

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD

VOL. XLVIII, NO. 36.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

YOU OUGHT TO JOIN THE AUTO CLUB

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING LAST
FRIDAY NIGHT OF GOOD RE-
SULTS.

CAPT. W. S. GILBREATH OF DE-
TROIT AUTO CLUB FAME WAS
HERE.

There were a hundred or more motorists and interested citizens out to the automobile meeting last Friday night, and some fifty have subscribed to the membership.

Capt. W. S. Gilbreath of the Detroit Auto club was present and delivered a very interesting and enthusiastic address, showing the importance and value of organization and what has been and can be accomplished for good roads and auto protection by such a combination of efforts.

President C. C. Yerkes gave a very interesting opening address and spoke of what was hoped for by the organization.

The club proposes to take into membership residents of Novi, Walled Lake, Salem, Plymouth, Livonia, and Farmington. The bigger the organization the more can be accomplished.

The membership is not to be confined alone to motorists but is designed to include any person interested in better roads and better road conditions. It is hoped to get an improved condition of the roads from Northville to Novi and Walled Lake; and also to speed up the completion of the "Outer Belt" cement road, the only broken link of which is now between Plymouth and Northville.

As Mr. Gilbreath and Mr. Yerkes stated, nothing but a goodly sized organization in point of membership, united with a push movement will accomplish results.

Do your bit by joining if you have not already done so.

DAYLIGHT SAVING LAW PASSED BY CONGRESS

SET YOUR STANDARD TIME
CLOCKS AHEAD ONE HOUR ON
MARCH 31, "THEN FORGET IT."

House amendment to the daylight-saving bill, requiring all timepieces to be advanced one hour beginning the last Sunday in March, have been accepted by the senate.

The change in time will remain in effect until the last Sunday in October, when clocks will be turned back again.

Millions of dollars annually will be saved to the country by putting the plan into effect, according to its supporters. Approximately \$40,000,000 alone will be saved in the nation's lighting bill, it is said.

The general plan was adopted last year in many of the European countries with marked success, and has the approval of virtually all industries and commercial establishments in the United States. Its adoption is particularly urged by the National War Garden commission for its value to war gardeners. The commission in a statement estimating the number of war gardeners at 3,000,000 says:

"In seven months of 26 days each there will be an addition of 546,000,000 hours to the working time of city, town and village gardeners. This is equivalent to 63,250,000 days of eight hours each or 186,936 years."

The local observance of the new law will necessitate doing away with the half-hour opening time of schools and factories which has been in use all over this part of Michigan ever since the (so-called) adoption of central standard time some years ago. No confusion whatever need result if factories and schools begin work at seven o'clock and nine o'clock, respectively, by the town clock and close at 12 for the usual one-hour recess. The government is especially particular about these industrial and school rules of opening and closing, as failure on the part of the industries and public schools to observe the regulation will defeat the main purpose of the law, as above outlined.

In Northville, however, the factories with the exception of the Dubuor Co. and the schools will maintain a half-hour schedule, the same as at present and comply with the new law by setting their clocks ahead one hour. The factories will commence work at 6:30 a. m. under the new schedule which will be really one hour earlier

than at present. School will commence at 8:30 a. m., by the new time with the noon hour 11:30 to 12:30.

The banking hours will be from 8:00 a. m. to 3:30 p. m., and the hours at the Dubuor Mfg. Co. from 7 to 12 and from 1 to 6.

The whole thing can be made very simple, as stated in an extract from one of our exchanges, in another column.

Attention is also called to the proclamation by Mayor Coldren in this issue.

NORTHVILLE PICTURES SHOWN IN FRANCE

SOLDIER BOY ASTONISHED WHEN
HOME SCENES AND PEOPLE
SUDDENLY APPEAR ON SCREEN.

Of our fine batch of soldier letters this week, procedure is given, for obvious reasons, to the following extracts from a letter dated March 26, received Tuesday by Mrs. Louise Thayer Bryan from her husband, Karl Bryan of the Headquarters Co., band, 126th U. S. N. C., who explains that a sextette consisting of the soloists of the band had gone, in company with Governor Percy of Mississippi, to a town a few miles from camp to give a program for some American soldiers stationed there. "At the close of our part of the entertainment," says the letter, "the Universal Film news ran a reel of pictures of the leading events 'back home.' You can imagine my astonishment and joy when I witnessed the opening and dedication of the Good Roads at Northville, and saw Mr. Grossbeck, Mayor Filkins and a whole group of Northvillians walking around before my very eyes, way over here in France!"

Further on in his letter Mr. Bryan speaks very encouragingly of the American participation in the war and asserts that "the Hun can never whip the British, much less the Americans."

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dixon have loaned the Record the following letter from their son, Ross, who has been transferred from Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., to Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida:

"Dear Mother Dad and Irene: Just a week to make the trip. Left Camp Grant early Monday morning, went to Chicago, Cincinnati, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Macon and Jacksonville, Fla., the same trip I took when I was south before. Arcadia is a town of about 5,000, just a small place with nothing there at all."

Dorr Field is 25 miles from Arcadia; costs \$2 to go to town so do not expect to ever go. Had a dandy trip. Came through with a bunch of officers going to different camps in the south. Had Pullman cars and all.

This camp is only about 55% completed. All barracks are made of southern pine, bungalow type, painted white outside and stained inside, plaster-board ceilings, blinds on windows, hardwood floors. Could not be much nicer. Have to fight to get drinking water, which is warm and full of sulphur, and sure does smell. Have 12 big steel hangars which hold four air planes each, also two large machine and repair shops. Expect flying machines any day.

Nights here are cool and we sleep good, but the days are awful hot. Thought we had some hot days in Michigan, but it is nothing compared with the heat here.

Captain Berman is in charge of this squadron, the same man that used to drill us at Northville, which is rather nice for me. I am Supply Sergeant here until my papers and other things are forwarded from Camp Grant. There are only about 100 soldiers here. About 2,000 workmen are working on the camp which is under contract to a Detroit man. Am going to look him up.

(Continued on page 8).

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.

* Deceased.

Amblin, Roy—Co. A, 28th Eng. Cigs, A. F. via Paris, France.

Bryan, Karl—Headquarters Co. Band, 126th U. S. N. C., A. F.

Brown, Frank W.—Coast Artillery Corps, 2nd 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. F.

Blowers, Hiram E.—Co. A, Field Hospital Service, Fort Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.

Cram, Chester—Co. F, 310th Engineers Camp Custer.

Castelline, Orrin—Sergeant—Co. F, 16th Eng. Camp Merritt, N. J.

Couch, John V.—17 Co 5th Reg. U. S. M. C. A. E. F.

Dunham, Scott H.—Co. A, 126th Inf., 22nd Div. A. E. F. via N. Y.

Dixon, Ross M.—592 Aero Squadron, Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida.

Dubuar, Carroll—Enlisted Ordnance Corps, N. A. Augusta, Ga.

Dubuar, James F.—First Sergeant, Co. F, 10th Expeditionary Forces.

DeAults, R. C.—Cadet, H. 212, S. M. A. Texas State University, Austin, Texas.

Ely, Tracy, Sergeant—Co. B, 28th Engineers, A. E. F.

Fox, Walter—Co. H, 126th Inf., Ft. Meade, Arthur, Texas.

Foss, Paul—Co. I, 338th Inf., Barracks 624, Camp Custer.

Foss, Wm—Main Hospital Unit, 35 East Great Lakes, Illinois.

Garfield, Truman—165th Aero Squadron, Aviation Camp, Field No. 2, Hempstead, L. I., New York.

Green, Lloyd, Co. C, 120 U. S. M. G., Battalion, Waco, Texas.

Girardin, Louis—Battalion Brooklyn, via N. Y.

Hutton, Charles—U. S. Coast Artillery, Columbus Barracks, Columbus, O.

Rct. Co. 12.

Hall, Frank—Co. I, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.

Henry, Thomas B.—Capt. Edgewood, Md. Supt. Sanitary construction work.

Hayner, 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, A. E. F.

Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.

Jordan, Ralph B.—147th Field Artillery, Battery E, A. E. F.

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 Squadron, Elkhington Field, Texas.

Johnson, Ben R.—Medical Corps, L. O. F. Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.

Kidd, Archie—Provisional Hospital, Camp Greenleaf Annex, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

Kysor, James D.—328th Headquarters Co. Field Artillery, Camp Custer.

Kysor, Asa B.—20th S. S. Co. 1,000 Barracks, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

Langfield, Conrad—Sergeant—Med. Division; Surgeon General's office, Washington, D. C.

Lumbright, Robert A.—Aviation Dept., 22nd Regiment Platoon 3, Squad No. 434, Ft. Thomas, Ky.

Lanning, Orrin—Navy, Battleship Michigan, N. Y.

Signal, B. N., Camp Custer.

Williams, Ruel—Amb. Co. 168, 117th Sanitary Train, A. E. F.

White, Harry H.—Fort MacPherson, Atlanta, Ga. Neuro-Psychiatric Unit.

Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, 119th Field Artillery, A. E. F. via N. Y.

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

Yerkes, Joseph A.—Co. B, 126th Inf., A. E. F., via New York.

A letter received this week from Lieut. C. F. Murphy by Mrs. Murphy brings the information that he had just received his first mail from home after a period of three months on foreign soil. Mrs. Murphy has written him twice each week, and many others have written, also the Record has been mailed to his address every week. He had been all that time anxiously looking for mail from home, and this was the first of any description. Also, a cablegram sent his wife on his arrival at port never reached her, and only half his letters since. No doubt some of the missing mail has gone down on the ships which have been sunk. A fragrant little bunch of English violets was enclosed in the letter just received by Mrs. Murphy.

The Record's first pictures of soldiers from Northville appear in this issue. Our request at the head of the honor-roll column for pictures of the boys has only brought these two, so far, Lieut. C. F. Murphy of the Officers' Reserve Corps and Ralph B. Jordan of the Field Artillery, both in France for some time past.

Harry H. White of the hospital unit at Fort MacPherson, Ga., has been chosen as first lieutenant of the regimental male quartet, and as there were a thousand men to select from our young Northville soldier has reason to consider his appointment quite an honor.

A letter received by a Northville young lady from a soldier friend in France tells of the writer recently seeing there the Parmenter cider mill pictures, which were shown here at the Alseum theatre a few months ago.

Sergeant George Simmons, Paul Foss, Frank Wilkinson and Earl Montgomery were Camp Custer soldiers from Northville who were home to spend the week-end with friends.

Of the soldiers on our honor roll eleven are non-commissioned officers and two are commissioned officers, according to the latest information received by the Record.

L. D. Stage, who had a serious relapse and has again been very low, in hospital at Camp Custer, was once more slowly improving at last report.

Robert Limbright of the U. S. aviation service has returned to Ft. Thomas, Kentucky, after a furlough spent at his parental home here.

"Judy" Lapham leaves this Friday for Camp Custer in response to his draft call.

PROCLAMATION OF THE VILLAGE PRESIDENT.

The attention of our citizens is called to the special act of congress relative to "Daylight Saving" recently enacted, and signed by the President of the United States requiring that time pieces be turned ahead one hour commencing Sunday, March 31, and continued until the first Sunday in October of each year. In compliance therewith the official time piece of the village will be set ahead one hour on Sunday morning next.

CHARLES H. COLDREN,
President.

Attest:
T. F. MURDOCK, Clerk.

FIRST THIRD LIBERTY LOAN RECEIVED.

The first subscription for the (new) Third Liberty Loan was received this week from President F. S. Harmon of the Lapham State Savings bank from Los Angeles, California. Frank says he wants to be one of the Northville boosters even if he is far away.

COUNCIL DEFENSE NOTES.

In consequence of the postponement of registration to the week of April 27 to avoid conflicting with the Liberty Loan movement, the local registrars' classes will be discontinued for the present. Notice will be given through the Record when the work is to be resumed.

CARD OF THANKS.

We extend sincere thanks to all the friends who assisted us in any way during our recent time of bereavement.

MRS. S. B. DOLPH,
GEORGE AND FRANK DOLPH.

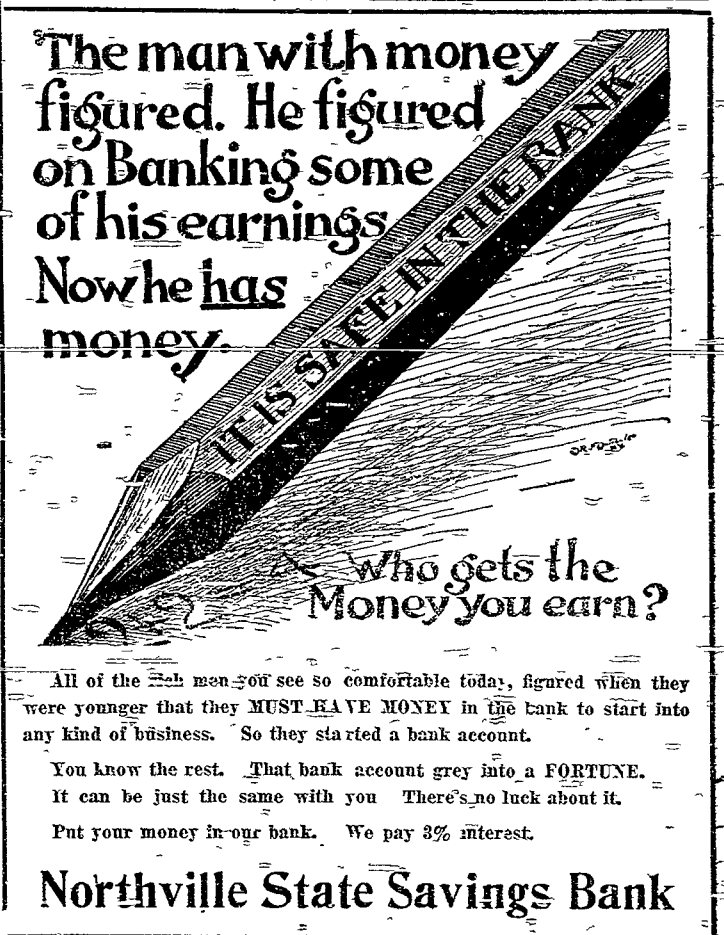


When the painter applies paint on your house it is to your best interests to know what that paint is—its spreading capacity—its appearance—its durability. You are the man who pays the bill and who loses if the paint goes wrong. Make sure of good results—the most satisfactory and economical job—by having your painter use

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT PREPARED.

