

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

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THE RECORD NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1915

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

GLASS DEATH BY THREE INCHES

GLENN MESSENGER HAD NARROW
ESCAPE IN AUTO ACCIDENT.

CAR IN WHICH HE WAS RIDING
WITH FRIENDS SMASHED BY
STREET CAR.

Glenn Messenger of Detroit who was seriously injured in an automobile accident in that city last week, was brought to his parents' home here west of the village on Saturday in Mr. Schrader's auto ambulance.

The accident took place at First and Congress streets when the car in which he was riding was demolished when it collided with a street car. Glenn was thrown under the trucks and dragged 12 feet, his head only 3 inches from the street car wheels. The other occupants of the auto were George Smith of Detroit and John and Albert Smith of Ionia, the former being the man with whom Glenn boarded. They were all injured and were taken to St. Mary's hospital, but only Glenn was seriously hurt. He is not yet out of danger but is in a much improved condition.

The auto was owned by Albert Smith who was on a visit to his brother and they were enjoying a trip about the city with Glenn as a guest, when the accident occurred.

ANTICIPATING COMING EVENTS



DRIVING ASSOCIATION NEEDS YOUR HELP

The Northville Driving association has certainly demonstrated to the public that it can produce a clean entertainment that is second to none in a village of this size.

The matinee of June 19 was all that could be desired in both races and ball game.

They received from the money of the day a number of dollars to Northville every year, a fact that is overlooked by many of our business men and citizens.

It is the aim to conduct several matinees this summer, and it is up to Northville people to get their shoulders to the wheel and help keep Northville on the map. It isn't much assistance to sit over on Center street and enjoy the sports without paying a share to help this organization pay its debts.

NOTICE.

It is the wish of the Village Council that the people of Northville and vicinity celebrate the glorious 4th with feelings of gratitude to the Great Controller of the Universe, that we live in a land unhampered by the whims of Kings and Emperors, and with joy in the gigantic strides of our industrial enterprises.

We respectfully request parents to instruct their children in the use and dangers of explosives so that there may be no risks of life or property, and trust that nothing will occur to mar the happiness of this grand occasion.

DR. TOM HENRY, President.

Have you found something? The Record liner column will find an owner for you without cost.

FORESTERS HAVE CHANGED DATE

The big Foresters Day will occur on Monday, August 4, instead of July 28, owing to the fact that Detroit and other lodges could only come on the August date. This will be the day previous to the Chautauque opening.

AGED WOMAN INSTANTLY KILLED

MRS. SARAH PINNEY STRUCK BY
AUTOMOBILE SUNDAY EVENING.

Mrs. Sarah Smith Pinney, practically a life-long resident of Novi and New Hudson, was instantly killed near the eight mile house, Redford, Sunday evening about nine o'clock, when struck by a passing automobile as she was walking along the Grand River road. She was 78 years of age, and was the widow of Dennis Pinney, a former years a well known resident of New Hudson, and a sister of the late George Smith of Novi. Mrs. Pinney had also lived in Northville a part of the time during recent years.

The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon from the Methodist church at Novi, with burial in the Novi cemetery. Mrs. Pinney is survived by one sister, Mrs. W. P. Flint of Chino, California and a brother, Calvin Smith of Grand Rapids.

MRS. ELLA WHITE DEAD.

Mrs. Ella White died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. B. VanAken, in Detroit last Friday at the age of 58 years. Mrs. White was the wife of Perrine White who died several years ago. They made their home on South Center street for a number of years. She had won many friends by her pleasant manner who will mourn her death.

Besides Mrs. VanAken she left a son, Arthur, a daughter, Mrs. Charles Riggs of Plymouth and a brother, Richard Waterman of Mt. Pleasant.

The funeral services were conducted in the Northville Presbyterian church Monday by Rev. Farber of Plymouth, assisted by Rev. J. F. Webber. The remains were brought here from Detroit in an auto funeral car and were accompanied by George Newman of Philadelphia, Ned Waterman of Hastings, Mrs. VanZile and daughter, Herta, of Detroit and Mrs. Jane Wilcox of Farmington.

DEATH OF YOUNG GIRL.

Miss Hazel Sly, aged 22 years, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Sly, at Waterford Sunday night. She had been ill with tuberculosis for the past two years.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the home. Rev. Joseph Dutton of the Plymouth M. E. church officiated. Six of Miss Sly's former classmates acted as pall bearers: Floyd Eckles, Howard Brown, George Loomis, Austin Whipple and James Spencer.

LOOK OUT FOR FIRES.

Fire Chief McLean asks the citizens and business men of the village to take all the fire precautions possible on account of the approaching 4th of July. "All rubbish, boxes, papers, excelsior and the like should be cleaned up and premises made as safe as possible," says the chief. Mr. McLean has made a personal visit on all the business men calling their attention to this matter and they all promised hearty co-operation.

CHANGE OF DATE.

The date for the Alumni organization has been changed from August 4 to July 31. This makes the picnic occur on Saturday afternoon, thereby enabling every eligible person to attend. It was feared that if held on a working day the attendance would be considerably decreased.

FORESTERS' APPRECIATION.

The Foresters wish to assure the business men of Northville of their appreciation for their assistance in an effort to make Forester Day, Aug. 4, a big success.

(Signed) ROY OTTMAR, ROBT. PICKELL, BARNEY SCHULTZ, Committee.

NOTICE.

John McKenzie Henderson, director music Hiram college, Ohio, will receive pupils for the summer term in all branches of vocal instruction. Lessons, \$1.00 per half hour, beginning Tuesday, July 6th. For further information, phone Mr. Don Yerkes or Mrs. T. B. Henry. Voice tried free of charge.

NORTHVILLE WILL CELEBRATE JULY 3

SOME FAST RACES AND HOT BALL
GAME PROMISED.

Independence day will be celebrated Saturday, July 3, in Northville at Athletic park.

Promptly at 2 o'clock, the starting bell will be rung for the horse races. Harry Robinson of Plymouth, already noted here for his fairness, will act as starting judge. All races will be mile heats best 3 in 5. A purse of \$25 will be awarded the winner of the free-for-all, trot or pace and \$25 for the 2:30 pace. The same sum has been offered in the 2:35 trot or pace. Northville race track is one of the best in the state and insures good racing ground to all horses entered.

The Northville Independents will take another chance at the Sunnyside ball team of Detroit the same afternoon. These two teams have already played one game, Northville winning the victory by a score of 6 to 5 in a 12 inning game. A cash prize of \$20 goes to the winning, and \$15 to the losing team.

These attractions promise a bang-up good afternoon entertainment.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, to.

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

WANTED to Exchange—I have an extra good room house on Trumbull Ave. in the city of Detroit, that I wish to exchange for a home from \$2,500 to \$3,000, in Northville or Plymouth. My house is in a very good location, very good place to keep roomers, or could be easily made into a two family flat. Answer to Box E, Northville. 49wlp.

WANTED—3 table boarders. Inquire of Grace Tremper, Dunlap St. 49wlp.

FOR SALE—Oldsmobile runabout. Inquire at Southside greenhouse. 48tf.

SEED BUCKWHEAT—For Sale—Northville Milling Co. 48tf.

FOR SALE—1 Cement block machine. Harry Bovee, Main street. 33-tf.

FOR SALE—Hirsch side-spring buggy. Inquire of H. O. Ward. 49w2p.

FOR RENT—2 room house, corner of Main and Rogers. Newly remodeled and decorated. Elect. lights, hard and soft water, furnace \$12 per month. B. R. Gilbert. 49wlp.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms. All conveniences. Mrs. Harry Bovee, Main street. 49tf.

FOR RENT—Six room cottage on Base Line with electric lights, water works, etc. Inquire of W. A. Parmenter, or phone 176-J. 48tf.

FOR RENT—Cottage in grove at Walled Lake. Phone No. 11 2-R or write Box 617 Plymouth, Mich. 47tf.

WOOD FOR SALE—\$1.50 per cord, up. Apply to Stewart Montgomery. 26tf.

CALL 354 W. FOR ALL kinds of Carpenter work and repairing. E. H. Thompson, Northville. 47tf.

Plymouth Binder Twine

SAVES TIME AND TRAIN

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



"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

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware, NORTHVILLE, MICH.

The Careful Man sees that
his son starts a
Bank Account



"AS THE TWIG IS BENT SO THE BOUGH IS INCLINED." WHEN YOUR BOY IS YOUNG IS THE TIME TO IMPRESS UPON HIM THAT HIS MONEY IS HIS BEST FRIEND. IF HE PUTS IT IN THE BANK HIS PRIDE IN HIS BANK ACCOUNT WILL HELP HIM TO INCREASE IT.

TIME QUICKLY STEALS AWAY; MONEY QUICKLY PILES UP. HE WILL BE INDEPENDENT SOME DAY SOON IF HE BANKS HIS MONEY NOW.

BANK WITH US. WE PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK.

Have You Tried

OLD MASTER COFFEE

at 40 Cents the Pound?

Its rich, delightful creaminess, aromatic odor and satisfying taste will make it a welcome visitor at your table.

We are pleased to announce the arrival at our store of a Fresh Shipment of the Famous

ROYAL GARDEN TEAS

As you already know, these are the finest Teas grown, and in aroma, taste and purity surpassed by none.

AT RYDER'S

Sellers of the Best of Everything in Groceries.
Northville, Michigan.

PREPAREDNESS!

Keep Cool! Be ready to combat the enemy—hot weather—with a 31 or 42 centimeter Electric Fan. We have dozens of them in stock, 12 inch and 16 inch, oscillating and direct. Also we have a number of Ceiling Fans.

WASHTENAW ELECTRIC SHOP.

We do not rent fans, and lend them only at the request of the Edison Co. If during the heat of summer there should be sickness in your home, have your physician call the Edison office and they will be pleased to have a fan delivered.

—W. E. S.

"Through the Portal of Dreams"

A Charming Love Story
and Adventure

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

Author of "The Key to Yesterday," "The Lighted Match," Etc. Copyrighted by the Frank L. Munsey Co.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Deprayne, a young bachelor of independent means, has been ordered on a trip around the world as a last chance to recover his shattered health. On his lazy tour through Europe, he crosses the trail several times of a beautiful girl who exerts an odd fascination over him, but whose face he has never quite seen. He loses her trail in Cairo, where, in the hope of adventure, he joins a young scientist bound for a remote corner of the South Seas. The young scientist, while at a hotel in Cairo, has found a diary lost by some girl—a document which reveals an alluring personality, but gives no hint of the writer's name.

CHAPTER II Out of the Silence.

Mansfield was right. The pages of this diary struck the essentially human note of frank self-avowal. They were as fragrant as May orchards; their sweetness of personality made

one think of brave young dreams among dewy blossoms. But I confessed to him the feeling that we were trespassers into these secrets, and, after that, he either laid the book by altogether or read it only when alone.

The Wastrel was cruising at her crippled pace southwest by east, through those hot waters which lie directly above the equator. After some days we sloped across the line, but still clung to the hideous swelter of the next meridian. Our course lay among groups of lush islands, which shimmered in steam and fever, and the merciless overhead sun beat upon us, and forced us until faces that had been sullen at Soudan, grew red and angry at the equator. At one hundred and fifty degrees, east, where I remember night, we crossed the equator.

The bluffs of the men straggled along into a scorching desert when they eyed at Captain Coulter, pacing the bridge. From scraps of information picked up here and there, in the desert, I picked together a lurid abstract of his story.

I knew how well and unobtrusively the reputations of many of the men of the eastern herds. I had heard of tales of lust and blood, but even in such company had little and, as strong its note of hopefulness as the desert.

Over a high and rather prominent forehead, long pair of iron gray was always swept back. Under bushy and graying brows his eyes were sunken and piercing and of the same deep blue color as a polar ice. His nose was large and straight, and his lips set thin and arched like the jaws of a steel trap. The chin was almost, but not quite, protrusive. He was a silent man, yet in his own fashion he was bitterly passionate.

Hofferman, the first mate, was a tawdry roué, who studiously considered his chief in every manner, and maintained his position of concord by ludicrous care to keep no dissentiment. In the stuffy cabin where, three times a day, we sweltered over bed food, Mansfield and I studied the attitudes of the officers.

Coulter grimly amused himself over his feeling by making absurd statements for the sheer pleasure of seeing his next in command fall abjectly into agreement.

The second mate, however, was impenetrably silent. He was without fear, but a life which had exigently brought him down a steep declivity from a lost respectability had taught him consideration for odds. If he did not contradict the dogmatic utterances of his chief in table conversation, he at least refused to agree.

Mansfield and I were convinced that if this prematurely gray fellow with the dispirited face cut in a patrician mold, could ever be brought to the point of personal narrative, he would have a stirring story to tell. We also knew that he would never tell it.

Once, before the feud between afterwatch and fore'sle drove the officers into a necessary alliance, I thought that there would be a brave clash between the captain and the second mate.

