

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 2.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

VISITORS AT THE STATE FAIR ENJOYING THE FUN PROVIDED BY THE BIG ATTRACTIONS ON THE MIDWAY



No fair is complete without a Midway and for this reason the Michigan State Fair will be more complete this year than it has ever been in its history. With the superior attractions offered by the Johnny J. Jones Amusement company, embracing every variety of amusement providing concep-

tion before the public, there will be little to be desired in the way of fun making on the "pike." Clean, wholesome entertainment is the object of the State Fair management in maintaining the Midway. Every amusement that shows on the grounds is carefully selected to see

that nothing objectionable is presented to fair patrons. In this General Manager Dickinson has always had the hearty co-operation of the amusement companies playing the Fair with the result that the Midway has maintained its reputation for clean amusements.

NORTHVILLE SOLDIERS TO BE NOTIFIED SOON

SELECTIVE LIST NOW IN PREPARATION BY DISTRICT BOARD.

The Record has made every effort to obtain the names of the Northville boys who are to be called for examination in the first list, but was unable to do so in time for this issue. The notices are now being prepared and sent out and will be received by all those drawn, within a few days. Those called will undoubtedly be selected from the following:

- No. 1267—Hinchman, Harvey G.
- No. 1237—Cram, Chester A.
- No. 1369—Walker, Wilbur W.
- No. 1266—Hinchman, Claude James
- No. 1324—Schultz, Charles Alonzo
- No. 1264—Hicks, Fred.
- No. 1329—Sharpe, Leonard J.
- No. 1331—Simmons, George R.
- No. 1323—Safford, Donald R.
- No. 1282—Kroeger, William.
- No. 1336—Connaughton, James J.
- No. 1322—Ryder, Ralph W.
- No. 1322—Martin, Guy E.
- No. 1300—Montgomery—Earl H.
- No. 1294—McCardle, Thomas W.
- No. 1354—Thompson, Walter Scotton
- No. 1334—Stange, L. D.
- No. 1211—Armstrong, Harry M.
- No. 1276—Jordan, William A.
- No. 1275—Jordan, Clayton.
- No. 1314—Preston, Rollin C.
- No. 1353—Toussant, Charles W.
- No. 1305—Mundy, Charles S.
- No. 1366—Van Valkenburgh, Chas. A.
- No. 1217—Barley, Gordon C.
- No. 1287—Lewis, Glenn J.
- No. 1355—Tibbles, Joram Charles.
- No. 1221—Bolton, Frank M.
- No. 1281—Klump, Wray.
- No. 1256—Groth, George A.

ABOUT RED CROSS WORK.

The local Red Cross officials ask the Record to state that the knitting class will meet each Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the school gymnasium, "the coolest place in town." As there seems to be some confusion as to how to get in, the ladies are hereby directed to the entrance at the southeast corner of the building. Also, in case any one finds herself unable to attend the work class on the day she had designated, her help will be welcomed on any other day that is convenient. There is room for all and work for all in this great cause. Urgent calls for help are constant and ever increasing.

ANOTHER NEAR TORNADO.

The storm Wednesday afternoon assumed tornado proportions in some localities a few miles from here. On the Louis Balco farm a barn was unroofed and a silo was blown down at A. Tesha's. Minor damage is reported in the way of the beating down of wheat, oats and corn. Naturally, people were badly frightened, in view of the season's former storm-damages.

NOTICE.

All persons who bought Liberty bonds through the Northville State Savings bank are requested to call there and receive their certificates, which are now ready.

1917 CHAUTAUQUA GRATIFYING SUCCESS

NO DEFECT THIS YEAR; CONTRACT SIGNED FOR 1918 NORTHVILLE'S "BOOSTERS" DEMONSTRATED GREAT EFFICIENCY.

Northville's fourth Chautauqua season, which closed Tuesday evening proved to be the "best ever"—or not, according to individual tastes and opinions—but it also proved that Northville folks, as a whole, regard these annual events as an institution far too valuable to be given up, unless by reason of some necessity that has not yet arisen.

Of the entire schedule of entertainments, but one, according to the generally expressed verdict, fell below the standard of quality demanded by the Chautauqua-going element of our community.

Possibly the high mark set by the delightful program given the first afternoon by Mrs. Starr and her charming assistants and the splendid lecture by Dr. Miles contributed in some degree to the disappointment that seems to have been generally felt the second day, but the fact remains that the disappointment resulted, both as to the class of work offered by the musicians and the extremely "grouchy" and hence displeasing talk by the lecturer.

However, even at that, the Chautauqua was "ninety per cent good" as expressed by a member of the committee. Mr. and Mrs. Winters and Mr. Caveny furnished a series of delights in their respective offerings; Signor Pallaria and his band with Miss Dahly's sweet singing presented a musical treat long to be remembered, while Dr. Wiggam's admirable lecture was an equally acceptable treat of another sort.

On the closing day and evening Madame Shank and her delightful company won the most prolonged and insistent applause of the entire course, and Mr. Amsbury's lecture recital in the afternoon was a rare treat, and especially so to the lovers of the revered Hoosier poet.

No account of our 1917 Chautauqua

would be complete without a tribute to the efficient young manager, Mr. Wischaupt whose executive ability and thoroughly likable personality contributed so largely to the general enjoyment. Northville people were sorry to bid Mr. Wischaupt good bye, and are hoping he will be sent here in the same capacity next year—in fact, some mention was made of having such a stipulation inserted in the contract.

It is, finally, a source of much gratification that the Chautauqua came through without a deficit this year, and for this too much praise cannot be given the local committee whose members put in such telling work in the various departments.

The work for next season will be done under a different plan than ever before, a method said to render any extra expense for the guarantors practically impossible. This season's event has left Northville people more firmly convinced than ever that our town cannot afford to do without the Chautauqua as an annual event.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Northville Loan & Building association, for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held in Library Rooms, in the Village of Northville, Michigan, Friday evening, August 3, 1917, at 8 o'clock sharp.

L. E. VAN ATTA, Secy.

Northville, Mich., July 24, 1917.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

Get your Gasoline at the Church St. Garage for 22 cents per Gallon.

For Rent—7 room cottage. Inquire Mr. Lester Stage, 8 Cady St. 2w1c.

LOST—White silk fan between the Chautauqua grounds and Huff's hardware Tuesday afternoon. Finder please call 312-R-3. 2w1c.

LOST—Boy's coat between Novi and Farmington Sunday with gold chain and knife in pocket. Reward if returned to Freydl's store, Northville. 2w1p.

LOST—Small handbag containing coin purse with money, book of addresses and keys. Finder please notify this office. Reward. 2w1p.

WANTED—Mind for general housework. Must be fond of children. Also berry-pickers wanted. Slube Abbey, Walled Lake. 2w1c.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Wages \$8.00 per week Mrs. Roy Booth. Phone 248-J-2. 2c.

NOTICE—Do you know that you can get your garments dry-cleaned the modern way, altering, repairing and pressing while you wait, right here in your own home town? Prompt service. O. M. Larkin, Main St. Northville. 1w2p.

WANTED—Large number of women to do plain knitting for the Red Cross. The need is urgent. Help your country's soldiers by aiding in the noble work of furnishing comforts for them. For free yarn and instructions apply to Mrs. F. S. Harmon, Northville. p.

WANTED—Carpenter work to do. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms reasonable. Frank Bolton, Northville. 2w1p.

NOTICE—Any person having old rags, papers, iron, etc., call 44-J. Samuel Kleiman, Northville. 5w12p.

FOR SALE—A wonder Garland base burner stove. Call at Dry Cleaning shop, Main St. O. M. Larkin. 2w1p.

FOR SALE—50 acres of hay. A bargain. Phone 130-J-3. George Gibson. 2w1c.

FOR SALE—Ford car. \$125.00. Apply to Charles Mundy. 2w1p.

FOR SALE—Cheap Bay mare, suitable for farm work. Or in exchange for young cattle. Phone 188-R-5. Sam Pickard. 2w1p.

FOR SALE—Well bred 6 year old Jersey. Also riding corn cultivator. Phone 116. 2w1p.

FOR SALE—Expect a car of fertilizer soon. Better reserve your now as a shortage of cars, also fertilizer will make it rather uncertain later. Order now and pay later. Phone 151-R-3. J.W. Cole. 1w3p.

FOR SALE—Horse, 8 year old, sound weight 1,475 lbs. Otis Tewksbury Northville. 1w2c.

FOR SALE—Percheron coach yearling mare. Call on M. A. Bourne One mile west of Novi. 50tf.

FOR SALE—Carload of New Milch Cows, mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth. Phone 310-R-3. 29wtf.



"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



CUTLERY.

"CLAUSS" SHEARS, the guaranteed kind. Pocket Knives, all Styles. Safety Razors, etc.

FISHING TACKLE.

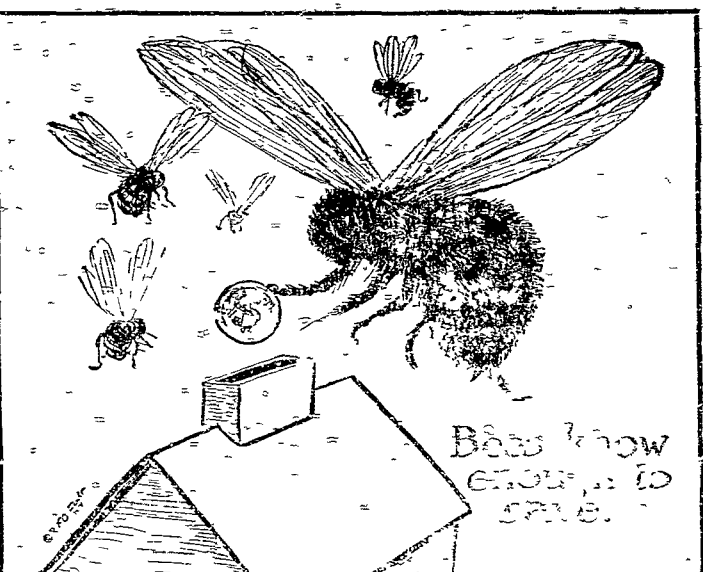
See our line. Steel Rods \$1.50 to \$5.00. Anything in the Tackle line.

HANDSOMES.

\$2.90 to \$6.00. Guaranteed material.



JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



The man with money puts some in the Bank where it is safe

Bees have HONEY in the winter because, as they work every day during "blossom time," they carry th honey to their hive.

You can have MONEY in just the same way. While you are EARNING money regularly BANK some of it.

You are not going to let a little BEE get the best of you, are you?

Put YOUR Money in OUR Bank. We pay 3 per cent interest.

Northville State Savings Bank

FOR PICNIC LUNCHES

Come to

Ryder's

and also

WATCH HIS WINDOW.

MASON JARS

- Pints, ----- 65c
- Quarts, ----- 70c
- Half-Gallons, ----- 90c
- 3 Dozen Thick Can Rubbers, ----- 25c

THE FOLLOWING FOR ONE WEEK.

- 6 Boxes of Matches for ----- 29c
- 5 Cans VanCamp's Beans, for ----- 49c
- Columbia Flag Salmon, for ----- 23c
- Best Tomatoes, per can, ----- 19c
- 3 Cans VanCamp's Spaghetti, for ----- 25c
- 3 Packages Lux Spaghetti for ----- 25c
- 2 Cans Wax Beans for ----- 25c
- 2 Cans Sun Kist Red Kidney Beans for ----- 25c
- 2 Cans Peas, for ----- 25c

WHEELER & BLACKBURN
CASH STORE.

Mr. Automobile Owner:

Are you insured against fire, theft and liability? The Citizens' Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, of Howell, carried the insurance and paid for the following automobiles by theft:

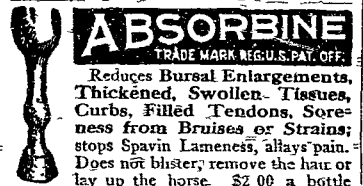
Thos. D. Fitzgerald, of the Secretary of State's Office, Lansing	\$335
Jerry Kastle, New Boston	300
Earl W. Tucker, Wyandotte	375
Benjamin C. Hilliker, Swartz Creek	320
Anton Keidis, Scottville	303
R. Barringer, Richland	275
Mutual Telephone Co., Im-lay City	315
Frank S. Hagerman, Stebensville	425
Glen C. Gillespie, Prosecu-ting Attorney, Pontiac	300
Kirk Van Winkle, Lansing	325
W. H. Williamson, Oak-land County	975

The above losses are paid from every part of the State. The wise man will insure in the Big Mutual. 25,000 policies issued, 350 claims paid, and \$70,000 of cash in bank.

Cost is only \$1.00 for policy and 25c per h. p.

See local agent or write

Citizens' Mutual Auto. Ins. Co., Howell, Mich.



ABSORBINE
Reduces Bursal Enlargements, Thickened Swollen Tissues, Cuts, Filled Tendons, Soreness from Bruises or Strains; stops Spavin Lameness, always pain. Does not blister; remove the hair or lay up the horse. \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 M free.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, heat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal can tapit or tip-over will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by druggists or 6 sent by express prepaid for \$1.00. Made in the U. S. A. by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Wash-ington, D. C. Book free. Rea-sonable references. Best registra-tion.

"SKYLINE" LOGGING LATEST

Modern Methods of Western Camps Said to Be Cheaper and More Efficient Than the Old Ways.

In the logging camps of Oregon and Washington a "Skyline" method of logging is proving much cheaper and more efficient than the former method of dragging out logs from the forest by a donkey engine and cables operating on the ground, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The skyline plan is to run a cable through blocks or pulleys suspended at a great height on giant trees, so as to form a sort of trolley line by which the logs are hoisted into the air and then hauled over the tops of ordinary trees and other obstructions to the roadway, where they are loaded aboard freight cars for shipment.

The donkey engine which operates the skyline has five drums, including two for main lines and two for trip lines. The top cable, from which the log is suspended, is one of the main lines, while the other is used to haul the log. In operation the top cable is lowered with its block, or trolley, directly over the log to be picked up; it is then pulled taut, raising the log with it by means of a "choker," or steel tongs. In the air a log can, of course, be moved much faster than on the ground.

Short Memory.
Dentist—You say they sent you up to have a tooth pulled?
Bobby—Yes, sir. I—er—I don't for-get which one it was.

Partly.
"In your first battle, did you keep up a running fire?"
"I kept up the running part of it."

POST TOASTIES
are the newest and best in corn flakes



The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubby
Their Care and Cultivation



Pergolas Add to the Beauty of the Home Grounds.

PERGOLAS PRETTY AND CHEAP

It doesn't take much time or need not cost any money to have a pretty pergola in your garden. Of course if one has the time and the money the scheme may be widened to any desired extent and the structure may be as costly and as elaborate as the heart wishes. But a simple bit of work, planned with the eye of an artist, is often more fetching than a studied and costly creation.

Rustic pergolas may be made of peeled oak or pine, or any other durable branches that are at hand, excepting birch. Birch will not last beyond one season. There is no better or prettier way of training vines than by making the pergola the base and there will be many hours of real pleasure in the creation once it is done.

DESTROYING MORNING GLORIES

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

The field morning glory resembles the cultivated kind and unlike the bind weed, grows only from seed. We find four varieties of morning glories on our lowland farms, so the only remedy is to prevent the seeding.

The field bindweed is a morning glory with small flowers and vine-like stems that entwine closely about anything they reach.

The numerous roots send out plants from every eye. These roots being spread by the plow or cultivator form new plants, until in a short time the cornfield is completely covered.

They start so early in the spring that before the corn is large enough to cultivate the rows are so hidden that they must be cleared out with hoe before cultivation is begun.

Another variety called hedge bindweed, pea-vine, morning-glory has large funnel-shaped flowers and a more slender vine than the other varieties.

In the central states we find still another of the prolific pests. This is the wild sweet potato or man-of-the-earth vine. Its roots resemble in shape the cultivated sweet potato, but are much larger, and penetrate far below the plowing depths.

