

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 39.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

NORTHVILLE GOES OVER THE TOP

THIS TOWN'S QUOTA OF LIBERTY LOAN IS REACHED BUT COMMITTEE WANTS MORE.

NO LOYAL CITIZEN WILL NEGLECT TO BUY A BOND IF HE IS ABLE TO DO SO.

As usual and as was to be expected, Northville town "goes over the top" on the Liberty Bond sale and the \$30,000 quota is passed but the work is not yet finished. The fact that the quota is reached does not excuse any one who should subscribe and has neglected to do so. The committee proposes to continue the work until every citizen has had an opportunity to show his loyalty and at the same time make a good investment. The names of those who have bought bonds of this third issue are printed below and will be added to next week and if any one's name has been omitted through error it will be corrected in the next issue by notifying either bank.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT A LIBERTY BOND? WE HAVE.

William H. Ammer, E. S. Beard, Louie A. Babbitt, F. E. Bradley, Detroit Edison Company, Charles S. Filkins, William Gorton, James A. Huff, Frank S. Harmon, Edward H. Lapham, Lapham State Savings Bank, W. G. Mathewson, Frank S. Neal, Charles A. Pensford, T. G. Richardson, E. K. Starkweather, Charles A. Sessions, Northville State Savings Bank, Fred Simmons, Nelson C. Schrader, William E. Scotten, John H. Steers, C. C. Yerkes, Don P. Yerkes, Robert C. Yerkes, D. F. Griswold, G. C. Benton, Samuel Warby, Robert J. Gibson, Frank E. Duffee, Martha Dixon, George VanSickle, E. S. Beard, Cass R. Benton, Frank Chapman, Harry B. Clark, William H. Cattermole, Charles A. Doiph, Charles L. Dubuar, William Gorton, Dr. John R. Kestell, James W. Kestell, E. H. Lapham, (trustee), Stewart Montgomery, Frank B. Macomber, Marion A. Porter, Rural Hill Cemetery Association, T. G. Richardson, Fred Simmons, E. M. Starkweather, J. A. Tait, Will L. Tatham, John Wilson, Northville Condensing Co., Irvin Stevens, R. Christensen, Adeline Simonds, Geo. Mosher, J. H. Ford, Ella Van Tassel, Carl Yerkes, George H. Bassett, A. C. Balden, Spencer Clark, F. J. Cochran, Mrs. E. Greer, Frank B. McComber, Frank N. Perrin, T. G. Richardson, Helen Rackham, Edward Sessions, William Scotten, Frank Coscarelli, Frank G. Terrill, Stark Brothers, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sittlington, W. E. Fry, Arthur Scotten, Alex Christensen, C. E. Miller, Harry Bogart, Chauncey S. Mead, Fred Foreman, W. E. Erwin, W. W. Thayer, B. G. Filkins, Will Sallow, Mrs. Rose Carrington, William Meisner, Dr. T. S. Ball, Rev. F. A. Brass, Miford Baker, Frank J. Boyle, Mrs. T. S. Ball, Ruth Cattermole, H. R. Doan, Put Hosner, Charles D. Johnson, Lisle Kestell, D. P. Kelley, Elizabeth Moore, Ernest E. Miller, Ellen Oim, Frank N. Perrin, Hattie Pagel, Lucy Pratt, Mary M. Reynolds,

W. D. Stark, A. E. Stanley, George Sutton, W. J. Thompson, Mrs. William Walter, Carl Salow, Gus Wagner, Floyd Cole, Howard Benton, Mrs. H. C. Dennis, Helen Cattermole, Frank E. Hills, Joe Montgomery, Hazel Nevison, George A. Sutton, Irene Thompson, Claude VanValkenburg, Roy Waterman, John Asplin, Lydia Asplin, George H. Baker, Daniel Lake, Wayne Chilson, Arthur Duffee, William Tait, Arthur Simmons, Dewey Lyke, Grant Putnam, James N. Bryin, C. R. Horton, John J. Oliver, C. R. VanValkenburg, D. K. Shafer, Peter Hanson, M. N. Johnson, N. A. Clapp, E. A. Nolle, Chas. E. Smith, Dr. D. B. Henry, John Schoultz, Mrs. Chas. Schoultz, Miss Evelyn Derbyshire, Charles Smock, W. Higgins, Lou VanValkenburg, Louise Bryan, Camilla A. Dubuar, Thomas Dermody, Edward Bogart, Gladys Ford, Helen Gray, Archie Herrick, G. W. King, Ernest Kohler, Elizabeth Lapham, Wendell Miller, Mrs. B. E. Miller, Mrs. Ella Mead, Frank Perkins, Mrs. J. W. Perkins, Charles Shipley, Merritt F. Stanley, Grace Sloan, Robert Lanning, Sr., Floyd Lanning, L. H. Barnum, Lewis Seigle, P. S. Palmer, Alburia Thompson, Wm. B. Thompson, Harry E. Atchison, Jennie G. Carpenter, Wm. H. Corrin, Carl E. Schoultz, H. S. Doerr, W. J. Miller, M. J. Moeren, Walter Helm, A. D. Dresback, Don Miller, Minnie Miller, Charles Biddle, John G. Lang, Lucy R. Cranston, Abbey Meyer, Otis Tewksbury, Ludwig Schoeder, Gladys K. Heene, Mrs. L. B. Rathbun, John Raymond, B. L. Munro, Frank Rossow, Jr., Lewis Salow, Mrs. George E. Hills, Marvin Kreager, Mrs. Wallace Williams, Mrs. Harvey VanValkenburg, Harvey VanValkenburg, Mrs. E. H. Bloom, Harold Bloom, Ardella Brooks, Seth Benton, Max Bertram, Emma Doleker, Mrs. W. A. Ely, Howard Fuller, A. E. Fuller, Marion Johnston, Mrs. Eliza Johnston, Peter Kellar, Burman Misenar, Harold Merrithew, Scott Montgomery, Aoy Meyers, Robert Pickell, Gertrude Reynolds, Mary M. Reynolds, Clifford Stillwell, Gerald Tait, George F. Wilcox, Wallace Williams, Harold Turner, George Hartman, Harry Clark, Harold Bogart, Perry Austin, Frank R. Woodworth, Mrs. Emory VanValkenburg, Miss Cora Sloan, Edwin Perrin, Marjorie North, Starr Northrop, Ruth Leighton, Marjorie L. Haven, Dorothy B. Haven, Mrs. Lydia Austin, Davis Eckles, Wm. Hemple, Mrs. A. C. Balden, Jessie McCrea, Francis Ella Merriitt, C. H. Golden, Miss Carolyn Babbitt, Harry Rackham, Mrs. Chas. Payne, May Power, Mrs. Wm. Safford, Howard Avery, Seymour Brown, Frank Green, Mrs. M. Brock, John Scipio, Avery Garfield, Mrs. Ada Johnson, Edgar A. Young, James Boyle,

Dilla Stoffer, Albert Kohler, Edward Kohler, Mrs. Wm. J. Thompson. The committee is now considering the marking up from the tax rolls a list of all those whom they believe CAN buy a bond and who REFUSE to do so and such names to be published and a return made to the U. S. department of justice.