It is better than any other prepared paint on the market, or "lead and oil." The Sherwin-Williams Co. safeguard its quality in every process of manufacture. They make all their linseed oil; own and operate large zinc and lead mines and smelters, and make their dry colors in the largest and best equipped dry color plant in the United States. The results are in the goods. Protect your interests and your property with S.W.P.

JAMES A. HUFF, HARDWARE.
Northville, Mich.



The man with money figured. He figured on Banking some of his earnings. Now he has money.

who gets the Money you earn?

All of the men you see so comfortable today, figured when they were younger that they MUST HAVE MONEY in the bank to start into any kind of business. So they started a bank account.

You know the rest. That bank account grew into a FORTUNE. It can be just the same with you. There's no luck about it.

Put your money in our bank. We pay 3% interest.

Northville State Savings Bank

IT'S SPRING TONIC TIME

Time to take something to tone up the system. Here are several reliable medicines that will do away with that tired feeling and renew your energy.

REXALL Beef, Wine and Iron Price \$1.00
For Building Strength. Is most pleasant to take and is very prompt in its action. It stimulates the appetite and thus helps the stomach to derive full nourishment from all that is eaten. It aids in quieting the nerves and conduces to sound, refreshing sleep. Its blood-enriching properties help to bring the glow of health to the cheeks.

REXALL Celery and Iron Tonic Price \$1.00
Is for people who are run down and out of condition. It does not make you eat, think and work better—it does not make you feel good—your money back. The taste is pleasant, and, it will not upset the stomach.

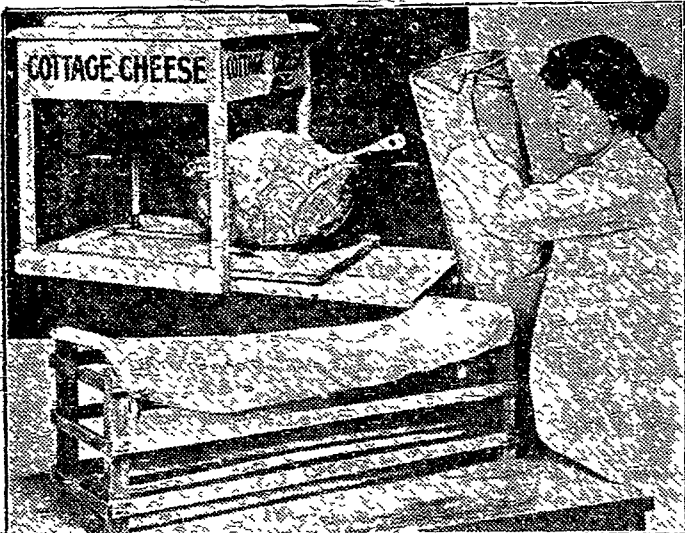
REXALL Sarsaparilla Tonic Price \$1.00
Should help you by assisting to purify and enrich the blood, thus stimulating and strengthening the various organs and tending to bring about that complete, harmonious, machine-like action of every part which insures health.

Also Bamboo Brier Blood Builder, \$2. Specific and Alternative Compound, \$1. America's Tonic, 50c. and \$1. Everyday Tonic, \$1. Olive Oil Emulsion, \$1. And all other popular brands

A. E. STANLEY
The REXALL Store. NORTHVILLE.

Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
SKIM MILK SEVEN TIMES BETTER FOOD THAN FEED.



Made into Home Cheese, Skim Milk Has a Value Many Times Greater Than as a Stock Food. Turned into Meat—Glass Case (Top) Displays Cheese Attractively to Buyers.

DAIRY PRODUCTS VERY ESSENTIAL

Wiser Use of By-Products Is Clearly Shown to Be War Necessity.

IMPORTS HAVE BEEN STOPPED

Greatest Loss in Milk Industry Is Failure to Use Skim Milk and Butter-milk for Human Food—Plan for Better Dairying.

Dairy products are essential to the well-being of the nation, and the dairy cow produces more food with less feed than any other of our domestic animals. Before the war the United States received dairy products from about twenty foreign countries; now these supplies have been largely stopped and it has become necessary not only to replace them at home, but also to export large quantities. In 1914, for instance, we imported approximately 64,000,000 pounds more of dairy products than we exported, not including fresh milk and cream. In 1917 we exported 520,000,000 pounds more than we imported.

Our Milk Flow in 1917.

The total amount of milk produced in this country in 1917 is estimated to be 8,431,350,000 pounds. Large losses occur, and the greatest is through the failure fully to utilize skimmed milk and buttermilk for human food. These products have a great deal of the food value of the whole milk except the fat. A given quantity of them would produce seven times as much food value in the form of cottage cheese as they would produce in the form of meat if fed to live stock. The possibilities of increasing the supply of food by fuller utilization of these by-products are enormous. In brief, there should be a better utilization of skimmed milk and buttermilk, both as food on the farm and through the market.

Ways to Better Dairying:

Better results in dairying may be secured by proper sanitation and care in producing and handling milk; by better care and utilization of pastures; by raising on the farm adequate supplies of roughage, particularly legumes and silage to take the place of grains so far as is practicable; by preserving for dairy purposes all the high-producing animals and eliminating those that are inefficient; by feeding according to production so as to secure the greatest yield of milk with the least quantity of feed, which necessitates a record of production of individual cows; by the full utilization in the community of good bulls throughout the entire period of their usefulness and to their full capacity; and by the prompt control of disease.

Producing Quality Beef.

Live-stock markets during recent years have experienced a continual growing demand for well-fattened beef animals weighing from 900 to 1,200 pounds. In order to meet this demand and secure the highest prices, breeders are showing an increased tendency toward finishing off their beef cattle at younger ages. Stock raisers find it more profitable to conduct their operations in this manner than to hold their cattle to advanced ages as was the custom some years ago, when pasture land was cheaper than it is at present.

Such a demand must necessarily be supplied by well-finished animals from fourteen to twenty months old carrying a large percentage of blood of one of the early-maturing beef breeds, usually that of the Hereford, Aberdeen-Angus, or Shorthorn. To distinguish them from animals of other beef classes, these yearlings have come to be designated as baby beefs. The use of better bulls with consequent improvement in quality and early maturity is an essential in the production of baby beef. The preparation for market of this class of beefs requires

more skill than is necessary in the production of animals marketed at more mature ages but, as has been stated, it is also usually more profitable. Heavier grain feeding is necessary, but as the feeding period is shorter a less amount of grain is necessary to bring the cattle to maturity.

MILK THAT IS SPILLED WOULD FEED THOUSANDS

We spill too much milk. There is no use to cry over it afterwards, but precautions before it happens would help considerably.

In an investigation not long ago, dairy specialists of the United States department of agriculture learned that losses in handling milk in the city plant averaged 27.5 per cent of the amount handled by all dealers. At that rate a dealer handling 5,000 gallons a day would lose 1,375 gallons daily or nearly 40,000 gallons in a year.

The department's specialists name the leaks for these losses. Milk plant men especially can stop them, but anyone who handles milk cans will be able to help. Here are the ways in which losses are most likely to occur:

1. Leaky cans
2. Careless handling of cans both in transferring from cars and in dumping.
3. Inefficient draining of cans.
4. Leaky or battered apparatus.
5. Filters out of repair, as leaky valves.
6. Losses at the filler. This may be caused by the valves not being properly adjusted, carelessness in handling, breakage of bottles, etc.
7. Carelessness in handling full cases of milk, thus breaking the bottles.
8. Losses from not removing all the milk from the pasteurizer, pipes, pumps, tanks, or other apparatus.
9. Loss during the process of pasteurizing and clarifying by evaporation and mechanical wastage.

About Sharing Milk's Cost.

Serious increases in the cost of producing milk have resulted in recent years from feed and labor problems. This increase is in keeping with the increase in the cost of almost all other commodities, and the consumer must expect to pay his portion of any legitimate increase in the cost of production occasioned by these conditions.

On the other hand there is need of more attention to better management on the average farm devoted to the production of milk. The amount of milk produced per cow is frequently so low as to reflect seriously on the business ability of the owner. There is no good excuse for slack business methods on the dairy farm. Directions for keeping records of milk yields and cost of production are furnished by each state agricultural college and by the United States department of agriculture.

Keep a Clean Cow Barn.

The most common defect in dairy stables is a lack of cleanliness; cobwebs on the ceiling and manure on the walls are too common in some places. The dairyman must not allow cobwebs, dust or dirt to accumulate if he expects to produce the highest grade of milk. With a tight, smooth ceiling and smooth walls without ledges this is not difficult. Whitewash should be freely applied both to the walls and ceiling at least twice a year, as it helps to purify the stable and to keep it light. An abundance of light is necessary; four square feet of glass for each cow is generally sufficient if the windows are well distributed and not obstructed in any way. If the stable is located with its length north and south it receives the purifying benefits of both morning and afternoon sun.

The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
FULL DINNER PAIRS FOR SCHOOL KIDDIES.



If Any of the Family Is Entitled to Immunity From Food Regulations It is the Growing Child Who Eats a Meal Away From Home Each School Day.

LUNCH HOUR FOR SCHOOL KIDDIES

Government Food Specialists Discuss Various Foods for Children.

SUGGESTED BILLS OF FARE

Skimping Meals for Youngsters Is Not a Necessary War Measure and Is Inadvisable—Metal Boxes Most-Favored.

The school lunch has always had its problems for the mother who is eager to provide a wholesome noon repast for her school kiddies. Almost always the school lunch is a hurriedly arranged item, among the mother's early morning duties, and it is sometimes difficult to give the school lunch the attention it deserves.

War's food conservation problems have not helped in the matter of school-lunch preparation but if any of the family is entitled to some immunity to food regulations it is the growing child who eats one of his meals away from home each school day. In the opinion of the food experts of the United States department of agriculture, skimping meals for the youngsters is not a necessary war measure and is inadvisable. The food specialists have discussed in a publication of the department of agriculture the foods that should make up the school lunch, the preparation and packing of lunches, and serving lunches partly or wholly prepared at schools. Some suggested bills of fare for the basket lunch are given in another column.

Number of Foods Carried.

The number of foods that can be easily carried has been enlarged of late by the possibility of using paraffin paper and parchment paper, in which moist foods can be wrapped so as to prevent them from sticking to other foods. Paper cups, jelly glasses and so on, are also a help, for in them sliced raw fruits, stewed fruits, custards, cottage cheese and other half-solid foods can be carried.

The quality of the bread used in the basket lunch is especially important because it is commonly served in the form of sandwiches and is, therefore, to be considered not only as a food in itself but also as a means of keeping other much-needed foods in good and appetizing condition, or of serving them in attractive way.

Variety in breads, too, is more important at this than at other meals because of the danger of monotony. Wheat bread, whole-wheat bread, corn, rye, or oatmeal breads; nut, raisin, and date breads; beaten biscuit, rolls, crisp baking-powder biscuit, or soda biscuit, and toast, zwieback and crackers may be used in turn to give variety. Rolls hollowed out can be made to hold a large amount of sandwich filling, which is an advantage at times.

Advantage of Boxes.

Many kinds of lunch boxes, pails, and baskets are now on the market. The chief advantage of most boxes and pails is that they are made of metal and can, therefore, be easily cleaned and scalded to keep them in safe condition. Some boxes have the advantage over pails that they can be folded when empty and strapped with the school books. Baskets are ventilated and for this reason suitable for carrying moist foods which are likely to spoil. There is no reason, however, why small holes cannot be punched in metal boxes or pails to let in the air. Baskets can, of course, be washed or scalded but not so easily as metal

containers, and they should be frequently cleaned. There should, in fact, be no part of any food container that cannot be cleaned. For this reason the simplest boxes and baskets are often better than the more elaborate ones with compartments in which to keep dishes, knives, forks and spoons. With the increase in automobile travel, well-constructed boxes and baskets which can be easily cleaned have come on the market with compartments for keeping food hot or cold and for holding liquids. These are, of course, suitable only for children who ride back and forth, and particularly suitable where several lunches are put up in one household.

SOME BILLS OF FARE FOR A SCHOOL LUNCH

1. Sandwiches with sliced, tender meat for filling, baked apple, cookies or a few lumps of sugar.
2. Slices of meat loaf or bean loaf; bread and butter sandwiches; stewed fruit; small frosted cakes.
3. Cream rolls hollowed out and filled with chopped meat or fish, moistened and seasoned, or mixed with salad dressing; orange; apple; a mixture of sliced fruits, or berries; cake.
4. Lettuce or celery sandwiches; cup custard; jelly sandwiches.
5. Cottage cheese and chopped green-pepper sandwiches or a pot of cream cheese with bread-and-butter sandwiches; peanut sandwiches; fruit; cake.
6. Hard-boiled eggs; crisp baking-powder biscuits; celery or radishes; brown-sugar or maple-sugar sandwiches.
7. Bottle of milk; thin-corn bread and butter; dates; apple.
8. Raisin or nut bread with butter; cheese; orange; maple sugar.
9. Baked bean and lettuce sandwiches; apple sauce; sweet chocolate.

Gas Kills Greenhouse Pests.

Hydrocyanic-acid gas is the best weapon to use against insects infesting the foliage of ornamental plants in greenhouses. It is cheaper and more effective than any other means and it is successful against nearly all insects. It is explained in a new publication of the United States department of agriculture, "Fumigation of Ornamental Greenhouse Plants With Hydrocyanic-Acid Gas," that in greenhouses containing a large variety of plants slight injury may result to the tender growths of some plants even when the fumigation is properly done. This injury is not permanent, however, and such plants will show new vigorous growth in a short time. In fact, the growth of many plants is stimulated by this gas. Cyanide is a very poisonous substance and extreme care must be used in its handling.