Cutting the tops does little good and cutting the roots only multiplies the number of vines as all pieces of roots grow the same as the edible sweet potato.

The plow only serves as a means of spreading and transplanting the pieces of roots, which grow new plants. Covering with salt or injecting sulphuric acid into the roots are as effective as any remedy for the weed, which fortunately is not so common as the other varieties of morning-glory.

Hogs are very fond of the roots and are a great help in cleaning up badly infested ground. Plowing during July and August prevents the plants from growing again in the same season and

will make them much less plentiful the next year.

Lambs also like the vines wonderfully well and few will be left in the fall if they are turned on before the bindweeds go to seed.

Our experience with bindweeds is that spring plowing and persistent use of the cultivator only serve to spread the roots over greater areas.

The lowlands where the bindweed flourishes are also suitable for alfalfa. We find that between the cuttings of alfalfa the bindweed has no opportunity to seed and in a few years a plant can hardly be found in an alfalfa field.

The bindweed when once established in a field is there to stay or put up a strenuous fight and no halfway methods will accomplish anything in the way of getting rid of this pest.

When plowing or cultivating through small spots of morning-glory, it pays to clean the plow or cultivator of all roots to prevent the spreading of the growth of new plants.

The use of the disk harrow and disk cultivators will help to prevent the spread of this pest.

Prevention and the use of every known means of destruction must be used if we would rid our farms of this pest.

SUCCESSFUL TRANSPLANTING

To successfully transplant, a great deal of care is necessary. Observe these few important simple rules:

If possible, choose a cloudy day for this work, or do it in the evening. Water the plants so that the soil is thoroughly saturated; then lift the seedlings carefully with plenty of soil and gently separate the plants.

With a sharp knife remove about two-thirds of the leaves and stems and then puddle the roots. On no account should the sun reach the roots, even for a moment.

The holes should be ready to receive the plants. Fill them with water and set the plants firmly into the soil, pressing the soil carefully about the plants—drawing dry soil on top of the wet soil.

If the sun shines shade the plants for a few days.

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS

There should be a corner in the home garden for the old-fashioned flowers so loved by our grandmothers and mothers. The fragrant pink and sweet william, the sun-warmed marigold, the scented mignonette, the stately wall flower and the sweet alyssum that so often encircle all the others with its snowy border.

How they each and every one flash into our hearts memories of other days and of lovely faces now gone, and how they inspire us to a higher and better life!



A Garden of Poppies.



The department of military relief of the American Red Cross has organized a Red Cross supply service, with a chain of warehouses in the principal cities of the country. This supply service, with branch headquarters in New York, Boston, Chicago, Denver, New Orleans and San Francisco, will co-operate with patriotic and relief societies in the forwarding of all soldiers' comforts and hospital supplies made by volunteer workers throughout the country.

Agents of Red Cross supply service are to be stationed in every military training camp and at every army base. "These men will supervise the distribution of supplies arriving from Red Cross depots," says the circular released for publication April 30, by the Red Cross. When Red Cross chapters or auxiliaries have made hospital supplies, surgical dressings, hospital garments, comfort and saving bags, or whatever they have elected to make for the men of the army and navy, these supplies are to be distributed through the Red Cross supply service, and should be forwarded to the warehouse nearest the point of their production.

The necessity for such a service is very evident. When supplies are

needed in any quarter a call for them will be sent to one of these warehouses and promptly filled just as an order for goods is filled when received at a factory. To insure promptness and efficiency all these supplies must be made according to specific standards and shipped through authorized channels. Profiting by the experience of Europe, the Red Cross and military officials have worked out a system by which all these matters of supply and distribution are put on an effective and systematic basis. Even the packing of supplies must be done according to regulations, so it is evident that any organization wishing to make itself useful to the Red Cross must do its work from beginning to end, in the way stipulated by that great society.

The work of women, which is a very large factor in Red Cross activities, becomes quickly effective through these established agencies of supply and distribution. There are many branches of the work in which women concern themselves. They raise money, supply nurses and nurses' aids, provide surgical and medical supplies, make surgical dressing, hospital garments and supplies and comforts of all kinds for the soldiers. It is work in which they are very much at home.

Costume for Water Sports



It does not take long study of the new apparel made for water sports to learn that as careful thought has been given it as to any other kind of clothes for women. The bathing suit has advanced to the dignity of a costume for all sorts of water sports and is made in as great variety as any other sort of suit.

It makes opportunity for much exercise of the designer's fancy and for individual taste, and has graduated from merely a convenient dress for the water to an interesting outfit for boating, bathing and the beach.

Fashion has lead us away from the conventional blue or black and into the realm of gay colors, but not to the entire neglect of these reliable old favorites. Black and navy, combined with white in suits of black and white or navy and white are among the smartest of this season's offerings, and there are many all-black models. A practical and pretty one is shown in the picture, made with a full pair of bloomers set on to a short-sleeved bodice. It has a skeleton over-bodice slashed into bands over the shoulders. What passes for a skirt is joined to this overbodice; three flat tabs wider at the bottom than at the top, doing duty for the requirement of the correct beach suit. The cap is of black and white checkerboard rubber and black and white cloth shoes with white silk stockings make a complete success of the costume.

Khaki-kool silk in oyster white with a brilliant figure in colors, is made up with black satin in the second suit. It has a glimpse of the black satin with slashed sleeves lined with the khaki-kool.

They allow entire freedom and some protection to the arms. One of the broad revers at the front of the bodice is slashed and the other slips through it so that both fasten over buttons covered with the black satin.

A cap to match, which may be worn over another of rubber, white stockings and black satin sandals, are the happy ending to this bit of cleverness in suits for water sports.

Julia Bottomley

In Military Effect.

Good-looking suits for little boys are of white mohair, the jacket plaited in groups below a straight yoke, and having patch pockets over the plait, midway below yoke and belt. Instead of a flat sailor collar or round Eton, the little jacket has a coat collar and narrow lapels; and, altogether, the garment has a decidedly military suggestion which greatly appeals to the small boy. Short knee breeches of the white mohair accompany the plaited jacket.

Figured Seersucker Nightgown.
Quite a contrast to the lovely crepe de chine nightgowns is one of white seersucker having a very small striping of tiny flowers in various shades. White scalloping is the only trimming and this appears on the square neck and short sleeves. The practicability of such a gown can be realized when it is understood that the material requires

DETROIT WOMAN GAINS 15 POUNDS

Neither Health Resorts Nor Serum Treatments Gave Her Any Relief.

HAD TO GIVE UP HOME

"I Honestly Believe Tanlac Has Saved My Life," Says Mrs. Matilda Simich.

"I have gained fifteen pounds since taking Tanlac and I honestly believe the medicine saved my life," said Mrs. Matilda Simich, whose husband is a trimmer for the Studebaker Motor company, residing at 21 Fremont place, Detroit, Mich.

"I suffered with rheumatism and stomach trouble four years," continued Mrs. Simich, "and for the past sixteen months, I spent most of the time in bed with my arms and limbs so swollen I couldn't move to put the cover over myself. My husband took me to Mount Clemens and I had the full treatment of twenty-four baths and came home in as bad shape as when I left. I also had a serum treatment with the same result. We spent so much money trying to get me well, that we had to give up our home at 1282 Fisher avenue, to meet the expenses, and nothing helped me any."

"One day my husband suggested that I try Tanlac and I did it just to please him. Well, I have now finished my seventh bottle and my improvement has been so remarkable that actually my friends hardly recognize me when they see me on the street. I have gained fifteen pounds and am like a new woman in every way. I now get around as much as I please and tomorrow I am going to a picnic at Sugar Island, and my husband and children are delighted over my recovery. I don't know what I would have done if it had not been for Tanlac, and you may know how thankful I am that this wonderful medicine was brought to Detroit."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

How Women Fish.
It doesn't serve to mellow a man's disposition to take a woman or two into the boat when he goes bass fishing. For women always want to fish, yet never could they or would they, tick those horrid, nasty, wriggling angleworms on the hook. So, between baiting their hooks and removing the perch and pumpkin seeds and straining your spine to keep the boat from turning turtle and the lines from getting snarled up, you have a most enjoyable outing, do you not? Yes, you do not. I'll run the risk of answering that question for you. "Zim" writes in Cartoons Magazine. And then, when you finally hook a five-pound bass weighing at least three pounds and eight ounces by his own standard scales and play him for twenty minutes against their earnest entreaties not to bring that big, ugly thing into the boat or else they'd jump out—you calmly ease up on the line and give him slack, also his freedom, do you not? Yes, you do not! And when the day is spent, they tell you what a gorgeous time they have had and make you promise to fetch them again, and you promise, of course, do you not? You do like—heaven.

Splendid Medicine For Kidneys, Liver and Bladder

For the past twenty years I have been acquainted with your preparation, Swamp-Root, and all those who have had occasion to use such a medicine praise the merits of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root; especially has it been very useful in cases of catarrh or inflammation of the bladder. I firmly believe that it is a very valuable medicine and recommend for what it is intended.

Very truly yours,
DR. J. A. COPPEDGE,
Oct. 26, 1916. Alameda, Texas.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.
Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

He Couldn't Explain.
The Sunday school teacher was explaining to the children how Sunday came to be instituted.

"The Lord worked for six days," she said, "and rested on the seventh day. Therefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it. Now has any child a question to ask?"

Willie put up his hand.

Willie wishes to ask a question. What is it, Willie?"

"Why did the Lord pick such a dead day as Sunday for a holiday?" asked Willie.

The teacher couldn't explain.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

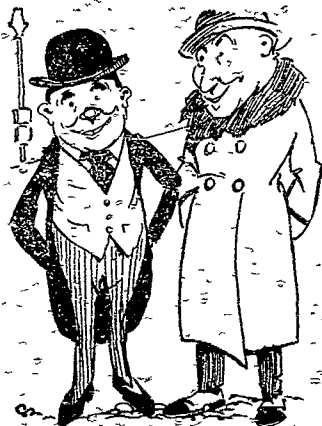
A Guarantee.
"You say you can offer me a fortune, but is it all clean money?"
"It ought to be; I made it in soap."

If a man is a coward he is scorned and abused; if a woman is a coward, she is petted and encouraged.

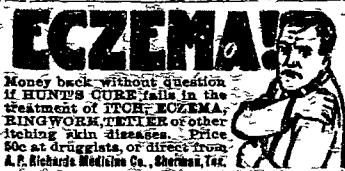
An old bachelor says the average wait of women is until they are asked.

Just for a Change.
 "If I were writing a play in which a wealthy married couple had the principal role do you know what I would do?"
 "What?"
 "I would have them refer to their courtship in Petrograd, Constantinople, or Bucharest."
 "But what's the idea?"
 "Oh, just to get away from Venice, Fiesole and Monte Carlo, where two-thirds of the married people on the stage seem to have met each other."

HUFFED.



"So Miss Wrinkles is huffed at you?"
 "You bet. She said that she was twenty-five years old, and I said, 'Certainly, but when?'"



WAR IS DECLARED ON MICE

All Household Pets Should Be Kept Away From Food, Says Government Experts.

Rats and mice destroy millions of dollars' worth of food and other property every year in homes or on farms and in business establishments. Many rats harbor the germs of bubonic plague. Trap and kill them, enjoin a United States department of agriculture bulletin. Look upon every mouse as an enemy to your property. Eradicate roaches and house ants. Keep weevils out of cereals. Keep your food where such pests cannot reach it. Keep household pets away from food.

Don't let fresh vegetables or fruit wilt or lose their flavor or begin to rot because they are handled carelessly. Keep perishable vegetables in cool dry, well aired, and, for most vegetables, dark, rather than light places. Learn how to store potatoes, cabbage, root crops, fruits and other foods so that they will keep properly for later use. Don't think that any place in the cellar or pantry is good enough to store food.

Heat, dampness, poor ventilation, bruising or breaking will rapidly make many vegetables rot, ferment or spoil. Warmth and light make vegetables sprout and this lowers their quality.

Take No Chances.
 "There's one way to drive an automobile."
 "What's that?"
 "Whenever you approach a railroad crossing or a street car track and a train or car is coming if you have to wonder whether or not it is safe to try to cross, decide that it isn't."

The man who loves a woman as much as she wants to be loved has no time for outside flirtations.

Milwaukee schools will no longer study German in lower grades

Preparing for Tomorrow

Many people seem able to drink coffee for a time without apparent harm, but when health disturbance, even though slight, follows coffee's use, it is wise to investigate.

Thousands of homes, where coffee was found to disagree, have changed the family table drink to

Instant Postum

With improved health, and it usually follows, the change made becomes a permanent one. It pays to prepare for the health of tomorrow.

"There's a Reason"

HUGH JENNINGS WOULD PENALIZE STARS



TRIS SPEAKER

WALTER JOHNSON

TY COBB

Hugh Jennings is one person who believes that it is a bad thing to have players like Speaker suspended unless they indulge in some extraordinarily bad action. He figures the thing from the standpoint of the club owner and the fan, but admits that the only suggestion he can make is that the player be handed a stiff fine, and that the club owner take it out of the offending player's salary, instead of making good from his own pocket.

"Take a player like Speaker out of the lineup," says Hughie, "and you can figure that the receipts of the Cleveland series at Nain field will be lessened 25 per cent. The stars draw people, as well as win games. Cobb does it for us. Watch how much larger the crowds are when Johnson is announced to pitch for Washington than on other days."

REGOVERS HIS BATTING EYE

Lee Magee, \$22,500 Star, Has Started Hitting Ball After Slump of Long Duration.

Lee Magee has found his lost batting eye. He has started hitting the ball again after a slump that practically extended over all of the 1916 season and the first two months of the present season.

No one was able to understand why this \$22,500 baseball star was unable to hit. Magee could not explain it himself, but he never gave up hope. The other day Lee told the writer that he was getting "hold of 'em better." Shortly after that he commenced hit-



Lee Magee.

ting again, and by the time the season rolls along to July 4th, Lee should be back in the old-time stride.

"I'll never tell you what's the matter," said Lee, "because if I knew I wouldn't be sitting on the bench without trying to remedy the trouble. The pitchers haven't any more stuff than they've had for years, but they've been throwing 'em by me. Bill Donovan thinks it's because I needed a rest. Well, I've got the rest now and when I get back in there I'm going to hit 'em or know the reason why." Lee is hitting them.

SEYMOUR CALLED "IRON MAN"

Former New York Giant Pitcher Performed Most Remarkable Pitching Feat Back in 1896.

"They called Joe McGinnity the 'Iron Man,'" says John J. McGraw. "Joe was a glutton for work. But the real iron man of them all was none other than Cy Seymour."

"Seymour, you know, used to be a pitcher. When I first saw Cy, he was a southpaw twirler with the Giants. I was with Baltimore then. Seymour was really a good pitcher."

"He performed the most remarkable pitching feat I ever witnessed. It was back in 1896 or 1897, when Bill Joyce was managing the Giants. Baltimore was playing a series at the old Polo grounds. Seymour pitched the last game, and it happened that I beat him with a triple to right in the last inning, 2 to 1."

"The next day the Giants were scheduled to play us a double-header in Baltimore. Much to everyone's surprise, Seymour came out to pitch the first game. By a strange coincidence he worked so well that the score was against us 1 to 1 in the ninth inning. Once more it fell to my lot to beat Cy with a triple to left center."

"After the usual short intermission we came out to play the second game of the double-header. The batteries were announced, and to our astonishment and that of the crowd Seymour was again the Giant pitcher."

"This sounds unbelievable, but it is true. Cy started his third game against us in two days, and what is more remarkable still, he shut us out and won the game, 6 to 0."

"Joe McGinnity was indeed an 'Iron Man.' He was no more entitled to this title, however, than was Cy Seymour 20 years ago, although most fans forgot that Cy ever was a pitcher."

DIAMOND NOTES

Eddie Plank says he may keep right on pitching until he is fifty years old.

