

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIII, NO. 26.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY'S STORM

THE "WORST EVER"

The far-famed "Oldest Inhabitant" anywhere in Michigan must certainly admit that last Saturday's weather conditions, taken in their entirety, could not be matched in any records extant. The wind has many times blown just as fiercely, the snow been drifted just as impassably or the mercury has descended just as far below "nothing," no doubt, but not all at one and the same time. Such a combination as a 50 to 60 mile gale, heavy snow fall and temperature anywhere from zero to 26 below, set a new mark for the "reminiscers" of the future. The only wonder is that the list of deaths, by freezing, traffic accidents and fires is not even longer than it is. Coupled with the halting of fuel activities all over the country, just as the situation was apparently coming under control, it is really remarkable that fatal casualties and intense suffering were not immeasurably greater.

Northville and vicinity "casualties," so far as is presently reported, consisted mostly of frost-bitten faces, ears and fingers, damaged heating plants, burst water pipes and demoralized electric and steam road service, with consequent mail, newspaper and bread "famines," "marooned" people and suspended church and recreation activities, grocery deliveries, etc.

Many Northville folks employed in Detroit were obliged to stay at home, and a number of Northvillians who intended coming home from the city found it necessary to prolong their visits there. In an attempt to obtain repairs for the steam heating plant in his residence, which was put out of business as a result of the intense cold, E. H. Lapham, accompanied by Fred Lyke, succeeded in reaching Detroit Saturday morning, by the snow plow route, a part of the way—but could not get back to Northville again until Sunday afternoon.

The local theatre could not open Saturday night because no films could be sent out.

The Interdenominational Sunday school convention was of course cancelled. Morning service and Sunday school, with 35 attending the former and 40 the latter, were held in the Presbyterian church, and evening services in the Methodist church, the Baptist people who ventured out joining with the latter.

One institution which is also entitled to some commendation is the library, which was kept open at the usual hours, two ladies at present serving as librarians refusing, in spite of the insistent advice of their friends, to be "slackers." Bundled in their coats and staying as close as possible to the register they served about 25 or 40 patrons during the afternoon and evening. The two determined librarians were obliged to struggle through some big drifts, on their four trips, but after all managed to get a quantity of fun out of their "adventures" and were very glad not to have disappointed the card holders who were brave enough to make the trip from various parts of town, including Bealton and Northside, for their Saturday supply of books. No fines accruing from failures to return books that day will be levied.

The Municipal snow plow was put into action as early as possible Sunday morning, but the force with which the snow had been driven into deep drifts made the job unusually difficult.

RED CROSS NOTES.

The Northville auxiliary, under supervision of Mrs. C. C. Yerkes, will make a one-day house-to-house canvass of the village next week for Red Cross members. Anyone who wishes to join and is not prepared to pay the membership fee at the time of the canvass, can leave the money later with the treasurer, E. H. Lapham, at the Lapham bank.

Plans are under way for the establishment next week of headquarters down town, to be in charge of ladies in Red Cross uniform, for two days each week, for the convenience of people from out-of-town or any others who may prefer to apply there for enrollment in this great enterprise for the benefit of humanity.

BIG BAND BENEFIT

COMES NEXT MON'AY

PROGRAM PROMISES PATRONS PLENTY OF PLEASURE AS WELL AS AMUSEMENT.

Next Monday night, January 21, is

the date of the benefit entertainment at the Alseum for the Northville band. A perusal of the following program will prove conclusively that the evening will be an enjoyable one for all who attend:

PART ONE.

March, Overture, Gypsy Land, Indian Dance, Lust Piel, Waltz, Descriptive, Shamrock, March, Chicago Tribune.

PART TWO.

Stars and Stripes, Overture, Post and Peasant, March, Gates City, Waltz, Danube Waves, Star Spangled Banner.

Musical Sketch, "Mutt and Jeff," Dr. Schuyler and W. J. Thompson. Buck and Wing Dancing, Chas. Altman. Black-face monologue and Songs.

N. C. Schrader, Cornet Solo, Prof. McArthur. The show starts promptly at 7:45. Admission, 25 cents; children, 15c for first two rows of seats.

LYMAN E. McROBERT.

One of Northville's best-known business men, Lyman Edwin McRobert, reached the end of his life journey Thursday morning, January 17, after an illness of several months with valvular heart trouble. He had seemed considerably better for a few days last week, and hopes were entertained that the improvement might last for a few months at least, but it was not so to be.

Mr. McRobert was born at Mead's Mills in April, 1847. He had been a partner and manager with the Northville Milling Co. for the past 16 years, and had previously engaged in the milling business at Ypsilanti and other points, following that vocation for more than forty years.

In March, 1866, he was united in marriage to Laura Purdy of Plymouth, who with their three daughters, Nellie—Mrs. D. P. Yerkes and Lida—Mrs. J. R. Trufant, of Northville and Edna—Mrs. H. L. Weaver, of Traverse City, are left to mourn together their loss of a loved husband and father. A sister, Mrs. Julia Brigham of Kenton, Ohio, and seven grandchildren are the other close relatives left.

An inexpressible comfort to the bereaved family is the fact that within the last few months of his life Mr. McRobert had found the "Peace which passeth understanding," and entered into the other life happy and unafraid, in the assurance of joyful reunion with the loved ones who shall from time to time follow him thither.

Funeral services will be held from the home Sunday afternoon, conducted by his pastor and friend, Rev. Edward V. Belles of the Presbyterian church, with interment in Rural Hill.

DEATH OF A. J. SIMMONS.

Anson J. Simmons, a well known and respected resident of this village, passed away at his home here Tuesday, January 15, after a several weeks' illness, of a complication of diseases.

Mr. Simmons was born in Livonia township July 23, 1859, and had resided in and around Northville all his life.

He had been financial secretary of Court Northville No. 65, Foresters of America, for the past 12 years, resigning the position January 1 of this year, because of his illness.

The near relatives left to mourn his death are, besides his widow, a son, W. L. Simmons of Pontiac and a daughter, Mrs. Charles Myers of Northville.

Funeral services, under auspices of the Foresters, were held from the home Thursday afternoon, with Rev. Edward V. Belles as the officiating clergyman. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Van Valkenburg sang. Interment was made in Rural Hill cemetery.

DRIVING CLUB'S ANNUAL.

The Northville Driving club is to hold its annual meeting and election of officers next Tuesday evening, January 22, in the village hall, at 7:30 o'clock. The organization of a permanent fair association will also be taken under consideration at this meeting.

"Eat Plenty of Hard Food."

"There are three things to keep in mind when considering diseases of the teeth—first, that soft food is injurious, and that plenty of hard food should be eaten; second, that infection in the gums and tooth cavities may cause disorders by the pus being swallowed and so conveyed to the stomach and intestines; thirdly, that the pus may cause more serious trouble by being absorbed through the lymphatics."

THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

(Parents, relatives or friends, are requested to furnish correct addresses, where errors occur, and to keep the Record posted as to any changes.)

The Record would like a photograph in uniform of each Northville soldier boy now in the U. S. service.

Ambler, Roy—Co. A, 26th Eng. Corps, A. E. F., via Paris, France. Bryan, Earl—31st Reg. Band, Waco, Texas.

Brown, Frank W.—Coast Artillery Corps, C. A. C. Ft. Totten, N. Y. Barber, Jack—Motor dept., Co. E 16th Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.

Barber, Clifford—Co. F, First U. S. Engineers, A. E. F. Bloyers, Hiram E.—Co. A, Field Hospital Service, Fort Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.

Casterline, Orrin—Co. 1, 338th Inf. Barracks, 634, Camp Custer. Couch, John V.—17 Co. 5th Reg., U. S. M. C. A. E. F.

Dunham, Scott H.—Co. H, 126th Inf., Waco, Texas. Dixon, Ross M.—Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois.

Dubuar, Carroll—Enlisted Ordnance Corps, N. A. Augusta, Ga. Dubuar, James F.—Co. F, 10th Engineers (Forestry) American Expeditionary Forces.

DesAutels, Raymond—Sergt. 5th Aero Squadron S. C. Kelly—Field, S. Antonio, Texas. Ely, Tracy—Corporal, Co. B, 28th Eng. Corps, Camp Meade, Md.

Fox, Walter—Co. H, 126th Inf., Ft. McArthur, Texas. Foss, Paul—Co. I, 338th Inf., Barracks 634, Camp Custer.

Foss, Wm.—Co. M, Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Illinois. Garfield, Truman—165th Aero Squadron, Cal. Field—Wichita Falls, Tex.

Green, Lloyd, Co. C, 120 U. S. M. G. Battalions, Waco, Texas. Girardin, Louis—Battleship Brooklyn, via N. Y.

Hall, Frank N.—Co. I, 338th Inf. Camp Custer. Henry, Thomas B.—Capt. Edgewood, Md., Supt. Sanitary construction.

Haynes, Charles W.—Sergeant, 40th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens. Hollis, Elmer—2nd Co. Coast Artillery, Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.

Jackson, Elmer—Sergeant, Motor Truck Co. 313, Train 404, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.

Jordan, Ralph B.—147th Field Artillery, Battery E, Camp Merritt, N. Y. Johnson, Jesse—Co. H, 126th Inf., Camp McArthur, Texas.

Jones, Wm. T.—Sergeant, Co. A, 329th M. G. Bn. Camp Custer. Johnson, Edward—175th Aero Sq., Elkington Field, Texas.

Johnson, Ben R.—Medical Corps, L. G. F. Presidio, San Francisco, Cal. Kysor, James D.—Co. L, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.

Kysor, Asa B.—161st Depot Brigade, Camp Grant, Ill. Langfield, Conrad—Med. Supply Div., Surgeon General's office, Washington, D. C.

Limbright, Robert A.—Aviation, Dept. 22nd Regiment Phoeon 3, Squad No. 484, Ft. Thomas, Ky.

Lanning, Orrin—Navy, Battleship Michigan, N. Y. Montgomery, Earl—Co. F, 310th Eng., Barracks 894, Camp Custer.

Murphy, C. F., Lieut.—E. A. R. C. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y. Malcomson, Leo—Co. E, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.

Martin, Guy—Supply Co. 328th Field Artillery, Camp Custer. Martin, Edward—102 Aero Squadron, A. E. F., N. Y.

Miles, Elbridge—Signal Corps, Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J. Perkins, Peter L.—Co. G, 23rd Eng., Camp Meade, Md.

Raymond, Fred—F. S. Santo Domingo, care Postmaster, N. Y. Ryder, Ralph W.—Battery D, 119th Field Artillery, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas.

Roche, Barney—Co. E, 16th Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y. Roche, James—Co. E, 16th Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.

Simmons, Geo. Corporal—Co. E, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer. Salow, Ed.—160th Depot Brigade, Med. Dept., Camp Custer.

Schultz, Charles—Co. K, 1st Regiment Motor Mechanics, Signal Corps, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. Stage, L. D.—Co. F, 310 Eng. Camp Custer.

Simpson, Fay—Truck Co. No. 4, Camp Meade, Maryland. Thomas, Ira—Ordnance Corps, A. E. F.

Tibbitts, Harold—Co. E, 338th Inf., Camp Custer. Wilber, J. Roland—23rd Engineering Corps, Detach 23, Camp Meade, Maryland.

Wilkinson, Frank, Corporal—Co. C, 310 Field Signal, B. N. Camp Custer. Williams, Ruel—Amb. Co. 168, 117th Sanitary Train, 42nd Div., A. E. F.

White, Harry H.—Post Hospital, Ft. Andrews, Boston, Mass. Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, 119th Field Artillery, Waco, Texas.

Wilcox, Lloyd, Corporal, Battery F, 322, F. A. N. A., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Yerkes, Joseph A.—Co. B, 126th Inf., Waco, Texas.

Theodore Ruthruff, formerly of Co. (Continued on page 3.)

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS OFFICERS.

At the annual meeting of The King's Daughters, held Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. F. S. Neal, officers were elected for the year as follows:

Leader—Mrs. Edna Savage. Vice-Leader—Mrs. Jessie Ponsford. Secretary—Mrs. Rua Taft. Treasurer—Mrs. Mae Noble.

The Worst Creditors.

Our bachelor creditor has insulted us two or three times, and never again will we buy anything on time from a bachelor. They can't understand.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

NOTICE—M. F. Stanley & Son are prepared to do all kinds of repair work at their garage, 31 Cady St. Phone 145-W. 25w4p.

NOTICE—Alinga Electric Co. of Pontiac has reopened the Electric Shop in the Bradner block, with a complete line of supplies and Chandeliers. We solicit your patronage. Phone 184. 25w4p.

NOTICE—Safeguard your car and savings with a tube that cannot blow out. Palmer Cord Tubes. Church Street Garage. Sole agency. Come in and see them. 25w3c.

FARM WANTED—Have cash buyer for good farm at reasonable price; also city property to exchange. Write full information to me for quick action. A. Dechert, 1139 Hamilton Ave., Detroit. 26w2p.

TO MY PATRONS—Get your lime, sulphur and arsenate of lead order as soon as I am ordering a carload early on account of poor railroad facilities. Frank E. Hills. 26w1c.

LOST—Thoroughbred Airdale dog, Tuesday in Plymouth. Reward. Please return to A. H. Green or call Phone 328 J-2. 26w1p.

LOST Two large black ostrich plumes, between McCully millinery store and Kohler's grocery, Friday morning. Finder please leave at Mrs. McCully's store. 26w1c.

WANTED—From owner, 20 to 30 acre farm, with buildings. Must be reasonable. Hollander, 603 Hodges Bldg., Detroit. 23w3p.

WANTED—Elderly lady to take care of child. Wm. Brummer, Nov. 25w2c.

WANTED—Woodcutters, at \$1.25 per cord. Franz S. Power. Phone 151 R-2. 25w2c.

FOR SALE—One 12x24 tractor Waterloo Boy and 1 Ross ensilage cutter, with 60-ft. of 6-in. belting. Cheap. Good as new. H. S. Doerr, Northville. 26w1c.

FOR SALE—Light set of bob runners. Phone 151 R-3. J. W. Cule. 26w1u.

FOR SALE—Farms. 50 acres west of Salem; 66 acres west of Salem; 145 acres west of Plymouth; 40 acres near Grand River. For prices and terms see Myron E. Atchison. Phone 56-R. 26w1c.

FOR SALE—Cutter, cheap, if taken at once. Also buggy and harness. Mrs. J. M. Simmons. 23w2p.

FOR SALE—Team; weight 3,600; also harness and wagon. Charles Paugier. Phone 190 J-5. 26w3p.

FOR SALE—Holstein bull, 16-months old, 750-lbs. Well bred. Charles C. Wedow, Walled Lake Village. 26w1c.

FOR SALE—Wood—Joe Holman. Phone 190 J-4. 25w2p.

FOR HIRE—Seven passenger, 6-cylinder car; electric heated; for parties, weddings and funerals. Church Street Garage. Phone 278. 25w3c.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Rhode Island Red cockerels. Mrs. Wm. Tousey. Phone 320 R-2. 25w2c.

FOR SALE, or Exchange—Ford Touring car for vacant lot. P. O. Box 254, Northville. 25w2p.

FOR SALE—160 acre farm out Grand River, on easy terms. Will take house in Northville or Plymouth as part payment. Inquire of Northville Record. 25w4c.

FOR SALE—800 bundles corn fodder, none frosted; about 200 crates of good hard corn. W. H. McMillan. Phone 244 J-2. 25tf.