WEEKLY CALENDAR. METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

All usual services next Sunday.

It has been decided to return to the former hour, 10 o'clock, for the morning service, with Bible school at 11:30. Remember this for next Sunday. The other services will remain as before scheduled, viz.: Epworth League, 8:30. Evening service, 7:30.

Union Prayer meeting, Presbyterian church, 7:30.

The Epworth League will have a "postponed sleigh-ride social by auto" this week Friday evening. Automobiles will leave the Post Office at seven o'clock. Bring your money and serve yourself. Everybody welcome.

Rev. Frank F. Fitchett of Detroit will preach Sunday morning. Mr. Fitchett is one of Detroit's most noted preachers and is now acting District superintendent.

The official board is asked to meet at the close of the Sunday morning service.

There will be an illustrated lecture of the work of the M. E. church at Camp Custer in place of the regular service Sunday evening. Sixty stereopticon slides will be shown of Camp Custer and surroundings.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday-morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 11:30. B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock.

A Home department in connection with the Sunday school has been organized for definite Christian work among the sick and shut-ins. A committee of volunteers has consented to carry on this important branch of the Sunday school work.

Remember the maple syrup supper in the Library this (Friday) evening commencing at 5:30. A good program will follow. Come and bring a friend. Price 25 cents.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Beginning next Sunday we shall resume our former schedule for the morning services, leaving the evening hours as at present.

Morning worship at 10 o'clock. Sermon subject: "The Christian's One Rule of Life."

Sunday school at 11:30 o'clock.

Christian Endeavor at 6:30. The Endeavorers of Plymouth have been invited to join in this service, and it is hoped that not only will all the members of our society be present but that all who can will come and welcome our visitors.

At 7:30 Rev. Karl P. Miller, pastor of the Plymouth Presbyterian church, will preach. Mr. Miller will come over with his young people for the 6:30 service and all will remain and join in the service following while the pastor will preach at Plymouth. Give Mr. Miller a good hearing.

The Union prayer meeting will be held in our church next week at 7:30 o'clock.

The business and social meeting of the C. E. society will be held in the church parlors this evening (Friday) at 7:30.

The Light Bearer society will meet with Elizabeth VanValkenburg tomorrow (Saturday) at 2:30 p. m.

The Naomi Circle will meet Friday April 23, at 7:30 p. m. at the home of Gertrude Brown, Mary Sowles, assisting.

A MAPLE SYRUP SUPPER.

The Farther Lights class of the Baptist church will give a supper in the Library Friday, April 19, from 5:30 until all are served. The menu is to include hot biscuits and maple syrup and there is also to be a short entertainment in connection, all at the small price of 25 cents.

THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

CROWDED OUT. The Northville township Honor Roll is necessarily crowded out this week by Liberty Loan names, but will appear next week as usual.

Lon O. Hall, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hall of Northville mail route No. 2, has enlisted and left for Camp Custer Tuesday. His brother, Frank, was one of the early soldiers on the Record's honor list and has been in France for some time past.

Sergeant Conrad Langfield, who has been transferred from the Surgeon-General's office at Washington, D. C., to Camp Meade, Maryland, leaves Sunday to go on duty again after a week's visit at his parental home here.

The Record would be glad to publish a soldier honor list for each town where we have a regular correspondent. Send in the names and addresses and we will do the rest.

Two more Northville boys whose arrival on the other side of the ocean has been reported are Peter Perkins, formerly of the Record, and Roland Wilber.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Tashka have been notified of the safe arrival in France of their son, Herman.

Twenty-six Northville Honor Roll soldier boys are now known to be "over across."

Private L. D. Stage, who has again been ill with erysipelas at Camp Custer, is again convalescent.

BIG DAY NEXT WEEK WEDNESDAY

BASE BALL GAMES FOR 1918 OPEN IN DETROIT.

CLEVELAND COMES THERE FOR A FIVE DAYS WALLOP.

The annual National event, the opening of the base ball season, takes place in Detroit next week Wednesday at which time Cleveland comes along for a five day wallop.

President Navin has this year added the ever popular Bill Donovan to his list of assistant managers and he will be telling help to Hughie Ten-

nings. With the world war on; the base ball game will be about the only real popular sport left and the boys "over there" are boosting for their favorites and will be just as interested in the results as ever. Many of the well known players are in the war, which will add to the interest to a large extent.

INVITATION FOR NORTHVILLE SOLDIERS

The following communication from a former Northville boy will be of interest to many of our readers:

Ashville, N. C., April 10, 1918. Editor Record. Dear Sir:—I notice in the Record that there are some of the Northville boys in this state and in South Carolina in camps not far from here. A great many of the boys in the camps visit here, and if any of the Northville or Michigan boys can come to Ashville we will be very glad indeed to entertain them.

Ashville is a fine mountain city of about 30,000 and will be a good place for the boys to come this summer and we will be glad to have them visit us.

Sincerely, MR. AND MRS. CARL CAPELL, 55 W. Chestnut St., or the Ashville Times.

Features at the New Alseium Theatre.

A new and attractive feature has been secured in the booking of a series of Goldwyn pictures, which will be put on every alternate week. The Goldwyn films have been pronounced "a revolution in picture making," and Northville people are highly privileged to have a chance to see them right here at home.

For Saturday the new film, favorite Evelyn Thomas will be seen in "Broadway, Arizona."



"Can't Afford to Paint."

The man who says that, forgets that painting properly done is economy, and the fact is he can't afford NOT to paint. How often you require to paint is largely dependent upon the paint you use.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS.

Give you Protection on Economy and Wuar.

Store Open Monday and Wednesday Evenings until 8 p. m. Saturday, 10 p. m. Other evenings, 6 p. m.

CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Genuine Congoleum Rug Patterns—they look like Linoleum—they wear like Linoleum—they cost like Linoleum.

9x12 Congoleum Art-Rug, \$12.50.

6x9 Congoleum Art-Rugs, 6.25.

Brighten-up your home with one of these Rugs—Several Patterns to select from.

FARMERS—We will sell "Smuticide" for smut treatment in Oats, Barley, Rye and Wheat—a \$1.50 bottle treats 40 bushels of seed grain.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

This man put his money into a "Get-rich-quick" Scheme.