Neither is George Sisler hitting as he was booked before the season began.

With Hank Gowdy gone to be a soldier, the Braves will be weaker than ever.

Art Fromme, after being out for a month, looks like a winning pitcher again.

In St. Louis they still refer to the Cardinals as "prospective pennant winners."

To make room for Stuffy Stewart the Denver club gave Tom Shanley his release.

Jack Murray, lately a Giant, is playing with an independent team in Paterson, N. J.

Jack Coombs, Brooklyn pitcher, has beaten the New York Giants 11 times in succession.

Wilbur Davis, pitcher-outfielder, sent to Memphis is only a loan to help out a crippled team.

In Walter Johnson another of the great ones may pass along without the glory of a world-series game.

Hans Wagner, a Pittsburgh institution, is the only ball player owning stock in a major league club.

The great pitching of Carmen Hill has been a leading factor in the advance of the Birmingham Barons.

Cleveland is accusing Walter Johnson of using the "shibe ball." Cleveland always has to find an excuse for losing.

If the Senators could get up another notch, it might be well to publish the likeness of Walter Johnson under the same heading.

Billy Rafter, the Syracuse university player released by the New York Yankees to Utica, is the son of the old-time catcher.

Umpire Gentile has been released by the Southern league. How could a guy with that kind of a name expect to get by as an umpire?

Quite a load has been lifted from the minds of American leaguers. The Red Sox have failed to make a runaway race for the pennant.

Judging from the way Little Dick Keefe is pitching for the Milwaukee Brewers, he might be of some help to the St. Louis Browns these days.

Jack Lelivelt has been doing some tremendous hitting for the Kansas City team, but he is so slow that in a pinch a runner is sent in for him.

Ty Cobb is hitting again in his old form. From now until next October it will be Cobb's great ambition to out-bat Tris Speaker every day he plays.

The wonderful record made by Eddie Collins for playing in consecutive games is one reason why the White Sox are out in front in the fast race.

Roger Bresnahan's "Iron Men" have justified their name and sunk to the bottom. Iron men are all right in a way, but they weigh too much.

Tris Speaker is indignant because some innocent scribe recently said that he was thirty-six years old. Speaker is twenty-nine and has registered for the draft.

ORIGIN OF BASEBALL

Real Home of Our National Game Is Hoboken, New Jersey.

Knickerbockers Defeated New York Cities in Four-Inning Contest, June 14, 1846—First to Formulate Playing Rules.

Several cities have claimed the honor as the birthplace of baseball. Boston says that a game called "New England" was the forerunner of the game as it is known today. Philadelphia says no, "town ball" is the parent of baseball. The latter game, it is said, was played by an organized club the Olympics, as far back as 1833. The early game of "rounders" was an earlier phase of the same game.

The real home of baseball, when all is said and done, is—hold on a minute—Hoboken, N. J.

It was there that, 71 years ago, the first bona fide baseball game between clubs was played. The contenders were the Knickerbockers and the New York Cities, and the game was played on the Elysian fields, near Jersey City. That was on June 14, 1846. The Elysian fields are now the site of Hoboken. The Knickerbockers were organized in New York in September, 1845. They were the first to formulate playing rules.

The New Yorks organized a "little later" and adopted the same code. Both of those clubs played several games with scrub teams picked from among the spectators before they faced each other on that June day in 1846.

Under the rules that obtained at that time, the first team to make 21 runs was the victor. The game lasted four innings; the Knickerbockers winning, but history does not record the score of their opponents.

The Knickerbockers found their first real rivals in the Gothams, organized in 1850, and the Greenpoint Eckfords and the Morrisania Juniors, organized in 1855. The Olympics of Philadelphia early adopted the New York game, and the Athletics, Keystones and Quaker Citys later fought for supremacy, while in Boston the Olympics were organized in 1854, and a little later the Elm Trees disputed honors with the pioneers.

But heavens! Just think of it! Twenty-one runs in four innings.

DEVORE RETIRES FROM GAME

Veteran New York Giant Outfielder Now Running Milk Route in Chillicothe, O.

Josh Devore, former Giant and well known as a player on the National league circuit, has retired from baseball and is running a milk route at his home town, Chillicothe, O. Josh played on two Giant pennant winners and made a catch in the 1912 world's series which put thousands of dollars into the New York and Boston treasuries. But for a catch by Devore in the third game Boston would have won the series in four games, one of them being a tie. As it was the series stretched into eight games, and after the fourth game all goes to the clubs. Devore, Ames and Groh were sent to Cincinnati in the Fronton deal in 1912.



Josh Devore.

but after being released to Philadelphia Devore landed with the Boston Braves in time to get a \$4,000 slave which went to the individual Braves for beating the Athletics in the world's series of 1914.

BASEBALL DURING WAR TIME

Suggested to American People That Game Is Likely to Be an Incongruity Next Season.

For the present it may be all right that baseball continue. At least it is not mandatory that it cease, and that the healthy bodies on the field and the healthy bodies in the stands and bleachers go about some other business, but it may be just as well to suggest to the American people that professional baseball is likely to be an incongruity next year.

An American newspaper will sacrifice a great deal of self-respect if it has to print, or does print, box scores and casualty lists in the same issue, says Chicago Tribune.

Baseball already is getting on the nerves of a great many people who know that catastrophic times are ahead or who fear that they may be ahead. It is fiddling while Rome is burning.

Shipbuilding in South.

The demand for ships has resulted in the growth of a new shipbuilding industry in the South. There are about 50 vessels now in course of construction in the South Atlantic and Gulf states, and the number is constantly increasing. There would seem to be a considerable future for the business in this section, as long as the demand is for wooden hulls, for all the necessary lumber is often available within easy distance of the docks. Thus a number of ships are being built in New Orleans entirely of Louisiana lumber—Louisiana oak, pine and cypress being the only woods used.

Place for Him.
 "But isn't your son rather young to join the army?" "Well, he is very young, but then, he's going to join the infantry."—Boston Transcript.

The Capitol Petroleum Company

Now drilling first well. Second well will be started in few days. Just the minute we strike oil your stock will be worth many times what it costs. You can't afford to miss this opportunity. Only 2-cents a share while the allotment lasts, 5 payments or 5% off for cash. Make remittances to The Securities Finance and Investment Co., 329-Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo.—Adv.

Often Sour.
 "Sweets to the sweet, eh?" said the girl at the candy counter. "Nothing to it."
 "What do you mean?"
 "They're often just as fussy at the candy counter as they are anywhere else."

Yesterday is the workbasket into which lost opportunities are dumped. The more some people tell us the less we know.

Don't Poison Baby.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of these narcotics to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without your or your physician's knowledge of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Felt Invented by a Saint.

Did you know that felt was invented—accidentally—by a saint—Saint Clement, fourth bishop of Rome? When he was fleeing from persecution, his feet became blistered from walking, so he put a layer of wool in his sandals. The heat, moisture and pressure converted the wool into a flat, compact mass—felt. The bishop, being of an observant and practical turn of mind, had this material manufactured.

If a man is able to gain time he gains everything.

To Be Brief—

"What on earth did that fellow mean when he said that he was a peregrinating pedestrian, castigating his literary from the classic Athens of America?"
 "He meant he was a tramp, beating his way from Boston—Indianapolis News."

When you lose a friend by lending him a small sum of money you get the best of the bargain.

Time may be a success as a wound healer, but it seldom removes the scar.

Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat



160 ACRE FARM IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The war's devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and wheat near \$2 a bushel offers great profits to the farmer. Canada's invitation is therefore especially attractive. She wants settlers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise millions of wheat acres.

M. V. MacINNIS
 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 Canadian Government Agent

The Last of the Caribs.

The Carib Indian was the first representative of the poor red man to meet the tide of European travel. He was the one found by Columbus and the later Spanish explorers in the West Indies, and he has given the Caribbean sea his name. Thus he is assured a monument as long as geography shall last, and he needs it, because as a living race he has practically disappeared.

How many thousands of Caribs dwelt in the West Indies in 1492 is largely a matter of conjecture. They quickly began to die out under the hand of the conqueror, who worked them as slaves, and shot them when they made war. Today it is doubtful whether there are a hundred pure-blooded Caribs alive. Practically all of them live on the British island of Dominica, on a reservation set apart for them called Salybia.

HAVE SOFT, WHITE HANDS

Clear Skin and Good Hair by Using Cuticura—Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Besides these fragrant, super-creamy emollients prevent little skin troubles becoming serious by keeping the pores free from obstruction. Nothing better at any price for all toilet purposes.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

Misunderstood.

Office—Next a breathing exercise. Inhale! Student (fumbling in pockets)—Got a light?

Some girls will promise to marry a man and some will threaten to do so.

Self-love is more commendable at times than self-forgetfulness.

Sore Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smearing, Just Eye Comfort. At Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye FREE ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

For Bilious Troubles

That heavy headache, torpid liver, sick stomach, bitter taste in mouth, furred tongue, dull eyes and muddy skin, all come from a poor supply of bile. These unhealthy conditions are promptly corrected by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

which stimulate the liver, regulate the flow of bile, sweeten the stomach, and renew healthy bowel action. A household remedy approved by sixty years of public service. For every day illnesses, Beecham's Pills

are a tested Remedy

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Every Woman Wants

Partine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleaning and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

OLD FALSE TEETH WANTED

We pay \$10 per set for old false teeth. Do not melt or break. Send by parcel post and receive check by return mail. Bank reference. Master's Tooth Specialty, 327 E. Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 31-1917.

The Northville Record.

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
F. S. NEAL, Owner.
J. W. PERKINS, Manager.

An independent Newspaper published every Friday morning by the Neal Printing Co., at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville post-office as Second-Class matter.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., AUG. 3, 1917.

One of the things that makes "us Americans" so apparently unmoved in these strenuous times is the fact that we know there are always millions of us who could run the affairs of the nation a great deal better than the statesmen in charge. We know this because they are heard to say how it should be done in every town and hamlet in the U. S. every day. With a whole country full of such able citizens, why should we be afraid of anything?

Some of our est. Cons. are prophesying that America's generous response to the calls for money will result in future tourists from here being "soaked" right and left when they go to the old country, as folks there will think everybody here is staggering under loads of cash. Well, some of us who can't never go nowhere, nowhow are just mean enough to acknowledge that we don't care a darn.

Those court-plaster stories, whether true or not, will certainly have an appreciable effect on the business of the wandering Willies, who peddle medicinal (?) supplies about the country. And the druggists' sales of court-plaster and such will probably increase proportionately.

"Peace Rioters" sounds very paradoxical but those words or similar ones have formed part of the head lines in the daily papers many times of late, both in our country, and over across

The pessimists who are so numerous now days are hereby reminded of the old saying "It is always darkest just before dawn."

HEALTH IS HAPPINESS.

Health is man's most valuable possession. Without it he cannot hold or enjoy anything else that falls to his lot or that he wins in the battle of life. Without health he is a burden to himself and, unless he possesses marked compensatory qualities, an encumbrance to his comrades. Though as victims of life's ill chance, they are entitled to the most sympathetic consideration, the sick cannot but be considered as a detriment in the conflict of existence. Health is a possession with which one can richly endow his heirs. Read health, study health and know that nearly all dangerous communicable diseases are preventable. The State Board of Health has free literature on the restriction and prevention of all communicable diseases.

ORPHEUM THEATER, DETROIT.

Jack Levy and his Four Symphony Sisters will be among the features in the vaudeville bill to be offered in the Orpheum theater next week, starting Monday afternoon. It is a song and dance revue, beautifully costumed and staged and is called "A STUDY IN MELODY." There will be five other acts as usual, including Robert J. Mills, with his song stories in motion pictures who has been retained for a second week. Mr. Mills has a tenor voice of flexibility and range and his idea of illustrating the words of popular songs in motion pictures has taken well. There will be amateur diving contests at each performance and on Wednesday and Thursday nights, Helen Kennedy, of Detroit, and Irene McShane, of Cleveland, will meet in an inter-city championship. Both have won in local contests in each city and both are artistic and clever divers. The picture program which accompanies the vaudeville, includes Charles Ray in "Sudden Jim" and, at the afternoon shows only, Pearl White in the second chapter of "The Fatal Ring" the new sensational serial.

When the Tigers Play in Detroit.

Following is the 1917 schedule of the Tigers for Detroit games and the names of the teams with whom they play:

Aug. (12), 13, 14—with St. Louis.
Aug. 27, 28, (19)—with Washington.
Aug. 20, 21, 22—with New York.
Aug. 23, 25—with Athletics.
Aug. (26), 27, 28—with Boston.
Sept. 11, 12—with Cleveland.
Sept. 14, 15—with Chicago.
Sept. (16),—with Cleveland.

Familia. Misquotations.
"Where there's a will there are many, quibbling relations."

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mrs. Alex Keith was a Detroit caller Wednesday.

Albert Decker of Pontiac visited his daughter here Wednesday.

Miss Marie Hosner of Detroit is visiting at her home here this week.

Mrs. Powell Killane entertained the Embroidery club Wednesday afternoon.

Rev. and Mrs. O. J. Lyon and baby of Clinton called on friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cornell and children were week-end guests of Detroit friends.

Mrs. J. Lepley and daughter, Leta, have returned from an extended visit in Ohio.

Miss Helen Chapman has returned home after spending several days with Detroit relatives.

Mrs. Della Pratt is spending a few days in Owosso, being called there by the illness of her sister.

The Novi and Walled Lake W. C. T. U. enjoyed a picnic at the home of Frank Rice at Novi, Wednesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Aaron Chapman and Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Clark of Detroit spent Sunday at their home here.

The barn on the Alonzo Stilson farm was struck by lightning during the storm Wednesday afternoon and burned to the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stanbro and son, Earl, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Haab of Salem and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Austin and daughter, Florence spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McKnight.

Farmington Flashes

Norman Lee, one of our soldier boys, is on the sick list.

Kenneth Wixom and Yorke Conroy were at Walled Lake Thursday.

The New Idea club met with Mrs. Frank Shear Wednesday afternoon.

Glen Smith and family of Rockwood were Farmington visitors Saturday.

The Priscilla club was entertained by Mrs. Manly Newman, Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. M. T. Crawford and son, Joe were Walled Lake visitors Thursday evening.

Albert Bruder and wife of Redford were calling at their parental home here, Sunday.

Mrs. Leon Green Mrs. Perry and two children were Bridgeport visitors one day last week.

Mrs. Glen Green and sister, Mrs. Ida Langston and the former's daughters, Genevieve and Margaret, were out of town visitors Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Habermehl returned from Canada Thursday afternoon. She was called there by the sickness and death of her father.

Wixom Whisperings.

E. A. Hautebergue was in Toledo a part of this week.

Mrs. Mary Chambers of Clio, visited at Wm Chambers Monday.

Orrin Shattuck and family of Birmingham were Wixom callers Sunday.

Miss Pearl Wilson of South Lyon spent last week with her uncle, L. N. Bogart and family.

A VanLeuven and wife and Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy of Flint were visitors at H. P. Gillick's, Sunday.

Oscar Kelsey and wife and George Armstrong and family all of Redford visited Wixom relatives Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Stevens and granddaughter, Virginia Johnson, were at Milford Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Miss Muriel Tucker of Flushing, who visited her friend, Mrs. R. J. Banfield last week, left Tuesday for Detroit for a short stay before returning to her home.

Ernest Oldenburg, instead of going to Texas, is at the Battle Creek training camp, which is rapidly nearing completion. The camp is to accommodate 40,000 troops.

Mrs. Salem Stowe of White Lake, a former Wixom resident, died at her home Sunday morning, after an 8 weeks' illness. She leaves a husband and 5 children, who have the sympathy of the entire community.

