILL DO THE REST Which Means—The Best!

## TRADE AT RYDER'S

Exclusive Agent for Northville and vicinity for  
New Century Flour. Best Ever Milled.

## A TRY FOR A RECORD!

## Easter Sunday

AT THE

## Methodist Sunday School

Let us beat the "Plug Hat" Sunday  
Record made 27 years ago.

## Will You Be One of the 225?

## WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Following is the result of the election in Commerce township: Supervisor—Frank J. Malcolini r. 167, Alonzo P. Pence d. 26; Clerk—Joseph A. Long r. 142, Geo. Tuttle d. 47; treasurer—Earl A. Welch r. 117, W. Roy Gamble d. 73; justice of the peace—Martin Richardson r. 130, Alford Padlock d. 59; highway commissioner—Ales. S. Keith r. 116, Arthur Hains d. 74; member board review—Arthur J. Johns r. 131, Geo. Killam d. 56; overseer of highways—Dist. No. 1—Eugene Crane r. 34, James Crawford d. 21; overseer of highways, Dist. No. 2—Albert B. Tespley r. 27, Chas. McDowell d. 11; overseer of highways, Dist. No. 3—Wilber Waterman r. 20, Rush B. Cummings d. 7; overseer of highways, Dist. No. 4—Norton B. Johns r. 39, Rex Angell d. 20.

# FRENCH GUN OF TREMENDOUS POWER AND RANGE

1913 MODEL TO THROW PROJECTILE 6.2 MILES; MUCH OF PRESENT ARTILLERY OUT OF DATE.

Paris, March 25.—A new heavy field gun is shortly to go into service in the French army. It is a 1913 model and is a very slight modification of the 106 millimeter gun, supplied to the Russian army. Its caliber is 105 millimeters, the weight of the projectile is sixteen kilograms, fired with a muzzle velocity of 570 meters per second. It is capable, when fired at the maximum angle, of carrying a distance of ten kilometers, or 6.2 miles. It is a quick-firing gun, although the projectile is loaded separately from the charge. The sighting is by means of a panoramic glass, and the gun is pointed in the same way as the ordinary French 75-millimeter field gun. When fired the carriage remains fixed, and the gun alone recoils a distance of about one meter. It returns to its initial position by a compressed air "retractor." The gunners are screened behind protective armor. The weight of the entire piece in battery ready for fire, is 2,300 kilos (about 2½ tons), and that of the carriage, harnessed, 2,000 kilos (about 2½ tons). It is said that the gun can bear an advantageous comparison with the German 105-millimeter gun, and that the material of the French A new gun was certainly required, as

## FIRE DESTROYS WELLESLEY.

Fire which destroyed the Wellesley College buildings caused a loss of \$900,000. Of this sum \$100,000 represents the losses of the personal property of the inmates. The 250 young women students, 50 instructors and 50 maids were in their beds when the fire was discovered, but all escaped. The girls marched out of the burning building in good order, but were compelled to leave all their belongings. The school was immediately closed until April 7.

## TO TEST WHAT TO EAT

Under the supervision of the Kansas State University tests are being conducted to determine what foods are best suited to persons pursuing different vocations. Kajsa has spent thousands of dollars in ascertaining what best to feed to cattle, hogs and horses, says Mr. J. S. Cramble, secretary of the board of health, and it is but right that the state should find out what food is adaptable to man.

# THE MARRIAGE OF CAPT. KETTLE

## A ROMANCE OF THE SEA

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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CHAPTER XVIII.—On his return from the search of the Norman Towers, Captain Kettle finds that Sir George Chesterman, Violet Chesterman and Miss Dubbs have been beguiled to visit the Berber castle in the Atlas Mountains by invitation of the queen and her son.

CHAPTER XIX.—Captain Kettle recognizes the danger into which they have unwittingly fallen and starts in pursuit. His shifts, strategies and perils in reaching the foot of the castle.

CHAPTER XX.—Captain Kettle finds his way into the Berber castle through underground passages.

CHAPTER XXI.—Chief Bergash, having Miss Dubbs in his own castle, proposes marriage to her. She refuses, whereupon he tells her he will take her to wife against her will, and she shall never leave his stronghold.

CHAPTER XXII.—Captain Kettle, in his wandering through the Atlas Mountains, finds the people he is after enter a room in which Miss Dubbs is struggling to escape from the arms of Chief Bergash. He kicks the chief into submission and compels him to release Miss Dubbs and Sir George and Miss Chesterman.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Captain Kettle forces Chief Bergash to escort all his prisoners back to the coast to a vessel, where he goes not to the point, and fairly Kettle will kill him on the spot. Love conflict with a girl of Moor's on the way.

"Ham," said Sir George, who was feeling sore.

"I'll ride ahead if you like," said the saint. "And you can shoot me in the back if I still look doubtful."

The big man shrugged the shoulders inside his loose untidy coat. "If I trust a man at all, I trust him right through. If the skipper says you're all right, that'll do for me. What's that ahead?" A cavalry flank-party, by jove!

The kaid gave a sharp order, and the escort cantered up and formed around the camels. There were twenty-five of them, all told, so that the douar, with the camel drivers and British, numbered in all some five and thirty souls.

"Why are they wearing respirators?"

"Twaracks," said the kaid shortly. "By your leave I'll just try an experiment." He put his fingers between his bearded lips, and blew a high-pitched whistle, and a cloud of white smoke came from his mouth.

and a short, all on the same note; and then after a pause he blew two short blasts and a long, half a tone lower.

The squadron leader of the Twaracks threw up a long-barreled gun, and his men halted. The saint wheeled his bay clear of the others, so that he was a plain mark to see, or be shot at. The squadron leader of the black troop gated a moment, acknowledged the other with a gun-wave, then wheeled his horse and galloped back into the shadows by the way he had come, with his horsemen thudding at his heels.

"Friend of yours?" asked Captain Kettle.

"Nothing of the sort. Didn't I tell you he was a masked Twarack? He's a pirate of the desert out yonder to the south and east, and I guess he'd come in here to raid the raiders who appear to be raiding your steamer. Let's hope he'll continue to do it."

"You seemed to know his helm signals?"

"Precisely. And may I suggest, my good sir, that you don't know all the international codes? You Europeans are in the very infancy of long distance signaling. And even when we others in Africa show you how to do the trick, you don't seem able to learn. By jove! look out now. Here's the real thing."

A howling mob in billowy white draperies poured out from behind a shoulder of the sand-hills and the night kuddled and roared with the discharge of their muzzle-loaders to be effective, and barring a camel slightly but it was not that which carried the ladies, no damage was done.

The damaged camel was allowed to drop behind and the others were hoisted and dagger-pricked into something nearly approaching speed. The enemy were hard at work reloading; but charging and priming a mule of true Moroccan build is a work of art and time, and before more than a dozen of the weapons could be hurriedly squibbled off against them Captain Kettle, the saint, and Sir George Chesterman, finding breast emulsion down into the middle of the enemy.

Each did miracle work with his own weapon. Sir George had been allowed a moment of might well have been one of the fiercest from one of the sport and acid and felt, to use his own subsequent expression, like a butcher gone mad. The saint, with more luck and feeling the bay with his lance, used both hands to the Wabed and did not miss a shot, although he was in the thirty yards away from the line.

But Captain Kettle, who rode that rambling black Arabian as a child, kept his hand in his hip, ready to charge, and did not let a gunner from any of them be conspicuous enough, of his had horseman ship not to risk fancy shots. He eluded his man with deliberate aim, and did not pull trigger till his revolver muzzle rested on the victim's clothes.

Nothing but this desperation could have saved him from being killed. The mongrel crew along the beach were every man of them as brave as he, but when they saw his pistol muzzle set fire to jellab after jellab, they called one to another that Shaitan rode on the Sidi's bridle hand, and that it was time to be gone.

The attackers broke through, rallied, and charged back again toward the rising dawn. The camels, with legs flying to all the compass points, sprawled along in their midst, and the deck-houses on their backs lurched and pitched like mark buoys in a tide-way. But no sturdy wall of raiders waited for them this time. They drove their horses through the skirts of a rout, and clubbed and stabbed and slashed at white-winged fugitives.

"Pull up," bawled Kettle, "and let the rest go. Slow down Sir George. Halt there, you son-of-a-saint, and give me a chance with this devil-posessed black horse of yours. He's worried two men with his teeth, and he'll eat you next if you don't get out of range. By jamees! do you spawn of the mountains hear me? Halt! Halt where you are. And now wheel. Wheel back to the lagoon, or I'll run loose this horse at you. Sir George, I'm the last man to spoil a fight when one offers, but we've ladies with us, and presently, if you hammer them any more, these jokers in the white nightgowns will remember they're quite right to one, and they'll turn and eat us without salt. Sir, shake yourself together, and think of your sister, and, anyway, give me that damn club. Give it to me. I say—I'm sorry if I've hurt your wrist, but you've offered obedience, and it's my habit to see that orders are carried out. Saint, I've reloaded my gun, and if you don't whistle your men off riding their horses over those fellows on the ground, by the living James! I'll empty six saddles."

"Perhaps we've done enough," gasped the burly Sir George.

"They've put up a good fight, sir," said that connoisseur, Captain Owen Kettle, "and they've got their gruel, and my orders are that the thing finishes there. Away we go for the beach now, and get the ladies out of that earthquake. They've been forced to ride on this last half-hour. You'll please to remember that they've missed all the fun and only had the shaking, and I'm afraid we've made a quarter of a turn at a time."

Each by inch and then foot by foot, the Norman Towers hove up to her anchor, and the windlass engines, which had strained hard to make a quarter of a turn at a time, began to turn, and the steam

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### Salvaged.

DAY was lit by this time and the child had slipped away, and the air was already beginning to warm up toward that baking temperature on which the edge of the Sahara rests so much of its evil reputation.

The battle had been fought in a valley of the dunes, and the vanquished tribesmen had scattered away in the direction of their villages, north, east, and south. To the west, over a low line of hummocks lay the lagoon.

"Shall we find the Wanganoo still there?" wondered the kaid.

"Don't know," said Sir George. "These gentry may have captured her, or at least driven her away to sea."

"She'll be there and untaken," said Captain Kettle shortly. "I left Mr. McTodd in charge, sir, and though he may have failings, and be, argumintative when he's near drink, when it comes to looking after the interest of the owner who pays him, Mr. McTodd is as efficient as the king of England."

But in spite of these confident words, anxiety presently crept into Captain Kettle's eyes. "We should have passed her mast-trucks before this above those sand-hills," he told himself. And presently, when he could hold in his patience no longer, he clapped the sharp heels of his stirrups into the ribs of the black stallion, and galloped to the crest. The lagoon lay clear before him with the spouting reefs and islets at its farther side. The anchorage was deserted.

"My great James!" muttered Captain Kettle. "where's my ship, and what do I do next?"

But even as he stood there, a stiff little mounted figure standing out clearly against the farther dunes he had been seen by some sharp observer, and after a preliminary hushiness, the deep boom of the Wanganoo's enormous siren hommed through the air, away on his left hand.

He turned sharply. Yes, there she was, the little beauty, down at the other end of the lagoon, close in fact to the Norman Towers. But in the name of wonder what was this? A man bubbled from her tail and lay found her in a heavy ring. Her engine was running and yet she did not appear to move. Agitated? No, that of it she had commanded every bit of the lagoon at that end and was prepared to save it before a word of her own tongue she had at that very moment in fact a man under her tail.

The lagoon the black horse down the dunes, and that galloped south along the land beach, waving the others to follow him.

Until a mile farther on when he had not the faintest idea of one another he saw the Wanganoo and not a word ahead she was followed by a man, who was a fast as a cat, and he led her one of the Norman Towers' masts, pipes it was obvious she was trying to do it. It was equally obvious she could not do it, and Captain Kettle cursed Mr. McTodd and his unqualified second captain and acting captain of the Wanganoo, with many a word of abuse and anancy.

"McTodd's polished his old coffee-mill of an engine till he thinks there's no limit to her power," Kettle told himself, "and now he's trying to pull a steamboat full of dead weight, and 'anyway' six times over size through what practically amounts to a dock-wall."

A moment later he pulled up sharply and took a quick cross-bearing of the Norman Towers' foremast against a cleft of the chocolate-colored rocks behind. "By the living James!" he cried. "he's budged her. She's moving ahead!"

The Berber kaid pulled up alongside him. "I thought you and McTodd decided that the local ragamuffins had built that ship up inside a coffee-dam that weighed about a million tons of solid stone!"

"I saw the stone myself," said Kettle shortly, and looked at his watch. "It's bang on the top of a high water this minute, and now they've got a move on her she's coming off like a bar pulled through a keg of tallow. Look at those links of cable hopping in through her port hawse-pipe. Mac's laid out an anchor ahead, and he's heaving on that as well as with the old girls own steam on her own windlass. You can see the leak of it now through the escape. Great James! why can't I find a boat?"

"But the engineer in charge of the salvage operations was not the man to break off just then for the mere pleasure of being superseded by his superior officer. Mr. McTodd stood on the fore-castle of the Norman Towers enjoying himself hugely."

He was wet through and dripped brine as he stood; his overalls were smeared with every variety of sea impurity from black grease to the red rust of iron. There was seaweed in his beard and an oozy red spot on the bridge of his nose. He exuded a mixed aroma of whisky, competency, and authority, and from Tregthewy, the mate on the Wanganoo's upper bridge, to the meanest no-nation deck-hand awaiting orders on the Norman Towers, all within ear-shot were ready to jump to do his bidding.

Each by inch and then foot by foot, the Norman Towers hove up to her anchor, and the windlass engines, which had strained hard to make a quarter of a turn at a time, began to turn, and the steam

began to send up a steady rhythmic clatter and to make the deck beneath them buckle and shake.

"Go it, old girl," said Mr. McTodd. "Gosh, but this is scraping the barnacles nicely off your belly." He raised his voice to a throaty bellow and hailed a cluster of men who lay behind a barricade of coal bags on the poop. "Aft there; are you keeping a bright lookout? If another shot comes aboard from the shore without your shooting first, I'll baptize some more of ye with a three-quarter-inch spanner. Kindly remember I've no put ye there just for decorative purposes, ye top-eared aliens. D'ye hear me, you Schweins?"

"Aye, aye, aye, aye."

"I don't know who it was that was playing the devil's delight just now behind those sand-hills," continued Mr. McTodd, this time to the undisciplined fireman who was attending to the windlass engines beside him, "but by the pleasure somebody seems to be taking over the scrap, it seemed, vary like as it our Old Man had scraped clear, and was coming back here to stir up trouble. Gosh! I'd give a thumb to think you was true."

"There's the skipper, sir, just rode up on a black horse to the top of that sand-hill. Looks to me by the way he's a-shakin' his first of letting loose a mouthful of language."

"Bite off your tongue, you mutinous son of a White-chapel tipple-bawker. Man, I have seen creatures more worthy than you fair smashed to a jelly for speaking so of the Lord's anointed. And anyway, abusing the skipper's amusement, I reserve for myself. Waving, is he?"