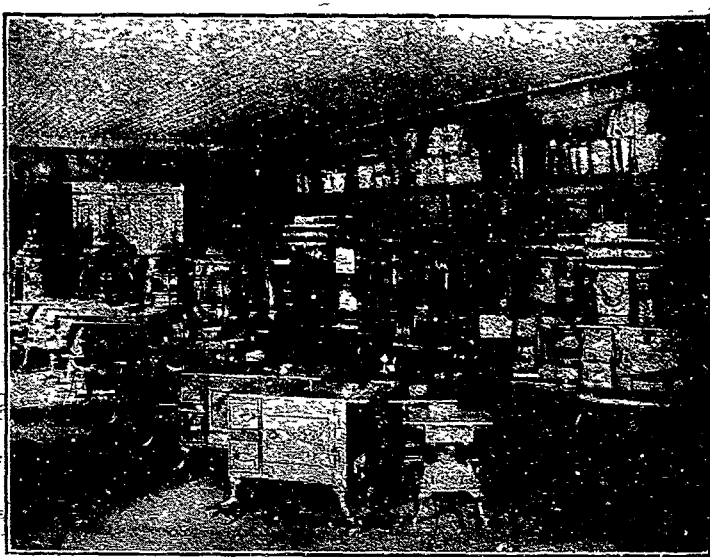
FOR SALE—300 bushels of potatoes at \$1.25 per bushel, at Hills' Meat Market, Northville. 24tf.

FOR SALE—Two pair one-horse bobs, with good boxes; 3 single harness. Walter Ware. 25w2p.

FOR SALE—Sixteen-mch rail wood. Milford Baker. Phone orders to 228-W. 23w2p.

FOR RENT—Blacksmith shop on Main street. Phone 355-J. 26w1p.

MASSEUSE—Mrs. Marly L. Haven, trained nurse, corner Center and Walnut streets. Electric treatments for rheumatism, lumbago, and nervous disorders given by appointment. Special attention given fractures after removal of splints. Phone 123-W. 23tf.



The above cut shows a small portion of our 2nd floor. Sales and Show Room, for our Stoves, Ranges and Heaters. Call on us when in need, no trouble to show.

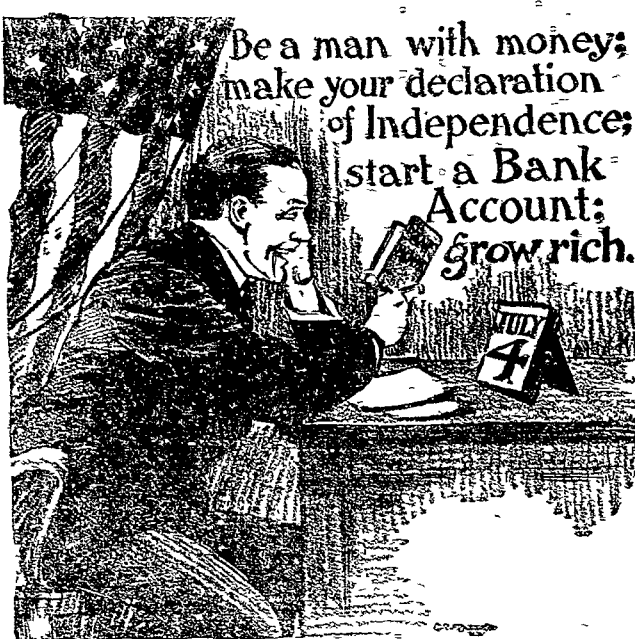
ALL FOR 10c

2, 3, 4-qt Granite Baisins. Pancake Turners. 9x13 Drip Pans. Clothes Pins, 3 doz 5c; 1 qt. Tin Milk Delivery Pail. 7 dozen for 10c. Chair Seats, all sizes. Scrub Brushes. Shoe Soles. Corn Planters. Emery Knife Sharpeners. and Several Other Articles

SEE FRONT SHOW WINDOW.

Second Number of the Business Men's Concert Co., January 30th.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



Liberty is freedom. Freedom is the most precious possession of any man. INDEPENDENCE is what our fathers fought and died for. You don't have to die for freedom. You can put money in our Bank and grow a FORTUNE that will free you from the dread of debt and poverty.

NOW is the time to start. Right NOW.

Put YOUR money in OUR bank. We pay 3 per cent interest.

Northville State Savings Bank

FOR SALE

SOFT COAL AND CEMENT

AND SALT.

I Will Pay the Highest Prices for Your Produce

I PAY CASH AND MUST HAVE CASH.

BRAN, MIDDINGS, GLUTEN

A Car of Lanow Feed, at the Right Price.

South Lyon Phone, 25 F-2 1; Plymouth Phone, 306 F-2 1.

G. M. McLAREN

SALEM,

MICH.

SPRING BROOK DAIRY

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

G. K. SCHOOF, Propr.

Telephone 329 J.

Save Your Cash and Your Health

CASCARA QUININE

The standard cold cure for 30 years—no tablet form—no taste, no griping—no drowsiness—no loss of appetite—no loss of strength—no loss of money. Money back if you are not satisfied. 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store.

By the Court Calendar.

"Edgar?"

"Yes, mother."

"What are you children doing?"

"Playing royalty. I am a knight of the Garter, and Edwin is Saturday."

"That is an odd name for royalty."

"Oh, it is just a nickname on account of his title."

"What is his title?"

"Night of the Bath."—Youngstown Telegram.

Julius Anderson Writes, Wouldn't Be Without Dodd's Kidney Pills

Read what Mr. Anderson of Lake City, Mich., says about Dodd's Kidney Pills:

"I received your letter and the Dodd's Pills. I highly recommend and I write this letter not to get another box, but because they are good and worth to me every cent that is invested in them."

"I take them almost regularly and find them very handy for keeping in the house and feel that I cannot be without them. They have done me much good, which I highly appreciate and will recommend them to my friends."

"Wise persons, like Mr. Anderson, accept no substitute for the old, genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills, which are known to thousands of users who have saved themselves from the ravages of Bright's Disease by the timely use of this famous old remedy."

FREE TRIAL BOX—Write Good for One Week Only Not More Than One Box to a Family

Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Send me a free trial box of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Name

Street

City

State

Altitude

According to Evidence.

Mrs. Bilson (sentimentally) — "It's love that makes the world go round."

Mr. Bilson (a lawyer) — "No wonder it gets dizzy."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries, 80 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Unexpected Frankness.

Visitor—"How many men are studying at Lehigh?" Host—"Oh! Not half of them."—Lehigh Burr.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in use for over 35 years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

"Jane, is my wife going out?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know if I am going with her?"

You can nip colds in the bud—Clear your head instantly—

Try Kondon's for the Cold-in-head (at no cost to you)

50,000,000 have used this 25-year-old remedy. For chronic catarrh, sore throat, colds, croup, whooping cough, etc. Write us for complimentary can, or buy today at drugstore. It will benefit you 250 times more than it costs, or we pay money back.

KONDON MED. CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

Cuticura Soap

Ideal For Baby's Skin

IRRITATING COUGHS

Promptly treat coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and similar inflamed and irritated conditions of the throat with a tested remedy—

PISO'S

What We Can Do?

The Work of School Children and Youth

Above is the picture of a lad wearing a knitted sweater, helmet and long-wristed mitts of the regulation sort made for the soldiers. He has joined the ranks of knitters for the Red Cross and will occupy himself, during his spare time from school duties, with this and other work that he is able to do for the benefit of our fighting men. When the spring comes it is planned to give thousands of youths from fifteen to twenty-one, work in the fields and gardens. In the meantime boys big and little are knitting, making trench coats, canvasing for yearly members of the Red Cross and proving themselves "men among men" in war work.

Helmet, mitts and scarfs are usually knitted, but women who are unfamiliar with knitting and accustomed to the crochet hook, may make equally good ones. A clever method of joining the knitted sweater (when it is finished) along the sides has been introduced by some resourceful mind lately. Yarn in a contrasting color is

used for sewing the straight edges together so that these stitches and no others may be cut, in case it is necessary to open the seams to take the sweater off, when its wearer is wounded. This saves the sweater for future use. But however carefully all these garments are made they will wear out and we must all stick to our knitting for some time to come.

Another item of comfort for the soldiers, that disappears like snow under the sun, is the needed trench coat. Millions of these have already been made by school children and millions more must be made. Then there are the caps, booties and other garments school girls are making successfully. In planning the work of the school children for 1918 it must be given variety.

Boys and girls did some efficient work in selling bonds for the second Liberty loan and not many of them will return quite empty handed if they take up work in the campaign for new members to the Red Cross. Some of them seem to have such an especial aptitude for this work, grown-ups hate to turn down the young enthusiasts.

Trench Coats Occupy Fashion's Salient.



Just as we came to the conclusion that there would be no new departure in styles for the midwinter coat, the "trench coat" breezed in and made an instantaneous success with the younger set. Its name bespoke an interest in it and the coat repays this interest. It is only in details of finishing that it differs from many other of the winter's successful models. It is the sort of comfortable, practical affair that commends itself for general wear, to the active young woman who goes everywhere. But it has a style of its own with a snappy military flavor.

Even though it reaches to the shoe-tops, the trench coat contrives to be trim looking with its wide flat box plait down the front. The belt, of the material, slips through upturned flaps at each side, which are fastened down with big bone buttons. The deep cuffs, that are of uneven width, overlap at the edges and an important button stands guard on each of these. The collar is of the snuggling variety that has won the devotion of the fashionable. It is immensely becoming and comfortable. This garment may be developed in any of the plain, soft coatings that have made this a most successful coat season.

Content to bear comparison with the trench coat, another popular model presents itself in the picture. It also has several interesting points to be considered with yoke and sleeves cut in one, double collar and huge buttons. The collar of cloth amounts to a small cape and the collar of fur is planned so that it may be brought up

about the throat and chin in the approved manner when its wearer decides to "cuddle down into it." The deep cuffs and belt are of cloth like the coat, the latter fastened with two of the large buttons, making assurance doubly sure. These two very sensible models probably finish the story of coats for this winter—in a season of excellent styles they play a creditable part.

Julie Bottomley

A Unique Camisole.

White or light-colored Italian silk stockings, worn at the heels or toes, may be used for a "dainty camisole" by removing the feet and cutting the upper parts along the back seam. Use lace three inches wide for the top of the camisole, also to join the two pieces of silk together in the back. Ribbon for shoulder straps, adds to make it very attractive.

Changeable Velvet.

Lovely handbags are now made of dark changeable velvet—purple and black, blue and green and other combinations of dark shades. The velvet is mounted on silver frames.

Scarfs Pinned to Collars.

Evening scarfs of printed net are also spangled with tiny dots and worn as are the plain maline scarfs, pinned to the collars.

HOME TOWN HELPS

MORE HOME GARDENS NEEDED

Necessity Will Be Greater Coming Year and Organization and Co-Operation Should Be Begun Now.

Co-operation has been suggested as a solution of many problems in farm production, and now J. T. Rosa, Jr., of the University of Missouri college of agriculture suggests co-operation as a means of reducing production cost for the vacant lot gardener. The average city gardener is not in position to plow and prepare a garden plot himself. Mr. Rosa suggests that a number of gardeners in a given neighborhood employ a man and team to prepare their gardens. In this way the expense can be divided among them and the man and team can be kept busy throughout the day. If the community garden movement is extensive enough men and teams may be hired by the day or week, and each gardener's plot can be fitted in turn. In this way the work can be done more cheaply than where each gardener hires his plot prepared by the job. A great deal of trouble can also be eliminated. Other advantages, such as purchasing fertilizers, manure, seeds, plants and other garden supplies can be had through co-operative effort.

Since the spring garden should be planned in the fall, Mr. Rosa suggests that organization be effected immediately. The advantages of fall plowing and fall manuring have been demonstrated. The work should be done while the weather permits.

Co-operation will also provide efficient means of marketing the surplus products. Mr. Rosa suggests that every town have an organization of this sort. If the project is not supported by some other civic organization, the municipal authorities, or some industrial concern, the community garden movement should be organized on an independent basis. If the movement is large enough a technically trained man or woman might be employed to superintend the work. This would be advisable only where the community garden plan was extensive and where the gardeners were well organized. While it may not be possible to organize the whole town, it is entirely possible for neighbors to obtain some of the benefits of the organization by co-operating in preparation of their garden plots. The necessity for home gardens will be greater than ever in 1918, and plans should be made immediately, so that the garden work will be more efficient and give better results during the coming season.

WINTER STOPS THE INSECTS

Black Ground Beetles and Others Not Killed, But Merely Experience Suspended Animation.

With the coming of the frosts and freezing weather the insects are silenced, and as long as the temperature holds below 50 degrees Fahrenheit they are rendered also inactive, according to a writer. Above that the harder beetles and grasshoppers, along with a few spiders, are moving about, and when the sunshine warms the air more and more certain moths and butterflies and two-winged flies, including the gnats, are on the wing.

Some species of insects feel the effects of cold far less than others, and this does not seem to be influenced by sturdy bodies, hairy coverings or the situations in which they are found. The gnats are among the most fragile species, but they and the slim-bodied water striders are found active later in the autumn and earlier in the spring than any other creatures, excepting perhaps the mourning-cloak butterfly and the wasps, all of these creatures responding to the sunshine on the warmer, thawing days of winter. The black ground beetles also are quickly resuscitated by slightly warmer air.

This proves the fact that most insects are not normally killed by cold, but merely experience suspended animation, and are ready to resume their activity after any length of time.

Hidden Seas.

In boring for oil, it is a common experience for the drill to strike enormous flows of salt water. Formerly this salt water was supposed to be rain water, which soaked through beds of salt on its way down to some chasm in the bowels of the earth, says Rochester Union and Advertiser. The latest scientific opinion is inclined to believe that the salt water comes from prehistoric oceans, buried in the earth by geologic changes, in much the same way that buried forests gave rise to the coal beds. These hidden oceans are not conceived as lying in a subterranean space or hollow, but as filling the billions on billions of crevices of beds of porous rock.

Petroleum From Shale Banks.

An important new process for extracting petroleum from the enormous banks of oil-bearing shale of certain western states is indicated in announcements from Nevada. Such a process if successful would help greatly in solving the gasoline problem. The new process, which is now being tested, was developed by a prisoner in the Nevada state prison. A special pardon was granted him to give him an opportunity to continue his chemical work.

ALL MEN AT HOME SHOULD PREPARE FOR WAR

The first test a man is put thru for either war or life insurance is an examination of his water. This is most essential because the kidneys play a most important part in causing premature old age and death. The more injurious the poisons passing thru the kidneys the sooner comes decay—so says Dr. Pierce of Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., who further advises all people who are past thirty to preserve the vitality of the kidneys and free the blood from poisonous elements, such as uric acid—drink plenty of water—sweat some daily and take Anuric, double strength, before meals.

This Anuric is a late discovery of Dr. Pierce and is put up in tablet form, and can be obtained for 60c at almost any drug store. For that backache, lumbago, rheumatism, "rusty" joints, swollen feet or hands, due to uric acid in the blood, Anuric quickly dissolves the uric acid and hot water does sugar. Take a little Anuric before meals and live to be a hundred. Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce for trial package of Anuric.

A Girl's Denial.

"Mary, Johnny tells me that when he went into the dining room last night he saw Mr. Bluff with his arms round your waist."

"What a story, mamma! Why, the gas was out."

RECIFE FOR GRAY HAIR

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

She—"I am just crazy about surf bathing." He—"A dipsomaniac, then!"

The Lamb.

Corunna, Mich.—"I had been sick a long time with kidney and bladder trouble. Had backache all the time. I did everything, but could not find any relief. One day I saw an advertisement of Anuric in the paper. I sent 10 cents to Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package. The sample did me so much good that I got more from the druggist. I can't begin to tell what Anuric has done for me. I will speak a good word for it, for I can't be too grateful."—MRS. JULIA MONTFORT, Corunna, Mich.