Mashed Potato Dishes.

Most housekeepers know how delicious mashed potatoes can be made by beating them until light with hot milk, butter or other good fat, and salt and pepper, four tablespoons of hot milk and one teaspoonful of the fat for every medium-sized potato. To make the mashed potatoes a little "different," they can be turned into a potato soufflé by adding the beaten white of eggs (two eggs to six medium-sized potatoes), piling lightly in a baking dish and baking in the oven till brown. Grated cheese added to this soufflé is good.

Won't Boil Over.

A fruit pie will not boil over if the

BAKED POTATO

BIG, white, mealy—with butter melting on it. Um-m-m! And you like it because it is baked. Same with Lucky Strike Cigarette

IT'S TOASTED

Cooking makes things delicious—toasting the tobacco has made the Lucky Strike Cigarette famous.



Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED.

The Cuckey's Tact.

Watkins, a Cuckey private, was lecturing his mates one day on the need of employing tact in their dealings with the French people.

"Now, I got in a bit of a fix the other day," said Watkins. "I was billeted with a French family, and after I'd been shown to my room I started out for a walk. Well, I happened to open the wrong door. It was a bathroom and there was a lady in the tub. She let out a scream, and it might have been a decently embarrassing situation, but my tact saved the day."

"Well, what did ya do?"

"I jes' backed out an' said: 'Pardonnez, monsieur.'"—New York Tribune.

A New Way to Shave

Tender skins twice a day without irritation by using Cuticura Soap the "Cuticura Way." No shiny mug, germs, waste of time or money. For free samples address, Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Lamps for the Eyes.

A new optical instrument consists of a high-powered incandescent lamp which can be taken into a person's mouth to illuminate his eyes through the retina, enabling them to be examined through the pupils.

How's This?

We offer \$100 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. It is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Suspicious Sound.

The Girl—My father says there is a movement on foot.

The Youth (with visible alarm)—I think I had better go.

Just because a man is all right today it isn't a safe bet that he will be all wrong tomorrow.

Tractor Vs. Mule.

Ten mules can haul about two tons of material and their work is limited to ten hours, but the tractor hauls 25 tons and covers a distance of 20 miles at the same time.

If a man empties his purse into his head he will keep it, and be able soon to refill his purse.

What Do You Know About CATTLE?

Do You Want to Know the CATTLE BUSINESS? Drop us a post card today and get FREE INFORMATION about the New Book, "CATTLE BREEDS AND ORIGIN" about all breeds of cattle on earth.

DR. DAVID ROBERTS VETERINARY CO., 100, WAUKEGA, WIS.



You can't think clearly when your head is "stopped up" from cold in the head, or nasal catarrh.

Try Kondon's to clear your head

(at no cost to you)

50,000,000 have used this 25-year-old remedy. For chronic catarrh, sore nose, coughs, colds, sneezing, nose-bleed, etc. Write us for complimentary can or buy tube at druggists. It will benefit you four times more than it costs or we give money back. For trial can free write to KONDON MED. CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 13-1918.

Easy to figure the Profits

Where in Western Canada you can buy at from \$15 to \$30 per acre good farm land that will raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre of \$2 wheat—its easy to figure the profits. Many Western Canadian farmers (scores of them from the U. S.) have paid for their land from a single crop. Such an opportunity for 100% profit on labor and investment is worth investigation.

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her

Free Homestead Lands of 160 Acres Each

or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Think what you can make with wheat at \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming and cattle raising.

The climate is healthful and agreeable; railway facilities excellent; good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Sept. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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



THE WAR

The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., MAR. 29, 1918.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

In accordance with the U. S. postal laws, Act, August 24, 1912, the following statement is published:

Name of publication: The Northville Record

Publisher: Neal Printing Co.
Managing Editors: J. W. Perkins and Frank Neal

Business Manager: J. W. Perkins.
Owner: Frank S. Neal.
(Signed) FRANK S. NEAL, Owner.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 28th day of March, 1918.
ERNEST MILLER, Notary Public.
My commission expires Feb. 9, 1920.

ANOTHER FORM OF PROPAGANDA

The ingenuity of German propagandists has been the greatest weapon of the kaiser. Without a doubt the Germans are pastmasters in the art of incitement and without doubt they have achieved a great deal of their military advantages through use of this arm of their service. But they have never before reached in America the scale of efficiency that has now been attained, according to reliable reports from eastern sources.

It is now understood, and with good basis, that the policy that split Russia into a futile nation of factions is being used against the United States. Dissension, sectional feeling, factional strife, are being aroused with a desire to set one group against another and destroy the efficiency of all.

Here is the manner in which it is to be worked out. Where there is a large colored population, the Negro is being told he is being discriminated against unjustly and the white is told in the same whispering manner that the Negro is planning a campaign of robbery, slaying and worse. Immediately feeling is engendered that makes citizens suspicious of each other and unable to do their utmost for their government.

Where there is a large alien population, the same plan is pursued. And more recently this devilish scheme has been utilizing a still sharper tool, religious feeling. In Protestant circles in some sections efforts are being made by German agents to arouse bitterness toward Catholics and in Catholic sections towards Protestants, in Jewish quarters against Christians and in places where there are few Catholics or Jews the instrument is utilized to inflame one Protestant denomination against another.

There has been enough war experience in this nation in the last year to have taught everyone that the man or woman of another race, religious or political belief is as patriotic as his neighbor. The exceptions are few. No classes have been found lacking in patriotism, as a class. In consequence the wise thing to do is to be ever on guard against listening to or spreading such appeals to prejudice. They are weapons of the kaiser and foes of the United States use them.—Pontiac Press Gazette

If the new federal daylight-saving act did nothing else it would be a good thing if it could do away with the confusion and controversy caused by three kinds of time in many places, viz. that used by the old-fashioned people a few of whom have still insisted on keeping their timepieces on "sun time," the many who had theirs on "central standard" and the ones who because of frequent business trips to Detroit and other cities had to keep "eastern standard." Every sun-timepiece must now be set ahead 1/2 hour, every "standard" one an hour and every "eastern" one left as it is. Now we could all get up and go to bed and eat our meals and go to work or go to church or to school or anywhere at just the same hours—by our clocks—as before, if only all would be willing to conform to the real intent of the law. It seems really too bad that a change which might be made so simple and easy should be complicated by the differences in applying it to the various institutions of our village.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Gladys-Anscomb is ill with tonsillitis.

Sinclair Dickerson is numbered among the sick.

Miss Golda Holmes is home from Ypsilanti for the week.

Mrs. Olive Baker entertained the Red Cross Friday afternoon.

Hoyt Wilson of Ypsilanti is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Frank Nook.

Easter exercises will be held in the M. E. church next Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Johns have returned from an extended visit in Detroit.

Rev. F. A. Brass of Wixom occupied the pulpit in the Baptist church Sunday evening.

N. B. Russell of Highland Park spent the first part of the week here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Staabro and Miss Young of Salem called on relatives here Sunday.

The Misses Bly Quigley of Detroit and Madge Quigley of Ypsilanti spent the week-end with relatives here.

Miss Edith Sherwood, who attends school at Rochester, is spending the spring vacation at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark of Salem and Mr. and Mrs. August Holcomb of Novi spent Monday at the home of R. B. McKnight.

The young people enjoyed a social hour in the basement of the M. E. church Saturday evening. A "Marsh-mallow roast" was one of the features.

About fifty friends and relatives gave Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Welch a surprise party Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Welch soon leave for Pontiac where they will live.

The funeral of Elmer Parks was held last Saturday afternoon from the Baptist church. Mr. Parks had made his home here until a few years ago when he went to Flint. He was ill only a short time. Much sympathy is extended the bereaved family.

Novi News.

John Ellenwood is able to be out again.

Mrs. N. A. Bourne visited in Detroit last week.

Mrs. J. J. Potter spent a part of last week in Detroit.

Perry Taylor was home from Camp Custer over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Flint were Detroit visitors this week.

Will Melow was in Pontiac and Detroit on business last week.

Mrs. W. D. Flint has been on the sick list the past few days.

Miss Helen Hammond of Northville visited Novi friends this week.

Mrs. Percy Moyer entertained friends from Redford last week.

Miss Lilian Melow is spending the week with an aunt in Farmington.

Mrs. Clark of Salem visited her daughter, Mrs. August Holcomb, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Melow attended the funeral of a cousin at Farmington Tuesday.

John Green is moving into Mrs. Ella Spencer's house recently vacated by H. Voigt and family.

Henry Watt celebrated his birthday at his home March 29. Mary and Isabelle, his two daughters, from Detroit were home. He received a number of very useful presents.

The Red Cross unit will give an entertainment in the town hall April 12. The program will consist of two playlets and several musical numbers. Admission, Children 15c; adults 25c.

The ladies of the Red Cross unit will sew next Thursday in place of Tuesday as the town board will have possession of the town hall. There were 40 there on Tuesday of this week.

Miss Dora Nichols, who has been spending the winter at St. Petersburg, Florida, perpetrated a neat surprise on her mother and other friends Tuesday by walking into the town hall among the Red Cross workers. No one knowing she was coming home so soon.

Remember the election day dinner at the Baptist church for the benefit of the Red Cross unit. The ladies are putting forth every effort to do their bit, both in the sewing line and by these entertainments, and they are looking forward to a good dinner, a large crowd and satisfactory results.

Don't disappoint them nor yourself. But be generous and do your bit by going there for a hot dinner at 35c.

The M. E. aid meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Chilson March 20. A pot-luck dinner was served to the sixty members present. The table collection amounted to \$9.50. A play was presented by four of the ladies besides recitations. The program was very good.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday school 11 a. m.

B. Y. P. U. 6 p. m.

Evening service 7 p. m.

The young people, and others of the church will attend the Union Sunrise Easter Service, at the Presbyterian church at 6 a. m.

A special Easter program of songs and recitations will be given by the Sunday School at 11 a. m. Parents and friends should plan to be present.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

"The church around the corner"

Morning service at 10. Subject: "Communion and Resurrection"

Bible school at 11.30. Special Easter program

Epworth League at 6 o'clock.

Evening service at 7. Subject: "Was the Body of Christ Raised or Stolen?"

Union prayer meeting Thursday night at our church.

Let us on this resurrection day resurrect our early principles of church attendance.

Morning—Soprano solo, "Angels Roll the Rock Away," Scott.

Antiem—"Face to Face," Petrie.

Evening.

Anthem—"The Dawn of a Wonderful Day," Wilson.

Tenor Solo—"The Resurrection Song," Stults.

Tenor and Soprano Duet—"I Beheld the Lord," Porter.

Our young people and all others who desire to do so are invited to join with the Presbyterian congregation in an Easter Sunrise service at six o'clock Sunday morning.

Members of the congregation who have green plants, (without blossoms) to loan for decorative purposes, are requested to bring or send them to the church Saturday afternoon. If unable to do this, please notify Mrs. A. M. VanTassel or Mrs. J. N. VanDyne, and the plants will be sent for.

The regular monthly business and social meeting of the Epworth League will be held in the home of Miss Lydia Clark, Wednesday evening, April 3rd. All members and their friends are urged and earnestly invited to be present.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Our celebration of the Easter festival begins with a Sunrise Service at 6 o'clock in the morning. This service will be conducted by the young people's societies of the three churches, and you are most cordially invited to attend whether old or young, whatever church you belong to or whether you belong to any church. It was very early in the morning that the women came to the tomb on the first Easter day and heard the greatest news the world has ever heard. Let us join in this early service of praise to the living Christ.

The sermon-topic at 10 a. m. will be, "The New Life," and at 7 p. m., "Inviting Jesus In." There will be special music by the choir at both those services.

The Sunday school will meet at 11:30 for the usual services with some special Easter numbers.

The Ladies' Aid society meets Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Ray Richardson.

Union prayer meeting next Thursday evening in the M. E. church.

The Lois Circle will hold a meeting Monday evening, April 1st at the home of Mrs. D. P. Yerkes.

SPRING WHEAT.

Caution in the planting of spring wheat—a crop being boomed in many parts of the state this season—is being recommended to farmers by the department of farm crops of the Michigan Agricultural college. In most sections of the state, the department warns, this crop does not as a rule give lucrative yields.

"It is true," according to a statement from Prof. J. F. Cox, "that numerous instances of success with the Marquis variety were reported last season, but it must be kept in mind

that the season of 1917 was an abnormal one. In average years spring wheat is not dependable, and does not give satisfactory yields in southern and central Michigan.

Other spring seeded crops, such as barley, oats and buckwheat, give a much larger return of food material per acre; and in the opinion of the department it is not to the best interest of the nation to increase the acreage of spring wheat at the expense of these in the above mentioned parts of the state. North-central and northern Michigan are better adapted to it.

Individuals desiring to grow this crop, should plant the Marquis, an early variety, and prepare their seed beds as early as possible in April.

The use of about 250 pounds of acid phosphate per acre will increase yields and hasten maturity.

The need of wheat is such that even yields unprofitable to the individual may help at the present time, but we must not lose sight of the fact that the grain crops which will produce the most pounds of food stuffs per acre will accomplish the most. On soils which give good yields of oats, barley and buckwheat these crops should be planted and their acreage not decreased by the planting of spring wheat. A season such as that of 1917 might make it possible to produce a good spring wheat crop, but this is not a time to take chances or experiment."

Some Travelers.

The Arctic tern holds all records for length of migration. When the young are full grown the entire family leaves the arctic regions and several months later is found stirring the edge of the Antarctic continent.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to our friends and neighbors for their kind words of sympathy in our recent time of sorrow.
MR. AND MRS. H. M. YERKES
AND FAMILY.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

AT HUFF'S Hardware—Hartford Auto Castings and Inner Tubes. A best grade auto tire at a reasonable cost. Ask those who are using them. 36w2c.