"I'll let him wave his arrums from their sockets and his whip-lash of a tongue from its roots before I pleasure him by sending a boat that'll bring him off to interfere here. By jamees, this is my funeral, and no other corpse need apply!"

And so, like another commanding officer before him, Mr. McTodd turned a blind eye to all shore signals till he had completed the work he had set his mind on, and saw the Norman Towers hung to her anchor with clean dron water all around her, and had cast off the heavy wire towing hawser from the Wanganoo and bidden Tregthewy drop his hook alongside. But when all this was completed he sent off a boat and people to fetch the engine of the Wanganoo in a furious rage at having all the difficult work done for him.

But that small matter read the second of Mr. McTodd's ambitions, and he and others were roared off, and with an effort pulled his temper into hand, and resolved not to allow himself to be drawn for the Scotch whined gratification.

He had stretched out a cordial hand. "Mac," he said, "it's clever of you. How in James did you manage to do it?"

The Southerner, who dropped his head and bowed to him, had been looking at him with a look of awe and respect. "It looks as if I'd gone beyond your orders," he said pointedly.

"I didn't leave you behind in charge because you were reliable," Kettle told him sharply. "But because you were the best I had."

"Man," retorted the Scot, "I ken fine you under-rated me, and it is just that knowledge that's impelled me to miracles. Ye saw for yourself, how impossible it was ever to get this rusted old cargo-box into deep water again, and here you now see it's been done. You, and a few others, can never be convinced of my qualifications, and I'm put to this perpetual strain of performing miracles just for the sake of my ordinary professional credit."

"You've been cranking again, among other things."

"And for why not? Drinking, say you? Man, I tell you the Archbishop of York, who's an Aberdonian, yes, or even the moderator of Free Kirk, or even the Moderator of Free Kirk, would have lapped good whisky if he had had it, as a counter-balance to the strain I've been put to. As a first example, how many of those ducks you left in my charge do ye think can swim?"

"I never took the census of them," McTodd replied. "Wei! I did it seem ed (on inquiry) there were three who said they could, and twenty-two who couldn't. Man, you'll barely believe it, but I've taught twenty-two."

with holes punched in was just the implement I wanted. Ye see the same?"

"Go on."

"I'll trouble you for a match."

"Here's my last. For the lord's sake, go on."

"In due time," said the engineer, lighting his pipe, and speaking between sobs. "We lowered the bucket on to the top of the dam, and then divers had to fill it by hand with stones. I led them. Man, I lived under water like the King Neptune they tell of in the wind-jammer days, and those of the hands that didn't dive well or stay down the prescribed time, I beat over the head with rocks away down there, under the surface of the sea. And you, who have been enjoying yourself on a circular tour round all the fashionable sights of the neighborhood, come back and throw hints about the whisky!"

"Man, in your ear, it's vara-humorous; it was no your whisky, at all, or the ship's. It was from the owner's private sea store that he went away too rattled to leave locked. I ask you, how's that for humor?"

Sir George Chesterman had come into the chart-house in time to hear this last. He laughed cheerfully. "That's all right, Mr. McTodd. The necessity of commandeering medical comforts in time of stress is recognized by act of parliament. Then did you and that splendid crew pull down that enormous embankment by hand, and a deep water?"

"Our policy," said the engineer, emphasizing his point with an explanatory pipe-stem, "was to cut a gap big enough for the steamboat to pass through at the top of flood. We'd no ambition, ye'll understand, for leaving permanent structural improvements to this part of Africa, and when we'd a bucketful of the stone hoisted above water level, we hooked it on to another derrick chain, and dumped it over the stern. That was where trouble began with the natives. They seemed to object to our spoiling the contours of their dock."

"Have they been sniping you all along?"

"If the money those misguided heathen wasted on powder and slugs had been spent on whisky, and distributed in Glasgow, half of the sea and air in the empire would have been happy for a day. And their liking thanks to my ingenuity, was all wasted. It was very humorous to see the way they went on bombing the coal bags I ordered to smother the men. We talked back at them too, in a language they could understand."

"I let the watch on deck—I mean those that weren't engaged for the moment on the other take their dinner and loafs off cartridges from behind coal bags. I mean that some of them quite pride themselves on being marksmen, and that I bawled old pirates with experience in the China seas says he's a first class shot. I let them take their shot at every native they could see. Man, it's laughable to think they bombarded the saint's own mead-agers and nearly lost us you ear go of gold."

"Lost which?" Captain Kettle and Sir George Chesterman bounced in their chairs and put the question simultaneously.

"You needna' shout. Your nerves are suffering from drought, and as an expert I should recommend a lubricant. The saint sent the gold to foot his bill all right, and there was a message which said there was no hurry about the rides, as you'd all be staying with him for some time."

Sir George and Captain Kettle glanced at one another. The same thought flashed across each of them. Had Sidi Mohammed Bergash an idea that with the gold once on board, the Wanganoo would vanish forth with from his calculations? It was not that he knew McTodd.

"I offered the messengers some slight refreshment," said the engineer, "and as they wouldn't take it owing to religious scruples, I just swallowed it myself to prove to them the superiority of my own Northern creed, and then I locked up the gold in a state-room, and got on with my employment. But I'd an idea there might be mischief in the background, so I gave the old chief a job. He's a very intelligent man, the chief engineer of the Wanganoo, if he's provided with ideas, and a working drawing, and has tools put into his hands just as they are required."

"What on earth are you mauling about now?"

"You ken you brass signal gun on the old Towers they bombarded us with as we came into the lagoon?"

"Yes, a useless toy."

"Aye, there speaks your layman's ignorance. Man, I gave our chief the idea—it was a brilliant little thing of my own, but I'd not waste the details on your unmechanical intelligence—and he put a riding into the barrel, and turned up some scrap brass we had into shells, and fitted them with studs to correspond with the rifling. For want of a better explosive we filled the shells with water, and I tell you a fine gun they made when they burst. She'll carry three-quarters of a mile, and one shell she threw landed among a com mittee meeting of true believers and sent ten of them there and then to the place where they fry gratis. I watched it myself with the bridge binoculars. Gosh, you should have seen the old chief. He'd let no one save the gun but himself. You may call him cynical, you may know him to be sarcastic, but my idea is that the world has mislaid in him a natural artilleryman."

# An Easter Meditation

The salutation of Sabbath morning in the Christian church of the Orient, "The Lord is risen," with its response, "The Lord is risen indeed," is the greeting which bursts from the hearts of Christian people all over the world on Eastern morn. It is beautiful to remember the resurrection each Lord's Day and begin the new week with fresh assurance of its inspiring truth. But at Easter-tide the joy of the budding season has added to the spirit of the festival and the many customs which have through the years gathered about it have made the day exceptionally impressive. Our dissenting forefathers, as reformers do, allowed the pendulums to swing too far when they gave up all observance of Christmas and Easter. The English Church and the Roman, with their traditions, attach a beauty and solemnity to the season which others lack and are the poorer for it. But more and more generally are the two great festivals of the Church coming to be celebrated. Holidays mean much to children. I well remember the exaltation of soul which was mine when as a child I listened to the story of the resurrection on Easter Day and heard joyous music, and saw beautiful things. These things are forever associated in my mind with the sweet spring morning. And even though the out-of-doors is dreary and chill, the interior of home and church can be made a Paradise to the children. The pretty Easter gifts, the eggs, the flowers and the cards mean much to the little ones and while it is essentially a religious festival the spirit of the day must be carried out at home and the many traditions of the day all have some meaning if you look far enough to find it. The prettiest symbol that nature gives us of the resurrection, perhaps, is the opening of the chrysalis. One happy Easter morning of my childhood was celebrated by the bursting from its cocoon of a beautiful lunar moth. This fortunate moth was at once permitted to rest upon the pure petals of a stately Easter lily, standing by the reading desk in the church. Do you think that long church service was dull for the children? Far from it. The joyous music was in accord with their spirit and the story of the bursting of the husk of death as told over and over in the words of the scripture, the life of the lovely, frail moth, and in the beauty of the lily. The day from beginning to end will be memorable to the child if a little thought is taken for his sake. To the older person no deeper, more reverential moments come than those in which his faith in immortality is strengthened by all the combined revelation of nature and history and the Word of God make more of Easter, filling the home with the brightness of flowers and music and the results of loving thought.

# He Is Risen.

This is the season of the year when our thoughts are turned toward Him, who gave Himself for us. The glad Easter time, when birds are singing and flowers are spring, everything given to cheer the heart of man, and man in turn praising One on high. All nature seems to say He is risen, therefore we rise also.

It is our duty, and our privilege to commemorate this hallowed and joyful season, not only with temporal pleasure, but also with meditation. Jerome calls it his paradise. We may read much and hear much, yet without meditation we cannot attain to excellence. We are told they usually thrive best who meditate most. The master-minds of all ages have been, and are to-day, great thinkers, and out of their thinking have given the world great and wondrous blessings.

Especially at this season of the year should we think of the greatest, and most wondrous blessing that ever came to man. Even a risen Lord. He has said because I live ye shall live also. This is what makes Easter so beautiful.

Do we realize it as we should?

How sweet is the springtime  
We welcome it here,  
With its flowers, and buds,  
Its sunshine, and cheer.

But sweeter than springtime  
Is the glad Easter day,  
When Jesus arose  
And drove sorrow away.

—M. A. Powell.

Her Easter Bonnet.  
Oh, it was a wondrous bonnet,  
With a wreath of roses on it,  
And a buckle set with jewels, and a  
yard or so of strings.  
Frauds of gold and silver bound it,  
And a bill of lace was round it,  
And a row of ribbon crowned it, and  
a pair of mercury wings.  
Chiffon ruffles, soft and fluffy,  
Filled the satin lining puff,  
And a garland served the bandeau  
most becomingly and trim.  
It was full of starry spangles  
And coquetish curves and jangles,  
But the sweetest thing about it was  
the face beneath the trim.  
—Minna Firing.



## WILL NEXT PRESIDENT BE A FARMER?

Burlington, Post: Farmers are largely in the ascendancy in this country. What they lack is organization. If farmers were as thoroughly organized as other occupations, are they could carry on all of the functions of government to suit themselves. But farmers do not lend themselves readily to organization. Their occupation is by nature one of isolation. When, finally, they do organize, they will be able to name a succession of presidents. The agricultural press is commencing to talk in this strain. It is suggested that it is a far cry from a condition where the farmer lacks organization to a condition where he has it. The good roads movement is going to have much to do with bringing the farm interests into a state of solidarity. To prevent being devoured by the movement, they will be compelled to organize and hold it down to reasonable limits.

## WHAT THE KIDNEYS DO

Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong and Healthy.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily, when unhealthy some part of this impure matter is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms which vary widely but may include pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatic pains, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, debility, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right the danger is overcome. Doan's Kidney Pills have proven an effective kidney medicine. Mrs. Lyons, 125 St. Clair St., Marine City, Mich., says: "I suffered for some time from backache and pains in my kidneys and often I was nervous and dizzy. I didn't sleep well and when I got up in the morning, I was tired and my back was lame. The kidney secretions also bothered me. Finally, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they relieved me at once, so I kept on until I was cured. Don't simply take any pills for kidney trouble. Get Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mrs. Lyons had. For sale in all drug stores, Buffalo, N. Y."

## Wanted 500 Baby Rabbits

(Large or Small)  
Any Color

When in Toledo, don't miss  
**HENRY WERSELL**  
THE LEADING BIRD STORE.

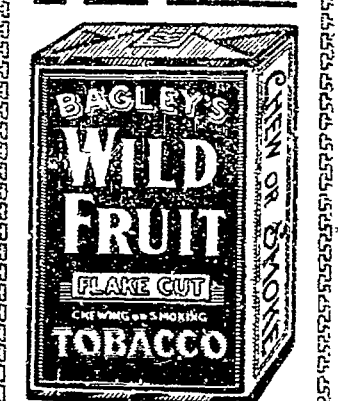
Dealer in imported canaries, Mexican parrots, pigeons, dogs, rabbits, gold fish, bird cages and imported seed. Pet stock in general. Poultry supplies, remedies for dogs and poultry.

We board your pets and birds.  
Mounting of birds and animals.  
GOODS SOLD ON COMMISSION.  
Bell Phone Main 2800.  
608 Summit Street, TOLEDO, O.

## HOLSTEIN CATTLE

In the next 30 days, I will offer for sale 200 head of high-grade Holstein heifers running in age from one to three years old, a number of them springing and balance due to freshen now, well marked and in good condition. They will run 7/8 and 15/16 Holstein and are first to registered bulls. Will also offer 500 head of fully developed heavy milking cows, part of them fresh, and balance due to freshen soon. Also have 25 head of registered and high-grade bulls of no relation to the above cows or heifers. I will have a few choice heifer and bull calves to offer in the near future that are 15/16 and 3/4 Holstein, at \$15.00 each. First draft takes them.  
Write me for particulars.  
JAMES HORSLEY, Dept. P. P.  
Gilberts, Kane County, Illinois.

## To Pipe Smokers



We Are Independent  
and have no one to please but our customers. We have been making high grade smoking tobacco for more than half a century and "Wild Fruit" is our best effort. It is Union Made. Packed in airtight tins, each package contains a choice pouch of eight and sixteen ounce tins. Premium coupons in all packages. Should you fail to find the "Wild Fruit" in your dealer's stock, send us five cents in postage stamps and we will mail you an original package.  
J. J. Bagley & Co., Detroit, Mich.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR BUSINESS GIRLS' WEEK-END TRIPS

Good Humor and Adaptability Should Be Shown  
By Guest

NOT that the business girl has much time for prolonged visiting, you know, but there is many an occasion when she receives a hurried invitation to run over to a friend's house on Saturday afternoon to stay until Monday morning.

And, now that the warm days are very near, with the restlessness they bring, the girl who sees only the four walls of her office from nine in the morning to five and half after five in the evening is only too happy to avail herself of any invitation over the week end which will relieve the tedium of work and satisfy her longing for a change.

If a girl is popular she will receive many of these invitations, but there are a few rules of conduct which even the most popular must observe, else their popularity will fast be on the wane.

In the first place she must pay back in sweet temper the hospitality of her hostess, for not only it is bad breeding to be grouchy or inclined to be critical when visiting at another's home, but it is very bad policy.

No matter what comes up in the course of your visit, it is the best plan to put on a good face about it and smile it out of the way instead of showing ill temper and making it unpleasant for your hostess and worse than unpleasant for yourself.

If these little week-end visits are a common occurrence during the warm months it would be wise for you to have your suitcase always in readiness for the trip.

While it is safe to say that in all probability your hostess will provide soap and towels, it might be well to take these along with you.