WHEN SOME SMOOTH SCHEMER WANTS TO LET YOU IN ON THE "GROUND FLOOR" OF SOME PROPOSITION LOOK OUT! IF YOU DON'T YOU WILL BE BITING AT A "GET-RICH-QUICK" SCHEME WHICH WILL "MOP UP" IN A SHORT WHILE, ALL OF THE MONEY IT HAS TAKEN A LIFETIME TO GET TOGETHER AND THEN WHERE WILL YOU BE? FEEL FREE TO COME IN AND ASK US ABOUT ANY PROPOSITION, EITHER FROM AFAR OR AT HOME, WHETHER YOU ARE YET BANKING WITH US OR NOT. WHAT WE TELL YOU WILL BE CONFIDENTIAL.

Northville State Savings Bank

Klenzo Dental Creme

Here comes the cool, clean Klenzo feeling! Here comes a brand-new dentifrice—built from a brand-new formula. A soft, snow-white Dental Cream, that looks so good, tastes so good, feels so good that it actually makes children and grown-ups eager to brush their teeth every morning and night. Get a tube of Klenzo Creme and start to enjoy the cool, clean Klenzo feeling today.

A Rexall Product. Price 25c per bottle.

A. E. STANLEY The REXALL Store. NORTHVILLE.



Red-blooded men of courage are on the firing line—and there are many anemic, weak, discouraged men and women left at home.

At this time of the year most people suffer from a condition often called Spring Fever. They feel tired, worn out, before the day is half thru. They may have frequent headaches and sometimes "pimples" or pale skin.

Bloodless people, thin, anemic people, those with pale cheeks and lips, who have a poor appetite and feel that tired, worn or feverish condition in the springtime of the year, should try the refreshing tonic powers of a good alterative and blood purifier. Such a one is extracted from Blood root, Golden Seal and Stone root, Queen's root and Oregon Grape root, made up with chemically pure glycerine and without the use of alcohol. This can be obtained in ready-to-use tablet form in sixty-cent vials as druggists have sold it for fifty years as Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a standard remedy that can be obtained in tablet or liquid form.

A good purge should be taken once a week even by persons who have a movement daily, in order to eliminate matter which may remain and cause a condition of auto-intoxication, poisoning the whole system. To clean the system at least once a week is to practice health measures. There is nothing so good for this purpose as tiny pills made up of the May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap, and sold by almost all druggists in this country as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, sugar-coated easy to take.

Vindictive.

Friend—What would you like best to plant this year?

Farmer—My summer visitors.

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches!" GOLD MEDAL Haasler Oil Capsules taken today "eases the backache of tomorrow"—taken every day ends the backache for all time. Don't delay. Get the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haasler Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1895 GOLD MEDAL Haasler Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haasler Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

GOLD MEDAL is the pure, original Haasler Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories in Haasler, Holland. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. Sold by reliable druggists in sealed packages, three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. Adv.

Ghosts may talk, but very few people understand the dead languages.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels. Ad.

He who has "common" sense has sense to "come on" in the world.

NERVES GAVE OUT

Serious Kidney Trouble Had Made Life Miserable, But Doan's Removed All the Trouble. Hasn't Suffered Since.

"I had such severe pains in my back," says Mrs. Albert Krohn, 304 W. Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., "that they almost doubled me up. Many a day I could not do my housework and at every move it seemed as if my back would break in two. My feet and ankles swelled until I had to wear large-sized slippers and sometimes I couldn't stand up."

"I had dizzy spells and dreadful headaches passed before my eyes. Had a heavy weight been resting on my head, the pain could not have been more distressing. The least noise startled me. I was so nervous, I couldn't control the kidney secretions and the pain in passage was awful."

"It began to look as though my case was beyond the reach of medicine until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. The first box benefited me and four boxes cured all the troubles I have had no further cause for complaint."

Sworn to before me, Thos. E. Walters, Notary Public.

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

Why Women Suffer

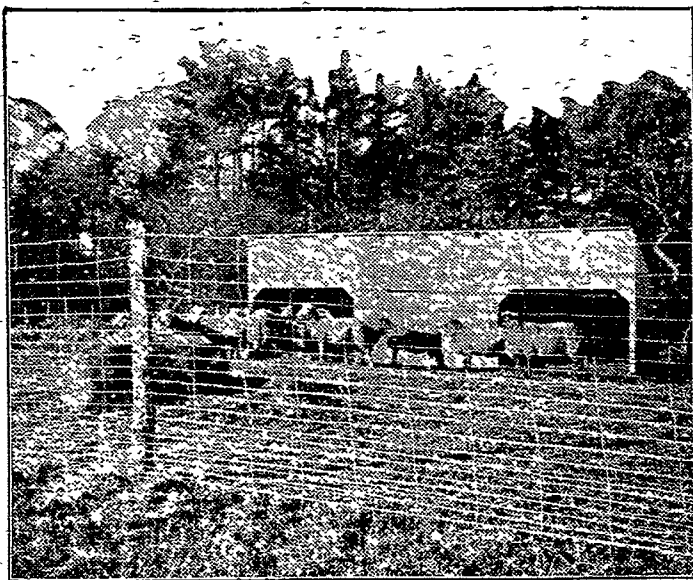
BECAUSE you are a woman there is no need to suffer pain and annoyance which interferes with work, comfort and pleasure. When you suffer again try PISO's Tablets—a valuable, healing local application with astringent and tonic effects. The name PISO established over 50 years guarantees fair treatment. Money refunded if not satisfied.

If you would be rid of Backaches, Headaches, Nervousness, Weakness as symptoms of the condition—a trial will convince.

PISO'S TABLETS
Sample Mailed Free—address postpaid
THE PISO COMPANY
400 Pine St., Warren, Pa.

Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
DOGS THREATEN NEEDED INCREASE IN SHEEP



Dog-Tight Inclosures in Which Sheep Are Herded at Night Offer One Way to Reduce Losses.

HOW DOG LOVERS CAN SAVE SHEEP

Owners of Canines Can Aid by Supporting Fair State Laws Regulating Menace.

BIG HINDRANCE TO INDUSTRY

Most Serious Loss Is Fact That Farmers Are Kept From Engaging in Sheep Business—Dog-Proof Fences Described.

Thousands of sheep are ruthlessly killed every year by dogs. The monetary loss of more than a million dollars a year to sheep owners does not cover the most serious aspect of the damage. The fact that the dog menace keeps many farmers from engaging in the sheep business, even at this time when there are urgent demands for more wool and meat, is the most serious result which may be attributed to sheep-killing dogs. Specialists of the United States department of agriculture are urging efficient state legislation as one of the best ways to deal with the sheep-killing dog problem. Dog proof fences also are described and advocated in a recent publication of the department of agriculture dealing with this subject, "The Sheep-Killing Dog," Farmers' Bulletin 935.

Hindrances to Industry.