It was a night of intolerable heat, and a sky spanned with stars hung over us low and smothering. Lawrence, the second mate, was off watch and joined us carrying a violin. Then under the weird depression and melancholy lassitude which bordered us all, he began to improvise.

Mansfield and I listened, spellbound. Under his touch the instrument gave off such strains as could come only from the sheer genius of a gifted musician who had suffered miserably. It was almost as if he were giving without words the story which his lips would never tell, and into the improvised music crept infinite pathos and comber tragedy.

In a few minutes the captain came over, and his advent was like that of a man. The lame foot was pound-

ing the deck with the stressful stamp that was always an indication of rage. He halted before us with fists clenched and his eyes glittering. Upon Lawrence he vented an outpouring of blasphemous wrath which is unquotable.

"Throw that damned fiddle overboard," he ordered at the end of a fierce tirade. "Don't let me hear its damnable scratching again on my ship."

For a moment Lawrence stood silent and cold with anger. He laid the instrument carefully on a hatch and stepped forward. Obviously it was in his mind at that moment to kill the captain, but after a pause he thought better of it. The odds against him were too heavy.

"I'll put the violin in my box, sir," he said, with a voice so quiet that it was almost gentle, "but so help me God, if ever we meet after this voyage is ended, I mean to kill you."

Coulter laughed disdainfully and strode away, but for ten minutes Lawrence sat silent, his breath coming in deep gasps, while he wrestled with the murder madness. We learned later that the captain was one of those persons whom music fascinates, and from that time on we did not even permit ourselves to whistle in the air.

Of all the restless men in the fore'sle, Coulter most keenly watched one John Rock, a stigmatized seaman from Liverpool. In him loomed a potential ringleader of mutiny. One evening Rock defiantly and loudly played a music hall tune on an accordion. A strain of it reached the bridge, and Coulter, who was on watch, ordered the offender forward.

After a violent and profane denunciation, under which the giant writhed in silent fury, Coulter lashed out to the sailor's mouth with his clenched fist and sent him sprawling to the deck. But lest the punishment should appear too irrevocable, he also put him in irons for twenty-four hours.

A fellow seaman plucked up the hero in to demand that the incident be entered on the log for admiral investigation, but Coulter only laughed and sent the insurgent into the inferno of the stockade for an extra shift at the shovels. In the stockade the thermometer registered 130 degrees Fahrenheit, and the white and brown

torture that attained under the scorching glare of the sun and the scorching glare of the furnace grates.

The clouds on the horizon of our activity gradually gathered and blackened until an ominous pall of smothering evening us. On an occasional coral reef or small isle broke the monotony of a dead and city sea. No shred of cloud relieved the capriciousness of a dovilized sky.

Mansfield and I went about in canvas shoes and pajamas. The ship was more disheveled than we, and its discipline more slovenly than its dress. The churchly silence of the fore'sle was met by blaggart autonomy of the officers. Conditions grew tenser and thicker with each day, yet no specific rupture came to fire the waiting explosion. Slowly it grew and gathered menace, while the air hung pulseless and heavy under its shadow.

Mansfield and I knew it headed only a lightning flash to loose all the artillery of the thunders and set them about their hell's fury. By tacit consent we did not often talk of it, but remained close together and placed our revolvers, belts, and sheath knives where they could be readily caught up.

Under the silent horror of foreboding, our nerves became raw, and our tempers, like those of others, short and raspy.

On one sultry afternoon when the trade wind was dead, I came upon Mansfield sprawling in the shadow of a life boat, diligently reading entries from the unknown girl's diary, touching the untold incidents of her sheltered life. He glanced up shamefacedly as I approached, then began in exaltation.

"See here," he said, "you're quite wrong about the guiltiness of reading this. I'm sure she wouldn't mind. She's not that sort. Here we are menaced by the inferno of a mutiny. We are no better than mice waiting the pleasure of a cat which means to crush them. The atmosphere will drive us mad. This book is like a breeze off the heather. I tell you it helps."

In abnormal times men entertain abnormal ideas and warped notions. I sat cross-legged on the deck beside him and lighted my pipe. I said nothing.

"It's all getting on my nerves. I'm losing my grip," he admitted. "Last night I dreamed of a nasty row, and all day a bit of rim has been running through my brain." He paused a moment, then quoted:

"There's a cat's-paw, or an ounce of lead, Or a fawning hole in a battered head, And the scoundrels glut with a rotting red."

And there they lay while the soggy skies, Drenched all day long in upstaring eyes, At dusk sunset and at foul sunrise.

He broke off and laughed at himself unsteadily. "Get your mind off it," I commanded shortly. "Fetch out the note-book. Let's read about her debut party."

But the passage at which the book fell open dealt with a time prior to debuts. At the head of the page was pasted a newspaper clipping hinting at personalities, but giving no names.

"One of the most beautiful and popular members of the younger set, in the 'summer colony' had been captured while sailing in the harbor. The youth who accompanied her had been seized with cramps, and she had kept not only herself, but her helpless escort above water until the tardy arrival of help. Beneath, in her own hand, was scrawled:

"Did they expect me to drown him? I had to stand by, of course. What else could a fellow do? But I spoiled a dress I took nice in. I'm sorry for that."

Appended to this was a postscript so badly written that it was hard to decipher. I could guess that her cheeks had colored as she wrote it. "Maybe, after all, I am a grandstander. I did get awfully tired, and I pretended that he was looking on and was swimming out to help me."

"By Jove," snorted Mansfield, "she's a ripping good sort. I wonder who she pretended was looking on."

"Turn back," I laughed. "It may tell."

Yet it was only after some searching that we found her duly cataloged, and even then she gave him no name, and had evidently never experienced the pleasure of meeting him.

But in tracing him through the pages we did come to know her quite well, and to wonder whence she came. She was not at all conventional. She was one of those rare discoveries upon which the prospector for life comes only when he strikes an ill domain. She dared to think her own thoughts and did not grow into the stereotyped mold of imitation.

We felt from the clean, instinctive courage of her tone and viewpoint that if all chance had miscarried her with us on this impetuous ship, she would bear herself more gallantly than we could hope to do, and that she would tread those filthy decks with no spots on the whiteness of her skirts.

In her girl's letters she had shown for something of a tomboy, and there were points of oddity which upon a first acquaintance which were comical. Yet from the casual scraps of life and outlook, we could piece together some concept of her soul fabric.

This girl was woven of pure silk, but not of flimsy silk—there was strength and softness, resoluteness and tenderness, a sharp and wool for the loom of noble things and charm.

Often I felt as though I were invading a temple in which I had no place as communicant, and into whose fane and areas I should wish to come reverently, with the shoes of my grosser soul in my hands.

One night she had been sitting in the moonlight on the beach, and the sea had talked to her. What she wrote that night was pure poetry. I shall not try to reproduce it from my faint memory. My heavy masculine hand would mar its beauty. On this occasion she was thinking of the mysterious man she had so quaintly idealized. Had the lucky beggar, whoever he was, read those lines, he must have felt that, in the lists of life, there rested on him the sacred obligation to bear a spotless shield and a true lance.

Besides these passages there were others sparkling with mercurial or spontaneous humor. Our writer was no Lady of Tears. She was as many-sided and many-hued as the diamond whose facets break light into color. She frankly admitted to these pages, intended only for herself, that she was beautiful, though she wished that her eyes were blue instead of gray-brown, and that her type was different. Evidently she had cut her teeth on compliment, and fed from childhood on that type of admiration which beauty exacts. She seemed to be a little hungry for tributes of a different and deeper sort.

In her society days, as in the more youthful period, we found references to the unnamed man who still held his undeserved and paramount place as an idealized personality; a huzzar touchstone by which she tested the intrinsicness of other men—always to the detriment of those on trial.

CHAPTER III A Night of Tragedy.

At last, running back to the start, we tracked him down, and with his

discovery came disappointment. I had realized that she had been dressing a mere lay figure in garments of idealized manhood; and endowing an unknown with a manhood of the chivalric to which he could probably lay no rightful claim. Still, it was disconcerting to realize that he had, in the flesh, contributed absolutely nothing to the picture.

She had simply devised, from the whole cloth of imagination, a collaborative sum of Galahad the Pure, and Richard the Lion-Hearted. She had seen him only once—from the sidelines of a Yale Harvard football game. He was playing with the Crimson, and she was at the impressionable age. There was the whole meager foundation for his apotheosis.

She did not state the year, but she gave the score, and by that I identified the occasion.

"I devoutly pray," I confided to young Mansfield, "that she never meets him. She has fed herself on dreams. I hope she doesn't wake up."

Mansfield promptly took up the unknown hero's defense. He invariably held a brief for the idealist.

"Why do you assume that he's a booby?" he demanded, almost respectfully. "He may be all she thinks."

"I don't assume anything," I retorted. "But I happened to play on that team myself, and I am compelled to admit, though with chagrin, that we had among us no knights from Arthur's Round Table. Warriors of ferocity we had—young gentlemen who played the game to the lasting glory of John Harvard—but this letter-perfect type of chivalry, valor, and gentleness—well, I'm afraid he failed to make the team."

You remember the story of Bruce and the spider. In his ermine, surrounded by his stalwart barons, Robert would probably have learned no lesson from the waving of gossamer webs. Alone and in peril, it taught him how to conquer.

To us, alone and in peril, this diary assumed an epochal importance entirely disproportionate to its face value. I even came to the illogical belief that the girl who had walked out of Shepherd's Hotel as though the terrace were cloud paved was the same as she who had written these things.

Of course there were many topics which we might have discussed to divert our minds from morbidly watching the cloud of impending mutiny spread and grow ink. But the cloud was present and human, and the diary was present and human, and we were present and human.

Whether or not we were creatures of atrophied brains and distorted visions is an academic question. The fact remains that for us there was keen relief in turning from the mine of brooding which overhung the

Wastrel to the roanced assurance of this self-reliant personality. It was a clean breeze into our raphyxtation.

One evening night, when darkness had stopped our reading, the two of us were lying flat on our backs and silent in the enveloping shadows of the forward deck near the captain. A group of men who were off watch had gathered near us, seeking the gratefulness of the uninterrupted breeze. With no suspicion of our proximity, they fell into a low pitched but violent conference.

Hoak held the floor as spokesman, and his deep, whispering voice was raw with bitterness. "We ain't no bloomin' galley slaves," he growled. "Dime me, I say, let's make a head of the 'ole bloomin' mess, once and for all!"

"How?" came the natural question from one of the more conservative. "Ow?" retorted the ringleader, "what's the odds 'ow? Any way will do. Rush the cabin. There's a stand of rifles at the forward bulkhead. Kill off the bloody lot of officers. Navigate the bloomin' old 'ocker back our selves, and report whatever damn thing we like."

"How about these passengers?" They'd snitch," suggested the same questioner.

"Aw, no," sarcastically assured Hoak, "they won't snitch. They won't 'ave no more chance to snitch than Coulter 'essel, damn 'im."

For a moment I felt a steaming throb in my throat. Then came a new sensation: something like relief that at last the clear outline of probability was looming through the fog of maddening uncertainty. It did not seem to matter so much what the certainty was, so long as it brought an end to the suspense.

There was some discussion in hushed voices. Caution had its advocates, who opposed so desperate a course.

"Think it over till tomorrow," said Hoak at last. "But let you don't stand by me, 'im going to cut loose a boat and take to the water. To tell with the 'Wastrel an' 'er rotter of a cap tain."

There was a sudden hush, followed by a sort of low-chorused groan. Around the superstructure of the forward cabin appeared Captain Coulter, his first officer, and the chief engineer. For an instant they stood silently flashing electric torches into the terrified faces of the conspirators, who, like school boys caught denouncing their teacher, shuffled their feet and remained speechless.

Hoak, however, took a determined step forward. His face was working spasmodically in the bull's eye glare, which exaggerated the high-lights on his snarling teeth and the black shadows of his scowl.

He wavered for an instant between

his personal dread of Coulter and the knowledge that, with so much known, caution was futile. While he hesitated, the other men tacitly grouped themselves together at his back and stood sullenly eyeing the officers. Coulter and his two subordinates slipped their hands into their pockets. It was a tense moment, and a noiseless one.

When the captain broke silence his voice was cool, almost casual. "Mr. Kirkenhead," he ordered the chief engineer, "take this man Hoak to the stoke-hole and keep him there until we reach port. Give him double shift, and if he makes a false move—kill him!"

The giant made a passionate start forward, and found himself looking down the barrel of Coulter's magazine pistol. At the glint of the raised weapon he flung himself backward against the rail and stood snarling incoherently like a cornered dog.

"He didn't sign as no bloomed stoker," he growled. "He won't go."

"The stoke-hole or hell—it's up to you," replied Coulter in an absolutely monotonous voice. "There's thirty seconds to decide. Mr. Kirkenhead, look at your watch!"

For a seeming eternity there was waiting and bated breath. We could hear the muffled throb of the engines, and the heightened, strained breathing of the cowed men.

Then Kirkenhead announced, "Twenty seconds, sir."