A soapbox and two towels will not take up much space in the valise, and they will save the hostess just that much bother. Of course you will take your own nightgown, kimono and bedroom slippers, for although these also may be hurriedly provided for you if you have come unprepared, you will be more likely to receive a second invitation for the week end if you provide all these little things yourself, and in this way take the necessity off your hostess's shoulders.

One business girl whom I know, who never lacks of week end invitations during the summer, has her suitcase fitted up with a small manicure set, a hairbrush, kimono, slippers, soap, towels and six handkerchiefs.

## LENTILS A NUTRITIOUS ADDITION TO MENU

As a rule, the American housekeeper knows little about the lentil which is one of the most nutritious and valuable of foods. Even in households where a great deal of meat is consumed, once lentil soup is introduced into the menu it is sure to find a permanent place among the favorite dishes.

To prepare lentils for the table wash and pick over a half pound and put on to boil in a quart of water. Cut up two stalks of celery and five onions and fry in butter until brown, but not allowed to blacken. Add this to the lentils and allow to stew gently for two hours. Then press through a colander and add half a pint of milk and as much cream as can be spared. Bring this to a boil, and salt and pepper to taste, and serve at once with croutons. This is called German lentil soup, and is delicious when made carefully.

## Doughnuts

One cupful granulated sugar, one egg, one cupful milk, one pint of flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one level teaspoonful salt, one-half grated nutmeg.

Beat egg, add sugar and beat until light. Add milk without stirring; sift flour to which has been added the baking powder and salt, then nutmeg. Beat well, then add enough flour to make a firm but soft dough. Roll out half an inch thick, cut into rings.

Fry in lard and have the fat hot enough so the dough will rise to the top instantly. Turn them over as soon as the under side is a golden brown, and when done on the other side drain them carefully.

## Fried Smelts

Make a thin batter of one beaten egg, half a cup of milk and an even tablespoonful of flour, add a pinch of salt. Cleanse the fish, removing the heads, and sprinkle with salt. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan and when hot pour in half the batter and into this lay the smelts side by side, as close as they can be laid and covering the whole bottom of the pan; then over the whole pour the rest of the batter and fry to a nice brown. Turn over as you would a pancake. When both sides are a nice brown cut in squares and serve at once.

## DESIRE BLONDE CHILDREN.

Many People Want Light Children When Adopting Little Ones.

Strange as it may seem, said a prominent philanthropist in the New York Tribune, not a few children of the thousands who must be classed as street waifs receive a valuable inheritance of blue eyes and light hair, which, without too great a stretch of the imagination, may be called golden. While I do not pretend to understand the psychology of the question, facts will nevertheless bear this out.

Of the great number of requests received by the charitable institutions of this city for children for adoption the majority of those who specify ask for the blue-eyed, golden-haired type. So, you see, the inheritance of such coloring is a sort of "open sesame" to a good home. This curious predilection was much more marked 10 or 15 years ago than now, but it still crops up occasionally and is certainly an interesting trait.

The figures and letters obtainable at charitable institutions contain information corroborative of this statement. For instance, in the records of the New York Juvenile Asylum, an institution which for the last 50 years has given a real home and useful training to some 40,000 children who would otherwise have grown up in the slums and has placed 6,000 of them in outside homes, mostly in the West, there is a multitude of letters asking for children to be adopted. Some of them show this curious blue and yellow choice.

Can you send a child out here for adoption? says one letter from a Western state which every year receives many children from the institution. I so, have you a little girl with blue eyes and curly golden hair?

"I should be glad to give a good home to a little boy, says another. We prefer one with light hair and blue eyes."

Of course a brunette complexion is no handicap to the child for which the juvenile asylum is striving to get a square deal. But those who wish to adopt light-haired children generally specify on this particular, since on other points the judgment of the asylum authorities is regarded as sufficient.

One man who has long watched the work of this and other institutions of a similar kind insists that the psychology of a selection is simple. According to his theory the West, where a real chance is found for many of the children, has a population made up in large part of settlers from Northern European countries where blue eyes and light hair constitute the prevailing type. Naturally enough when adopting a child one of such coloring is preferred, all of which while direct, is opposed to the theory of attraction of opposites serves to emphasize the value of blue eyes and light hair to the New York waifs.

## Strange Holiday Customs

The posadas (posada) meaning dwelling place or inn) commemorate the journey of Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem, whither they went in obedience to the Roman emperor's mandate, to be enrolled in the census. This journey, made by Mary on a donkey led by Joseph, is supposed to have occupied nine days. Therefore the posadas last also for nine days. Each evening, as the shades of night descended the humble pair naturally sought shelter, which, in many cases, was at first refused. It is this nightly episode that is commemorated in Mexican homes by the posadas, or begging shelter.

Very nearly every Mexican family, of whatever rank, gives a series of posadas on varying scales of grandeur, and to these functions numerous guests are invited. Each guest is expected to be present at the entire series of nine "posadas," and it is considered extremely discourteous to absent one's self from even one of them. In the conservative and old-fashioned families, only dear friends and relatives are allowed to share the posada season, but the more cosmopolitan Mexicans are broader minded, and frequently invite foreigners to join their Christmas parties.

## Impermeable Corks.

Referring to the manufacture of impermeable corks for vessels containing extracts The Scientific American draws attention to the following process taken from The Deutsche Desinfektions-Zeitung, for making corks absolutely impermeable. Five per cent. of glycerine is added to a 5 per cent. solution of gelatine and the corks, which, of course, must be properly weighted, allowed to remain for several hours in the liquid. Care must be taken that the temperature of the bath is warm enough to retain the gelatine solution in a fluid condition. The gelatine fills up the pores of the corks, while the glycerine serves to keep the latter elastic. The corks remain in the bath till they are completely saturated, and are then allowed to dry in the ordinary way, no special method being necessary. Tight-fitting corks, elastic and at the same time impenetrable even by gases, can be obtained by this process.

## Mississippi's Motor Boat.

A motor-boat is to be utilized for mission service in the North sea by the Missions to Seamen Society. It will be named the Frances Roget, and will be stationed at Harwich.

## THE BUTLER'S STORY

By One Slight Stroke He Wins a Long Sought Raise of Wages.

"It certainly is singular," the butler said, "how it pays to look out for the little things."

"I had been trying for six months to get a raise from my employer, but nothing doing. I worked and served faithfully always and with discretion and good judgment, if I do say it, but no raise. Then came along a little bit of an incident that got me the lift of wages I wanted right away."

"I have always been accustomed to pay attention to the little personal peculiarities of my employer's guests so that I could show at the table or away from it attention to their fancies or their real wants, and this I knew entitled me to higher recognition in the way of pay, for all this of course was for my employer's benefit and good. As I couldn't tell him all these things, I had to rely on the general character of my service. There came an opportunity at last in which my careful attention to little things won out for me."

"We had among our guests at dinner one night a gentleman upon whom as I chanced to know my employer was particularly desirous to make a favorable impression, and from the moment that gentleman came into the house I had, as you might say, my eye on him. I was studying him, and well was my study rewarded for presently I discovered about him a peculiarly my knowledge of which I knew at the proper time would save him from great discomfort."

"When in due time the guests were seated at the table and I had come to wait on them I served them to be sure, with such dishes as they were to take a portion from each with the dish at his left side so that the person served could reach it most conveniently; but when I came to the gentleman of whom I have spoken I did not pass around him to hand the dish at his left side; no, I simply moved the dish from the left side of the gentleman I had just previously served across the interval to this gentleman's right side, and I continued to serve him at his right side throughout the dinner despite the scowls which my master repeatedly directed at me for so doing—and I knew what was coming to me later. When the guests had all gone he said to me:

"James, how could you have made such a frightful mistake as you did all through the evening in serving Mr. Dickerton at his right side?"  
"Sir," I said "Mr. Dickerton is left handed!"  
"It never did need a bottle and wedge to get an idea into my master's head, and at that he said, with his face all a-beaming:  
"James, you are a great man!" and he raised my wages on the spot.  
"My son," the butler concluded, "never neglect the big things, always watch out for them, but keep an eye always too on the little things. Many a fortune has turned on a needle's point."

## Twenty Lost Gold Mines.

There are at least twenty lost gold mines in various parts of the world. Many of them have yielded rich ore, and then have been deserted and entirely lost.  
There is one in the north of the Transvaal, for instance, that was discovered by accident about fifteen years ago by two Englishmen. The finders had encamped one night, and, as they thought, securely tethered their horses, when they suddenly heard a loud neigh from one of the animals, and a moment later saw them both racing away apparently in the greatest terror.  
Soon after dawn they were up, and after an hour's tramp found one of the poor beasts lying on the ground with a broken leg. In its struggles it had kicked up the ground, and had exposed rich gold quartz only a few inches below the surface.  
The two men marked the spot and returned to the district a month later to start work on the mine. But in spite of all their efforts they could not find the place and to this day the mine has not been rediscovered.  
About twenty years ago there was tremendous excitement in California, when a prospector described a gold mine he had found. A party soon prepared to set out, with the discoverer of the mine as guide, but the mine has never been discovered, though thousands of dollars have been spent in prospecting for it.

## A "Slim" Lieutenant.

One day the officer commanding a Sussex Volunteer regiment met one of his lieutenants on the rifle range. The lieutenant was shooting, and he "called" each shot as he fired without waiting for the markers to signal the result.  
"You're a pretty good guesser," said the colonel. "Why don't you admit you're guessing where those shots land?"  
"I bet you a box of cigars," said the junior officer, that I can call twenty shots correctly in succession."  
"Taken!" said the older warrior, who was nothing if not a sportsman. The lieutenant fired.  
"You're wrong," and a red flag from the target told that this was correct. Another shot. "Miss," he declared. A third shot. "Miss again," he said. Fourth shot. "Fourth miss," announced the young officer. Another shot. "Miss," again sang out the lieutenant.  
"Hold on there!" put in the colonel. "What are you trying to do? I thought you were going to fire at the target."  
"I am trying to win my box of cigars," said the lieutenant.  
"Don't fire any more," said the colonel; "they're yours."

## LEGEND OF THE LIMITED.

How a Hobo Happened to Become a Student of Geography.

A story is told about the first run which the now famous Twentieth Century limited train made from New York to Chicago. The story goes that, when the fireman lowered the chute which scoops up water from between the rails and fills the reservoir in the tender, he failed to gauge correctly the capacity of the tank, and the water, overflowing, ran through the full length of the vestibule train, so powerful was the force which impelled it against the door of the first coach.

The railroad company sought to remedy this trouble, and, on the next run, a blind coach, one without a door opening next to the engine, was used. This proved to be a prevention of the flood trouble.

One night, after the Twentieth Century had made a name for itself, a tramp climbed aboard the platform of the first coach as the train was leaving Cleveland. He knew that the next stop was at Toledo, more than 100 miles away, and saw an opportunity to travel undisturbed on a limited train, but the fireman saw him as he comfortably settled down for the trip. When the train took water a few miles out, the tank overflowed quite profusely, and again the deluge occurred just before entering Toledo, and the engineer tells that while he was spending a moment with his engine in Toledo, the most washed-out specimen of humanity he had ever seen came up to him and said: "Say, mister, what was the name of them two rivers we went through?"—Army and Navy Journal.

## Trying to Knight a Sweep.

The visit of the King and Queen to Burton-on-Trent recalls a story that has been told for generations past in Burton, but which is so good that it is worth repeating.

During the latter years of the eighteenth century, when George III. was King, the Regent happened to visit Burton, and being in an excellent humor with himself, and also with Burton, he wished to knight somebody in honor of the occasion, and that somebody the first man he could lay hands on. A chimney sweep named Saltinstall happened to be the nearest person to the Regent when he formed his hasty resolution, and regardless of the fact that came out of the man's clothing he seized the sweep and told him he would knight him.

The man was too scared to utter a word, but as the Regent was calling for a sword with which to confer the honor the Marquis of Anglesea, the Regent's host, pointed out that his solicitor, John Fowler, was a worthy recipient of the honor. The Regent was, after some demur, persuaded to alter his hasty decision, and the sweep was only too pleased to get away, and Sir John Fowler worked a comfortable practice for many years, which still continues.—London Mail.

## Facts About Germany.

Germany's best schools are her public ones. Poor boys and prize alike attend these schools. Thus there are not two dialects—the vulgar and the aristocratic, as in England and France—but all Germans speak alike, and the language, both written and spoken, is kept pure.  
Berlin's sewage is used to fertilize the city's huge sewage farm—a farm thirty square miles in extent.  
The German Emperor's cigars are seven inches long and come from Havana to him in glass tubes hermetically sealed.  
A Berlin man breeds rats for surgical experimental work.  
Germany's proportion of suicides is the largest in the world.—Chicago Chronicle.

## Paris Cabby's Ruse.

Paris cab drivers are in the habit of causing their taximeter to register the waiting tariff every time their progress is blocked by traffic or any other obstacle. In this way the traffic obstruction which makes Paris insupportable is to them a nice little source of profit. All is grist that comes, son by son, to their mill by causing their horses to move the wheels back and forth in a confined space.—Le Figaro.

## Sea Fish in Fresh Water.

The funny folk of the briny deep are colonizing the lakes and rivers. It has been found by experiment in Germany that deep sea fish can be acclimated in fresh water and will live and breed in rivers. A number of different kinds of fish were taken from the sea, including whiting, herring, sole and flounders, and kept in a pond of salt water. The percentage of salt was gradually lessened by the addition of fresh water until finally no salt remained. Practically no material difference took place in the fish, which were as lively and healthy after the treatment as when taken out of the sea. So encouraged has been the result after a test extending over several months that the fish now are being introduced into the various rivers and fresh water lakes in order to bring the experiments to a practical issue. The success of this experiment may change entirely the fishing industry.

Colorado holds the record among the states of having 407 mountain peaks exceeding 10,000 feet; 33 of these are 14,000 feet and over.

## THE OCEAN CABLE CAUGHT A WHALE

The Limit in Fish Stories Has Just Been Received from Far-away Chile

## LEVIATHAN HELD EIGHT MONTHS

Cable Wouldn't Work—Repair Ship Sent Out Fishing—Dragged to Surface Whale with Three Turns of Cable Around Its Body.

In November last an officer of the Central and South American Telegraph Company called on the director of the New York Aquarium with a letter from the electrical engineer of the company, who desired to know to what depth a whale could descend and whether an air breathing mammal could stand a water pressure of nearly half a ton to the square inch. These inquiries were prompted by an interruption of the submarine cable between Iquique and Valparaiso, Chile, which occurred on August 14 last and which was caused by a large whale that was afterward drawn to the surface by the repair steamer Faraday from a depth of 400 fathoms. An article in the New York Zoological Society's Bulletin, an aquarium number, from which the above facts are taken continues:

The cable in which the whale was entangled weighed in air, while wet, 1,775 tons per nautical mile and had a breaking strain of 6,000 tons. The weight in salt water was 1,005 tons per nautical mile.

If the whale came to the surface to blow, he must have held two or three miles of cable in suspension. This, however, is unlikely, since it had four turns of the cable around its body, one being in its mouth.