MACHINISTS—All-around Machinists, lathe, milling, planer, shaper and tool makers, also molders and laborers for brass and iron foundries can find pleasant profitable employment in many factories near beautiful lakes if application is made at once. Write or apply free employment bureau, 39 South Stearns street, Pontiac, Michigan. 36w1g.

SALESMEN WANTED—To solicit orders for lubricating oils, greases and paints. Salary or commission. Address the Harvey Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 36w1p.

LOST—Pair of Automobile Gloves on Monday. Finder please return to Sam Wilkinson. 36w1p.

ATTENTION—Be sure to notice the Upholster advertising elsewhere in this issue. 36w2p.

BABY CHICKS—Barrow & Young. Straub White Leghorn chicks that live 2,000 for delivery March 18, Leghorn Rocks, Reds, Wyandottes. Order now for delivery any time after above date. Leghorns \$15 per 100 chicks. Pleasant Ridge Hatchery, Farmington, Mich. Box 192. Farm back of Power house, Farmington Junction. 33w3p.

ESTABLISHED 23 Years—Specializing in farms. Buyers for all kinds of farms, also small places. Address Mr. McAdams, 1250 West Euclid Ave., Detroit, Mich. Phone Garfield, 1117. 31-1-yr-n.

WANTED—To buy 40 acre farm, level, good buildings, lake privileges, 25 or 30 miles from Detroit. W. L. Terry, Grand Blanc. 33w6p.

FOR SALE—Early Petoskey seed potatoes. Phone 172 R-1. 35w3p.

FOR SALE—Six-room semi-bungalow, all modern improvements, large lot. Address, Geo. Pearsall, 297 Chandler Ave., Pontiac, or see Charles Blackburn, Northville. 36w4p.

FOR SALE—Wiard one-horse plow; 10 spring wagon, capacity 3,000 lbs.; steel tank, 170-gallons. Otis Tewksbury. 36w1p.

FOR RENT—House on North Center street. Apply at Miss Little's millinery store. 36w1p.

FOR SALE—Organ 3 1-3 octave, piano case. Excellent condition, reasonable price. Inquire this office. 35w2p.

FOR SALE—Eight young hens; White Wyandottes. Call, or phone 65. 35w2c.

BABY CHICKS—Place your orders now. Thoroughbred White Leghorns. Griffin farm. Visitors welcome at the hatchery. Phone 292 R-2. 35 w4p.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Wing street. Myron E. Atchison. Phone 55-R. 34ffc.

FOR SALE—One Hardy Junior power sprayer, with trucks. George A. Rackham. Phone 307 J-4. 34ffc.

FOR SALE—Spring wheat, seed potatoes, seed oats, Buckeye incubator. Burton Munro, Novi. Phone 310 R-5. 28ffc.

FOR SALE—Fertilizer on the field here at home will help win the war over there. Farmers, do your share. Phone 151 R-3, for prices, etc. J. W. Cole. 35w6p.

Ready-to-Wear Goods

JUST ARRIVING

Our first shipment of

Ladies' House Dresses,
Ladies' Afternoon Dresses,
Misses' School Dresses,
Misses' and Children's Middies

Have just been opened up. We invite you to be among the first to see them.

New Dress Skirts—in Serges, Wool Sicilian and Chudah Cloths.

Always New Waists to Show You.

Silk and Kid Gloves for Easter.

PONSFORD'S

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

MERRY GO-ROUND STARTS NEXT WEEK.

Messrs. Porter & Davids, proprietors of the Merry-go-Round used at the Northville Fair last fall, have leased the vacant lot at the corner of Center and Dunlap streets and will open for business Next Week.

WIRE YOUR HOUSE NOW

for Electric Lights before you do your spring-housecleaning.

THE AINGE ELECT. SHOP

will give you prompt service and the best in Electric Fixtures at reasonable Prices.

Call 184 Northville. Store in Bradner Block.

Thomas B. Couch

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET, EXCHANGE HOTEL and FEED BARN.

Dear Friends and Charlie:—

Charlie told me not to go into the Grocery and Meat business as everything was so high it would cost a half-million or more to start, but I went in just the same and am getting well stocked up. I like the business very much.

Am getting acquainted with the people and the more I get acquainted the more business I do.

Will have a lot of better Brooms for a little more money.

Want all the Eggs I can buy.

Friday and Saturday will be POTATO DAY here and the price for the finest Potatoes you ever saw, 50 bushels will be sold at 13c per bushel, or 70c per bushel.

Have plenty of Sugar for my customers.

A fine line of Meat and Groceries at Lowest Prices.

Kerosene Oil at 13c per gallon.

A lot of Peanuts, fine Candy and Bananas will be sold at about half the usual price.

Some certain fellows are loaded with high-priced hides. Don't let them buy your hides for about half what they are worth to make up what they will lose on what they have got. Bring your hides to me and I will pay you all they are worth.

I also have a lot of fine Apples at 40c per bushel. They will be sold regardless of cost, so come and get them.

THOMAS B. COUCH

NORTHVILLE. MICHIGAN.



Added to the established serviceability of the Ford Car is the positive reliability of the after-service given owners of Ford cars by the army of Ford dealers scattered throughout the country. These courteous and aggressive business men, wherever you find them, are not only willing but have the necessary parts for replacements, the mechanical equipment and skilled workmen to give efficient service. The owner of a Ford has the continuous use of his car. Runabout, \$435; Touring Car, \$450; Couplet, \$560; Town Car, \$595; Sedan, \$635; One-Ton Truck Chassis, \$600. These prices f. o. b. Detroit.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS

Northville, Mich.

Not Due To Sex Alone

Northville Women Have Learned the Cause of Many Mysterious Pains and Aches.

Many women have come to know that sex isn't the reason for all backaches, dizzy headaches and urinary disorders. Men have these troubles, too, and often they come from kidney weakness. To live simply, eat sparingly, take better care of one's self and to use Doan's Kidney Pills, is bound to help bad kidneys get better. There is no other remedy so well recommended by Northville people. Read this case:

Mrs. W. S. Dickerson, 14 Cady St., Northville, says: "I know Doan's Kidney Pills to be a good medicine for kidney disorders and one worth recommending to those who are in need of a reliable kidney remedy. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills now and then keep my kidneys in good working order."

Price, 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Dickerson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. —Advt. 61

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office at
101 West of Park House on Main street.
Office hours 10:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00
P. M. Telephone

We Feature

PENSLAR

Remedies and Toilet
Preparations.

because after careful investigation we have found them to be most efficient and also the best value for the money of any to be had.

Let us tell you more about these preparations and, too, let us give you a copy of the Penslar Health Book containing information that you should have. It is free, ask for it.

Choice Line of Candies.

T. E. Murdock

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

FLOWERS

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

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone.

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

Everything in a Strictly Sanitary Condition. All Milk we sell is the product of our own dairy.

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

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

DETROIT
UNITED LINESNORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern Standard Time.

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 7:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 7:30 p. m. 8:45 p. m. and 10:35 p. m.; for Orchard Lake and Pontiac only 11:35 p. m. for Farmington Junction only 12:35 p. 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 5:30 a. m., 6:20 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 2:30 p. 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., 6:43 a. m., 7:43 a. m., 9:43 a. m., 11:43 a. m., 1:43 p. m., 3:43 p. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.; also 8:43 p. m., 10:07 p. m., and 12:09 a. m.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

Northville Newslets.

Good Friday today.

Full moon the 27th.

Don't be fooled on Monday, April 1.

Sunday is Easter. We hope March leaves like a lamb instead of a lion.

Miss Edna Sterling, who has been quite ill for a week past, is better.

Germany believes in disarmament for all her enemies.—Orion Review.

When in doubt what to do for the country, buy a thrift stamp.—Pontiac Press Gazette.

Mrs. Frank Woodmansee underwent a serious operation last week in a Detroit hospital.

Dwight C. Brown of Dexter, Mich., has been engaged as superintendent of Northville schools for next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Clawson are to become residents of Detroit, where the former has been employed for some time past.

The regular meeting of The King's Daughters is to be held Tuesday, April 2, at three o'clock at the home of Mrs. Hinkley.

As J. Ruckel and family have moved to Royal Oak this week, making three of our excellent families to leave Northville within a few days.

The postoffice at Carleton was broken into Monday night, the safe blown open and \$100 worth of U. S. thrift stamps and a quantity of postage stamps stolen.

The fool and his money are soon parted; saith the proverb. The same is true regarding the consumer and he isn't always a fool.—Pontiac Press Gazette.

We all know our "Northville-on-the-Map Day" last fall was a big and successful affair, but we never expected its fame to reach half around the globe, as shown by soldier Karl Bryan's letter in this issue.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. William Frederick, the former having become entirely blind following an operation on his eyes at Ann Arbor. He is now being cared for in the hospital at Eloise. Mrs. Frederick, who is also in poor health, is improving slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelley have leased Mrs. Eleanor Thompson's house on Dunlap street and will take possession as soon as their household goods arrive from their former home, Capac. Mr. Kelley is one of the milk inspectors for this section.

"The first thing every business man and farmer in the state of Michigan should do Easter morning is to turn his clock or clocks ahead one hour and then forget it until October 1. If this is done there will be but one time in the state and the present confusion of Detroit city time, central standard and sun time will be a thing of the past.—South Lyon Herald

The following paragraph is reprinted from the Detroit Courier's "Happenings of 23 years ago." "Cass R. Benton, Northville, exchanged his fast horse with R. H. Purdy on Tuesday last for a faster one. Those following Mr. Benton now can't see anything save the dust from the horse's heels." But even at that, C. R. has been doing the dust raising act with an auto for several years past.

And speaking of spring, Northville residents have received news from friends at Charlevoix that the sleighing there has been excellent this week.

S. E. Cranson has received an appointment from the U. S. Fisheries commission which necessitates making Charlevoix his home and has moved there this week. Northville people regret exceedingly to lose Mr. and Mrs. Cranson as residents here, and those with whom they will form their associations at Charlevoix are to be congratulated.

The big Hart farm southwest of town has been purchased for \$22,000 by C. H. Young, a prominent stock breeder of St. Cloud, Minn., who expects to occupy it next year. Mr. Young and his wife were driven out from Detroit Saturday in a magnificent big Packard, to visit their newly purchased property. They will unquestionably make a very desirable addition to the population of this vicinity.

The lecture by Prof. W. D. Henderson, Dean of the U. of M. science department, given at the union service in the Methodist church Sunday night drew a large congregation. His subject, "Modern Science and the Bible" was handled in a manner the very simplicity of which was masterly. The evening furnished an intellectual treat not often available in our village, and one which was most thoroughly appreciated.

Rev. W. C. Francis has been ill in bed again this week.

Miss Hazel Nevison has resigned her position in Detroit and is again in the employ of lawyer F. J. Cochran.

Harry B. Clark, who has been critically ill with bronchial pneumonia, is now reported as slowly improving.

The Park House is being extensively repaired and improved preparatory to occupation by the Ambler establishment.

Frank Johnson, who has been under treatment in Grace hospital, Detroit for the past few weeks is slightly better.

Boys and matches came very near causing the destruction of the barn on the Cochran property at the north end of Center street Sunday. The fire was discovered just in time.

Comrade Morris E. Johnson one of Northville's few remaining civil war veterans, who has been in gradually failing health all winter, is very low, as the Record goes to Press.

Mr. and Mrs. George Conroy and family have moved to Northville from Farmington this week, having purchased a home on East Cady street. Mrs. Conroy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Stanley.

FAMOUS SPEAKER AT FARMINGTON.

A dozen Northville ladies went over to Farmington Wednesday night to hear one of Michigan's most famous women, Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo, talk on the work of the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense, and they were more than amply repaid for making the trip. Mrs. Crane's stirring patriotic address was given to a capacity audience in the village hall and was received with most enthusiastic appreciation throughout.

Ex-Governor Warner, and also Mrs. T. B. Henry of this place, spoke briefly and well on the patriotic work. A reference by Mrs. Crane to "our Ex-Governor, and senator-to-be" was applauded to the echo. The Farmington ladies have been very active and efficient in all patriotic work and they are greatly to be congratulated on having been able to secure so effective a speaker for the good of the registration movement.

RED CROSS NOTES.

For Thursday evening, April 18, a free lecture in the interest of the Red Cross will be given in the auditorium of the Northville High school building. The speaker will be a person thoroughly posted on the subject and one well worth hearing. More definite information will be given later on.

As a very gratifying result of the exhibit at the Stanley drug store fifty new memberships were added to the Northville Unit. The putting on of another exhibit is under consideration.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH INCOME TAXES.

In comparison with the tax levied in England on incomes our own income taxes are moderate indeed.

In England the tax on incomes of \$1,000 is 4½ per cent, in America nothing.

In England the tax on incomes of \$1,500 is 6½ per cent; in America nothing for married men or heads of families, and 2 per cent on \$500 for an unmarried man.

In England the tax on an income of \$2,000 is 7½ per cent; in America nothing for a married man or head of a family, and 2 per cent on \$1,000 for unmarried men.

The English income tax rate also increases more rapidly with the growth of the income than ours, a \$3,000 income being taxed 14 per cent, \$5,000 16 per cent, \$10,000 20 per cent, and \$15,000 25 per cent, while our corresponding taxes for married men are respectively two-thirds of 1 per cent, 1½ per cent 3½ per cent and 5 per cent, and only slightly more for the unmarried, due to the smaller amount exempted, the rate being the same.

Nature's Great Hoodoo Temple.
In the Hoodoo basin of western Wyoming are curious formations which resemble Punch and Judy heads, grim savages, smirking 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.

A Mild Protest.
"Breddern 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 'stagnate that one of yoh was stingy, but Ah has got to admit that yoh all is mighty thrifty, tryin' to get to heaven foh about one ten-billionth of a cent a mile."