Hoak turned, dropping his head in utter dejection, and slumped aft toward the engine room companionway.

"Mr. Hofferman," came the captain's staccato orders, "instruct the ship's carpenter to scuttle the boats, except the port and starboard ones on the bridge. If we are to have any little disagreements on board we will settle them among ourselves. No one will leave in my boats except by my orders. And"—he wheeled "on the men"—"whenever you vermin feel inclined for trouble, start it!"

So that incident passed and went to swell the cumulative poison of festering hatred.

We knew that the eruption had merely been delayed, that it must inevitably come and that now its coming would be soon.

Between forward and aft war had been declared after that same evening I made bold to remonstrate with Captain Coulter as to the order concerning the boats. The conversation took place on the bridge, and was brief.

"Mr. Mansfield and myself," I said, "are passengers who have paid our full fares and have full rights. We demand protection. This bulk is rotten and unseaworthy. When you scuttle her boats you are throwing the parachute out of a leaky balloon."

Coulter looked me over for a moment and replied with absolute composure.

"Mr. Deprayne, rights are good things when you can enforce them. Commodities and admiralty are a long yiv off. This intervening water is quite deep. If you don't like the Wastrel, leave it. I'm sorry I can't spare you a hot to leave in."

Mansfield and myself went that night in the miserable cabin which we shared oppressed with the conviction that the breaking point was at hand.

Mansfield had suddenly sloughed off his boyishness and become unexpectedly self-contained, giving the impression of capability. The prospect of action had changed him. Once more he began to quote his ghastly verses but now without shuddering, almost cheerfully.

"Twas a cat's-paw or an ounce of lead,

Or a fawning hole in a battered head,

And the scoundrels glut with a rotting red."

Then he remembered that sometimes men survive strange adventures, and he wrote a letter to the girl in Sussex which he asked me to deliver in the event that I and not he, should prove such a survivor. I fastened it with a pin into the pocket of my pajamas jacket.

For hours after we had turned into our berths each of us knew that the other was not sleeping. We heard the crazy droning of the sick engine, the wash of the quiet water, the straining of the timbers. When sleep came to me it was fitful, with a thousand nightmare impossibilities.

I saw in my dreams the face of the stale sea and sky translated into a broad, human visage paralyzed and smiling unendingly in that hideous grin which clamps the tortured teeth of the lockjaw victim.

Then the monster of the dream broke out of its fruity, and, with a shriek of hurricanes, aimed a terrific blow at the prow of the Wastrel. The ship shivered, trembled, and collapsed.

With a stifled gasp I woke. Our sickly lantern was guttering in a sooty stream of smoke. Young Mansfield stood in the center of the cabin, buckling his pistol-belt. From somewhere came a sound of rushing water and a medley of shouts and oaths and pistol shots. A dingy rat scuttled wildly out from between my feet and whisked away through the crack under our lotted door.

While I stood there stupidly inactive, hardly as yet untangling fact and dream; Mansfield handed me my belt and revolver.

"Slip on your shoes," he commanded steadily. "It has come."

We jerked open the door and groped along the alleyway in darkness, and as we guided our steps with hands,

fumbling the walls, water washed our ankles. The lights had gone out.

With one guiding hand on the wall and one on Mansfield's shoulder, I made my labored way toward the deck ladder.

Without a word, and as of right, the young Englishman now assumed command of our affairs. We needed no explanation to tell us that the pandemonium which reigned above was not merely the result of mutiny. A hundred patent things testified that this shambling tramp of the seas had received a mortal hurt.

The stench of bilge sickened us as the rising water in her hull forced up the heavy and fetid gases. The slimy touch of millions of roaches racing upward from below, attested that instinct was warning the vermin. The walls themselves were radiant under a dizzy careening to starboard.

Continued.

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BRINGS JOY TO A HELPLESS CRIPPLE



Mary Fuller.

Mary Fuller, the moving picture star, recently received a letter from a helpless cripple in which he said among other things, "You are my one inspiration to cling to a life of suffering death." Miss Fuller believes that she is fulfilling her mission in life by bringing joy into the lives of others.

The Jeopard

An applicant for a place as teacher in one of the colored schools at Louisville was being examined touching his fitness for the position. He was a small, dapper, yellow person, wearing gold spectacles, a long black coat and an abiding air of great dignity.

The examination was in part oral and syntax had been reached.

"What is your definition of the word 'jeopardy'?" asked the examiner.

The candidate's brow wrinkled.

"Which?" he inquired.

"What do you understand the word 'jeopardy' to mean?"

For just one short half minute he hesitated. Then he answered eagerly.

"In reply to your question I would state that that would refer to any act committed by a jeopard."

This would be a grand old world if people could purchase experience on trial with the privilege of returning it if not satisfactory.

NOTED JUDGE AND BRIGHT GRANDSON

Judge William R. Day and Rufus Spaulding Day, Jr.

Associate Justice William R. Day of the United States supreme court is one of the proudest grandfathers in Washington. A favorite grandson of his is Rufus Spaulding Day, Jr., son of Rufus Spaulding Day, also of the national capital. The youngest Day now about two and one-half years old wants to grow up to be a like his father and grandpa.

When old age is a curse

WHEN OLD AGE IS A CURSE

When it has lost self-respect. When the old have not won the respect, the confidence and the admiration of relatives and those nearest to them.

When they do not stand for anything in their community.

When their neighbors would not consider their departure any loss.

When their imagination is foul and the thought-impure.

When all the youthful fires have gone out and only embers remain.

When the individuality has been burned out by the fires of dissipation.

When all the reserves of energy and force have been prematurely exhausted by a vicious life.

When the individual has not learned the art of self-control and patience.

When young people can not live with it with any comfort.

When it has developed only vulgarity, coarseness and animality.

When it has left the individual ugly, disagreeable, touchy, cynical, critical, uncharitable, unkind.

When hope and cheer have fled.

When ambition and aspiration are dead.

When they have lost the zest for life, the desire for usefulness.

When they have no aim in life.

When the sap of life has gone and the individual is like a priceless orange.

When all that is good, sweet and noble has evaporated and life is empty.

What Makes a Girl Popular?

Every girl has the perfectly natural desire to be popular with the other sex, and every girl is interested in knowing the secret of such popularity.

Some girls have the idea that the way to have a good time is to break away from the recognized rules of social life.

The free-and-easy, reckless type of girl may receive a good deal of attention of a certain kind, but it is safe to say that men do not really care for such a girl.

Certainly they do not have any respect for her. They may enjoy a summer flirtation with her, but such a girl never enters seriously into their thoughts.

The girl who is kind and thoughtful to her parents is the girl whom they admire.

The girl who is disrespectful to her parents will not long retain the respect of others.

Men know very well that a girl who deceives her mother cannot be trusted.

A good daughter has in her the making of a good wife, and a man remembers this when he begins to think seriously of matrimony.—Frances Frazier, in Leslie's

Horrors of Mormonism

Small Son—Ma, what's Mormonism?

Mother—Um—men who have a good many wives.

"A good many?"

"Yes, thirty or forty, sometimes."

"Good! That's awful!"

"Yes, my son."

"Just awful! I wouldn't like to have thirty or forty mamma's to spank me!"

All That Prevented Him

"What's the matter with the train?" asked the lecturer, vexed with the speed they were making.

"If you don't like this train," the guard retorted, "you can get out and walk."

"By Jove!" said the lecturer, "I do it, but a reception committee is to meet me at my destination, and I don't want to get in ahead of time."

A woman says that the longer a man studies the curves of a deceiver the closer he is apt to imitate them on his homeward journey in the early morn.

PARIS FASHION HINT

Afternoon dress of white net with a hand-embroidered border. Long shirred sleeves of plain white net. Novel sash of knitted silk and different colored beads set off the dress.

MODERN SHIPPING METHODS FOR THE PRODUCER

Probably no other branch of enterprise has developed so rapidly, and with so much profit for the public at large as has the modern post system.

Not only the merchants are benefited, but the producer of country products is finding an avenue of increased profit which is certainly well worth while, for now it is possible to ship direct to the consumer such articles as money, eggs, butter, vegetables, poultry, etc. Sending the top price and with little or no trouble and at trifling expense.

The illustration above shows one of the latest ideas in egg containers—one of these containers with its contents of eggs has been known to travel thousands of miles without injury to the contents.

Large compartment boxes, light in weight, very strong and mailed for little postage give every advantage for shipping valued shipments of all kinds. Those who live in the rural district should certainly get full information in regard to this branch of business—it is pleasant and will bring in a lot of money that otherwise would be lost.

To secure the fullest and most reliable information along anything in parcel post shipping, prices on all parcel post boxes, crates, containers, butter moulds, waxed paper, scales, driers and other items—is well as postal information which will be of special importance write to postal will do to the Hartley Steel Crated Box Co. Dept. B. Saginaw, Mich. This is the leading parcel post supply house of the U. S. and will give you information you can depend upon as accurate, every detail. Write them today.

JUNE

NEWLY MARRIED COUPLES TAKE

THE D. & G. LINE DAILY

STEAMER ACROSS

LAKE ERIE

These are the days of the June brides and many bridal couples enjoy the delightful ride between Detroit and Buffalo. A trip on the palatial steamers, City of Cleveland III and Eastern States fills all requirements, furnishing romance and seclusion at reasonable figures. State-rooms and parlors reserved in advance. Send two-cent stamp for illustrated booklet.

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Detroit, Mich.

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In preparing our Summer Catalog—suggestive of coolness in warm weather—the illustrations of the Gowns and Dresses shown are actual photographs on Living Models. Therefore, the dresses will show on the purchaser exactly as they appear in the catalog.

You can select your wearing apparel from this fashion catalog as intelligently as by shopping in person. By means of this catalog and our rapid Mail Order Service, the best that this store has to offer is brought to your very door.

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NATURE'S WARNING

Everyone Must Recognize and Heed It.

Kidney pills come—mysteriously! But nature generally warns you. Notice the kidney symptoms. See if the color is unnatural. If there are settlements and sediment. Passages frequent, empty painful. It's time to fear serious kidney trouble.

It's time to use Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills. They have done great work in such cases.

Here's proof of their worth. "Three months ago, I felt and I feel now, a very strong, old, and I was annoyed by a dull, throbbing ache across my kidneys. I also had pains across my loins. After I used Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills, I improved and before long all symptoms of the complaint disappeared."

Write for a copy of the book. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy, get Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Luman had. Foster-McMillan Co. Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

Anyway, when a man accuses his wife of having married him for his money, he pays tribute to her good sense.

It has been said that a wise man never makes the same mistake twice. Yet the wisest may marry the second time.

Folks who say the right thing at the right time are as popular as they are scarce.

Get the Habit

Equip your Ford car with demountable wheels, radial wood hubs, same size tires on all four wheels. We furnish four wheels, five rims and service \$13.50. Write for catalogue.

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1017 WATCH BOOKS SENT IN ONE WEEK

Folks appreciate buying high grade guaranteed watches on trial, seeing them before they buy, and paying for them on very easy monthly payments. You can do the same. Send for your watch book today see what we offer for you and your monthly payments will be but \$2.50

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At Your Service

Day In—and Day Out

And as the years roll on, it changes—but to grow more perfect.

And who among us does not appreciate accurate, painstaking service? I've practiced it for more than 15 years with the J. L. Hudson Company, and the daily increasing patronage tells me that it is appreciated—that it DOES pay.

Is it any wonder, then, that I have to keep on increasing my already large staff of assistants? My latest addition is S. P. CAMPAU.

Once you wear glasses from my prescription you may be sure they are the best obtainable.

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How many times have you had your work, your sleep, or your leisure hours interrupted by recurring pains in the region of the kidneys?

Did you ever experience anything more unpleasant and annoying?

When the kidneys give you warning of inability to perform their duty, assist them in every way. See that they are built up—back to normal.

All you need do is take **NYAL'S STONE ROOT COMPOUND.**

There's a wealth of wisdom in that assertion. We are confident that it will do as represented. Make us prove it. If we can't, your money refunded—50c. and \$1.00 the bottle.

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

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 8:05 a. m., 6:05 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10:35 p. m.; for Orchard Lake and Pontiac only 11:35 p. m.; for Farmington Junction only 12:35 p. m. Half-hour service Saturdays and Sundays between Detroit, Farmington Junction and Pontiac.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.
Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:50 a. m. and hourly to 7:20 p. m.; 9:30 p. m. To Wayne only, 11:15 p. m.
Leave Wayne for Northville at 7:44 a. m., 6:44 a. m. and hourly to 6:44 p. m.; also 8:44 p. m., 10:15 p. m., and 12:03 a. m.

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G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

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All Milk and Cream
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MILK, PER QUART, 6 CENTS.
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Telephone 559-J
Your Order for Sour Milk and Cream.
G. K. SCHOOF, Prop.

Northville Newslets.

Celebrate.

New year.

Some weather.

July roses, too.

Good picnic weather.

Lake attractions these days

Fourth July tomorrow, next day and the day after

Northville will celebrate the Fourth on Saturday this year.