When the trouble with the cable was discovered, tests from Valparaiso and Iquique placed the break about thirteen miles from the latter place. On August 16 the Faraday left Iquique for the position of the break and began grappling in 342 fathoms, with 600 fathoms of rope out.

The cable was hove up cut and fastened to Iquique. The end was hauled, and the ship, grappling further out, picked up the cable, which came in badly twisted and with increasing strain.

A large whale was brought to the surface, completely entangled in the cable. The strand being inextensible, the cable was cut close to the whale and the vessel moved to windward.

Tests were made and Valparaiso spoken. The ship made four soundings in the vicinity which showed a depth of 415 fathoms (2,496 feet, nearly half a mile).

It is extremely doubtful whether an air breathing animal can go as deep as 400 fathoms and at that depth is much below the limit of pelagic life, on which most whales feed. It is not likely that the whale would penetrate such a depth. Total darkness moreover, prevails in depths of 400 fathoms.

According to the records of whalemen, whales have been known to stay under water more than an hour and after being harpooned to have carried out a mile of line before reappearing at the surface, although this does not necessarily mean that the line was carried down vertically.

The Valparaiso-Iquique cable was laid on January 27, 1906. At first sight it seems unlikely that the whale entangled in this cable could have remained eight months without complete disintegration or being gradually consumed by small forms of life on the bottom.

The deep sea, however, is intensely cold, the temperature being close to the freezing point of fresh water, and the carcass unless actively attacked by bottom life might be expected to last longer than in the warmest surface waters.

Since, from what we know of air breathing animals, it is unlikely that the whale would descend 400 fathoms of its own accord, and as a deep sea cable is not laid very slack, it is doubtful that the whale could have fouled it at the bottom.

The logical conclusion is that it became entangled during the laying of the cable, eight months before when there was a considerable length of it in suspension. The twisted condition of the stiff and heavy cable about the animal shows that the energy expended in the vain effort to free itself must have been enormous.

## Real Thrillers.

"Talk of dime novels!" exclaimed the insurance man. "You ought to read a Pinkerton report on an insurance case if you want a thriller. Our company carries a great deal of burglary insurance, and, of course, when a robbery occurs to any of our customers we put detectives on the case. The reports that these men send in are simple statements of facts, boiled down hard, and containing nothing but what is absolutely essential to the business, but for intense interest they beat any novel I ever read or expect to read. Occasionally, after a case is finished, and has become ancient history I get out these reports and read them to a group of friends, and no play can hold a more absorbed audience. The actual trailing of a criminal by detectives and the marvels of ingenuity on both sides are world beaters for dramatic situations and excitement."

## The Northville-Record

Published by  
NEAL PRINTING CO.

Established 1889

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Printing Co., at Northville, Michigan,  
and entered at the Northville Post-  
office as Second-Class matter.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., APR. 10, '14.

### EASTER DAY.

It should never be forgotten that the Easter season is to be observed as a time of rejoicing, a commemoration of the triumph of the risen Savior over death, of the immortal over the limitations of the mortal. All the emblems of the Eastertide are of life, of gladness, of the mystery of re-creation, of the sureness of the imperishable. Let us be glad, but solemnly, reverently glad. If we garment ourselves anew, we are but following an age-old custom, adopted in the early centuries of the Christian era in honor of the new life that sprang from that far Judean tomb almost two thousand years ago. It is well, thus to do honor to our risen Lord, if always we bear in mind the true significance of the custom, and do not forget, as is too often the case, that the Easter Sabbath is not an occasion of display, but a day for deepest gratitude, a ceremonial of reverent thankfulness for the assurance that "He is risen" and immortality thus attested.

### FUDGE VS. FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS.

Why will so many mothers teach their daughters to make fudge and leave them in complete ignorance of the facts dealing with procreation?

We do not know the answers to these questions, but we do know that every mother in Oakland county owes it to her daughter and owes it to herself to instruct that daughter fully in the fundamental physiological truths.

She will warn her of the danger of gasoline and an ugly dog, but leave her to learn, heaven knows, how the basic facts in nature pertaining to her physical self. Pontiac Post-Gazette.

Experience and observation have taught us how impossible it is for pupils to receive full benefits by going to school two or three times in a week and remain away the balance of the time. This is bad enough when necessity compels parents to keep their children from school, but when they are permitted to remain out for the purpose of attending some place of amusement, or merely because they feign sickness until after school is called and then immediately recover. The conditions referred to do not apply to Northville.

Now comes Charley Nichols, repentant Bull Moose, hat in hand, back to the Republican party which he did his best or worst to disrupt, and asks for a fat political job as congressman in the Thirteenth Michigan district.

It was a dirty mean trick on the part of a single or pair of Detroit thieves to steal an auto belonging to the police force which had been left for a moment unhitched in front of a Michigan avenue saloon.

With a night police court all ready for their convenience it ought to be quite an inducement for more Detroit men to get drunk these long evenings.

We do not think the new styles in women's dresses quite so awful now that we have seen Ed. Hinkley's and Clem Yerkes' new spring coats.

It is to be hoped that April won't get too snicky and try to show off just because March did.

Of course it wouldn't be quite so bad if one could even pronounce the word "Balmacaan."

The new spring corset ads show the women's waist line about at the knees.

If you would like to know how Record Want Ads can make money for you, come down to the office.

## VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

A. M. VanTassel has been quite seriously ill.

Mrs. Geo. Hotaling is quite ill with erysipelas.

Miss Marjory Shafer is the new clerk at the White store.

E. H. Harmon of Milford called on Northville relatives Tuesday.

Mrs. George Sinclair has been visiting in Pontiac recently.

Prof. and Mrs. LaRue returned to Ithaca Sunday. Also John Jr.

Amy Sessions of Mead's Mills is down with a hard attack of measles.

Harrison Merritt, who has been quite seriously sick is somewhat better.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lapham have returned from their trip to New York.

Miss Ethel Winkler of Flint spent the week-end with Mrs. Woolley and Miss Weiler.

William H. White and family have moved back to Northside from Bealton.

Mrs. Nellie Coffron is operating the cash register in A. M. Ward's grocery store.

Mrs. Lewis Baker of Williamston and Mrs. Graves of Fayette, are visitors at G. H. Baker's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dunn and baby were week-end guests of Mrs. Rose Little and daughter, Zoe.

Mrs. C. E. Wager of Cass City was an over Sunday guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Meyers.

Wm. H. Hutton of Pontiac was the guest of his mother and sister here Sunday. Mr. Hutton's mother is very poorly.

The Main 500 club was entertained most babbly by the Second division at the Schrader home Wednesday night.

Miss Marcella Richardson left for the home of her parents in Toledo Sunday, after spending her vacation with Miss Theo Meyers.

E. H. Allen, who has leased the Joshi building for his furniture and undertaking business, expects to open the store about April 15.

The school Maids all returned to Northville but didn't go to work Monday as they expected. Everybody was glad to see the charming bunch of young ladies back again anyhow.

C. McCullough is making extensive alterations and repairs on the McFarland cottage which he recently bought, preparatory to moving therein.

Helmuth Ringle and family have rented 1742 Carpenter's tenant house near the condensary and are moving there from the Totten house on Wing street.

T. J. Perkins of Birmingham is back among Northville friends as bookkeeper and manager of the McKahan coal and ice business for the present season.

Miss Hazel, Peter and Frank Perkins are all back at work in the Record printing plant again, after a two week's quarantine. Peter says the "shut-in" part of the game is much worse than the illness.

Charles Gardner has sold his house and lot on Main street to Prof. J. D. LaRue for \$1,250. J. D. will later in life make Northville his home, "where life is worth living."

Harry Weaver has bought out an undertaking and furniture business in Traverse City, but before assuming control of it he has to go to Grand Junction, Colo., to ship his household goods from the latter place.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Seeley attended a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Adams at their home near Farmington Wednesday, in honor of their daughter, LaVilla, who was married the same day to Ralph Noble.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude McKahan have gone to their home in Milwaukee, Wis., to attend to Mr. McKahan's business affairs there, which will occupy most of his time during the spring and summer. They will return for a few days' stay next month.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For, impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Purifiers. On the market 35 years. \$1.00 a bottle.

## WEEK'S CALENDAR

### BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

Morning service at 10 a. m. Theme: "Resurrection."

Preaching at 7. Theme: "Stop and Consider."

B. Y. P. U. at 6. Topic: "A Long Look Ahead."

Bible school at 11:45. Lesson: "The Journey to Emmaus" -- Luke 24:13-35.

We expect special music, also Baptism in the evening. Everybody welcome.

The B. Y. P. U. of this church will hold a bake sale in Huff's hardware store Saturday, April 13.

### METHODIST NOTES.

Easter Sunday.

Morning sermon topic: "Eternal Values."

There will be special Easter music rendered at both morning and evening services. The church will be decorated for the occasion.

A record in Sunday school on Easter. We want 225. Will you be one to hold down one of the 225 seats?

Evening sermon topic: "The Burden of Prosperity."

Ladies' Aid society take notice. The April meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. W. A. Parmenter on Tuesday afternoon, April 14. Preparations are made for a splendid meeting.

Make Easter "Go to Church Sunday."

The Queen Esther circle will meet at the home of Miss June Filkins Monday night, April 13. This is the regular meeting for opening the "Mite Boxes" and all members are urged to be on hand and share in this opening.

I wish to commend the article written by the Record management last week regarding the so-called smallpox epidemic, and such news articles as written by the Record has done much to lighten the situation. Folks outside as well as inside the town have been unwarrantably frightened. Of course precaution is wise.

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

Morning services at 10 o'clock, S. S. at 11:20; C. W. at 6 o'clock. Evening services at 7 o'clock.

Morning topic: "The Translation. The last in the Lenten series on the 'Crises of the Christ.' The theme and music in harmony with the Easter occasion.

Evening topic: Easter Cantata by the choir.

Sunday school at the usual hour. Study period preceded by the singing of Easter hymns. C. W. at 6:30. The society will hear the report from a young man studying in Hungary, who is preparing himself for work among the immigrants.

"Fete in Flower Land" by forty-five children of the S. S. will be given at the church Tuesday evening April 14.

In spite of the unexpected interruptions the Lenten services have been well attended. It is hoped that much good has resulted. The church should be warranted in making something of the Lenten season each year. May it be a permanent custom.

### "RILEY" IS MAKING GOOD.

According to the Nashville, Tenn. papers, Earl Stimpson of the St. Louis Browns, who is now playing ball on the Nashville team, "covered himself with glory" in a recent game between that club and the Boston American. Earl, who is referred to in one paper as a "reformed Brown" is credited with a triple and a single out of two times at bat, and also for some sensational catches of long drives. The paper says "Stimpson's all-round work was easily the feature of the game for the local team." Good boy. Northville congratulates.

Itch! Itch! Itch! Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For any skin itching. 50c a box.

It is false economy that induces people to use cheap butter, cheap meat, cheap flour, and other cheap articles of food. In nine cases out of ten, cheap articles of food are either adulterated or damaged and are dear at any price.

Lost articles quickly recovered through Record Want Ads.

## FINE INVESTMENT!

Make Your Money Earn Good Profit  
Big Demand for Houses at  
Royal Oak. Investigate.

Why will you let your money lie in banks at 3 or 4 per cent when you can build houses in Royal Oak and rent of sell them at a big profit on your investment? Five hundred houses are needed at once. The Royal Oak real estate agencies are swamped with applicants for homes—and there is not a vacant house, new or old, to be had in town. Out of 350 residents recently interviewed 339 own their own homes.

Many Ford auto-factory employees already live in Royal Oak, and hundreds want to make homes there because of the short ride from the factory to the village. Those Ford men who live in the city must spend 40 minutes or more to get from the factory to their homes. But those who live in Royal Oak can get home in 10 minutes. Hence the big rush to Royal Oak. Think what splendid tenants, 15,000 Ford employees making \$5 or more a day will make, and bring your money to Royal Oak for investment now.

Detroit is growing and is bound to keep on growing. As it grows so must Royal Oak grow. Before long there'll be a subway out Woodward avenue. Think what that will do to Royal Oak property values. Remember, Royal Oak has about doubled in population in the past three years. The need of the hour is more men with money to help us house the people who are crowding into the town and its environs. The Men's association of Royal Oak, an organization of 100 business and professional men and citizens, who see the need, urges and advises you to come to Royal Oak to-day, look over the ground and see if you don't recognize the opportunity to put your money to work building homes.

Send us your address and we will send you booklet of information. Write to-day to the Men's association of Royal Oak.

Advt. GEO. B. HARTTRICK, Secretary.

### CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to express my thanks and appreciation to all those who so kindly offered assistance and sent flowers after my accident.

W. S. HOAR.

## New Gloves for Easter

Stamonds' Kid Gloves, all shades, at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.



They have been buying "KAYSER" gloves for three generations with assurance of getting "glove satisfaction." "KAYSER" gloves "cost no more" than the "ordinary kind" and are worth double. They are "the genuine" and have the name "KAYSER" in the band, and a guarantee ticket in every pair.

of handsome Ribbons, Plains or Fancies, for just such work.

The present Styles of Skirts and Dresses were never more conveniently fashioned for the home dress-maker to create her heart's desire, than at the present time. Drop in and look over the New Idea Fashion Books, (1,000 Patterns always on hand), and at the same time consult our Dress Goods Stock.

Service First is the motto of our store. Meaning that we give the demands of our customers preference over everything else.

CHAS. A. PONSFORD

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

## THE WHITE HOUSE

### SPECIALS.

DRESS GOODS—Choice Line. 25c, 35c, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.25

Pretty Effects in CREPE CLOTH, WOOL CHALLIES, SHEPARD and FANCY CHECKS.

SCRIMS, Dainty Patterns. 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c

CHILDREN'S WASH DRESSES, from 39c to \$1.50 all New Styles.

LADIES' SPRING COATS—the Latest Styles.

KIMONA APRONS—New Patterns.

BUCKING—Lots of Choice—the Most Select Styles.

LACE CURTAINS, from 50c pair to \$5.00 pr.

WINDOW SHADES CUT TO ORDER.

WALL PAPER—LOTS OF CHOICE. New Patterns 10c double roll up.

ROOM MOLDINGS. 2c, 2 1-2c, 3c and 3 1-2c ft

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER. \$1.00 too \$5.00

USED PILLOWS from 50c to 75c

SHEETS. 15c each; 2 for 25c

EDWIN WHITE

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

At the Center Street Cash Store

Meats and groceries by the score

Where bargains are always found

All goods by the package, can or pound

Right prices on all you buy

Don't fail to give us then a try

Sample before you buy our stock.

Come often and let us talk

And bargains are always to be had

Small profits is our biggest ad

Have all new goods on our shelves.

So try them for yourselves.

Try us and you will not regret

Only remember the place, don't forget

Ring Phone No. 60 for goods up-to-date

Early orders are always better than late.