The second annual meeting and banquet of the Wixom Co operative association was held at the K. O. T. M. hall Friday evening, July 27, 1917. The stockholders, their families and friends to the number of 200 were present to

enjoy the banquet and program. The members were much disappointed that the speaker, Mr. McBride of Lansing, was unable to be present. The following directors were chosen for the ensuing year: B. A. Holden, L. N. Bogart, H. A. Smith, E. M. Moore, F. E. Pearsall, M. S. Pratt and G. J. Banfield.

WIXOM BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

The subject for Sunday morning will be, "Critical Stages in Our Educational Life." This topic has the semblance of a lecture, but it will be a sermon nevertheless. The temperature will in no way affect this sermon. If you feel it too warm to enjoy the service, come and endure it. It will help you just the same.

The evening services will be held jointly with the C. E. service during the month of August, and will begin at 8 o'clock local time. The topic will be, "How Men Cheat Themselves." Leader, Rolland Porter.

NOVI BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

Morning service at 10:30. Sermon by the pastor. Subject, "The Trumpet Call." Sacramental service after the sermon.

Sabbath school at 11:30. W. D. Flint, Superintendent.

B. Y. P. U. devotional service at 7:30. Preaching at 8:15. Subject, "What you get, gets you."

Mid-week service Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. A special rally to the Master's call.

All are cordially invited to attend these services to begin promptly at the appointed hour, local time.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

There will be no preaching services in the Baptist church Sunday, August 5, as the church is being redecorated.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)
Sunday morning service at 10 o'clock with sermon by the pastor on the subject, "Traveling First Class."

Sunday school at 11:30 o'clock.

Union evening service in our church, with the Rev. Mr. Riley of the Baptist church as the preacher. Mr. Riley is just beginning his work in our midst. Let us give him a royal welcome, assuring him by our presence of our attitude of friendship and co-operation.

Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Mary Alexander, Bertha White and Lillian Hill are on the August flower committee. Anyone desiring to send flowers to the church kindly notify the chairman.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
At the morning service of worship next Sunday the pastor's sermon topic will be, "The Exclusiveness of Jesus." We are in the midst of the glad summer-time and the weather is warm—it may be very warm next Sunday. But the church is centrally located and easy to find. It is well ventilated and the pews are comfortable. In matters of dress, simplicity and comfort may be obtained by the removal of heavy coats and unnecessary wraps. The music will be inspiring and the whole service will be uplifting. Your vision of duty will be made clearer, your convictions deeper, and your courage stronger for the life you ought to live. You cannot afford to miss these blessings. We invite you. Come.

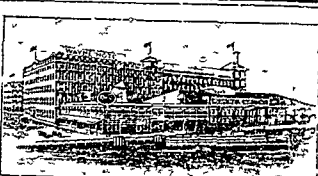
The Sunday school will meet at 11:30.

The Union service will be held in the Presbyterian church at 7:30 o'clock. The Rev. Mr. Riley, the new pastor of the Baptist church, will be the preacher.

The mid-week service will be Thursday evening, at 7:30.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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



THE NEW \$100,000 WAYNE MINERAL BATH HOUSE
DETROIT (Third and Jefferson Aves.) MICH.

Completely equipped for giving every approved form of hydropathic treatment for Rheumatism, Blood Disorders, Nervous Troubles, Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. The Sulpho-Saline water is not excelled in therapeutic value by any spring in America or Europe.

WAYNE HOTEL AND GARDENS
In connection, Delightfully located on river front, adjacent to D. & C. Nav. Co's Wharf. Coolest spot in Detroit. European plan, \$1.00 per day and up.

P. Hayes, Prop. P. H. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

SPEED HORSES TO SHOW FORM AT STATE FAIR MEET

Many of the Fastest Trotters in Michigan Entered

BIG PRIZES ARE OFFERED

Short-Ship and Grand Circuit Horses Will Provide a Card of Events That Is Exciting Interest All Over the State.

When the Michigan Short Ship Circuit moves to Detroit for its program of speed events during the Michigan State Fair from August 31 to September 9, followers of harness horse events will be offered the best racing card ever carried out on the State Fair track.

Not only will the Short Ship horses be on the bill, but prominent Grand Circuit trotters and pacers are entered for the class events. A number of independent runners from the state will also enter the lists.

General Manager G. W. Dickinson has hung up some attractive purses and an early lively interest has been aroused in the program.

Entries Close August 20.

American rules will govern all the races which are won in three out of five heats. August 20 is the final date for the late closing events.

The list of entries for the early closing events follows:

2:13 pace, purse \$1,000—Atrubla, Battle King, Biddie Beg, Robineil, Cecil Direct, Geo. E. Hutton, George T. Hazel Pointer, Mildred B. Jack Powers, Jessie B. Juanita S. King, Canuck, Little Jay, Mary E. Brown, Nella Chimes, Monte Direct, Peter Piper, Peterkin, Tax Title, Utah Pointer.

2:13 pace, purse \$1,000—Allerton Direct, Barlowood, Bertha Walsh, Birdie Welch, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., Captain Heir-At-Law, Cleo B. Cliff Moquette, College Boy, Bonbiscuit, Daisy Direct, Daisy H. Dexter, Eel Direct, Essie V. Flax, B. Florence, Peters.

2:10 trot, purse \$1,000—Canute, Elsie Onward, Helen Zedo, Jennie Fitzsimmons, Josie Knight, Mary Rosaline Parr, Muscle Shell, Queen Volo, Tonzo, Willow Hal.

2:14 trot, purse \$1,000—A. R. G. Blaville, Doris Watts, Golden Ear, Grand Marshall, Isworth McKinney, Jennie E. Kongo, Minnie Arthur, Miss Silver Todd, Mr. Forbes, Thorn, Rala Hall, Stafford.

2:19 trot, purse \$1,000—All Ablaze, Sazar Peter, Doris Watts, Frank Finzel, Ingara, Jim Thorpe, Lulu S. Martins, Rala Hall, Shamrock Bell, Stephen, The Torment.

15 Speed Events.

Besides the early closing card there will be 15 class events for purses from \$600 to \$1,000 beginning on September 3 and continuing to September 7. The events are carded under the following classes:

Trotting—2:22, 2:17, 2:12, 2:10, 2:19, 2:15 and 2:14.
Pacing—2:13, 2:20, 2:18, 2:10, 2:14, 2:16, 2:23, and Free-for-All.

Big Men, Little Men, All
Alike to 3-Year-Old in
State Fair Body Contest



Here is little George Moll his eyes gleaming and his cheeks aglow, and his whole nature attuned with the spirit of conquest. He is out to challenge all comers in the Physical Culture Body Building Contest at the Michigan State Fair at Detroit, August 31 to Sept. 9.

But three years old, George is beyond the age limit for the Better Babies' Contest. Determined to match his physical development with anyone in competition, he went into the Body Building Contest for grownups and will compete for distinction against men eight and ten times his age.

George's uncle, John D. Clapp, also of Pontiac, won second place in the Body Building Contest last year.

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STLYE!

Why the "sale" stores themselves blantly say that their "sales" are held for the purpose of clearance to make room for New styles! In other words they expect you to buy their former-style clothes merely because they want to get rid of them. Why take chances on "bargains" when

MABLEY SUITS AND OVERCOATS

give maximum Style plus extra Value at
\$10.00 \$20.00 \$25.00

JOHN D. MABLEY

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

BETWEEN WASH DAYS

every member of the family will find use for an

ELECTRIC FLAT IRON

the mother for ironing her finer linens and laces; the girls for ironing their delicate blouses; the father and the boys for pressing trousers and ties. Each can use it in his own room. Attach to a lamp-socket—that's all.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

WANT A GOOD POSITION?
PREPARE FOR ONE IN PHOTODUPLICATIONS BY ATTENDING AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL.
DETROIT Business University
SEND FOR FREE BULLETIN

"THE AMERICAN HOME, THE SAFEGUARD OF AMERICAN LIBERTIES"

Twenty-Ninth Annual Report of The Northville Loan & Building Association, of Northville, Michigan, June 30, 1917.

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS	
Stock Payments	\$7,991.92	Stock Withdrawals	\$5,866.55
Int. and Prem. on Loans	2,266.51	Int. on Same	1,353.47
Mtge. Loans Repaid	4,325.00	Mtge. Loans	7,100.00
Stock Loans Repaid	455.33	Taxes, Insurance, etc.	23.72
Bills Payable	200.00	Expenses	227.85
Taxes, Insurance, etc.	33.60		
Int. from Banks	15.65		
Membership and Pass Books			
Fees	16.73	Cash on Hand	\$14,571.59
			\$336.00
			\$14,907.59
On Hand June 30, '16	\$14,404.74		
	502.85		
	\$14,907.59		
RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Mtge. Loans	\$37,460.00	Stock Payments	\$29,369.14
Stock Loans	533.00	Undivided Profits	7,034.72
Cash	336.00	Contingent Fund	1,346.42
Taxes, Insurance, etc.	71.28	Matured Stock	200.00
		Due on Loans	250.00
		Bills Payable	200.00
	\$38,400.28		\$38,400.28

AGE AND VALUE OF SHARES

Series	Date of Issue.	Shares In Force.	Shares Loaned Upon	Weeks In Force	Amt. Paid Per Share	Profit Per Share, 101st Series.	Total Profit Per Share	Present Value Per Share.
60	Jan'y 5, '07	38	0	548	68.50	1.335	26.544	95.044
61	April 6, '07	3	0	535	66.875	1.297	25.051	91.926
62	July 6, '07	10	0	522	65.25	1.256	23.559	88.909
63	Oct 5, '07	40	0	509	63.625	1.213	22.311	85.956
64	Jan. 4, '08	24	14	496	62.00	1.181	21.025	83.025
65	April 4, '08	39	0	483	60.375	1.139	19.822	80.157
66	July 4, '08	16	6	470	58.75	1.108	18.575	77.325
67	Jan. 2, '09	10	0	444	55.50	1.028	16.328	71.828
68	April 3, '09	21	21	432	53.875	.99	15.258	69.173
69	July 3, '09	10	0	418	52.25	.952	14.288	66.538
70	Oct 2, '09	8	0	405	50.625	.914	13.346	63.971
71	Jan'y. 1, '10	4	0	392	49.00	.878	12.472	61.472
72	April 2, '10	22	0	379	47.375	.842	11.595	58.97
73	July 2, '10	9	7	353	44.125	.77	9.841	53.966
74	Oct. 2, '10	8	0	339	42.375	.733	9.096	51.471
75	Jan'y 1, '11	4	4	327	40.875	.702	8.419	49.294
76	July 1, '11	52	0	314	39.25	.668	7.722	46.972
77	Oct 7, '11	28	6	300	37.50	.633	7.069	44.569
78	Jan'y 6, '12	15 1/2	7 1/2	287	35.875	.60	6.365	42.24
79	April 6, '12	1	0	274	34.25	.569	5.902	40.152
80	July 6, '12	51	6	261	32.625	.536	5.247	37.872
81	Oct 5, '12	11	5	248	31.00	.506	4.745	35.745
82	Jan'y 4, '13	22 1/2	10 1/2	235	29.375	.475	4.242	33.617
83	April 5, '13	8	0	222	27.75	.444	3.742	31.492
84	July 5, '13	9 3/4	1 3/4	209	26.125	.415	3.346	29.371
85	Oct 4, '13	73 3/4	43 3/4	192	24.50	.385	2.985	27.435
86	Jan'y 3, '14	21	3	183	22.875	.353	2.55	25.425
87	April 4, '14	44	11	170	21.25	.327	2.186	23.436
88	July 4, '14	41	19	157	19.625	.295	1.855	21.48
89	Oct 3, '14	66	30	144	18.00	.271	1.544	19.544
90	Jan'y. 2, '15	22	-9	131	16.375	.243	1.262	17.637
91	April 3, '15	25 1/2	5 1/2	118	14.75	.216	1.013	15.763
92	July 3, '15	53	26	105	13.125	.189	.810	13.825
93	Oct 2, '15	41 3-5	31 3-5	92	11.50	.163	.615	12.115
94	Jan. 1, '16	32	24	79	9.875	.134	.449	10.324
95	April 1, '16	24	10	66	8.25	.111	.313	8.563
96	July 1, '16	6	2	53	6.625	.087	.203	6.823
97	Oct 7, '16	89 1/2	10 1/2	39	4.875	.06	.108	4.983
98	Jan. 6, '17	66	22	26	3.25	.035	.016	3.296
001	April 7, '17	87	39	13	1.625	.011	.011	1.636

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

D. 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.

D. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND
Surgeon. Office in Lapham State
Bank Building, corner Main and Center
streets. Office hours: 8:00 to
9:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 2:30 p. m. and
6:00 to 7:30 p. m. Phone No. 1.

A reliable time-tested remedy for
the treatment of kidney disorders

PENSLAR KIDNEY PILLS

This effective remedy has proven
itself of real value time and time
again, and wherever it has been
tried successful results have
usually followed.

We believe that these pills de-
serve in your case and the sooner
you start treating your kidney
trouble the less likely you are to
suffer further complications. Let
us show you the formula of these
Penslar Kidney Pills which we sell
in two sizes at 25c and 50c.

T. E. Murdock

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

Phone 247-J

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.
Everything in a Strictly Sanitary
Condition. All Milk we sell is the
product of our own dairy.

Our having fresh cows at all times
of the year gives you a high stan-
dard 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.

FLOWERS

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF
FLOWERS, PLEASE REMEM-
BER DIXON AND PHONE 140 J,
OR CALL IN PERSON.

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE
J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone.

FORD AGENCY

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.
Ford Touring Cars \$360
Ford Runabouts, \$345
Ford Chassis, \$325

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 6:20 a. m., and
every hour thereafter until 8:20 p. m.
8:35 p. m. and 10:35 p. m.; for Orchard
Lake and Pontiac only 11:35 p. m.;
for Farmington Junction only 12:35
a. m.

Limited to Detroit at 6:43 a. m. daily
except Sunday.

Cars leave Detroit for Northville at
8:35 a. m. and hourly to 7:35 p. m.;
8:35 p. m. and hourly to 11:05 p. m.;
Limited at 5:00 p. m. daily, except
Sunday.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and
Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for
Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 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 5:43
a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.;
also 8:43 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and
12:09 a. m.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

For
Sale

OUR TIME,
knowledge
and experience
in the printing
business.

When you are in need of some-
thing in this line
DON'T FORGET THIS

Northville Newslets.

Mushroom time. Watch out.

Ladies, are you knitting or sewing
for the Red Cross?

Mrs. John Buckley has been quite
seriously sick this week.

Redford's annual "Come All Ye" is
dated for August 18th next.

The band concert will be given as
usual this coming Saturday evening.

Michigan's primary apportionment
for the coming school year is \$7.20 per
capita.

Heard anybody say anything about
the weather being "too cold for the
season" lately?

Mr. and Mrs. John Christensen have
been the proprietors of a new daugh-
ter since July 20.

Miss Olive DesAutels has not been
so well for the past few days, and Mrs.
DesAutels is also ill.

The regular monthly meeting of the
Library board occurs this coming Sat-
urday afternoon at the usual hour.

Oren and Ray Lanning of this place
are among the many Michigan boys
who enlisted after the national draw-
ing took place.

Karl Bryan has enlisted as a mem-
ber of the 33rd Michigan band now
at Fort Wayne.

The splendid thunder shower that
visited this section Wednesday after-
noon brought reviving relief to human
as well as plant life.

Annual meeting and election of a
board of directors of the Northville
Loan & Building association this (Fri-
day) evening in the library.

Miss Permelia Kohler was the
winner of the gold watch in this dis-
trict in the recent subscription contest
put on by the Detroit Courier.

All those who have wash cloths and
sponges are requested by the com-
mittee to turn them in at the Red
Cross headquarters this week.

The big addition to the Perrin &
Sons' garage is approaching comple-
tion. When finished the entire build-
ing will cover a space of 60x119 feet.

This week Wednesday was the anni-
versary of the beginning of the
European war. It was celebrated
with a lot of fireworks over there—
in certain localities.