That's So.
If everyone would mend one, all would be amended.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

MEETING NIGHTS
FIRST TUESDAY NIGHT,
EACH MONTH.

F. E. VAN ATTA, K. of R. & S.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Meeting N'gths
April 12th and 26th
Jas. Dickerson, F. Woodmansee,
Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 1

186, F. & A. M.
Spcl April 1 Second.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55

R. A. M.
Regular April 10

NORTHVILLE

COMMANDEY NO. 39 K. T.
Regular April 2.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77

O. E. S.
Regular April 19

Features at the New
Alseium Theatre.

This coming Saturday brings Roy Stewart in "One Shot Ross," showing two of the fastest gunmen ever known in the southwest. Comedy feature as usual.

Next Thursday, Vivian Martin in "The Wax Model." Cartoon comedy feature also.

Commencing Tuesday, April 15, three shows will be given each week. Some specially good attractions will be announced soon.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent)

The regular monthly meeting will be held Monday, April 1, with Mrs. Wm. Edwin at 2:30 p. m. at 6 Dunlap street. Mrs. Patterson of Plymouth, District president, will give her report as delegate to the National convention. All members, both active and honorary, especially those who have recently joined, are requested and expected to be present and help to make this meeting a fully alive and up-to-date event.

If there was ever a time in the history of the W. C. T. U. when efficient co-operation of the forces of prohibition is needed, it is now. Come to the meeting and get inspiration for and information in regard to this one of the most unselfish, far-reaching and efficient organizations the world has ever known.

TIME CHANGES ON D. U. R.

Beginning April 1 hourly service will be restored on the Plymouth and Northville division of the D. J. & C. Ry. From Detroit there will be hourly service except that trains will not be run at 9:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. From Northville to Detroit there will be hourly service with the exception of one car at 9:30 a. m. The 6:30 a. m. local out of Detroit, which formerly went to Ann Arbor, will go to Plymouth and Northville instead. An additional car will leave Northville at 11:30 a. m. for Wayne and will leave Wayne at 12:42 p. m. for Plymouth and Northville.

Report of the condition of the

LAPHAM
STATE SAVINGS BANK

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

at the close of business March 4, 1918.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$183,192.66
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities	239,377.62
Overdrafts	.93
Banking House	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,700.00
Items in Transit	1,241.75
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities	52,209.23
Cash and Cash Items	29,159.18
Total	\$520,331.37

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	8,000.00
Undivided Profits	\$273.20
Dividends Unpaid	21.00
Deposits—	
Commercial	\$227,167.30
Savings	256,869.87
Total	\$484,037.17

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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

OFFICERS.

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Full Time.

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.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

Turn Over

a New Leaf

By subscribing
for THIS PAPER

Easter Hats

For Every Man and Young Man in Northville.

Remember, we have the Agency for the

The Koh-i-nors of the Hat World

The Knox

The No-Name

The Newland

In all the New and Dainty Colorings that are so attractive to the
lovers of fine Hats.

Easter Neckwear

That will Please the Most Fastidious.

WM. GORTON

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

Easy to Make Invisible.
Letters written with certain inks show nothing but blank paper until the latter is exposed to heat. Thus in a movie play or on the stage a conspirator will hold a document to the fire or close to a candle as a preliminary to reading the message or information that it carries, yet conceals. Anybody may make an ink of this kind by mixing chloride of cobalt with a little gum arabic. It should be used with a quill-pen. The writing made with it is pink in color, but disappears when dry. When exposed to heat, however, it reappears quite legibly, assuming a green hue.

Figures Show Sugar Supplies.
Commercial sugar stocks on hand August 31, 1917, totaled about 1,500,000,000 pounds, compared to 2,500,000,000 on the same date in 1915, according to the first war emergency food survey figures which have been issued by the United States department of agriculture. Large decreases were reported by millers and refiners and by storage warehouses although stocks in the hands of wholesale grocers and all large users of sugar showed increases in 1917.

Best of Human Fruit.
The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection even in the kindest soil, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic—Richter.

Why Women Suffer
BECAUSE you are a woman there is no need to suffer pain and annoyance which interfere with work, comfort and pleasure. When you suffer again try PISO'S TABLETS—a valuable, healing local application with astringent and tonic effects. The name PISO established over 50 years guarantees fair treatment. Money refunded if not satisfied. If you would be rid of Backache, Headaches, Nervousness, Weakness as symptoms of the condition—a trial will convince.

PISO'S TABLETS
Sold Everywhere 60 Cents
Sample Mailed Free—address P. O. Box 400 PISO BLDG. THE PISO COMPANY, Warren, Pa.

THIN BOARDER HAS GOOD-ONE

Before Reading This—Just What Is the Difference Between an Elephant and a Microbe.

"I've got one for you this morning," said the thin boarder, tucking his paper napkin under his chin, as he approached his meek, wheedling breakfast. "What's the difference between an elephant and a microbe?"

"Shoot it!" said the soldier on the floor.

"Shoot yourself," replied the thin one.

"A ten and a half," suggested the coal clerk with a rose in his buttonhole.

"Won't do," came from the conundrum propounder.

"One's found in his hair and the other in the air," ventured the lady schoolteacher.

"Guess again," was Skinny's dare.

"One comes to you when you want it, and the other comes to you when you don't," said the bank clerk.

"Awful!" was the emaciated one's rejoinder.

"Well, dope it out," came from the tired group.

"One carries a trunk and the other the grip"—Yonkers Statesman.

A rich widow makes a poor investment when she buys a husband.

Wakeful Nights
—go out of style in the family that once drank coffee but now uses
INSTANT POSTUM
This wholesome beverage of delicious flavor contains no drug elements to upset heart or nerves and its cheery goodness is just the thing in the way of a hot table drink.

There's a Reason

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

Author of "PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

Copyright Bobb Merrill Co.

THE PROFESSOR COMES TO SEE THEM AND MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT DEPRESSES CAROL— THEN SHE SURPRISES HIM

Synopsis.—The story concerns the household of Rev. Mr. Starr, a Methodist minister at Mount Mark, Pa., and the affairs of his five lovable daughters—Prudence, the eldest; Fairy, the next; Carol and Lark, twins; and Connie, the baby. Prudence marries and goes away. Her place as "mother" in the home is taken by Aunt Grace. Fairy is engaged to wed. The twins and the baby, just coming into womanhood, have the usual boy-and-girl love affairs, and the usual amazing adventures of adolescence.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Did they tell you about it?"

"Yes, they told me. They told me."

"Come on into my office," he said. "You must write it up while it is fresh in your mind. You'll do it better while the feeling is on you."

Lark gazed at him stupidly, not comprehending.

"Write it up?" she repeated confusedly.

"Yes, for the paper. How they looked, what they said, how it happened—everything. We want to scoop on it."

"But I don't think they would want it told," Lark gasped.

"Oh, probably not, but people want to know about it. Don't you remember what I told you? The press is a powerful taskmaster. He asks hard duties of us, but we must obey. We've got to give the people what they want. There's a reporter down from Burlington already, but he couldn't get anything out of them. We've got a clear scoop on it."

Lark glanced fearfully over her shoulder. A huge, menacing shadow lowered black behind her. The press! She shuddered again.

"I can't write it up," she faltered.

"Mrs. Daly—she—Oh, I held her in my arms, Mr. Raider, and kissed her, and we cried all morning, and I can't write it up. I—I am the minister's daughter, you know. I can't."

"Nonsense, now, Lark," he said, "be sensible. You needn't give all the sob part. I'll touch it up for you. Just write out what you saw, and what they said, and I'll do the rest. Run along now. Be sensible."

Lark glanced over her shoulder again. The press-seemed tremendously big, looming at her, threatening her. Lark gasped, sobbingly.

She sat down at Mr. Raider's desk, and drew a pad of paper toward her. For five minutes she sat immovable, body tense, face stern, breathless, rigid. Mr. Raider, after one curious, satisfied glance, slipped out and closed the door softly after him. He felt he could trust to the newspaper instinct to get that story out of her.

Finally Lark, despairingly, clutched a pencil and wrote:

Terrible Tragedy of the Early Morning.

Daly Family Crushed With Sorrow.

Her mind passed rapidly back over the story she had heard, the father's occasional wild bursts of temper, the pitiful efforts of the family to keep his weakness hidden, the insignificant altercation at the breakfast table, the cry of the startled baby, and then the sudden ungovernable fury that lashed

ing. "never mind the Daly story. I'll cover it myself. I guess it was too hard an assignment to begin with, and you a friend of the family and all. Let it go. You stay at home this afternoon. Come back tomorrow and I'll start you again. Maybe I was too hard on you today."

"I don't want to," she cried, looking back at the shadow which seemed somehow to have receded a little. "I don't want to be a newspaper woman. I think I'll be the other kind of writer—not newspapers, you know, just plain writing. I'm sure I shall like it better. I wasn't cut out for this line, I know. I want to go now."

"Run along," he said. "I'll see you later on. You go to bed. You're nearly sick."

"Dignity? Lark did not remember that she had ever dreamed of dignity. She just started for home, for her father, Aunt Grace and the girls! The shabby old parsonage seemed suddenly very bright, very sunny, very safe. The dreadful dark shadow was not pressing so close to her shoulders, did not feel so smotheringly near.

A startled group sprang up from the porch to greet her. She flung one arm around Carol's shoulder, and drew her twin with her close to her aunt's side. "I don't want to be a newspaper woman," she cried, in a high excited voice. "I don't like it. I am awfully afraid of the press." She looked over her shoulder. The shadow was fading away in the distance. "I couldn't go it. I—And then, cringing, with Carol, close against her aunt's side, clutching one of the soft hands in her own, she told the story.

"I couldn't, Fairy," she declared, looking beseechingly into the strong kind face of her sister. "I—couldn't. Mrs. Daly—sobbed so, and her hands were so brown and hard, Fairy, she kept rubbing my shoulder, and saying, 'Oh, Lark, oh, Lark, my little children! I couldn't. I don't like newspapers, Fairy. Really, I don't.'"

Fairy looked greatly troubled. "I wish father were at home," she said very quietly. "Mr. Raider meant all right, of course, but it was wrong to send a young girl like you. Father is there now. It's very terrible. You just exactly right, Larkie. Father will say so. I guess maybe it's not the job for a minister's girl. Of course, the story will come out, but we're not the ones to tell it."

"But—the career," suggested Carol.

"Why," said Lark, "I'll wait a little and then have a real career, you know, stories, and books, and poems, the kind that don't harrow people's feelings. I really don't think it is right. Don't you remember Prudence says the parsonage is a place to hide sorrows, not to hang them on the clothesline for every one to see?" She looked for a last time over her shoulder. Dimly she saw a small dark cloud—all that was left of the shadow which had seemed so eager to devour her. Her arms clasped Carol with renewed intensity.

"Oh," she breathed, "oh, isn't the parsonage lovely, Carol? I wish father would come. You all look so sweet, and kind, and—oh, I love to be at home."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Clear Call.

The tinkle of the telephone disturbed the family as they were at dinner, and Connie, who sat nearest, rose to answer the summons, while Carol, at her corner of the table struck a tragic attitude.

"If Joe Graves has broken anything, he's broken our friendship for good and all. These fellows that break themselves—"

"Break themselves?" asked her father gravely.

"Yes—any of his members, you know, his leg, or his arm, or—If he has, I must say frankly that I hope it is his neck. These boys that break themselves at the last minute, thereby breaking dates, are—"

"Well," Connie said calmly, "if you're through, I'll begin."

"Oh, goodness, Connie, deafen one ear and listen with the other. You've got to learn to hear in a hubbub. Go on then, I'm through. But I haven't forgotten that I missed the Thanksgiving banquet last year because Phil broke his ankle that very afternoon on the ice. What business had he on the ice when he had a date—"

"Ready?" asked Connie, as the phone rang again, insistently.

"Go on, then. Don't wait until I get started. Answer it."

Connie removed the receiver and

called the customary "Hello." Then, "Yes, just a minute. It's for you, Carol."

Carol rose daintily. "It's Joe," she said in a dainty, dark voice. "He's broken, I foresee it. It's there's anything I despise and abominate it's a breaker of dates. Men have no business being broken, except their hearts, when girls are mixed up in it—Hello!—Oh, oh-h-h! Yes—it's professor! How are you?—Yes, indeed—oh, yes, I'm going to be home. Yes, indeed. Come about eight. Of course I'll be here—nothing important—it didn't amount to anything at all—just a little old everyday affair—Yes, I can arrange it nicely—We're so anxious to see you—All right—Good-by."

She turned back to the table, her face flushed, eyes shining. "It's professor! He's in town just overnight, and he's coming out. I'll have to phone Joe."

"Anything I despise and abominate it's a breaker of dates," chanted Carol.

"Oh, that's different," explained Carol. "This is professor! Besides, this will sort of even up for the Thanksgiving banquet last year."

"But that was Phil and this is Joe!"

"Oh, that's all right. It's just the principle, you know, nothing personal about it."

She stood thoughtfully beside the table, her brows puckered unbecomingly.

"I think," she said at last slowly, with wary eyes on her father's quiet face, "I think I'll let the tuck out of my old rose dress. It's too short."

"Too short! Why, Carol?" interrupted her aunt.

"Too short for the occasion—I mean. I'll put it back tomorrow." Once more her eyes turned cautiously fatherward.

"You see, professor still has the little twinkle idea in his brain, and I'm going to get it out. It isn't consistent with our five feet seven. We're grown up. Professor has got to see it. You shoot upstairs, Connie, won't you, there's a dear, and bring it down, both of them, Lark's too. Lark—where did you put that ripping knife? Aunt Grace, will you put the iron on for me? It's perfectly right that professor should see we're growing up. We'll have to emphasize it something extra, or he might overlook it. It makes him feel Methuselah because he's so awfully smart. But I'll soon change his mind for him."

In less than two minutes the whole family was engaged in growing Carol up for the occasion. They didn't see any sense in it, but Carol seemed so unalterably convinced that it was necessary that they hated to question her motives.