**Doubt Disappears**

No One in Northville Who Has a Bad Back Should Ignore This Double Proof.

Does your back ever ache? Have you suspected your kidneys? Backache is sometimes kidney ache.

With it may come dizzy spells, Sleepless nights, tired, dull days, Distressing urinary disorders, Doan's Kidney Pills have been endorsed by thousands. Are recommended here at home. You have read Northville proof. Read now the Northville sequel. Renewed testimony, tested by time.

G. B. Sinclair, retired farmer, High St., Northville, Mich., says: "Most of my trouble was from my kidneys. The kidney secretions contained sediment and passed too frequently. At night, I would have to get up four to five times and the passages were accompanied by burning pains. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and I got a supply at Murdock's drug store and they cured me. I am glad to confirm the statement I gave when they cured me as I haven't had any more kidney trouble."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Sinclair had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. 1—Advertisement

**Why****HAVE A COLD?**

Just what you have been looking for—a sure and speedy cure for that cold, one that is easily taken—tasteless and with no unpleasant after effects.

**NYAL'S LAXACOLD**

—Just one tablet every two hours during the day until six have been taken—then one every four hours until four have been taken.

**ISN'T THAT SIMPLE?**

You won't take but a few more than that number of tablets when the cold is banished—you will notice a decided improvement before the day is over. They relieve the inflamed and congested mucous membrane of nose and throat and prevent catarrhal conditions.

25c Box of 35 Tablets.

**T. E. Murdock**

DRUGGIST

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Phone 247-J

**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.

PHONE 399 J.

**MILK ROUTE**

Will take orders for Cream and Sour Milk.

**G. K. SCHOOF,**  
Proprietor.

**DETROIT UNITED LINES**

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 6:15 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 9:15 p. m.; 10:30 p. m. for Orchard Lake and Pontiac 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 5:30 a. m. and hourly to 7:30 p. m.; 9:30 p. m. 11:20 p. m. Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:44 a. m.; 6:44 a. m. and hourly to 6:44 p. m. also 8:44 p. m.; 10:15 p. m. and midnight.

**DETROIT NEWS ADS.**

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

**WHAT THEY ARE PAYING.**

The Northville Market corrected up to date:

Wheat—White—93c. Red—93c  
Oats—41c  
Shelled Corn—70c.  
Hogs, alive—48.69.  
Dressed Hogs—\$11.60.  
Cattle—\$7.00.  
Lamb—\$7.00.  
Veal Calves—\$4 to 5c. per lb.  
Beef Hides—10c.  
Eggs—17c. Butter—28c.

**HAPPENINGS IN LOCAL SOCIETY**

Alseum.

Bad roads—  
cept "good roads."

When the robins come north next spring they had better wear their mittens.

L. L. Brooks has recently been the victim of a severe attack of neuritis in his right shoulder.

If the hat is cocked up over the left ear and hangs well over the right lobe, it's a new one.

The high cost of living is felt in the south as well as the north. A Toledoan has just been sued for \$10,000 for stealing a kiss.

When in anger fill your mouth with water, but do not swallow any of it. You will thus be enabled to refrain from saying many foolish things.

The L. A. S. of the Baptist church will hold a meeting at the home of Alvin Matteson next Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Northville Woman's club, which was to have taken place last Friday, was postponed to next week Friday, April 17.

A Farmington man was so well pleased with his experience on "Go-to-Church Sunday" that he declared he could scarcely wait for a return date in April, 1915.

The secret of washing with kerosene added to whiten the clothes is to use hot water for rinsing. This also removes every trace of odor and leaves the garments white.

The Foresters will hold a family banquet from 6:30 to 8:00 o'clock in Catermole's hall on the evening of April 22nd. The banquet, or supper, will be followed by dancing.

One consolation for the scarcity of maple syrup this spring is that "poor sugar weather makes good wheat and grass weather." If we can't have the lasses, at least we may be more certain of having the bread and butter.

Those already holding tickets for the playlet "An Irish Invention" will remember that it was postponed to this Friday, afternoon. All ladies invited who wish to come. The small admission fee of ten cents will be charged, as before stated.

Eugene Baker, the well known manufacturer of vitrified clay floor, has organized a new company for the manufacture of this product at Grand Lodge. The capital is \$150,000 and is nearly all subscribed by Mr. Baker and Grand Lodge people.

The readings by Mrs. Pierce Sunday night in the Methodist church demonstrated anew her rare talent as an elocutionist. The large audience that filled the church was thoroughly delighted and favorable comments were heard on all sides at the close of the services.

The date of Easter this year is puzzling many persons. According to the calendar, Lent began with Ash Wednesday, February 26, and continues until Easter Sunday, April 12. Every fourth year the date of Easter is late, being in the vicinity of April 10 to 24. The date this year is comparatively early, considering that it is the year for the late date.

Mrs. George Merritt, west of town, has a March butter-making record not easily excelled in ordinary farm dairying. From March 2 to the end of the month she made 188 pounds of butter from five cows, two of which, Jerseys, were fresh in October last, two others, one a Durham, were fresh in February, and the fifth cow had been giving milk for fourteen months. Who can beat this?

At a recent Wayne county educational meeting held in Detroit much attention was given the conditions relating to the rural schools of the county. One special point agreed upon was that wages paid country teachers are too low, proportionately; another, that enough attention is not given to providing the schools with good working libraries, also, there is a lack of organization among officers and teachers.

Select dancing every Saturday evening at Princess rink. Velvet floor; special music by Heene's five-piece orchestra. 35c.

Excellent for Stomach Trouble. "Chamberlain's Tablets are just fine for stomach trouble," writes Mrs. G. C. Dunn, Leland, Pa. "I was bothered with this complaint for some time and frequently had bilious attacks. Chamberlain's Tablets afforded me great relief from the first, and since taking one bottle of them I feel like a different person." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.**

Regular Convention April 14, 1914.

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

**ADVERTISER LETTERS.**

James H. Wardner.  
Mrs. Louis Taylor.  
Miss Marie James.  
Full Moon.

Good Friday.

Easter Sunday.

New hats Sunday.

Picture show's going again.

Jefferson's birthday Monday.

F & A M regular Monday night.

New auto licenses beginning to arrive.

Auto go to church next Sunday any how.

Four inches of snow Monday. Not so bad.

The H. M. S. of the M. E. church will hold a bake sale in Murdock's drug store April 25.

The Presbyterian ladies will hold a bake sale in Stanley's drug store, Saturday.

Base ball season opens next week Tuesday at Detroit with the Tigers lined up against St. Louis.

Because of a lack of fire protection and a night watch, Orton recently suffered a \$7,000 fire.

The way "Winter has been lingering in the lap of spring" this season is perfectly disgraceful to both of 'em.

The Record hopes those Bal. etc. overcoats won't call for pantyprid (guess that's the way to spell it) hats to go with 'em.

The "Bats" division of the Senior class of the High school, will give a bake sale in Huff's store, Saturday, April 11. Extra fine things are being prepared. Fresh eggs.

The children of the Presbyterian church will give an operetta entitled "A Tale in Flowerland" in the church Tuesday evening, April 14. This promises to be an entertainment well worth attending.

The Methodist Sunday school will endeavor to excel its Easter Sunday attendance record, made twenty-seven years ago when F. R. Beal was superintendent. Two hundred and twenty were present on that occasion.

A new style of thievery—for this place—was perpetrated last week Thursday night when Mrs. McKahan's barn was broken into by prying the staple from the door, and the speedometer and the horn taken from her automobile.

The contract for the construction of a mile of country road to be built this spring at Salem has been let to Jess Clark of Northville. Mainly through the efforts of Supervisor Boyle, Salem township is assured a mile of good roads even though the county road system should be done away with in Washington.

The annual demonstration of the good roads system is now on via the spring "breakin' up." While the township state award roads are all in good, usable condition even for motoring, the unimproved ones are, as has been the case from time immemorial, almost impassable in many places.

The Globe Furniture company has just closed a contract for seating a church at Geneva, N. Y. The church is one of the finest edifices in the Empire state and the seating is to cost over two thousand dollars. The order was secured through F. E. Clark, a former teacher in the Northville school and for years Eastern representative of the Globe company.

It had not been generally supposed that Northville had any "militant" women in its population, but it is indisputably true that two well known Dunlap street ladies really did engage in a window-smashing stunt the other day. However, they both deny that they are "suffragettes." No arrests are made to date.

**Dangers of a Cold.**

Do you know that of all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is not the colds themselves that you need to fear, but the serious diseases that they so often lead to. For that reason every cold should be gotten rid of with the least possible delay. To accomplish this you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy of great help to you. It loosens a cold, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration and enables the system to throw off the cold. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wood last week.

Miss Jennie Dean of Detroit has been the guest of Mrs. Lydia White the past week.

Miss Hazel Bovec began work Monday, in the office of the Curtis Publishing Co., at Detroit.

Mrs. C. L. Brigham has returned home from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Bert Rea, at Kenton, O.

Mrs. Maude Bennett and daughter, Thelma, have been visiting Mrs. Geo. Houston at Detroit for a few days.

The W. C. T. U. regular meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Lester Cook Monday afternoon, April 13. For members only.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Palmer visited Mr. and Mrs. Lou Hinna, at Plymouth, Sunday and attended the Baptist church there in the evening.

There are still three light cases of varioloid in town, but all patients are convalescing rapidly. They are Jesse Clark, a lad named James McKillip, and Mrs. Dell Martin.

Mrs. Barbara White, who has been spending the winter with Edwin White and family, left Wednesday night for Jacksonville, Fla., where she will join her husband, F. Will White.

Invitations issued some time ago by the Northville Dancing club for an April Fool party will be good for Friday evening, April 17, when the club will give an enjoyable dance in the rink. Music by Heene's five-piece orchestra.

An expert from the Seth Thomas Clock Co. is here putting the town clock in shape. He tells Supt. Wilkinson that the time piece is in excellent condition considering its twenty-three years run without overhauling. In a day or two the bell and hands will be dependable again.

No one when garden time comes will intentionally or maliciously permit their chickens to destroy their own or their neighbors' gardens, and no neighbor feels like knocking a chicken over and throwing it over the fence, though the law gives you that right.

Home made cakes, white and brown bread and baked beans, on sale Saturday at Stanley's store.

**INTEREST IN LENT**

is for a season only.

**INTEREST OR LOANS**

are always in order at the

**Lapham State Savings Bank**

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

**Notice to Auto Owners!**

We have a Full Line of Auto Tires and Accessories in the Bradner Building, next door west of our New Garage, now under construction. Can supply your wants on short notice.

**PETTIBONE & HILLS**

Phone 126.

NORTHVILLE.

**SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY.**

Ladies' and Children's 25c Woolen Hose for ..... 12c  
Ball Bearing Roller Skates ..... \$1.25  
3-Qt. Gray Enamelled Berlin kettles ..... 25c  
5-Gal. Galvanized Oil Cans ..... 50c  
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## At the End of the Day

The small kitchen was stifling, it was heated within by a range in full activity and without by the unobscured June sun.

Before the open door Frances stood at a long board ironing. Under her left hands—damp, embroidered, lace and frills bloomed out in snowy crispness. She was ironing a dress for Fanny, who must have it to wear to a party that night. Upon the clothes rack hung two much-trimmed petticoats which were to go with it.

Frances had to admit that it took a great deal of hard work, as well as planning and sacrifice, to keep her daughter well dressed and in the best set when her means were so limited.

Frances wore a little percale dress of black and white. She looked little more than a girl herself, with her curling hair and moist, flushed face. Yet she was 38 and she felt 33 sometimes, and this happened to be one of the times.

All day yesterday she had sewed, without ceasing, for Fanny; and today she was ironing. She had always hated to iron. It seemed a kind of undesired penance that she must always be doing the things she did not like to do.

She had not wanted to marry Tom Keene, but her father had made her, because he thought Tom Keene would be able to make a great deal of money. She was young, and she thought her father knew best, so she gave up Maurice Hall and took her father's choice.

Her marriage had turned out badly. Tom had got into bad ways, had taken to drink, and had finally been killed because he didn't know enough to drive a horse properly.

When that happened, Frances took her little daughter, Fanny, and went home to her father. Three years later her father died, leaving her the little house they lived in and just enough money to support it.

As Fanny grew into girlhood Frances turned over more of their slender means to her daughter. Girls needed so much and wanted so much more than they needed. Fanny was pretty and popular, she was always being asked about and always going. She had the normal girl's fondness for fun and activity.

Frances saved and planned and economized in order to supply her daughter with pretty clothes. As for herself, what did it matter what she wore? No one noticed her. She tried to find her happiness in Fanny's.

Yet sometimes when she was tired and consequently a trifle morbid, it came to her that Fanny had a good deal of Tom's selfishness in her make up.

The iron having cooled over that last trifle, she carried it back to the range to place it with a hot one. While her back was turned came a sudden gust of voices and young laughter. Fanny's voice and Fanny's daughter—laughing with deep masculine tones. Frances turned, just as her daughter, radiant in her pink gown, came and a hot, hot, ran up the steps.

"We really found the front door down, didn't we?" she cried, gaily, "and you never heard. You must be getting deaf. I'm going over to the Ormisons to play, a game of tennis and Ora wants me to sit to lunch. So don't look for me back till you see me."

She smiled into her mother's tired face. Frances' color due mainly to the heat, had faded, and beside Fanny's sparkling girlishness she looked old and worn. She felt her inadequacy and her eyes went proudly from her daughter to her daughter's companion—a young man with keen eyes and a brown skin.

It was her old lover, Maurice Hall, lately returned from a long sojourn in the midland country, where it was said he had made some money. He gave her grave greeting, to which she responded coldly.

It came to her that there was something laughably incongruous in the fact that Maurice should be her daughter's admirer. Yet he was not an unsuitable one. He had not changed as she had. He had hung on to his youth somehow, while she looked faded and tired and old. Fanny was hurrying him off and Frances resolutely turned her attention to her ironing.

"But as he went down the walk she saw him stoop and take a pansy from her little pansy bed. Of course he did not remember but once, long ago, he had picked a pansy from that same bed and twisted it in her hair. He had cared very much for her then, she thought. He had ceased to care, now, but the woman had not."

Frances' strength seemed suddenly to have deserted her and she had to sit down before she could finish her ironing. When at last the elaborate dress of embroidery and lace was hung upon the rack beside the petticoats it was lunch time, but she was too tired and hot to eat.

"She was lying down in her room when Fanny came in, flushed, disheveled, but with her perpetual gaily undiminished. She glanced approvingly at the array of white things spread out upon the bed and ready for her to put on, and then at her mother stretched out upon the couch at the open window.

"My dress looks real nice," she said, "the lining's just the color. But I do wish I had the glass." But I do wish I had

new hose to wear with my bronze pumps. Ora Ormiston just got six pairs to-day, all silk, sent down from the city. There's nothing like silk hose to wear with good frocks. Seems to me I might have one pair, at least, mama. Can't I? I wish you could see Ora. They were clocked beautifully. But she says they have some at Gregory's that are just as pretty, though a trifle more expensive, of course."