That dogs are a real hindrance to the sheep industry is not only acclaimed by the testimony of thousands of sheep owners but is verified by actual conservative statistics. An investigation by the United States department of agriculture among sheep owners in 15 states east of the Rocky mountains shows that out of a total of 6,836,492 sheep in the 502 counties reporting, 34,683 were killed by dogs in one year—1913—and paid for by the counties. At the same rate of loss in other farm states the total annual destruction of sheep by dogs would be 107,760 head. But these figures are based only upon the number actually paid for, and specialists of the United States department of agriculture say it is more than probable that the true losses far exceed this. It is known that many sheep are killed which are never reported to the county officials.

Sheep-killing dogs work both singly and in groups, but usually in twos or threes. They do not limit their attacks to the flocks of the immediate vicinity in which they are kept, but travel for miles in all directions spreading destruction in the flocks with which they come in contact. Because their work is so often done under cover of darkness it is almost impossible to catch them in the act of worrying sheep, hence they can seldom be positively identified. The ways in which different dogs attack and destroy sheep vary greatly. Some dogs simply kill one or two in a flock, while others continue to attack until all the sheep are either destroyed or crippled. In many cases where large numbers are killed they are neither bitten nor wounded but simply chased until they die from exhaustion. After a dog has once formed a habit of killing sheep it seemingly becomes a mania with him and he is seldom, if ever, broken of it. He not only destroys sheep himself but leads other dogs to the work. No consideration should be given such dogs; they should be killed as soon as their habits are known.

Rehabilitating Industry. The desirability of a maximum increase in the number of sheep is generally admitted and steps now are being taken toward a rehabilitation of the sheep industry. "But it is recognized that one of the most effective means of insuring the farmer a profit on sheep is to make and enforce laws which adequately protect the farmers' flock, but in most of the states the present dog laws fall in their purpose.

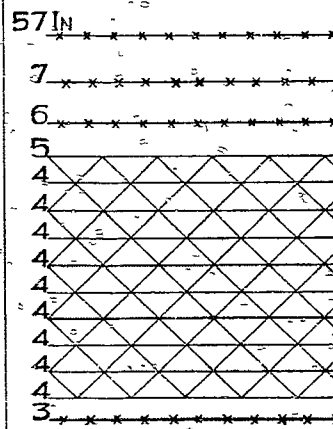
In the publication mentioned in a previous paragraph the federal specialists describe the need of uniform legislation and outline a suggested state dog law.

CANINES KEEP MANY FROM GROWING SHEEP

Crop reporters in 36 farm states submitted estimates in 1913 which showed that the number of sheep in those states could be increased 150 per cent without displacing other live stock. Such an increase would place approximately 34,000,000 more sheep in these states than there are now. Of 1,411 answers received to the question as to whether sheep raising is profitable in the farm states, 887 answered "Yes." Of 894 answers as to the causes preventing increase in the numbers of sheep 531 said "Dogs."

FENCE PROOF AGAINST VARIOUS QUADRUPEDS

Here are the specifications for a dog and coyote proof fence which has been designed and tried out by the forest service of the United States department of agriculture. Posts 7½ feet in length, set 2½ feet in the ground and 16 feet apart; a barbed wire stretched flat to the surface of the ground; 3 inches higher a 36 inch woven wire fence having a 4-inch triangular mesh;



Government Fence.

5 inches higher a barbed wire; 6 inches higher a second barbed wire; 7 inches above this a third barbed wire. Total height 57 inches. The farmer who does not object to placing his flock in a corral each night may eliminate the necessity for building dog-proof fences around his farm by enclosing a small area with such a fence and making a practice of placing his flock therein at night.

Help Save Sheep.

The dog rightfully holds a strong place in the minds and affections of men. The owner of a good dog finds in him a most faithful friend. But it sometimes happens that the dog most highly esteemed is also one that kills and worries the most sheep and is the most cunning in obscuring the evidences of his guilt. A well-bred dog's habit of lying innocently asleep in the front yard during the daytime is not proof that the same dog does not kill sheep at night. Because of the economic loss occasioned by sheep-killing dogs, and because such dogs bring the whole of their kind into bad repute, the true admirers and friends of this animal should help to further any steps likely to result in the limitation of the activity of these discrediting members of a noble race. One of the most practicable methods of accomplishing this result seems to be to place upon dogs such tax as will reduce the number of superfluous ones and result in fewer being kept by persons who cannot or will not give them the attention necessary to prevent the formation of habits and associations that lead to sheep killing.

DAIRY



QUARTERS FOR DAIRY CALVES

To Prevent Bumping and Jostling of Young Animals Small Pens Should Be Provided.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Small calves should not be bumped and jostled about. An easy way to prevent this is to provide small pens, not less than four by six feet in size, in each of which a calf may be kept for the first two weeks. The pens should be fitted with feed boxes for grain and racks for hay. After the calf is old enough to run with the others it is placed with them in a larger pen. Stanchions are fixed on one side of this pen to provide for the separate feeding of the calves, so as to insure that each receives its proper care. Racks for hay should also be placed within easy reach of the calves.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the necessity of having light, dry quarters for the calves. Bedding always should be abundant and should be changed often, in order that the pen always may be dry. Lack of attention to these matters is very likely to allow the development of the various calf diseases.

After the calf is a few weeks old, it can stand considerable cold if it is kept dry and has dry quarters. Provision also should be made to allow the calves plenty of exercise. A small paddock or pasture adjoining the calf stables is excellent for this purpose. Except for the very young ones, calves may be let out in the exercise lot for a short period each day when the weather is not too cold or stormy.

If the calves are kept together in a large pen it is very difficult to feed them by hand unless they are tied. When they are loose the milk often is



Good Place to Keep Calves.

spilled, and the larger calves get part of the smaller ones' share. Very simple stanchions may be constructed to prevent losses of milk and insure the equal distribution of the feed. To prevent the calves from sucking one another they should be kept in the stanchions for some time after feeding. A calf stanchion may be constructed of cheap or scrap lumber. It is usually 36 to 40 inches high and has a four-inch space for the calf's head.

SANITARY SHED FOR MILKING

Cows Should Be Kept Clean and Udders Wiped With Damp Cloth to Keep Out Dirt.

The cows should be kept clean and milked in a place free from dust. If the udders of the cows are wiped with a damp cloth it will prevent dirt, dandruff and hair from falling into the milk with their millions of bacteria. A covered or small-top milk pail should always be used in milking. It keeps out more than half of the germs.

COWS RESPOND TO FEEDING

Even Poor Animal Will Increase in Production if She is Given Proper Treatment.

A good cow will respond to good treatment and even a poor cow will increase in production if she is properly handled.

With liberal feeding liberal returns cannot be obtained. A heavy producing cow cannot do her best work unless she is well fed.

TEMPERATURE FOR CHURNING

Usually From 52 to 60 Degrees Fahrenheit in Summer and From 58 to 66 in Winter.