Tuesday broke the official record in
Detroit for this season's heat, and
caused many prostrations and deaths.
Northville people were fortunate
enough to escape serious effects from
the temperature, so far as learned by
the Record.

Milford's Chautauqua of last week
resulted in a deficit for the guarantors
of \$7 per capita, but the same persons
promptly and pluckily signed up for
another year—provided the guarantee-
ing committee should be increased to
100 signers.

The new dog license law, which
went into effect Wednesday August 1,
requires a fee of \$2.00 for each male
dog and \$5.00 for female canines.
The officers of the law are required
to shoot all dogs found at large with-
out license tags.

It is said that Northville girls are
taking to overalls as naturally as a
duck takes to water.—South Lyon
Herald.—Well, maybe; if there's a
good looking, industrious young man
wearing 'em. Northville girls aren't,
as yet, not that we've heard of.

Hundreds of Northville people help
every week to swell the crowds at
Czernaqua Shores, Walled lake's Coney
Island. Some folks who have been
to both places assert that the real
Corey Island has nothing on the one
at Walled lake when it comes to bath-
ing "attractions."

A hundred and three in the shade
was what the kiosk thermometer in
front of the city hall in Detroit said
Sunday. A Northville thermometer—
entirely unofficial—was placed where
the sun shone directly upon it and the
mercury promptly ran up to 150.
And its been hotter since.

Northville has a number of Red
Cross members who have not yet given
their names to the secretary of the
local auxiliary, Charles A. Dolph. The
fact that a person joined in Detroit
makes no difference, as now that
Northville has formed a society, all
Northville members should be listed
here. Mr. Dolph would be glad to
receive these names as soon as
possible, and the Record would be
glad to publish such a list for the
honor of our village and its citizens
who are a part of this great world-
movement for humanity.

Some of Pontiac's card clubs have
resolved themselves into sewing clubs
for Red Cross work.

The regular meeting of Orient Chap-
ter O. E. S. has been postponed until
further notice, on account of the hot
weather.

A party of Northville motorists
took the Madame Shank Chautauqua
troupe and manager Wisehaupt to
Walled Lake Tuesday, between the
afternoon and evening entertainments,
to enjoy a bathing stunt as an antidote
to the exhausting heat.

The new local telephone directory
reveals the fact that this is one place
where the Smiths are not in the lead
numerically, as but 5 of that name are
one the phone list. The Clarks lead
with the alleged unlucky number, 13,
and the Thompsons come next with
eleven.

Mrs. Thelma Lincoln Rentschler died
Wednesday, August 1, at her parents'
home in Salem township, from the
injuries she received when her home
was totally destroyed in the cyclone
of June 6. The funeral is to be held
from the home Saturday at 1:00
o'clock.

Harold, the five-year-old son of Mr.
and Mrs. F. D. Brown, died Wednesday
night of scarlet fever at the home on
Plymouth avenue. The burial, which
was private took place yesterday. It
is reported that of the remaining five
children of the family, three are now
sick with the same disease.

The piece of property corner Dub-
lap and Center streets, owned by some
one, is being sadly neglected by pres-
ent appearance and is not at all in
keeping with the rest of the village
or the adjoining property. This is
one of the most valuable vacant
pieces of property in the village and
should receive some attention.

Another improvement that North-
ville needs is a safe bathing place for
the younger children of the village.
The facilities now available are used
to the limit by the men and boys, but
the place is far from being ideal, and
cannot be used by little folks or by
girls and women. It is asserted
that a fine bathing beach could be
made at a nominal cost.

MORE LOCAL HISTORY.

An interesting letter received last
week from F. R. Beal of Detroit
follows, in part:

"Editor Record: The recent article
in your paper by Mrs. Jennie White
is a timely tribute to the memory of
Sarah Cochrane.

The present Randolph house was
built by a rather brilliant fellow
named Ames, who kept a select school,
but who was sent to prison for ap-
propriating books from a Detroit book
store. I am sure that if you could
scrape some of the paint from the
front of the building you would find
in big black letters, "Northville
Academy." The academy then fell in
to the hands of Sylvester Cochrane.
His son, Lyman, a U. of M. student,
assisting when at home. After
Lyman Cochrane's graduation from the
University he practised law in De-
troit, where, by reason of his special
abilities, a special judgeship was
created for him. If memory serves
me correctly, it was called the "Super-
ior Court," and ended when he died.
I think Mrs. White is in error about
his ever being Probate Judge.

THE WEEKLY PAPER.

The weekly newspaper is the busy
man's publication, according to F. A.
Harvey, editor and publisher of the
Herald, St. Louis Park, Minn. In a
recent issue he says:

"The difference between a daily
newspaper and a weekly newspaper is
quite marked in some respects. The
dailies usually expand and enlarge on
their articles, while the weekly does
the opposite and condenses and boils
the articles down to plain facts. Also
the news of the weekly is far more re-
liable than the dailies, the facts having
been verified in each case. The week-
ly is assuredly a busy man's paper, for
therein he finds the important news of
the world, boiled down to sentences in
places of columns in the daily. Look
your weekly over carefully each week
and see if this is not true."

The Northville Market corrected
up to date:

Wheat—White, \$2.40. Red, \$2.45.
Eggs—36c. Butter—38c.
Hogs, Alive—\$15.00.
Oats—30c. Corn—\$1.90.
Veal Calves, Alive—\$13.00.
Chickens—20c.
Beef—7 1/2 to 8 1/4 c. Beef hides, 16c

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Second and Fourth Tuesdays
meeting nights.

G. B. SHAFER, K. G. R. & S.

S. W. McLEAN, C. C.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA.

Regular Meetings:

August 3, 17 and 31.

A. J. SIMMONS, H. RORABACHER

Secy. C. R.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO.

186, F. & A. M.

Reg. August 13.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55

R. A. M.

Reg. August 8.

NORTHVILLE

COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.

Reg. August 7.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77

O. E. S.

Features at the New
Alseum Theatre.

This coming Saturday evening will
give Alseum patrons one of the best
5-act screen plays ever put on here.
"A Yellow Streak," with Lionel Barry-
more and Irene Howley in the leading
parts.

Next week Thursday night comes
another fine one in the Paramount
film "The Clown," with Victor Moore
as leading man, supported by Thomas
Meighan.

Queer Corpse.

A western senator of burly appear-
ance was passing an undertaker's shop
when a roughly dressed man came out
and said: "Say, mister, will you give
me a lift with a casket?" The senator
shuddered and asked hesitatingly:
"Is there—there anything in it?"
"Shure!" came the hearty reply;
"there's a couple of drunks in it!"
—Boston Transcript.

Lamb's Money.

Cecil, aged four, had often gone with
Aunt Elsie to the garden to weed, and
had asked the names of the different
weeds, and was told that one was
lamb's-quarters. Several days later he
went to the garden for lettuce, and
called excitedly: "Oh, come quick,
Aunt Elsie; here is some lamb's
money."

Chance for Americans.

The vice consul at Belfast, Ireland,
calls attention to the market-existing
there for American manufacturers of
glassware, particularly bottles. Bel-
fast is the world's center of the ginger
ale industry, and also puts up quan-
tities of aerated waters, whisky and
other drinks. England supplies most
of the bottles.

Platonic Friendship.

"Do you believe in platonic friend-
ship?" "Well, not altogether. My per-
sonal opinion is that I'd believe more
in platonic friendship if it were car-
ried on with the full knowledge and
consent of the husband of the one and
the wife of the other."—Detroit Free
Press.

Too Much of Good Thing.

"I tell you," said the real estate
agent, "there isn't a finer residence de-
velopment on earth than this. Just
look at the wonderful scenery." "The
scenery is all right," replied the man
who was looking for a home. "The
only trouble is—there's too much of it
between here and the city."

Should Have Been Hardened.

"Have you the firmness that enables
you to go on and do your duty in the
face of ingratitude and ungenerous
criticism?" "I ought to have. I once
cooked for a camping party."—Wash-
ington Star.

Dismal.

"History is interesting," remarked a
little beginner the other day, "but I
think it is very sad, father. Do you
know everybody I've studied about yer
has died."

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of

Wayne, ss. At a session of the Pro-
bate Court for said county of Wayne,
held at the Probate Court Room in the
city of Detroit, on the nineteenth day
of July in the year one thousand nine
hundred and seventeen.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of
Probate.

In the matter of the estate of
CHARITY STONER, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of
Alice Ross praying that administra-
tion of said estate be granted to
Robert Willis or some other suitable
person.

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

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

EDGAR O. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.


ERWIN R. PALMER,
Deputy Register.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK


Your Banking needs given careful attention.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS. F. S. Harmon, R. Christensen, F. E. Bradley, Frank S. Neal, M. N. Johnson, F. G. Terrill, E. H. Lapham.	OFFICERS. F. S. Harmon, President R. Christensen, Vice-President F. S. Neal, Vice-President E. H. Lapham, Cashier Ernest Miller, Asst. Cashier
--	--

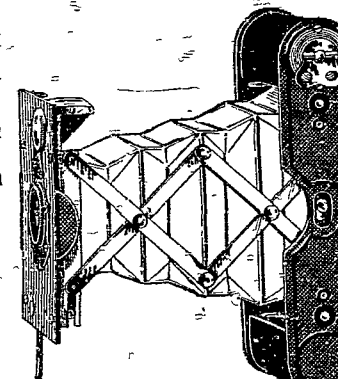
KODAKS



The Vest Pocket Kodak takes Pictures 2 1/2 by 1 5/8 in.
Handy as the note book and tells the story better.



With the Vest
Pocket Enlarger
Post Cards can
be made from
the Negatives, at a very
small cost. Come in
and let us show you
how easy it is.



A. E. STANLEY

THE *Rexall* STORE
NORTHVILLE MICHIGAN.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Waldo Elliott wishes to announce that he
will have the Exclusive Agency for the Detroit
News and News-Tribune for Northville, begin-
ning August 6th, 1917.

If all subscribers who do not receive their
paper regularly, also those who wish to sub-
scribe, will please phone 247-R, they will receive
prompt attention.

GET THE HABIT!

Get the carbon burned out of
those cylinders if you want an
easy, light running motor. We
do it at the Church Street Garage.
Also all kinds of Repair Work at
Reasonable Prices. We Sell all
kinds of Motor Accessories. Also
Agents for Goodrich Tires—Best
in the long run. Give us a trial.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

CHURCH STREET GARAGE CO.

Phone 278. NORTHVILLE.

SPRING BROOK DAIRY

Our Milk and Cream is of the Highest Quality and our Facilities
for Handling our Dairy Product are Second to None.

Telephone 399 J. **G. K. SCHOOF, Prop.**

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman
Author of Whispering Smith

CHAPTER XXVII.

Hope Forlorn.

There were hours in that night that each had reason long to remember, a night that seemed to bring them, in spite of their devotion, to the end of their dream. They parted late, each trying to soften the blow as it fell on the other, each professing a courage which, in the face of the revelation, neither could clearly feel.

In the morning, Jeffries brought down to De Spain, who had spent a sleepless night at the office, a letter from Nan.

De Spain opened it with acute misgivings. Hardly able to believe his eyes, he slowly read:

Dearest—A wild hope has come to me. Perhaps I don't know the truth of this terrible story as it really is. Suppose we should be condemning poor Uncle Duke without having the real facts? Suppose we could serve by repeating this story, which is must have kept very secret till now, I don't know, but there was some reason. I must know the whole truth—I feel that I alone can get hold of it, and that you would approve what I am doing if you were here with me in this little room, where I am writing at daybreak, to show you my heart.

Long before you get this I shall be speeding toward the gap—I am going to Uncle Duke to get from him the exact truth. Uncle Duke is breaking—has broken—and now that the very worst has come, and we must face it, he will tell me what I ask. Whether I can get him to repeat this to you, to come to you, to throw himself on your pity, my dearest one, I don't know. But it is for this I am going to try, and for this I beg of your love—the love of which I have been so proud—that you will let me stay with him until I at least learn everything and can bring the whole story to you. If I can bring him, I will.

And I shall be safe with him—perfectly safe. He has been driven away. Perhaps, I know I can trust, and he will be under the roof with me. Please do not try to come to me. It might ruin everything. Only forgive me, and I shall be back with what I hope for, or what I fear, very soon. Not till then can I bear to look into your eyes. You have a better right than anyone in the world to know the whole truth, cost what it may. Be patient for only a little while with me.

It was Jeffries who said, afterward, he hoped never again to be the bearer of a letter such as that. Never until he had read and grasped the contents of Nan's note had Jeffries seen the bundle of resource and nerve and shrew, that men called Henry de Spain, go to pieces. For once, trouble overbore him.

When he was able to speak he told Jeffries everything. "It is my fault," he said hopelessly. "I was so crippled, so stunned, she must have thought—I see it now—that I was making ready to ride out by daybreak and shoot Duke down on sight. It's the price a man must pay, Jeffries, for the ability to defend himself against this bunch of holdup men and assassins. Because they can't get me, I'm a 'gunman'."

"No, you're not a 'gunman'." "A gunman and nothing else. That's what everybody, friends and enemies, reckon me a gunman. You put me here to clear out this Calabasas gang, not because of my good looks, but because I've been, so far, a fraction of a second quicker on a trigger than these doubled-drocks."

Jeffries, from behind his pipe, regarded De Spain's random talk calmly. "I do feel hard over my father's death," he went on moodily. "Who wouldn't? If God meant me to forget it, why did he put this mark on my face, Jeff? I did talk pretty strong to Nan about it on Music Mountain."

"I did feel, for a long time, I'd like to kill with my own hands the man that murdered my father, Jeff. My mother must have realized that her babe, if a man-child, was doomed to a life of bloodshed. I've been trying to think most of the night what she'd want me to do now. I don't know what I can do, or can't do, when I set eyes on the old scoundrel. He's got to tell the truth—that's all I say now. If he lies, after what he made my mother suffer, he ought to die like a dog—no matter who he is."

"I don't want to break Nan's heart. What can I do? Hanging him here in Sleepy Cat, if I could do it, wouldn't help her feelings a whole lot. If I could see the fellow—" De Spain's hands, spread before him on the table, drew up tight. "If I could get my fingers on his throat, for a minute, and talk to him, tell him what I think of him—I might know what I would want to do—Nan might be there to see and judge between us. I'd be almost willing to leave things to her to settle herself. I only want what's right. But," the oath that recorded his closing threat was collected and pitiless, "if any harm comes to that girl now from this wild trip back among those wolves—God pity the men that put it over, I'll wipe out the whole accursed clan, if I have to swing for it right here in Sleepy Cat!"

John Lefever, Jeffries, Scott in turn took him in hand to hold him during three days, to restrain the fury of his resentment, and keep him from riding to the gap in a temper that each of them knew would mean only a tragedy worse than what had gone before. Even three days of tactful representation and patient admonition from cool-

headed counselors did not accomplish all they hoped for in De Spain's attitude. His rage subsided, but only to be followed by a settled gloom that they knew might burst into uncontrollable anger at any moment.

A report reached McAlpin that Gale Morgan was making ready to return to Music Mountain with the remnant of Sandusky's gang, to make a demand on Duke for certain property and partnership adjustments. This rumor he telephoned to Jeffries. Before talking with De Spain, Jeffries went over the information with Lefever. The two agreed it was right, in the circumstances, that De Spain should be nearer than Sleepy Cat to Nan. Moreover, the period of waiting she had enjoined on him was almost complete.

Without giving De Spain the story fully, the two men talking before him let the discussion drift toward a proposal on his part to go down to Calabasas, where he could more easily keep track of any movement to or from the gap, and this they approved. De Spain, already chafing under a hardly endured restraint, lost no time in starting for Calabasas, directing Lefever to follow next day.