Pleasant Pellets for stomach, liver and bowels, are made up of the May-apple, also leaves and jalap. This well-known pellet was made up nearly fifty years ago, by Dr. Pierce, and can be obtained from almost any apothecary. Step into any good drug store and ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.—Adv.

His Present.

"Well, wife, today's my birthday."

"Oh, goody—goody! Can I have a new hat, dear?"—People's Home Journal.

Piles Caused in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if P. O. OINTMENT fails to cure itching, bleeding or protruding piles. First application gives relief. 6c.

God helps them that helps themselves.

Watch Your Calves

At the first indication of scours of calves give them

Dr. David Roberts' Calves Cholera Remedy

For scours in calves, horses and dogs. Used and recommended by thousands of dairymen and stockowners. Read the Practical Horse Veterinarian for full directions. If no dealer in your town, write to Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 149 Grand Avenue, Washington, D. C.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 2-1918.

Your Liver Is the Best Beauty Doctor

A dull, yellow, lifeless skin, or pimples and eruptions, are twin brothers to constipation. Bile, nature's own laxative, is getting into your blood instead of passing out of your system as it should. This is the treatment, in successful use for 50 years—one pill daily (more only when necessary).

Carter's Little Liver Pills

For Constipation

Genuine bear signature. *Breakfast* Put's You Over Night.

Pallid, Pale, Putty-Faced People Need Carter's Iron Pills

YOU NEED NOT SUFFER WITH BACKACHE AND RHEUMATISM

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder you are doomed.

Weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, dependency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins, and lower abdomen, gall-stones, gravel, difficulty with urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine" nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All reliable druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE!

Get under the Shower of Gold

Coming to farmers from the rich wheat fields of Western Canada. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$20 per acre and raise from 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre it's easy to make money. Canada offers in her provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads Free to Settlers

and other land at very low prices. Thousands of farmers from the U. S. or their sons are yearly taking advantage of this great opportunity. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools, markets, convenient climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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

The Stomach Begins

digestion, but the most important work is done by the bowels, liver and kidneys. Failure of these to act efficiently allows the whole body to be poisoned.

BEECHAM'S PILLS do more than produce bowel movement. Liver, skin, and kidneys are influenced to more active effort with resulting increased effect. It is always safe to take

Beecham's Pills

Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c., 25c. Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box.

The Northville Record.
Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
F. A. 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., JAN. 13, 1915.

And now Mexico—at least some of her—is beginning to evince a tendency to want to shuggle up against Uncle Sam, as a refuge from being used any longer as a German tool. A Mexican diplomat has very recently prophesied Carranza's downfall within the next six months, and a proposal for a reciprocity treaty between Mexico and the U. S.

Some people are so critically inclined that they even think there is unfair discrimination on the part of the fuel administration in allowing the saloons to keep open nine hours a day and the churches six hours a week, a difference of only 48 hours per week.

Among this week's divorces granted in Detroit was one given a woman whose husband, she alleged, had given her exactly 10 cents in money during 23 years of married life. That man now realizes the significance of "23" at least.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mrs. Will Hoyt and son, Donovan, were Detroit visitors last week.

Mrs. P. G. Killam will entertain the Red Cross Friday afternoon.

Mrs. E. Cass Johns of Detroit was the guest of relatives here recently.

Mrs. P. G. Killam entertained the Embroidery club Wednesday afternoon.

Clarence Lepley left Friday morning for Ohio, where he will visit a few days.

Lucetta Moss, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moss, is ill with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Johns have returned from Detroit, where they spent several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Chapman were called to Detroit Tuesday by the illness of their daughter, Mrs. Clarence Parmelee, who has pneumonia.

Gordon, young son of Rev. and Mrs. Rixley of Richmond, died Sunday evening of diphtheria. Rev. Rixley was a former pastor at this place.

The rooms occupied by Arthur Johns in the Parmelee house, caught fire Thursday morning from an overheated stove pipe. Prompt action prevented a great loss.

The following officers were elected at the M. E. Aid Thursday: President, Mrs. H. J. Smith; vice-president, Mrs. C. Orr; secretary, Mrs. A. E. Cheeseman, treasurer, Mrs. W. Chafy.

Wixom Whisperings.

Miss Lilbaur Belford was a Northville caller Tuesday.

The Church helpers met Wednesday with Mrs. B. L. Clark.

J. Shannon and B. D. Burch and wife were in Milford Tuesday.

Mrs. E. D. Burch and Mrs. H. A. Smith were Detroit visitors last Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Baum was a Pontiac visitor from last Friday until Tuesday of this week.

W. A. Hall of Detroit spent a part of last week with his brother-in-law, J. G. Madison.

Kathryn Burch writes from Lapeer that the schools are closed there on account of scarcity of fuel.

Paul Mowers has moved his family from Mrs. Beulah Thompson's house to his father's farm, north of Wixom.

Mrs. N. J. Woolman of Ortonville, visited her sister, Mrs. G. J. Banfield, last week from Monday until Thursday.

The girls who attend school at Pontiac did not reach there until Tuesday as no trains were run on the G. T. until then.

Evangelist John Erskine is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Brass. He expects to begin a series of meetings here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Kitson and daughter, Beulah, went to Lansing

last Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Kitson's grandmother.

The storm last week prevented the teacher, G. W. Harry, who went home to Fenton, from returning to his school duties until Tuesday. Miss Belford took his place and Frances Proud taught in the Primary room.

Frank Madison of the 310th Ammunition Train, Camp Custer, visited his parents from January 3rd to the 5th. When he arrived at Detroit Saturday morning, the M. C. train was 10 hours late, so 300 "Sammies" did not arrive at Camp Custer until Monday morning. They were excused on account of the delay of the train.

The Red Cross "all-day meetings" are proving quite a success, as a good deal of work is accomplished, although the attendance is small. On January 11, the following work was turned in at Pontiac: 22 triangular bandages; 17 abdominal bandages; 10 head bandages; 14 pairs bed socks; 15 pairs bandaged foot socks; 3 knitted wash cloths and 2 pajama suits. More work is ready to turn in, the result of Tuesday's meeting.

WIXOM BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

Next Sunday morning the pastor will discuss the affirmative side of the questions, "Resolved: 'That Sin is a Reality.' Anyone desiring to take up the negative side of the question will be privileged to do so."

C. E. topic for Sunday evening will be, "Young Christians Reaching Outward." Leader, Nevins Sturman.

The evening sermon topic will be given from the pulpit.

Novi News.

Mrs. Amanda Williams, aged 86 years, died at her home here Thursday evening after a few days' illness. She leaves one son, Thaddeus of Detroit, and one sister, Mrs. Bogart of Leamington, Ont. The funeral was held from the home Monday afternoon and burial was in Novi Cemetery. Besides her son, Thaddeus Williams of Detroit, and sister, Mrs. Bogart of Leamington, Ont., Bert Richardson of Chicago also was here to attend the funeral. She had lived practically her whole life in and around Novi.

Northville School Notes.

Our 6th graders are very enthusiastic over the work in "occupations."

Save the date, February 6, for the school program in the High school auditorium.

Pink and White are the eighth grade colors, with the pink rose as the class flower.

The eighth grade finish geography this semester and begin physiology with the new semester.

Bernice Henry was elected secretary of the eighth grade Tuesday, Virginia Murray having left.

Be sure and remember the basketball game "tonight"—Friday Northville vs. Farmington. A dance after the game.

The general science class studied blizzards last week. They are wondering if Saturday's was sent as an object lesson.

Thanks are due Mrs. Della F. Harmon of the Northville Record for the loan of about twenty-five specimens of upper peninsula rocks and ores. They are much appreciated.

Do not fret and stew; It is all too true That note books are due, And "it's up to you."

About Deep Breathing. Many people act on the principle that because deep breathing causes dizziness it does not agree with them. But if they will practice the breathing less vigorously they will find that gradually they can take all the deep breaths they want without the slightest discomfort. Take ten breaths in ten seconds and gradually decrease the number of inhalations.

Platonic Friendship. "Do you believe in platonic friendship?" "Well, not altogether. My personal opinion is that I'd believe more in platonic friendship if it were carried on with the full knowledge and consent of the husband of the one and the wife of the other."—Detroit Free Press.

Longfellow Read Law. The poet Longfellow read law in his father's office, but never practiced. He was only twenty-eight years old when he became professor at Harvard university, and he had previously been professor at Bowdoin college.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
Rev. James M. Barkley, D. D., LL. D., of Detroit, will speak at 10 o'clock Sunday morning on "The World's Religious Leadership Tomorrow." This is a timely theme and should be of interest to all. Come and give Dr. Barkley a good hearing.

Sunday school at 11:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6 p. m.

Evening worship at 7. The pastor will preach. Subject: "A Successful Partnership."

Owing to the severe weather and heavy fall of snow, the Sunday school conference, scheduled for Northville last Sunday was indefinitely postponed. Very few were able to get out to the services Sunday morning. It is hoped that we may be able to make up next Sunday. Let us try.

Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

The ladies of the church are to contribute 50 cents each to the Aid society fund at the February meeting, as noted last week.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

"The church around the corner." Sunday morning service at 10 o'clock. Subject: "The Listening Ear."

Sunday school at 11:30 o'clock.

Epworth League at 6. Subject: "Young Christians Reaching Upward," by Miss Marjorie Black.

Evening service at 7 o'clock. Subject: "Study the Dollar."

Prayer meeting Thursday night at 7. You are cordially welcome to the above named services.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Morning service at 10 a. m. Sunday school at 11 o'clock. B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m. Evening service at 7.

You are cordially invited to these services.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the church: Clerk—W. H. Corrin. Treasurer—C. J. Van Valkenburg. Chairman of Ushers—E. A. Palmer. Deacon—G. Sutton. Trustees—E. O. Blood.

Treas. Fellowship Fund—Mrs. Greer.

The Ladies' Aid society elected the following officers for the year: President—Mrs. G. Sutton. Vice-President—Mrs. W. White. Secy and Treas.—Mrs. W. H. Corrin. Chr. Work Com.—Mrs. F. Larkins. Chr. Flower Com.—Mrs. M. F. Stanley.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)

No services in Northville next Sunday. Holy Communion will be administered in Salem in the afternoon.

Last Sunday's communion in Northville was postponed until a week from next Sunday, January 27. The service will then again be held in the morning.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)

Through an oversight, no mention of the fine program given at the installation services, consisting of songs by Comrade Payne, and also boys' harmony quartet; also readings by several of the Corps ladies. The High school orchestra also gave musical numbers during the supper.

The next regular meeting of A. M. Harmon W. R. C. will be held in Scott's hall Wednesday evening, Jan. 23. Call to order at 7:30.

Camp Fire Notes.

The Aokaiya Camp Fire held a council in the gym Wednesday evening.

The Timeme Camp Fire had a hike Wednesday afternoon.

The A. C. F. will have a hike next Wednesday.

The T. C. F. will hold a council fire in the gymnasium next Wednesday night.

A Mild Protest.

"Bredem and sisters," said Parson Absalom Jonsing, as he surveyed the scant covering of the bottom of the contribution basket, "Ah wouldn't say a word to 'stun'ate that one of you was stingy, but Ah has got to admit that you all is mighty thrifty, 'tryin' to get to heaven for about one ten-billionth of a cent a mile."

MICHIGAN WHEAT SMUTTY.

Grain Arriving in Detroit Market is Heavily Infected, Inspections Show.

By DR. G. H. COONS, Specialist in Plant Diseases, Michigan Agricultural College.

East Lansing, Mich.—A few weeks ago one of the greatest of the nation's grain buyers branded Michigan wheat as about the smuttiest appearing on the market. Whereupon there were many staunch defenders of Michigan's fair name who ruffed up in high dudgeon at what they deemed a slur upon Michigan agriculture. Nevertheless the fact remains that Michigan wheat is not merely smutty—it is very smutty. Confirmation of this has recently come from Detroit.

Dr. N. Kopeloff, who has been assisting in the smut eradication work in Michigan—detained to this state by the United States department of agriculture—reports that during September 89.2 per cent of the 41 cars of wheat received at the Detroit market were infected with stinking smut, while out of ten cars received in the first days in October, four had stinking smut.

George Miller, who has been doing similar work, quotes Mr. Rucker, chief inspector for the Detroit Board of Trade, as stating that about 80 per cent of Michigan rye carried ergot this year. The ruling of the board is to reduce the grade of rye one point if it is found to contain more than 1 per cent of ergot. This means a reduction in price of 1 1/2 to 2 cents.

There might perhaps be little room for criticism if stinking smut was like the weather—something that cannot be controlled. But it can be gotten rid of. The new treatment of wheat for this disease has been tried everywhere in the state and where directions have been followed, excellent results have come.

County Agent Smith of Kent tells of a case of where the grain was badly injured by doubling the time it was left covered, the dilute formaldehyde method being used. The man upon being shown the new method treated the rest of his grain successfully, and as the advertisements say, "He will now use no other."

Certain county men have found that the directions carry the idea that 50 bushels are to be treated and give no specific pointers for handling two, five or ten bushels. The department acknowledges the validity of this criticism and is now working to standardize the method. Reports of poor results from the method in Allegan county have also been investigated. A farmer there stated that his grain had germinated, grew a few inches, and remained yellow. Examination showed that the trouble present was due to deep planting in a rather poor seed bed. Wherever the drill had planted at the proper depth, as in the harder, better packed portions of the field, the stand was perfect and the color and growth normal.

Plan Many Schools.

More than 100 of the two-day schools which in many sections of the state will replace the old farmers' institutes have been arranged for by the Michigan Agricultural college. Some of these, in a few of the northern counties such as Cheboygan, will be conducted in December, but most of them will not be put on before January 1. A few of the towns which will have these schools follow: New Richmond, Gangas, Otland, Quincy, California, Munroe, Riggsville, Wolverine, Sparta, Cadmus, Arcadia, Onkama, Manistee, Chief, Dublin, Ludington, Victory township, Morey, Pioneer, Lucas, Moddersville, Fremont, Garfield, Grand Haven, Coopersville, Berlin, Jamestown, Zealand, Holland, Fair Haven, China, Burchville, Colon, Lawton, Decatur, Hartford, Gobberville, Lacota, South Haven, Covert, Reese, Cars, Petoskey, East Jordan, Bingham, West Branch, Sandusky, Marietta, Arcadia, Birmingham, Cedar Springs, Dryden, Grant, Ironton, Lawrence, St. Johns, Schoolcraft, Sturgis, Ludington, Athens, China, Fair Haven, Lowell, Allenton, Three Rivers, Greenville, Ithaca, Wolverine, Freesoil, Mt. Tabor, Eau Claire, Buchanan, Millburg, Union City, Spring Port, Onaway and Millburg.

Talk to Buttermakers.

F. W. Bouska, reputed to be the nation's best posted authority on the subject of buttermaking and creamery management, will address Michigan buttermakers and creamery managers at the Michigan Agricultural college during the six days from December 17 to 22. The week will be given over at the college to a special one weeks' school for experienced creamery men. In addition to Mr. Bouska, it has been announced, members of the dairy faculty of the college, and representatives of the pure food and dairy department of the state will also meet with and work with the assembled buttermakers.