The churning temperature should be such that (1) the churning will require from thirty to forty minutes, and (2) the butter granules will be firm without being hard—usually from 52 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit in summer and from 58 to 66 degrees Fahrenheit in winter.

HOME TOWN HELPS

LOSS DUE TO CARELESSNESS

Conflagrations Might Be Greatly Reduced by Preventive Measures That Are Adopted in Time.

The report of the fire inspection department of Massachusetts will probably be of interest. The total number of fires in dwellings reported was 3,905. The careless use of matches heads the list of causes by children playing with matches came a close second with 352. There were 324 fires started from unknown causes, and 323 from ignition from lamps or stoves. Overheated stoves and cooking apparatus caused 231 fires, and careless smoking started 315.

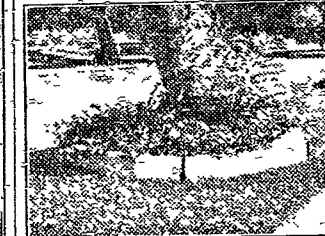
Defective chimneys were the cause of 297 blazes, and sparks from the same source started 214. Spontaneous combustion was given as the reason for 155 alarms, and the placing of hot ashes in wooden receptacles caused 123. Among the other causes mentioned by the department in its report were: defective heating apparatus 49, electrical causes 68, explosion of lamp, lantern or stove 92, gas jet igniting other material 80, and incendiary 71. Scores of other causes of fire are enumerated, among which 83 are credited to rats and matches.

A little care on the part of the owner or tenant would do a great deal toward eliminating a number of these causes of conflagrations and prevent a large proportion of the fire losses that are suffered annually. Look over the various reasons given for the fires and adapt them to your own home. This is a case where an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of the proverbial cure.

BOX SERVES DOUBLE PURPOSE

Protects Exposed Roots of Trees and Adds Greatly to the Appearance of the Street.

When Marengo avenue in Pasadena, Cal., was extended recently, the grading incidental to the paving left a lot of fine old pepper trees with some of their roots "high and dry." In fact, the exposure of the roots was



Box Safeguards Tree and Enhances the Beauty of the Street.

so great that the city forester feared that the trees might be killed or their health seriously impaired.

Accordingly, to insure the safety of the trees, concrete boxes were built round the trunks and were then filled with rich earth. Plants with beautiful foliage were afterward set in the boxes.—Popular Science Monthly.

Proper Planting of Shade Trees.

The beauty of a shade tree depends upon its normal and symmetrical growth. In order to insure this, before planting cut off the ends of all broken or mutilated roots; remove all side branches save upon evergreens, so that a straight whiplike stalk alone remains. Dig holes at least two feet in diameter and one foot deep in good soil, and make them four feet across in poor soil. The sides of holes should be perpendicular and the bottom flat. Break up soil in the bottom of the hole to the depth of the length of a spade blade. Place two or three inches of fine top soil, free from sods or other decomposing organic matter, in the bottom of the hole. On top of this place the roots of the tree, spread them as evenly as possible over the bottom of the hole, and cover with two or three inches of fine top soil as before. Tamp firmly with the feet and fill the hole with good earth, leaving the surface loose and a little higher than the surface of the surrounding soil. When the work of planting is completed, the tree should stand about two inches deeper than it stood in the nursery.

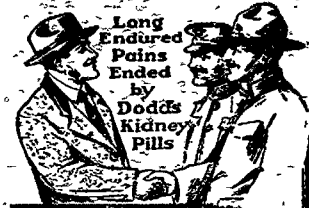
Well Called "Salt City."

Syracuse, N. Y., is called the Salt city, because of its large deposits. Much salt is obtained from vats, called "solar vats," since the salt solution is spread out in them for the sun's rays which thoroughly evaporate the water. Part of the Syracuse deposits are under Onondaga lake in the form of a great basin of salt water, separated from the fresh water above an impervious layer of clay. By boring through this the saline water is pumped up in great quantities. Another method of evaporation employed is by boiling. If boiled down rapidly a fine table salt is made; if more slowly, coarse salt, as large crystals have time to form.

Averages.

"Things average up in the long run," said the philosopher.

"Yes," replied the busy man; "it is going to take a great many shirtless days to make up for these workless days."



Thousands Find Relief

IN THE RELIABLE OLD SAFEGUARD

DODD'S Kidney Pills

In all parts of the country, every day, sufferers from kidney troubles are saying, "Goodbye, backache, goodbye, pain; Dodd's Kidney Pills have settled you for good." They know the efficacy of this fine old remedy which so many people have employed with success. You can be free from kidney trouble, from even Bright's Disease, and possible death, if you start immediately to tone the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. Be sure you see the box, the name with three D's. It protects you. Every Druggist Sells Dodd's and refunds your money if dissatisfied.

WHEN you wish

to invent something new to eat, you need BEECHAM'S PILLS. Even when digestion is good poisons are formed during its processes that unless eliminated irritate mind as well as body.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

American Flag Flag

Star-spangled, half-drawn, 6 feet long, double-stitched, sewed, striped, free of charge. Send for yours today. Price, \$1.00. Including sale, mail and guaranteed holder. \$1.50. Send for free catalog and better flags than any other concern has. Write to: AMERICAN FLAG MFG. CO., EASTON, PA.

Absolutely Nothing

Better than Cuticura for Baby's Tender Skin Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

FRIENDS ONE COULD SPARE

Most of Us Have at Some Time Suffered at the Hands of Unthinking Persons.

The fellow who buttonholes you, o picks hairs off your coat, and mayb winks a rogulish sort of wink, isn't it it with the shoulder hutter and craz home crusher. He doesn't appear to be afraid of your breaking away, bu wants to be confidential and intimate. Then there is the fellow who pet ssts in trying to keep in front of you He necessarily crowds you to the edge of the sidewalk or to the wall.

His understudy is the chap who tries to keep step with you without being able to get your step. Talking about three steps to your two he is forever losing the step, and forever trying to catch it. When you try to accommodate date your step to his you are apt to find him trying to accommodate his step to yours, so that you only mus up to a bad mess.

Don't kill 'em. Heaven is just as they get what's coming to them; may be not as hot as you would serve it but they'll get it all right.

There are those who persist in talking when we don't want to talk, nor to be talked to. And there are others notably those who persist in talking when we want to talk ourselves. It is difficult to say which of these is the worse bore.

Some people think they are never talked about because they never hear it.



When Coffee Disagrees

There's always a safe and pleasant cup to take its place

INSTANT POSTUM

is now used regularly by thousands of former coffee drinkers who live better and feel better because of the change.

"There's a Reason"

WRIGLEYS



Helps
teeth,
breath,
appetite,
digestion.

"Give it to me,
please. Grand-
daddy."

"Why Bobby, if
you wait a bit for
it you'll have it
to enjoy longer!"

"Poo-poo! That's
no argument with
WRIGLEYS
'cause the flavor
lasts, anyway!"