It added nothing to his peace of mind in the morning to learn definitely from McAlpin that Gale Morgan, within twenty-four hours, had really disappeared from Calabasas. No word of any kind had come from Music Mountain for days. No one at Calabasas was aware even that Nan had gone into the gap again. Bob Scott was at Thief River. De Spain telephoned to him to come up on the early stage, and turned his attention toward getting information from Music Mountain without violating Nan's injunction not to frustrate her most delicate effort with her uncle.

As a possible scout to look into her present situation and report on it, McAlpin could point only to Bull Page. Bull was a ready instrument, but his present value as an assistant had become a matter of doubt, since practically every man in the gap had threatened within the week to blow his head off—though Bull himself felt no scruples against making an attempt to reach Music Mountain and get back again. It was proposed by the canny McAlpin to send him in with a team and light wagon, ostensibly to bring out his trunk, which if it had not been fed to the horses, was still in Duke's barn. As soon as a rig could be got up Page started out.

It was late November. A far, clear air drew the snow-capped ranges sharply down to the eye of the desert—as if the speckless sky, lighted by the radiant sun, were but a monster glass rigged to trick the credulous retina. De Spain, in the saddle in front of the barn, his broad hat brim set over the impassive level of the western horseman, his lips seeming to compress his thoughts, his lines over his forehead, and his hands half-slipped into the pockets of his snug leather coat, watched Page with his light wagon and horses drive away.

Idling around the neighborhood of the barns in the saddle, De Spain saw him gradually recede into the long desert perspective, the perspective which almost alone enabled the watcher to realize as he curtailed his eyes behind their long, steady lashes from the blazing sun, that it was a good bit of a way to the foot of the great outpost of the Supperstition range.

De Spain's restlessness prevented his remaining quietly anywhere for long. As the morning advanced he entered out on the Music Mountain trail, thinking of and wishing for a sight of Nan. The deadly shock of Pardalos's story had been dulled by days and nights of pain. His deep-rooted love and his loneliness had quieted his impulse for vengeance and overborne him with a profound sadness. He realized how different his feelings were now from what they had been when she knelt before him in the darkened room and, not daring to plead for mercy for her uncle, had asked him only for the pity for herself that he had seemed so slow to give. Something reproached him now for his coldness at the moment that he should have thought of her suffering before his own.

It was while riding in this way that his eyes, reading mechanically the wagon trail he was aimlessly following—for no reason other than that it brought him, though forbidden, a little closer to her—arrested his attention. He checked his horse. Something, the trail told him, had happened. Page had stopped his horses. Page had met two men on horseback coming from the gap. After a parley—for the horses had tramped around long enough for one—the wagon had turned completely from the trail and struck across the desert, north; the two horsemen, or one with a led horse, had started back for the gap.

All of this De Spain gathered without moving his horse outside a circle of thirty feet. What did it mean? Page might have fallen in with cronies from the gap, abandoned his job, and started for Sleepy Cat, but this was unlikely. He might have encountered enemies, been pointedly advised to keep away from the gap, and pretended to

start for Sleepy Cat, to avoid trouble with them. Deeming the second the more probable conclusion, De Spain, absorbed in his speculations, continued toward the gap to see whether he could not pick up the trail of Page's rig farther on.

Within a mile—a further surprise awaited him. The two horsemen, who had headed for the gap after stopping Page, had left the trail, turned to the south, down a small draw, which would screen them from sight, and set out across the desert.

No trail and no habitation lay in the direction they had taken—and it seemed clearer to De Spain that the second horse was a led horse. There was a story in the incident, but his interest lay in following Page's movements, and he spurred swiftly forward to see whether his messenger had resumed the gap trail and gone on with his mission. He followed this quest almost to the mountains, without recovering any trace of Page's rig. He halted. It was certain now that Page had not gone into the gap.

Perplexed and annoyed, De Spain, from the high ground on which he sat his horse, cast his eyes far over the desert. The brilliant sunshine flooded it as far as the eye could reach. He scanned the vast space without detecting a sign of life anywhere, though none better than he knew that any abundance of it might be there. But his gaze caught something of interest on the farthest northern horizon, and on this his scrutiny rested a long time. A soft brown curtain rose just above the earth line against the blue sky. Toward the east it died away and toward the west it was cut off by the Supperstition peaks.

De Spain, without giving the weather signs much thought, recognized their import, but his mind was filled with his own anxieties and he rode smartly back toward Calabasas, because he was not at ease over the puzzles in the trail. When he reached the depression where the horsemen had, without any apparent reason, turned south, he halted. Should he follow them or turn north to follow Page's wanderings? If Page had been scared away from the gap, for a time, he probably had no information that De Spain wanted, and De Spain knew his cunning and persistence well enough to be confident he would be back on the gap road, and within the cover of the mountains, before a storm should overtake him. On the north the brown curtain had risen fast and already enveloped the farthest peaks of the range. Letting his horse stretch its neck, he hesitated a moment longer trying to decide whether to follow the men to the south or the wagon to the north. A woman might have done better. But no good angel was there to guide his decision, and in another moment he was riding rapidly to the south with the even, brown, misty cloud behind him rolling higher into the northern sky.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

De Spain Rides Alone.

He had ridden the trail but a short time when it led him in a wide angle backward and around toward Calabasas, and he found, presently, that the men he was riding after were apparently heading for the stage barns. In the north the rising curtain had darkened. Toward Sleepy Cat the landscape was already obliterated. In the south the sun shone, but the air had grown suddenly cold, and in the sharp drop De Spain realized what was coming. His first thought was of the southern stages, which must be warned, and as he galloped up to big barn, with this thought in mind he saw, standing in the doorway, Bull Page.

De Spain regarded him with astonishment. "How did you get here?" was his sharp question.

Page grinned. "Got what I was after, and c'm' back sooner'n I expected. Half-way over to the gap, I met Duke and the young gal on horseback, headed for Calabasas. They pulled up. I pulled up. Old Duke looked kind o' gaunted, and it seemed like Nan was in a considerable hurry to get to Sleepy Cat with him, and he couldn't stand the saddle. Anyway, they was heading for Calabasas to get a rig from McAlpin. I knowed McAlpin would never give old Duke a rig, not if he was a-dyin' in the saddle."

"They've got your rig?" cried De Spain.

"The gal asked me if I'd mind accommodatin' 'em," explained Bull deprecatingly, "to save time."

"They headed north?" exclaimed De Spain. The light from the fast-changing sky fell copper-colored across his horse and figure. McAlpin, followed by a hostler, appeared at the barn door.

Bull nodded to De Spain. "Said they wanted to get there quick. She fig'd or savin' a few miles by strikin' the hill trail. So I takes their horses and lets on I was headin' for the gap. When they got out of sight, I turned round."

Even as he spoke, the swift-rolling curtain of mist overhead blotted the sun out of the sky.

De Spain sprang from his saddle with a ringing order to McAlpin. "Get up a fresh saddle-horse!"

"A horse!" cried the startled barn boss, whirling on the hostler. "The strongest legs in the stable, and don't lose a second! Lady Jane; up with her!" he yelled, bellowing his orders into the echoing barn with his hands to his mouth. "Up with her for Mr. de Spain in a second! Marmon! Becker! Lanzon! What in h— are you all doing?" he roared, rushing back with a fusillade of oaths. "Look alive, everybody!"

"Coming!" yelled one voice after another from the depths of the distant stalls.

De Spain ran into the office. Page caught his horse, stripped the rifle

from its holster, and hurriedly began uncinching. Hostlers running through the barn called shrilly back and forth, and De Spain springing up the stairs to his room provided what he wanted for his hurried flight. When he dashed down with coats on his arm the hoofs of Lady Jane were clattering down the long gangway. A stable-boy slid from her back on one side as Bull Page threw the saddle across her from the other; hostlers caught at the cinches, while others hurriedly rubbed the legs of the quivering mare. De Spain, his hand on McAlpin's shoulder, was giving his parting injunctions, and the barn boss, head cocked down, and eyes cast furtively on the scattering snowflakes outside, was listening with an attention that recorded indelibly every uttered syllable.

Once only, he interrupted: "Henry, you're ridin' out into this thing alone—don't do it!"

"I can't help it," snapped De Spain impatiently.

"It's a man killer."

"I can't help it."

"Bob Scott, if he's here, 'ud never let you do it. I'll ride w' ye myself, Henry. I worked for your father—"

"You're too old a man, Jim—"

"Don't talk to me! Do as I tell you!" thundered De Spain.

McAlpin bowed his head.

"Ready!" yelled Page, backing the rifle holster in place. Still talking, and with McAlpin glued to his elbow, De Spain vaulted into the saddle, caught the lines from Bull's hands, and steadied the Lady as she sidestepped nervously—McAlpin following close, and dodging the dashing hoofs as he looked earnestly up to catch the last word. De Spain touched the horse with the lines. She leaped through the doorway and he raised a backward hand to those behind. Running outside the door, they yelled a chorus of cries after the swift-moving horseman, and, clustered in an excited group, watched the Lady with a dozen great strides round the Calabasas trail and disappear with her rider into the whirling snow.

She fell at once into an easy reaching step, and De Spain, busy with his reflections, hardly gave thought to what she was doing, and little more to what was going on about him. No moving figure reflects the impassive more than a horseman of the mountains, on a long ride. Though never so swift-horne, the man, looking neither to the right nor to the left, moving evenly and statue-like against the sky, a part of the very beast under him, presents the very picture of indifference to the world around him. The great, swift wind spreading over the desert emptied on it snow-laden puffs that whirled and wrapped a cloud of flakes about horse and rider in the symbol of a shroud. De Spain gave no heed to these skirmishing eddies, but he knew what was behind them, and for the wind, he only wished it might keep the snow in the air till he caught sight of Nan.

The even reach of the horse brought him to the point where Nan had changed to the stage wagon. Without a break in her long stride, Lady Jane took the hint of her swerving rider, put her nose into the wind, and headed north. De Spain, alive to the difficulties of his venture, set his hat lower and bent forward to follow the wagon along the sand. With the first of the white furies passed, he found himself in a snowless pocket, as it were, of the advancing storm. He hoped for nothing from the prospect ahead; but every moment of respite from the blinding whirl was a gain, and with his eyes close on the trail that had carried Nan into danger, he urged the Lady on.

When the snow again closed down about him he calculated from the roughness of the country that he should be within a mile of the road that Nan was trying to reach, from the gap to Sleepy Cat. But the broken ground straight ahead would prevent her from driving directly to it. He knew she must hold to the right, and her curving track, now becoming difficult to trail, confirmed his conclusion. A fresh drive of the wind buffeted him as he turned directly north. Only at intervals could he see any trace of the wagon wheels. The driving snow compelled him more than once to dismount and search for the trail. Each time he lost it the effort to regain it was more prolonged. At times, he was compelled to ride the desert in wide circles to find the tracks, and this cost time when minutes might mean life. But as long as he could be clung to the struggle to track her exactly, he saw almost where the storm had struck the two wayfarers. Neither, he knew, was insensible to its dangers. What amazed him was that a man like Duke Morgan should be out in it. He found a spot where they had halted and, with a start that checked the beating of his heart, his eyes fell on her footprint not yet obliterated, beside the wagon track.

The sight of it was an electric shock. Throwing himself from his horse, he knelt over it in the storm, oblivious for an instant of everything but that this tracery meant her presence, where he bowed bent, hardly half an hour before. He swung, under a moment's keen scrutiny, into his saddle, with fresh resolve. Pressed by the rising fury of the wind, the wayfarers had become from this point, De Spain saw too plainly, hardly more than fugitives. Good ground to the left, where their hope of safety lay, had been overlooked. Their tracks wandered on the open desert like those who, losing courage, lose their course in the confusion and fear of the impending peril.

And with this increasing uncertainty in their direction vanished De Spain's last hopes of tracking them. The wind swept the desert away as a hurricane sweeps the open sea, snatching the

fallen snow from the face of the earth as the sea-gale flattens the face of the waters, rips the foam from the frantic waves to drive it in wild, scudding fragments across them.

De Spain, urging his horse forward, unbuckled his rifle holster, threw away the scabbard, and holding the weapon up in one hand, fired shot after shot at measured intervals to attract the attention of the two he sought. He exhausted his rifle ammunition without eliciting any answer. The wind drove with a roar against which even a rifle report could hardly carry, and the snow swept down the sinks in a mad blast. Flakes torn by the fury of the gale were stiffened by the bitter wind into powdered ice that stung horse and rider. Casting away the useless carbine, and pressing his horse to the limit of her strength and endurance, the unyielding pursuer rode in great, coiling circles into the storm, to cut in, if possible, ahead of its victims, firing shot upon shot from his revolver, and putting his ear intently against the wind for the faint hope of an answer.

Suddenly the Lady stumbled and, as he cruelly reined her, slid helpless and scrambling along the face of a flat rock. De Spain, leaping from her back, steadied her trembling and looked underfoot. The mare had struck the rock of the upper lava bed. Drawing his revolver, he fired signal shots from where he stood. It could not be far, he knew, from the junction of the two great desert trails—the Calabasas road and the gap road. He felt sure Nan could not have got much north of this, for he had ridden in desperation to get abreast of or beyond her, and if she were south, where he asked, in the name of God, could she be?

He climbed again into the saddle—the cold was gripping his limbs—and, watching the rocky landmarks narrowly, tried to follow the dead waste of the half-buried flow. With chilled, awkward fingers he filled the revolver again and rode on, discharging it every minute, and listening—hoping against hope for an answer. It was when he had almost completed, as well as he could compute, the wide circuit he had set out on, that a faint shot answered his continuing signals.

With the sound of that shot and those that followed it his courage all came back. But he had yet to trace through the confusion of the wind and the blinding snow the direction of the answering reports.

Either and further he rode, this way and that, testing out the location of the slowly repeated shots, and signaling at intervals in return. Slowly and doggedly he kept on, shooting, listening, wheeling and advancing until, as he raised his revolver to fire it again, a cry close at hand, came out of the storm. It was a woman's voice borne on the wind. Riding swiftly to the left, a horse's outline revealed itself at moments in the driving snow ahead.

De Spain cried out, and from behind the furious curtain heard his name, loudly called. He pushed his stumbling horse on. The dim outline of a second horse, the background of a wagon, a storm-beaten man—all this passed his eyes unheeded. They were bent on a girlish figure running toward him as he slid stiffly from the saddle. The next instant Nan was in his arms.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Truth.

With the desperation of a joy born of despair she laid her burning cheek hysterically against his cheek. She rained kisses on his ice-crusted brows and snow-beaten eyes. Her arms held him rigidly. He could not move nor speak till she would let him. Transformed, this mountain girl who gave herself so shyly, forgot everything. Her words crowded on his ears. She repeated his name in an ecstasy of welcome, drew down his lips, laughed, rejoiced, knew no shamefacedness and no restraint—she was one freed from the stroke of a descending knife. A moment before she had faced death alone; it was still death she faced—she realized this—but it was death, at least, together, and her joy and tears rose from her heart in one stream.

De Spain comforted her, quieted her, but away one of the coats from his horse, slipped it over her shoulders, incased her in the heavy fur, and turned his eyes to Duke.

The old man's set, square face rendered nothing of implacability to the dangers confronting him. De Spain looked for none of that. He had known the Morgan record too long, and faced the Morgan men too often, to fancy they would flinch at the drum-beat of death.

The two men, in the deadly, driving snow, eyed each other. Out of the old man's deep-set eyes burned the resistance of a hundred storms faced before. But he was caught now like a wolf in a trap, and he knew he had little to hope for, little to fear. As De Spain regarded him, something like pity may have mixed with his hatred. The old outlaw was thinly clad. His open throat was beaten with snow, and, standing beside the wagon, he held the reins in a bare hand. De Spain cut the other coat from his saddle and held it out. Duke pretended not to see, and, when no longer equal to keeping up the pretense, shook his head.

"Take it," said De Spain curtly.

"No."

"Take it, I say. You and I will settle our affairs when we get Nan out of this," he insisted.

"De Spain!" Duke's voice, as was its wont, cracked like a pistol. "I can say all I've got to say to you right here."