The regular meeting of the W. O. T. U. will be held in the Baptist church parlor July 12 instead of July 5 at 2:30 p. m.

Albert Holmes has completed a very nice bungalow effect residence on the Holmes farm on the Base Line two miles west of town.

Ward's new grocery and meat market will open for business on Center street Saturday. The store has been newly equipped and newly stocked.

Coming events: July 3, matinee and ball game; July 16, Penny Carnival; July 31, Alumni Day; August 4, Forester Day; August 5 to 9, Chautauque.

The annual picnic of the local Woman's Relief Corps has been dated for next week Wednesday afternoon July 7, and is to be held at Lakeview the Curtis home, east of town. The members of the post are to be guests of the Corps. Those attending are to take the 1:35 car, if convenient.

S. D. Meseraul has something new in the way of Belgian grass. The seed came from the old country and the product grows from 6 to 8 feet tall. The leaves are very tender and it makes a splendid feed for cows. Meseraul has sown 4 acres and expects some remarkable results.

All Starkweather has completed one of the best buildings in the west of town and when the farmers bring in their products each morning it looks like a busy little city. The large building is made of cement blocks and inside contains all that is modern in the way of cooling tanks and sanitary handling.

The "Flying machine" feat of "Darius Green," poetized more than a generation ago, has been duplicated recently by an Indiana boy "age fourteen" like the former. The Indiana youngster built a flying machine and attempted to fly from the top of his father's barn, with results even more disastrous than Lefel "Darius" of poetic history.

The annual picnic of the Northville Woman's club at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bloom last Friday afternoon was largely attended and was successful in every way. Even the weather was favorable, a fact greatly appreciated, as the spacious porch and pretty lawn makes an ideal place for picnic purposes under favorable weather conditions. A program of music and readings was one of the features of the afternoon.


As a farewell to the Lapeer day of Howard West, a number of young men were entertained at a 6 o'clock dinner at the West home near Novi last week Monday. Besides the guest of honor and the host, Lee West, those present were Byron Power, of Lawrence, Kansas, Orin Bickford, Charles Drake, Sherrill Ambler, Emory and Harry Dunn, Greig Fatt and Herace Boyden of Detroit, and Harold Turner, Harry Taft, Arthur Power, Harry Seeley, Ross Dixon and Don Ball of this place.

In a base ball article on "Who's the fastest man in the Western League," the Denver Times has the following to say of Vern Spencer of Wixom well known in Northville: "Who's the Fastest Man in the Western League? The answer is: He is Vern Spencer, center fielder for the Denver club. He covers an acre of ground and can beat it down the first base line in almost nothing. He's hitting .269. Spencer is less than 21 years old. He will not be in the Western league next year."

Don't forget Huff's hardware for Fourth of July fireworks. We sell them at such prices that you cannot help but buy. Everything must be sold by Saturday night. Store closed Monday.

"There's a good time coming." When? July 16. Where? At the Penny Carnival. Start now to save your pennies.

WHAT THEY ARE PAYING.
The Northville market corrected up to date:
Wheat—White, \$1.12 Red—\$1.15.
Oats—54c.
Shelled Corn—75c.
Hogs, live—
Dressed Hogs—\$8.50.
Eggs—26c. Butter—27c.
Lamb—alive—\$7.00.
Veal Calves—10 1/2c per lb.
Beef Hides—10c.



Karo Preserves.
Jams and jellies rival in flavor and richness the fresh fruits. Try one part Karo (Crystal White) and three parts sugar instead of the old all-sugar method this season and you'll always make Karo preserves hereafter.
Formulas for all kinds of fruits given in our Free Preserving Booklet.

Both hardware stores will be closed all day Monday.

Summer school opens Monday at the U. of M. to continue till August 20.

When you see a picture of a woman with a dog in her arms, don't blame the dog.

Joe Montgomery was about town Wednesday for the first time since his accident last week.

And now they've a vacuum ice cream freezer so that one doesn't have to turn the handle.

Classy new awnings have been put up over the Main and Center street windows of the Huff hardware.

The Baptist Father Lights will serve a strawberry supper in the church parlors this Friday evening.

The first evangelist conference of the Oakland county Sunday school association was held in Pontiac Wednesday.

If corn reaches the big-time requirement of being "knee-high by the fourth of July," this year, it'll certainly have to get a move on.

People who still persist in using what they call "San time" may be surprised to know that only four times a year, (April 15, June 14, Aug. 31, and Dec. 24) does sun time and clock time agree.

A "grah-bag" is to be one of the features of the 31st picnic at the Curtis home next week, so the ladies are expected to come prepared, both with articles to be "grabbed" and the wherewith to pay for a chance to draw from the bag.

Harry Wood has a new artificial foot which, when he becomes accustomed to its use, bids fair to be as satisfactory as could be expected, as a substitute for the real one he unfortunately lost several months ago by a fall while boarding a moving trolley car.

A lot of people are expressing the wish nowadays that the street oiling apparatus wouldn't work so generally while passing over the crosswalks. If the supply could be shut off just at those points, pedestrian travel would be pleasanter, to say the least. It's just awful on white shoes, the ladies say.

Supt. Lyke of the Water works plant states that a leak of two drops of water each second from a leaking faucet will waste 34 gallons of water a month—almost 3 barrels. If every leaky faucet in the village was kept repaired it is estimated a saving would be made of nearly as much water as the average house uses for cooking.

Luther Peck, a well known Homeopathic physician of Plymouth, has discovered a toxine remedy for hay fever and used it in a number of cases last year with considerable success. Several people have notified him of their intention to continue the treatment this summer with an earlier commencement in hopes of being cured of the malady entirely.

Mrs. Electa Ambler was guest of honor at an A. B. C. party given by the M. E. Ladies' Aid society at the home of Mrs. W. H. Ambler Tuesday afternoon. It was Mrs. Ambler's eighty-second birthday anniversary and after the regular supper had been served Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ambler surprised both the guest of honor and the Aid ladies by the presentation of a beautiful birthday cake decorated with 32 candles and silk flags, together with ice cream.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

N. C. SCHRADER, C. C.
J. S. TAYLOR, K. of R. & S.

FEATURE AT THE NEW ALSEUM THEATER.

Three weeks more will see the finish of the Million Dollar Mystery pictures at the Alseum theatre. In other words there are just six reels left to be run of the photo play which has created such intense interest among the Alseum patrons. Good reels and music every Thursday.

Some weather, this.

Band concert Saturday night.

Anything but the castle, the referring to Lahr.

Wm. Phillips, who has been quite all the past week, is on the mend.

The Stimpson Scale and Electric Co. is swamped with orders and a number of new men have been employed to turn out the work.

Mrs. Myra Wheelan, deputy state food inspector, recently examined the delicatessen, bakeries and restaurants in Northville and pronounced them among the most sanitary in the state.

The children and young people of the members of the Eastern Star gave a very enjoyable entertainment in the temple Wednesday evening. Drills, tableaux, music, songs and recitations made up the program. Members and invited guests were present to the number of 100.

Some time ago the council was asked to erect a band stand for the Northville city band, in some suitable place. It is understood that Wm. Gorton has offered, providing he can obtain the necessary permission, to build one over the entrance to his delandia block on Main street. The council proposition had been to put it on the public square, corner Main and Center streets, by the village and making it a permanent affair with a drinking fountain underneath.

WEEK'S CALENDAR

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.
(By the Pastor.)

Morning subject: "Life's Recession."

The Sunday school meets immediately after the morning service. A welcome to all.

Evening subject: "A Breeding Independence Day Spirit." This subject is suggested by celebration of the 4th and the present world war. There should be a goodly attendance at this service.

The date of the "Penny Carnival" to be given by the Westminster Guild on the church lawn will be July 16. Save your pennies for this big event.

The Ladies' Aid society meet next Wednesday with Mrs. A. E. Stanley.

A number of the boys of the Sunday school are on a six day outing at Lapeer lake Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler will have charge of the camp.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The main subject will be "The Great Redemption."

The visiting service will consist of a song service, followed by a condensed talk by the pastor.

Instead of taking a vacation the pastor has decided to abridge the evening service, and remain in the city for any services he may be able to render. In fact the pastor is having a time of his life, preaching in Northville. Yet it's like eating strawberry shortcake, one can get a sufficient.

Blessed is the man whose religion does not need to go into cold storage during July and August. He will be a comfort to the pastor, and the cause of which he is a member with prosper.

The business meeting of the B. Y. F. U. will be held Tuesday evening in the parlors of the church. All members endeavor to be present.

English services will be held in the Northville German church in the evening at 7:00 o'clock.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.
Christian Science service in the Ladies' Library Sunday morning at 10:45 o'clock.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK NORTHVILLE, MICH.

at the close of business June 23, 1915.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$137,214.30
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities	180,694.12
Overdrafts	52.40
Banking House	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,735.70
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities	45,911.56
Cash and Cash Items	23,695.10
Total	\$402,755.48

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	5,000.00
Undivided Profits	3,012.38
Reserve for Taxes	12.32
Deposits—	
Subject to Check	\$67,761.18
Certificates of Deposit	98,492.85
Savings Accounts	203,430.84
Total	\$369,730.07
Total	\$402,755.48

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

F. S. Harmon, R. Christensen, F. S. Harmon, President.
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Ernest Miller, Asst. Cashier.

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Fall Time.

DETROIT AUTO SIGNALS.

Pedestrians wandering around the streets of Detroit should get posted on what the various auto horn signals mean. Here are a few: One toot, Throw a quick back handswing for the pavement. Two toots, dive over the car. Three toots, lie down calmly; it is too late to escape; but we will go over you as easily as possible if you keep very still. One long and two short toots, throw yourself forward and we will save both arms. One short and two long toots, throw yourself backward and one leg will be saved. Four toots, it's all up with you, but your family will be notified.

WHEN THE TIGERS PLAY IN DETROIT.

July 1, 2, 3, 4, with Chicago.
July 5 (2 games), with Cleveland.
July 9, 10, 11, 12, with Boston.
July 13, 14, 15, 16, with New York.
July 17, 18, 19, 20, with Philadelphia.
July 22, 23, 24, 25, with Washington.
August 17, 19, 20, with Philadelphia.
August 21, 22, with Washington.

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS AT
NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE
J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone.

Doc Says--

HERE IS A PROPOSITION WORTH YOUR CONSIDERATION.

GET A

Notrog Motor Suit

AND PROTECT YOUR CLOTHES.

You know what it means to change a tire on a hot, dusty day. Your clothes are covered with dust; your shirt soiled with grease, and you feel dirty all over.

A Notrog Motor Suit will insure your suit and disposition. Its big and roomy; covers you from head to feet. Dirt cannot reach you. Fine for use when cleaning, washing or greasing your car. Its a strong, sturdy suit of High Grade. Its easy to slip on and off. You will save its cost in once clothes cleaning.

We are showing two qualities and two colors.

A Brown Linen for \$1.50

And a High Grade Olive Khaki for \$2.50

In style they are a Union Suit, all in one piece; covers one up from head to heels and absolutely no trouble to adjust.

ASK TO SEE THEM.

Summer Silk Hosiery

Any expert Chemist will tell you that Silk Hosiery is absolutely the coolest thing to wear in hot weather. We are showing them in Navy Blue, Black, White and Gray.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Fancy Shirts

We have just put in stock 21 1/2 doz. Fancy Shirts—the \$1.50 quality at 98c. Up-to-date in style; material unsurpassed. Get into the Shirt game while they last.



WM. GORTON
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

WASHINGTON'S DIMINUTIVE JUNE BRIDES



Mrs. Francis Alton Connolly (left) and Mrs. Richard Henry Booth, in their wedding finery.

Two of Washington's most diminutive and prettiest girls, Miss Clarine Hunter and Miss Doris Moore, who for several seasons past have been great favorites in society, were married this month. Miss Hunter became the bride of Francis Alton Connolly, a young broker, on June 8. On June 16 Miss Moore married Richard Henry Booth, a lieutenant in the United States navy.

SULPHUR FROM SKY.

Thunderstorms Have Furnished Material for Matches.

Newspapers of a century ago abounded in stories which tax the imagination and credulity of the present generation. They were all apparently published by the editors in good faith and were undoubtedly accepted as facts at that time.

Here are a few examples of this sort of story, which was published in Boston in the Massachusetts Mercury, during the year 1840.

"On Saturday evening last, between 10 and 12 o'clock, a severe storm of rain was experienced in this city (Boston), accompanied with very vivid flashes of lightning and some thunder. The wind was southerly and the atmosphere was remarkable to be thick and sultry, yielding a sulphurous smell."

"Yesterday morning after the storm had abated, an impalpable powder was perceived in the streets, especially in those parts where the water had subsided, and in the rain water cists, resembling brimstone."

"Several ingenious gentlemen have made a collection of this substance for the purpose of experiment. By one of these gentlemen we are assured that he melted a small quantity of it, and found it answered the purpose of common brimstone in making matches."