As her mother did not answer she picked up the hand mirror and examined her face critically.

"I declare, if I haven't got a new lot of freckles since morning—right across the bridge of my nose!—How provoking!" She gave a prolonged sigh.

"What are we going to have for tea, mama, and when are we going to have it? I'm as hungry as a bear. Hello! We had a dandy luncheon at Ora's—ice cream and most heavenly salad! But Mr. Hall wouldn't stay. He said he had urgent business downtown. O, it's nice to have money like the Ormisons have. I don't see why we haven't any—Some one, say back, must have bungled dreadfully—either father or grandfather."

Frances winced. As she turned her face away tears came with a rush. She could not speak.

Fanny, having freed her mind, applied cold cream to her nose and drifted off downstairs whence came presently the merry jangling of the piano. When an hour later Frances went down to get tea she found that a girl friend had come in and that Fanny had invited her to stay.

"You can stay just as well as not, Edna. I don't know what we shall have. I never do know. Mama always manages that."

"Your mother is a dear, Fanny," replied the girl. "She is perfectly lovely to all your friends. But do you know, I often wonder if when she looks on at us having our good times, she isn't lonely?"

"O, perhaps, but she has had new day," returned Fanny, carelessly.

"Frances heard with a pang. Yes, she had had her day, and a very unsatisfactory day it had been. When tea was ready she called the girls and they ate heartily. She herself could swallow no more than a bit of bread and a cup of tea."

"You don't look well," Edna suggested, kindly. "Don't you find the heat very enervating?"

"I do, indeed," Frances answered. "I never remember it to have set in so early as this season."

"And you can remember a good way back, can't you, mama?" inquired Fanny, mischievously.

"Just twice as far as you can, my dear."

After tea Fanny went home to get ready for the party and Fanny sewed upstairs for the same purpose. Twice she called her mother to perform little services for her. She grumbled a little because her collar wouldn't pin straight, and because some of the books had been flattened under the iron. But at last she was dressed and set off for the party, a picture of youth and freshness and loveliness.

Frances, from the veranda, watched her go down the street then she dropped upon the steps in her old girlish attitude her elbows on her knees and her chin between her palms. It was a beautiful, sweet-smelling, soothing time, and as Frances sat there she became calm, almost at peace with herself and all her difficult affairs. She had had her day. She had lived her youth. Why rebel?

The street was quiet and presently when footsteps sounded they had almost a startling effect upon the stillness. Frances listened. Nearer and nearer they came, turned in at her walk, stopped at her steps. She looked up dazedly into the face of the man who stood before her.

"Good evening, Frances," he said, cheerfully. "He sat down beside her, removed his hat and rumbled up his hair. Frances struggled to speak."

When at last she did these words came in a frigid tone. Fanny isn't here. It was not what she meant to say, but it was the thing that was first in her mind, and in her nervousness she gave it expression. He received the remark calmly.

"I know. Gone to the Lotts' party. Too young affair for you and me, Frances, though we aren't so old, either. Do you know what I thought to-day as I saw you ironing in that turnage of a kitchen?" His voice had the determination of a desperate purpose. "I thought that life might have been very different for you if you had entrusted it to me 20 years ago."

"It wasn't my fault," poor Frances gasped out miserably. "Father made me do as I did."

He turned on her sternly. "Is he did why, in heaven's name, do you treat me as you do? Don't you know I came back because I couldn't live any longer without seeing you? But I haven't been able to reach you even by way of Fanny."

"I thought you wanted Fanny," Frances said.

"Fanny! That child! Your child! When I have always wanted you and you only! Let me see your eyes, Frances. Are you blind?"—Ernest Julian in the Boston Globe

The Unhappy Medium.

"Bronson is one of the most humble men I ever saw."

"Yes. Arrogance seems to be wholly foreign to his make-up."

"I wonder why it is that he always has such a servile manner?"

"I think it is because he is neither rich enough to get into a trust nor poor enough to belong to a union."

Judge.



## Easter Suggestions.

Don't forget the poor and sick on the holy day of Easter.

Don't fail to carry a bouquet of flowers and a basket of dainties to some sick person.

Don't go to church to show your new hat and frock, but go in a true Christian spirit.

Don't go to church to look at others' new hats and frocks, but to give your assistance in the cause of right and truth.

Don't think that merely going to church makes a Christian. You shall be judged by your own works.

Don't content yourself by doing good on Easter only, but continue to perform acts of charity and kindness throughout the year.

Don't think that God listens to you but one day of each week. His ears and eyes are yours every day, and He hears a prayer from the earnest heart on a week-day as surely as He hears one on a Sunday.

### Curious Easter Custom.

It is strange that absurdities should have arisen from what is to Christians the solemn idea of the resurrection. In one of the English countries a grave divine stepped into a way, slide inn one day of Easter week. No sooner was he seated than two strapping women rushed in, and, making what children call a "chair" with their arms, invited him to be "lifted" and carried in state through the streets. With a small sum of money he bought them off and made amends for his evident dismay at what they had considered an honor. On Easter Monday and Shrove Tuesday the people were in the habit of going about "lifting" or "heaving" each other, each three times. A singular travesty to be an outgrowth from the "lifting" of Christ in the resurrection!

In Chester it is somewhat more daintily done, gayly dressed young men carrying a white silk-covered and horned chair through the streets, in which they carry in turn the pretty girls they chance upon from whom a kiss is demanded for each of the heavers at the end of the ride. A more picturesque custom, perhaps, but not especially solemn.

### Easter Amusements.

For the Easter egg hunt the eggs should be as fresh as possible, and colored and ornamented gaily. They should then be hidden in all sorts of places. The child finding the largest number should be awarded a prize.



A candy egg or a chin egg elaborate is decorated in egg face out of dough if the weather permits, furnishes fun for the young people. Several should start out carrying an egg in a spoon going to a given spot, and back again without breaking the egg. The one who makes the trip in the least time wins the prize. For "Feeding the Rabbit" a child is to be dressed in a suit of white cotton flannel made to look as much like a rabbit as possible, with long pink ears. The feeding consists in giving him eggs and he returns the favor by giving little souvenirs—such as fancy eggs, candy or other rabbits, little flags, or any other simple little articles. Refreshments, neatly done up in oiled or tissue paper and tied with pretty cord or baby ribbon may be given out by the "rabbit" child, and much amusement may be gotten out of this by using confetti, or unexpected gifts. The children should be taught to color their own eggs, and allowed to use their own fancy as to the prizes or return favors handed out by the rabbit child.

### The Boy and the Lily.

A small messenger boy, carrying a huge pot of Easter lilies, stood in front of me on a Broadway car yesterday. He was pushed about so that the beautiful flowers shook and bent in a dreadful way, and had their soft faces banged against straps, bands and hats. I grew nervous gazing at them, and at length said:

"Here, boy, take my seat before those flowers are ruined."

But the boy shook his head.

"Now," was his reply. "I don't want no woman's seat. I ain't tired."

"I am not thinking of you," was my retort, "but of the flowers. You'll crush them dreadfully."

The youth sneered.

"Aw, them lilies is tough," was his flippant rejoinder, "they won't hurt none."

And the little wretch actually hit one of the beautiful lilies a sharp blow with his hand.

I'd have given a dollar for the privilege of boxing his ears then and there.

In Process.

Slowly It Grows.

Like other art.

And well one knows

It's near the heart

Of her who'd chance

The church parade,

Of passing glance

All untried, &

But? What is that?

The Easter hat.

## BACHELORS' HOPELESS AFTER THIRTY-FIVE.

"A mateless man is a married man." This is the opinion of several women who have decided that bachelors older than 35 years are selfish and slovenly. "Men," said one woman, "who do not marry deteriorate rapidly, between 35 and 40. There seems to be a natural law in operation which ordains that if a man does not marry in the early thirties he breaks down socially and becomes fit only for the smoking room or the club, the music hall and dog fights. I know many of my husband's men friends. Some of them are married and some are not. The married men are really charming. The bachelors, who are older than 35 are unendurable. They are mentally relaxed and their manners have lost their edge. They are ill at ease, because they assume that every girl is trying to marry them. Left alone with other men, they wake up, and that is the key to the problem. They do not matter, and their outward air confesses their inward self-satisfying conviction. Their homes, when they allow their friends wives to penetrate to them, show the same thing. Pipes, in all stages of foulness, are littered everywhere, good whiskey, a syphon of soda water and several lazy chairs constitute their ideas of home comforts. Untidiness and a sort of squalor are the distinguishing features of their rooms. They have adopted the doctrine of pandering to their own whims, selfish instinct sinks into their minds. They shut their eyes to the beauty of children, their minds are hermetically sealed to the really sacred human emotions. They drift about town in and out of their clubs. They help no one. They like no one. Their best instincts perish for lack of nutriment."

### THE MEDICAL RECORD.

The Medical Record's declaration that the general practitioner of medicine fails to collect fully 25 per cent of his just earnings, because so many people will not pay the doctor, is worth heeding, as its source is authoritative. It is a pity, and we do not understand why a physician may not honorably resort to the same means as men of other callings to get the money due to him. But the overcrowding of the medical profession, of which The Record speaks, is quite another matter, and one for which the general public can feel no responsibility. One thing is certain, however, the larger number of physicians may be paid, the successful ones make more money now than ever before. The charges for house visits and office consultations of physicians in good standing have increased more than 100 per cent in recent years.

To overcome or modify the pungent odor of tobacco manufacturers of the west it with flavor. The Pharmaceutical Journal recently printed the formulae of several compounds which it said were in popular use in tobacco establishments to give added fragrance to the weed. Here they are: 1—Cascarella, 4, liquid extract of valerian 3, Tongkat 1, rum 12 macerate for three or four days. 2—Tincture of cascarella 18 essence of Tongkat 32, picture of solt orris and valerian, of each, 10, oil of nutmegs, 1, oil of cloves, 2, oil of rhodium 1, 2—Cascarella, 2, valerian rhizome, 1, Tongkat 2, orris rhizome 1, alcohol 60 per cent, 40, macerate for seven days.

The Chinese Minister at Washington, D. C., tells this dog story. There was a Chinese who had three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble. He whistled them and drove them forth. The next night, when he came home, the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore he gave them another whipping. The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch, blowing on it to cool it.

The "boom" committees, otherwise known as "development leagues," keep busy sustaining the credit and advertising the charms of Western States. The use of the term "Web-foot State" is now as bad form in Oregon as that of "Frisco" is in San Francisco. The Oregon Development League and the State Press Association, have solemnly decided that henceforth Oregonians are "Beavers," not "Webfooters."

A woman complained to me the other day that her husband was more considerate of his cook than he was of his wife. After thinking the matter over I came to the conclusion that he was right. A man can easily get another wife.

For one man who is ambitious to leave footprints in the sands of time, there are a dozen to cover up their tracks.

You may not believe in luck, but just the same you are lucky to be in luck.—New Haven Times-Leader.

We ought to call in reason, like a good physician, as a help in misfortune.—Epictetus.

No man is happy unless he can prove it.

A man is always surer of an old enemy than of a new friend.

## SADDEST ROOM IN ALL NEW YORK

Its One Cradle Receives Over Two Thousand Abandoned Babies Every Year

### NO QUESTIONS ASKED MOTHERS

But When She Puts the Infant Down in the Receiving Room and Goes Out the Open Door the Child Ceases to Be Hers.

In a niche above a doorway in a great building in uptown, New York City, is a marble statue of a woman holding a little child close to her breast. Beneath her, through a door that has not been locked in forty years, women pass in to the Foundling Hospital with their babies in the arms, and come out with their arms empty.

A single white cradle in the entry of a bare reception room receives and receives nearly two thousand babies a year, says Pearson's Magazine. The room where the mothers relinquish their babies is called the saddest place in New York.

There is nothing in the receiving room but the little cradle and no one in sight, though a matron is always in waiting near by. She never forces a mother to confession but if possible persuades her to tell why she wishes to desert her child and perhaps influences her not to give it up but to begin life over again. A mother must understand that the choice is with her. The matron may give the mother ten or fifteen minutes in which to decide, but the choice is final.

If the mother wishes it and it can be arranged she is often taken into the hospital with her baby and allowed to nurse it by having charge of another of the tiny children and helping with one older child. There are now 300 mother nurses working in the New York home, and there have been 500 or 600 at other times.

The mother who comes into the hospital to work can often prove her fitness to have her baby back again, but once she puts it down in the rescue cradle and goes out the ever open door the baby belongs to her no longer, she may never see or hear of it again.

There are 600 indoor babies being cared for inside the New York City Foundling Home. It is necessary to board on the outside 1,200 more. Seven thousand four hundred and twenty-four little foundlings have been looked after in the last two years, and there are relatively as many in Boston, in Chicago in Philadelphia—in every large city in America.

In Europe there is an even greater number of foundling babies. The European States take charge of the deserted waifs, but the mother is only permitted to bring her child to an entrance way ring a bell and give it into the arms of the attendant who opens the door, and go away without a word.

Two agents, whose work it is to find mothers and fathers for the waiting babies are a part of the regular staff of the Foundling Home. They work through other agents all over the country, through churches and missions and children's aid societies; the appeal is universal. Do you want a baby? Descriptions and requirements may be written to the staff at the hospital, and you may have just the baby you are looking for.

You may require the color of hair, eyes, or even specify the disposition. Usually the asylum has more orders than it can fill. Girls are asked in about twice the ratio of boys. Blue eyed girls are the greatest in demand and a sweet disposition is almost always one of the specifications.

In the last three years, 3,552 babies have found permanent homes throughout the country. More than 1,000 more have been given back to their own mothers who showed in the hospital their right to have their babies returned to them.

Four or five times a year forty or fifty babies start off in a little band in quest of homes. The babies are kept in the Foundling Home that somewhere waiting for them in the world outside are mothers and fathers. Some day they are to go to find them.

Nurses and attendants travel with the babies, who are distributed to agents who wait to place them in homes along the way. But the child is not to lose its connection with the Foundling Home. Until the children are grown they are still looked after, and their care and future guarded by the supervision of the agents who make yearly visits to their homes, and the matrons who keep in constant communication with them.

When Marriage is Justifiable.

The increase of population comes largely from those who live in modest circumstances, on daily wages. Many of them accumulate something; on the average, more of them accumulate than those who spend so much for social appearances. But the unfortunate thing is that so many young persons marry with little or nothing and with the most hazy prospects in life. The young man should marry when he has accumulated a little and has good prospects. The girl should marry only when she is willing to live well within her husband's income and help him to save. A man is made or lost according to the temperance of his wife.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Sense of Humor a Saving Grace

THERE is nothing that gets for the possessor so much that is worth while as an appreciative value of the run in things. There is a certain foolishness in the sanest things in life just as there is often a portentious dignity and pathos in the most absurd.