If her idea had been utterly to dumbfound the unsuspecting professor, she succeeded admirably. Carefully she planned her appearance, giving him just the impression of patient waiting in the presence of her aunt and sisters. Then, a slow parting of the curtains and Carol stood out, brightly, gladly, her slender hands held out in welcome, Carol, with long skirts swishing around her white-silken feet, her slender throat rising cream-white above the soft fold of old rose lace, her graceful head with its royal crown of bronze-gold hair, tilted most charmingly.

The professor sprang to his feet and stared at her. "Why, Carol," he exclaimed soberly, almost sadly, as he crossed the room and took her hand. "Why, Carol! Whatever have you been doing to yourself overnight?"

Of course, it was far more "overnight" than the professor knew, but Carol saw to it that there was nothing to arouse his suspicion on that score. He lifted her hand high, and looked frankly down the long lines of her skirt, with the white toes of her slippers showing beneath. He shook his head. And though he smiled again, his voice was sober.

"I'm beginning to feel my age," he said.

This was not what Carol wanted, and she resumed her old childish manner with a gleeful laugh.

"What on earth are you doing in Mount Mark again, P'fessor?" When Carol wished to be particularly coy, she said "P'fessor." It didn't sound exactly cultured, but spoken in Carol's voice was really irresistible.

"Why, I came to see you before your hair turned gray, and wrinkles marred you."

"Wrinkles won't mar mine," cried Carol emphatically. "Not ever! I use up a whole jar of cold cream every three weeks! I won't have—em—wrinkles! P'fessor, you don't know what a time I have keeping myself young."

She joined in the peal of laughter that rang out as this age-wise statement fell from her lips.

"You'll be surprised," he said, "what does bring me to Mount Mark. I have given up my position in New York, and am going to school again in Chicago this winter. I shall be here only tonight. Tomorrow I begin to study again. I am changing my line of work. The fact is, I'm going to enter the ministry myself, and will have a couple of years in a theological seminary first."

Utter stupefaction greeted this explanation. Not one word was spoken.

"How have you come into these things?"

rather deeply the last two years. For a year I've felt it would finally come to this, but I preferred my own job, and I thought I would stick it out, as Carol says. But I've decided to quit balking and answer the call."

Aunt Grace nodded, with a warmly approving smile.

"But, professor," said Carol faintly and falteringly, "didn't you tell me you were to get five thousand dollars a year with the institute from this on?"

"Yes, I was."

Carol gazed at her family despairingly. "It would take an awfully loud call to drown the chink of five thousand gold dollars in my ears, I am afraid."

"It was a loud call," he said. And he looked at her curiously, for of all the family she alone seemed distraught and unenthusiastic.

"But, professor," she argued, "can't people do good without preaching? Think of all the lovely things you



Carol Was Standing Among the Roses—Bushes, Tall and Slim.

could do with five thousand dollars! Think of the influence a prominent educator has! Think of—"

"I have thought of it, all of it. But haven't I got to answer the call?"

"Tell us all about it," said Fairy cordially. "We are so interested in it. Of course, we think it is the finest work in the world." She looked reproachfully at Carol, but Carol made no response.

He told them, then, something of his plan, which was very simple. He had arranged for a special course at the seminary in Chicago, and then would enter the ministry like any other young man starting upon his lifework. "I'm a Presbyterian, you know," he said. "I'll have to go around and preach until I find a church willing to put up with me. I won't have a presiding elder to make a niche for me."

He talked frankly, even with enthusiasm, but always he felt the curious disappointment that Carol sat there silent, her eyes upon the hands in her lap. Once or twice she lifted them swiftly to his face, and lowered them instantly again. Only he noticed when they were raised, that they were unusually deep, and that something lay within shining brightly, like the reflection of a star in a clear dark pool of water.

"I must go now," he said, "I must have a little visit with my uncle. I just wanted to see you, and tell you about it. I knew you would like it."

Carol's hand was the first placed in his, and she murmured an inaudible word of farewell; her eyes downcast, and turned quickly away. "Don't let them wait for me," she whispered to Lark, and then she disappeared.

The professor turned away from the hospitable door very much depressed. He shook his head impatiently and thrust his hands deep into his pockets like a troubled boy. Half-way down the board walk he stopped, and smiled. Carol was standing among the rose bushes, tall and slim in the cloudy moonlight, waiting for him. She held out her hand with a friendly smile.

"I came to take you a piece, if you want me," she said. "It's so hard to talk when there's a roomful, isn't it? I thought maybe you wouldn't mind."

"Mind? It was dear of you to think of it," he said gratefully, drawing her hand into the curve of his arm. "I was wishing I could talk with you alone. You won't be cold?"

In this case the course of true love seems destined to run smoothly. Professor Duke convinces Carol that he is doing the right thing in studying for the ministry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Offender.

He who commits an office is arrested than

Strength Gave Out

Mrs. Schmitt Was Miserable From Kidney Trouble Until Doan's Came to Her Assistance. Now Well.

"My kidneys gave out during the change of life," says Mrs. Margaret Schmitt, 63 Alabama Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. "My back ached and pained as if it were broken. When I moved in bed, sharp, darting pains caught me across my back and I couldn't turn. Mornings I was stiff and sore and it felt as if heavy weights were tied to me. I was so worn-out, I often came near falling from dizziness and flashes of fire would come before my eyes, blinding me."

"I had the most severe headaches and my kidneys didn't act regularly. The pains came too often and caused much distress. I was hardly able to do my housework and just to walk upstairs took all my strength."

"As soon as I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I improved, and six boxes put me in better health than I had enjoyed for years."

Mrs. Schmitt gave the foregoing statement in 1916 and on April 6, 1917, she said: "My cure has been permanent. I keep Doan's on hand, however, and take a few doses occasionally."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60¢ a Box.
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Plumb Pudding.

"Charlie, dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, "this is my first plum pudding."

"It looks rather nice," said Charlie, dubiously.

"Do you know, I was wondering while making it," went on Mrs. N., "why we call it plum pudding when there isn't a plum in it!"

"I fancy, my dear," said Charlie, having eaten a little, "the word should be spelt 'plumb,' which you will find by the dictionary, means a little mass or weight of lead!"

About \$500,000,000 a year is being spent on education in the United States.



IN THE SPRING

will be the great test of a life and death struggle on the Western front. In the everyday walks of life, it is the spring time that brings ill health. One of the chief reasons why the run-down man is almost in a bad state of health in March or April, is because he has spent nearly all his hours for the past four or five months peened up, within the walls of home, factory or office. It is the reason for our diminished resistance—that is, lack of out-door life, coupled with perhaps over-eating, lack of good exercise, insufficient sleep, and constipation. In other words, we keep feeding the furnace with food but do not take out the "chinkers," and our fire does not burn brightly for our diminished resistance. There is nothing better for health than taking an occasional mild laxative, perhaps once a week; such a one as you can get at any drug store, made up of May-apple, jalap, aloes, (sugar-coated, tiny, easily taken), which has stood the test of fifty years of approval—namely, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. But for the "Spring Fever," the general run-down condition, the lack of ambition, the times one should take a standard tonic as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, now to be had in tablet form in sixty-cent vials. Watch the people go plodding along the street. There's no spring, no vitality. A vitalizing tonic such as this vegetable extract of Dr. Pierce's gives you the power to force yourself into action. The brain responds to the new blood in circulation, and thus you're ready to make a fight against stagnation which holds you in bondage. Try it now! Don't wait! Today is the day to begin. Get a little "pep," and laugh and live. Vim and vitality are the natural out-pouring of a healthy body. It does not spring up in a night. Try this spring tonic, and you gain the courage that comes with good health.

Small Pill
Small Dose
Small Price



FOR CONSTIPATION

have stood the test of time. Purely vegetable. Wonderfully quick to banish biliousness, headache, indigestion and to clear up a bad complexion.

Genuine bears signature

Bear Brand

PALE FACES

Generally indicate a lack of iron in the blood

Carter's Iron Pills
Will help the condition

Don't Use Any Other Than Cuticura Soap To Clear Your Skin

BRONCHIAL TROUBLES

Soothe the irritation and you relieve the distress. Do both quickly and effectively by promptly taking a dependable remedy—

PISO'S

THE YUKON TRAIL

Copyright, William Macleod Raine.

An Alaskan Love
Story
By
William Macleod Raine

The frozen north is an inexhaustible mine of stories, on which poet and novelist may draw to their heart's content. William Macleod Raine knows his Alaska well; but he has peopled it, not with prospectors, good seekers and squaw men, though all these play their part, but with city-bred men and women self-exiled to the wilderness, as they throw themselves heartily into the contest for which the qualification is energy and the stake the future of Alaska.

CHAPTER I.

Going "In."

The midnight sun had set, but in a crotch between two snow peaks it had kindled a vast cauldron from which rose a mist of jewels, garnet and turquoise, topaz and amethyst and opal, all swimming in a sea of molten gold. The glow of it still clung to the face of the broad Yukon, as a flush does to the soft, wrinkled cheek of a girl just roused from deep sleep.

Except for a faint murkiness in the air it was still day. There was light enough for the four men playing pinocle on the upper deck, though the women of their party, gossiping in chairs grouped near at hand, had at last put aside their embroidery. The girl who sat by herself at a little distance held a magazine still open in her lap.

Gordon Elliot had taken the boat at Pierre's Portage, fifty miles farther down the river. He had come direct from the creeks, and his impressions of the motley pioneer life at the gold diggings were so vivid that he had found an isolated corner of the deck where he could scribble them in a notebook while still fresh.

But he had not been too busy to see that the girl in the wicker chair was as much of an outsider as he was. Plainly this was her first trip in. Gordon was a stranger in the Yukon country, one not likely to be overwelcome when it became known what his mission was.

From where he was leaning against the deckhouse Elliot could see only a fine, chiseled profile shading into a mass of crisp, black hair, but some quality in the detachment of her personality stimulated gently his imagination. He wondered who she could be.

A short, thickest man who had ridden down on the stage with Elliot to Pierre's Portage drifted along the deck toward him. He wore the careless garb of a mining man in a country which looks first to comfort.

"Bound for Kuskak?" he asked, by way of opening conversation.

"Yes," answered Gordon.

The miner nodded toward the group under the awning. "That bunch lives at Kuskak. They've got on at different places the last two or three days—except Selfridge and his wife; they've been out. Guess you can tell that from hearing her talk—the little woman in red with the snappy black eyes. She's spilling over with talk about the styles in New York and the cabarets and the new shows. That pot-bellied little fellow in the checked suit is Selfridge. He is Colby Macdonald's man Friday."

Elliot took in with a quickened interest the group bound for Kuskak. He had noticed that they monopolized as a matter of course the best places on the deck and in the dining room. They were civil enough to outsiders, but their manner had the unconscious selfishness that often regulates social activities. It excluded from their gaiety everybody that did not belong to the proper set.

"That sort of thing gets my goat," the miner went on sourly. "Those women over there have elected themselves Society with a capital S. They put on all the airs the Four Hundred do in New York. And who are they anyhow?—wives to a bunch of grafting politicians mostly."

"That's the way of the world, isn't it? Our civilization is built on the group system," suggested Elliot.

"Maybe so," grumbled the miner. "But I hate to see Alaska come to it. Me, I saw this country first in ninety-seven—packed an outfit in over the paws. Every man stood on his own hind legs then. He got there if he was strong—mebbe; he bogged down on the trail good and plenty if he was weak. We didn't have any of the artificial stuff then. A man had to have the guts to stand the gaff."

"I suppose it was a wild country, Mr. Strong."

The little miner's eyes gleamed. "Best country in the world. We didn't stand for anything that wasn't on the level. It was a poor man's country—wages fifteen dollars a day and plenty of work. Everybody had a chance. Anybody could stake a claim and gamble on his luck. Now the big corporations have slipped in and grabbed the best. It ain't a prospector's proposition anymore. Instead of faro banks we've got savings banks. The wide-open dance hall has quit business in favor of moving pictures. And, as I said before, we've got Society."

"All frontier countries have to come to it."

"Hmp! In the days I'm telling you about that crowd there couldn't a hustled meat to fill their bellies three meals. Parasites, that's what they are. They're living off that bunch of roughnecks down there and folks like 'em."

With a wave of his hand Strong pointed to a group of miners who had boarded the boat with them at Pierre's Portage. There were about a dozen of the men, for the most part husky, heavy-set foreigners. Elliot gathered from their talk that they had lost their jobs because they had tried to organize an indignant strike in the Frozen Gulch district.

"Roughnecks and booze-fighters—that's all they are. But they earn their way. Not that I blame Macdonald for firing them, mind you," continued the miner. "His superintendent up there was too soft. These here Swedes got gay. Mac hit the trail for Frozen Gulch. He hammered his big fist into the bread basket of the ring-leader and said, 'Git!' That fellow's running yet, I'll bet. Then Mac called the men together and read the riot act to them. He fired this bunch on the boat and was out of the camp before you could bat an eye. It was the cleanest hurry-up job I ever did see."

"From what I've heard about him, he must be a remarkable man."

"He's the biggest man in Alaska, bar none."

This was a subject that interested Gordon Elliot very much. Colby Macdonald and his activities had brought him to the country.

"Do you mean personally—or because he represents the big corporations?"

"Both. His word comes pretty near being law up here, not only because he stands for the Consolidated, but because he's one man from the ground up."

"Do you mean that he's square-honest?"

"You've said two things, my friend," answered Strong dryly. "He's square. If he tells you anything, don't worry because he ain't put down his John Hancock before a notary. Don't waste any time looking for fat or yellow streaks in Mac. They ain't there. Nobody ever heard him squeal yet and what's more nobody ever will."

"No wonder men like him."

"But when you say honest—No! Not the way you define honesty down in the States. He's a grabber, Mac is."

"What does he look like?"

"Oh, I don't know," Strong hesitated, while he searched for words to show the picture in his mind. "Big as a house—steps out like a buck in the spring—blue-gray eyes that bore right through you."