"The circumstance is perhaps unprecedented, and we mention it with a hope that wherever it may have occurred, it will attract the notice of philosophers as a subject in every respect deserving the most minute investigation."

"On the 6th ult., the following accident happened at Peekskill, N. Y.—A woman, sitting near a fire side, having her youngest infant in her lap, a second playing near her it accidentally fell into a large kettle of boiling water."

"He Asked Too Much
"I have a stenographer now," proclaimed a prominent business man, "who comes pretty close to being a prize. She is always punctual, always neat and her manners are perfect. She has a pleasant voice, she is nice to look at, and she doesn't chit chat. She never fights with the young men in the office, and she is never impertinent."

"Almost a prize?" repeated one who was listening. "Why should almost be good to be true. What's the matter with her?"

"She can't take dictation and she doesn't know how to type."

"Well, a fellow can't have everything perfect."

To Avoid Accident.
The Grand Jury of Essex County, Mass., has ordered that druggists are to insist upon legible prescriptions or be themselves responsible for the consequences of errors in compounding them."

Estelle—"Does Maud get her beautiful complexion from her mother?"
Acle—"No, from the drug store."

Glimpses of Married Life

As Fred Joplin went down the steps of Olive Dunn's home, staggered under the blow of her rejection of him, he almost stumbled against the figure of a woman, who sprang into his path from the shadow beside the steps.

He leaped back, but the woman laid a hand on his arm.
"Is this Mr. Joplin?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes," he replied after a moment's hesitation.
"What do you want with me?"

"I was the wife of Dr. Ellison," she said, the woman, glancing nervously from side to side.
"May I speak to you a moment? Let us not stop here," and they moved on together.

"I have been waiting here to speak to you. You got a letter that I wrote to you anonymously?" she said after a pause.

"Yes," he answered laconically. The woman was uncanny; he felt like taking to his heels.

"You know the doctor came on here to see this girl; missed a day at the medical convention to take her to the theater and be entertained at her home. I can't think of letting that beautiful girl marry him and suffer what I suffered. It's unthinkable. You must stop it."

"I can do nothing," he answered moodily.
"She won't marry you?" So deadly earnest was the woman's voice that it did not even occur to Joplin to resent the woman's question, or withhold the truth from her.

"Then together we must think of some way to end this impossible situation." They walked along in silence for a time, then the woman said:

"We can do nothing, with her, but perhaps a letter from a man of your position might show the doctor how the world regards these things; might shame him into keeping away from her."

As they passed under an electric light he noticed that the woman was fiercely wringing her hands and her face was drawn and pale.

"Miss Dunn says they are the merest acquaintances," he began.
"That's not true," she interrupted fiercely. "He has sent her roses and she has been heard to say he was very attractive. I suppose it is that morbid pity that some girls have for criminals."

"That can't be; she's not that kind of a girl," began Joplin. The woman stopped and fixed her piercing black eyes on him.

"Much you know about women," she began. "Trust me, that friend of yours, Mrs. Morton, has filled her full of his supposed sufferings; she is half in love with him herself. He has charm; that's where the danger lies. I tell you 'he's in grave peril!'"

"Let me see you to your home, madam," Joplin spoke in low tones, for the feared listeners. The tense excitement of his companion was putting him under a spell.

"Thank you, I have a room not far from here, and I prefer to go alone. Write to this address if you wish to reach me." She handed him a slip of paper. "Good night." She turned and was gone.

Joplin stood staring after her, unable to move until she disappeared from view; then he walked slowly to the garage, where his car was waiting, and drove away through the dim, starlit night.

What should he do? Was the woman insane? He remembered Olive had called the "plot" an hallucination he could do or say help the anything he could. Yet could he sit idle and see Olive marry a divorced man, one whose wife from some cause was almost a lunatic? He pondered the question all the way back to Ann Arbor.

Household Hint

TO CLEAN PANAMA HAT

Select a hot, sunny morning. Get a nail brush, any good white soap, ammonia, glycerin and hot water. White soap does not contain much alkali, ammonia bleaches, glycerin makes it supple and glossy when dry.

Use a deep basin so you can immerse the entire hat.

Make a suds with soap and water, rub hat gently inside and out. Dip hat in water once in a while. Examine if there are any spots left.

When clean rinse in fresh water same temperature as before, allowing one tablespoon ammonia to each gallon of water. Rinse till all trace of soap is gone. Then make last rinse (two quarts water will do), allowing one tablespoon glycerin to each quart. Dip hat in this and pour some of the glycerin water over hat.

Fold a Turkish towel and lay hat on it in the sunshine. Pat it into shape with fingers and, when almost dry, turn it over so sun can reach every side. When dry it will be like new.

THE TABLE

Fricassee Chicken—Clean, wash and cut up a pair of young chickens; lay in clear water for half hour. If they are old they will not brown so well. Put them in sauce pan with enough cold water to cover them well and set over fire to heat slowly. Meanwhile, cut half-pound pork in strips and fry crisp. Take out pork, chop fine and put in pan with chickens. Fry in the fat for 15 minutes, then add onion (or two or three small ones) cut in slices. Let this brown well, then add to chicken with quarter teaspoon of allspice and cloves. Stew all together slowly for an hour or more, until meat is very tender (you can test this with a fork). Take out the fowl and put in hot dish, covering closely until gravy

is ready. Add to gravy a great spoonful of walnut or other dark catsup and nearly three tablespoons browned flour, a little chopped parsley and a glass of fruit juice. Boil up once; strain through colander to remove the bits of pork and onion, return to the pot with the chicken; let it come to a final boil and serve, pouring the gravy over the pieces of fowl.

Frangipani Tart—Mash fine eight macaroons. Pour over them enough hot or boiled milk to make a light batter. Add to this batter about six well-beaten eggs, sweeten to taste, and pour into a sauce pan. Set on stove and stir well until it thickens. Take off and add three ounces good butter, and one tablespoon orange juice. Line a baking dish with a good paste, pour in the mixture and bake about one-half hour.

Apricot Gelatin—A wholesome and delicate dessert can be concocted from a combination of canned apricots and gelatin. For family of two or three the apricots are sufficient for dessert next day. Use two tablespoons gelatin to make a quart. Two cups boiling water are called for; instead, use 1 1/4 cups boiling water, three-fourths cup apricot juice, one lemon and a cup of sugar. As the jelly sets, dice apricots (or use in halves) into the mold. Whipped cream may be used on top.

Graham Cracker Cake—Cream one cup granulated sugar with butter the size of an egg. Add yolks of three eggs. Roll twenty-one large graham crackers and add that, alternating with the cream mixture. Cut milk, three-fourths cup coconut, two teaspoons baking powder and whites of the eggs stiffly beaten; then add one teaspoon vanilla and two tablespoons wine to preserve it. Bake in two layers in a medium oven about twenty minutes. Frosting: Cream two cups powdered sugar with butter size half an egg; add enough lemon juice to spread; sprinkle coconut over frosting.

CARE OF A WATCH

UNCLE SAM HERE TELLS HOW IT SHOULD BE TREATED.

Effects of Severe Jars—Winding and Temperature—Care When Not in Use—Magnetism

Do you know how to handle, carry, and wind your watch properly? Do you know at what time of the day you should wind it, the pocket in which it is best to carry it and the position in which you should hold it when you watch at night or when it is not in use?

These are some questions which Uncle Sam has undertaken to answer, for his 100,000,000 men and women, or such of them as are in possession of a pocket watch.

In traditions as to the use and care of watches are given in a publication recently issued by the government bureau of standards. They are based on conclusions reached by scientists after careful tests and on practical experience of some of the leading watch manufacturers of the land.

The importance of handling a fine watch carefully and of winding it regularly is known to almost everyone. But rules for the proper treatment of watches always have varied greatly, and it is for this reason that the bureau of standards has investigated the matter and has prepared standard instructions which it advises owners of watches to follow.

The bureau, in a set of rules, first cautions against allowing a watch to fall or receive a severe jar, either of which are liable to flure the mechanism, especially in the pendulum of a pocket or the bearing of a jewel. The mere fall of a watch to the end of its chain or the jar it may receive when the article of clothing in which it is being carried is thrown down or dropped may cause serious injury to the movement. Even the sudden motions or jar of jumping on or off a street car may injure it seriously.

Likewise, care should be taken to keep a watch from becoming magnetized by proximity to electrical apparatus, although the trouble from this cause is being reduced by the present type of construction of dynamos and motors. The watch case should be opened as seldom as possible, and then only in places where there is little chance of dust getting into the movement. A broken watch crystal should be replaced promptly, even if the watch has a hunting case.

Concerning the importance of winding a watch regularly, the bureau of standards states:

"Even the delay of an hour in the time of winding may cause considerable variation in the rate in some instances. The winding should not be done perky, but steadily, and not too rapidly, and its conclusion should be approached carefully to avoid injury to the spring or winding mechanism."

"It is generally regarded as slightly better to wind the watch in the morning than at night, as the large variations of the balance under the tight spring will perhaps give more uniform results with the movements and jar of the watch during the day than if the balance wheel were subjected to the lesser tension twelve hours after winding. The difference is, however, not so important as the regular winding of the watch, and if circumstances are such that one is more apt to forget to wind it in the morning than in the evening, the latter time of winding should be adopted."

"If one has an opportunity to compare his watch daily at a certain time with some source of standard time, as with the time as sent out by telegraph or by wireless signals, or by regular comparison with some accurate clock, as one daily passes a jeweler's store, for instance, it would be well to establish the habit of winding the watch at that time, as it is better to have such daily comparisons made at the time the watch is wound, and regular winding will usually give

The pocket in which one carries his watch, the size of the pocket and the kind of watch chain or fob used have a more important effect on the uniformity of a watch's rate than is generally realized. The temperature of the watch in different pockets will vary considerably and the amount of motion or jar to which the watch would be subjected would differ. For instance, a watch carried in the upper pocket would generally be at a lower temperature and would be more frequently disturbed, as well as being held in various positions more irregularly, than in other pockets.

In a large pocket the watch is apt to turn to the right or left by various amounts, giving irregular rates unless one adopts some method of holding it upright. Perhaps the best method to prevent a watch turning in this way, other than actually pinning it in place, is to keep the watch in a chain or old watch bag, such as may be obtained from jewelers in correct size to fit one's pocket. The watch cannot turn in this if of the proper size, and the friction of the bag in the pocket prevents its turning. The bag also protects the watch and keeps it cleaner."

The care of the watch at night or when it is not in use is another important item, concerning which the bureau of standards states:

"At night, or when the watch is not in use, it is desirable to leave the watch in the same position as during the day, and preferably in some place where it will not be subject to any great temperature change. It is desirable to leave the watch in a horizontal position during the night for the sake of compensating any considerable gaining or losing of the watch in the pendant-up position during the day. The same precaution to avoid marked temperature changes should be observed, and the regularity with which such a change of position is carried out may be as important as regularity of winding."

Watch the Lamb.

It will pay to keep close watch on the sheep at lambing time. The lamb is a helpless little animal when it is first born, and a little assistance at this time may mean the difference between its living and not living.

Substitute for Cow's Milk.

E. H. Hertzler of Mt. Joy, Pa., claims to have discovered a substitute for cow's milk, and says that this is the way he makes it. Use raw peanuts, grind them in a food chopper, then put them in a jar. Pour water into it in the proportion of about three quarts of water to one quart of kernels. After the contents of the jar have been well shaken strain through a cloth.

Set the jar away in a cool place for several hours and the contents will have the appearance of cow's milk, with cream about the same proportion as milk, collected on the surface.

The path of By-and-By leads to Nowhere.

Cold cash often melts marble hearts.

MICHIGAN NEWS

FARMERS CHANGED, AD WRITERS HEAR

Advised to Study the Altered Rural Conditions in United States.

Half Wear Garters; Now Buy Autos and Expensive Clothes.

Chicago.—Farmers of today are different from those of 20 years ago, E. T. Meredith, of Des Moines, Ia., publisher of a farm journal, told delegates attending the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

"Some of you advertisers act as if you didn't think the farmers wear coats or shoes," Mr. Meredith said.

Why, do you know that 50 per cent of all farmers wear garters? It has been proven by investigation. You haven't realized that the farmer can buy, that he pays \$15 to \$45 for a suit of clothes, and that he purchases motor cars ranging in price from \$500 to \$2,000.

"The advertising agencies should study the rural towns," he said. "The farmers of today, you think the farmers of 20 years ago."

ASSERTS USE OF LIQUOR TO GET INDIANS' VOTES

Federal Officer Asks Gov. Ferris to Investigate.

Lansing, Mich.—The United States government, through Clarence T. Johnson, special officer of the Indian service, asked Gov. Ferris to appoint a special prosecutor for Baraga county that prosecutions may be instituted against several prominent residents and politicians of that county for violation of the state law in furnishing liquor to Indians to gain their votes. Gov. Ferris has referred the matter to the attorney-general's department for investigation.