—After every meal



The Sort. "What kind of men do they have for
the crews of torpedo boats?"
Proof. "I suppose they are sub-marines."

"So you think art can improve on
nature?" "Certainly. If not, why the
Easter egg?"

Win the War by Preparing the Land Sowing the Seed and Producing Bigger Crops

Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada
CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY
TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY

The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for
greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are avail-
able to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the
efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available
Farmer and Farm Hand Must Assist

Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power
is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seed-
ing operation.

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the
Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels

To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs
the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can
effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United
States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. When-
ever we find a man we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied,
we want to direct him there.

Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve
the combined interests.

Western Canada's help will be required not later than May 5th. Wages to com-
petent help, \$50.00 a month and up, board and lodging.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good
board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian
boundary points to destination and return.

For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to:
U.S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
DETROIT, MICH.; GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.; SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.;
PORT HURON, MICH.

ENOCH MORGAN'S
SONS CO.

Buy
SAPOLIO

For **PATRIOTISM** For **ECONOMY**

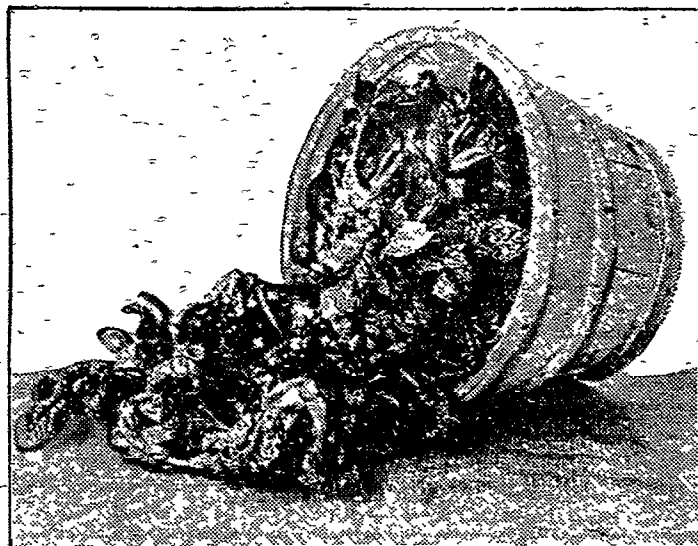
"Actions speak louder than
words—Act—Don't Talk—Buy Now"

**CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER PILLS**
correct
CONSTIPATION

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of iron in
the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by **Carter's Iron Pills**

The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
SPRING GREENS—GOOD TO EAT, GOOD FOR BODY



It Takes Half a Bushel of Spinach to Make a Pint of Food, but That Pint
Has Valuable Iron and Mineral Salts Which Human Bodies Need.

GREENS GOOD TO MAKE RED BLOOD

Housewife Should Not Overlook
Dandelion, Lamb's-Quarter
or Wild Mustard.

IRON NEEDED FOR THE BODY

Leaves of Various Vegetables Furnish
Another Useful Substance Not Yet
Named—Cream of Dandelion
Soup Recipe.

It is springtime! Don't neglect to
give your family some good old-fash-
ioned greens. If you live in a large
city, you may have to depend upon the
greens which some country woman
brings to market or upon spinach or
fale, which can usually be bought even
in winter. If you live in the country,
perhaps your instinct has already told
you that the tender green leaves of
the dandelion, lamb's-quarter, wild
mustard, or whatever variety of greens
your locality affords are waiting for
someone to gather them for food.
People from primitive times to this
have manifested a craving for green
food as winter passes and springtime
approaches. Probably this craving
arises from a real need of our bodies
for the materials which such foods
furnish.

Iron Is Essential.

What is the particular use of iron
foods to our bodies? All green leaves
contain in combination with the green
coloring matter more or less iron. If
we are to have rich, red blood we
must furnish this iron to our bodies.
Dandelion greens are one of the very
good sources of iron, containing more
than many other sorts of green leaves.
If we serve greens with hard-boiled
egg for garnish, we have a dish very
rich in iron, for the egg yolk con-
tributes its share.

Besides the iron and other mineral
salts, the leaf vegetables contain a
very important substance which the
body must have for normal growth and
development. This substance, recently
discovered and for which a name has
not yet been given, is also found in
butterfat and some other animal fats,
but not in every food.

Greens have a place of real worth
in the diet and should be used in every
household not only in springtime but
late into the summer and, when pro-
curable, in the winter also. The
tender beet tops, celery tops, radish
tops, onion tops, and turnip tops
should not be discarded, but served as
greens. A little space in the garden
devoted to spinach, New Zealand spin-
ach, or French chard will supply the
family with summer greens and also
should afford some material for can-
ning for use during the winter months.

Lettuce leaves, which are some-
times cooked for greens, and spinach,
both being mild flavored and contain-
ing much water, require no water for
cooking in addition to that which clings
to the leaves from washing. Other
stronger-flavored greens are usually
cooked in a small amount of water.
Greens should be cooked until tender,
but not overcooked. A tiny bit of
baking soda added to the water they
are cooked in will help the greens to
retain their color.

In the country where meat is cured
at home, it used to be the custom to
keep the jowl of the hog for the espe-
cial purpose of cooking it with greens
in the spring. If the jowl is not at hand,
a small piece of salt pork or the rind
from smoked bacon gives richness and
flavor when cooked with greens.
Children should be encouraged to
eat greens, as they especially need the
iron and the growth-promoting sub-
stance which greens furnish. Some-
times they object to the slightly bitter
taste which some greens have, but if
made into milk soups, the flavor is
glutted so that it is not noticeable.

Such soups make a desirable lunch
or supper dish for the entire family.
—Cream of Dandelion Soup.

1 quart milk (skim or 2 tablespoonfuls fat
whole) 1 teaspoonful salt
2 tablespoonfuls flour
1 cupful dandelion leaves that have been
thoroughly cooked.

Stir flour into melted fat and mix
with cold milk. Put the thoroughly
cooked dandelion leaves through a
sieve or chop them fine and add to the
milk. Stir until thickened.

Rice à-La South Carolina.

No food, regardless of its merits, will
appeal to the consumer unless it can
be made into an attractive dish. In
this country rice usually comes to the
table as an unvarying, glutinous mass,
except in certain sections of the South-
ern states, where it is served with each
grain distinct and separate, making a
very tempting and appetizing dish. A
platter heaped with loose, flaky kernels
of rice is not only pleasing to the
eye, but satisfying to the appetite. It
is very probable that the attractive ap-
pearance of this dish on the South
Carolina table has had much to do
with the popularity and usefulness of
rice in that state.