M. A. C. Feels High Cost of War.

More than any other educational institution in the state, the Michigan Agricultural college is feeling the "high cost of war." "The increase in the cost of laboratory materials and other items incident to the conduct of classes alone is costing the college \$60,000 a year more than was the case of 1913," said President Kedzie the other day. Greater than this, however, has been the drain upon the funds of M. A. C. which has resulted from the part the college has been called upon to play in war work. This has amounted to so much that it has already practically eaten up the increased appropriation allowed the college three years ago.

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STYLE!
Why the "sale" stores themselves blurt out 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.

UNEEDA BISCUIT - 6c
Shredded Wheat Biscuit 12c
2 Cans Lake Shore Pumpkin for 25c
2 Cans of Corn for 25c
2 Cans of Sauer Kraut, for 25c
2 Cans of Peas for 25c
1 Can of Hominy for 10c
Coffee (a good one), for 13c
Blue Ribbon Raisins, for 13c
Fould's Macaroni, 12c
U. S. Macaroni, for 12c
Luxury Macaroni for 9c
U. S. Spaghetti, for 12c
We have a few more bars Trilby Soap at 7c

Our store will open at 6 a. m. and close at 6 p. m., except Saturday, when we close at 9 p. m. This is to conform with the government order to save fuel.

C. L. BLACKBURN
DEALER IN TABLE SUPPLIES

TALC Jonteel
The Glorious New Odor of 26 Flowers
25c
This is the first time a very costly odor has ever been incorporated in high quality goods and sold at popular prices
TAKE A CAN HOME TO-DAY
You can get this wonderful new odor in Combination Cream, 50c; Cold Cream, 50c; Face Powder, 50c
A. E. STANLEY
The REXALL Store. NORTHVILLE.

DO YOU NEED FARM MACHINES?
You can't be an efficient worker without Good Tools. And now, as never before, a farmer should raise every bushel of produce possible. I have just the Machines you need to accomplish this. I have a Complete Line of the JOHN DEERE Plow Company's Goods. Look over this list and get your order in early.
Grain Binders and Mowers. Corn Binders.
Winrow Hay Loaders. Power Hay Press.
Side Delivery Rakes. Farm Wagons.
VanBrunt Grain Drills. Dump Rakes.
Cultivators. S. & W. Hay Loaders.
Traction Plows. Manure Spreaders.
Corn Planters. Syracuse Plows.
Scrapers. Wheelbarrows. Syracuse Sulky Plows & Tillage.
ALSO UNITED ENGINE CO'S GOODS.
United Gas, and Kerosene Engines.
Power Washing Machines. Sowing Outfits.
Concrete Mixers. Feed Mills.
Electric Light Plants. Pump Jacks and Belting.
Guards and Sections for All Kinds of Machinery.
Also wish to state that I am representing the well known Advance Rumley. Tractors complete with 14-in. Plows in sizes of 8x16 H. P., 12x24 H. P., 18x35 H. P., 4-Cylinder, Oil Burning Machines. Also a complete line of Steam Engines, and Rumely Ideal Separators, both steel and wood. Knowing the Advance Rumley Co. to be the largest and oldest manufacturing concern of its kind in existence today, and their goods being successfully operated the world over, assures me that those in need of machines of this kind, should consult me before purchasing.
LOCATED IN STAND FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY J. A. PAUDOCK.
H. S. DOERR
In the other corner you will find H. A. POTTS repairing Harness. Phone 60. NORTHVILLE.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.
Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.
CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND
Largest and Best
Solely for Women
Cures all ailments
of the female system
and restores health
and vigor
Beware of cheap
imitations
Solely for Women
Solely for Women
Solely for Women

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. E. TURNER, HOMOEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
door west of Park House on Main street.
Office hours 1:30 to 2:00 and 6:00 to 8:00
p. m. Telephone.

NOTWITHSTANDING
THE COAL
SHORTAGE

We still have
Plenty of Pure
Drugs, and are
always at
your service.

Choice Line of Candies.

T. E. Murdock
—NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN—

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.

Patrons should order their Cream
early for the Holidays.

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

FLOWERS

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF
FLOWERS, PLEASE REMEM-
BER DIXON AND PHONE 148 J,
OR CALL IN PERSON.

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

DETROIT
UNITED LINESNORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern Standard Time.

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

Cars leave Northville for Farming-
ton and Detroit at 7:30 a. m., and
every hour thereafter until 7:30 p. m.
5:35 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
6:45 a. m. and hourly to 6:45 p. m.,
8:05 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., 6:20 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.



We're
Shouting

about the excellent quality
of our printing. We don't
care what the job may be,
we are equipped to turn it
out to your satisfaction. If
we can't, we'll tell you so
frankly.

Let Us Convince You

Northville Newslets.

Louis Dey has been ill for some
time past.

Mrs. W. J. Thompson is again ill.
Mrs. Seymour Brown is caring for her
at the latter's home.

What has become of the nature
students who told us last fall that
corn husks, muskrat houses, etc., etc.,
denoted a mild winter for '17-18?

Sleighs, cutters, sawlogs and loads
of wood coming into town make the
present days "a real old-fashioned
winter" in view of the scarcity of
motor traffic.

The Jukyp Sewing club, with a mem-
bership of eight ladies, joined the Red
Cross in a body last week the decision
to do so being made at the regular
meeting held with Mrs. Harry Taft.

Robert Thompson has bought the
former I. N. Starkweather home on
Wing street, and will take possession
in March. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips
have not yet fully decided where they
will locate.

February 6 has been reserved as the
date for a school program at the High
school auditorium. The money will
be used for the purchase of music
supplies. Watch for the program in
a later issue.

Nelson Francisco, a former well
known resident and business man of
this place, died Monday, January 7,
at his home in Wayne, after a sev-
eral weeks' illness. He had been a
widower for several years.

Henry Negus and Emil Getzel and
wife left for Chelsea Wednesday to
attend the funeral of the former's
brother, Captain Negus, whose wife
passed away about four weeks ago.
Funeral was held Thursday. Farm-
ington Enterprise. Capt. Negus was
a brother of the late John Negus of
this village.

Farmington is making arrangements
to use the upper floor of the village
waterworks building as a temporary
school for the 115 children who were
taught in the school which burned last
week. Only the fortunate fact of the
direction of the wind saved the hand-
some new building from destruction.
The origin of the fire is still a mystery.

A pair of "bobs" with board run-
ners and home-made box surmounted
by an automobile seat was a com-
fortable looking transportation anach-
ronism seen on our streets the other
day. As a combination of the old
and the new fashions in the vehicle
line it suggested many thoughts re-
garding the evolution of ways of traveling.

Last Friday, January 11, in honor
of the 87th birthday of her mother,
Mrs. Hannah Phelps of Lansing, who
is spending the winter with her, Mrs.
William Phillips entertained Mrs.
Jane Sessions and Mrs. L. E. McRobert
of this place; sisters of Mrs. Phelps,
and the latter's son, D. B. Bloy and
his daughter, Ethel, of Detroit.

Residents north of town report that
they have seen peculiar lights in the
sky to the south and west. These are
described as slowly moving, brighter
than any star and have been seen on
cloudy nights as well as when the sky
is clear. Sometimes the lights are
colored and from their movement sug-
gest that they may be carried by aeol-
planes. —Milford Times.

Two of the men who burglarized
garages at New Hudson and Novi in
the first week of December last and
escaped after a lively gun fight, from
officials who were hot on their trail
near Farmington, have been rounded
up and identified and a considerable
amount of the stolen property traced
out and recovered. The robbers are
said to be a band of mere boys.

This weather business is certainly
a puzzler. While we people in this
corner of terra firma as well as in
many other places, were experiencing
Saturday's north-pole-like tempera-
ture with its accompanying gale, New
York was having "a tropical rain
storm, with high winds, thunder and
lightning and a rapid rise in tempera-
ture, changing from freezing and ice
covered streets to springlike weather
within a few hours" said the dis-
patches.

The ice crop from the Yerkes pond,
which had been contracted for by C.
J. McKahn, has been nearly or quite
spoiled by a peculiar combination of
conditions growing out of the coal
scarcity. The Milling company was
obliged to use the water power when
the coal gave out which lowered the
pond to a point where the thick ice
rested on the bottom. When the pond
again filled, the ice raised again to
the top, was found to have brought up
with it a coating of grass, dirt, etc.,
on the underside, making it unprof-
itable to harvest. Mr. McKahn how-
ever, hopes to be able to arrange with
the weather bureau for a January thaw
that will later freeze and make a new
harvest.

WATER
RENTALS
NOW DUE.

Must be paid on or before
the 20th of the
month.

Saturday and Monday, last days to
pay water tax.

Regular O. E. S. meeting this, Fri-
day, evening, January 18.

K. P. installation and lunch, next
Tuesday night, January 22. Every
member urged to be present.

No mail was received in Northville
from last Saturday morning at four
o'clock until Monday evening of this
week.

Dr. Turner reports the arrival of
an infant daughter at the home of Mr.
and Mrs. J. W. Fitzgerald Friday, Jan-
uary 11.

Lytle Kestell is convalescent from a
severe attack of scarlet fever in De-
troit, where the family is spending
the winter.

The Northville Woman's club meets
this (Friday afternoon) January 18,
at the home of Mrs. Fred Simmons,
on Main street.

One of the horses of a team belong-
ing on the Holmes farm on the Base
line fell dead while being driven thir-
dly Saturday.

Mrs. George Biery of Farmington,
who was seriously injured last Friday
when struck by a D U R car, is
now considered out of danger. Mrs.
Biery is a daughter of George M.
Goodell of this place.

The benefit party which was to
have been given by the Foresters for
the Red Cross, and which had to be
postponed on account of the fire in
the Cattermole hall, has been re-dated
for Friday evening, February 1st.

The black and silver fox farm at
Muskegon, is now boasting a live-
stock valuation of \$40,000. There are
70 animals on it and before another
year passes it is expected the census
will be doubled. —Holland City News.

Saturday's storm brought out the
reminiscence that on April 6, 1856,
snow fell to the depth of 3 feet in this
region of country, the worst storm on
record up to that time. The tem-
perature, however, was moderate,
and the snow remained but a few
days.

During one of the recent very cold
days a horse without a blanket and
shivering with cold was standing
pitched on Center street just south
of the Main street corner. The per-
son guilty of such cruelty was liable
to arrest and should have been com-
plained of.

The sad news comes from Farm-
ington that Phyllis, the 13 year old
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George
Conroy, died Tuesday of diphtheria
and their young son is very ill with
the disease. Mrs. Conroy was a
Northville girl a daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Merritt Stanley and Mr. Conroy,
who is a brother of Mrs. Mark
Ambler, also formerly lived here.

The Record's inquiry last week in
regard to men knitters brings out
the fact that Northville has at least
one, Donald Safford, who has to date,
knitted two sweaters, one helmet and
two pairs of wristlets. Donald
learned the useful art of knitting
during his convalescence from the
severe illness which followed his re-
turn from Camp Custer after failure
to pass the physical examination for
army service, and he still knits dur-
ing the time he has to spare from
his duties as the successful principal
of the New Hudson school. He has
sent some of his work to one of the
soldiers with whom he became
acquainted while in camp.

What Did She Mean?

"How was your speech received at
the club?" asked one of Chumley's
friends. "Why, they congratulated me
heartily. In fact, one of the mem-
bers came to me and told me that when
I sat down he had said to himself it
was the best thing I had ever done." —
London Saturday Journal.

Effect of Cutting Diamond.

In the process of cutting about 60
per cent in weight of the rough stone
is lost, and this, added to the cost of
cutting and the rarity of these fine
gems, partly accounts for the high cost
of the finished diamond.

Hard to Capture.

Obesity isn't always a handicap.
The fat job seems to be the most al-
luring.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

meeting nights.
First Tuesday each month, meet-
ing night. Installation of new
officers January 22.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Regular Meetings:
January 4 and 18
Jas. Dickerson, F. Woodmansee,
Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186, F. & A. M.
Spcl Jan. 28—2nd.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 45
F. A. M.

NORTHVILLE
COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.
Regular Jan. 15.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77
O. E. S.
Reg. January 18.

Features at the New
Aldium Theatre.

For Saturday night, the play is to
be "Sowers and Reapers," Emma
Whelan. Customary Comedy.

Keep in mind the treat coming in
the second number of the Business
Men's Entertainment course, the Lil-
lian Johnston Concert company.

OLE BULL'S COLONY

Norwegian's Dream of Model
Home, Now Scene of Ruin.

Recalls Misplaced Confidence and
Made All the More Tragic Because
of Splendid Ideals.

Only the ruin of the villa "Valhalla"
remains of the ill-fated Norwegian col-
ony established by Ole Bull in Pennsylv-
ania in the late '50s. The story of
the colony, says the Kansas City
Times, is one of misplaced confidence,
made all the more tragic because of
the splendid ideals that led to its es-
tablishment.

The great Norwegian violinist, al-
ways an admirer of America, wished
to obtain a location for a model colony
of his countrymen. He bought a thou-
sand acres of a firm of land dealers
and soon afterward brought to this
country several hundred Norwegians.
A clearing was made, the village of
Ole Bull built, and in an address to the
townspeople, Ole Bull set forth the
hopes that had inspired his mission.

The address follows:
"Brothers of Norway! From the
clime where the north wind has its
home; where the maelstrom roars, and
where the aurora for half the year
takes the place of the genial sun, we
have come to find a home. When we
were among our mountains, and war
was bringing want and famine upon
us, we heard there was a country in
a milder climate where liberty dwelt and
plenty reigned. Upon looking over our
records, we found that our country-
men, under Thorfin, had discovered
that land more than eight hundred
years ago, but that they were met by
cruel and savage Indians, and had left
no record of themselves, except some
traces of their sad history engraven
in the rocks of Fall river, and one tem-
ple which they raised to God on an
island at the mouth of Narragansett
bay. All other record of them had
passed away.

"How different is our reception from
that which Thorfin and his followers
received. No savage Indian startles us
with his war whoop, but kind friends
meet us on every side, taking us by the
hand and giving us welcome to our
new home.

"Brothers of Norway! We must not
disappoint this confidence, but by
lives of industry and honesty show to
our new brothers that they have not
misplaced their friendship.

"And now, to these gentlemen of
New York and Pennsylvania, who have
so kindly assisted by their counsel and
advice in this work, I return my most
sincere and heartfelt thanks, and cast-
ing ourselves upon the goodness of our
heavenly Father, resting secure upon
his promise, let us go on in the daily
performance of every duty, and he
will bless us."

There was a pathetic aftermath.
Hardly had the pioneers got well un-
der way with their homebuilding when
it was discovered that the violinist had
been victimized. The company that
sold him the land had no valid title to
it. The people of Oleana scattered,
some of them penniless and with few
friends in the new country. Ole Bull,
with splendid loyalty to those he had
brought to this pass, gave public con-
certs to raise money for their relief.

Good Things Come True.

You are perhaps expecting some
great and wonderful thing to happen;
but you will find that true progress
comes from doing faithfully and well
the little, everyday things that come
to you. Truly great things do not drop
into people's lives. They are built up
of little things faithfully done.

LAPHAM
STATE SAVINGS BANK.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF
the Lapham State Savings Bank at
Northville, Michigan, at the close of
business Dec. 31, 1917, as called for
by the Commissioner of the Banking
Department.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts, viz:	
Commercial Department,	\$155,253.13
Savings Department,	27,764.79
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz:	
Commercial Department,	31,487.20
Savings Department,	196,647.12
Overdrafts,	44.64
Banking House,	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures,	2,700.00
Items in Transit,	4,165.06
U. S. Bonds,	
Savings Department,	10,000.00
Due from banks in reserve cities,	
Commercial Department,	28,344.29
Savings Department,	20,919.12
U. S. and National Bank Currency,	
Commercial Department,	9,575.00
Savings Department,	815.00
Gold Coin, Savings,	12,485.00
Silver Coin, Commercial,	894.10
Nickels and Cents, Commercial,	209.14
Checks and other Cash Items,	453.36
Total,	\$514,711.95

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in,	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund,	7,000.00
Undivided Profits, net,	4,440.51
Commercial deposits,	
Subject to Check,	\$8,130.36
Commercial Certificates of	
Deposit,	129,225.29
Savings Deposits (book	
accounts),	260,905.79
Total,	\$514,711.95

STATE OF MICHIGAN,
County of Wayne.