We may have none of the worldly possessions that are supposed to make people happy, but if we have a sense of humor we appreciate the freedom that comes to those who are unpossessed by belongings.

A woman who has stood about all that it was humanly possible for her to stand in the way of unhappiness at home suddenly rose triumphantly above it all and became a creature, if not of joy, as they say in magazine poems, of "amusing and comforting humanity."

Before she had had very little sympathy to express, now she overflowed with kindness to all.

"I woke up one day," she said, "to face the grim truth that my sense of humor had folded the funny little wings and left me forever. I was so taken up with my husband's fault-finding, with the continual nagging of a mother-in-law who hated me, with a life that was odious to me in every aspect, that I hadn't in all the ten years I'd been married once thought of the situation holding anything but the disagreeable."

"I shut myself in my room and looked things in the face. Here I had married a man who ten years earlier, to my inexperienced girl's eyes, seemed to be a hero and a romantic lover."

"I had found him, instead, to be a man whose first passion was the table and who had no interest in romance. I had met his nagging in a spirit of resentment."

"But on this particular day I sat down and took an inventory. I had a husband who really wasn't worth worrying over. If he'd whirled in to thrash out a big issue with me, I could have stood before it, but it was about the tiny things he continually whined."

"The cream wasn't thick enough, and it was my fault the milkman cheated us, the bread wasn't the kind that kept a man from indigestion. The coffee was weak. Looked at from a coldly impersonal viewpoint, I realized that my sense of humor had her face 'grinned in my direction, laughing."

"Here I was a strong, able-bodied, sane-minded and big-hearted woman, making myself acutely unhappy because the man destiny dealt me as a husband had proved himself to be a too, even as of a man."

"Why consider him anything but a matrimonial joke on yourself, my sense of humor pleaded."

"With my husband catalogued as a joke on myself—and that's all he really was—a really poor sort of joke, too—I turned to consider my mother-in-law."

"She realized all that comic paper editors have written about the type I had in the beginning tried honestly to love her and I wanted her to love me."

"I felt the sadness of a mother giving the boy dearest to her to a strange girl. If I had a son I'm not sure any girl in the world could be as dear and charming enough to reconcile me to giving him up."

"Well, she didn't love me. She hated me, and she always reminded me of one of those sharp-beaked birds which peck at you. It was the pecking that was wearing my soul away. But with my sense of humor readjusted and working nicely I left that room, determined to accept her simply for what she was—a pecker."

"She has pecked away since then—but, encased in my sense of humor, she isn't my mother-in-law. She is an absurd old person, and I refuse to allow her to ruin even one minute of my life any longer."

We may not be successful in our special line of endeavor, but if we have a sense of humor we find a certain quiet enjoyment in our own efforts to succeed. Failure, even black, heavy-hearted failure, isn't such a figure of gloom and despondency when we can laugh over the ridiculous figures our hopes made when they came limping in, the last of the "also-rans."

Glance ribbons are used for trimming spring hats, some being used where bows needing a certain amount of stiffness are concerned, and the latter banded round in folds or twisted into torsades.

In the smart models one is very far from the simple contrasts described as shown in the toques provided for morning wear.

Very daring and very complicated schemes of color are brought to a successful issue by dint of care and taste in the treatment this season.

One sees little bows of bright cerise or crimson velvet used to fasten down a cascade of plumage into the violet or heliotrope draperies of a toque in hair tissue.

Hats made up of braid glaze in several shades of Violette de Bois have crowns which are covered with halotopes of an orchid purple.

Danila-colored satin ribbons combined with gorse-blue blues and a shade green with bright blues, with feathery white aligrettes to crown the whole.

The valedictorian was a very fluent talker.

"What was his address about?"

"He didn't say."



## Easter Sunday

He is not here; for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.—St. Matthew, xxviii, 6.

We stand beside the empty tomb on this Easter Sunday morning and listen to the message of the angel. What does it mean for us? Does it simply record a fact in history? Human interest is in that which is to happen, rather than in that which has happened.

We may consider the resurrection of Christ a well attested, credible fact in history, the keystone of the Christian religion, the supreme witness of the immortality of the soul. But there it stands—unconnected, distinct, apart from our own personal life. We have never thought of it as having any real part in our own life's history, we have never made it the keystone of our own personal faith in Jesus Christ; we have never woven it into the

fiber of our life as a child of God. It is for us a historical event, an article of the Christian faith, an argument for the life beyond the grave.

And some one may ask, "What more can be desired?" It would seem as if one had reached the circumference and had grasped the full value of the message of Easter when such a confession had been made. There is something more, however, for on Easter Sunday we are not simply commemorating an event, we are entering in an experience, we are not simply adding an article to our creed, we are partaking of the power of a new life, we are not simply holding an argument for immortality, we are entering into the joy of the life of God.

The deep significance of this Easter day does not lie in its pointing us back to a certain time and a certain place and reminding us that at that time and in that place Christ rose from the dead. The true meaning of Easter is that today and now Christ is gaining the victory for us and the message of the angel is bringing joy and new life to hearts that are dead in trespasses and sins.

Whenever a human soul goes to seek a crucified Jesus and finds instead a risen Saviour the event of Easter day is repeated and the joy of the angelic message is shared once again. The real power of the resurrection lies in the spiritual experience, not in the historical fact.

## Easter Message.

Something happened nineteen hundred years ago in the gray light of the first Easter morning which transformed and transfigured the face of the earth. History began again. The world's heart beat with new and gladder thrill. Henceforth and forever, beneath the all-beholding sun, there is nothing which is "too good to be true." It has not entered into the heart of man to conceive a "good" which is better than the reality of things. But we are afraid of imagination. It is a vain thing, and must be yoked to a servile mass of matter lest it soar upward and outward, into the blue sky above the mountain tops, toward the glorious sun, and lose itself in the eternal light and eternal truth of God.

O brother-man or sister-woman, are you afraid of your own prayers? He is God. He is the Father-God, the Mother God, the God of the buttercups and daisies, of sunshine and spring the God who cares for the sparrows and clothes the lilies, who spreads out the heavens as a curtain and calls all the stars by name who longs for you as the child of his heart, and loves you with an everlasting love, so that sin and death cannot separate you from the might of His affection nor quench His hope in you. Morning light shames our midnight fears. And the shame is that in the darkness you were not sure of the coming dawn. You ought to have known that after midnight comes the morning; in the blackest night of the year you ought to have kept God's sunshine in your soul. Angels have rolled the stone away from the grave of your ascending Lord. Clouds turn to solid rock beneath your feet. And Christ is risen indeed.—Rev. C. F. Aked, "Youth's Companion."



## The Message of Easter.

By Rev. Dr. Donald C. McLeod, Pastor  
First Presbyterian Church.

There is variety in truth. There is truth primary and truth secondary; truth fundamental and truth superficial; truth trivial and truth vital. Much of confusion, contention and catastrophe arise from mistaking the trivial, secondary and superficial for the primary, fundamental and vital. What will be the appeal of Easter to us? Shall we approach it upon the plain of the trivial and superficial, or shall it unfold to us the fundamental and eternal? Priceless sacrifice in treasure and life has been laid upon the altar of the possession of the stage upon which the first Easter drama was enacted.

This was the inspiration of the crusades—among the most costly and spectacular military campaigns of history. The crusader spirit still lives. I say pilgrims from far-off Russia and other distant lands who crossed mountain and plain in wear, painful marches, at unspeakable sacrifice, in order to fall down and cover with tears and kisses the traditional holy sepulcher and other traditional spots of sacred relation to the passion of our Lord. In the strange irony of fate all these holy places are guarded by the scimiter of the Saracen infidel. But to the Christian heart this is no occasion of despair. For after all, is not the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea a trivial element in the Easter message? The vital idea is the fact of resurrection.

Easter has answered the great burning question of the ages: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Easter responds eloquently and triumphantly to this age-long anxious cry. "But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep." "Even so, them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Again, Easter has been the occasion of much speculation and controversy concerning the circumstances and character of the resurrection. Shall resurrection immediately accompany death, or shall it be future and universal? Shall this body be actually raised? Shall a cell of it be preserved from which will be developed the body of the resurrection? Shall God provide a body entirely different in substance but similar in form and expression?

However much we speculate about these and numerous other kindred questions, the way of haphazard thought will always lose itself in mystery; but these are only secondary problems, the vital fact is that as true believers we are now heirs of Christ's resurrection. "God, being rich in mercy, made us alive together with Christ and raised us up with Him and made us to sit with Him in the heavenly places." This matches in inheritance of grace has its supreme obligation.

We must live the exalted and glorious resurrection life. If we then were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above." Christ's urgent message through Easter is that we respond not to the world's gross, selfish, materialistic appeal but that we ascend to the high spiritual planes of the resurrection life. "Set your mind upon the things that are upon the earth." "For ye died and your life is hid with Christ in God."



## Easter Dawn.

Breaks the joyful Eastern dawn,  
Clearer yet and stronger;  
Winter from the world has gone,  
Death shall be no longer!  
Far away good angels drive  
Night and sin and sadness;  
Earth awakes in smiles, alive  
With her dear Lord's gladness.

Roused by Him from dreary hours  
Under snow-drifts chilly—  
In His hand He brings the flowers,  
Brings the rose and lily.  
Every little buried bud  
Into life He raises;  
Every wild-flower of the wood  
Chants the dear Lord's praises.

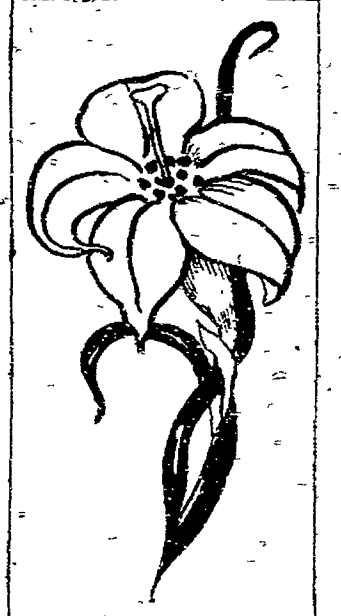
Open, happy flowers of spring,  
For the Sun has risen!  
Through the sky glad voices ring,  
Calling you from prison.  
Little children, dear, look up!  
Toward His brightness pressing,  
Lift up every heart a cry  
For the dear Lord's blessing!



## The Flower Symbol

The flower symbol for Easter is one of the most beautiful in human imagery; but it is essentially human, and therefore imperfect. It illustrates but one aspect of the Easter tide—that of the resurrection, and misses entirely the greater attribute of the tenet—that of immortality.

For flowers are among the most quickly perishable things with which Nature has beautified the earth. They



die to grow again and die to come again and again, and in so far as they are symbolic.

But the faith which is wound around the story of the Cross knows no continuous success of death and life. It knows only the one mortal life, and then mortal death—the long sleep before the happy awakening to a life that never more shall have a period.

Firm in that faith the Christian of today is strong through the trials that beset him here. Before him, not only at Easter but at all other times, also is the power of the resurrection of Christ which means to him no more morose in application to the workings of Nature, but actually a promise, in the act, that the Christian when his death sleep is ended, shall arise again and be with God.

Beautiful is the flower symbol, but it is incomplete. And this is but right for what symbol could fully stand for the greatest event in the history of the Universe?



## The Easter Vigil.

Lord, let me watch beside Thy silent tomb,  
'Tis Easter eve Thy holy pain is past,  
Thy cup of life is drained even to the last,  
Last bitter dregs How still the midnight gloom  
Broods on the sleeping garden; bud and bloom  
Wait for the dawn in slumber folded fast,  
And all is still, save that the sentry passed  
A moment hence, guarding Thy powerless tomb.

In the tense silence of this pregnant hour,  
With quickened heart I watch the eastern way  
To catch the first gray trace of morning tide.  
Lo! as I wait, with resurrection power  
A mighty angel rolls the stone away,  
And Thou! "Rabboni!" standest at my side.  
—George Edward Day in the New York Observer.



## The Easter Festival

By Margaret F. Sangster.

Somehow Easter always carries with it more of heaven than any other of the great anniversaries of the Christian year. In its first bright dawn the heavens were opened and the angels came down to comfort the weeping women and the disciples, mourning their Lord at the sepulcher, with those ecstatic words, "He is not here; he is risen!"

It is more than a fancy, it is a precious fact, that the angels still come back to console the mourner, to strengthen the doubting, and to give Christ's own people the blessed assurance that he is with them still. The festival of Easter comes to us at a propitious time, for, lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Winter, with its rigor and cold, its ice and frost and inclement blasts, its tempests on land and sea, is an emblem of warfare; its silence and sternness ally it to grief.

Spring comes dancing and fluttering in with flowers and music and the blithe step of childhood. Her signs are evident before she is really here herself. First come the bluebirds, harbingers of a host, a little later there will be wrens and robins and orioles, and all the troop which make the woods musical and bind sociably around our country homes.

Then the flowers will come. Happy are they who shall watch their whole procession, from the pussy-willow in March to the last blue gentian in October. We decorate our churches at Easter with the finest spoils of the household—lilies, roses, palms, azaleas. Nothing is too costly, nothing too lavish to be brought to the sanctuary or carried to the cemetery. Friend sends to friend the fragrant bouquet or the growing plant with the same tender significance which is evinced in the Christmas gifts, which carry from one heart to another a sweet message of love.

But God is making us the Easter flowers in little hidden ways in the forests down by the corners of fences, in the sheltered places on the edge of the brook, and there we find the violet, the arbutus and other delicate blossoms which lead the van for the great army of nature's efflorescence. The first flowers are more delicately tinted and of spherer look and more ephemeral in fragrance than those which come later. They are the Easter flowers. Later on we shall have millions of blossoms and more buds than we can count, now in the garden and the field we have enough to remind us that the winter is past the rain is over and gone the time of the singing of birds has come.

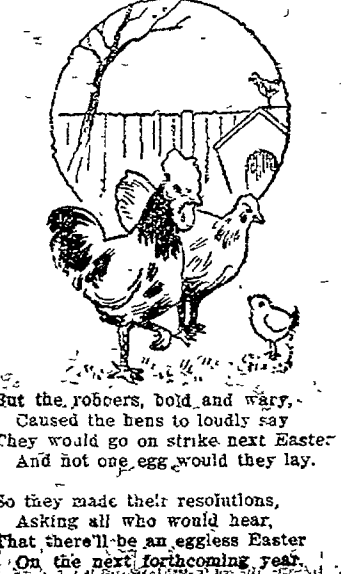
A Timely Warning.  
There was trouble in the barnyard,  
There was old Nick, for to play,  
For the hens the chicks and roosters  
Had assembled in the hay.

To express great indignation,  
And to solemnly declare  
That the morning after Easter  
There was not found anywhere



One lone egg to serve as nestling;  
Every one had stolen been.  
And the hens, the chicks and roosters  
Said they thought it was a sin.

For those hens were all industrious,  
Each one going to her nest,  
Every morning after breakfast,  
Where she did her level best.



