

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLV. NO. 52

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH. FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1915.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ANNUAL PICNIC

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7

W. R. C. DELIGHTFULLY ENTERTAINED AT LAKEVIEW HOME OF MR. AND MRS. CURTISS.

OVER FIFTY PRESENT, IN SPITE OF ONE OF THE HEAVIEST RAINS OF THE SEASON.

The apparently insurmountable obstacle of the very rainiest afternoon of almost the rainiest summer within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" failed, after all, to quench the picnic spirit of the W. R. C. ladies last week Wednesday, or to prevent a considerable number of them from holding one of the most enjoyable picnics of the season. The roomy, pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Curtiss, and Mr. Shaw at Lakeview proved fully adequate for the accommodation of the company of fifty, all told, and the gracious hospitality of the family made every guest glad to have defied the downpour to enjoy the welcome extended. A few regretful remarks were made that the house must be so "damply" invaded, when the beautiful grounds are so ideal for pleasant-day picnics, but as there was ample space in the brightly-lighted rooms and big porches and cheery welcome for all, the discomfort outside was soon forgotten. Games, conversation, recitations, and lots of delightful music, followed by a typical W. R. C. supper, combined to make one of the very pleasantest annual picnics the local Corps has ever held. Even long picnic tables were promptly produced by the hosts, when required, and when spread in the big living room with the handsome W. R. C. linen, silver and dishes, ornamented with bouquets of the exquisite roses Mr. Curtiss is so successful in growing, and laden with delicious eatables, presented an appearance eminently pleasing to every eye—and appetite. At this week's meeting of the W. R. C. an enthusiastic vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Curtiss for her invitation, and to the family for the perfection of hospitality that pervaded the entire meeting. And the hospitality extended even to the escorting of two separately embarking companies of umbrella brigades to the car station, the signalling of the cars and the seeing of every last guest safely on board, and after dark, too, with the rain coming down "not in drops but in chunks," as was facetiously remarked. A few members of the G. A. R. were present at the gathering. No wonder everybody loves to be entertained at Lakeview.

PENNY CARNIVAL ON CHURCH LAWN

The Penny Carnival to be given tonight on the Presbyterian church lawn, by the girls of the Westminster Guild promises to be one of the most novel and attractive entertainments ever given here. The many and varied attractions will appeal to both "kiddies" and grown-ups and the

"The Mikado" to Be Given at Chautauqua by Opera Company



LOVERS of high class vocal music in this community are promised a rare treat on the last day of our Chautauqua, when the prelude to the afternoon lecture and most of the evening program will be given by the Stratford Opera Company. This company is composed of artists of remarkable musical ability. Lulu Hatfield Solomon, who heads the company, is a dramatic soprano of pleasing personality, has a high, clear, resonant voice and never fails to please her audience. In fact, each member has had much professional experience in concert, oratorio and operatic work. All are soloists capable of handling the most difficult compositions, and the blending of their voices in the more simple harmonies is a feature greatly appreciated. Their operatic work has been developed under direction of national reputation. Their rendition of the opera "Mikado" will be beyond question one of the most pleasing and entertaining musical attractions of the season.

exceedingly low price puts them within the reach of all. Here is a good opportunity to help in a worthy cause and at the same time afford every one an evening of joy, good fun, and for very little money. The carnival will start at 7 o'clock this evening and at the noon hour today a parade will be given through the streets of this village. A few of the attractions which may be enjoyed for one penny each, are:

- Fortune telling
- Vaudeville entertainment
- Movies
- Red Mar's laps
- Greatest horse in existence
- Chinese hares
- Ice cream, candy, pop and popcorn, confectionery

Northville Chautauqua August 5th to 9th.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

MAKING NEW VILLAGE MAP

ENGINEER DILLON AND MEN HAVE BEEN AT WORK SEVERAL WEEKS.

MUCH PROPERTY SHOWN TO BE OCCUPYING THE PUBLIC STREETS.

A force of men under the direction of engineer P. P. Oliver has been here for several weeks past making an official map of the village. Mr. Oliver is working under the supervision of Wm. L. Dillon and is also mapping out the water works system for the village authorities.

Mr. Oliver states that an official map of this village has not been drawn up since July 1815, according to records. As a result, he says property lines have become badly mixed and many are occupying land they should not own. He found that buildings on the south side of Main street were 10 or 12 feet over the line allowed them, the Main street calling for 66 feet width or 35 feet each way from the center line. These engineers, who platted Schoolcraft and other subdivisions near Detroit, say that these errors should be corrected before pavement and sewerage system are laid as this map, finished, will stand for all property henceforth.

The cost of this survey and map work will be upwards of \$2000, \$400 of which the village will pay.

HAARER—TOMS.

Miss Eleanor Haarer, of Lansing, sister of State Treasurer, J. H. Haarer, became the bride of Chas. G. Toms, cashier of the American Savings Bank of that city, Wednesday afternoon. They will be at home in Lansing after Sept. 1.

Mr. Toms was formerly bank examiner and well known in Northville.

TEEPLES—NUNN.

Herbert Teeples of this place and Miss Edith Nunn of South Lyon were married last week Thursday in Detroit. They will make their home in Northville.

Do you want to buy something? A line or two in the Record will do the trick.

MRS. DOWNER DIED MONDAY.

Mrs. Gertrude Clark Downer died at her home Monday night, July 12, after an illness of a few days, caused by a fall she received last week Thursday. She was born at Rochester, N. Y., January 2, 1834, coming to Northville at about eleven years of age and has lived here almost constantly the past 70 years. She attended the Northville schools and taught school in the surrounding districts a number of years. She became a member of the Baptist church at the age of 15 years. She was married to Wm. E. Downer March 12, 1857 and leaves two sons, W. T. of Alva, Oklahoma, and Avery of Chicago. A daughter, Julia, died in 1889.

She passed peacefully away firm in a belief of a home beyond. Funeral was held from the late residence Thursday afternoon.

MOTHER OF W. D. PETTIBONE DEAD.

Mrs. Lafayette Pettibone died at her home in Albion last week Wednesday after a comparatively short illness. She was the mother of W. D. Pettibone of the Hills & Pettibone garage here and Miss Ethel Pettibone teacher of English in our High school last year.

The funeral services were held from the home Friday and the remains taken to Howell for burial.

BODY BROUGHT HERE.

The remains of Mrs. Jeanette Cowen of Ypsilanti were brought here last week Thursday for burial in the Rural Hill cemetery.

Mrs. Cowen's sister was indirectly related to N. Novison of this place.

GERMAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

English services next Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, standard time.

Have you been invited to our special services next Sunday afternoon? If not you are invited now.

Though this is vacation time St. Paul's church in making special efforts at this time to gather into her fold all the Lutherans in Northville and vicinity, both English and German. For some time, therefore, all services will be of a special nature. Music by the choir of the Lutheran church and others.

Yet, not Lutherans only are invited. Everybody is welcome. While we are not trying to proselyte or steal members from other churches, all are cordially invited, whether you belong to a church or not. Your attendance will be appreciated, and we are quite sure you will be interested by the sermon of the subject of which is "The Covetous Fool."

CARD OF THANKS.

To the many friends of Northville we wish to extend our deepest gratitude for the kindness they have shown us in our bereavement. To the kind neighbors and to the King's Daughters we are especially grateful. MR. AND MRS. AVERY DOWNER AND DAUGHTER, LORIS.

NOTICE.

I Having sold my furniture and undertaking business to Schrader Bros, I take this opportunity to thank the people of Northville for their patronage and many kind acts during the time I have been engaged in business here. I take great pleasure in recommending this succeeding firm to my friends. FRED H. ALLEN.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, to.

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

FOR SALE—One outbuilding, (sealed) in good condition. Cheap, if taken at once. Roy Clark. 50w2p.

FOR SALE—Household goods including gariand range, baseburner, sideboard, dining room dome, etc. Mrs. C. B. Bristol, town. 51p-tf.

FOR RENT—Cottage on east side of Walled lake. Inquire of Mrs. W. G. Yerkes, Northville. 51w1c.

FOR SALE—1 Cement block machine. Harry Bovee, Main street. 23-4f.

FOR RENT—40 acres of pasture to let. Good fences and water. Orson Taylor. 50w1p.

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

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 25tf.

CALL 356 W. FOR ALL kinds of Carpenter work and repairing. E. H. Thompson, Northville. 47tf.

Plymouth Binder Twine

SAVES TIME AND GRAIN

Twine is a small item, but good twine saves a lot of expense in harvest time. Every time your machine is stopped the delay costs you money. Time in harvest season is always valuable, and sometimes extremely precious on account of the condition of weather or grain. Be sure you use the best twine—PLYMOUTH TWINE. Then you will be safe from the annoyances, delays, expenses, which ordinary twine causes. Plymouth Twine works perfectly in every machine. More of it is made and used every year than any other kind, because it is known to be the best and has been for years. Bonds 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.



ARE YOU A BRICK-LAYER? IF YOU ARE YOU KNOW THAT ONE BRICK ON TOP OF ANOTHER FINALLY BUILDS A HOUSE TO PROTECT AND SHELTER.

IF YOU ARE NOT A BRICK-LAYER YOU KNOW THAT ONE DOLLAR ON TOP OF ANOTHER BUILDS YOU A FORTUNE THAT WILL SOME DAY PROTECT AND SHELTER YOU FROM ADVERSITY. PILE UP YOUR MONEY IN THE BANK AND BUILD A FORTUNE.

BANK WITH US. WE PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK.

Have You Tried

SAN MARTO COFFEE

If you want the Bour flavor at a medium price, try this Celebrated Coffee.

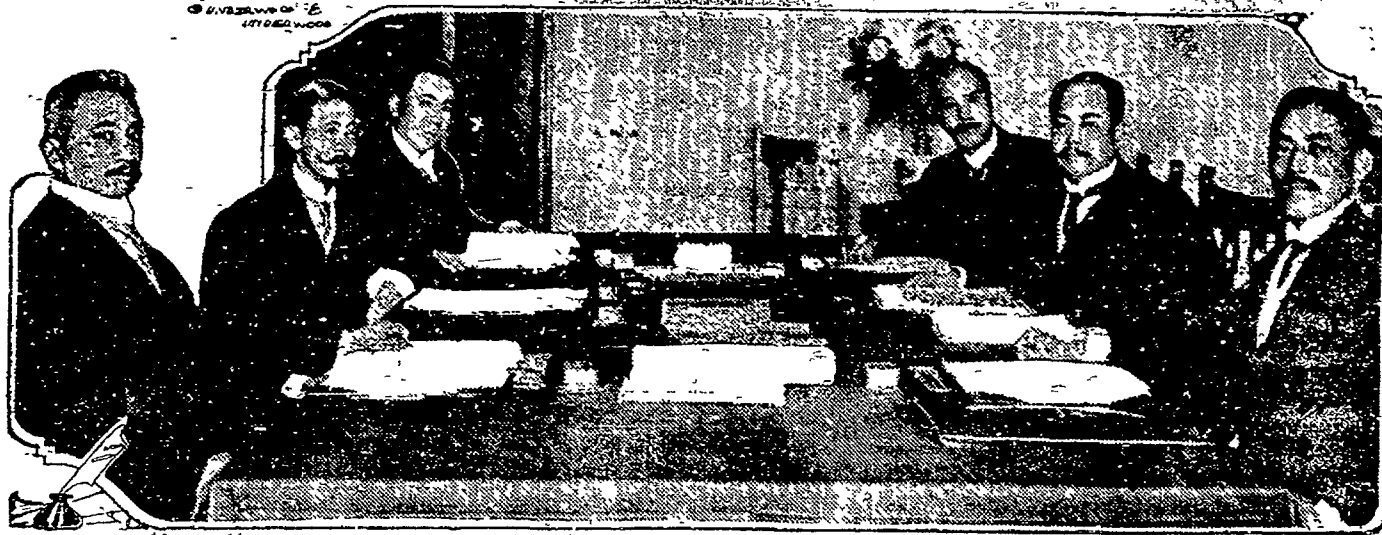
We would like to include a package of ROYAL GARDEN TEA IN GREEN, BLACK OR BLEND—

in your next order, for you can have confidence in them knowing they are vacuum cleaned, positively pure and always full weight. Simply tell us which you prefer.

AT RYDER'S

Sellers of the Best of Everything in Groceries. NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

SIGNING THE TREATY WHICH AVERTED A WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN



Left to right, around the table: Tsao Jou-Ling, Lou 'sen-Tsiang, Sze Lu-Piao, Yukicki Obata, H. E. Hiocki Eki and Toru Takao.

BLIND STATESMAN
IS SELF-MADEHAS EARNED OWN LIVING SINCE
AGE OF NINE.Ran Away with Circus and Was Cast
Adrift in Chicago—Boothblack
and Newsboy.

Washington, D.C.—One of the new members of the House of Representatives is the first blind man who has ever obtained a seat there, Thomas D. Schall, of Excelsior, Minn., who was elected last November. Congressman Schall, who is only 37 years old, is a self-made man, having earned his own living since the age of 9, when he ran away with a circus. He is considered one of the finest orators in Minnesota.

The upper house of Congress has a blind member, the famous Senator Gore of Oklahoma. Both of these men owe much of their success to their wives.