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

E. H. LAPHAM, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 9th day of January, 1918.

ERNEST MILLER, Notary Public.
Commission expires Feb. 9, 1920.
Correct—Attest

F. S. HARMON,
F. S. NEAL,
M. N. JOHNSON,
Directors.

Bank No. 387.
Commenced business April 15, 1907.

FRANK J. BOYLE
AUCTIONEER

STOCK SALES A SPECIALTY
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Phone, Plymouth Exchange.

SALEM, MICHIGAN.

Go
After
Business

In a business way—the
advertising way. An ad
in this paper offers the
maximum service at the
minimum cost. It
reaches the people of
the town and vicinity
you want to reach.

Try It—
It Pays

Geo. Rattenbury
AUCTIONEER.
Terms Reasonable; Satisfaction Guar-
anteed.

WHILE THEY LAST

MEN'S
OVERCOATS

At less than cost.

Specially Priced.

\$4.95--\$6.95

There is not one coat in
the lot that you can dupli-
cate for less than \$15.

These are good Coats—
some of them are all wool
in medium and heavy
weight.

Sizes, 34 to 40.



SPECIAL—ALL TOQUES 69C.

WM. GORTON

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

Second Number of the Business Men's Concert Co., January 30th.

The Deep Sea Peril

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman)

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

She ran unchallenged through the destroyer flotilla and came alongside the rear-admiral's flagship, a monster cruiser armed with a powerful battery, on which he had hoisted his pennant. A few minutes later Davies and Ida clambered aboard, leaving Clouts in charge of the submarine and of the queen of the swarm.

Half an hour later Clouts received the command to take the F55 to London as best he could. Davies' interview with the rear-admiral had decided the latter to open hostilities immediately. The squadron spread out and approached the Dogger fanwise, to encircle the monsters.

MacBeard, who had just awakened aboard the motorboat, saw in terror the great shells dropping all about him. He thought this was the end of all his plans. It seemed impossible to escape.

But the monsters, terrified by the vibration, dashed wildly in all directions, and, finding themselves ringed in, churned up the water madly. The man in the chains on the flagship looked at his lead incredulously. It marked 12 fathoms, where it should have marked 25. It marked ten, seven, four—and suddenly the sea seemed to open. Half the vessels in the attacking squadron ground. They lay on their sides in the North sea sand; one set of guns pointing heavenward, the other toward the howls of the earth.

Then a huge, agitated wave, radiating outward from the still vortex in which the motorboat reeled dizzily, lashed them and buffeted them about. Beyond control, the dismantled, fleeing squadron drove under the pounding waves in all directions.

Out of the vapor chugged a motorboat. Slowly, as the haze subsided, she drew alongside. In her stood MacBeard, triumphant in this display of his power.

Five minutes later he stood in the presence of the rear admiral, Davies and Ida, as well as of the junior officers.

"You see, we are unconquerable," he said grimly. "But I have come to offer you terms."

As a public enemy, many afterward said that he should have been hanged then and there, in spite of his envypship. But the rear admiral refused to violate the traditions of the sea—or perhaps he realized that, MacBeard dead, he could hope for no means of subduing his unchained devils.

"What are they?" he inquired courteously.

"First," said MacBeard, "personal indemnity."

"In return for what?"

"In return for the destruction of this menace. I pledge my word that it shall disappear forever."

"But how?"

MacBeard hesitated. Eager as he now was to destroy the herd, he was not overanxious to reveal his plans. However, he yielded the point.

"As you have observed," he said, "they are completely under my control. I will take them into Skjold fjord, on the Norwegian coast. As you know, it is a huge body of water, surrounded by cliffs of high basalt, and having an entrance barely large enough to admit a small steamship. Once they are there, the entrance can be blocked until they are dead of famine. In return I demand possession of—and he looked toward Ida.

He did not know her name, but it did not strike him as peculiar. A glance at Ida's horror-stricken face was sufficient to enable the admiral to decide.

"We refuse," he said.

But Ida stepped forward and laid her hand on the admiral's arm.

"I cannot let you re-use," she said. "I am nothing."

"No!" cried Davies. "You shall not accept his terms."

"Yes," answered the girl, facing him quietly. "It is only myself, and there is the whole world at stake. Wouldn't Donald do as much for me?"

And Davies was silent. For Donald had said very much the same thing when he thought Ida dead on Fair island.

Ida turned to MacBeard. "You wish me to be your wife?" she asked.

"Yes—if you like to call it so," he stammered in answer.

"I will go with you," she said.

The admiral interposed.

"If you wish to go, Miss Kennedy, I must accept the sacrifice," he said.

"But it can only come from you." He addressed MacBeard. "I am willing so far," he said. "The government cannot refuse to ratify those terms. What is your next?"

"My third and last demand is—fifty gallons of gasoline."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Queen's Call.

It would be difficult to estimate the mingled rage and horror that swept over London that night when the news came of the admiral's treaty.

The admiral felt that he had rid the world of a dangerous menace for a bagatelle. But the feeling in the

Admiralty was one of humiliation and vindictiveness.

"The scoundrel!" muttered the second sea lord, clenching his fists. "Who knows that he will fulfill his pact?"

"He must," said Donald.

"Why, sir?"

"Because the moderation of his terms shows that MacBeard has no ulterior motive. I think," he added, "that the admiral did perfectly right."

"And Miss Kennedy?" inquired the sea lord.

"Sacrificed herself for her country—as others have done," Donald replied. But the second sea lord did not understand.

The news of the expected arrival of the F55 having become public, Donald sent a wireless message to a patrol ship, ordering her to intercept the vessel and bid it anchor off the Nore, where he could go aboard without publicity. When he arrived early the same morning the first person who welcomed him from the deck was Davies.

"Do you know, sir," he said, "I think we shall checkmate that scoundrel yet."

"It isn't possible," groaned Donald. "We have pledged our faith."

"I wonder if there may not be human beings under the sea, sir, who rule those devils. I wonder whether that fish-girl Clouts has got in the messroom may not have some power over them if—If we give her her head. I wonder if we couldn't use her to outwit MacBeard."

"Assured!" said Donald curtly. "But let me have another look at her."

"Clouts!" called Davies down the engine room tube.

A minute later Clouts appeared, hurriedly pocketing his mouth-organ and wiping his lips. "Aye, sir!" he said.

"Captain Paget wants to see you—your friend, Clouts."

Donald entered alone and stood looking across the messroom toward the phantom shape at the further end.

The queen shrunk back against the wall and stared at Donald with her mournful eyes. The face was wavering, half-visible; but the eyes were fixed on his intently, and there was the pathos of a soul struggling for life in them, such as we see in the eyes of suffering beasts.

She came to him and put her arms about him. Her face lay for one instant against his own. And to his amazement, to his horror, Donald seemed to know that Ida was nothing, and that this woman was all.

A soft murmur came from the queen's throat. It rose and fell, and rose again until it seemed to fill the entire submarine with sound. It was the swarming call. It was the call of the queen when she has found her mate and leads forth her army to new land, new conquest, new dominion.

From the east shores and from the Baltic, from the Thames Estuary, the channel and the Seine, the monsters came. They knew that swarming call, though they had only heard it once before, and that cut short.

Sam Clouts burst open the door. Donald was lying upon the floor within, and, standing beside him, was the queen. He heard the call die on her lips.

Shaking with terror, the sailor dragged Donald outside and locked the door. He carried his captain up on deck. In a few moments Donald opened his eyes.

"What happened, Clouts?" he asked.

"You fainted, sir. Excuse me, sir, but you oughtn't never to have gone in there. She's a devil, sir, one of them vampires like that we used to hear about when we were children. Mrs. Clouts—"

Donald staggered toward Davies, who was running out of the conning tower.

"You were right, Davies," he said. "We've got him. You heard that call?"

"Listen, Davies! If I'm not mistaken that call will bring the monsters to us. Let's make for the deepest part of the sea, first, so that we won't drive on a sand bank when the water evaporates. And then—where was it MacBeard had gone?"

"Skjold fjord. I was there on my first cruise, sir. It's a deep, almost land-locked harbor in a wild part of the Norwegian coast. The whole herd could disport themselves in there—and it would be easy to block the entrance, as MacBeard said—"

"Never mind that, Davies. Don't you see that this releases us from our faith toward him? He'll be making for Skjold fjord with Miss Kennedy, and as many of the monsters as he has been able to gather together by means of that tuning-fork sound, which resembles the call we heard about as much as—Well, never mind that. The point is, MacBeard is not to be deceived."

Davies looked at Donald strangely. He did not understand his sudden high spirits; he could not yet see, altogether, at what his chief was driving.

"The herd will accompany us, but we'll keep near MacBeard and—why, let him think that it's following him. He mustn't see us till we're within the harbor. Understand? And then—there are still two torpedoes left, aren't there? Well, then, we'll blow his craft to pieces, and—"

"And save Miss Kennedy somehow, first," said Davies.

Already the horizon was black with vapor on the three seaward sides. The shore lay about two miles to port. The anchor was hoisted, and soon the F-55 was making rapid surface headway in the direction of the Belgian coast.

"It's blowing up pretty thick, sir," said Davies, looking out through the port at the dense clouds of murky hydrogen that rolled under the cumulus clouds.

"Davies!" cried Donald. He snatched his glasses and put them to his eyes. "Look, Davies!" he cried.

In the distance, a tiny point amid the rolling clouds, they saw the motorboat.

The submarine began to dip. The water covered her bow, her stern. Donald went to the mirror of the periscope, which, fixed because there was no one to start the motor, afforded him a vision of less than a right angle.

But he saw only the thickening clouds, and presently these blotted everything out. The mirror was black as ink. He turned away. A groan escaped his lips. He clenched his hands and prayed that the plan might not miscarry.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Pursuit.

Within the conning tower Donald could hear distinctly the chugging of the engines of MacBeard's motorboat. Had he risen to the surface both vessels would have been invisible in the hydrogen gloom; but when he might have lost his quarry. Under water he could hear the sound greatly increased in volume, and could better determine its direction.

He surmised correctly that MacBeard, having followed the swarm, would attempt to lead it northward by means of his tuning-fork. And the swarm, sensing the presence of the queen, would accompany the F55, while MacBeard believed that he had himself mustered them.

With the tip of her periscope just submerged, Donald steered the F55. Never had he followed so shrewdly upon an enemy's track. Now to port, now to starboard, he followed the sound of the gasoline engines, while Clouts watched them and Davies, in the diving station, sent up an occasional cheery message.

Night fell and passed. Dawn came up, although not a vestige of light could have been seen, even aloft. A sooty column, hydrogen surcharged with atmospheric dust, was passing up the Norwegian coast.

At noon Davies, whose duties had not been constant enough to prevent him from enjoying a short slumber, begged to take Donald's place. But Donald refused.

As he ran the boat his brain hammered out the clear outlines of his plan. He would lead the herd into Skjold fjord, leave Davies in charge, kill MacBeard and rescue Ida. Then he would send her overland southward with Clouts, and remain until a ship could arrive with materials to block the passage.

The high, precipitous cliffs of the fjord would effectively bar in the monsters. For a few days or weeks the world's menace would writhe there like a wounded snake. Then it would pass. Donald had no doubt of his plan.

But he did not dare to dream of Ida; only he set himself resolutely to the pursuit.

So they drove on up the Norwegian coast all day, and when night fell they were still hard on the chase.

Davies called through the engine-room tube.

"There isn't much power in the batteries, sir," he said. "That salt water cut our running reserve in half, and we've been using it pretty freely. The dynamo coil was injured by the sea water."

"Go on, full speed," said Donald.

"MacBeard must have been running slowly, sir, to save his gasoline. If he puts on a spur we're done."

"Drive till the electricity fails, then we'll come up and use the petrol motors."

Donald could see by the chart that they were within twenty miles of their destination when the speed of the F55 began to fall. She dropped to nine knots, to eight. The sounds of the gasoline engine were growing fainter. Donald called down the tube.

"Bring her up!" he shouted.

"Aye, aye, sir!" Clouts called back. And the F55, climbing out of the water like a sea otter, seemed to shake the drops from her, and continued under the moon.

Far in the distance Donald could see the dense column of fog, as it disappeared toward the Norwegian shore. That smoky devil MacBeard had wrapped himself in obscurity to his own undoing. He did not dream of the Nemesis upon his heels.

"He's spurring for Skjold fjord," said Davies.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

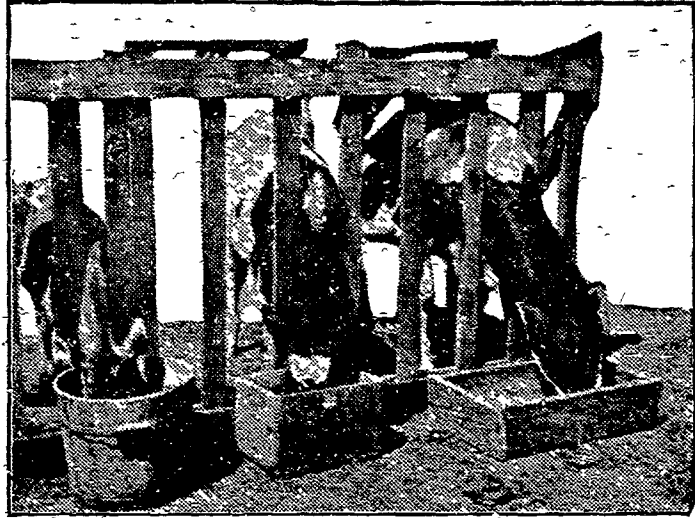
New Use for Motorcycles.

That new uses for motorcycles are still being discovered is shown by the fact that a Californian with a big lawn to care for drives his mower with the aid of his powered cycle. After several unsuccessful attempts he devised a satisfactory means of attaching the grass cutter to the front forks of his machine, and now he asserts that he can trim the lawn in about one-tenth the time formerly required. The only consideration that limits his speed apparently is the fact that the mower must be oiled frequently.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Injured by Prosperity.

The mind is more injured by prosperity than by adversity.

FEED AND MANAGEMENT OF DAIRY CALF



EACH CALF SURE OF GETTING HIS SHARE OF FEED.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Poorly nourished cows give birth to weak, puny calves which are hard to raise. The feeding of the calf, therefore, begins before it is born. The food elements necessary for the development of the calf are taken into the stomach of the cow, digested, assimilated, and transmitted to the calf through the umbilical cord. Connection between the mother and the calf: It is evident that if the calf does not receive food enough to keep herself in thrifty condition and at the same time develop her calf, both she and the calf must suffer. In endeavoring to raise good, thrifty calves many dairymen handicap themselves at the start by not properly feeding the pregnant cows. Such cows should have an abundance of palatable and succulent or juicy feed in order to insure good body flesh and healthy, thrifty condition at calving time. The calves will then be well developed, strong, and sturdy, and ready to respond normally to proper feed and care.

Separation From Cow.