In seeking information on the art of
cooking rice, no mistake is made in re-
ferring to South Carolina, where the
true value of this cereal has been ap-
preciated for over two centuries. A
Carolina housewife would advise the
using of one pint of rice, after thor-
ough washing, which she considers im-
portant, "to a quart and a pint of wa-
ter," and a teaspoonful of common
salt. "This is to be boiled over a quick
fire for ten minutes, stirring occasion-
ally. Then pour off all or nearly all
the water; cover the vessel and put
over a very slow fire, and allow it to
steam for 15 minutes at least, stirring
occasionally. The rice will be soft or
grainy, according to the quantity of
water left on it when put to steam, and
the length of time allowed in the
steaming. The larger the quantity of
water and the shorter the steaming,
the softer will be the rice."

Of course, other methods are used in
boiling rice or at least modifications of
the recipe given, but it must be re-
membered that the results should not
be a glutinous mass and that success
depends upon the proper amount of
water used and the length of time in
steaming.

Protect Food in Lunches.

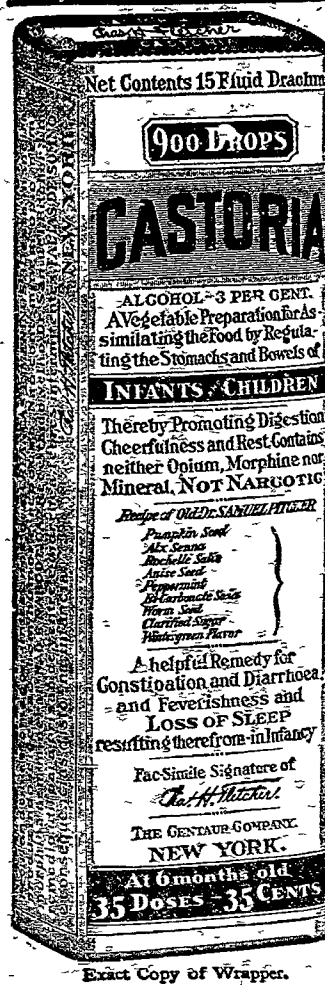
The precautions which must be
taken to keep lunches clean and safe
differ with circumstances. In dusty
seasons they should be wrapped par-
ticularly well. In hot weather the use
of soft, moist foods in which molds
and bacteria are most likely to grow
rapidly should be avoided. Although
chopped meat moistened with a dress-
ing of some kind makes a good sand-
wich filling, such foods are less desir-
able in hot weather than slices of meat,
peanut butter, or other foods less lia-
ble to spoil.

USE A LITTLE VINEGAR IN CLEANING GREENS

All greens must be picked
over carefully and carefully
washed. This is sometimes a
long process, for a large quan-
tity is required to make a dish
of the cooked greens. It takes
about a half bushel of spinach
to make a little more than a
pint when cooked. A half cup-
ful of vinegar in the water in
which the greens are allowed to
stand before washing is of ad-
vantage as it kills the small in-
sects that are sometimes hard
to distinguish from the leaves
themselves.

When buying - cooking utensils
choose those with round corners,
instead of square, whenever possible.
They are easier to keep clean.

Aprons made of crossbar pattern can
be easily mended without the patch
showing.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature
of

Dr. J. C. H. H. H.

In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA



COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running
through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with
it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young
or old, it is a sure cure. It is a wonderful horse
at present all distempers, no matter how colts or horses
at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf
goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 50 cents
and \$1 a bottle, \$5 and \$10 a dozen.
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Mrs. C. S. Spon, Ind., U. S. A.

All Knitting.
Jane—Do you knit?
Susie—No.
Jane—Get busy, kid; even bones
knit.

Give what you have to some one. It
may be better than you dare to think.
—Longfellow

One good way to derive an income
from literature—sell books.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of
feeling ashamed of your freckles as the pre-
scription ointment—double strength—is guar-
anteed to remove these homely spots.
Simply get a bunch of ointment—double
strength—from your druggist, and apply a
little at night and morning and you should
soon see that even the worst freckles have
begun to disappear, while the lighter ones
have vanished entirely. It is seldom that
more than one ounce is needed to completely
clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear
complexion.
Be sure to ask for the double strength oint-
ment, as this is sold under guarantee of money
back if it fails to remove freckles—Adv.

Save the Calves!

Stamp ABORTION Out of Your
Herd and Keep It Out!

Apply treatment yourself. Small
expense. Write for free booklet
on Abortion, 'Questions and
Answers'. State number of
cattle in herd.

Dr. David Roberts Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.



**PARKER'S
HAIR BALM**
A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and
Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. M. U. DETROIT, NO. 16-1918.

LIKE BACON

YOU know how cooking
brings out all the rich
pungent flavor of bacon—
there's nothing that tastes
better. But you wouldn't like
it raw.

IT'S TOASTED

So we toast the Burley tobacco
used in **LUCKY STRIKE** Ciga-
rettes for exactly the same reason
—to bring out the rich, solid flavor.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

The Northville Record.

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.

G. 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., APR. 19, 1918.

TOO MUCH LENIENCY.

The Record believes that the recent tracing of an enemy sympathizer however much we may—and should—deplore any resort to mob law, cannot be ignored as a very significant indication of a public sentiment that is not going to become and less insistent as time goes on. That the traitorous plotters and spies and propagandists when detected or suspected have been too leniently dealt with our government ever since we entered the world war for humanity is a matter of general belief. That this is a mistaken and dangerous clemency cannot be denied. That it is generally so regarded is evidenced by the increasing violence with which people all over the country are treating even slight manifestations of disloyalty. The internal foes in our own and other lands are doing actually more damage to the cause of world democracy than the Hun armies at the front. Their insidious and deadly work must be stopped somehow or all the sacrifices of war will have been made in vain. We cannot deny that mob law and sweeping condemnation without actual proof of guilt are inconsistent with our fundamental principles of government, but apparently the time has come when even these must be set aside for the preservation of governmental existence. If the law does not deal more severely with the dangerous element that has injected its deadly poison of treachery into the very life-blood of our country, our loyal people will certainly take matters into their own hands more and more. Imprisonment for convicted traitors to the government that has sheltered and prospered them is not enough.

Fair—but immediate—trial for the suspected, by all means; but death for any and all, men or women, who shall be proven guilty, on reasonable evidence, of ANY KIND OF TREACHERY. WHATEVER God forbid that the innocent should suffer at the hands of the law—but the terrible fact remains that the innocent ARE daily and hourly suffering at the hands of those who know no law but that of the hatred and greed of the Arch-plotter of devility who sits on the Teuton throne! We must destroy the snakes in our grass before they destroy us.

And still the "weaker sex" keeps on "advancing." A woman at Montrose was subjected to the tar-and-feather treatment the other night by a party of her own sex because of alleged disloyal utterances.

Wixom Whisperings.

M. S. Pratt and wife visited Waterford relatives Sunday.

W. R. Abrams and family were Pontiac visitors last Saturday.

Mrs. L. A. Golden visited Mrs. Leon Clutz at Walled Lake over Sunday.