Congressman Schall's father was a captain in the Union army in the Civil War. He died very young after the boy's birth, leaving the mother too poor to properly care for the child. She entrusted him to a family that promised him a good home and an education, but in fact they gave him beatings and abuse, and that is how he happened to run away with a circus. From the circus he was cast adrift in Chicago, where he managed to earn his living by selling papers and shining shoes. When he had a spare moment he used to read and study, for even then he was a public speaker and wanted to get an education. After a while he got a chance to work for his board in a small Minnesota town and go to high school, and there he made such good use of his time that he graduated with honors that entitled him to two years' free tuition in a small college.

At college he used to do all sorts of odd jobs to help to pay his way, but he found time to go in for athletics, and became such an expert baseball player, that he used to be hired to play in the summer and thereby earned enough to pay most of his expenses for the remainder of his course. From the college he went to the University of Minnesota to specialize in public speaking, and in three successive years represented Minnesota in an oratorical contest of eight states. The first time Schall appeared on the platform in a \$4 suit and won third place. The second year he wore a \$7 suit; that time he moved up to second rank. All the other speakers were "evening suits," which Schall couldn't afford, and both he and his friends were convinced that he was handicapped thereby. Therefore, the third year he wore a dress suit loaned him by a university professor, and that time he had no difficulty in winning the championship. It was the first time for a Minnesota man to get it.

His real victory that night, though, according to Schall, was in winning the admiration of a good student of Minnesota university. The next day they were brought together for introductions and congratulations and immediately started up a friendship that quickly developed to love and marriage. Margaret Huntley's parents were wealthy.

Five years after Schall had begun practicing law and when his prospects for success were very bright, he lost his sight when the nerves of his eyes were paralyzed by a shock from an electric cigar lighter. After visiting the best specialists and being told there was no hope whatever for him, Schall went home in despair. But young Mrs. Schall told her husband she would henceforth be his "eyes" and they two together would succeed in the law business. She got a job teaching school, and paid off the debts that had been incurred in seeking relief from her husband's misfortune. Then she went into his office, read his books to him, helped draw up his briefs and did other tasks usually performed by an apprentice. At night she attended law classes at the university. In two years she was able to handle every detail of a law case up to the point of taking it to the courtroom, and Schall's business not only had been completely regained but was far ahead of what he had before. It would be useless to listing his sight.

When the Progressive party was organized Schall was one of the first to affiliate. He was a valuable man in a political campaign because of his speaking ability. When in the spring of '24 he decided to run for Congress, the first political debates he ever had aspired to, he had no difficulty in getting the nomination.

The coming of his blindness was not accompanied by any discouragement. His eyes are just as clear and blue as they ever were, and to the stranger do not reveal the secret behind them. Through small in stature and youthful in figure he has a suavity of countenance and dignity of bearing that commands respect. In Washington Schall hopes to be known as a "fighting Congressman" rather than merely a "blind Congressman." Both he and his friends are confident that he is going to make a name for himself there.

A Congressman who cannot speak is like a knife without a blade, or a hammer without a head, he might be able to put in a few thumb tacks, but there are spikes to be driven. That is the way Schall expresses it.

MONOTONOUS

A Familiar Story of Domestic
Misunderstandings

and Joys

"Your new suit came this afternoon," announced young Mrs. Maitland, "and I took it out of the box and hung it on a form in your closet."

"I don't like it," she continued. "It's baggy."

"So do I," agreed the young person.

"Maitland, deep in the European situation, was oblivious."

"I say," repeated Mrs. Maitland, her voice suddenly shrill, "I don't like it!"

She waited a minute. Then, in a beautifully high key, "Jim Maitland, will you—listen?"

"I'm listening," Maitland murmured vaguely. "You were saying—"

"You don't know one blessed thing I was saying," indignantly exclaimed young Mrs. Maitland. "It's dreadful the way you pore over the paper the whole evening! I don't count for anything any more! I guess! Your new suit proves that. You are perfectly horrible in act in direct opposition to my wishes and select another old gray!"

"What that?" Maitland's glance came from the list edition.

"You perfectly well know—what's that?" flared Mrs. Maitland. "Didn't I beg you not to get another gray suit?" she demanded. "Have you had anything but gray, spring, summer, fall and winter, for the last five years? No one will ever have a new suit, Jim Maitland!"

"Now don't try to ramble it over!" she hurried on. "I simply won't listen. All you talking won't alter the fact that that horrible old thing is hanging in your closet. And your cousin Bill and his wife are coming next week. Don't you confuse I know what they think of me? Well, I know exactly."

"Jim Maitland, do you mind keeping still until I finish? They think I'm a foolish old cat, that's what they do, plunging out for something new every time they're here! Oh, I can hear Mrs. Bill talking to your mother after she goes home! And I can hear them both pitying you because you have to deny yourself so outrageous desires in order that my extravagant desires may be gratified! How should they know, how should any one know that you buy three or four suits a year, when every last one of them is an abominable gray?"

"Oh, for pity's sake keep quiet, Jim Maitland!"

"Goodness knows, I've tried to deserve the good opinion of your family! And it's simply heart-breaking to know that because of your stubborn infatuation for a certain color I'm considered—"

"For the love of Mike!" Maitland burst forth, "will you let a fellow—"

"No, I won't," stormed young Mrs. Maitland. "And you're a wretch, that's what you are! I'd set my heart on your having a lovely blue suit for the Bill's visit! Now—"

"See here—"

Young Mrs. Maitland wailed wildly for silence.

"And you needn't propose the theater or one blessed thing while they're here, for I won't go, so there! I refuse to be humiliated! I saw Bill crying the thing you have on now when he was here a month ago. I was so ashamed!"

A flood of tears forced young Mrs. Maitland into silence.

"Going to rest a moment?" Maitland asked. "Then I may as well tell you that the gray garments up in my closet belong to—Cousin Bill!"

Young Mrs. Maitland's tears were checked in something less than a jiffy.

"Why, Jim Maitland, what ever do you mean?"

"I may talk? Thanks! Well, Jim's been batty over my gray suits for some time. Thanks I have a great eye for shade. So when he was here a month ago he ordered a suit, to be delivered here. Do you grasp the situation? My suit won't be finished until Saturday."

"Oh, Jim!" gurgled young Mrs. Maitland. "And it's—"

"Blue. A peach of a navy!"

"You dear! But why didn't you say so long ago? You were perfectly horrible, worrying me and letting me abuse you so!"

Maitland slanted a look at her. "For the love of Mike!"

With a gesture wonderfully expressive he went back to his last edition.

Insanity and Descendants.

Professor Wagner von Janreger, whose publications concerning heredity have created a great deal of discussion in the medical world, said to your correspondent in substance: "A person descended from insane people need not fear to go insane. If he lives a hygienic life there is every reason to believe that he will escape the curse. This ought to be given the widest possible publication, for fear or anticipation of insane disaster drives numerous people insane who otherwise might lead happy and useful lives."

"According to the elaborate statistics of Doctors Koller and Diem, there is little or no hereditary insanity," continued the professor; "this means persons descended from insane ancestors are not necessarily doomed to end their days in a strait-jacket; in fact, there is little probability that the hereditary taint, so-called, will affect them if they live right. I deny that a positive disposition to hereditary insanity exists. There is no rule whatever that man is doomed to his ancestor's mental diseases or physical ills. He may suffer from them, I admit, but that he must suffer I deny."

"Man sets up systems, many sorts of systems. The descendants of insane or sick parents should keep that in mind and instead of nipping over their fate should pay no attention to hereditary disease talk, but instead try to lead hygienic lives. If they do there is no reason why they should not be healthy and happy."

Well-Trained Memory.

"I do not recall anything on that point," said the witness. "Oh, you don't?" sneered the lawyer. "You better take memory lessons." "Excuse me," rejoined the witness calmly, "but my memory has been trained by one of the highest-priced lawyers in the business—Philadelphia Public Ledger."

ACT QUICKLY

Delay Has Been Dangerous in Many Cases.

Do the right thing at the right time.

Act quickly in time of danger.

In time of kidney danger Doan's Kidney Pills are most effective.

Plenty of evidence of their worth.

Frank Hall, Orchard St., Fenton Mich., says: "I had a great deal of trouble with my back and kidneys. The passages of the kidney secretions were irregular, but most of the trouble was a little my back. When I stooped over to lace my shoes, I couldn't straighten again as my back was so lame and sore. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of the pains in my back and the other symptoms of the trouble left."

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

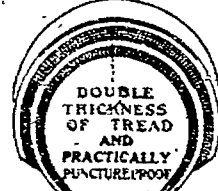
LITTLE HOPE FOR
BISHOP QUIGLEY

Archbishop James E. Quigley.

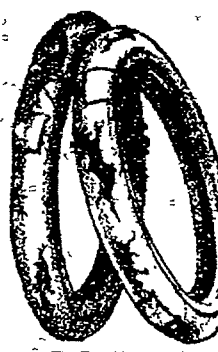
Archbishop James E. Quigley of Chicago is very ill at the home of his brother, Police Chief Joseph F. Quigley, at Rochester, N. Y., and little hope is given out for his recovery. He is suffering from a stroke of paralysis. The sacrament of extreme unction has been administered.

OLD TIRES RECLAIMED BY THE LOCK
STITCH SYSTEM PROCESS

The Fastest Tire



Cross Section of a Double Tread Tire



The True Way to Bring It

HERE IS OUR METHOD AND SEVEN REASONS WHY DOUBLE TREAD TIRES WILL GIVE YOU MORE MILES AT THE LEAST COST.

1. DOUBLE thickness of TREAD.
2. DOUBLE thickness of FABRIC.
3. Practically PUNCTURE PROOF.
4. WATER and SAND tight.
5. LOCK STITCH, guaranteed not to rip.
6. MOST PRACTICAL SYSTEM.
7. LEAST COST. You have saved the price of a new tire.

HERE IS OUR METHOD

Two casings, used and useless, are combined so as to make one thoroughly serviceable casing. One of these should have a strong head and side-wall. The other should have a fair tread, the rubber fast on the fabric. Both must be the same size, though it makes no difference whether they are the same make.

The first, the one with the good head, we put into condition to carry the inner tube. We build up blow-outs, vulcanizing when necessary, put new material over small breaks, and strengthen the weaker parts to withstand air pressure. The other, with the tread, we spot vulcanize, or otherwise strengthen, and slip it over the first. We fasten the two firmly together, so there can be no slipping and resultant friction.

PRICE LIST

Size	We reserve the right to reflect any work because of condition.	
	If you furnish	If we furnish
28x3	2.00	2.50
30x3	2.00	2.50
32x3	3.00	3.50
34x3	3.00	3.50
36x3	3.50	4.00
38x3	3.50	4.00
40x3	4.00	4.50
42x3	4.00	4.50
44x3	4.50	5.00
46x3	4.50	5.00
48x3	5.00	5.50
50x3	5.00	5.50
52x3	5.50	6.00
54x3	5.50	6.00
56x3	6.00	6.50
58x3	6.00	6.50
60x3	6.50	7.00
62x3	6.50	7.00
64x3	7.00	7.50
66x3	7.00	7.50
68x3	7.50	8.00
70x3	7.50	8.00
72x3	8.00	8.50
74x3	8.00	8.50
76x3	8.50	9.00
78x3	8.50	9.00
80x3	9.00	9.50
82x3	9.00	9.50
84x3	9.50	10.00
86x3	9.50	10.00
88x3	10.00	10.50
90x3	10.00	10.50
92x3	10.50	11.00
94x3	10.50	11.00
96x3	11.00	11.50
98x3	11.00	11.50
100x3	11.50	12.00

We solicit out-of-town orders. We will advise on receipt of casings what we can do with them.

SEND THEM PREPAID TODAY. Ship in Your Old Worn Tires Today

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KILL CHICKEN MITES

With "FUMOTH" FUMIGATORS is a new, easy and quick way to get rid of mites, and exposing one's self to their bites. One or two required for a 10 or 12 foot house, or for every 1,000 cubic feet, and one fumigation cleans them out. A second fumigation during the season. The fumigator is a small, light, portable device and permeates the space, killing every insect, which is not possible with spraying. Can return birds immediately. Fumes kill mites and are by sulfuration, like sulphur or formaldehyde, and are dangerous to man.

Two fumigations, 25 cents; 5 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., 511 Trembley Ave., Detroit, Mich.

LOVELAND COMPANY. MADE IT SAFE. USED AUTOMOBILES

You have been up and down the line and have seen many automobiles. Some look good to you, yet you hesitate to buy. Why? Is it because you are afraid? And if the company that is trying to sell you a car afraid of the car itself? Then you ask yourself the question, "Is it safe for me to buy a used automobile at any price?"

LOVELAND'S

You have heard your friends say,

Loveland Gives a Square Deal

You get what you pay for. He stands back of his cars. For 8 years he has been on the same corner. For 8 years he has handled character into the used car business and others are trying to imitate. 7,600 cars sold in Detroit alone. 7,000 friends made. Right now we are offering 1914 and 1915 automobiles at prices only made possible by our having the cash to buy when the other fellow waits to sell.

LOVELAND COMPANY

1197-99 Woodward Avenue

DETROIT CLEVELAND BUFFALO

A TOWN is like a girl, it's wonderful what a little fixing up will do for her.

Saves and Makes You Money

Hartley Steel Crated Farm Produce Boxes are the lightest, 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 Crated Box Co.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Write Department D for circular.

Special Attention to Motorcyclists

WE have just purchased a bankrupt stock consisting of eight brand new Haverford Motorcycles, which we are offering at an exceptionally low price, name—

A 4-horsepower, Single Cylinder, Belt-Drive Motorcycle, for \$95.00

With Lamp Generator and Tandem Attachment, for \$10.00 Extra

This machine originally sells for \$175.00 without the equipment. If you are at all interested in a Motorcycle you can buy this machine for what you would have ordinarily have to pay for a second hand one. Come early and get your choice.