It is assumed that the calf is not to be raised by sucking the cow, but is to be fed by hand. The longer it sucks, therefore, the more difficult it will be to teach it to drink. On the other hand, the first (or colostrum) milk of the cow possesses properties which stimulates the calf's stomach and other digestive organs to action. Colostrum is nature's physic, and for this reason the young calf should always receive its mother's milk at first. The calf is sometimes weak at birth, and for this reason should have nourishment as soon as possible. It is usually easier to induce the calf to suck the cow than to try to make it drink from the pail. Because of these facts most dairymen prefer to let the calf remain with its mother for about 48 hours immediately after birth. An additional advantage of this practice is that the dam will carefully dry the calf by licking within the first few hours of its life. In the case of a weak calf or one that does not gain strength readily it may be best to allow it to remain longer than 48 hours, although under such circumstances it is sometimes difficult to teach the calf to drink, and serious trouble may result from its failure to obtain food.

Teaching Calf to Drink.

It is desirable that the calf be in thrifty, vigorous condition when it is taught to drink. It should be kept without food for at least 12 hours, at the end of which time it will be hungry and will usually drink milk from the pail much more readily than when not hungry. Warm, fresh milk from the mother should be put into a clean pail and held near the floor, in front of the calf, which will generally begin to "nose" about the pail. Once it gets a taste of milk, it will usually drink without further trouble. Often, however, it is necessary for the attendant to put one or two fingers into the calf's mouth, drawing the hand down into the milk as the calf begins to suck the fingers. The calf in this way gets a taste of the milk and often begins to drink without further coaxing. If not, the process must be repeated. Sometimes, however, the calf cannot be induced to drink in this way, and force has to be resorted to. In such case the feeder, facing the same direction as the calf, should straddle its neck and back the animal into a corner. The pail of milk should be held in one hand and the nose of the calf grasped with the other, two fingers being in its mouth. The nose of the calf is then forced into the milk, when it will usually begin to drink.

Sometimes a valuable calf, too weak at birth either to suck the cow or to drink from a pail, can be saved by feeding from a bottle, either with or without a nipple.

Cleanliness First Essential.

Cleanliness is absolutely essential to the successful raising of calves. This is equally necessary in feed, pens, bedding, and pails or utensils. All milk feed should be fresh and clean, and the same is true of other feeds. Calf pens should always be kept clean and be filled with plenty of dry bedding. Great care should be taken in washing the milk pails. These should be thoroughly scalded with boiling water, or sterilized with steam if possible. Discarded feed should be removed from the feed boxes, which should be thoroughly brushed and cleaned each day. Attention to these details is the best preventive of disease. Nearly all disorders or diseases of the calf are caused either directly or indirectly by lack of cleanliness.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE TIGER.

"That old lion makes me very angry," said the tiger in the zoo.

"Dear me, dear me," said Mrs. Tiger. "I hear many of the animals complain of him. In fact the lions aren't so popular with us as they are with the people."

"And pray tell who cares for the people?" asked Mr. Tiger. "I am sure I don't."

"This he said with a snarl as he wrinkled up his forehead and showed his teeth."

Now, We Go Out at Night.

"Some of the animals have been grumbling too," said Mrs. Tiger. "They have said that the lion is considered so fine and that he simply roars well. He's not so wonderful as they are."

"Who said that?" asked Mr. Tiger.

"The rhinoceros family said so," answered Mrs. Tiger.

"They are right," said Mr. Tiger. "Yes, they are right."

"Why are you so especially angry at them just now?" asked Mrs. Tiger.

"Because that old lion in yonder cage has been roaring and roaring and everyone has been noticing him."

"Well, we can't blame people for noticing the lion flame more than they notice us. They act for the people. They roar and make a fine noise and they sit up ready to be admired," said Mrs. Tiger. "We look far over the heads of people, beyond, way beyond, and we dream of the jungles and the wild life."

"I suppose the lion dreams of it too," said Mrs. Tiger, "but then he does not know the wild life as well as I do. He is too conceited even out of captivity."

"He is conceited and so is that lioness in the next cage. But still," continued Mrs. Tiger, "she looks as if she had wilder thoughts than he."

"I admire her more," said Mr. Tiger. "She has more sense. She is more of a wild beast. That is what we should be—wild beasts!" And Mr. Tiger growled in a low, fierce manner.

"You didn't tell me what was making you so angry today?" asked Mrs. Tiger. "What are you grumbling about so much more than usual?"

"The roaring of Mr. Lion," said the tiger, "reminds me of the days back in the jungle. And it reminds me of the stories Old Grandpa Tiger used to tell me of his adventures and of the things I must learn to do."

"Tell me about it," said Mrs. Tiger. "I knew you were thinking of something—of the wild life, for you looked as if you could see way over the heads of all the people right into the jungle where you could hunt and get your own dinner."

"My grandpa," said Mr. Tiger, "told me that the lion was not nearly so fine as he was. And he said that in the years to come he would never improve."

"He is so fond of his noisy roar," my grandpa said, "that he is often very foolish. He thinks his roar is so brave and fine. He is so proud of it that he wants to boast and brag about it all the time. And the only way he can do that is by talking about it—and the way he talks is to roar."

"He will often go out into the wilds to hunt in the daytime when he can be caught. He is not clever about his hunting. He is very, very stupid. Now, we go out at night."

"I asked the reason for this and my grandpa was quite angry at first. Then he saw I had to be taught."

"Because we do not want to be seen. We are quiet and clever and tricky," he said. "Tigers are twice as clever as lions in their hunting, and they stand far less chance of being caught."

"We never take any foolish risks. It's only the one who boasts and roars who does such a thing. And so, my little grandson, be sure you hunt when it is dark. Do not take foolish risks. Be clever, be cunning, be quick, be quiet. And do not boast, for boasting gets you nowhere at all and it might get you captured or killed."

"Such was the advice my grandpa gave me, and I have been thinking of it today as I have heard the lion roar and have watched the crowd gathering around."

"But we are famous for being better hunters and if only the people who don't know about our powers like the roaring of the lion, we will not mind, for they are simply stupid!"

Quite Right.

Teacher (after explaining the part played by carbohydrates, proteins and fats respectively in the upkeep of the human body)—Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?

There was a silence, till one maiden held up her hand and replied: "Yes, breakfast, yer dinner and yer tea."

He's Too Conceited.

Teacher (after explaining the part played by carbohydrates, proteins and fats respectively in the upkeep of the human body)—Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?

There was a silence, till one maiden held up her hand and replied: "Yes, breakfast, yer dinner and yer tea."

The Ranch at the Wolverine

A Story of Love and Adventure on Idaho's Plains

By B. M. BOWER

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CHARLIE FOX ARRIVES AT THE COVE AND HELPS MARTHY RUN THE PLACE—HE SOON DISCOVERS EVIDENCE OF CATTLE THEFT.

Synopsis.—Marthy and Jase Melike, pioneers, have for twenty years made a bare living out of their ranch at the Cove on Wolverine creek in the mountain range country of Idaho. Their neighbors, the MacDonalds, living several miles away, have a daughter, Billy Louise, now about nineteen years old, whom Marthy has secretly helped to educate. At the time the story opens Billy Louise is spending the afternoon with Marthy. A snowstorm comes up, and on her way home the girl meets an interesting stranger, who is invited to stay overnight at the MacDonald ranch. Ward Warren and Billy Louise become firm friends. Jase dies and Marthy buries his body without aid.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"You saw mommie, of course. You came from home?"

"No, I did not. I got as far as the creek and saw Blue's tracks coming down, so I just sort of trailed along, seeing it was mommie's daughter I felt most like talking to."

"Mommie's daughter?" laughed a little and hesitantly made a change in the subject.

"I've got to go in and wash the dishes," she said, stepping back from him. "Of course nothing was done in the cabin, and I've been doing a little housecleaning. I guess the dishwasher is not by this time—if it hasn't all boiled away."

Ward, as a matter of course, tied his horse to the fence and went into the cabin with her. He also asked her to stake him to a dish towel, which she did after a good deal of rummaging. He stood with his hat on the back of his head, a cigarette between his lips, and wiped the dishes with much apparent enjoyment. He objected strongly to Billy Louise's assertion that she meant to scrub the floor, but when he found her quite obdurate he changed his method without in the least degree yielding his point, though for diplomatic reasons he appeared to yield.

He carried water from the creek and filled the teakettle, the big iron pot and both pails. Then, when Billy Louise had turned her back, upon him while she looked in a dark corner for the mop, he suddenly seized her under the arms and lifted her upon the table, and before she had finished her astonished gasps he caught up a pail of water and sloshed it upon the floor under her. Then he grinned in his triumph.

Billy Louise gave a squeal of consternation and then sat absolutely still, staring round eyed through the doorway. Ward stepped back—even his composure was slightly jarred—and twisted his lips amusedly.

"Hello," he said after a few blank seconds. "You missed some of it didn't you?" His tone was mildly commiserating. "Will you come in?"

"N-o-o, thank you, I don't believe I will." The speaker looked indignant, however, saw Billy Louise perched upon the table and took off his hat. He was well plastered with dirty water that ran down and left streaks of mud behind. "I must have got off the road," he said. "I'm looking for Jason Melike's ranch."

Billy Louise tucked her feet farther under her skirts and continued to stare dumbly. Ward, glancing at her from the corner of his eyes, stepped consid-



He Caught Up a Pail of Water and Sloshed It on the Floor.

erately between her and the stranger so that his broad shoulders quite hid her from the man's curious stare.

"You've struck the right place," he said calmly. "This is it." He picked up another pail of water and sloshed it upon the wet floor to rinse off the mud.

"Is—ah—Mrs. Melike in?" One could not accuse the young man of craning, but he certainly did try to get another glimpse of the person on the table and failed because of Ward.

"She's down in the meadow," Billy Louise murmured.

"She's down in the meadow," Ward repeated to the bespattered young man. "You just go down past the stable and

follow on down," he waved a hand vaguely before he took up the broom again. "You'll find her, all right," he added encouragingly.

"Oh, Ward! That must be Marthy's nephew. What will he think?"

"Does it matter such a deuce of a lot what he thinks?" Ward went on with his interrupted scrubbing.

"I'm awfully glad he came, anyway," said Billy Louise. "I won't have to stay all night now. I was going to—"

"In that case the young man is welcome as a gold mine. Here they come—be and Mrs. Marthy. You'll have to introduce me; I have never met the lady." Ward hastily returned the mop to its corner, rolled down his sleeves and picked up his gloves. Then he stepped outside and waited beside Billy Louise, looking not in the least like a man who has just wiped a lot of dishes and scrubbed a floor.

The nephew, striding along behind Marthy and showing head and shoulders above her, seemed not to resent any little mischance, such as muddy water flung upon him from a broom. He grinned reminiscently as he came up, shook hands with the two of them and did not let his glance dwell too long or too often upon Billy Louise nor too briefly upon Ward.

When Ward went to the stable after Blue half an hour later Charlie Fox went with him. His manner when they were alone was different, not so exuberantly cheerful—more frank and practical.

"Honest, it floored me completely to see what that poor old woman has been up against down here," he told Warren, stuffing tobacco into a silver rimmed briar pipe while Ward saddled Blue. "I don't know a deuce of a lot about this ranch game, but if that old lady can put it across I guess I can wobble along somehow. Too bad the old man cashed in just now, but Aunt Martha as good as told me he wasn't much force, so maybe I can play a lone hand here as easy as I could have done with him."

Afterward, when Ward thought it over, he remembered gratefully that Charlie Fox had refrained from attempting any discussion of Billy Louise or from asking any questions even remotely personal. He knew enough about men to appreciate the taciturn silences of the stranger, and when Billy Louise on the way home predicted that the nephew was going to be a success Ward did not feel like qualifying the verdict.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mystery of the Missing.

WHEN Charlie Fox rode down to the Wolverine a month or so later, tied his horse under the shed and came up to the cabin as though he knew of no better place in all the world; when he greeted "mommie" as though she were something precious in his sight and talked with her about the things she was most interested in and actually made her feel as if he were immensely interested also, Billy Louise simply could not help admiring him and liking him for his frank good nature and his kindness. She had never before met a man just like Charlie Fox, though she had known many who were what Ward once called "parlor broke."

It was not until Charlie was leaving that he gave Billy Louise a hint that his errand was not yet accomplished. She walked down with him to where his horse was tied and so gave him a bloom against the dull brown of the chance to speak what was in his mind.

"You know, I hate to mention little worries before your mother," he said. "Those pathetic eyes of hers make me ashamed to bother her with a thing. But I am worried, Miss Louise. I came over to ask you if you've seen anything of four calves of ours. I know you ride a good deal through the hills. They disappeared a week ago, and I can't find any trace of them. I've been looking all through the hills, but I can't locate them."

Billy Louise had not seen them, either, and she begged for particulars. "I don't see how they could get away from your cove," she said, "unless your bars were down."

"The bars were all right. It was last Friday, I think. I'm not sure. They were in the little meadow above the house, you see. I was away that night, and Aunt Martha is a little hard of hearing. She wouldn't hear anything unless there were considerable noise. I came home the next forenoon—I was over to Seaback's—and the bars were in place then. Aunt Martha had not

been up the gorge nor had any one come to the ranch while I was gone. So you see, Miss Louise, here's a very pretty mystery."

"You think they were driven off, don't you?" Billy Louise asked a question with the words, and made a statement of it with her tone, which was a trick of hers.

Charlie Fox shook his head, but his eyes did not complete the denial. "Miss Louise, I'd work every other theory to death before I'd admit that possibility. I don't know all of my neighbors so very well, but I should hesitate a long, long time."

"It needn't have been a neighbor. There are lots of strange men passing through the country. Did you look for tracks?"

"I did not. I didn't want to admit that possibility. I decline to admit it now." The chin of Charlie Fox squared perceptibly, so that Billy Louise caught a faint resemblance to Marthy in his face. "I saw a man accused of a theft once," he said. "The evidence was—or seemed—absolutely unassailable. And afterward he was exonerated completely. It was just a horrible mistake. But he left school under a cloud. His life was ruined by the blunder. I'd have to know absolutely before I'd accuse any one of stealing those calves, Miss Louise. I'd have to see them in a man's corral, with his brand on them—I believe that's the way it's done, out here—and even then—"

"Where have you looked?" There were reasons why this particular subject was painful to Billy Louise. "And are you sure they didn't get out of that pasture and wander on down the Cove, among all those willows? It's a perfect jungle away down. Are you sure they aren't with the rest of the cattle? I don't see how they could leave the Cove unless they were driven out."

"Yes, I thought of that—strange as it may seem," Charlie's voice was unflinching. On the contrary, he seemed glad that she took so keen an interest in his affairs. "It has been a week, you know, since they flew the coop. I did hunt every foot of that Cove twice over. I drove every hoof of stock up and correlated them and made sure these four were not in the herd. Then I hunted through every inch of that willow jungle and all along the bluff and the river. Miss Louise, I put in three days at it, from sunrise till it was too dark to see. Then I began riding out. There isn't a trace of them anywhere. I had just bought them from Seaback, you know. I drove them home, and because they were tired, and so was I, I just left them in that upper meadow as I came down the gorge. I hadn't branded them yet. I know I've made an awful botch of the thing, Miss Louise," he confessed, turning toward her with an honest distress and a self-flaying humility in his eyes that wiped from Billy Louise's mind any incipient tendency toward contempt. "But you see I'm green at this ranch game. And I never dreamed those calves weren't perfectly safe in there. The fence was new and strong, and the bars are absolutely bars to any stock larger than a rabbit."

"I hate to bother you with this, and I don't want you to think I have come whining for sympathy," he said after a minute of moody silence. "But, seeing they were not branded yet—with our brand—I thought perhaps you had run across them and paid no attention, thinking they belonged to Seaback."