"No."

"Yes," cried the old man, (TO BE CONTINUED)

The KITCHEN CABINET

People who get fussy about their digestion and assume a personal charge of their nerves, have "nerves" and are apt to have no digestion. Your mental attitude controls your body. Happiness is health.

SOME DAINTY COCONUT DISHES.

The fresh coconut is so delicious when carefully peeled and grated, so much superior to the dried article, that it should be used more freely when it is in season and may be bought for right to ten cents.

Coconut Soup.

Put two quarts of good white stock into a saucepan, add a half teaspoonful of salt, one blade of mace, two bay leaves and half a cupful of finely chopped coconut; simmer gently for one and a half hours, then strain and reheat, adding six tablespoonfuls of rice flour mixed with a little of the cooled stock, add two cupfuls of thin cream and serve hot.

A half cupful of grated coconut added to a cream pie or to a simple custard, either cup custard or a pie, makes a pleasing change.

Coconut Croquettes.—Put a quart of milk in a double boiler, stir in a cupful of farina, a teaspoonful of salt, and cook, stirring until thick and well cooked. Add a cupful of chopped coconut, one teaspoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a half teaspoonful of almond extract. Remove from the fire and let stand over hot water 15 minutes. Pour into a buttered pan to mold. When chilled cut in slices, roll in plenty of fine bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Drain and serve with a sweet sauce.

Coconut Souffle.—Beat four eggs until light, add six tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, six table spoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of orange extract, one cupful of finely chopped coconut and two cupfuls of milk. Mix carefully and turn into a buttered fireproof dish as soon as it is set, sprinkle with another cupful of grated coconut and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Serve hot.

Coconut Filling for Layer Cake.—Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, add enough confectioners' sugar to make it of the consistency to spread, flavor with a little rose extract and sprinkle it thickly with fresh grated coconut.

Pondant stirred thick with coconut, flavored and made into balls, is a very nice confection.

Every man's home is his castle. "The progress of the ideal of plain living and high thinking will make a man's home a shrine."

A home should be neither so pretentious nor elegant that it draws one's attention from its owner.

A FEW APPETIZING SALADS.

Salads well combined, well seasoned, and well garnished are always a great addition to any menu.

Vegetable Salad.—Mix together well chilled, cooked string beans, thinly sliced, cucumbers, and shredded lettuce. For the dressing use three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, salt, mustard, paprika and red pepper in small quantities, beat with an egg beater and place on ice to chill. Pour over the vegetables just as they are served.

Cold cooked carrots, cut in shoe strings, cold string beans, with a few capers and mayonnaise dressing served on lettuce is another good mixture.

Orange Jelly Salad.—Dissolve one tablespoonful of gelatin in one-third of a cupful of strained orange juice, and stir over the fire until well heated. Have ready half a cupful of nut meats coarsely chopped. Peel three oranges, divide into sections and cut each section into half. When the jelly is ready to mold, pour a little of it into the wet molds, add some of the nuts, and orange sections, then more jelly until the molds are full. When ready to serve, turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and top with a spoonful of whipped cream.

Pineapple Salad.—Arrange slices of canned pineapple on individual plates, place a whole marshmallow in the center with small pieces of marshmallow scattered over the pineapple, then put a few cherries around it, and on top of the marshmallow a nut meat. Over the top pour a rich mayonnaise dressing. To make the mayonnaise, put yolk of an egg into a cold bowl, add a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper, a fourth of a teaspoonful of mustard, beat until thick, then add a half teaspoonful of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of lemon juice, beat well, then add a little at a time the olive oil, when it is thick, thin with more lemon juice or vinegar, adding more oil until two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice or vinegar and three-fourths of a cupful of oil are used.

Oatmeal cookies to be entirely wholesome should have the oatmeal well browned in the oven before combining it with the other ingredients, and if it is the coarse large flakes it should be ground through the meat grinder before browning. An oatmeal cookie baked from twelve to fifteen minutes is not well enough cooked as it is impossible to cook oatmeal sufficiently in that length of time.

Nellie Maxwell

THE HILLMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

LOUISE SEEMS TO HAVE REACHED THE POINT WHERE SHE DIDN'T CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO HER— AND THEN JOHN STRANGEWAY CAME INTO HER LIFE

Synopsis—On a trip through the English Cumberland country the breakdown of her motorcar forces Louise Maurel, famous London actress, to accept the overnight hospitality of Stephen and John Strangeway, reclusive woman haters, who own a great farm. Before she leaves she stirs the interest of John Strangeway and is in turn interested by him. Three months later John, on impulse, takes a train for London, and immediately renews his acquaintance with Louise. He is warned by her friend, Sophy, not to be puritanical in his regard for Louise.

CHAPTER VII.

The first few minutes that John spent in Louise's little house were full of acute and vivid interest. The room that he was so eagerly studying confirmed his cloudy impressions of its owner. There was, for a woman's apartment, a curious absence of ornamentation and knickknacks. The walls were black and white; the carpet was white; the furniture, graceful in its outline, rather heavy in build and covered with old-rose colored chintz. There were water-colors upon the wall, some small black-and-white fantasies, puzzling to John, who had never even heard the term futurist. A table, drawn up to the side of one of the easy chairs, was covered with books and magazines, some Italian, a few English, the greater part French; and upon a smaller one, close at hand, stood a white bowl full of pink roses. Their odor was somehow reminiscent of Louise, curiously sweet and wholesome—an odor which suddenly took him back to the morning when she had come to him from under the canopy of apple blossoms. His heart began to beat with pleasure even before the opening of the door announced her presence. She came in with Sophy, who at once seated herself by his side.

"We have been making plans," Louise declared, "for disposing of you for the rest of the day."

John smiled happily.

"You're not sending me away, then? You're not acting this evening?"

"Not until three weeks next Monday," she replied. "Then, if you are good and the production is not postponed, you may seat yourself in a box and make all the noise you like after the fall of the curtain. These are real holidays for me, except for the nuisance of rehearsals. You couldn't have come at a better time."

Sophy glanced at the clock.

"Well," she said, "I must show my respect to that most ancient of adages by taking my departure. I feel—"

"You will do nothing of the sort, child," Louise interrupted. "I want to interest you in the evolution of Mr. Strangeway. We must remember that it is his first night in London. What aspect of it shall we attempt to show him? Don't say a word, Sophy. It is not for us to choose."

"I'm afraid there isn't any choice," John declared, his face falling. "I haven't any clothes except what you see me in."

"Hogray!" Sophy exclaimed. "Off with your smart gown, Louise! We'll be splendidly Bohemian. You shall put on your black frock and a black hat, and powder your nose, and we'll all go to Gundo's first and drink vermouth. I can't look the part, but I can act it!"

"But tell me," Louise asked him, "did you lose your luggage?"

"I brought none," he answered.

They both looked at him—Sophy politely curious, Louise more deeply interested.

"You mean," Louise demanded, "that after waiting all these months you started away upon impulse like that—without even letting your brother know or bringing any luggage?"

"That's exactly what I did," John agreed, smiling. "I had a sovereign in my pocket when I had bought my ticket. The joke of it was," he went on, joining in the girls' laughter, "that Mr. Appleton has been worrying me for months to come up and talk over reinvestments, and take control of the money my uncle left me; and when I came at last, I arrived like a pauper. He went out himself and bought my shirt."

"And a very nice shirt, too," Sophy declared, glancing at the pattern. "Do tell us what else happened!"

"Well, not much more," John replied. "Mr. Appleton stuffed me full of money and made me take a little suite of rooms at what he called a more fashionable hotel. He stayed to lunch with me, and I have promised to see him on business tomorrow morning."

The two girls sat up and wiped their eyes.

"Oh, this is a wonderful adventure you have embarked upon!" Louise exclaimed. "You have come quite in the right spirit. It is your first night here, Mr. Strangeway, so I warn you that Sophy is the most irresponsible and capricious of all my friends."

Sophy made a grimace.

"Mr. Strangeway," she begged earnestly, "you won't believe a word she says, will you? All my life I have been looking for a single and steady attachment. Of course, if Louise wants to monopolize you, I shall fall into the background, as I usually do; but if you think that I am going to accept hints and let you go out to dinner alone, you are very much mistaken. Tonight, at any rate, I insist upon coming!"

Louise shook her head.

"We shall have to put up with her," she told John with a little grimace.

The door of the room was suddenly opened. The parlor maid stood at one side.

"The prince of Seyre, madam," she announced.

Louise nodded. She was evidently expecting the visit. She turned to John.

"Will you come back and call for us here—say at seven o'clock? Mind, you are not to bother about your clothes, but to come just as you are. I can't tell you," she added under her breath, "how much I am looking forward to our evening."

Sophy sprang to her feet.

"Won't you drop me, please, Mr. Strangeway?" she asked. "Then, if you will be so kind, you can pick me up again on your way here. You'll have to pass where I live, if you are at the Milan. I must go home and do my little best to compete."

Louise's frown was so slight that even John failed to notice it. Upon the threshold they encountered the prince, who detained John for a moment.

"I was hoping that I might meet you here, Mr. Strangeway," he said. "If you are in town for long, it will give me great pleasure if I can be of any service to you. You are staying at a hotel?"

"I am staying at the Milan," John replied.

"I will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you," the prince continued. "In the meantime, if you need—"



"We Shall Have to Put Up With Her," She Told John With a Little Grimace.

any service that a Londoner can offer you, be sure to let me know. You will easily find my house in Grosvenor square."

"It is very kind of you indeed," John said gratefully.

Sophy made a wry face as the prince entered the drawing-room.

"Didn't some old Roman once write something about being afraid of Greeks who brought gifts?" she asked, as they descended the stairs together.

"Quite right," John assented.

"Well, be careful!" she advised him.

"That's all."

John handed Sophy into the taxi and took his place beside her.

"Where shall I put you down?" he asked.

"It's such a terribly low neighborhood! However, it's quite close to the Milan—10 Southampton street."

John gave the address to the man, and they started off. They were blocked in a stream of traffic almost as soon as they reached Hyde Park Corner. John leaned forward all the time,

immensely interested in the stream of passers-by.

"Your interest in your fellow creatures," she murmured demurely, "is wonderful, but couldn't you concentrate it just a little?"

He turned quickly around. She was smiling at him most alluringly. Unconsciously he found himself smiling back again. A wonderful light-heartedness seemed to have come to him during the last few hours.

"I suppose I am a perfect idiot," he admitted. "I cannot help it. I am used to seeing, at the most, three or four people together at a time. I can't understand these crowds. Where are they all going? Fancy every one of them having a home, every one of them struggling in some form or another toward happiness!"

"Do you know," she pronounced severely, "for a young man of your age you are much too serious? I am quite sure you could be nice if you wanted to," she continued. "How much are you in love with Louise?"

"How much am I what?"

"In love with Louise?" she repeated. "All the men are. It is a perfect cult with them. And here am I, her humble companion and friend, absolutely neglected!"

"I don't believe you are neglected at all," he replied. "You are much too good. He turned his head to look at her. She was so close to him that their hats collided. He was profuse in his apologies.

"Too what?" she whispered.

"Too attractive," he ventured.

"It's nice to hear you say so," she sighed.

She was unlike any girl John had ever known. Her hair was almost golden, her eyes a distinct blue, yet some trick of the mouth saved her face from any suggestion of insipidity. She was looking straight into his eyes, and her lips were curled most invitingly.

"I wish I knew more about certain things," he said.

"Oh, what didn't you come before?" she exclaimed. "Fancy Louise never telling me about you! I hope you'll ask me to lunch some time."

"I'll have a luncheon party tomorrow, if you like—that is, if Louise will come."

She looked up at him quickly.

"Isn't Louise going to Paris?" she asked.

"Paris?—I didn't hear her say anything about it."

"Perhaps it is my mistake, then," Sophy went on hastily. "I only fancied that I heard her say so."

There was a moment's silence. John had opened his lips to ask a question, but quickly closed them again. It was a question, he suddenly decided, which he had better ask of Louise herself.

"If Louise goes to Paris," Sophy whispered disconsolately, "I suppose there will be no luncheon party?"

For a single moment he hesitated. She was very alluring and the challenge in her eyes was unmistakable.

"I think," he said quietly, "that if Miss Maurel goes to Paris, I shall return to Cumberland tomorrow."

For a time there was a significant silence. Then Sophy raised her veil once more and looked toward John.

"Mr. Strangeway," she began, "you won't mind if I give you just a little word of advice? You are such a big, strong person, but you are rather a child, you know, in some things."

"This place does make me feel ignorant," he admitted.

"Don't idealize anyone here," she begged. "Don't concentrate all your hopes upon one object. Love is wonderful and life is wonderful, but there is only one life, and there are many loves before one reaches the end. People do such silly things sometimes," she wound up, "just because of a little disappointment. There are many disappointments to be met with here."

He took her hand in his.

"Little girl," he said, "you are very good to me, and I think you understand. Are you going to let me feel that I have found a friend on my first evening in London?"

"If you want me," she answered simply. "I like you, and I want you to be happy here; and because I want you to be happy, I want you to come down from the clouds and remember that you have left your hills behind and that we walk on the pavements here."

"Thank you," he whispered, "and thank you for what you have not said. If I am to find sorrow here instead of joy," he added, a little grimly, "it is better for me to stumble into the knowledge of it by myself."

"Your hills have taught you just that much of life, then?" Sophy murmured.

The prince of Seyre handed his hat and stick to the parlor maid and seated himself upon the divan.

"I should be very sorry," he said politely, as the maid left the room, "if my coming has hastened the departure of your visitors."

"Not in the least," Louise assured him. "They were leaving when you were announced. Sophy and I are taking Mr. Strangeway to a Bohemian restaurant and a music hall afterward."

"Fortunate Mr. Strangeway!" the prince sighed. "But, forgive me, why

not a more dignified form of entertainment for his first evening?"

"The poor man has no clothes," Louise explained. "He came to London quite unexpectedly."

"No clothes?" the prince repeated. "It is a long journey to take in such a fashion. A matter of urgent business, perhaps?"

Louise had risen to her feet and was busy rearranging some roses in the bowl by her side. She crushed one of the roses to pieces suddenly in her hands and shook the petals from her long, nervous fingers.

"Today," she said, "this afternoon—now—you have come to me with something in your mind, something you wish to say, something you are not sure how to say. That is, you see, what Henri Graillet calls my intuition. Even you, who keep all your feelings under a mask, can conceal very little from me."

"My present feelings," the prince declared, "I do not wish to conceal. I would like you to know them. But as words are sometimes clumsy, I would like, if it were possible, to let you see into my heart."

She came over and seated herself by his side on the divan. She even laid her hand upon his arm.

"Eugene," she expostulated, "we are too old friends to talk always in veiled phrases. There is something you have

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"Does it?" he answered. "You should read my family history, read of the men and women of my race who were butchered at the hands of that drunken, lustful mob whom lying historians have glorified. I am one of those who do not forget injuries. My estates are administered more severely than any others in France. No penny of my money has ever been spent in charity. I neither forget nor forgive."

She laughed a little nervously.

"What an unsympathetic person you can be, Eugene!"

"And for that very reason," he replied, "I can be sympathetic. Because I hate some people. I have the power of loving others. Because it pleases me to deal severely with my enemies, it gives me joy to deal generously with my friends. That is my conception of life. May I wish you a pleasant evening?"

"You are going now?" she asked, a little surprised. "When shall I see you again?"

"A telephone message from your maid, a line written with your own fingers," he said, "will bring me to you within a few minutes. If I hear nothing, I may come uninvited, but it will be when the fancy takes me. Once more, Louise, a pleasant evening!"

He passed out of the door, which the parlor-maid was holding open for him. Crossing to the window, Louise watched him leave the house and enter his waiting automobile. He gave no sign of haste or disappointment. He lit another cigarette deliberately upon the pavement and gave his orders to the chauffeur with some care.