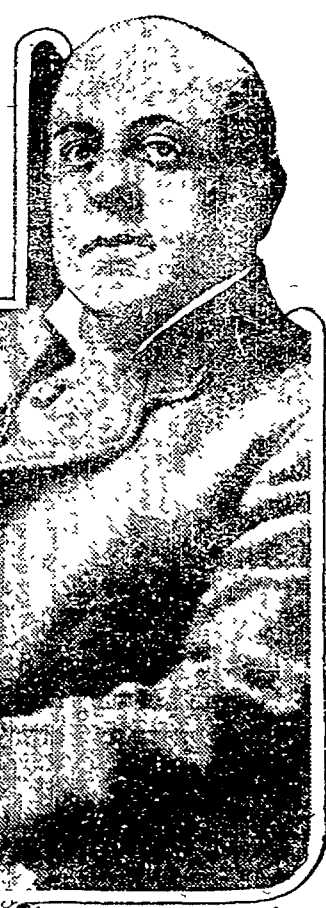
Detroit Cycle Supply Co.

239 Gratiot Avenue.

Open Sunday until 12 noon. DETROIT, MICH.

CHARGED WITH BEING A FORTUNE TELLER,
WINS FREEDOM BY READING JUDGE'S MIND

What is believed to be the most remarkable exhibition of clairvoyant powers ever demonstrated was witnessed recently in a New York court, presided over by Judge Rosalsky. Professor Bert Reese was brought before the judge, charged with being a fortune teller. The professor was willing to have his powers tested. The judge wrote three difficult questions on a slip of paper. Without seeing the paper Reese repeated the questions and answered them correctly. Reese was immediately released.



WILL GERMANS "GET" CANADA'S PREMIER?



Sir Robert Borden.

Sir Robert Borden, premier of Canada, is now on his way to England aboard the White Star liner Adriatic. On account of his presence aboard the vessel, as well as a large cargo of war supplies, it is believed the Germans will make extra efforts to send it to the bottom.

CAUGHT A SEA DEVIL.

But Before the Fishermen Overpowered It They Were Dragged to Sea.

After having been dragged several miles out to sea in a fishing boat, which was in turn aided by a small gasolene launch, by an enormous sea devil which they had harpooned near the mouth of the bay, three Americans succeeded in landing the largest specimen of the ray family of fish ever seen at Manzanillo, Mexico.

The monster measured nearly 30 feet from tip to tip of its enormous flippers and was alleged to weigh slightly less than a ton. Its mandibles which were tightly closed, measured a meter and fifteen centimeters across.

The fish was apparently sleeping on some low flat rocks when discovered and harpooned. It made off so fast with the small fishing boat that the launch went to its assistance and for a mile thereafter the fish carried both boat and launch in easy tow. It was not overpowered until several harpoons had been landed well in its body.

Mombasa.

You possibly think of Mombasa, where Roosevelt landed, as a sort of pioneer outpost on the edge of the world. As a matter of fact, Mombasa was on the map 200 years before Columbus discovered America, and it is a somewhat prosperous city of 27,000 people. It is the terminus of the Uganda Railroad, and has a steel pier and stone wharves. The protective citadel, which still stands as a part of the town's fortifications, was started by the Arabs in the seventh century. You may not have heard much of Mombasa, but it isn't because it is a new city, built to make one end of a railroad or a landing place for ex-presidents.

For Insomnia.

For insomnia try this simple remedy. Have a barber chair rigged up in your room. Then, when unable to go to sleep by 1.30 a. m., send your motor car for your favorite barber. When he comes, have him give you a thorough shampoo. If not sleepy then, repeat and continue treatment until put to sleep. If the treatment fails to do this in five hours, just take a look at the bill.

Can't About Advertising.

There is a great deal of cant at the present day about advertising, emitted by persons who are very keen to get all the advertisement they can and to get it for nothing if possible. Quiet people, who really do not want to advertise themselves, are much less censorious.

Glove Cutting.

Glove cutting is purely a hand trade. No machine could cut out a glove properly, for the simple reason that it could not distinguish between good and bad, thick and thin, pieces of leather. Each piece of leather requires special treatment in shaping, and therefore the cutting can never be mechanical.

Unsympathetic.

Others may have said the same thing, but this rather unsympathetic comment is attributed to the late Judge Hoar: "Are you going to attend the funeral of Gen. Butler?" a friend asked him. "No, was the calm reply. "No, I am not going to attend—but I heartily approve of it."

MICHIGAN NEWS.

U. S. INSPECTORS DISCOVER METHODS OF SMUGGLE GANG.

Roundabout Route Used to Avoid Suspicion, Is Charge.

Detroit immigration officers have discovered, they say, that an organized band of smugglers with headquarters in Windsor has been bringing alien immigrants into the United States. Many clever schemes for evading the immigration laws have been employed, according to Acting Inspector in Charge John J. Short.

If it is shown that Laker smuggled aliens, who are enemies of Great Britain from Canada into the United States, he may be taken to the dominion and there tried on a charge of treason.

STRICKEN AT WHEEL AS HE DRIVES AUTO.

Kalamazoo Business Man Dies Shortly Afterward.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—While driving an automobile Delos Brownell, 62 years old, fell forward in his machine unconscious. A party of friends he had taken out for a ride brought the machine to a stop and took Brownell into a nearby house. He died without regaining consciousness. He was a business man of this city.

LIKELY TO RIVAL CARRIE COLLINS CASE.

Interest in Miller Alleged Poisoning at Corunna.

Corunna, Mich.—From every indication, the case of Charles H. Miller, Owasco real estate dealer, charged with attempting to kill his wife by poison, will rival the Carrie Collins case in this country in point of interest. Hundreds attended the preliminary examination in Owasco.

Miller's father, Edward Miller, of St. Johns, will aid his son.

Miller's father is well-to-do. The prosecutor believes it will take more than two weeks to try the case, when it comes up at the September term of the circuit court.

The last famous case in Shawansee county was that of Mrs. Carrie Collins, who was convicted of having poisoned her husband. She was given a life sentence, but the supreme court reversed the lower court and set aside some of the evidence and the case was later dropped.

BIG PORT HURON SHEDS ARE BURNED.

Grand Trunk Property Is Damaged \$250,000 to \$425,000 by Fire.

Tons of Sugar, Flour and Feed Destroyed; Boat Offices Levied.

Port Huron, Mich.—Several hundred tons of sugar, flour and feed were destroyed when the 720-foot freight shed of the Grand Trunk, at the foot of Thimble street, burned recently. The offices of the Port Huron & Michigan Steamship Co., which had used the docks for unloading also was destroyed. The loss is estimated at from \$250,000 to \$425,000.

It is probable the sheds will be rebuilt according to 100 foot high general manager of the steamship company, although the swift current will make the work difficult.

EATING LUNCH ON TRACK, FAILS TO NOTICE CAR.

Birmingham, Mich.—Sitting on the D. I. K. track three miles north of Birmingham, Monday afternoon, eating his lunch, Michael Smith failed to notice a southbound car approaching. The car struck him and he was taken to a Detroit hospital with several broken ribs and internal injuries. Smith is a tramp and says his home is in Pittsburg.

ON REEF; BURN'S U. S. FLAG; TWO SAVED.

St. Joseph, Mich.—Burning a gasoline-soaked American flag probably saved the lives of William Mitchell and A. Wilson, both of Chicago, whose 30-foot naphtha launch was aground on a reef a half mile off the fashionable lake shore summer colony. The men left Chicago bound for South Haven, but waves flooded their engine and made it useless. They had been adrift five hours.

Both were semi-conscious from exposure when they were brought ashore by Frederick Gilles, former Cornell foot ball player, who manned a skiff and went to the rescue. The distress signal was seen by several young men attending a house party at the colony. The launch is a wreck.

NEARLY \$5,500,000 FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

Lansing, Mich.—The primary school fund of \$6,487,818.50, was apportioned by Auditor General Fuller and Superintendent of Public Instruction Fred L. Keeler.

The apportionment amount to \$7.55 per pupil based on the school census returns that there in Michigan \$26,410 children of school age. This is the largest apportionment in years. In 1914 it was \$7.10.

The Hand Behind the Fashions.

But for the inventive faculty of man in the matter of feminine clothing, how would fair woman exist or enjoy life? asks the Drapery Times.

Enormous Pay Roll of Railroads.

The pay roll of American railroads amounts to a billion dollars a year.

TRADE CONDITIONS SHOW IMPROVEMENT.

But U. S. Should Have Big Army and Navy, Says Bank of Commerce.

Advocates for Protection of American Obligations and Possessions.

Trade conditions in the city of Detroit continue to show improvement, particularly in lines of manufacturing affected favorably by the foreign war. The period of depression and liquidation through which the country has been passing has apparently changed to one of readjustment and improvement, says the National Bank of Commerce.

The general business condition of the country is better than at any date since the beginning of the European war and activities are not confined to export lines. Domestic business is steadily increasing in volume and while the estimated foreign trade balance to be created this year means much to the business fabric, there has been exported over 500,000,000 bushels of wheat from last year's crop, all bringing high prices to farmers with more wheat yet to go forward. Some last fall 187,000 horses, valued in excess of \$35,000,000, have been shipped to Europe, largely for military purposes. American farmers have therefore profited to a considerable extent by reason of the foreign war, and with large crops for the current year in evidence and the prevailing high prices, the year 1915 should be a very prosperous one in our agricultural states. There is no doubt that the purchasing power of American farmers has been greatly enhanced by the very unfavorable and deplorable conditions prevailing in Europe.

The people of the United States are beginning to appreciate the responsibilities entailed by the Monroe doctrine. If our government is to protect the Americas from foreign aggression, we must be prepared to do so. Not only must we be prepared to protect the continents of North and South America, including the Panama Canal, but the Hawaiian Islands and the far off Philippines, as well, such protection can only be assured by maintaining an army and navy of respectable proportions.

While there is practically no sentiment in this country favoring war with any nation, there is a strong and growing sentiment favoring an increase both of army and navy as a protection against war, in order that a reasonable state of preparedness may soon be achieved. We must be distinct and training a nation to peace loving people and regard war as an offense to all mankind. I am the "sorrow" suffering and little follow in the wake of the marching armies and the poorest use to which a man can be put is to turn him into an armed destroying demon. At the same time we must protect ourselves against all nations. It is well to be in mind the fact that turbulent political conditions prevail not only across the Atlantic but across the Indian Ocean as well as in Africa, where trouble is embroiled in the tribes of Europe.

SELLING PRODUCE BY MAIL.

The number of persons who are selling produce by mail is steadily increasing, as this is profitable business and one which can be worked in any locality.

The post-offices of the large cities are co-operating with producers by supplying free printed lists of names and addresses of those who cater to every trade through the mails and if lost nothing to be listed in this directory. Your postmaster can give you information about the matter.

In shipping goods by parcel post there are specially made containers for eggs, liquids and mixed shipments of various products, poultry, butter, milk, vegetables, in fact anything raised on the farm or in the garden can be sent safely and at a very small cost. The packages or containers are made so that they can be used over and over again, being returned to you by the consumer after they get the goods.

You cannot afford to overlook the big and profitable market existing in such cities as Toledo and Detroit. Look into the matter and decide now to make more money and make it easier than you have ever done before. The Hartley Steel Grated Box Co., Saginaw, Mich., have a fine catalog and full information regarding every detail of selling by Parcel Post—drop them a postal today, the information will prove profitable and interesting.

WONDERFUL RUG BARGAINS.

Now is the time to buy rugs, for there is one of the biggest sales in the history of the rug business going on right now in Detroit's greatest exclusive rug house, a sale that knocks the prices down to a fraction of what is usually charged. Every rug is brand new, fresh and of the finest patterns and full guaranteed in every way. You can buy small Brussels Rugs 9x12, as low as \$10.65 and they are worth \$18. You can have your choice of fine Wilton's Axminster, Velvets and other \$40 rugs in 9x12 sizes for only \$22.50.

Porch rugs worth \$12 for \$6.75 and small size rugs in every make and pattern worth from \$5 to \$15 at actually one-third off. All you have to do is to give the size and state the colors and the rugs will be shipped you on a full guarantee. Prices quoted on any kind of rug you want from rug and fibre rugs to oriental. Don't miss this gigantic clearance sale of rugs—write at once to C. A. Fusterwald Co., 221 Woodward Ave., Detroit. Sale continues just 30 days.

Retiring
Mr. Dean, the head of a large manufacturing business, built up his success by his own dogged and persistent toil. He had never felt that he could spare the time for a vacation. Not long ago he decided that he was getting along in years and was entitled to a rest. Calling his son Ellis into the library one evening he said:
"Ellis, I've worked pretty hard for quite a while now and have done pretty well, so I have about decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?"
Ellis pondered the situation gravely for a moment, then his face brightened. At last the jury came back into the court and the foreman arose and said: then the two of us retire together?"

While testifying in his own behalf in a suit to collect \$25,500 due him, an engineer stated he was the greatest engineer in his line.
Upon being admonished by a friend for patting himself on the shoulder in this manner he said:
"I felt like a blooming idiot up there on the stand, but, blast it all, I was under oath."