## CATHERINE WINTERS HELD BY GYPSIES.

NEWARK, N. J.—Chief of Police Long has detailed detective to investigate reports that a child resembling Catherine Winters, kidnaped from her home in Newcastle, Ind., a year ago, may be in a gypsy camp near here.

Advices from the chief of police of Pueblo, Col., declare that a band of gypsies headed by Fred Burro left there a week ago for Newark. With them was a child the Pueblo police suspected was Catherine Winters.

## LONDON BUSES DISAPPEAR.

The thousands of horse-drawn omnibuses which were a familiar sight in London a few years ago are now serving as chicken houses as woodsheds, or cottages at the beaches. There are now only about a dozen of the horse buses left in service, those being used to connect up street car lines which do not cross the bridges over the Thames. The omnibus companies have been disposing of the old vehicles at \$7 apiece, a rate so low that the demand has been greater than the supply.

## Freaks of the Weather

The weather has been playing tricks with this great country; unseasonable heat in some sections, unexpected cold in others.

San Francisco for example, which is often a little chilly even in mid-summer, has been sweltering under a heat of 95 degrees in the shade. On the same day, frosts and snow were reported as far south as Alabama, a state which should be having summer-like weather during the last half of March.

## THOUSANDS WHO LIVE UNDERGROUND

During a debate on high rents in the Italian chamber of deputies, Deputy Colajanni, the noted sociologist, stated that the misery in Rome is frightful. With only 750,000 population Rome has as many outcasts as London. It is estimated that 100,000 have no homes and that 60,000 live in underground and windowless hovels. Heavy taxes have stopped building in Rome.

## Restoring the Bill of Rights

New York World: By a decision of the supreme court of the United States, the fourth amendment, affirming the right of the people to be "secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizure," has been put back again into the constitution. A judgment by the same court ten years ago had practically nullified it. The case under consideration involved the conviction of a man in Missouri for misusing the mails. As has happened many other times of late, his letters and papers were seized without a warrant and used against him at his trial in spite of his protest. If such things can be done, says the court, "the fourth amendment might as well be stricken from the constitution." Unfortunately, it had been stricken from the constitution partly by reason of a former decision by the court, as stated, but largely by the mere assumptions of post-office inspectors and others who have acted arbitrarily and unlawfully. There is hardly any misuse of the government in search of evidence to sustain criminal charges.

Tires!		Tires!!		Tires!!!	
Compare these Prices with others and note the big savings					
30 x 3	\$ 7.50	32 x 4	\$13.75		
30 x 3 1/2	10.00	33 x 4	14.25		
32 x 3 1/2	11.00	34 x 4	5.80		
34 x 3 1/2	12.00	35 x 4	16.55		

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RELIABLE TIRE REPAIR CO., Inc. Refiners of Tire Expense. 314 WOODWARD AVE. DETROIT, MICH.

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Best Toilet Article Made  
Takes the Place of Cold  
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## WOMEN PRAISE IT'S MERITS

Oodlo is absolutely free from grease. It removes every particle of dirt from the pores and instead of enlarging the pores as most face creams do, it reduces them, thus giving the skin a smooth, velvety appearance. One of the most striking features of Oodlo is that it will not encourage the growth of hair on the face.

## MEN USE IT AFTER SHAVING

An application of Oodlo after shaving leaves a cool, pleasant and healing sensation. Men find it indispensable.

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162 Typewriters owned and used by the School. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, English, Free Employment Dept. Day and Evening Sessions. ENTER NOW.

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All kinds of silks by the yard at a saving of 20%.

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We Fill, Extract, Crown and Bridge Teeth absolutely without pain. No matter how tender your teeth may be—no matter how nervous you are nor how much you dread a trip to the dentist, we will positively guarantee to completely satisfy you or it will cost you nothing. Write for appointment.

## FULL SET OF TEETH FOR \$5.00

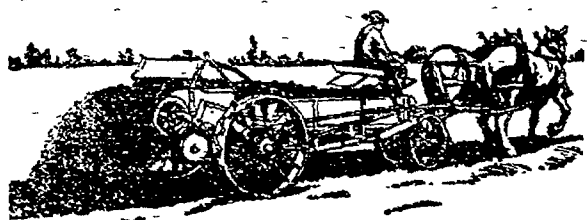
We make a full set of teeth on an aluminum lined plate for five dollars. Bring this adv. and we will extract your teeth for you FREE—absolutely no pain.

### Peerless Dentists

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The IHC Line  
GRAIN AND HAY  
MACHINES  
Reapers, Mowers,  
Harrows, Rakes,  
Baler, Binders,  
Hay Loaders,  
Hay Presses,  
CORN MACHINES  
Shellers, Pickers,  
Blenders, Calibrators,  
Grain Cleaners,  
Grain Sorters,  
FILLAGE  
Pneumatic Tires,  
and Disk Harrows,  
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Motor Trucks,  
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Kilo Crushers,  
Kiln Driers.

**STEEL frame on steel wheels—that is the lasting basis on which International manure spreaders are built. All parts, including box, beater, spreading mechanism, apron, are built by experts, using best materials, from careful designs based on field tests.**

Every detail is strong and durable, built for long life and ease of draft. Among the features that will interest you are these: Simple protected beater driving mechanism, all of steel; load carried on rear axle, insuring traction; reversible gear and worm; low, easily loaded box, with ample clearance underneath; and gate, preventing clogging of beater while driving to the field; etc.

All styles are in the IHC spreader line, high and low, endless and reverse apron, and various sizes for small and large farms. Our catalogues will tell you more. Write for them and let us tell you also where you may see IHC manure spreaders.

International Harvester Company of America

Detroit Mich.  
Champion Deering McCormick Milwaukee Osborne Plano

To the farmers of Northville and vicinity who are contemplating the purchase of the above line, for the coming season, will deliver to you before buying as I carry a large stock, purchased from the leading manufacturers.

**J. A. PADDOCK**

Opposite Exchange Hotel, NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## John D. Mabley

The price you pay is an important thing to consider, of course, but it is of no more import than the plan which you can get for it. As a wise man has said: "who can make a dollar buy a dollar's worth and the careful buyer is choosing Mabley's for clothing headquarters."

Mabley's Corner DETROIT, Grand River and Griswold.  
Best \$10 and \$15 Men's Suits in the World.

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## ARISTOS FLOUR

gives you the most for your money.  
It makes home baking well worth while. There's more and better biscuit in every sack of Aristos Flour.



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EUROPEAN PLAN

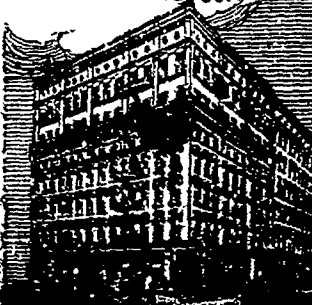
A strictly modern  
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GRISWOLD ST.

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Three minutes walk  
to Detroit's famous  
shopping district.  
Five minutes walk  
to all theatres.

The Finest Cafe  
West of New York



## NOVI NEWS.

H. H. Jones is still quite ill.

Easter services with special music Sunday.

Mr. Philip Uridge of Detroit visited Novi friends over Sunday.

James Devereaux and daughter visited old friends here over Sunday.

Mrs. Alice Flint of Ypsilanti visited her sons, L. B. and W. D. Flint, last week.

Will Taylor and wife of Detroit spent Saturday and Sunday at George Taylor's.

Miss Bertha Donelson was home from Detroit from Saturday till Monday.

Miss Grace Booth of Northville spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Phil Taylor.

Notwithstanding the bad weather Monday E. T. Hazen was able to get down to vote.

Mr. Middleton was in town this week in the interest of organizing a local grange.

Ja. Leavenworth returned this week from the north with a carload of milk cows.

The Woman's Home missionary society meet with Mrs. Jessie Clark this week, Thursday.

The cheerful workers will meet with Mrs. May Saturday, April 11. All day meeting. "All welcome."

Mrs. Dolis Leavenworth and Miss Vera Clark of Ypsilanti visited relatives and friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Moore and son, Donald, have returned home after spending the winter in Florida.

Bert Brown and family, Mrs. Kelley Miss Doris Nichols, Frances Taylor from Moore and North Taylor are up with Mr. and Mrs. W. Coates Sunday evening.

There will be a donation at the Methodist church Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Baptist pastor and wife. Everybody is invited and asked to bring something to eat.

In Lyon township the following were elected: Supervisor—Thos. Clark; Clerk—Russell Calkins; Treasurer—Bert Bunn; Highway Commissioner—Frank Renwick.

J. H. Thompson of Alpena spent Sunday at Walter Coates'. He returned home on the evening train, accompanied by his daughter, Frances, who has spent nearly 2 years at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Coates.

Here is the result of the township election Monday. All Republicans: Supervisor—Harry A. Bogart r 184, Lee L. West d 139, clerk—Fred W. Durfee r 159, Eugene VerDuyn d 142; treasurer—George Newbound r 197, Clifford Shaw d 102, justice of the peace—Fred Pearsall r 153, Elmer D. West d 145, highway commissioner—Fred Congdon r 160, Burton Leavenworth d 140; member board of review—Frank E. Durfee r 173, Frank C. Rice d 119, overseer of highways—Rick Morse r 160, Ford Brooks d 139; constables—George Newbound r 190, Clifford Shaw d 105; William P. Seeley r 177, William R. Hicks d 120; Larue Bogart r 152, Andrew J. Bennett d 112; James McKnight r 184, Fred Shurtliff d 111.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25c and 50c at all stores.

—Advertisement.

**Cough Medicine for Children.**  
Never give a child a cough medicine that contains opium in any form. When opium is given other and more serious diseases may follow. Long experience has demonstrated that there is no better or safer medicine for coughs, colds and croup in children than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is equally valuable for adults. Try it. It contains no opium or other harmful drug. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

To Whom It May Concern.  
Ambrose Crosslotts says, "Every once in a while the eyes of the law need specs."—Judge.

**Catarh Cannot Be Cured**  
with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic roots, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarh. Send for testimonials to F. H. CHERRY & CO., Proprietors, 101 N. Main St., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by druggists, price 50c. Hall's Catarh Cure is the best.

## AN EASTER CAROL

THE Master walked where lilacs grew.  
So fair, so pure, so white,  
So glorious in Judah's land,  
So lovely to the sight.

His eyes saw beauty in their form  
As, folded to his breast,  
He lingered o'er the sweet perfume,  
The flowers he loved best.



The Holy One in purest bloom  
Is spoken as the snow,  
Dear emblem of a risen life  
And heavenly afterglow.

Our leaves died and gave to life,  
Forgetting the earth to be,  
A blessed resurrection day  
And immortality.

The risen Lord has conquered death,  
We enter due to life,  
We say the seed the flower sows,  
So Christ new life shall give.

This holy Easter we will sing  
New carols to the Son,  
Who took us in the sting from death  
And victory over it won.

—Mrs. C. E. Lord

## EASTER FESTIVITY.

"Something new" is the key note of Easter.

Each guest must bring some thing new.

It matters not what the new thing may be.

The originality and fertile brain of the guest decide the problem.

Each endeavors to secure something unknown to the rest of the party.

One may describe a new invention; another tells about a new dish.

New styles of hairdressing may be displayed; a new look may be discussed.

Some will choose to wear novel articles of dress; others will concoct new jokes.

New games, new tricks, new music, new recitations, are all included in the program.

The idea may be happily utilized by arranging that the "something new" shall be represented by each guest (by pantomime or otherwise), the others to guess what is the new thing that is represented.

A Whole Week of Easter.

The Easter fete of the ancient church lasted through Easter week, but after the eleventh century they were limited to three days and later still to two. While they lasted the courts of justice were closed and slaves were manumitted.

## AN EASTER GREETING



Goodbye, old shell, I'm going!  
For loudly now the birds are singing!  
Smiling flowers today are growing;  
Happy bells are sweetly ringing.  
I must be on all nature gay,  
To welcome this glad Easter day.

## My Mamma Says It's Safe for Children

CONTAINS  
NO  
OPIATES

## FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR

For Coughs and Colds

For Sale by all Druggists.

## FARMINGTON NEWS.

A daughter was born last week to John Becker and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Brien have a new daughter, born March 30.

Fred Wick is suffering with a broken arm as the result of a fall from his buggy.

Mrs. Paulliger, her daughter, Mrs. Cary and the latter's children have returned to their home at Bay City after visiting friends here.

Mrs. LaVella Adams and Ralph E. Noble were married Wednesday, April 8, at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. Royal Adams.

People recently, or at present on the sick list are Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Var-Alayne, Mrs. Olive Sprague, Misses Marion Thayer, Addie Bear and Alice Jones, Frank Bolger, Clyde Steel and Fred Vogt.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hutton (nee Miss Alva Dickinson), who were married in Jacksonville, Florida, at the home of the bride's brother, on March 20, arrived here last week, and were given a delightful and largely attended reception at the bridegroom's parental home. A number of the guests were from the Detroit Free Press office, where Mr. Hutton is circulation manager. Others were from Bay City, Detroit, Ypsilanti, Northville, Salem, Vassar and Royal Oak besides the local friends who attended.

A beautiful six o'clock dinner and miscellaneous shower was given by Mrs. J. W. McGee on Monday, in honor of Mrs. LaVella Adams, whose marriage took place Wednesday. The table was beautifully decorated with pink and white and the flowers were pink and white roses filled with candy. Much amusement followed when each of the eight young ladies began to unwind the strings which were fastened about the house, each finding a dainty doll at the end, except the bride, who was fortunate and found her doll in bridal attire, trying in vain to carry her numerous dainty and useful gifts.

Following was the vote at Monday's election: Supervisor—James L. Hogle r 172, Frank H. Steele d 73; clerk—Herman A. Schroeder r 167, Frank L. Lee d 76, treasurer—Fred Starnann r 171, L. R. Pike d 71, justice of the peace—John H. Thayer r 171, William Hendryx d 71, highway commissioner—Herman Voss r 179, Carl Hatten d 127; member board review—Charles Ely r 168, E. S. Grace d 73; overseer of highways—Chris Brössow r 168, William McDermont d 74; constables—Fred Starnann r 171, Jud Jones d 70; Ed. Grimmer r 169, L. R. Pike d 73; Frank Parsons r 169, H. W. Lee d 72; George Leet r 164, George Hendryx d 78; for hospital appropriation—101; against hospital appropriation—155.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores. 1

—Advertisement.

## COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of ROBERT R. McKEHAN, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Northville State Savings Bank, in the Village of Northville, in said county, on Wednesday, the third day of June A. D. 1914, and on Monday, the third day of August A. D. 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the third day of April A. D. 1914 were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated April 3, 1914.

LOUIE A. BABBITT,  
HARRY E. TAPT,  
Commissioners.

## Turn Over a New Leaf

By subscribing  
for THIS PAPER

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND  
Chichester's Diamond Brand  
Pills are sold in every town and  
country, and are the most  
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pills. They are sold by  
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