Billy Louise smiled a little to herself. If he had not been quite so "green" at the ranch game he would have mentioned brands at first as the most important point instead of tacking on the information casually after ten minutes of other less vital details.

"Were they vented?" she asked, suppressing the smile so that it was merely a twitch of the lips which might mean anything.

"I—yes, I think they were. That's what you call it when the former owner puts his brand in a different place to show that his ownership has ceased, isn't it?" Seaback puts his brand upside down."

"I know Seaback's vent," Billy Louise cut in. There was no need of letting such a fine fellow display more ignorance on the subject. "And I should have noticed it if I had seen four calves vented fresh and not rebranded. Why in the world didn't you stick your brand on at the same time?" Billy Louise was losing patience with his greenness.

"I didn't have my branding iron with me," Charlie answered humbly. "I have done that before, when I bought those other cows and calves. I—"

"You'd better pack your iron next time," she retorted. "If you can't get a little bunch of calves ten miles without losing them—"

"But you must understand I did. I took them home and turned them into the Cove. I know—I'm an awful clump at this."

"The calves may not be absolutely lost, you know. Why, I lost a big steer last spring and never found him till I was going to sell a few head. Then he turned up, the biggest and fattest one in the bunch. You can't tell. They get themselves in queer places sometimes. I'll come over tomorrow if I can and take a look at that pasture

and all around. And I'll keep a good lookout for the calves."

Many men would have objected to the unconscious patronage of her tone. That Charlie Fox did not, but accepted the spirit of helpfulness in her words, lifted him out of the small natured class.

"It's awfully good of you," he said. "You know a lot more about the bovine nature than I do, for all I put in every spare minute studying the subject. I'm taking four different stock journals now, Miss Louise. I'll bet I know a lot more about the different strains of various breeds than you do, Miss Cattle Queen. But I'm beginning to see that we only know what we learn by experience. I've a new book on the subject of heredity of the cattle. I'm going home and see if Seaback hasn't stumbled upon a strain that can be traced back to your native mountain sheep."

Billy Louise laughed and said good-by and stood leaning over the gate watching him as he zigzagged up the hill, stopping his horse often to breathe. She began to wonder, then, about those calves. Vented and not rebranded; they would be easy game for any man who first got his own brand on them. She meant to get a description of them when she saw Charlie again—it was like his innocence to forget the most essential details—and she meant to keep her eyes open. If Charlie were right about the calves not being any-



"If You'll Let Down the Bars, Mr. Fox, I'll Hit the Trail."

where in the cove, then they had been driven out of it, stolen. Billy Louise turned dejectedly away from the fence and went down to a shady nook by the creek where she had always liked to do her worrying and hard thinking.

The next day she rode early to the Cove and learned some things from Marthy which she had not gleaned from Charlie. She learned that two of the calves were a deep red except for a wide, white strip on the nose of one and white hind feet on the other; that another was spotted on the hindquarters and that the fourth was white, with large, red blotches. She had known cattle all her life. She would know these if she saw them anywhere.

She also discovered for herself that they could not have broken out of that pasture and that the river bank was impassable because of high, thick bushes and miry mud in the open spaces. She had a fight with Blue over these latter places and demonstrated beyond doubt that they were miry by getting him in to the knees in spite of his violent objections. They left deep tracks behind them when they got out. The calves had not gone investigating the bank, for there was not a trace anywhere, and the bluff was absolutely unscalable. Billy Louise herself would have felt doubtful of climbing out that way. The gray rim rock stood straight and high at the top, with never a crevice, so far as she could see, and the gorge was barred so that it was impossible to go that way without lifting heavy poles out of deep sockets and sliding them to one side.

"I've got an idea about a gate here," Charlie confided mysteriously. "There won't be any more mysteries like this. I'm going to fix a swinging gate in place of these bars, Miss Louise. I shall have it swing uphill like this, and I'll have a weight arranged so that it will always close itself if one is careless enough to ride on and leave it open. I have it all worked out in my alleged brain. I shall do it right away too. Aunt Marthy is rather nervous about this gorge now. Every evening she walks up here herself to make sure the bars are closed."

"You may as well make up your mind to it," said Billy Louise irrelevantly in a tone of absolute certainty. "Those calves were driven out of the gorge. That means stolen. You needn't accuse any one in particular. I don't suppose you could. But they were stolen."

Charlie frowned and glanced up speculatively at the bluff's rim. "Oh, your mountain sheep theory is no good," Billy Louise giggled. "I doubt if a lizard even would try to leave the Cove over the bluff," which certainly was a sweeping statement when you consider a lizard's habits. "A mountain sheep couldn't anyway."

"They're hummers to climb—"

"But calves are not, Mr. Fox. Not like that. You know yourself they were stolen. Why not admit it?"

"Would that do any good—bring them back?" he countered, looking up at her.

"N-o, but I do hate to see a person deliberately shut his eyes in front of a fact. We may as well admit to ourselves that there is a rustler in the

country. Then we can look out for him."

Charlie's eyes had the troubled look. "I hate to think that. Aunt Martha insists that is what we are up against, but—"

"Well, she knows more about it than you do, believe me. If you'll let down the bars, Mr. Fox, I'll hit the trail, and if I find out anything I'll let you know at once."

When she rode over the bleak upland she caught herself wishing that she might talk the thing over with Ward. He would know just what ought to be done. But winter was coming, and she would drive her stock down into the fields she had ready. They would be safe there surely. Still, she wished Ward would come. She wanted to talk it over with a man who understood and who knew more about such things than she did.

The fate of the four heifer calves became permanently wrapped in the blank fog of mystery. Billy Louise watched for them when she rode out in the hills and spent a good deal of time heretofore given over to dreaming in trying to solve the riddle of their disappearance. Charlie Fox insisted upon keeping to the theory that they had merely strayed. Marthy grumbled sometimes over the loss, and Ward, well, Ward did not put in an appearance again that fall or winter and so did not hear of the incident.

CHAPTER V.

The Little Devil of Doubt.

THE spring had come, and Wolverine canyon, with the sun shining down aslant into its depths, was a picturesque gash in the hills, wild enough in all conscience, but to the normal person not in the least degree gloomy. The jutting crags were sunlit and warm. The cherry thickets whispered in a light breeze and sheltered birds that sang in perfect content. Not a gloomy place surely when the peace of a sunny morning laid its spell upon the land.

Billy Louise, however, did not respond to the canyon's enticements. She brooded over her own discouragements and the tantalizing little puzzles which somehow would not lend themselves to any convincing solution. She was in that condition of nervous depression where she saw her finest cows dead by blot in the alfalfa meadows and how would she pay that machinery note then? She saw John Pringle calling unexpectedly and insistently for his "time," and where would she find another man whom she could trust out of her sight? John Pringle was slow, and he was stupid and growled at poor Phoebe till Billy Louise wanted to shake him, but he was "steady," and that one virtue covers many a man's faults and keeps him drawing wages regularly.

Her mother had been more and more inclined to worry as the hot weather came on. Late in her anxiety over small things had rather got upon the nerves of Billy Louise. She felt ill used and downhearted and as if nothing mattered much anyway. She passed her cave with a mere glance and scowled for the memories of golden days in her lonely childhood that clung around it.

She was in this particularly dissatisfied mood when she rode out of the canyon at its upper end, where the hills folded softly down into grassy valleys where her cattle loved best to graze. Since the grass had started in the spring she had kept her little herd up here among the lower hills, and by riding along the higher ridges every day or so and turning back a wandering animal now and then she had held them in a comparatively small area, where they would be easily gathered in the fall. A few head of Seaback's stock had wandered in among hers and some of Marthy's. And there was a big roan steer that bore the brand of Johnson, over on Snake river. Billy Louise knew them all, as a housewife knows her flock of chickens, and if she missed seeing certain leaders in the scattered groups she rode until she found them. Two old cows and one big red steer that seemed always to have a following were bells that tinkled pleasant little sounds in the alder thickets along the creek as she passed by.

She rode up the long ridge which gave her a wide view of the surrounding hills and stopped Blue, while she stared moodily at the familiar, shadow spotted expanse of high piled ridges, with deep, green valleys, and deeper hued canyons between. She loved them, every one. But today they failed to steep her senses in that deep content with life which only the great outdoors can give to one who has learned how satisfying is the draft and how soothing.

Billy Louise becomes very much discouraged over the state of family finances. She hears and sees things that make her doubt Ward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Crepes and Pongees.

Creme de chine, in spite of its name, does not come from China but from Japan, Italy and France. There are no factories for making silk piece goods in China, all the weaving being done by hand. With the exception of pongees, the products of the Chinese looms are not popular abroad, except in Oriental countries, being too heavy, although the patterns are wonderfully beautiful and the colors exceedingly rich.

The pongees are woven in the homes of the peasants, and as they come from many looms no two pieces are ever exactly alike in weight, fineness, color and texture. The Shantung comes from the Lintang district, and the Nanhai from the Nigai district.



DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SNOBISH ZEBU.

"Why have you a hump on your back?" asked the camel of the zebu. "For no reason at all," answered the zebu.

"Then it's silly to have it," said the camel.

"What can you say about silliness?" asked the zebu. "Haven't I heard that you were a very foolish animal?"

"Perhaps," said the camel, "but my hump is of great use. My back carries people and food and blankets—in fact many useful things."

"I would call food and blankets useful—people are quite different," said the zebu.

"Aren't people useful?" asked the camel. "And if not, why do we have them around?"

"Sometimes they are useful when they try to be," said the zebu, "but for my part I do not care whether people are useful or not. They have a great deal of good sense. Where I come from they worship me. They think I am a sacred animal and I am treated royally."

"No wonder you like people," said the camel. "And where do you come from?"

"My home is the great country of India. It must be a great country or they wouldn't think so much of me. I'm a great creature."

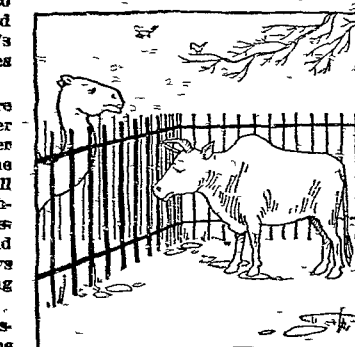
"You are certainly mighty fond of yourself. What do you do that is so great and noble?"

"Do," repeated the zebu, looking very much horrified. "I don't do anything to speak of. I'm a superior animal and they just naturally think everything of me. I have horns—they are handsome. And it is true that my family has one great gift. We have excellent milk to give to the world—excellent."

"I've heard them say that you were like a Jersey cow," said the camel.

"I never could have been called one because my home is India, not Jersey. And I'm a zebu, and not a cow. Still I believe we are somewhat alike. Of course I belong to the cattle family. But then we are sacred cattle. That's very fine."

"I should think you would want to be of more use to the world. To do nothing seems very idle. I have been



"It Seems to Me You Are Very Snobish," Said the Camel.

known to take very long trips and to carry a great deal upon my back."

"My dear camel," said the zebu, "please do not compare yourself with me. And do not compare your family with my family. I will admit we are a little like the cow family, but then we are a great deal better. We don't have to work, because we are so superior."

"It sounds strange," said the camel. "Every one and every other creature is always talking about work. They think it's fine to work, and are very proud of it."

"Of course," said the zebu, "because people are living in this rushing age."

"Explain yourself," said the camel.

"The keeper in the zoo was talking the other day about us. Some foolish person asked, 'What do they do?'"

"The keeper said, 'It's a natural question when every one is so busy these days, but these animals don't do anything because they were brought up to be the sacred cattle of India. They don't work. They just do nothing.' And he was right. We don't work because we were never used to it. We like to be idle and it's far finer we think."

"We feel more royal, more noble and less like common cattle."

"It seems to me you are very snobish," said the camel.

"Perhaps," said the zebu. "We can't help it as we've been brought up that way."

"Too bad," said the camel.

"We are pleasant and are not rough," said the zebu. "Of course we always like to be polite and so we wouldn't be rough. It's rude to be cross and annoying."

"Glad you are pleasant anyway," said the camel, as he walked off to another part of his zoo home.

Later on some children were walking by and they saw the zebu who had been talking, and others of the same family.

They looked so bored and they were doing nothing. They were just standing. Their horns looked quite interesting, the children thought, but still they did seem to be rather stupid.

And the children were right, for the zebu family do get bored and tired because they do nothing at all and lead such dull lives!

Blind Prejudice.
Love may be blind, but it is not half as blind as prejudice.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the Village Hall Monday, January 7, 1918.

Present—Charles S. Filkins, President; Trustees, Hotaling, Montgomery and Stanley.

There being no quorum present, the meeting was adjourned to Wednesday, January 9, 1918.

T. E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

An adjourned regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the Village Hall Wednesday, January 9, 1918.

Present—Charles S. Filkins, President; Trustees, Van Valkenburg, Stanley, Tewksbury, Montgomery, Balden. Quorum present.

Minutes of meeting of December 3, 1917, were read and approved.

The Finance Committee audited the following bills:

W. K. Pruden, coal,	\$399.09
Detroit Edison Co.,	2.73
Detroit Edison Co., Eaton,	3.31
Detroit Edison Co., power,	19.57
Detroit Edison Co.,	290.27
P. Dolph, freight on coal,	143.12
Leo Lawrence, highway,	28.65
H. D. Johnson, highway,	1.35
S. Litsenberger, highway,	3.00
E. B. Whitcomb, coal,	700.00
C. J. McKahn,	75.50
M. A. Porter, w. w.,	14.25
Leo Lawrence, w. w.,	14.00
Henry Cooper, highway,	50
Detroit Edison Co.,	20.25
J. W. Thompson, rent of hall,	3.00
T. E. Murdock, clerk,	37.50
Otto Loomis, care of clock,	12.75
P. S. Palmer, w. w.,	1.50
Fire Department,	23.50
Wm. H. Hoyt,	1.60
H. E. Taft,	25.00
P. W. Lyke,	7.28
W. E. Ambler,	30.50
Roy Cramer, w. w.,	1.50
M. A. Porter,	16.25
M. R. Seely,	9.20
T. W. McCordle,	7.65
M. R. Seely,	6.60
A. Bradner,	.50
Harold Wilcox,	25.00
Ernie Lyke,	4.43
Neal Printing Co., streets,	236.15
Detroit Edison Co., power,	41.91
Detroit Edison Co., Xmas,	34.80
Detroit Edison Co., hall,	3.49
Detroit Edison Co., Eaton,	3.49
John Lockwood,	50.00
J. A. Huff,	1.80

Moved by Van Valkenburg and supported by Stanley that bills be allowed and ordered paid.

Yeas—Van Valkenburg, Stanley, Tewksbury, Montgomery, Balden. Nays—None. Carried.

On motion council adjourned.

T. E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

RECORD LIVERS PAY—ANY ONE.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Parsons returned last week from Detroit and expects to remain at her home here for the present.

Frank and Edgar Freydl returned last week from a three weeks' visit with relatives in Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Mrs. Wm. Scotten and sons arrived at their home here last week from a several months' stay in sunny California, just in time to be greeted by the worst cold weather conditions in the history of Michigan.

Mrs. Ross M. Dixon and her mother, Mrs. William Smith of Algonac spent last Sunday at the J. M. Dixon home, leaving on Monday for Chicago, to remain with their husband and father, Capt. Smith, until April first.

STATE FRUIT MEN MEET.

The mid-winter meeting of the State Horticultural society will be held in South Haven, Feb. 5th and 6th. A large attendance of fruit growers from all parts of the state is expected and a very interesting and instructive program has been prepared.