A Parrell Anecdote.
This of Parrell is told by William O'Brien:
"One evening I happened to mention at dinner that I had got a note informing me that two of my subeditor's children were down with scarlatina. 'My God,' O'Brien, he cried almost in a panic, 'what did you do with the letter?' When I told him that it was still in my pocket he begged me instantly to throw it into the fire. Seeing how genuine was his concern I did so. 'Now,' said he, 'wash your hands.' This time I found it difficult to avoid smiling. He bounded from the dinner table and with his own hands emptied the water over into the basin on the wash hand stand. 'For God's sake, O'Brien, quick!' he cried, holding out the towel toward me, with an earnestness that set the whole company in a roar. He returned to his dinner in a state of supreme satisfaction.

Robbs—"The man who was lost in the woods captured a rabbit just in time to keep from starving."
Dobbs—"Yes, I see; saved by a hare."

Just as Dangerous
"Let's send the Czar a bomb concealed in a plum pudding," suggested one plotter.
"Why not merely send him a plum pudding?" rejoined the other plotter.
"If he eats it our work is done, and we run no risks."

CIGARS

At Dealers' Prices Sent to You by Mail.

I control the factory output of leading factories, and also with the leading cigar stores of Detroit. I sell at wholesale to you—any brand you want for the dealer's price. Why not buy where you save money?

50 Ostro 10c Cigars

Per box of 50 for \$2.50

A Good 5 ct. Cigar

Per box of 50 only \$1.50

San Felipe, Chief Battle, Arabs and other 5c cigars. Box of 50 for \$1.75.

La Azara, 3 for 25c size, box 50 for only \$2.75.

Your favorite 10c straight brand, per box of 50 at \$3.50.

Send for Free Booklet and Price List Today.

B. O. SCOTT

Owner Scott Cigar Stand—Woodward Avenue—Detroit, Mich.

Publishers Press Co., Toledo. 15-29

5c

THE BIGGEST NICKEL

IS THE ONE YOU SAVE

SAN MARTO

THE STANDARD

COFFEE

Now Costs a Nickel Less than Ever Before

The same high grade coffee that has stood the test of time and has constantly grown more popular.

The immense buying power of The Bour Co. and the fact that they

GIVE NO PREMIUMS—GIVES YOU

A Thirty cent Coffee at **25c. a pound**

No reduction in quality, weight or purity. For Sale at Your Grocers.

Individuality In Glasses

ACCURACY

STYLE

COMFORT

SCIENTIFIC

EYE

EXAMINATIONS

QUICK

REPAIRS

W. E. CAMPAU

Optometrists and Mfg Optician
Moderate Prices
38 Grand River DETROIT

ECZEMA RELIEF

ECZEMA GUARANTEED
Use Dr. A. E. Mattler's Eczema Ointment. Succeeds every time. Stops itching instantly. Send 25c for trial. Money back if not satisfied.

Dr. A. E. MATTLER.
240 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BURN'S HOTEL

DETROIT, MICH.
Cadillac Square and Bates Street
Nearest to Theatres and Shopping District. European Plan Rates, \$1.00 and up.

Can You Beat It?

4 H. P. Complete \$65.00

Low prices on any H. P. desired. Write for large descriptive circular and tell us the H. P. required.
DON'T WAIT, WRITE TODAY!
B. & B., 10 Jefferson, Detroit, Mich.

Camping Outfits

exclusively the highest quality fishing tackle.
L. T. FARRELLY,
199 Jefferson Ave. E. Detroit.
Write for circular.

SORE LEGS

VARICOSE VEINS, ULCERS, WEAK ANKLES, ETC., ARE EVENLY SUPPORTED by the

Corliss Laced Stocking

Best and Cheapest
SANITARY, as they may be washed or boiled. COMFORTABLE, made to measure.
NO ELASTICS. Adjustable, like a leg. Long, light and durable. ECONOMICAL. Cost \$1.50 each or two for \$2.50, all same size. Write for free booklet and Self Measurement Blank No. 5.

HOME TREATMENT
We have a proven home treatment for healing ulcers and leg sores which includes two size socks and all remedies. Price, \$5 Complete.

Consultation free. Fully attended. Detroit Corliss Laced Specialty Co., 975 Grand Ave., Detroit, Mich.

We give you BEST

Liberal Discounts on all Standard Make-Tires

Woodward Tire & Repair Co.

1-25 Woodward Detroit, Mich.

LIBRARY PARK HOTEL

OPPOSITE HUDSON STOKES
Rates 75 up Noon Lunch 35c
A. E. HAMILTON
Detroit, Mich.

Novi News

NORTHVILLE, MICH, JULY 16, 1915

MRS. FRANCES DANDISON.
JOSEPH DANDISON.
LUCIAN DANDISON.
LULU DANDISON.
MRS. WM. MAIRS.

F. Pattan and family, are settled in the home which they recently purchased from B D Burch.

1/4 Off for One Week.

A detailed black and white illustration of a classic wicker rocking chair. The chair features a high, curved backrest and a seat with a woven pattern. A newspaper is placed on the seat, with the masthead 'THE NEW YORK TIMES' clearly visible. The chair is mounted on two curved rockers. The entire illustration is framed within a decorative border.

For One Week 
One-Fourth Off

These Stocks are all New and in First-Class Condition. We will include—

Rugs and Linoleums at 15 per cent off During this sale. Porch Furniture, Hammocks, Beds, Mattresses, Couches, Dinners, Rockers, Buffets, Chairs, Tables, Davenports, Cabs, Book Cases, Reading Tables, Kitchen Cabinets, Coat Racks, etc.

included in this 1/4 off sale. Sale commences **MONDAY, JULY 19** and Closes **Saturday, July 24**. Now here's a Snap if you want any Furniture now or within the next 6 months. Two Big Stocks to select from at **75 Cents on the Dollar**. All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

Schrader Bros

Sixth Annual Sale

at The White House

BIGGER AND BETTER BARGAINS THAN EVER

Began Saturday, July 10; Closes July 24

Our entire Stock of Ginghams at.....7½c yd
One Lot of Percales at.....6½c yd
Our Best Percales at.....9½c yd
Foulards, 15c quality for.....11c yd
Lot of Lawns at.....½ Price
Our Handsome Line of Ladies' 25c and 50c
Collars for.....21c and 45c
Children's Aprons.....3 for 25c
Coat Hangers,.....4 for 25c
Children's Dresses, at.....1-3 to ½ Off
Aprons.....25c for 19c; 2 for 35c
25c Pillow Tops and Back, ready for use—20c
Ladies' Vests,.....3 for 25c
Ladies' Vests, for.....9c
Ladies' Vests at.....11c
Ladies' Comfy Cut, at.....11c and 20c
Ladies' Union Suits, for.....20c and 40c
Embroideries, 27-in. and 45-in., at.....½ Price
Floss Pillows, 18x18, 22x22, 24x24; also
16x20, 18x22, 20x24,.....All Reduced
Bargains in Bleached Muslins, 4½c, 5½c,
6½c, 7½c, 8½c and 9½c.
Bleached for.....5½c, 7½c, 9½c, 10½c
Our Popular Black and White Silk Hose,
at.....3 Pair for 65c

Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs..... 6 for 25c
 Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, 3 for 25c
 Lot of Ladies' 50c, 65c and 75c Handkerchiefs, all go at. 29c Each
 Our Famous 50c Suit Cases, for. 39c
 50c Valises, for School Books, at. 35c Each
 4 Hand Brushes for 10c
 10c Shirting for 7³/₄c yd
 Men's Black and Fancy Hose, .. 3 Pair for 25c
 Men's Hose, for 8c, 11c and 19c
 (Regular 10c, 15c and 25c).
 White Bed Spreads..... 79c, 98c, \$1.15, to \$2.25
 Our Fine White Spreads, \$2.50 for \$1.98;
 \$3.50 for \$2.65; \$4.50 for \$3.75; \$5.50 for \$4.65
 Lot of 50c Baby Blankets for 35c
 Lounge Robes, \$1.00 for 79c; \$1.25 for 98c;
 \$1.50 for \$1.10; \$1.75 for \$1.35.
 Our Famous Bungalow and Kimona and
 Tipperary Aprons, All Reduced
 80x60-inch Rugs : \$1.25 for 98c
 50c Matting Rugs for 40c
 8-ft, 3-in. x 10-ft, 6-in, Fibre Rugs, \$6.50 for \$5.45
 9x9 Rugs, \$6.25 for \$5.15; 9x12, \$7.50 for \$6.25
 One \$25.00 Mismatched Rug, for \$16.50

THE HALF HAS NOT YET BEEN TOLD. COME AND SEE

EDWIN WHITE, = NORTHVILLE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. H. ALEXANDER, DENTIST.
Office over Stark Brothers' Store. Hours
8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Phone 29. 313.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND
Surgeon. Office and residence 21 Main
street. Office hours 8:30 to 9:00 a. m. and
12:00 to 2:30 and 6:00 to 7:30 p. m.
Phone No. 1.

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

DR. N. J. MALLOY, PHYSICIAN
and Surgeon. Office in residence
on South Center street. Office hours
2:40 to 4:00 p. m., and 7:40 to 8:30
p. m. Phone 224. 45-6p

DR. BEEBE RUTH JEPSON,
Osteopath. Graduate American
School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Wis.
Northville Tuesdays and Saturdays.
Detroit office, 301-244 Woodward
Ave. Northville office, Mrs.
Frances Horton's, Main street.
Phone 98-J. 191.

DR. D. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN
and Surgeon. Office, Lapham
Savings Bank Bldg., Northville.
Hours: 1 to 3 a. m.; 1 to 3 and 7
to 9 p. m. Telephone 24. 374

R. H. BETTEYS, M. D., PHYSI-
cian and Surgeon. Office at
home of Mrs. Stoneburner, opposite
Byer Pharmacy. Office hours: 7 to
10 a. m.; 3 to 5 p. m. Calls promptly
attended day or night. Telephone
No. 169-R, Plymouth. 21-33p.

HELP THOSE SICK KIDNEYS.

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

Did you ever experience any-
thing more unpleasant and
annoying?

When the kidneys give you warn-
ing 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 to take
KYAL'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.

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

T. E. Murdock
DRUGGIST
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

DETROIT
UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern Standard Time

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington
and Detroit at 6:05 a. m., 6:35 a. m.,
and every hour thereafter until
10:55 p. m., for Orchard Lake and
Pontiac only 11:35 p. m.; for Farmington
only 1:35 a. m.

Half hour service Saturdays and
Sundays between Detroit, Farmington
and Pontiac.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and
Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for
Detroit at 5:30 a. m. and hourly to
7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. To Wayne
only, 11:15 p. m.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:44
a. m., 6:44 a. m. and hourly to 6:44
p. m., also 8:44 p. m., 10:15 p. m.,
and 12:09 a. m.

Phone 247-J

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.
Everything in a strictly sanitary
condition. All milk we sell is the
product of our own dairy.

Our having fresh cows at all times
of the year gives you a high stand-
ard of milk at all times. It is
worth a few cents a week to know
what you are getting.

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE
G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

W. L. B. CLARK'S

MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

Spring Brook Dairy

All Milk and Cream
is our own Product.

MILK, PER QUART, 6 Cents.
CREAM, PER 1/2-PINT, 6 Cents

Telephone 399-J
Your Order for Sour Milk and
Cream.

G. K. SCHOOF, Propr.

Northville Newslets.

Some hot

Camping days.

Big hay crop.

Wheat cutting's on.

Better corn weather.

State Fair Sept 6-15.

Chautauqua August 2-9

Milford fair Sept. 28-Oct. 1

Home-grown peas and beans

One More Million Dollar Mystery

episodes

The thermometer jumped up around

100. on Monday to show what it

could do.

An eight pound daughter was born

Wednesday, July 7, to Mr and Mrs.

C. A. McGee

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gray have

moved into the upper west apartment

at the Irving flats

L. W. Simmons has sufficiently re-

covered from his long illness to be

able to walk out.

Northville Independents defeated the

All Stars of Detroit on the local

grounds last Saturday, 4 to 1

Glenn Meseraull is making very

satisfactory progress towards recovery

from his recent serious accident.

Joseph Miller of Detroit has leased

the Ben Gilbert tenant house on West

Main street, and will move his family

here

The W. R. C. summer vacation is

now on, Wednesday evening's meeting

being the last until the fourth Wed-

nesday in August

Will Heeneey, of Plymouth, son of

Mr. and Mrs. James Heeneey, of this

place has purchased the undertaking

business at Farmington of Mr. Zes-

son

A beautiful Scotch collie jumped out

of a standing automobile driving

into the path of an oncoming auto on

Main street Sunday, and was instantly

held

A miscellaneous show was given at

Lafayette on the evening of July

24 for Mr. and Mrs. Schaefer

Mr. Schaefer was formerly Miss

John VanSledright of this place.

Each's examinations for Oakland

County will be held in the Graciot

school at Pontiac, Thursday, Friday

and Saturday, August 12, 13 and 14.

Beginning at 8:30 a. m., Central

standard time

Plymouth is to have a big Gala Day

event August 19, under the auspices

of the fire department, with the co-

operation of the business men. Large

plans are in process and a large

number of people are expected.

The Oakland County Horticultural

society will meet at the Orchard Lake

Hotel grove July 17 at 11 a. m. A

basket picnic will be followed by a

discussion of fruits and horticultural

works. The meeting is open to all

interested

So many folks are vacationing now

days that it brings to mind that old

quoted saying "The Devil never

takes a vacation." Our office

presumptuous remarks in this connection

that there are others less celebrated

who don't, either

An example of the possibilities in

practical distribution of labor was

noted the other day when a Northville

youngster was observed manfully

pushing on the handle of a lawn

mower while a younger brother

valiantly pulled on a rope attached to

the "front side" of said machine

M. J. Moeren, popular and well-

known Northville business man, was

in town on business Tuesday. Mr.