HAMTRAMCK WAGES WAR ON VAGRANTS

Hamtramck has launched a crusade against the "bums" who make the village anything but a safe haven for the travelers. Bums were complained by the villagers for the help they rendered by doing odd jobs. They were found to be more of a nuisance than a help. A day's wages were enough to send them off on a several days' drink with their "lucifer" in evidence to the police and danger to the women of the village. The club has gone forth to arrest every tramp in a half dozen and being driven off town every day and the police intend to make the place so hot as to be shunned hereafter.

ESTABLISH 710 NEW RURAL MAIL ROUTES

Will Reach 82,390 Families; Auto Service for Many Points

Washington.—Establishment of 710 new federal mail delivery routes to serve 82,390 families and the extension of existing service so as to reach 5,460 additional families was announced by Postmaster-General Burleson.

Enlargement and extension of the rural service was made possible a postoffice department statement explains by a readjustment in April and May resulting in a reduction of operating expenses amounting to \$511,262. Many routes have been consolidated with others, but it is said that few carriers will be dropped. Transfers are being arranged under which experienced men are being retained. Orders are now awaiting the postmaster-general's signature providing for new rural automobile service in many localities, as authorized by the last appropriation bill. People on these routes when living within a radius of 25 miles will enjoy local routes. The first of the routes will go into operation Aug. 1.

STATE SUES DETROIT FIRMS FOR GRAVEL

Asserts They Have Been Dredging on St. Clair Flats

Lansing, Mich.—The state of Michigan wants an accounting from certain firms who have been dredging in the channels of the St. Clair flats, obtaining sand and gravel which is said to have been sold for commercial purposes. As stated an investigation suit has been started in the Ingham county circuit by the state against the United Fuel & Supply Co. of Detroit; Cadwell Transit Co., Detroit; Superior Sand & Gravel Co., Detroit; and J. Jacques Sons & Co., Detroit, asking these firms to make an accounting to the state for sand and gravel dredged from the channels of the flats.

U. S. L. STORAGE BATTERIES

U.S.L. Batteries are known to all motorists by reputation. We not only offer the U.S.L. Batteries to our customers, but we can also guarantee a S. L. service, which can be had in this city. This one feature alone assures perfect satisfaction to all U.S.L. battery users.

U.S.L. 60 hour ignition batteries, 10.00 U.S.L. 120 hour lighting batteries, 15.00 U.S.L. 90 hour lighting batteries, 12.50 U.S.L. 150 hour lighting batteries, 18.00

We can also furnish starting batteries for various makes of cars. Prices given on application. Every battery absolutely guaranteed.

E. A. BOWMAN COMPANY

Dealers Supplied. 844 Woodward Ave. Detroit, Michigan

BIG FISH HE HOOKED NEARLY COST HIS LIFE

Angler Strangled and His Boat Capsized.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Ed. Carrothers, of Chicago, went to Blue Lake, near Big Rapids, to fish. Jokingly he held the line which he was trolling in his teeth. A big fish grabbed his bait, and when he struck the line was looped around Carrothers' neck. The boat was capsized and only for the timely arrival of Raymond Stiles, Carrothers would have been dragged to his death, as the line around his neck was shutting off his wind.

SERIOUSLY WOUNDED BY OLD ENEMY

Iron River Man is in Critical Condition.

Iron River, Mich.—Tony Bepanti Tuesday probably fatally shot John Ferracoe, during an altercation in a candy store. Ferracoe, wounded twice in the abdomen, is in a hospital here. The two men were allied with different factions in Chicago and renewed their enmity after both had come to Iron River.

Bepanti surrendered to the police, declaring he shot in self defense.

Rusty rims are ruins. They breed rusty beads, the direct offspring of which is rusty fabric.

THE NEWSPAPER

Is supported by every progressive and enterprising merchant. There are some who depend upon such progressiveness to build up their own profits, without cost so themselves. Try to paddle your own canoe and note the increase in trade.

AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL

DETROIT Y. M. C. A. DAY & EVENING CLASSES. For Salesmen, Chauffeurs, Mechanics and Owners. Enter any time. For Particulars, Address Y. M. C. A. Automobile School Room 303 Detroit, Mich.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Harold Bomers, 150 DeLoz Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SORE LEGS

VARICOSE VEINS, ULCERS, WEAK ANKLES, ETC., ARE EVENTUALLY SUPPORTED

by the Corliss Laced Stocking

Best and Cheapest SANITARY, as they may be washed or boiled. COMFORTABLE, made to measure. NO ELASTIC. Adjustable, fits like a leg. High and durable. ECONOMICAL. Cost \$1.25 each or two for \$2.50. Write for free booklet and Self Measurement Blank No 5.

Consultation free. Lady attendants.

Detroit Corliss Limb Specialty Co., 972 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Mich.

HOME TREATMENT

We have a proven home treatment for healing ulcers and leg sores which is economical, cost \$1.25 each or two for \$2.50. Write for free booklet and Self Measurement Blank No 5.

Consultation free. Lady attendants.

Detroit Corliss Limb Specialty Co., 972 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Mich.

SIXTY THOUSAND SEE GIANT SUPER-DREADNOUGHT LAUNCHED



Miss Esther Ross about to christen vessel, and Arizona leaving ways.

Sixty thousand enthusiastic Americans were present Saturday at the launching of the world's most powerful super-dreadnought—the Arizona. The vessel was christened by Miss Esther Ross of Arizona.

The Iceberg Syndicate

By James Francis Dwyer

(Copyrighted, Paget Newspaper, Ser.)

The little bald-headed man in the corner looked around when Fraser finished his story.

"Pursuits of that kind are a trifle dangerous," he said, "but a man will walk on a very thin plank if there is gold at the other end."

"I never caught pythons," he continued, "but when I went out snail hunting, for the Manhattan Iceberg Syndicate I struck an experience or two. Icebergs are just as slippery as pythons."

"Say!" interrupted Fraser, his face coloring slightly as he leaned forward, "you don't think I spun that yarn out of gossamer, do you?"

"No, no," cried the little man hurriedly, "your story is more convincing than a galling gun. I was just drawing a comparison. The python seems to be a particularly awkward animal to subjugate, but an iceberg possesses a degree of cuteness that makes its pursuit and capture carry the same sensation as your business."

WHITE HOUSE BABE, MAMA AND GRANDPA



President Wilson, Mrs. Eleanor Wilson, and Miss Ellen Wilson.

Miss Ellen Wilson McAdoo, aged about two months, has had her picture taken in company with her mother and her grandfather, the president of the United States. The little baby is named for the late Mrs. Wilson and is already a prime favorite with "Grandpa."

WILL GODFREY'S LAST LEAP

It was a sultry afternoon in the middle of August. The hot air, which had a slight haze, hung like a transparent curtain of light and heat. The couch on which Will Godfrey had lain ever since his hunting accident in the spring had a view of a flower garden richly decked with scarlet and gold, and beyond it of the sun-scorched, park where oaks, elms, and chestnuts spread great branches, clad in the tintless foliage of late summer. The deer were huddled together in the shade, there was little sign of stirring life, all Nature seemed asleep.

The doctor was sitting near Will. His eyes at the present moment were so full of sorrow that he dared not raise them. There had been a consultation that morning with a great London surgeon, and the result was supposed to be favorable—life might possibly be prolonged under certain conditions.

Will was a man of almost gigantic build. He looked like Goliath laid low. Goliath, dying, by inches instead of by one swift stroke from his own sword.

"How long will this go on, doctor?" he said, abruptly looking at his friend with great wistful eyes.

The doctor did not speak for a moment. He raised his eyes, but not to his patient's face; they wandered round the room, the walls of which were full of pictures of hunting scenes.

"How long will this go on?" he repeated, insistently.

"It may be for months—even years. You are suffering from creeping paralysis, but that is often very slow."

"There is no hope for recovery, not even of partial recovery, doctor?"

"God knows! I wish there were that's one of the hardest parts of a doctor's life, the being unable to do more than patch up a magnificent frame like yours."

"There was a rabbit once, half-killed and quivering—he knocked it on the head and put it out of its pain; we didn't leave it in its misery; we didn't feed it up to prolong the anguish. And the very horse which fell with me, whose legs were broken, was shot, that very hour; it wasn't left to linger. Man is less cruel than God. Man understands—God does not."

"Hush," said the doctor gently. He was a man of great reverence of thought and feeling.

Will Godfrey came in at that moment a beautiful woman with a singularly young girlish face and an extraordinary expression of vitality. She was pale, with a soft, creamy paleness and black eyebrows and intensely gray, black-fringed eyes.

She waited till the doctor had gone and then knelt down by her husband and stroked his hand.

"I was thought an idle man, wasn't I, Lyn?" he said, softly, smiling at her—oh, what a sad smile it was!

"That I made a business of sport and a game of life, wasn't it?" she said, with a smile that was almost a sob.

"Do not let me hear you talk about it," said Lyn, with a break in her voice.

"No—it's the only comfort I have. I never knew I had such a strong imagination. I shut my eyes and see the very scenes where I have been so happy—the golf links, the moor, the crossroads, the moors, the coverts—but sometimes all the pictures run into one another like a kaleidoscope."

"Shall I read to you?" said Lyn, gently.

"No—talk to me. You're a good woman, Lyn, aren't you?"

"Do you know what I said to the doctor?"

"I spoke of a rabbit that had been wounded to death, whose condition was hopeless. I said if a man saw that animal he would immediately put it out of its pain; he would be thought a brute if he didn't. The mere brutes are better off than men—they're not allowed to live when existence means torture and yet the two cases can't be compared for suffering, the brute has a certain amount of physical pain, but that's all; it has no imagination to paint pictures of never-to-be-had again delight, no highly strung nerves to increase its agony tenfold."

"But the mere brute isn't taken care of, nursed tenderly," said Lyn.

"That's only a refinement of cruelty when there's no hope, little woman," he went on, gravely looking at her with very kind eyes, "you married a strong man fond of sport, full of the joy of living, to whom life meant health and strength and a roaring good time, this cripple lying on a stretcher is really a stranger to you."

"Ah, don't say that," she cried, imploringly, stretching out her hand.

"It must be true. I'm a stranger to myself. I can't imagine myself chained to this stretcher unable to move without pain. It's not Will Godfrey who is lying here—no, Will Godfrey is the man I think about in my dreams, leaping the ditches on a chilly spring morning, or marching over the grouse moors with a gun—not this corpse of a man, dead to everything he loved."

"But am I nothing to you?" sobbed poor Lyn, who felt that her cup of anguish was indeed full.

"I'm not, so to say, a good man," Will went on dreamily. "Churchgoing bored me, and that's the truth. I went because you liked it, darling, and because it was the right thing for the squire at the Hall, example, and all that, but I was confoundedly bored—I've nothing to cheer me now."

"If I might even go on dreaming about the sport, things are deucedly real in a dream, Lyn! I've lost sight of the meet clear and distinct—the bare trees and the hedges standing out against a yellowish sky—and I was coming up with the rest, tearing, galloping in a mad sort of way—and it was real, Lyn; much more real than this—"

At that moment the two were interrupted by the entrance of Priscilla Steinforth, Will's aunt, his mother's sister. She was a terrible woman, with a genius for administering spiritual consolation to her relations and friends at supreme moments in their lives. With the best of motives, she made herself extremely objectionable and in times of trouble and difficulty was avoided like the plague. She had called very often for the purpose of seeing Will, but had been refused admission. On the present occasion she entered the bedroom uninvited, and advanced to the couch.

"There had been no time to make any preparation for her arrival. The table was strewn with papers of a sporting character, a yellow-backed novel lay on the pillow.

"Will, I could not restrain myself; I was obliged to come," she said, with almost pious earnestness. "You are my own sister's child. Could I ever forgive myself if I neglected my duty toward you at such a time? You have led a selfish pleasure-seeking life, but it's not too late to seek for mercy."

She paused, and looked at Evelyn. "Where is your Bible?" she said, sorrowfully. "I see sporting papers in profusion, but the one Book which will give your husband comfort. The river of death is very near, Will," she went on solemnly; "it flows at the bottom of the valley. Soon you will be at the margin. I hear the time is prolonged in which to prepare for the crossing. I beseech you, use it well."

"Go away, Aunt Priscilla," said Evelyn, fiercely. "Go away—leave him to me. Will, do you remember father?"

Will looked at his wife, and his face lighted up.

"He was a good man, a saint upon earth. There's no one could throw a stone at father. I am the youngest and quite different from all the rest, and people said I was lost because I liked hunting and sports of all kinds, and some one spoke to father and said that it was a scandal that an Evangelical clergyman's daughter should care for such things. And father—Evelyn's voice broke—"he took me into his study—I was, seven, then—and he made me tell him just how I felt, and he said I had my grandfather's blood in my veins. (Grandfather had been in the bush, and that was where father was born.) And father said it would be cruel to still all the desires and instincts which were in me by nature, and he saved up and bought me a horse, and, as you know, I used to go to the meets, and it was there I met you, Will."

She paused a moment out of breath, trying to choose the right words for the many thoughts which crowded in.