The seriousness of the labor situation for the present year will be discussed extensively.

Programs will be mailed in the near future to members of the society, or to others on request. For particulars write, Geo. M. Low, Secretary, Bangor, Michigan.

Nature's Great Hoodoo Temple.

In the Hoodoo-basin of western Wyoming are curious formations which resemble Punch and Judy heads, grim savages, sinpering old maids, monkeys, rabbits, birds and animals. There are fifty different shapes of heads, says Popular Science Monthly, and over forty different animal and human faces have been counted. The rock out of which the hoodoos have been carved by Dame Nature is what is known as volcanic breccia.

Dyspepsia.

Eating when in the state of nervous exhaustion or great physical fatigue, prolonged mental strain or excessive grief may be sufficient to cause severe dyspepsia.

THE KID ENLISTS.

The Kid has gone to the colors. And we don't know what to say; The Kid we have loved and cuddled Stepped out for the flag today. We thought him a child, a baby With never a care at all, But his country called him man-size And the Kid has heard the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting. Whore, fired by the fife and drum. He bowed his head to Old Glory And thought that it whispered; "Come!"

The Kid not being a slacker, Stood forth with patriot-joy To add his name to the roster And God, we're proud of the boy!

The Kid has gone to the colors; It seems but a little while Since he drilled a school boy army In a truly martial style. But now he's a man, a soldier, And we lend him listening ear. For his heart is a heart all loyal, Uncoursed by the curse of fear.

His dad, when we told him, shuddered. His mother—God bless her! cried. Yet, blest with a mother nature, She wept with a mother's pride. But he whose old shoulders straightened Was Granddad—for memory ran To years when he, too, a youngster, Was changed by the flag to a man!

W. M. Herschell, in Indianapolis News.

HALF-CENTURY ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCullough, highly esteemed Northville residents, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Wednesday, January 16, very simply and quietly, with only their immediate family and friends as guests, a company of fourteen, all told.

A prominent feature of the refreshments which were served was a big wedding cake, ornamented with 50 flags instead of the customary candles. A pleasing program of music and other entertainment was enjoyed and a number of pretty presents bestowed on the "bride and groom."

A postal card shower of large numbers from Mrs. McCullough's sister members of the W. R. C. and also from other friends, was another pleasant reminder of the occasion.

THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

(Continued from page 1)

C. 120th M. G. has been honorably discharged from the service because of physical disability, and has returned to his home here. He was put under surgical treatment but a cure was not effected.

Robert Limbight, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Limbight of this place, has recently enlisted in the aviation service of the U. S. 22nd regiment and has been sent to Fort Thomas, Kentucky.

Capt. Thomas B. Henry has gone to Edgewood, Maryland, to take charge of the sanitary work for the government hospital and gas shell works under construction there.

Conrad L. Langfield, who has been stationed at New York, in the Medical division has been transferred to Washington, D. C. in the Surgeon General's office.

A Handy Utensil.

"The soldiers in the trenches wear gas masks, and near the front the French children go to school with them on," mused a citizen of Parkville, who was of unusual width between the eyes, observes the Kansas City Star. "I believe if I could get hold of a practicable gas mask I would wear it to the town hall tonight, where the handbills announce that Hon. Bragg Blow will talk on the patriotic duties of the hour, but where in reality he will with many words permit us to learn the glad news that at the earnest solicitation of his many friends he has reluctantly consented to become a candidate for re-election to congress."

The Smallest Cartoon.

A certain small boy has drawn a caricature picture of President Wilson upon a single grain of corn. He spent about a half hour in doing the work, for which he used water colors, says Christian Science Monitor. It is said that some time ago he drew a similar picture upon a single grain of corn and, upon sending his work to the president, he received an appreciative acknowledgment from Washington. This is believed to be the smallest cartoon picture in the world, for it measures only about a quarter of an inch in the longest direction. The likeness is in profile.

Robin Adair.

"Robin Adair" is not a Scotch song. It is Irish, and was first known as "Eileen Aroon" or "Eibhlin a ruin." It is very old, as songs go, the words being written about 1380, by Carol O'Daly. The tune as we know it belongs to Cornelius Lyons (1702). The Scottish version was written by Lady Caroline Keppel in 1753; five years later she married Mr. Robert Adair M. P. from Packtown, County Dublin, Ireland.

To Relieve Colic in Horses.

In case of colic, rather strong salt water poured down a horse's throat will often afford great relief. Dry salt applied to the back of the horse over the kidneys will also relieve greatly.

SOLDIERS SEND THANKS FOR RED CROSS GIFTS

Our first soldier letter this week is one written to Mrs. F. S. Harmon in acknowledgment of gifts from the local Red Cross, by Tracy Ely:

"Dear Mrs. Harmon: You will think that I am very ungrateful and slow in thanking the Red Cross for the fine comfort kit sent me. It is very fine and very handy and I am very glad that you remembered me."

"I like Camp Meade quite well and am getting on well with my work. Have been transferred from the 23rd to the 28th Engineers, a new regiment of only 2 companies as yet, although there will be 6 when the regiment is filled—about 1,500 men. The men are from all over the U. S. and a fine lot of fellows. We are training hard every day and building bridges and other engineering jobs. Would have liked to be home to see the Christmas tree, from which I received a box of candy that was very nice. I think I have rambled on for quite a long time, but don't think you will mind hearing a few things about Camp Meade and the 28th Engineers."

"I haven't seen Peter Perkins in some time, as he is in another part of the camp. He was getting along very good the last I knew. With many thanks to you and the other members of the Red Cross."

Sergeant TRACY ELY, Co. B., 28th Eng., Camp Meade, Md.

L. D. Stage writes:

"To the Northville Red Cross: I wish to thank the Red Cross for all the useful gifts I have received from their hands. You may rest assured that thru your unflinching energy the Northville boys are as fully equipped, or better, than any of the boys here in camp. If the soldier of America fights with the same courage and endurance the women of our country have shown in working for them, I guess the Kaiser is nix, but I am afraid if you had been as slow in your work as I have been in thanking you, the men would have frozen to death. Thanking each and every member of the Red Cross and congratulating them on the quality and quantity of their work."

I remain very truly yours,

Pte L. D. STAGE, Co. F 316th Eng., Camp Custer."

Much comment has been made on

the recent letter in the Record from France to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Williams, and extracts from two other letters from their young son, Ruel, are equally interesting.

December 3, 1917

"Dear Mother and Father: Have received two letters from you so far. The one mailed October 22 was received a week before the one mailed October 17. You see therefore, that our mail deliveries as yet are very irregular. A better system will no doubt be established later. This is why I hate to risk sending you anything of value for Christmas. I am however, taking a chance by sending you a box. I thought of getting you something more useful, mother, but no matter what I sent I don't think you would ever use it, and as a souvenir of France this is as good as anything. It is called 'sachet a mouchoir' The use of it you will understand from the handkerchiefs in it. It is very handy, but it is hard to get anything here that isn't. Some of the soldiers here wear tight-fitting red pants with black coats and tight leggings. You can imagine what they look like. Their love of bright colors is probably the reason they wear a uniform like that. The pipe and tobacco and pouch, Dad, aren't very expensive but are souvenirs of France. I don't suppose you will ever smoke the tobacco more than once, but you will know what French tobacco is like. I suppose you wonder how I was faring Thanksgiving day, when all the folks were home. Uncle Sam looks after the boys in pretty good shape, as you will say when I tell you what we had for dinner: turkey, potatoes and gravy, bread and butter, coffee, cranberry sauce and pie. Perhaps you had more at home, but you must consider the distance our supplies have to be transported. We are now able to buy candy, tobacco, canned fruits and various good things through the commissary at cost. We can buy American tobacco cheaper than in the states as there is no tax on it when the government buys it."

In a letter to his sister, Ruel says:

"I have seen a good bit of France in the short time I have been here. Everything seems strange and old-fashioned compared with things in the States. The people seem to be quick-witted but slow-moving. They also seem to be contented with their way of living. It is strange to see them plowing with oxen and using old-fashioned implements. The towns are just a jumble of buildings of all shapes and sizes and the streets are very narrow and run in all directions. One might easily get lost in them in daylight. I find lots of things to interest me, am enjoying myself and in

perfect health," but nevertheless will be glad to get back home when this little scrap is over.

RUEL G. WILLIAMS, Amb. Co. 168, 117th Sanitary Train, 42nd Division, A. E. F."

A LETTER FROM CAMP CUSTER.

Extracts are given below from a letter written to Northville relatives by Orrin Casterline, of Co. 1, 338th Infantry, Camp Custer:

"I will give you a brief description of my life here. We get up at 5:45 in the morning and have breakfast at a quarter after five, then make up our bunks and fall out for drill at 7, drill until 11:30, then have 'chow' as we call it; drill in the afternoon till 4, have retreat at 4:40 when we are through for the day, unless we get fire call in the night. Everything is 'walk' here. When we go to the trenches or work we walk the 4 miles, and the wagons bring our dinner out to us, and we all get around the fire and have dinner—lots to eat—rest till 1:30. We have everything we need to work with and it is lots of fun. We leave there about 3:30 to get in for retreat."

We generally have drilling inside when it is stormy, but if we are out we all have rain coats or ponchos, so do not get wet. We have got helmets to cover our ears, so don't mind the cold at all."

"We have time for games; also there is everything we need here in the Y. M. C. A.—moving pictures, boxing, wrestling, etc. Went to a play last night that was great."

"Well, I am going to gas school this afternoon; have to go six days. I don't know what it is, but will find out. We appreciated the Christmas tree box."

It was just fine. ORRIN CASTERLINE."

Too Much of Good Thing.

"I tell you," said the real estate agent, "there isn't a finer residence development 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."

Airquakes.

An English astronomer of prominence has advanced the theory that there are airquakes, entirely independent of earthquakes that are caused by the explosion of meteors in the atmosphere.

Consoling.

The Bride-to-Be—"My only worry is about mother. She's bound to miss me terribly." Friend of the Family—"Ah, well, she can't complain. After all, she's had you longer than most mothers keep their daughters."

The Best Traps.

The trapper who has to buy traps, baits, and other trapping supplies should be sure to get the best that can be had, for while the first cost may seem higher, the best goods are much the cheaper in the end.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Harry A. Jones and Margaret E. Jones, his wife, of Detroit, Michigan, to Albert Ebersole and Lydia Ebersole, his wife, of Northville, Michigan, dated November 9th, 1916, and recorded on the 28th day of November, 1916, in Liber 441 on page 428 of Mortgages, in the office of the Register in and for Wayne County, Michigan; and which said mortgage was, on the 25th day of November, 1916, duly assigned by said Albert Ebersole and Lydia Ebersole to the Lapham State Savings Bank, a corporation organized under the general banking laws of the State of Michigan, of Northville, Michigan, and which said assignment was recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds on January 15th, 1917, in Liber 67 of Assignments of Mortgages on page 87; and whereas, the said mortgagors have been in default in the payment of principal and interest on said mortgage upwards of thirty days last past, said assignee of mortgage does hereby elect to declare the whole principal sum and interest secured by said mortgage due and payable at once. There is now claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of eleven thousand, five hundred and eighty-six dollars and fifty-eight cents, (\$11,586.98), and whereas, no proceedings have been taken in law or equity to foreclose said mortgage. Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises. That on the 8th day of April, 1918, at 12:00 o'clock noon (eastern standard time) at the southerly or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County Building (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held), the premises described in said mortgage will be sold to satisfy said indebtedness and interest and the costs and expenses of sale, attorney fees as allowed by law, and also any sum or sums that shall be paid out on or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes or insurance to protect its interest in said premises, the said premises being situated in the township of Northville, Wayne County, Michigan, and described as: The east half of the southwest quarter and the west half of the southeast quarter of section nine (9), except ten acres off the northeast corner thereof sold to John D. Harmon.

Dated, January 2, 1918.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK, Assignee of Mortgage.

C. C. YERKES, Attorney for Assignee of Mortgage, Northville, Michigan.

24-36.

VAUDEVILLE

When visiting Detroit don't fail to see the finest Vaudeville Theatre in the world

TEMPLE THEATRE.

Two Performances Daily 8:15 and 8:45 p. m.

Solendid Seats at 10-20-25c

Don't Overlook that subscription. If you are in arrears remember that we can always find good use for the MONEY

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 fourth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of MARY SANDERSON, deceased.

Instruments in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate.

It is ordered, that the thirteenth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon eastern standard time, at said court room be appointed for proving said instruments.

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.)

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT, Register.

25-27

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by George A. Rackham and Sarah Rackham, his wife, of Detroit, Michigan, to William A. Haines, of the same place, dated April 3, 1912, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Wayne on the 5th day of April, 1912, in Liber 620 of Mortgages on page 112, and which mortgage was duly assigned by William A. Haines to Horace H. Rackham, by assignment of mortgage bearing date July 2, 1915, and which assignment was recorded on July 3, 1915, in Liber 62 of Assignments on page 50; and whereas, by reason of said default there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, including principal and interest, the sum of \$4,554.00; and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in the said mortgage contained and of the statutes of the State of Michigan, the undersigned will sell by public auction to the highest bidder on Monday, February 18, 1918, at 12:00 o'clock noon, Eastern Standard time, at the southerly or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County Building in the city of Detroit, county of Wayne, state of Michigan, (that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held), the premises described in said mortgage, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said indebtedness and the costs and expenses of sale, including an attorney fee allowed by law and also any sum or sums that shall be paid at or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes to protect his interest in the premises described in said mortgage, such premises being situated in the township of Greenfield, county of Wayne, and state of Michigan, and described as follows:

"All that part of the west one-half of the southwest one-quarter of Section nineteen (19), Town one (1) South of Range eleven (11) east, bounded and described as beginning at the southeasterly corner of said west half, thence north one (1) degree and ten (10) minutes west along the easterly line of said west half, eighteen and 98-100 (18.93) chains to the center line of the Grand River Road, thence north sixty-one (61) degrees west along the center line of said road five (5) chains and sixty-five (65) links, thence south one (1) degree and two (2) minutes east twenty-one (21) chains and eighty-seven (87) links to a post on the southerly line of said section surrounded with broken glass, thence north eighty-eight (88) degrees and ten (10) minutes east along the southerly line of said section four (4) chains and ninety-five (95) links to the place of beginning; containing 10.0593 acres more or less."

Dated, November 19th, 1917.

HORACE H. RACKHAM, Assignee of Mortgage.

C. C. YERKES, Attorney for Assignee of Mortgage, Northville, Michigan.

18-4

TO OUR LIGHTING CUSTOMERS

All previous orders of the Fuel Administrator covering sign and display lighting have been cancelled. A new order, now in effect, permits sign and display lighting to be used as in the past excepting on

THURSDAY NIGHTS and SUNDAY NIGHTS

On Thursdays and Sundays no sign nor display nor advertising lighting whatever can be used. Lighting to entrance of business places and porches of residences must be reduced to the minimum necessary for safety.

Lighting of Show Windows Must be shut off entirely when the stores close. It is further ordered that as few lights as possible be maintained in homes and other places on Thursdays and Sundays.

This Company is required to enforce these rulings, and we ask our customers to conform cheerfully to the new orders.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY.

Alex Dow, President.



JUST WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

Batteries Stored and Charged. Tires and Tubes Vulcanized.

Having Installed a New Battery Charging Outfit we are in a position to Recharge Batteries.

When a Car is laid up for the winter, it is best to have the Battery Recharged Monthly. This we do, when you bring your Batteries to us for Storage.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS Northville, Mich.