Moeren says that since the building of

the good roads on the Grand River

and Walled Lake highways, thereby

affording the best travel bed for auto-

mobile, business has materially in-

creased



The Way and Means

of making better jams, jellies and
preserves is now at every woman's
command

Make your preserving syrup of
one part Karo (Crystal White)

and three parts sugar and your
preserves will retain the full flavor of the

fresh fruit. Jams and jellies made this
way never crystallize.

Our Preserving Booklet gives the formulas
for all fruits. It is free. Send for it.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
P. O. Box 161 New York City Dept. PK.

Huckleberries

Mr. Burch has a new Alter auto-
mobile

Regular meeting of O. E. S. this
Friday, evening.

Mrs. D. B. Henry's condition con-
tinues about the same

A daughter was born to Mr and
Mrs. Jas. Masters Wednesday, July

14th.

Jas. Nairn of Plymouth and Adelhoe
Thomas of Northville were granted a

marriage license in Detroit, Wednes-
day

A marriage license was issued in
Detroit Wednesday to Ann Litsen-

berger and Nina Hayes, both of this
place

The July-August committee of the
M. E. Ladies' aid will hold a bake

sale in "Murdock's" drug store, Satur-
day, July 24.

It is rumored that a new
manufacturing plant is to be located

here in the fall and will employ
about 700 men

Chautauqua tickets are now on sale
at Murdock's, and at the following

places: Mr. and Mrs. Schaefer, Mr. and
Mrs. Litsenberger, and other friends.

Between 6 and 10 a. m. Saturday
a large part of the week are the

purpose of conducting the water main
to Horton Avenue, and other streets.

The little lady of Mr. and Mrs.
Harry Weaver will be 14 months old

at the M. Robert home, where Mrs.
Weaver and children are staying.

Fully 200,000 horses were sent over
the route from the west to Virginia,

via the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad for
shipment to the breeding countries

in Europe

There was another big crowd on
the streets Saturday night, the auto-

mobiles and busses being lined up
three deep along the curb. In fact

it was the largest crowd this season.
The band boys gave a beautiful con-

cert

Schradner Bros. have bought out
Fred Allen's furniture and undertak-

ing business and in order to make
room for it at their own store they

will give a 1-4 off sale of this and
their own stock of furniture all next

week

For some years there has been two
or three bad mud holes on the Knap-

penbury road between Frank Dur-

feece and Alex. Carls's places. The

otherwise good road from North-

ville to Farmington is spoiled for the

want of a couple of loads of gravel.
The new highway commission has

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

N. C. SCHRAEDER, C. C.
H. E. TAFT, R. of R. & S.

The Northville friends of Col. H. C.
Rankin of Ypsilanti, the recently

elected Department Commander of
Michigan G. A. R., will be shocked to

learn of his death Monday, from
pneumonia. Mr. Rankin has twice

installed the officer, of the Post, and
had won many warm friends among

the members of that order and the
W. R. C.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.
(By the Pastor)

Morning service at the Methodist
church. Subject: "What is the power

of the Holy Spirit?"

Sunday-school at the Methodist
church. The Union service at the M. E. church

in the morning will not interfere
with the Sunday school. Your

presence as desirable as ever

Evening service at the Presbyterian
church. Subject: "The Functions of

the Modern Church"

Remember the "Penny Carnival"
tonight, (Friday), on the church lawn

Program of services for the coming
for July 18 and 25, in the M. E.

church. Presbyterian minister preach-
ing. Evening services for August

1 and 8, in M. E. church. Methodist
minister preaching. Notice regard-

ing the last three Sundays of August
will be given later. Please keep

this notice that you may not forget
the summer program.

Tonight comes the big Penny Car-
nival and every one should be there

A few of the attractions are fortune
telling, art exhibits, fish ponds, movies

many shows, and the usual fair
"carnival" and all for one penny each

Don't miss this opportunity to have a
very good time and of helping the

Westminster Guild girls. On the
church lawn beginning at 7 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.
(By the Pastor)

Sunday morning in the
church. Sermon will be preached by

Rev. J. A. Weller, of the Farmington
Methodist church. A Presbyterian

minister will preach at the church
at 10 o'clock on the last two Sunday

morning services.

Evening service at the Presbyterian
church.

The Abington society will give a
pot luck picnic on the lawn of Mr.

J. A. Elliott on Tuesday afternoon,
July 25. Come at 2 o'clock and join

the picnic on the lawn.

The July-August committee of the
M. E. Ladies' aid will hold a bake

sale in "Murdock's" drug store, Satur-
day, July 24.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.
Christian Science service in the

Ladies' Library Sunday morning at
10:45 o'clock.

Annual School Meeting.

DIRECTORS' REPORT, 1915 FOR
FRY SCHOOL DIST. NO. 2,
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

The following report is submitted
to the district covering operations for

the past year.

Receipts

Balance forward \$422.48

Library 40.43

Received from—

One Mill tax 101.13

VACATION DAYS.

are made more enjoyable if one has a
special fund saved for that purpose.

If you are not already one of our de-
positors, open an account now, start
your vacation fund, and watch it grow.

Interest paid on all Savings Deposits
for the full time.

Lapham State Savings Bank
Northville, Mich.

Rx Use pure drugs only at
all times. We can
furnish them.

A Warning to Sick People

If you are ill you probably need medicine, prescribed by a
doctor. Nature must be assisted. But only pure medicines can
help nature. We carry that kind. Especially at this time, when
the war has prevented the importation of certain drugs, you
must be sure that you buy pure drugs. Our reputation cannot
be questioned in this respect.

STANLEY'S DRUG STORE
THE REXALL STORE. Northville, Michigan.

All's Not Cake

that glitter. Some cakes are
fixed to catch the eye and fool
the taste. But they wouldn't
even take the lousy price in a
pauper's show. Real deposed
cakes are made from our
"Patent Flour" and all cakes
you don't want to be exposed to
spoiling a whole lot of good
good and flour. Invest on
"MADE IN NORTHVILLE" FLOUR.

NORTHVILLE MILLING CO.

D. P. YERKES, Proprietor. I. F. McROBERT, Manager.

SUMMER UPFALL
always gives artistic results in Photography, so come in and make an ap-
pointment to sit for us while your summer gowns are fresh and new.

OUR ARTISTIC PORTRAITURE
is the result of thorough understanding, careful work, modern methods, good
cosmetics and lighting and

"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—Depayne, 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—Oddly enough, in Depayne's mind, the girl of the diary and the other girl—the one who has fascinated him, but whose face he has never seen, begin to haunt his dreams as a single person.

CHAPTER III—Just as the heat of monotony of the long sea voyage is drying Depayne to the verge of madness, the ship is wrecked.

CHAPTER IV—When he recovers consciousness, he finds that he is the sole survivor cast up on a remote shore.

CHAPTER V—From a sea-chest, the only thing he has rescued from the wreck, Depayne finds a full-page newspaper portrait of an exceedingly beautiful girl—"Miss Frances"—but the paper is torn. The chest also contains a gorgeous jewelry and a couple of oriental darts.

In the same part of the world, I find my first useful articles—a small block of these things are matches, that may be in the Chinatown section of San Francisco or New York, and burn with an odorous rock of sulphur. It was a little because they had the quality of a curiosity and had been preserved.

There was also one of those things, which are not to be bought adding value to the other, a small, ornate, and loaded with shell and soap, from a water-trap. It would have made a serviceable weapon in a close encounter, when a blow, coming from a close hand, might result in a victory or a fall.

From the moment of its discovery I was it as a treasure about my right hand, and I carried it with me.

At the extreme bottom of the pack, carefully preserved between two sheets of thick cardboard, lay a piece of newspaper. It was on that heavy, glassed paper which some journals use for their pictorial sections and was covered with uncolored, luscious illustrations.

It was on the point of throwing it away when some impulse led me to turn it over. What I saw altered and recast all my life from that moment forward.

A curtain of dusk was beginning to fall upon the hinterland at the edge of the forest. The trunks of cane and palm were filling up with shadow, and the peak of the volcano was brooding against a sky of burnished copper.

When I turned the sheet it was as though I had come face to face with an actual personality where a moment ago there had been nothing animate. Of course it was only because the art of photographer and engraver had ably aided each other, but the portrait which glorified the seven columns of glazed paper was a marvel of lifelike presentment—and of indescribable loveliness.

There are authenticated cases, in plenty, of men who have loved a face seen only in a picture. The "Mona Lisa" of Da Vinci has laid over many beholders the hypnotic spell of the long-dead woman immortalized upon its canvass. Pygmalion loved his Galatea.

I fancy that, if the truth were told, I loved in the first flash of view the lady who smiled at me from the lifelessness of ink and paper. The margins of the sheet had been so close trimmed at the top that no date of caption remained, but beneath the scissors had left two words—"Miss Frances"—and with these two words I must content myself.

But for the picture itself. I have already confessed my reverence for beauty. Here before me was beauty of the purest type I have ever been privileged to see. It was not the brush-magic of a gifted painter who has caught from a lovely model the charm of line and color and added to them the final touch of idealization. It lacked all the fire with which color might have kindled. It recorded nothing more than the lens had seen. Yet its flawless perfection required no aid of art and asked no odds of color.

Her clear young eyes smiled at me with a miracle of graciousness. Her perfectly curving lips were grav-

er, and if possible sweeter, than her eyes. Her chin and throat were exquisitely modeled. Her hair was abundantly massed and heavy.

I could guess from the photographic tones that its coils and escaping tendrils of curl varied in shifting lights between the red warmth of gold and the amber of clear honey.

But what most made this a remarkable photograph was its living quality.

So vital was the effect as one looked, that it seemed a palpitant personality of breath and soul. The lips might be trembling on the verge of speech, and in the quiet smile hovered a delightful hint of whimsical humor. The whole bearing was queenly, with that gracious pride which we characterize as royal when we speak of royalty as something inherently noble. For a smile from those lips a man might undertake all manner of folly. The young woman was in evening dress, and at her throat hung a rope of pearls.

Suddenly, a transport of rage and a bitterness of contrast possessed me. My hair was matted, my arms and hands raw and blackened with blood. I was the picture of abandoned misery. The satirical gods, now set Tantalus-wise before my eyes a picture of beauty, and ease, and shelter—a pretty woman, in the charming flippancy of evening dress.

But while I scowled, her eyes smiled back into my own, challenging in me the ragged spirit of the whimsical, until I, too, smiled.

I bowed to the picture.

"You are quite right," I said aloud; "since it is impossible to alter the situation, the only sane course is to recognize its humor. While we are to suffer here I shall regard you as a living person. It shall be our effort to turn this poor post on the high gods who are its authors."

It almost seemed to me that the lips parted and the eyes danced approvingly.

"Frances," I said, "I may call you Frances, may I not, in view of the likelihood of our circumstances?—you are so kind. It was good of you to come to keep me company. I needed you."

The air held a wistful stillness upon which my words fell clamorously. I realized that I had not before spoken aloud for more than a day. Into the ensuing silence came a new and alarming sound.

It was half human and incoherent, like a number of voices at a distance. I felt my muscles grow rigid and choked on a breathless growl that rose involuntarily in my throat. Instinctively I was whipping the revolver from its holster and slipping forward, crouched in the protection of a rock, my eyes turned toward the jungle.

Vaguely lurking in the gathering fog of shadow, where the palms began, were some eight or ten figures. It was impossible in the waning light to make out what sort of creatures they were, but they moved with a soft, prowling tread that was disquieting.

After a while they melted out of sight, but until past midnight I sat there, my eyes alertly fixed on the tangled dark, while the low-hung stars paraded across the sky.

CHAPTER VI.

Hemmed in by Enemies.

The night, however, passed without event, and morning came bathing the empty edge of the forest in crystal freshness. The scene I still had to myself. My morning journey down to the water's edge for food and bathing was made with the most painful caution, and I ate without relief.

My world had altered overnight. I was no longer merely shipwrecked, but shipwrecked among savages who might adhere to the perverted epicureanism which esteems human meat for its flesh-pots. Stories of cannibalism had been plentiful at the Captain's table on the Wastrel. Even the value of white heads for decorating native huts had been touched upon.

The fact that they had attempted no night attack seemed to indicate that their valor was tempered with discretion. But whether this initial timidity would hold or shortly succumb to curiosity and appetite remained for the future to tell me.

My defense was limited to the six cartridges in the chambers of my revolver and the newly discovered slung shot.

Meantime I was lonely. I turned the chest on end near the opening of my cavern and spread the newspaper upon it like a theatrical poster on a fence at home. The two upper corners I fastened with the curved and jeweled daggers from Jerusalem.

The days which immediately followed marched slowly and were much alike. It was only in my own state of mind that there was any element of chance or development.

The lurking figures did not reappear at the edge of the jungle, and I began to hope that they were of some itinerant band from the opposite of the island that had chanced upon this locality in its wanderings, and might not again return. I was not even sure they had seen me.

And slowly, weirdly, while I dwelt in uncertainty and suspense, the influence of the lady in the picture grew upon me and compelled me.

It may have been at first, and doubtless was, a form of autohypnosis. Already the seed for such an influence had been planted in the turning of young Mansfield and myself to the unknown girl's diary for diversion from the too tense strain of anxiety. Now, in utter isolation I was doubly infected of some power to avert my thoughts from channels which led down to madness and despair.