"How old?"

"Search me. You never think of age when you're looking at him. Forty-five, mebbe—or fifty—I don't know."

"Married?"

"No-o." Hanford Strong nodded in the direction of the Kuskak circle.

"They say he's going to marry Mrs. Mallory. She's the one with the red hair."

It struck young Elliot that the miner was dismissing Mrs. Mallory in too cavalier a fashion. She was the sort of woman at whom men look twice, and then continue to look while she appears magnificently unaware of it. Her hair was not red, but of a lustrous bronze, amazingly abundant, and dressed in waves with the careful skill of a coiffeur. Slightest shades of meaning she could convey with a lift of the eyebrow or an intonation of the musical voice. If she was already fencing with the encroaching years there was little evidence of it in her opulent good looks.

The whistle of the Hannah blew for the Tatiah Cache landing while Strong and Elliot were talking. The gangplank was thrown out.

A man came to the end of the wharf carrying a suitcase. He was well-set, thick in the chest and broad-shouldered. Looking down from above, Gordon Elliot guessed him to be in the early thirties.

Mrs. Mallory was the first to recognize him, which she did with a drawing little shout of welcome. "Oh, you, Mr. Man. I knew you first. I speak for you," she cried.

The man on the gangplank looked up, smiled and lifted to her his broad gray hat in a wave of greeting.

"How do you do, Mrs. Mallory? Glad to see you."

The miners from Frozen Gulch were grouped together on the lower deck. At sight of the man with the suitcase a sullen murmur rose among them. Those in the rear pushed forward and closed the lane leading to the cabins. One of the miners was flung roughly against the new passenger. With a wide, powerful sweep of his arm the man who had just come aboard hurled the miner back among his companions. "Gangway!" he said brusquely, and as he strode forward did not even glance in the direction of the angry men pressing toward him.

"Here. Keep back there, you fel-

lows. None of that rough stuff goes," ordered the mate sharply.

The big Cornishman who had been tossed aside crouched for a spring. He launched himself forward with the awkward force of a bear. The suitcase described a whirling arc of a circle with the arm of its owner as a radius. The bag and the head of the miner came into swift impact. Like a bullock which had been poleaxed, the man went to the floor. He turned over with a groan and lay still.

The new passenger looked across the huge, sprawling body at the group of miners facing him. They glared in savage hate. All they needed was a leader to send them driving at him with the force of an avalanche. The man at whom they raged did not give an inch. He leaned forward slightly, his weight resting on the balls of his feet, alert to the finger tips.

"Next," he taunted.

Then the mate got busy. He hustled his steyedores forward in front of the miners and shook his fist in their faces as he stormed up and down. If they wanted trouble, by Jove! it was waiting for 'em, he swore in appoplectic fury. The Hannah was a river boat and not a dive of wharf rats!

The man with the suitcase did not wait to hear out his trade. He followed the purser to his stateroom, dropped his baggage beside the berth, and joined the Kuskak group on the upper deck.

"They greeted him eagerly, a little effusively, as if they were anxious to prove themselves on good terms with him."

"What was the matter?" asked Selfridge.

"How did the trouble start?"

The big man shrugged his shoulders. "It didn't start. Some of the outfit thought they were looking for a row, but they balked on the job when Trelawney got his."

Gordon, as he watched from a little distance, corrected earlier impressions. This man had passed the thirties. He had the thick neck and solid trunk of middle life, but he carried himself so superbly that his whole bearing denied that years could touch his splendid physique.

Strong had stepped to the wharf to talk with an old acquaintance, but when the boat threw out a warning signal he made a hurried goodby and came on board. He rejoined Elliot.

"Well, what d'you think of him? Was I right?"

"The young man had already guessed who this imperious stranger was. 'I never saw anybody get away with a hard job as easily as he did that one. You could see with half an eye that those fellows meant fight. They were all primed for it—and he bluffed them out.'"

"Bluffed them—huh! I was where I could see just what happened. Colby Macdonald wasn't even looking at Trelawney, but you bet he saw him start. That suitcase traveled like a streak of lightning."



Like a Bullock Which Had Been Poleaxed, the Man Went to the Floor.

light. You'd 'n' thought it weighed about two pounds. That ain't all, either. Mac used his brains. Guess what was in that grip."

"The usual thing, I suppose."

"You've got another guess—packed in among his socks and underwear was about twenty pounds of ore samples. The purser told me. It was that quartz that put Trelawney to sleep so thorough that he'd just begun to wake up when I passed a minute ago."

The young man turned his eyes again upon the big Canadian Scotsman. He was talking with Mrs. Mallory, who was leaning back luxuriously in a steamer chair she had brought aboard at St. Michael's. It would have been hard to conceive a contrast greater than the one between this pampered heiress of the ages and the modern business berserk who looked down into her mocking eyes. He was the embodiment of the dominant male—efficient to the last inch of his straight six feet. What he wanted

he had always taken, by the sheer strength that was in him. Back of her smiling insolence lay a silken force to match his own. She too had taken what she wanted from life, but she had won it by indirection. Manifestly she was of those women who conceive that charm and beauty are tools to bend men to their wills.

The dusky young woman with the magazine was the first of those on the upper deck to retire for the night. She fitted so quietly that Gordon did not notice until she had gone. Mrs. Selfridge and her friends disappeared with their men folks, calling gay good nights to one another as they left.

Macdonald and Mrs. Mallory talked. After a time she too vanished. The big promoter leaned against the deck rail, where he was joined by Selfridge. For a long time they talked in low voices. The little man had most to say. His chief listened, but occasionally interrupted to ask a sharp, incisive question.

Elliot, sitting farther forward with Strong, judged that Selfridge was making a report of his trip. Once he caught a fragment of their talk, enough to confirm this impression.

"Did Winton tell you that himself?" demanded the Scotsman.

The answer of his employee came in a murmur so low that the words were lost. "But the name used told Gordon a good deal. The commissioner of the general land office at Washington signed his letters Harold B. Winton."

Strong tossed the stub of his cigarette overboard and nodded good night. A glance at his watch told Elliot that it was past two o'clock. He rose, stretched and sauntered back to his stateroom.

The young man had just taken off his coat, when there came the hurried rush of tramping feet upon the hurricane deck above. Almost instantly he heard a cry of alarm. He could hear the shuffling of footsteps and the sound of heavy bodies moving.

Someone lifted a frightened shout. "Help! Help!" The call had come, he thought, from Selfridge.

Gordon flung open the door of his room, raced along the deck and took the stairs three at a time. A huddle of men swayed and shifted heavily in front of him.

Even as he ran toward the mass, Elliot noticed that the only sounds were grunts, stertorous breathings, and the scraping of feet. The attackers wanted no publicity. The attacked was too busy to waste breath in futile cries. He was fighting for his life.

Two men, separated from the crowd, lay on the deck farther aft. One was on top of the other, his fingers clutching the gullet of his helpless opponent. The agony of the man underneath found expression only in the drumming heels that beat a tattoo on the floor. The spasmodic feet were shot in Oxford cans of an ultra-fashionable cut. No doubt the owner of the smart footwear had been pulled down as he was escaping to shout the alarm.

The runner hurled the two in his stride and plunged straight at the struggling tangle. He caught one man by the shoulders from behind and flung him back. He struck hard, smashing blows as he fought his way to the heart of the melee. Heavy-fisted miners with corded muscles landed upon his face and head and neck. He did not care a straw for the odds.

The sudden attack of Elliot had opened the pack. The man battling against a dozen was Colby Macdonald. The very number of his foes had saved him so far from being rushed overboard or trampled down. His coat and shirt were in rags. He was bruised and battered and bleeding from the chest up. But he was still slugging hard.

They had him pressed to the rail. A huge miner, head down, had his arms around the waist of the Scotsman and was trying to throw him overboard. Macdonald lashed out and landed flush upon the cheek of a man attempting to brain him with a billet of wood. He hammered home a short-arm jolt against the ear of the giant who was giving him the bear grip.

The big miner grunted, but hung on like a football tackle. With a jerk he raised Macdonald from the floor just as three or four others rushed him again. The rail gave way, splintered like kindling wood. The Scotsman and the man at grips with him went over the side together.

Clear and loud rang the voice of Elliot. "Man overboard!"

The wheelsman signaled to the engine room to reverse and blew short, sharp shrieks of warning.

"Men overboard—two of 'em!" explained Elliot in a shout from the boat which he was trying to lower.

The first mate and another man ran to help him. The three of them lowered and manned the boat. Gordon sat in the bow and gave directions while the other two put their backs into the stroke.

Across the water came a call for help. "T'm sinking—hurry!"

"The other man in the river was a dozen yards from the one in distress. With strong, swift, overhand strokes he shot through the water.

"All right," he called presently. "I've got him."

The oarsmen drew alongside the

swimmer. With one hand Macdonald caught hold of the edge of the boat. The other clutched the rescued man by the hair of his head.

"Look out. You're drowning him," the mate warned.

"Am I?" Macdonald glanced with mild interest at the head that had been until that moment submerged. "Shows how absent-minded a man gets. I was thinking about how he tried to drown me, I expect."

They dragged the miner aboard.

"Go ahead. I'll swim down," Macdonald ordered.

"Better come aboard," advised the mate.

"No. I'm all right."

The Scotsman pushed himself back from the boat and fell into an easy stroke. Nevertheless, there was power in it, for he reached the Hannah before the rescued miner had been helped to the deck.

A dozen passengers, crowded on the lower deck, pushed forward eagerly to see. Among them was Selfridge, his shirt and collar torn loose at the neck and his immaculate checked suit dusty and disheveled. He was wearing a pair of up to date Oxford pumps.

Macdonald shook himself like a Newfound-land dog. He looked around with sardonic amusement, a grin on his swollen and disfigured face.

"Quite a pleasant welcome home," he said ironically, his cold eyes fixed on a face that looked as if it might have been kicked by a healthy mule. "Eh, Trelawney?"

The Cornishman glared at him, and turned away with a low, savage oath. "Are you hurt, Mr. Macdonald?" asked the captain.

"Hurt! Not at all, captain. I cut myself while I was shaving this morning—just a scratch," was the ironic answer.

"There's been some dirty work going on. I'll see the men are punished, sir."

"Forget it, captain. I'll attend to that little matter." His jaunty, almost insolent glance made the half-circle again. "Sorry you were too late for the party, gentlemen—most of you. I see three or four of you who were 'among those present.' It was a strictly exclusive affair. And now, if you don't mind, I'll say good night."

He turned on his heel, went up the stairway to the deck above and disappeared into his stateroom.

CHAPTER II.

The Girl From Drogheda.

Gordon Elliot was too much of a night owl to be an early riser, but next morning he was awakened by the tramp of hurried feet along the deck to the accompaniment of brusque orders, together with frequent angry puffing and snorting of the boat. From the quiver of the walls he guessed that the Hannah was stuck on a sandbar. The mate's language gave backing to his surmise.

Elliot tried to settle back to sleep, but after two or three ineffectual efforts gave it up. He rose and did one or two setting-up exercises to limber his joints. The first of these flashed the signal to his brain that he was stiff and sore. This brought to mind the fight on the hurricane deck, and he smiled. It hurt every time he twined a muscle.

The young man stepped to the looking glass. Both eyes were blacked, his lip had been cut, and there was a purple weal well up on his left cheek. He stopped himself from grinning only just in time to save another twinge of pain.

"Some party while it lasted. I never saw more willing mixers. Everybody seemed anxious to sit in except Mr. Wally Selfridge," he explained to his reflection. "But Macdonald is the boss. He's there with both right and left. That uppercut of his is vicious. Don't ever get in the way of it, Gordon Elliot."

He bathed, dressed and went on deck.

Early though he was, one passenger at least was up before him. The young woman he had noticed last evening with the magazine was doing a constitutional.

Irish he guessed her when the deep blue eyes rested on his for an instant as she passed, and fortified his conjecture by the coloring of the clear-skinned face and the marks of the Celtic race delicately stamped upon it.

The purser came out of his room and joined Elliot. He smiled at sight of the young man's face. "Your map's a little out of plumb this morning, sir," he ventured.

"But you ought to see the other fellow," came back Gordon hoarsely. "I've seen him—several of him. I've got to give it to you and Mr. Macdonald. You know how to hit."

"Oh, I'm not in his class."

Gordon Elliot meant what he said. He was himself an athlete, had played for three years left tackle on his college eleven. More than one critic had picked him for the All-America team. But after all he was a product of training and of the gymnasiums. Macdonald was what nature and a long line of fighting Highland ancestors had made him.

The purser chuckled. "He's a good un, Mac is. They say he liked to have

drowned Northrup after he had saved him."

Elliot was again following with his eyes the lit of the girl's movements. Apparently he had not heard what the officer said.

With a grin the purser opened another attack. "Don't blame you a bit, Mr. Elliot. She's the prettiest colleen that ever sailed from Dublin bay."

"Who is she?"

"The name on the books is Sheba O'Neill."

"From Dublin, you say?"

"Oh, if you want to be literal, her baggage says Drogheda. Ireland is Ireland to me."

"Where is she bound for?"

"Kuskak."

The young woman passed them with a little nod of morning greeting to the



The Rail Gave Way.

pursuer. Fine and dainty though she was, Miss O'Neill gave an impression of radiant strength.

"What is she going to do in Kuskak?"

Again the purser grinned. "What do they all do—the good-looking ones?"

"Get married, you mean?"

"Surest thing you know. Girls coming up ask me what to bring by way of outfit. I used to make out a long list. Now I tell them to bring clothes enough for six weeks and their favorite wedding march."

"Is this girl engaged?"

"Can't prove it by me," said the officer lightly. "But she'll never get out of Alaska a spinster—not that girl. She may be going in to teach, or to run a millinery store, or to keep books for a trading company. She'll stay to bring up kiddies of her own. They all do."

Three children came up the stairway, caught sight of Miss O'Neill, and raced pell-mell across the deck to her.