As the car drove off without his having once glanced up at the window she shivered a little. There was a silence which, it seemed to her, could be more minatory even than accusation.

CHAPTER VIII.

The little room was gaily decorated, and redolent with the lingering odors of many dinners. Yet Louise, who had dined on the preceding evening at the Ritz and been bored, whose taste in food and environment was almost hypercritical, was perfectly happy. She found the cuisine and the Chianti excellent.

"We are outstaying everyone else," she declared, "and I don't even mind their awful legacy of tobacco smoke. Do you see that the waiter has brought you the bill, Mr. Strangeway? Prepare for a shock. It is fortunate that you are a millionaire!"

John laughed as he paid the bill and ludicrously overtopped the waiter.

"You are so convincing," Sophy murmured. "But remember that your future entertainment is in the hands of two women, one of whom is a deserving but struggling young artist without the means of gratifying her expensive tastes."

"My children," said Louise, rising, "we must remember that we are going to the Palace. It is quite time we started."

They made their way down two flights of narrow stairs into the street. The commissionaire raised his whistle to his lips, but Louise stopped him.

"We will walk," she suggested. "This way, Mr. Strangeway!"

They passed down the long narrow street, with its dingy foreign cafes and shops scarcely one of which seemed to be English. The people who thronged the pavement were of a new race to John, swarthy, a little furtive, a class of foreigners seldom seen except in alien lands. Men and women in all stages of dishabille were leaning out of the windows or standing on the doorsteps. The girls whom they met occasionally—young women of all ages, walking arm in arm with shawls over their heads in place of hats—laughed openly in John's face.

"Conquests everywhere he goes," Louise sighed. "We shall never keep him, Sophy!"

"We have him for this evening, at any rate," Sophy replied contentedly; "and he hasn't spent all his fortune yet. I am not at all sure that I shall not hint at supper when we come out of the Palace."

"A pity he fell into bad hands so quickly," Louise laughed. "Here we are! Stalls, please, Mr. Millionaire. I wouldn't be seen tonight in the seats of the mighty."

John risked a reproval, however, and was fortunate enough to find a disengaged box. They devoted their attention to the show, Louise and Sophy at first with only a moderate amount of interest, John with the real enthusiasm of one to whom everything is new. His laughter was so hearty, his appreciation so sincere, that his companions found it infectious, and began to applaud everything.

"The bioscope," Louise at last decided firmly, "I refuse to have anything to do with. You have had all the entertainment you are going to have this evening, Mr. Countryman."

"Now for supper, then," he proposed.

"Luigi's," Sophy declared firmly. "The only place in London."

They drove toward the Strand. John looked around him with interest as they entered the restaurant. Luigi, who came forward to welcome Sophy, escorted them to one of the best tables.

"You must be very nice to this gentleman, Luigi," she said. "He is a very great friend of mine, just arrived in London. He has come up on purpose to see me, and we shall probably decide to make this our favorite restaurant."

"I shall be very happy," Luigi declared, with a bow.

"I am beginning to regret, Mr. Strangeway, that I ever introduced you to Sophy," Louise remarked, as she sank back into her chair. "You won't believe that all my friends are as frivolous as this, will you?"

"They aren't," Sophy proclaimed confidently. "I am the one person who

succeeds in keeping Louise with her feet upon the earth. She has never had supper here before. Dry biscuits, hot milk, and a volume of poems are her relaxation after the theater. She takes herself too seriously."

"I wonder if I do!" Louise murmured, as she helped herself to caviar. She was suddenly pensive. Her eyes seemed to be looking out of the restaurant. Sophy was exchanging amenities with a little party of friends at the next table.

"One must sometimes be serious," John remarked, "or life would have no poise at all."

"I have a friend who scolds me," she confided. "Sometimes he almost loses patience with me." He declares that my attitude toward life is too analytical. When happiness comes my way, I shrink back. I keep my emotions in the background, while my brain works, dissecting, wondering, speculating. Perhaps what he says is true. I believe that if one gets into the habit of analyzing too much, one loses all elasticity of emotion, the capacity to recognize and embrace the great things when they come."

"I think you have been right," John declared earnestly. "If the great things come as they should come, they are overwhelming, they will carry you off your feet. You will forget to speculate and to analyze. Therefore, I think you have been wise and right to wait. You have run no risk of having to put up with the lesser things."

She leaned toward him across the rose-shaded table. For those few seconds they seemed to have been brought into a wonderfully intimate communion of thought. A wave of her hair almost touched his forehead. His hand boldly rested upon her fingers.

"You talk," she whispered, "as if we were back upon your hilltop once more."

He turned his head toward the little orchestra, which was playing a low and tremulous waltz tune.

"I want to believe," he said, "that you can listen to the music here and yet live upon the hilltops."

"You believe that it is possible?"

"I do indeed," he assured her. "Although my heart was almost sick with loneliness, I do not think that I should be here if I did not believe it. I have not come for anything else, for any lesser things, but to find—"

For once his courage failed him. For once, too, he failed to understand her expression. She had drawn back a little, her lips were quivering. Sophy broke suddenly in upon that moment of suspended speech.

"I knew how it would be!" she exclaimed. "I leave you both alone for less than a minute, and there you sit, as grave as two owls. I ask you now, is this the place to wander off into the clouds? When two people sit looking at each other as you were doing a minute ago, here in Luigi's, and a supper, ordered regardless of expense, on the table before them, they are either without the least sense of the fitness of things or else—"

"Or else what?" Louise asked.

"Or else they are head over heels in love with each other!" Sophy concluded.

"Perhaps the child is right," Louise assented tolerantly, taking a peach from the basket by her side. "Evidently it is our duty to abandon ourselves to the frivolity

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-fifth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

Present, Edgar O. Duffee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM J. LANNING, Jr., deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of William J. Lanning, Sr., administrator of said estate, praying that he be licensed to sell certain real estate of said deceased for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, the charges of administering said estate and for distribution.

It is ordered, that the twenty-first day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court at said time and place, to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administrator to sell real estate as prayed for in 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.)
EDGAR O. DUFFEE,
Judge of Probate.
ERIN R. PALMER,
Deputy Register.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM J. LANNING, Jr., deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Northville State Savings bank, Northville, Mich., in said county, on Wednesday, the 19th day of September A. D. 1917, and on Monday, the 19th day of November A. D. 1917, at 2 o'clock p. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 19th day of July A. D. 1917, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

LOUIE A. BABBITT,
STEWART MONTGOMERY,
Commissioners.

Turn Over
a New Leaf

By subscribing
for THIS PAPER

VISITORS HERE
AND ELSEWHERE

Fred Sutton is spending his vacation at Bay City.

F. L. Thompson and family are "vacationing" at Union Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hinkley are taking their usual summer outing at Union Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Hinkle of Lyons, O., spent the week-end at A. B. McCullough's.

Miss Dolly Wilton of Flat Rock is a house guest at the Lumbright home for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chadwick of Detroit were Saturday and Sunday guests of Northville friends.

Miss Hazel Miller of Detroit is to spend this coming week-end at the home of her uncle, Joe Miller.

Mrs. Carrie Adgate of Buffalo, N. Y., has been a visitor at the home of her niece, Mrs. Bruno Freydl, this week.

Mrs. Fred Vanatta and children have returned from Caledonia, Minn., where they visited Mrs. Vanatta's sister.

Scott Montgomery has gone to Detroit as one of the employees in the office department of Dodge Bros. Motor works.

Mrs. Albert Vradenburg and daughter, Ruth, returned Monday evening from a ten days' outing at Belleville on St. Clair river.

Mrs. Nora VanSickle and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Treat and little daughter will motor to Hudson, Mich., to spend the coming week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cook had as their guest during the Chautauqua, Mrs. Cook's cousin, N. H. Power of Detroit, chief mail clerk for the Michigan Central P. R.

E. L. Vradenburg and family of Brighton spent Tuesday with their parents. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Vradenburg. Miss Ruth Vradenburg went home with them for a few days' stay.

Mrs. J. B. Morrisson, who had been spending the past month with her sister, Miss Emeline Lapham, returned to her home in Lansing the first of this week.

Mrs. J. M. Burgess of Detroit was in town to attend the Chautauqua.

Mrs. LeRoy Childs of Atlanta, Ga., who had been spending some weeks with her father, Dr. Schuyler, but Northville Monday to begin her homeward journey.

Miss Belle Morrisson of Ypsilanti was a guest for the week-end at the home of her aunt Miss E. Lapham. The former's brother, Chester, also spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Bennett Dean and children of Detroit have been guests at the home of Mrs. Dean's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson this week. Mr. Dean was out for the week-end.

Miss Lydella Murdock, who, with her sister Margaret, is spending part of the summer with Miss Pauline Weston at North Branch, was home for the Chautauqua.

Mrs. Helen Hanchett of Flint, who has been spending several days with her daughter, Mrs. Parmelee and family, left here yesterday to visit friends at Plymouth.

Fay Woodmansee and wife of Chicago and Mrs. Elmer Mead of Detroit visited their cousins, Frank Woodmansee and wife and their uncle, Axel Woodmansee last Friday.

President Ira Carpenter of the Orion State Bank and Mrs. Carpenter made a two days drive this week, visiting friends at South Lyon, also making Milford and Northville as a part of the trip—Orion Review.

Thirty guests were entertained at dinner Sunday in honor of Lena Foss at her home on Center street, the young people afterward enjoying automobile rides to various parts of the surrounding country.

Miss Flora Miller returns to day from Ypsilanti where she has finished her course at the Normal college. She will teach at Gdt Edge next season.

Ross VanValkenburg has returned to his work in the Packard Motor works offices in Detroit after spending his two weeks' vacation at the farm home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. VanValkenburg southwest of town.

Joseph Miller and family were called to Ypsilanti Monday to attend the funeral of Mr. Miller's sister, Mrs. Blanche Scholderton who died last Friday in the hospital at Ann Arbor, following an operation.

Benjamin Haskell and family of Boston, Mass., who are on an auto mobile trip from that city to San Francisco, stopped in Northville last week for a short visit with the former's nephew Ben Haskell and family.

E. A. Miller was called to Tecumseh Tuesday to attend the funeral of his father, Jacob Miller, formerly a resident of this place, where he conducted a meat market and grocery business in the building on the site now occupied by the Edison Co's new quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson and daughter Irene are spending this week and next at the Grinswold club house at Walled Lake. Mrs. Thompson's brother, Elmer Kafor and family of Detroit are also at the same place.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Williams received a farewell visit Sunday from their 18 year old son, Ruel, for sometime past an employee of the Packard Motor Co., in Detroit, who has recently enlisted in the ambulance service and expects to leave Detroit in a few days with the Corps to which he belongs. Mrs. Wallace went to Detroit Tuesday to remain with her boy until his departure. He is a most estimable young man, and many friends will join with his parents in hoping for his safe return.

MAJESTIC THEATRE, DETROIT.

Pauline Frederick, an emotional actress, whose screen followers are numbered by the thousands, is again the star of a new picture production in the Majestic theatre, Detroit, her vehicle being "The Love That Lives."

Miss Frederick is said to offer the best characterization of her career in the role of Molly McGill, first a scrub-woman and later a lady of fashion. There are a number of sensational fire scenes in the play and a tribute to the bravery and courage of the firemen is an incident of the drama. "The Love That Lives" is a story of sacrifice in which a mother gives up everything to get money to enable her son to obtain some of the advantages in life she has never been able to secure for herself. The balance of the Majestic program will be made up of travel, educational and animal picture studies, the topical review of current events, a Mutt and Jeff comedy and other pictures while D. B. Farrias will offer two baritone selections in the musical program.

Get your Gasoline at the Church St. Garage for 22 cents per Gallon.

WEITZMAN'S STORE

Corn Flakes = 9c

30c Red Salmon, for = 27c

25c Best Salmon, for = 19c

18c Salmon, Flat, for = 13c

Best 25c Can Peas, = 3 for 50c

Best 20c Can Lima Beans, = 16c

Large 15c Can Soup, = 2 for 25c

12c Jelly, per jar, = 10c

15c Jelly, = 2 for 25c

30c Pure Fruit Preserves = 23c

10c Sardines, = 3 for 25c

15c Can Sliced Pineapple, for = 10c

Best Pork and Beans, per can, = 10c

25c Can Best New Orleans Molasses, = 10c

All 5 Cent Cigars, = 6 for 25c

Canned Fancy Huckleberries, = 23c

25c Can Best Beans, in Sauce, = 10c

Weitzman's Special Coffee, reg. 40c value, lb., = 29c

50c Bottle Grape Juice, for = 45c

25c Bottle Grape Juice, for = 23c

Weitzman's

NORTHVILLE. CASH GROCERY.
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WE DELIVER MORNINGS ONLY.
BRING YOUR BASKETS.

Alseium Theatre

NORTHVILLE

Saturday, Eve., Aug. 4

OWING TO THE POPULAR DEMAND FOR
SNAPPY WESTERN PRODUCTIONS,
THE ALSEIUM MANAGEMENT
HAS SECURED THE FOLLOWING 5 REEL FEATURE

A Yellow Streak

ONE OF THE BEST METRO PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTED BY

LIONEL BARRYMORE


AND
IRENE HAWLEY

A Vital Human Document in Five Reels

The Management Guarantees this to be one of the best Western Dramas ever booked here.

ADMISSION: 10 CENTS.

Thursday Evening—Viseta Moore, in "THE CLOWN."



MICHIGAN STATE FAIR

SOME PUMPKINS

Aug 31 to Sept 9

The golden harvest of Michigan's productive soil will be spread out in marvelous array as a token of what the state is doing to feed the nation.

Here will be exhibits of the five-acre food crops entered in the competition established with the object of stimulating a larger production of food crops. Liberal cash prizes will be awarded the winners in each class.

ENLARGED STOCK EXHIBIT

The rapid strides Michigan has taken as a stock raising state will be reflected in the mammoth exhibit of live stock, including the establishment of classes for Devonshire cattle, Persian fur and Poland China hogs never before exhibited at the State Fair.

To arouse a deeper interest in the breeding of prize stock the State Fair has instituted a Boys' Stock Judging contest for Michigan boys under 21 years of age.

BIG TRACTOR SHOW

Every variety of mechanical appliances found on the modern farm has a place in the huge exhibits of labor saving machines in the big Machinery Building. In the field adjoining there will be daily tractor demonstrations by the leading manufacturers in the country.

FLIGHTS BY RUTH LAW

Nothing has been spared in providing patrons of the Fair with the highest class of amusement features. Beginning with Ruth Law, the celebrated military aviatrice, the program includes such excellent attractions as: Louis Disbrow, champion auto race driver; Louis Gertson, most daring aviator in America; California Frank's pioneer Wild West Show, in daily free performances; Johnny J. Jones' refined Midway attractions and a complete bill of spectacular patriotic fireworks.

SEE ALL THESE
AT DETROIT AUG. 31--SEPT. 9

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 seventeenth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

Present, Edgar O. Duffee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of EDWARD (EDDIE) W. WOOD, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Mary E. Wood praying that administration of said estate be granted to her or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the twenty-second day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard Time, at said Court room be appointed for hearing said petition.

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

(A true copy.)
EDGAR O. DUFFEE,
Judge of Probate.
CHAS. C. CHADWICK,
52-3, Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of power granted me by the Probate Court for Wayne county, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the Main street entrance to the Lapham State Savings bank, Northville, Mich., on Saturday, the 1st day of September, 1917, at 1:00 clock p. m., the following described property:

South half of the northwest quarter of section 10, township of Northville, Wayne county, excepting a piece of land in the northeast corner of aforesaid land described as follows: 11 rods and 10 links east and west and 18 rods north and south. Terms of sale: Cash deposit of \$1,000 required; balance on delivery of deed.

GEORGE GIBSON,
Administrator.
Dated, Northville, Mich., July 20, 1917.
52-6.

TRY A LNER IN THE RECORD.

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