The lifelike quality of the portrait made it easier to talk aloud, and as the spell grew I found myself talking with the softness of the lover.

There is a power in the spoken word. There is a power in giving audible expression to a spur to thought. Sitting alone and decaying how uncertainly the wretched spark of life spattered at the work of my being I was the craven. When I talked to the picture whose lips smiled as though all the world were brave, I grew as brave of my terror.

"Leaving my cave in the morning to forage and reconnoiter with the slung-shot on my wrist and the pistol at my belt, I would carry with me, as a fragrant memory the gracious smile of her lips and the total fearlessness of her eyes."

Her image nerved me to endurance, gave me a shoulder to lean on, a thought, and enabled me to hold in memory the world to which her even gaze and pearls were symbols. And in deeply morbid moments this was all, perhaps, that saved me from losing my grip. Certainly it was all an artificial stay—a ludicrous pretense—but it served, and that is the final test of any love or any creed. It served.

As these forces worked I, at times, forgot that the picture was that of an unknown reality was so strong that it came to stand for some one I had left behind, whom I must live to repay, some one inexpressibly dear whose love hung over me and safe-guarded me like a powerful talisman.

Often, in my broken sleep I would dream that I was sore beset by a thousand dangers and had fled to my cave as animals have fled to caves since the world began, and that I stood huddling there miserably awaiting the end. Then, in the dream, she would come out of the picture, as Galatea stepped down from the lifeless nest of granite into the rosy warmth of life.

My assailants always fell back before her coming, and I, despite my terror, would attempt to meet her gallantly. She would open a hidden door in the side of the rock, and lead me through it.

And always, in this repeated and unvarying dream, beyond the door we stepped into a brilliantly lighted room where men and women in evening dress chatted carelessly, or danced to the tinkle of stringed instruments.

By these degrees the illusion grew until by pretense became a reality and obsession, and to me ceased to be a pretense. I fell back on occultism and told myself that I had succeeded, by a mere concentration of mind, in forcing her to project her astral self across the world, until I had with me both her picture and her essence of soul.

Many of life's most sacred and permanent institutions are only fictions, long entertained. My fiction became so real to me that for periods I forgot to question it; then, sometimes, at a moment when the illusion was strongest, some impulse or reason would strike in upon and chill me, like a dash of cold water.

It would come upon me to think of myself as I should have appeared to any unwarned stranger who had found me talking, even loveliness, with a sheet of lifeless paper. And from that impersonal viewpoint I would wonder if my brain had already crumbled to madness and imbecility.

The cold sweat would bead my forehead. My finger would creep to the trigger of my pistol and linger there, twitching with the itch of self-destruction. But soon the smiling lips would reassure me; the mood would pass, and again I would surrender myself to the pretense which was grateful where the truth was austere and desolate.

I discovered in my tramps about the island's edge that this spot seemed to be the most favored home of the orchid. This monarch of flowers bloomed at the jungle's margin, in an infinite variety of flaunting petals, soft colors and deeply glowing fire.

No other flowers is so ethereal and

illusively beautiful. None could be more fitted for a tribute to an impalpable love as that which I acknowledged now. It became a part of my daily program to bring back with me as I returned to the cave masses of these splendid blossoms, which I leaped before her shrine.

There was a zestful pleasure in securing them inasmuch as they belonged to the jungle, and I had never penetrated the jungle in a less imperative cause than this.

All this did not, of course, happen at once. I had reached the age of thirty-five, and had heretofore been immune to feminine fascinations. I had even been characterized as a woman-hater, though this was an injustice. The obsession, the bewitching whatever you may chose to term it, was not momentary.

In defense of my consistency I declare that the thing required two weeks at least for its accomplishment. And in those two weeks other affairs were developing.

I had been afraid to light fires lest the advertising signal of smoke should attract dangerous visitors, and yet the slender possibility of rescue from the sea depended on the setting up of as many distress signals as possible. This island was evidently set down on no map, and known to no navigator. If any white man before myself had ever set his foot upon it, he left no trace of his coming or going. There was no rib of wreck at any point to indicate that my fate had been shared. No skull or bone blazed a prior trail of death. Mine promised to be the first.

Of course, I had been told, as has every traveler in the South Seas, that there is not an atoll or island left for discovery. I had been informed that on every coral speck in the reef-strewn ocean, there is, or has been, a white man.

I knew now that this was a fallacy. My island was marked by a volcano tall enough to proclaim itself as far as a glass could sweep the horizon and if no pearl-shell or beche-de-mer trader, no blackbird of the old days, no wind-swept vessel of the present had heretofore sighted that peak, it must be too far off the course of rambling traffic to hope for a visit now.

I knew that we had dropped down world for days before the wreck, and I had heard grumbling, because of the mysterious course being steered.

I was the first to come—and yet the faint and struggling light of hope led me to the determination to set up a tattered flag or two of sail cloth.

As to the nature of my neighbors, my first discovery came in a flash on a gray some that it robbed me for several nights of sleep, and set up in my brain a nightmare which hovered pathetically over me when I was awake.

The white ribbon of beach extended for a mile along the edge of the island and dwindled out of sight around the shoulder of a bluff. From my own scurrying in the rocks the coast line went away in a succession of broken and porous cliffs which I had explored for a distance of perhaps two miles. That two miles held all I had learned of the island—except that it was clearly a large one. What the interior had behind its curtain of palm, and moss, and cane—back in the impenetrable jungle—belonged to the mystery of an unopened book.

I did know also that, off to the left as one faced the sea, separated from me by four or five miles of precipitous coast line, loomed a headland from which a flag waved by day would be observable—if ever a vessel came across the shoulder of the world. To reach the point and return would be a day's journey, for the path I must take led over a trail more suited to a mountain goat than a man who had until lately been civilized.

I must go cautiously, making myself as inconspicuous as possible. One morning I set out carrying, tightly wrapped, one of the pieces of sail cloth which had come out of the mate's chest. My resolution to set my flag flying had filled me with a sort of specious exaltation.

The venomous beauty of the place was beyond description, and in a measure I yielded to its lure and walked almost buoyantly. The sea, to its sky line, was blue with a depth of sapphire. The tangle of the jungle was a flash with vivid and sparkling color. Small, harmless snakes slid brightly aside, as many hued as shreds of rainbow.

I almost convinced myself that men native to such an environment must wear upon their natures its softening influence. They were, perhaps, undeveloped folk, who lived indolently and injured no one.

I had climbed and crawled for several hours, and was beginning to suffer keenly from weariness and stone-bruises on my poorly protected feet, when I came to a sort of path running upward. This led me to a more commanding eminence than I had before reached, and gave me a view inland over an endless blanket of green, unbroken forest. Ahead of me was a still greater height, and, after a short rest, I made my way to this point from which I could look across its crest.

Then I halted, dead in my tracks and stood fingering my revolver. A cold sweat came out on my forehead, and my knees trembled, threatening to fall me.

The high ground fell steeply away into a basin whose slopes were roughly broken into rising tiers. These tiers commanded a sort of amphithe-

ater two hundred yards in diameter, through which ran a small thread of water cascading from the interior elevation. A quarter of a mile away began the background of timber and tangle.

The bottom of the basin had been worn smooth by much treading. A boulder some four feet tall and probably of an equal thickness rose, pulpit-like, at the center. Its top was hollowed out into a bowl and its sides were inscribed with crude hieroglyphics. Near it were a half dozen upright poles surmounted by what seemed to be coconuts.

In a dozen places, under rude stone ovens, were the ashes of dead fires. Grisly, scattering piles of human bones—but nowhere a skull—told me that I had stumbled on a karkai temple—a place of cannibal observances and feasting.

I crept tremblingly down into the abominable pit and made my way toward the stone altar prepared for any atrocious sight. But the climax of discovery came when I had crawled halfway and the "coconuts" on the poles resolved themselves into withered, human heads—sun-dried, fanged, and yellow.

These mummied skulls were trophies of old battles, but lying at the top of the rock was another—which must have been surmounted by its living shoulders only a few days ago. The frizzled hair was tied into dozens of kinky knots. The facial angle was low and slanting, and the coarse lips were hideously twisted in a snarl of death defiance. On the scalp, which a war club had crushed, sat a very beautiful head dress of feathers brilliantly dyed in green and crimson and orange.

The victim had worn to his obsequies such a decoration as might have crowned a princess of the Incas. He had been a warrior of rank, and now, as befitting his station, his head lay drying on a mast of yellow and brown wood pulp.

A stifling nausea assailed the pit of my stomach. My retreating steps reeled drunkenly, and when, near the rim of the basin, I turned for a final gaze of horror, I no longer had the place to myself.

Two human figures stood at the farther end of the amphitheater silently regarding me. Both were thin, pigmy-built creatures with long arms and long foreheads. Their faces, grotesquely disfigured with bone and shell ornaments spiked through noses and ears, were bestial yet not stupid. Their eyes were beady and shrew, and just now their thick lips hung pendulously with wonderment.

For an instant I was incapable of motion, then as they stood in equal petrification, I remembered and acted on the counsel of an East Side gangster whom I had once been privileged to know back in New York. I had consequently inquired whether, in his acrimonious career he never came out to eye with fear.

"When a guy gets your goat—stall!" his words came back. "If you makes de play strong enough it's a cinch you gets him goat too!"

By that rule this was my moment to "stall."

I drew myself up to the limit of stature and threw out my chest in the best semblance of arrogance I could assume. This gave me an opportunity to observe them.

They were decked like the head of their sacrificial victim, in brilliant feather work, beautifully and harmoniously wrought. Their flat-tipped spears were elaborately carved and their necklaces were fashioned of shells and teeth. Some of the teeth were probably human.

For perhaps thirty seconds we held the strained tableau, then I glanced over my shoulder. Between me and a retreat stood a third figure. Compared to his gaudiness of decking, the raiment of the others was mean and sober.

His monkeylike face had the same slant of brow and heaviness of lip, but it worked constantly with a keen and twitching play of expression, which argued speculative thought.

As I turned he was leaning on a knotted war-club, and regarding me with profound gravity.

CHAPTER VII.

One Man Killed.

Internally I was quaking, and thinking very fast. The first shock of their astonishment was dissipating, and two of the three faces were clouding into a glowering scrutiny which argued darkly for my escape. The gaze of the third held a grave perplexity, touched with awe, and in the interval of overcharged silence the other eyes dwell on his.

It was clearly from him that they awaited the word of final authority.

I knew from their spellbound eyes that I was the first white man they had seen. I was an apparition measured by their pygmy standards; I was a gigantic being of a new type and order. Possibly I was an immortal.

It was, seemingly, this possibility which gave them pause, and which their chief was debating. Also it was my cue for conduct.

As a man they had no fear of me. The revolver, which I had slipped from its holster and cocked had not impressed them. They knew nothing of its death dealing quality. That was a point in my favor. It would afford, if need be, six miracles of mortality; but the jungle that had disgorged them could disgorge hundreds of others like them—perhaps thousands.

Gods must carry themselves, when they walk among men, with a godlike scorn of terrestrial dangers.

I turned to the one man who was above the others, exposing my back to the two spears, as though safe by my consciousness of immunity. I intended one arm with a gesture to tend to epitomize great injustice. It was a pose borrowed from some sculptor's conception of the Olympian Zeus—albeit, shamefully exaggerated.

It was an anxious moment. Should he, to whom I made my commanding plea, lift his finger, in signal, the spears from behind, poisoned spears, perhaps, would strike me down. As I strode forward, with one hand still pointing heavenward, I commanded him in a mighty voice to stand aside.

He, on his part, eyed me dubiously, never shifting his attitude of raising his club from the earth; but he permitted me to pass from the amphitheater unimpeded. I went deliberately, holding my gaze rigidly to the front and using every ounce of self-control to curb the impulse of my feet to run, and the impulse of my neck to crane.

A vestige of misgiving, a note of human anxiety would have destroyed me.

My peril was superlative, and yet as I look back on the occasion, I can see that it overdid comedy and became pure farce. My assumption of a god's dignity expressed itself in a strut as ludicrously overfrightened with pomposity as a cake-walk.

Consumed with a longing to stand not upon the order of my running, but run at once, I measured my steps with the portentous haughtiness of a third-rate tragedian in a funeral scene. I was defending my life with burlesque. My audiences would not be impressed by finesse and impressing it was not a matter of life and death, consequently the art of my acting was not concerning me.

In the words of the East Side bruiser, I was "makin' it strong."

When I had reached the upper-rim of the basin—and then only—I turned and, with both hands above my head, I shouted down upon them. What I said I do not know. It did not matter. I could reach them only by tone and elocutionary effect, and so I declaimed. Perhaps they heard from my lips Mark Anthony's oration. Possibly I told them how Horatius held the bridge.

At all events, my offering found of recent favor to cover my retreat, I went down to the sea unfollowed, had, none the less, seen enough to set me thinking, and thought brought little solace.

Continued on Another Page

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ours will be mutu-

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when writing or
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F. E. Fitzgerald, 814 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THIS paper is a vehicle by which you can supply your wants. It covers the surrounding prolific field or both buyer and seller.

HIS BATHING SUIT ATTRACTS ATTENTION



This dainty model is attracting a great deal of attention at the beaches this summer. The suit is made of blue jersey silk and is surrounded by a trim little bolero. White silk braid is used for trimming.

Present Day Honeymoon.