The young woman's face was transformed. It was bubbling with tenderness, with gay and happy laughter, flinging her arms wide, she waited for them. With incoherent cries of delight, they flung themselves upon her.

The two oldest were girls. The youngest was a fat, cuddly little boy with dimples in his soft cheeks.

"I dussed myself, Aunt Sheba. Didn't I, Gwen?"

Sheba stooped and held him off to admire. "All by yourself—just think of that."

"We helped just the teeniest bit on the buttons," confessed Janet, the oldest of the small family.

"And I tied his shoes," added Gwen.

Gwendolen snuggled close to Miss O'Neill. "You always smell so sweet and clean and violety. Aunt Sheba," she whispered in confidence.

"You're spoiling me, Gwen," laughed the young woman. "You've kissed the blarney stone. It's a good thing you're leaving the boat today."

Miss Gwen had one more confidence to make in the ear of her friend. "I wish you'd come too and be our new mamma," she begged.

A shell-pink tinge crept into the milky skin of the Irish girl. She was less sure of herself, more easily embarrassed, than the average American of her age and sex.

"Are your things gathered ready for packing, Janet?" she asked quietly.

Elliot obtains an introduction to Miss O'Neill and while the boat is taking on freight they go for a stroll and have an amazing adventure together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Caste in Khaki.

Mayme (as two officers pass without a glance)—Gee, Gert, some army men are 'nearly blind to the female sex. Gert—Sure. I guess they must be long to that reserve corps.—Judge.

Quid Pro Quo.

"There's a theorist declares here, think like human beings." "I don't doubt they think like the human beings who cackle like hens."

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DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Miss Louise Snyder has been visiting her sister at Redford a part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Tewksbury and son spent Sunday with relatives in Highland Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gray of Detroit were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Clawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Boyden and daughter were visitors at the J. W. Perkins home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dolph of Detroit were in town to attend the funeral of S. W. Dolph last week.

Miss Agnes Thompson of Plymouth spent Sunday with Miss Elizabeth Ostrander at the Tremper home.

Miss Barbara Frederick of Detroit was a visitor the latter part of last week at her brother's home here.

Mrs. L. D. Stage and her mother, Mrs. Killett, were called to Camp Custer last week by the continued illness of Mr. Stage.

Miss Jane Elder of Ypsilanti was in town the first of the week to visit her sister, Miss Cecil Elder, stenographer in the Globe Co's office.

Mrs. Melvina Carpenter has gone to Washington, D. C. to assist in nursing Mrs. Martha Taylor formerly of this place, who has become nearly helpless.

Eleanor Martz accompanied her cousins, Mildred and Eugene Johnson, who had been visiting her, to their home at Highland Park, Wednesday, for a few days.

Prof. J. D. LaRue and family are again occupying their own home at Wayne, after several weeks' stay in Northville with Mrs. LaRue's parents, Mark Seeley and wife on account of the serious sickness of little John LaRue.

Mrs. Helen Haskell Slater, a student at Michigan University, and her sister, Miss Mary Haskell of Ludington, who is spending her spring vacation at Ann Arbor, were entertained Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Thayer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cook accepted an invitation to Detroit Saturday to visit their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Will Hazzard, who treated their guests to an evening at the Garrick and brought them to Northville the next morning in their automobile, in time for Sunday breakfast at the Cook home.

Mrs. Harry Ball of Barrie, Ont., and Mrs. Lawrence Bailey of Thessalon, Ont., mother and sister of Mrs. D. B. Henry, who have been with her for



Lieutenant Charles F. Murphy. U. S. A. Somewhere in France.

the past two weeks, returned to their homes Tuesday.

Gordie Moffatt is spending the week in Detroit with friends.

Miss Margarette Weiler is spending the week at her home in Marville.

Dr. and Mrs. Fred Henry of Detroit were visitors at Dr. D. E. Henry's Sunday.

Miss Lorraine Wescott of Detroit is visiting Miss Gladys Atchison a couple of days this week.

South Lyon visitors at the D. B. Henry home Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Stanbro, Mrs. Lloyd Lovewell and Mrs. Elsie Baird.

GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

It would seem to be a difficult task to say perilsous task to construct a farce with eugenics as its central topic yet this is what Messrs. Anderson and Weber claim has been accomplished, and with genuine and unalloyable results. By Wm. DeBaron in his comedy "The Very Idea," which achieved substantial success at the Astor theatre, New York, and which will serve as a starring vehicle for Richard Bennett for an engagement of one week at the Garrick theatre, Detroit, beginning on Monday night.

There is an occasional thrust in the play at those who have limited families, the scientist is a bachelor and has no desire for matrimony. At moments he rather scoffs at the sanctity of the hearthstone, and so the two sides of this really vital question are held up in bright comic relief, and neither of the posing parties are satisfied. But to the average theatergoer there is lively diversion in the story, and particularly in the brilliantly witty dialogue and in the finished artistry of the acting.

There will be the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Get to the Front.

Here's an advice as old as Adam but not as old as the sun. "The wise old birds don't gather in herds, but get there on by one." The motive of this is certain as the moral of it is true. If you would succeed you must lead the lead, and leave the crowd to follow you.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County ss.
Francis J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1918.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists. See Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

NORTHVILLE PICTURES SHOWN IN FRANCE.

(Continued from page 1).

up when I get a chance. Am awful busy getting everything straightened. You see, I have charge of all supplies and have to issue all that goes out.

There are lots of rattlesnakes here, six and seven feet long. About 50 of the workmen and three soldiers are in the hospital from snake bites, and three have died.

Not a tree in sight here as far as you can see; just flat sand and sub-tropical growth. My chances for getting home are very slim. It would take a week each way, and cost \$100, for the round trip. I might be transferred again for all I know. Going to like this camp as soon as I get acclimated.

It will take a week for you to get this letter. Will write again when I get a little more time and find out how things are going.

Next extracts from letters of a former Northville boy, Garnet Grant, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Grant, now of Hillsdale. Garnet came to Northville and went to Detroit to enlist with a group of our boys, Edward Johnson, Peter Perkins, Truman Garfield and Fay Simpson. He has been in France since early in February.

"Part of the trip across was rather rough, the waves washing over the deck. I am writing as the ship is going through the danger zone."

Two letters were written after the arrival in France. In the first the young soldier said:

"Well, at last we are in France, and truthfully, I don't think much of the country. I have been longing to become a soldier, and I was worried when you heard about the loss of one of our transports. I cannot tell you where we have landed, but we are here."

"Now, if you have any extra candy, I want it. I would shoot twenty Germans for a nickel's worth of candy. Send me what you can. There are lots of other fellows here who can enjoy some too."

"The country is warm here but when we get further north we will need all those woolen socks and sweaters."

"We have two Y. M. C. A.'s and maybe I wasn't glad to get into one."

In the last letter he says:

"Once again and perhaps the last for some time, as we expect to move again. Some of the boys received mail today and I have been wondering if I will get any. I would like to hear from you. I cannot tell you much. I am O. K. physically, but my stomach would turn over at a regular meal."

"The French people are funny in some of their habits and I don't care to ever see France again. We don't get much chance to write. We have to work digging ditches and making roads, but as long as it helps win the war, we cannot kick. I am a corporal now. That is not much but it is something. I only hope to come out more than a corporal. We won't see the front for some time, although I have seen enough of it now."

The following is sent the Record from Private Foster E. Wheeler, who recently enlisted from Northville: Camp American University, Washington, D. C., Mar. 15.

To the Boys at Home: You will want to know what I am doing, so will try to explain as best I can.

First I must say there are no drafted men in the company I am in, and only a few who are not over the draft age.

We spent only a short time in Columbus barracks. It took a little over 24 hours to make the trip here, and we were called out for drill as soon as we had dinner.

The training given the home guards is all we have had yet except exercise drill, which is given before breakfast. (Right here I want to thank the Red Cross of Northville for the things they gave me for it sure would be cold without them). We are given 15 minutes to get dressed and outside in the morning for roll call, then at 8:15 go to drill for 2 hours; 10 or 15 minutes rest, then drill until 11:15, mess at 12 and two drills in the afternoon. I escaped one drill this afternoon by taking my second shot in the arm. The shots have not bothered me to speak of, but the vaccination made my arm quite sore. We have to go to the mess, and are served on our camp kits. We can have all we want, but are continually warned not to waste. Anyone found willfully wasting is in line for the guard house.

The trip here was through Pitts-

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.

Buy Your Clothes for Next Season Now!

You can protect yourself now by selecting from our stock of woollens your next winter's clothing.

Present prices are low—probably the lowest for many years to come—and our reputation is your guarantee of the quality.

Here at Mabley's you will find as complete stock of the finest all wool serges, chevots, etc., as we have ever had because we foresaw, in part, this situation.

JOHN D. MABLEY

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

burg, Harrisburg and Baltimore, 561 miles. We had daylight all the way to Pittsburg, and believe me it was some trip. Most of the country was quite level until we crossed into Pennsylvania, where we went through six tunnels. All through Ohio there was lots of corn still in the fields and some wheat and rye, which were looking good.

The hilly country was covered with oil wells, and the water in the streams was a deep yellow. The population in the hills is very scattered and not much farming. Some sheep and a few cows was all the stock we saw. We made the run from Harrisburg to Baltimore (only 82 miles) in 2 hours, and 20 minutes, on the fastest train that runs on the road, which is the crookedest you ever heard of. You can see some part of your train from one window or another all the time.

Private FOSTER E. WHEELER.
Co. F. 10 Bn., 20th Eng.

NOTICE TO TRACTOR PUR- CHASERS.

The Record has received the following telegram from the state War Preparedness board: "Owing to the demand for Ford tractors and the necessity of getting them on the farms at the earliest possible date, farmers who want to purchase these machines are urged to file their applications at once with the county chairman of the preparedness board or the county agricultural agent. Application blanks have been mailed to county war boards with complete information as to the terms of sale. Shipments of tractors will start April 1st, and will be sent direct to agricultural districts, or points in their county. Farmers in all parts of the state are wiring here for information. Tractors are necessary to stimulate food production, and we appeal to you on patriotic grounds to publish this article this week."

MICHIGAN
WAR PREPAREDNESS BOARD,
Lansing, Michigan.

Price of Love.
Prospective jurors in breach of promise suits may be interested in this "personal" from the London Express: "Mary waited three hours at appointed spot until questioned by suspicious policeman. If this is the price of love, it is too heavy a one for me to pay. Farewell, Potts."

Help wanted by many women

If a woman suffers from such ailments as Backache, Headache, Lassitude and Nervousness—the symptoms indicate the need for PISO's Tablets, a valuable healing remedy with antiseptic, astringent and tonic properties. A local application comes quickly causing refreshing relief with invigorating effects. Backed by the name PISO established over 50 years, satisfaction is guaranteed.

**PISO'S
TABLETS**

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THE PISO COMPANY
500 Piso Bldg. Warren, Pa.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

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 sixth day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, Present Edward Command, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of EMILY B. SWIFT, deceased.

An instrument 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 tenth day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon Eastern Standard Time, at said Court Room be appointed for proving said instrument.

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 circulated in said county of Wayne. (A true copy).

EDWARD COMMAND,
Judge of Probate.
JOS. F. DROLSHAGEN,
Deputy Probate Register. 34-36.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic cases, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take one either before or after meals. Druggists: Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville. COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

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

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Lapham State Savings bank, in the village of Northville, in said county, on Monday, the 13th day of May A. D. 1918, and on Saturday, the 13th day of July A. D. 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 13th day of March A. D. 1918, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated March 18, 1918.
EDWARD H. LAPHAM,
MARION A. PORTER,
35-38 Commissioners.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, in the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, In Chancery.

In the matter of the Dissolution of the J. D. McLaren Company. No. 57395.

At a session of said court held in the city of Detroit on the 20th day of March, 1918.

Present: Honorable Alfred J. Murphy, Circuit Judge.

On reading and filing the final account of Arthur C. VanSickle, receiver of said corporation, and the petition thereto attached praying that the same may be allowed as the final account of said receiver, and that he be discharged as such.

It is ordered that said account and petition be heard by this court on the 6th day of May, 1918, at the opening of the court on said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

That all persons interested in said matter hear at said time and show cause if any why said account should not be allowed as the final account of said receiver, and that he be discharged as such and his bond cancelled.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, for six weeks in succession preceding said date of hearing thereof, and that notice of such hearing be given to each creditor by mail at least ten days before the date thereof. (A true copy).

ALFRED J. MURPHY,
Circuit Judge.
JOSEPH SHERIDAN,
35-40. Deputy Clerk.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville. MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.

Default having been made in the

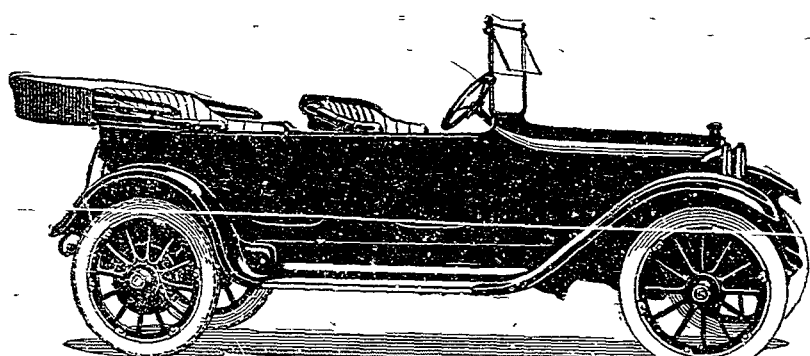
payment of certain mortgage made by Harry A. Jones and Margaret E. Jones, his wife, of Detroit, Michigan, to Albert Ebersole and Lydia Ebersole, his wife, of Northville, Michigan, dated November 9th, 1916, and recorded on the 28th day of November, 1916, in Liber 441 on page 428 of Mortgages, in the office of the Register in and for Wayne County, Michigan; and which said mortgage was, on the 29th 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 ninety-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.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.



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