"I want to try to remember what father said—the very words, they were something like this. He said he could understand because he was my father, and that was why I did understand. He knows all about it through and through, and he wishes us to be our best selves, as we are. You are a sportsman and an out-door man, and he cares for you like that, and he'll make you happy in your own way, not

in some one else's way. And you don't want any teaching about some things."

After that Will lay quite still with his eyes half closed. In a few minutes he was fast asleep, breathing regularly like a child. It was evidently a happy slumber. He was dreaming, and the dream was vivid and intensely real. His lips were curved in an almost joyous smile.

After a short interval he began to speak.

"The mare is fresh today, Evelyn," he murmured in his sleep. "This is our first ride together since my accident. Oh, it's good to be well!"

"Yes," she answered, in a low, clear voice, which had the ring of laughter in it, "it's good to be riding together again, you and I, you on the Black Princess and I on Star."

But the radiant look vanished, a shadow crossed her husband's face like the wing of a dark cloud.

His Aunt Priscilla's words were evidently haunting him.

"The river," he murmured, in a distressed tone of voice. "I'm close to it now."

"Leap it!" she cried, suddenly. "You can do it, I'm certain. Why, I could do it, Will!"

Only for an instant did Will hesitate. Then his expression changed to a joyous ecstasy of resolve.

"By Jove! I'll have to try, Lyn," he whispered, still in his sleep.

He raised his head with eager expectancy, his left hand was outstretched, grasping invisible reins.

His pulse gave one tremendous bound. It was the last. His head fell quietly back—his left hand relaxed its hold. His lips still smiled! It was a smile of triumph.

Will Godfrey had leaped!—London Outlook

Water With Juniper Berry Flavor.

That sailors at sea find the water of the Dismal Swamp the most potable of any to be had is not wholly explained by the fact that they have the quality of keeping sweet in barrels on shipboard longer than others. What keeps them sweet is a large infusion of juniper berries, and water with a moderate flavoring of juniper berries is better than any gin that can nowadays be bought in the open market.—Providence Journal.

Smoke and Beauty.

Here is a theory—London smoke is a tonic. Is the sulphur that finds its way via smoky chimneys into the air of London the secret of the London complexion? Over and over again it is remarked how much finer is the town than the country complexion. Put a London girl beside a country girl and ten chances to one the London girl's complexion is the better—Black and White.

SECOND ANNUAL

OHIO and MICHIGAN

Land Products and

Live Stock Exposition

TOLEDO, OHIO

DEC. 1st to 12th, 1915

"Genemotor" The New FORD STARTER TOUCH AND GO!

TOUCH a button with your foot. Throw in your clutch and you're off.

The Genemotor—the new Ford Self-Starter does the rest.

It is made by the General Electric Company. It is simple in construction, easy to operate and starts and lights your car. Cost's only \$75.00.

Ready to put on at our store—now.

E. A. BOWMAN COMPANY

844 Woodward Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

Dealers write us State Distributors.

Saves & Makes You Money

Hartley Steel-Craterd Farm Produce Boxes are the highest, strongest and best. Cost but little, used over and over. You can increase your income by selling direct to city consumers. We furnish everything to do business by Parcel Post. Write for big free catalog and details today.

Hartley Steel Craterd Box Co.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Write Department D for circular.

Drink SAN MARTO The Standard Coffee

30c the pound. At Your Grocers

KILL CHICKEN MITES

With "FUMOTH" FUMIGATORS is a sure, easy and quick way. No more spraying and exposing one's self to these mites. One or two required for a 20 or 12 foot house, or for every 1,000 cubic feet, and one fumigation cleans them out. A second net likely during the season. Requires half hour to do the fumigation. The fumus goes into all the cracks and crevices and permeates the straw, killing every insect, which is not possible with spraying. Can return fowls immediately. Fumes kill instantly and not by suffocation, like sulphur or formaldehyde, and not dangerous to man.

Two fumigations, 25 cents; 3 for 50 cents; 12 for \$1.00. Postpaid. Ask for descriptive folder. Send name of supply house. Guaranteed—money refunded. Fumigator also kills mosquitoes and house flies.

F. A. THOMPSON & CO., 221 Trembley Ave., Detroit, Mich.

HOLDS TIME IS RIPE FOR U. S. TO MEDIATE



Senator Newlands.

That the time is now ripe for the United States to mediate in the European war; that President Wilson is the ideal man for this task, and that the first proposal of terms should come from Germany, since on the continent of Europe that nation at present has the advantage, is the opinion of Senator Francis E. Newlands of Nevada.

The little bald-headed man remained quiet for a few minutes and Fraser grew impatient. "How did it end?" he asked.

"How?" repeated the little man irritably. "Don't you know that Providence builds the nest of the blind bird? That lunatic that paid me a thousand dollars thinking he could drag icebergs in out of the Atlantic and sell them at 10 cents a pound in New York City salvaged \$3,000 out of that frozen-up treasure chest, and the only piece that I got out of the haul is this little chunk of gold I wear on my job!"

He lifted the end of his chin and showed a Spanish doubloon that bore the head of King Philip who had fitted a Spanish Armada when Queen Elizabeth ruled over England.

Fraser was the first to break the silence. "Say," he murmured, "do you think there are any more of those doubloons up there in cold storage?"

But the little man didn't answer. A stout lady had signaled to him from the hotel lobby, and he was hurrying towards her as fast as his short legs would take him.

The Potato Crop

Harry Godfrey has a granddaddy in the 3 year old class. She has blous all her own about thirty out of doors. A while ago granddad planted a patch of potatoes in his garden. After Three Year Old observed the proceedings with interest. Presently darkness came on and she was in for from the family hearth. A search immediately was instituted. They found her sitting beside a row of potatoes.

"Why, what are you doing here?" granddaddy inquired a bit peevishly.

"Waiting for the potatoes to come up," was the reply.

"Well, you come on into the house. You've scared us half to death."

Unwillingly she took granddad's hand and started toward the home. Suddenly, she broke away and ran back to the potato row. Pointing her finger at it as if in command, she said:

Paw Knows Everything

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between the words firmness and obstinacy?

Paw—It's a matter of sex, my son. A man can be firm, but a woman is obstinate.

Maw—Willie, my boy, you go out and shovel the snow off the front pavement.

John D. Mabley

SAYS: What about your Straw Hat, brother? Going to take up the old last year's "Kelly" and get kidded about the smell of gasoline, or are you coming to Mabley's and get a hat that you can be proud of? Prices to suit you.

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

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the Lapham State Savings Bank at Northville, Michigan, at the close of business June 23rd, 1915, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts, viz.
Commercial Department, \$115,300.98
Savings Department, 21,813.34
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, 33,860.00
Commercial Department, 33,860.00
Savings Department, 146,824.12
Overdrafts, 52.40
Banking House, 12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures, 2,735.00
Due from banks in reserve cities, 21,046.67
Commercial, 24,900.89
Savings, 8,218.00
U. S. and National Bank, 4,435.00
Gold Coin, Commercial, 19,200.00
Gold Coin, Savings, 703.55
Silver Coin, Commercial, 283.55
Nickels and Cents, Commercial, 113.19
Checks and other cash items, 113.19

Total, \$402,735.48

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in, \$25,000.00
Surplus fund, 5,000.00
Undivided Profits, net, 3,012.99
Commercial deposits, 67,761.18
Subject to Check, 98,508.05
Savings Deposits (book accounts), 20,446.54
Reserved for taxes, interest, etc., 42.42

Total, \$102,735.48

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.

I, E. H. Lapham, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained as shown by the books of the bank.

E. H. LAPHAM, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of June, 1915.

ERNEST MILLER, Notary Public.
Commission expires March 11, 1916.

Correct—Attest
F. S. HARMON,
F. S. NEAL,
M. N. JOHNSON,
Directors.

Commenced business April 15, 1907.
Bank No. 307.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the Northville State Savings Bank at Northville, Wayne County, Michigan, at the close of business June 23, 1915, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts, viz.
Commercial Dept., \$114,980.89
Savings Dept., 32,410.85
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, 33,860.00
Savings Dept., 154,154.24
Overdrafts, 180.64
Banking House, 7,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures, 4,000.00
Revenue, Stamps, 65.00
Items in Transit, 500.00
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities, 6,899.49
Commercial, 27,770.19
U. S. and Nat'l Bank Currency, 3,229.00
Gold Coin, Commercial, 3,530.00
Gold Coin, Savings, 5,500.00
Silver Coin, Commercial, 230.00
Nickels and Cents, 241.55
Checks and other cash items, 153.64

Total, \$394,553.85

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in, \$25,000.00
Surplus Fund, 11,000.00
Undivided Profits net, 7,772.33
Commercial Deposits, Subject to Check, 49,531.42
Commercial Certificates of Deposit, 73,728.54
Savings Deposits, (book accounts), 197,221.59

Total, \$394,553.85

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.

I, L. A. Babbitt, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

L. A. BABBITT, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of June, 1915.

HARRY E. TAFT, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Nov. 5, 1917.

R. F. YURKES,
C. H. COLDREN,
J. G. RICHARDSON,
Directors.

Bank No. 145. Organized Dec. 4, 1912.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Don Baker was home from Lansing over Sunday.

Miss Mildred Harger of Detroit visited Northville friends this week.

Gideon Benton of Ann Arbor is visiting his son, Carmi, and family.

Miss Chattie Baker of Orion is spending the week at the Geo. Baker home.

Mrs. Stella Nye of Detroit called on Northville relatives Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Lillie Chapman of Lansing spent Sunday with her cousin, Mrs. J. E. Webber.

Miss Barbara Fredericks is spending the week at Pettibone lake with Milford friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Baker of Grand Ledge were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Baker.

Mrs. D. B. Henry is seriously ill and is being cared for by a trained nurse from Detroit.

The residences of F. S. Harmon and Mrs. Lucy Gilis on Wing street, have been newly painted.

Mrs. Robt. Parks and son, Russel, left Monday for Higgins Lake where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Dutton of Plymouth was one of the out-of-town guests at the N. W. C. picnic last week.

Mrs. Wm. Moe has returned to her home south of town after a visit at Jackson and Michigan Center.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Campbell and little son, David, of Springwells are visiting at the home of J. W. Kator.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Terrill returned Monday from a week's visit with relatives at Big Rapids and Chippewa Lake.

Frank Burges, of Isabella county visited his sister, Mrs. James Clark, from Friday until Wednesday of this week.

Prof. and Mrs. F. W. Wheaton and daughter, Lois, have been visiting in Grass Lake, Jackson and Napoleon the past two weeks.

Mrs. Augusta Root of Detroit has been the guest of Mrs. E. B. Thompson and other Northville friends several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hulman and family of South Lyon visited their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James Clark, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Shipley of Detroit were over Sunday guests of the future parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carson. Miss Harrison (Carson) returned home with them for a visit.

Eleven neighbors of Mrs. D. B. Henry surprised her last Wednesday evening by bringing the light-bulb anniversary of her marriage. The ladies took their supper and some of Mr. Henry and enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Mrs. Harry Taft left Monday morning for a three weeks outing with her parents at Houghton lake, Roseau county, Minn. Mr. Taft leaves today for the same place for his two weeks vacation, returning home with Mr. Taft about July 19.

Mrs. S. G. Power spent last week at Walled lake with the Jolly 8 girls. The club members who are at the Dubur cottage, are Aletha Yerkes, Myrtle Gorton, Dorothy Dubur, Alice Cunningham, Mabel Benton, Genevieve Durfee and Marion and Hester Power.

Miss Lucile Calkins is recovering very satisfactorily from the operation recently performed on her throat, in Detroit, and her friends are glad to know that neither the strength or quality of her singing voice are endangered by the removal of her tonsils.

Mrs. Lillian Ambler and son, Carrou, left yesterday for an extended trip. They will visit the former's brother who is superintendent of schools in Moorhead, Minn. From there they go to Portland, Oregon, San Francisco, Santa Barba and Los Angeles, Calif. Mrs. Ambler will attend the National Teacher's convention while in San Francisco.

Mrs. E. J. Frost and daughters, Edith and Mary Elizabeth, of Auburn, Mass., arrived here last Wednesday for a month's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle Mead. Mrs. Frost's son, Carlisle and chauffeur started from Auburn Thursday in their big Chalmers auto and reached here Saturday, making the trip of 1,075 miles in just three days.

Mrs. E. B. Mosher of Detroit visited Mrs. N. E. Bogart this week. Mrs.

JULY 2ND BIG DAY AT THE NEW ALSEUM THEATRE.

July 3 will be a big date at the Alseum theatre. The New York Hippodrome greatest spectacle, "America" will be exhibited in 6 reels. Included in this production are the landing of Columbus, the opening of the Panama canal; Carnival of Sports in Florida; Suffrage Parade, and the "Court of Honor." Admission, 15 cents.

Mosher was Miss Belle Kimmis of Novi.

Mrs. Paul Wood and baby of Plymouth were visitors at the Burt Wood home Wednesday.