Keen observers have noted that newly married couples of moderate means are beginning to take a more sensible view of the honeymoon, and even wealthy people are showing a tendency to limit the wedding tour to three or four days in Paris.

The old-fashioned idea that a young married couple must cut themselves off from their friends and spend more money than they can afford at expensive hotels is gradually giving way to the more common sense practice of disappearing for three or four days.

Some unconventional couples have recently gone so far as to make of their honeymoon nothing more than a week end at a popular watering place, asking their friends to come down for bridge over Sunday. One bride, after two days' absence from London, brought her husband back to her parents' house and gave a series of theatre parties, an innovation which greatly pleased her friends.

"Through the Portal of Dreams"

Continued from Another Page

Were I accepted on the basis of my own divine assumption, and regarded as a being from a new world who had revealed himself in their sacred place and confounded their priests, the story would travel fast among the villages. Its wonder would be proclaimed and promulgated until men would burn with curiosity to behold me.

Among those who came as pilgrims would be some who were skeptics, demanding proofs and miracles. I was now committed to a permanent policy of bluff.

I had always been regarded as a facetious individual. Now my life depended on attaining a supreme flippancy of attitude on pain of sacrifice to titles for which I had no reverence.

As I made my way back to the cave under the reaction from the strain, I admitted to myself that the situation was not without its element of comedy.

It was brutal humor, but it was there, and when at sundown I reached the place where the portrait smiled whimsically at me from its post of honor, it seemed to assure me that my talisman would hold its power to the end.

I sat for a while looking into the comprehending eyes, and as I looked my thoughts took more cheerful color. In the first brush, at least, I had "got their goat." Before me lay a battle in which I was to pit my legacy of human development against the brute odds of minds lighted only to the mistiness of dawn.

"Frances," I said, "you smile. Of course, since you are fixed in print, you can't do otherwise than smile. I wonder—"

I broke off and became suddenly and unaccountably serious.

"I wonder if you would smile, were you here with me in the flesh as well as merely in the spirit. I wonder if you would."

Then, with a feeling which was tremendously real, I added fervently and aloud:

"Thank God you are not here in the flesh! But I'm grateful for your smiling. Somehow I find it reassuring."

I sat still again, and then, as I rose to go down to the beach for my meal of raw crabs, I summarized the entire situation for the benefit of the lady with whom I discussed my affairs.

"You see, my dear," I informed her, "to their uninitiated and misreading minds I present a dilemma. I am either a great immortal, whom it would be most unwise to heckle, or I am a very good eating, in which case it is a pity to let me grow thinner."

A few yards away I turned and came back.

"It shall be our very dear old," I added, "to maintain this status of go-to-sleep, and to that end we must arrange a little program of simple mindless from time to time. 'You see,' I explained, 'it won't be long before the will be coming here and demanding what manner of deity I am, and what is my mortal name. Do you know what I shall tell them?'"

I paused and grinned into the smiling eyes and the lips that seemed trembling on the verge of speech.

"I shall tell them," I assured her.

Glimpses of Married Life

Dick wrote: "Dear Mother: I understand you are an heiress, and being your son I come in for a share of the plunder."

"Come down, you and father, and let's talk the situation over. It's been months since we have seen you. The baby has grown past all recognition and we want you to see what a robust little fellow he's got to be."

"Tell us when to meet you, and let it be soon."

"Lovely," Dick said. "So it happened that the following Saturday the old couple alighted on the platform in front of the dingy red depot."

"I can't see but that you look natural. Your wealth hasn't changed you," laughed Dick.

"It would take more than a few coppers from Europe to turn my head. Come on; I want to see Nell and the baby," and she moved away.

Dick gripped his father's hand; there never was need of words between them.

"Nell would have come to meet you if it had not been so blustery," he said as they followed his mother.

"This weather is not fit to bring a baby out in." She was striding up the snowy walk with nervous haste.

"Oh, mother, what do you think of the legacy?" Nell had hardly waited to greet her mother-in-law before beginning on the subject uppermost in her mind.

"I haven't thought much about it, to tell the truth. There's enough work on a farm, even in winter, to keep one from dwelling in castles in the air."

Nell looked disappointed. "Wouldn't you have been excited if there had been a chance of your being rich when you were young?" she asked.

"Perhaps, but there never was, and I had too much to do to imagine things, and have yet for that matter. I suppose it is rather upsetting," she added kindly, for Nell dropped her eyes, "but you take my advice and forget all about this airy

promise of wealth. It's time enough to figure how to spend money when you have your hands on it. That seems to be the hardest thing to learn nowadays."

While they sat about the ruddy fire of the baseburner, after supper was cleared away and baby sound asleep, Dick said:

"Tell us about the relatives in Sweden who have left this money."

"My father's brother," began Mrs. Morton, "had an only son who was a bachelor. He lived alone on a large holding, large at least according to Swedish standards. He never visited or wrote to any of the family in America. It is this cousin who has recently died. As he was the only member of the family living there, the property came to the relatives in this country."

"Dick said they had a position at court," said Nell, a wicked twinkle in her eye.

"I believe some of the women did dawdle away their time as ladies in waiting, and long ago some of the men were 'Gentlemen of the Chamber,'" said Mrs. Morton, "but that foolishness is long past."

"Father, what would you like to do with this fortune if it comes?" asked Nell, drawing her rocker close to him and leaning against his knee.

"I do with it?" he answered, stroking her hair. "I'd get a little lady I know something she wanted, very much. Can you tell me what that would be?"

"Oh, I want so many things I could hardly decide on one." She smiled up into his face.

"I thought you were a contented little person."

"I was, but—"

"I hope this money, if we get it, will not destroy the pleasure in honest, homely ways of thrift and comfort. May it sink into the bottom of the sea first," said Mrs. Morton solemnly.

"Here's a happy home; you have all you need for your comfort."

"We could eliminate the debt I owe the doctor and add considerably to my comfort," interrupted Dick.

"True, debt is a cruel benefactor. Get rid of him by all means. As for the rest, you're well enough off. I hope the money will not swamp your good sense." Nell was silent.

"I'm going after some of that good apples and cider. We'll have the cider up last fall and—"

"Yes, yet," Dick left the room.

"That in me they behold the great god Fear Flashed."

If I concede to the cold logic of material reasoning that this dependable companionship and love of a man for a portrait was held up by the sea was merely the aberration of a brain unseated by solitude I must also believe that a series of totally incredible coincidences subsequently befell me.

But, if it be that certain things are written in the stars and certain passages irrevocably decreed, my life is freed of grotesquerie and becomes logical.

While I lived under the sway of the probabilistical tomorrow, suspended by the hair of an uncertain today, my depend upon her grew great. The brain was bound to die and the body to rot. But the line between courage and cowardice is not absolute.

The evening came when I felt that I could play the game and die if I must, with the detached philosophy of a Socrates. At other times I wallowed in the pit of foreboding and died several times a day. In these moods I wished for the moment of crisis which should put my resolution to the touch, and end the matter.

The savage did not approach my cave; but sometimes, when evening fell and the moon spread itself in a fringed blanket against the moonlight, I could make out skulking patches of shadow at its edge. In my rambles, too, I had a sense of being endlessly watched by unseen eyes; and once, bending over a sunlit pool to drink, I was startled by the haggard face which looked up from it with streaks of white in its long, tangled hair.

Still, each day I brought fresh orchids from the jungle's edge and heaped them before my tangible lady.

"They are more beautiful, Frances," I told her, "than any I could buy you along the Champs Elysees or on Fifth Avenue—and all the cost is a ship and crew and cargo."

One morning I discovered that where the growth of cane and moss and vines had formerly been thick and unbroken, there were now several clearly defined alleyways, made by the coming and going of the black bent on observing me. A few inquisitive steps into one of these trails revealed, at a little distance, a pool of water.

Its basin was of mossy rock, and its edges were choked with ferns. A slender waterfall fed it, and through the cloistered half light of the forest interior fell a few vivid dashes of sunlight like gold leaf on the amber tones of greenery. The air hung wet and steamy like the atmosphere of a hothouse.

But the marvel of it was the orchids. They climbed and trailed and illuminated the place with a dozen varieties of weird and subtle beauty.

One could understand why men take their lives into their hands and penetrate fever-infested jungles in search of newer types. Their delicacy was unearthly and splendid. They were not, it seemed, flowers growing on earth-fertile stems, but blossoms of the gods. Each one was like the blooming of some human soul freed from the grossness of the flesh.

heart of a conqueror. I saw epitomized in petal and stamen and hue all the poetry of the world's dead dreams.

I took as many as I could carry back to the portrait, and on the following morning I returned for more.

They lured me strangely with their foxfire of sheer beauty, until I had penetrated the jungle for the distance of a quarter of a mile and stood in a small opening.

Suddenly, startled by the sound of cautiously rustled foliage, I looked up.

Here, there, from a dozen shadows peered the dark faces of the men I did not wish to meet. One young warrior stood out in the open. All of them were naked except for necklaces, and were armed with bows. All carried spears or war clubs.

The young man's face had the coral-rimmed brow of one who thinks he has won but is undecided. In his eyes burned the greedy fire of ambition—ambition and suspicion. The other faces were still enthralled by the fire of the unknown, and I felt no fear of them.

But with this doubting youth it was different. I fancied I could trace his trend of thought. If I were alone impersonating a god, and he should be the first to penetrate my spurious assumption, he would stand at the forefront of enterprise and valor.

On the other hand if I were a genuine divinity a spear-thrust would not injure me. Therefore a spear thrust might serve as a conclusive test.

No word was spoken as we stood challenging each other with locked gazes. He did not at once raise his barbed and tasseled weapon, but I saw his itching fingers tighten on its haft. Suddenly his insolent expression changed and became fearful. The pendulum of his reasoning had swung back to the reflection that, even though no injury result from such an experiment, an immortal god might resent the affront of a blow and visit upon him immortal wrath.

Confident that I had read the expression truly, I turned my back upon him, meaning to seize the psychological moment of indecision to stalk boldly between the others and leave the place as I had done once before.

I had taken only two or three steps when an ejaculation of startled surprise at my back warned me to wheel about. At the same instant I felt a biting pang in my left shoulder, and I knew I had been speared.

The sudden turn had saved my life—for the moment at least. The spear fell to the ground, but not before it had gashed my flesh and left upon the tattered remnants of my jacket a telltale smear of blood. My assailant leaped for the shadows with incredible agility, but a realization of his great audacity confused him and marred his ingrained woodcraft so that he caught his foot in a trailing vine.

Continued Next Week

The Root of All Good. In the man whose childhood has known caresses there lies a fiber of memory which can be touched to nobler issues.—George Elliot.



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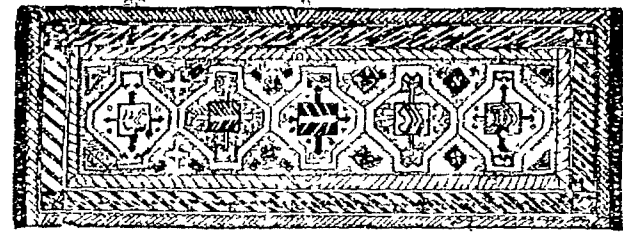
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Styles that are Unusually Appealing. As always, they are just \$1.00, but, as always, they are Worth Considerably More.

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On all orders for three or more waists, so it is necessary to add only 5 cents to your remittance to cover insurance. On orders for less than three waists include 5 cents for postage on your parcel plus 5 cents for insurance. We may not have in stock the exact model as pictured above, but there are many others equally pretty and you are sure to get waists to your liking through our selection to us. Be sure to state size wanted.

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Rug Sale! Greatest Clearance ever heard of. Any kind of rug you want at half or one-third regular price.

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Household Hints

FOURTH OF JULY LEMONADE The best lemonade is made with boiling water. Three lemons make a quart of lemonade.

Scrub and rinse lemons thoroughly. Chip off the thin outer skin of some of the lemons and steep for ten minutes in a little boiling water. Cut two thin slices from the center of each lemon and lay to one side.

Press juice from the lemons, using corrugated glass or lemon squeezer. Add to the juice sugar to make as sweet as desired, then pour on the proper amount of boiling water to make a quart. Strain the water through the chipped yellow peel. Let stand until cold, then if not ready to use, stand in the icebox until needed.

Serve with slices of lemon, a couple to each glass.

Fourth of July lemonade takes on a more festive appearance by the addition of a little pink coloring matter, such as comes with some packages of gelatin, or a little currant, strawberry or red raspberry juice, slices of banana, strawberries cut in quarters, raspberries or pitted cherries.

REMOVES FRUIT STAINS

To remove fruit stains from white goods, place two tablespoons of sulphur and one teaspoon of alcohol in a plate and ignite, covering a funnel, small end up, over the blaze to concentrate the fumes. Pass stained goods back and forth over the funnel, allowing the fumes to come in contact with the part stained.

Rinse immediately, and launder in the usual way.

THE TABLE

Baked Rice and Codfish—One and one-half cups rice, one cup water, four cups milk. Add water and milk gradually to rice while cooking and cook half an hour. Remove from stove and add one cup rich milk, two well-beaten eggs, three cups shredded codfish. Pepper and salt to taste. Bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes. Serve with drawn butter sauce.

Pineapple Whip—One can grated pineapple or one pineapple (grated),

one cup sugar; cook together and bring to boiling point. Soak one-fourth box gelatin in as little water as possible. Add gelatin to pineapple and sugar. Set aside to cool.

When mixture begins to set, add one pint whipped cream, pour in mold and serve very cold. This is also good with mashed strawberries instead of pineapple.

Rhubarb Custard—Make custard as for custard pies, using yolks of two eggs, pint of sweet milk, sugar to taste. Line deep pudding dish with a light crust and place in a layer of chopped rhubarb covered with sugar. Pour over this the custard and bake. Beat whites, add sugar and lemon juice, spread over pie when done and set in oven to brown.

Cherry Pie—Seed, wash and drain a quart of tart cherries, line deep pie plate with rich pastry and over the bottom spread a well-beaten egg. Over this sprinkle one-half cup granulated sugar and two tablespoons flour which have been sifted together. Next add cherries and cover them sprinkle evenly another one-half cup sugar. Cover with top crust and bake in moderate oven.

Cherry Dumplings—Bring to a boil stoned cherries, sugared to taste, in a kettle with close-fitting lid. Add dumplings made as follows: Sift together one cup flour, one-fourth teaspoon salt and one teaspoon good baking powder. Mix to a smooth, stiff batter with three tablespoons milk; add two well-beaten eggs; after beating smooth, drop batter by small spoonfuls into boiling cherries. Cover closely and boil ten or twelve minutes. Dumplings should be very light and puffy by that time. Sift and serve at once with or without cream.

Sponge Cake—This cake requires no butter or lard, no milk or baking powder. Use only four eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour. Beat whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth, then beat yolks; put together and beat again; add the sugar and, lastly, fold in the flour. Bake forty-five minutes. When cake is done it should look like racaroons on top. Bake in slow oven.

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Alseum Opera House, Main St.
Northville, Mich.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville Record Office.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Miss Lona Wilder of Pontiac is visiting among Northville friends.

Mrs. Jessie VanLeuven spent part of last week in Detroit with her sister.

B. G. Filkins of the U. S. Fish station in Detroit is home on his vacation.

Miss Hazel VanSickle of Detroit was the guest of Mrs. Neal over Sunday.

Mrs. W. S. Shepherd of Toledo, O., is visiting her brother, Rev. F. B. Brass.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery Downer of Chicago, Ill., were called here last Friday.

by the serious illness of Mr. Downer's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Rea of Kenton were here by motor Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Parsons went to Cornum last week to visit relatives for a week or two.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stark are vacationing at their summer cottage at Walled Lake.

Mrs. LaFever of Detroit has been a recent guest at the home of her son, Charles LaFever, and family.

Mrs. Arthur Griffin spent last Wednesday in Detroit, attending the rehearsal dinner for the Reid-Tout wedding party and later sang during the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Palmer spent Sunday at North Farmington with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Schryer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lawrence of Detroit were week-end visitors at the home of Leo Lawrence and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hazzard of Detroit were week-end visitors at the home of their cousin, J. B. Cook and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gray spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Simmons, near Farmington.

Paul Dubuay has arrived here from Seattle, Wash., for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dubuay.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bailey and two children of South Lyon spent Sunday at the home of W. D. Stark, and family.

Mrs. Julia Blavett and son, Arthur, of Wheeler spent the latter part of last week at the Robt. Thompson home.

Mrs. F. H. Woodworth left Tuesday for various points in northern Michigan including Grayling, Flint and Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Alice Finney and niece, Miss Betty Hunt, of Detroit are guests of the former's brother, Charles Bloom, and family.

C. L. Gage and family of Pontiac motored here Sunday to visit the former's father, David Gage, and the F. L. Thompson family.

Mrs. P. H. Alexander and Miss Hazel Bishop attended the funeral of the former's grandmother in Ypsilanti one day last week.

Miss Margaret Buck and brother, Albert Buck, of Chatham, Ont., are guests of their aunt, Mrs. W. E. Ambler, and family.

Miss Belle Morris, a teacher in the summer training school at Ypsilanti was the guest of her aunt, Miss Emeline Lapham, over Sunday.

Master Clifford LaFever is visiting his grandfather near New Hudson, and his brother, Lawrence, is spending a week or two in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Grandy and Miss Belle Bear of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Macomber on Sunday when they motored to Tecumseh.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Griffin and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Thilly of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffin last week-end.

Mrs. Nora VanSickle has gone to Detroit, Colo., to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Reed, formerly of this place. Mrs. Reed is quite seriously sick.

O. R. Bromley, wife and little daughter of Grand Rapids were over Sunday guests of Mrs. Brown's father, Frank Brown. They left Monday morning for a trip to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Pettibone, who were called to Albion last week by the fatal illness of Mr. Pettibone's mother, returned Monday, by way of Howell, where the internment took place.

R. C. DesAutels has been enjoying a fifteen days' vacation in and around Northville. He returns to Detroit Tuesday to resume his duties with the Michigan Fire & Marine Insurance company.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Pettigill, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Pettigill, Floyd and Milo Pettigill of New Hudson, and Mrs. Alfred Wells and daughter Fedora, of Belding spent Monday with their brother, E. M. Gray, and family.

Dr. and Mrs. Claude Burgess, formerly of this place, started last week with a party of 13 other professional men and their wives, of Detroit on a month's trip through the middle west, Alaska and California.

B. A. Wheeler and family and Chas. Blackburn and family are enjoying their summer outing in their cottage at Walled Lake. Mrs. Frances Horton is spending this week with them. The men of the family are in the store here a part of the time, making daily trips per auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Koch of Ypsilanti and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bush

ding party and later sang during the ceremony.

Mrs. Lou Minnau of Plymouth visited Mrs. Eugene Palmer last week Friday.

Mrs. Lena Smith of Wayne was the guest of Mrs. Robt. Cameron, Wednesday.

Little Miss Doris Stark has been spending several days with friends near Novi.

Miss Olive Hess and Elizabeth VanValkenburg visited friends in Ypsilanti last Friday.

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Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Koch of Ypsilanti and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bush

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PROGRAM

Program Begins Promptly
Afternoon 2:30 Evening 7:30

FIRST DAY—Afternoon.
Opening Concert.....Montanelli's Venetian Quartet
Lecture—Dreamers and Seers.....George H. Spencer
Evening.
Musical Entertainment.....Montanelli's Venetian Quartet
Lecture—Preparedness For Peace.....George H. Spencer

SECOND DAY—Afternoon.
Musical Entertainment.....Frederic M. Marston
Lecture—Her Long Road.....Mrs. Demarchus Brown
Evening.
Musical Entertainment.....Frederic M. Marston
Lecture—Modern Life and Literature.....Mrs. Demarchus Brown
Entertainment—Feats of Magic.....Ray Newton, Magician

THIRD DAY—Afternoon.
Grand Concert.....Winifred Townsend Concert Company
Evening.
Musical Entertainment.....Winifred Townsend Concert Company
Lecture—Machine Made Legislation.....Congressman M. Clyde Kelly

FOURTH DAY—Afternoon.
Musical Entertainment.....The Kilties Band
Lecture—The Humor and Philosophy of Habit.....Dr. E. G. Shouse
Evening.
Grand Concert In Two Parts.....The Kilties Band
Miss Jean Campbell, Soprano Soloist.

FIFTH DAY—Afternoon.
Musical Entertainment.....The Stratford Opera Company
Lecture—Taking Stock of the Old Town.....Fred Eastman
Evening.
Grand Concert In Two Parts.....The Stratford Opera Company
Part One—Popular Music.

Lecture—Waking Up the Village.....Fred Eastman
Part Two—Portion of "The Mikado" in costume.
SUNDAY—Program modified to be in keeping with the day.

BUY A SEASON TICKET AND SAVE MONEY

You can buy a season ticket from the local committee for \$1.50 or at the gate for \$1.75. Adult single admission tickets, afternoon, 50 cents; evening, 75 cents, except on Band Day, when the afternoon admission will be 75 cents and the evening admission 1.00 cents. Thus if you expect to attend only part of the season it will pay you to buy a season ticket. Let some other member of your family or a friend use it when you can't go. All season tickets are transferable.

CHILDREN—Season tickets 75 cents from the local committee, \$1.00 at the gate. Single admission tickets 15 cents, both afternoon and evening, except Band Night, when the admission will be 25 cents.

George H. Spencer

One of the strongest platform men in Chautauqua work. Master of the art of inspiring and educating.

Montanelli's Venetian Quartet
Vocal and instrumental. All native born Italians. For the past three years have been giving concerts in the clubs and homes of New York's "40's."

Frederic M. Marston

Mr. Marston has a powerful basso voice, which he uses with artistry and intelligence.

Mrs. Demarchus Brown

Traveler and lecturer on life problems, especially those that interest women. A woman of charming personality.

Ray Newton, Magician

Known as the Prince of Magic. Equally entertaining in his bell ringing and other musical feats.

Winifred Townsend Concert Company

Their program consists of vocal and instrumental work, interspersed with readings and dramatic numbers.

Congressman Kelly

Congressman M. Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania is one of the big men in national politics. A man with a message and one of the most convincing orators of the day.

The Kilties Band

Canada's most famous band. Played on two occasions by royal command before the king of England.

The Stratford Opera Company

Entertainers of the highest order. In addition to their singing of familiar songs, they give selections from a number of the popular operas.

Dr. E. G. Shouse

Dr. Shouse is a man of delightful personality and a true orator. His lectures will inspire any audience.

Fred Eastman

One of the foremost authorities on community building. In telling what may be done in any community he speaks from experience.

of Dearborn visited Mrs. E. A. Roe and family the first of the week.

Miss Blanche Clark was accompanied home from Ypsilanti, Sunday, by a college friend, Miss Della McArthur.

Miss Lou Damon and Mrs. Wellington Killins and two little daughters of Detroit were guests of Mrs. Horace Markham, Wednesday.

Miss Esther Pickett is spending the summer with her mother and sister, Mrs. Inez Pickett and Miss Gwineth.

Miss Esther graduated from the Ypsilanti Normal college last month, receiving a teacher's life certificate.

Paul Dubuay has arrived here from Seattle, Wash., for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dubuay.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bailey and two children of South Lyon spent Sunday at the home of W. D. Stark, and family.

Mrs. Julia Blavett and son, Arthur, of Wheeler spent the latter part of last week at the Robt. Thompson home.

Mrs. F. H. Woodworth left Tuesday for various points in northern Michigan including Grayling, Flint and Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Alice Finney and niece, Miss Betty Hunt, of Detroit are guests of the former's brother, Charles Bloom, and family.

C. L. Gage and family of Pontiac motored here Sunday to visit the former's father, David Gage, and the F. L. Thompson family.

Mrs. P. H. Alexander and Miss Hazel Bishop attended the funeral of the former's grandmother in Ypsilanti one day last week.

Miss Margaret Buck and brother, Albert Buck, of Chatham, Ont., are guests of their aunt, Mrs. W. E. Ambler, and family.

Miss Belle Morris, a teacher in the summer training school at Ypsilanti was the guest of her aunt, Miss Emeline Lapham, over Sunday.

Master Clifford LaFever is visiting his grandfather near New Hudson, and his brother, Lawrence, is spending a week or two in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Grandy and Miss Belle Bear of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Macomber on Sunday when they motored to Tecumseh.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Griffin and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Thilly of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffin last week-end.

Mrs. Nora VanSickle has gone to Detroit, Colo., to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Reed, formerly of this place. Mrs. Reed is quite seriously sick.

O. R. Bromley, wife and little daughter of Grand Rapids were over Sunday guests of Mrs. Brown's father, Frank Brown. They left Monday morning for a trip to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Pettibone, who were called to Albion last week by the fatal illness of Mr. Pettibone's mother, returned Monday, by way of Howell, where the internment took place.

R. C. DesAutels has been enjoying a fifteen days' vacation in and around Northville. He returns to Detroit Tuesday to resume his duties with the Michigan Fire & Marine Insurance company.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Pettigill, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Pettigill, Floyd and Milo Pettigill of New Hudson, and Mrs. Alfred Wells and daughter Fedora, of Belding spent Monday with their brother, E. M. Gray, and family.

Dr. and Mrs. Claude Burgess, formerly of this place, started last week with a party of 13 other professional men and their wives, of Detroit on a month's trip through the middle west, Alaska and California.

B. A. Wheeler and family and Chas. Blackburn and family are enjoying their summer outing in their cottage at Walled Lake. Mrs. Frances Horton is spending this week with them. The men of the family are in the store here a part of the time, making daily trips per auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Koch of Ypsilanti and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bush

ding party and later sang during the ceremony.

Mrs. Lou Minnau of Plymouth visited Mrs. Eugene Palmer last week Friday.

Mrs. Lena Smith of Wayne was the guest of Mrs. Robt. Cameron, Wednesday.

Little Miss Doris Stark has been spending several days with friends near Novi.

Miss Olive Hess and Elizabeth VanValkenburg visited friends in Ypsilanti last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Palmer spent Sunday at North Farmington with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Schryer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lawrence of Detroit were week-end visitors at the home of Leo Lawrence and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hazzard of Detroit were week-end visitors at the home of their cousin, J. B. Cook and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gray spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Simmons, near Farmington.

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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 JANE JOHNSON, deceased.

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

It is ordered, that the third day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard time, a 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.

49-51.

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 Cornehl, 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 13th day of May, 1912 in Liber 559 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 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 suit 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. The said lands and premises so to be sold are 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 215, 133 and 138 of Leonard and Clark subdivision of H. L. Baker's subdivision of Lots 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20 of 20 of the n. 1-2 of Section 23 and the n. e. fraction of Section 29, Town 1, N. 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 mortgagee.

J. A. Neal, Attorney for said assignee. Business address, Orion, Michigan. 49w13-3

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.