The Misses Hazel and Hilda Furman of Wixom start today for Portland, Oregon and San Diego and Los Angeles, Calif. Both young ladies attended school here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Stage, Sr., and little son, Albert, and Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Stage, Jr., and baby leave tomorrow on a motor trip to Howell and Ploverville. They will return home Tuesday.

Mrs. W. D. Kullatt left yesterday for Marine City where she will board the freighter, "Samuel J. Murphy," of which her husband has charge. She will make the last of the trip touching ports on Lake Erie.

Mrs. Amelia Dean and Mrs. Della Cohe, of Detroit were guests of Mrs. C. J. Ball on Wednesday. Many years ago, as the "Sheidon twins," these ladies were neighbors of Mrs. Ball, living at Newport, Monroe county.

Our little city of Northville is to be quite well represented at the Panama-Pacific world's fair this year. Among those from here who have already gone there or expect to go later on are Mrs. Ida Joslin, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Huff and little daughters Mrs. Lillian Ambler and son, and Miss Elizabeth Ostrander.

COMPLETE PROGRAM CHAUTAUQUA WEEK

FIRST DAY.

Afternoon—Opening Concert—Monteale's Venetian Quartet. This Quartet, which is composed of native born Italians, renders a program of vocal and instrumental selections. The instruments used were made by Mr. Montanelli and consist of combinations of the harp with other stringed instruments. One of the new instruments is the banjo-jarino—a combination of the harp and mandolin.
Lecture—George H. Spencer. The subject of Mr. Spencer's afternoon lecture will be "Dynamism and Schism."
Evening—Musical Entertainment—Monteale's Venetian Quartet.
Lecture—George H. Spencer. In the evening Mr. Spencer will speak upon "Preparedness" for Peace.

SECOND DAY.

Afternoon—Musical Entertainment—Prof. M. Varston, Soloist. Mr. Marston who is an opera singer of wide experience will give selections from popular operas as well as ballads and old familiar songs.
Lecture—Mrs. Demarechus Brown. Mrs. Brown will lecture on "The Long Road," a subject touching on the temperance movement.
Evening—Musical Entertainment—Fred M. Marston.
Lecture—Mrs. Demarechus Brown. The subject of Mrs. Brown's lecture will be "Modern Life and Literature." It will deal with the influence of present day literature upon current social life.
Poets of Magic—Ray Newton.

THIRD DAY.

Afternoon—Grand Concert. The Whitford Town and Concert Company Vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with readings and dramatic numbers.
Evening—Musical Entertainment. The Whitford Town and Concert Company.
Lecture—Machine Made Legislation—Congressman M. Clyde Kelly.

FOURTH DAY.

Afternoon—Opening Concert. The Kilties Band.
Lecture—Dr. E. G. Shouse. Dr. Shouse will lecture in an entertaining way on "The Humor and Philosophy of Habit."
Evening—Grand Concert (2 parts). The Kilties Band. Bag-pipe solos will be played by the Kilties' pipe major.
Miss Jean Campbell, soprano soloist, will sing.

FIFTH DAY.

Afternoon—Music. The Stratford Opera Company. Mrs. Lulu Hatfield Solomon as leader of the Stratford Opera Company. She will sing selections from the well-known operas with some comic pieces and musical "freaks."
Lecture—"Taking Stock of the Old Town"—Fred Eastman.
Evening—Grand Concert. The Stratford Opera Company. Part One, Popular Songs, Part Two Portion of "The Mikado" in costume.
Between the two parts of the concert by the Stratford Opera Company, Fred Eastman will lecture on "Waking up the Village."
The afternoon sessions of the Chautauqua will begin promptly at 2:30 o'clock and the evening sessions at 8:15 o'clock.

Mrs. E. J. Frost and daughters, Edith and Mary Elizabeth, of Auburn, Mass., arrived here last Wednesday for a month's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle Mead. Mrs. Frost's son, Carlisle and chauffeur started from Auburn Thursday in their big Chalmers auto and reached here Saturday, making the trip of 1,075 miles in just three days.

Mrs. E. B. Mosher of Detroit visited Mrs. N. E. Bogart this week. Mrs.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE CHICHESTER PILLS FOR THE CURE OF ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWEL. They are the most reliable and most effective of all the pills for the cure of constipation, indigestion, headache, neuralgia, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists everywhere.

NICH. SHORT SHIP RACES.

What promises to be the best half mile track race meeting of the season will serve to inaugurate the successful Michigan Short Ship Circuit at Detroit, opening on July 5 and continuing for five afternoons. Given by the Detroit Driving club, whose Blue Ribbon trots are world famous, this series of races will be the class of its kind. The Detroit half-mile track, built last year, now is regarded as the fastest of the smaller ovals and indications are that a number of state and some national records will fall during the struggle among the trotters and pacers.

Twenty races are on the card for the five afternoons, including six stakes which promise to have fields of exceptional size and quality. On Fourth of July the 2:24 trot will introduce the pick of the green trotters in this reality being the M. & M. of the half-milers. Tuesday's stake is for 2:20 pacers and on Wednesday the 2:14 pace and three-year-old trot will be raced. The 2:16 trot and Thursday is the best ever scheduled by any half-mile track.

The feature of all is the free-for-all pace on Friday, when the greatest field of the year will start, including—Directorum 1, 1:58; Frank Bogash, Jr., 1:58 1-2; Anna Bradford, 2:00 3-4; Flower Direct, 2:02; Billy M. 2:03 1-4; King Couchman, 2:02 3-4; Our Colonel, 2:03 1-2; Single G. 2:07 1-4, and May Davis, 2:08 1-4.

MAJESTIC, DETROIT.

Viola Allen will make her debut in filmdom in the Majestic theatre next week when she will be seen in her greatest stage success, "The White Sister." Miss Allen is declared to have personally supervised the production, many of the scenes were made in Italy, and the whole will be fully up to the new Majestic standard of excellence. Miss Allen was captivated by the great dramatic possibilities of the story. Had the play made and now comes forth in the film presentation. All the usual Majestic features, topical revues, traveltogue, comedy, quartet organ and orchestra selections are included in the program.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-ninth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Present, Edward Command, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the estate of IDA M. PERRIN, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Edwin R. Perrin praying that administration of said estate be granted to him or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the fourth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard time, at said court room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy.)
EDWARD COMMAND,
Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT,
Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-ninth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Present, Edward Command, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the estate of MARY KANE JOHNSON, deceased.

Henry Clay Calkins, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered, that the third day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard time, at said court room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy.)
EDWARD COMMAND,
Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT,
Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-second day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Present, Edward Command, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the estate of SAMUEL JOHNSON, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Pitt N. Everitt, praying that administration of said estate be granted to him or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the twenty-eighth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard time, at said court room be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy.)
EDWARD COMMAND,
Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT,
Register.

Northville Farms Company

with offices over the New Alseum Opera House in the Village of Northville. Specialize in handling Farms. See them if you wish to buy or sell. Your particular needs will be given careful attention.

Northville Farms Company
Alseum Opera House, Main St.
Northville, Mich.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the court room in the city of Detroit, on the eleventh day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Present, Edward Command, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the estate of CHARLES L. FERGUSON, deceased.

Ernest Miller, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered, that the thirtieth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard time, at said court room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy.)
EDWARD COMMAND,
Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT,
Register.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the Matter of the estate of KATHERINE YERKES, 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 Lapham State Savings Bank, in said county, on Monday the 2nd day of August A. D. 1915, and on Saturday, the 2nd day of October A. D. 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 2nd day of June A. D. 1915, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated June 2, 1915.
FRANCIS G. TERRILL,
CHARLES A. SESSIONS,
Commissioners.

15-49.

J. A. Neal, Attorney, Orion, Mich.
MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas, default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest of a mortgage, dated the eleventh day of May, 1912, made and executed by Martha Corneli, of the city of Detroit, Wayne county, State of Michigan, to the Citizens State Savings Bank, a Michigan banking corporation of Orion, Michigan, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne county, Michigan, on the 15th day of May, 1912 in Liber 553 of mortgages on page 514 and said mortgage was duly assigned by said Citizens State Savings Bank to the Orion State Bank, a Michigan banking corporation on the 14th day of July, 1914, which said assignment is of record in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne county, Michigan in Liber 59 of Deeds at page 335; and which said mortgage is now owned by said Orion State Bank; and whereas, the whole amount now claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage of principal and interest at the date of this notice is the sum of two hundred eighty-one dollars and eighteen cents (\$281.18) and an attorney's fee (as provided by law and in said mortgage) of fifteen dollars (\$15.00); and such further sum will be claimed at said sale as the undersigned shall pay for taxes and insurance to protect his interest in the premises described in said mortgage, and no sur. at law or in equity or other proceeding having been instituted to recover the same, or any part thereof, now, therefore, notice is hereby given that on Monday, August 16th, 1915 at one o'clock (Central Standard Time) in the afternoon of said day, the lands described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due thereon and costs and expenses of foreclosure, will be sold at the southerly or Congress street entrance to the Wayne county building in the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan (that being the building in which the Circuit Court for said county of Wayne is held) at public auction, to the highest bidder so to be sold as described in said mortgage as follows: The parcel of land situated in the township of Hamtramck in the county of Wayne and State of Michigan, described as follows, to-wit: Lots 216, 193 and 438 of Leonard and Clark's subdivision of H. L. Baker's subdivision of Lots 16, 17, 18, 19 and W. 1-2 of 20 of the N. 1-2 of Section 28 and the N. 2-2 of Section 29, Town 4, South range, 12, E. Hamtramck as recorded March 25th, 1886, in book 9, page 55 of Plats of Wayne county. Together with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereof.

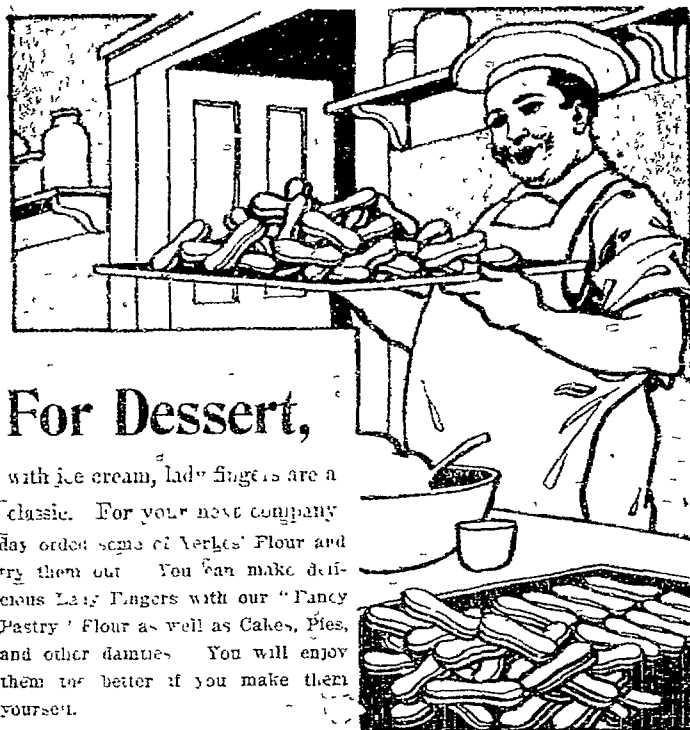
Dated May 17, 1915.

THE ORION STATE BANK,
of Orion, Michigan, a Corporation,
Assignee of said mortgage.

J. A. Neal, Attorney for said assignee. Business address: Orion, Michigan.

43-15-3

Detroit News Lines Ads received at the Northville Record Office.



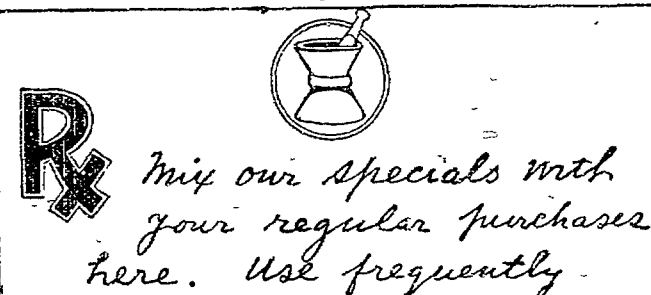
For Dessert,

with ice cream, lady fingers are a classic. For your next company day order some of Yerkes' Flour and try them out. You can make delicious Lady Fingers with our "Fancy Pastry" Flour as well as Cakes, Pies, and other dainties. You will enjoy them for better if you make them yourself.

NORTHVILLE MILLING CO.

D. P. YERKES, Propr.

L. E. McROBERT, Manager.



Rx Mix our specials with your regular purchases here. Use frequently.

Watch For Our Specials

At various times we sell certain articles at special prices. That means a bargain for you. We want you to take advantage of these money saving sales, for the only way we can make them successful is to do a big trade. Then our very small profit amounts to something. Watch our counters whenever you drop in to see us.

STANLEY'S DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE, Northville, Michigan.