Bernard Kitson and family were Lansing visitors Saturday and Sunday.

The West Novi school has purchased \$32.47 worth of War Saving and Thrift stamps.

Mrs. C. H. VanWagoner has returned home from a visit with her daughter in Detroit.

George Calkins of Northville visited his grandmother from Friday evening until Monday.

Mrs. J. H. Mahoney and children of Detroit have recently been guests of her parents, R. M. Hopkins and wife.

Wixom is undergoing a small pox scare as Paul Schemerhorn of Montana is sick with it at the home of his father.

Mrs. Otto Sasche of Pontiac was here Tuesday to interest the women in the registration measure. April 27th is the day set for all to register. Edith Pittinger is chairman.

Rev. Brass' patriotic talk last Sunday evening was "right to the point," and should make all who do not fully

realize that we are in the war "all up and take notice."

WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The sermon-topic for Sunday morning will be, "Borrowed Ability."

The topic for the C. E. will be, "How and What to Read."

The evening sermon topic will be, "Is Conscriptio Scriptural?"

Novi News.

Mrs. Doneison is at Montrose this week.

Mrs. Mary Leavenworth has returned from Orion, to the home of her son, Bert.

Mrs. C. D. Geer of Newburg visited her daughter, Mrs. J. O. Munro and family last week.

The Northville Boy Scouts gave a fine demonstration of first aid at the Red Cross entertainment last week.

Mrs. Alfred Dear is ill with grip. Her sister, Mrs. John Foreman of Royal Oak is here caring for her.

Fred Hake and two sons of Pontiac and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Palmer of Northville were Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. Minnie Hake.

At the M. E. Aid society meeting at the home of Mrs. Harmon, the table collection was \$4.50. It was voted to supply each Novi soldier boy with a pocket bible.

The Red Cross entertainment in the town hall was a great success in every way—except that about a hundred people had to be turned away because they could not get into the hall. The plays, music and features were pronounced "great" each one performing his or her part splendidly. Best of all, \$50 was realized for the treasury of the local Unit.

JOHN LOVLY.

John Lovly, 72 years of age, died of heart failure Friday afternoon, April 12th, at the home of D. F. Griswold, with whom he had lived for 23 years, first on the farm, and for the past 11 years in this village. Mr. Lovly was born in Yorkshire, England, where his two brothers and three sisters still reside, his only living relatives.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon from the Griswold home, Rev. Edward V. Belles officiating.

The body was placed in the vault in Oakwood, to be interred later in Rural Hill.

DEATH OF FRANK JOHNSON.

Frank Johnson, a highly respected lifelong resident of this vicinity, died Monday, April 14th, in Grace hospital, Detroit, where he was taken a few weeks ago in the vain hope of arresting the disease which had been undermining his life for a year or more. He retired from farming about a year ago because of ill health, and purchased a home in Northville, where funeral services were held Wednesday, conducted by Rev. E. V. Belles. Interment was made in Grand Lawn. Mr. Johnson's nearest surviving relatives are his wife, one daughter, Arah, two brothers, Charles of New York and Pitt of this place, and two sisters, Mrs. Alice Rockwell of Northville, and Mrs. May Dean, who lives in the far west.

Northville School Notes.

(By the Teachers and Pupils.)

The drawing classes are studying birds and spring flowers this month.

Yorke Conroy and Vanda Conroy are new pupils in the fifth and second grades.

The Kindergarten and second grade have made gardens in their sand tables.

Hepaticas and blood-root made their appearance in the class room last week.

A great many students have been ill with gripe. Last week fifteen students were absent in the seventh grade.

Tuesday night the Community Chorus had an enjoyable spread at the High School.

In the Fifth grade Reva Schrader and Hazel Lanning are ahead in the Studebaker contest.

The agricultural class have been studying gardens as a preliminary to the making of them later. Several members have their plans well started now.

Several varieties of fungi brought to the botany class by Muriel Parmelee, among them the beautiful "Scarlet Saucer" so common on old logs.

Ask Lloyd and Howard how they enjoy blue-printing a magnetic field. (Caution: Don't stand less than 50 feet from them, or you may not escape.)

The fifth grade had all but one of the bird houses that were entered in

the contest. The first prize was won by Reva Schrader and Barbara Blackburn.

The incendiaries operating in the chemistry laboratory were caught in the act, and the flames promptly extinguished. Charles and Gerald did the noble deed.

Much enthusiasm and patriotism have been aroused in the Liberty Bond contest. Northville school district, of which Mr. Misenar is captain, has sold \$14,150 worth of bonds.

At the request of the Woman's Committee the H. S. students have made Liberty Bond service flags. If you have not received your flag and gold stars, we will be glad to have you notify us.

"Clean-up day" proved a wonderful success. The grounds and interior of the building certainly show marked improvement. The council, had charge of this. Marie Beckman and Walter Ryder, the commissioners of buildings and grounds, chose squads, with a captain for each, to carry on this work. The girls served lunch in the gym at noon. Adelia McCrea gave a very interesting talk about birds.

GREAT PICTURE-PLAY SUCCESS.

The almost continuous applause at the Alseum Tuesday night demonstrated beyond question that the wonderful patriotic picture play "For the Freedom of the World" made a great hit. The Alseum management is certainly to be congratulated on the success of this first of the famous Goldwyn productions that have been booked for each alternate week. The intense realism of the entire play, with its instructive depiction of the work of the training camps, the glimpses of German atrocities, the awful delineation of the horrors of actual battle, and the undercurrents of parental and wifely love in the face of certain death, made up a story that could not fail to grip the heart and fire the patriotism of every loyal spectator.

BIG BOWLING MATCH.

This Friday evening will be the occasion of a bowling event of unusual interest. A first class team, the Standard Oil Co team of Detroit will play the Northville bowlers at the local alleys. This will be an event in bowling circles.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

AUTO CASINGS—Vulcanized at Huff's Hardware. 39c.

LOST—Fountain pen, without cap, either on Wing, Main or Rogers St. Finder leave at Record office. Reward. 39w1c.

NOTICE—Having purchased a large auto truck, I am in a position to give good service on all out-of-town cartage and moving. Also have house to rent on Northside W. A. Parmenter, Northville. Phone 176-J for prices. 38c.

L. B. RATHBUN—19 Main street, will take anything in the Building game, draw plans to suit, give estimates cheerfully. Prices reasonable. 37c.

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

WANTED—100 Loads of manure. Phone 69-W. Wm E. Matheson. 38c.

WANTED—Woman desiring a home to apply to Mrs. M. J. Montgomery, Northville, for information. 37w1c.

WANTED—Lace curtains to wash and stretch. Mrs. George Dixon, 1st house south of grist mill. 37w3p.

FOR SALE—Second-hand Ford runabout and 1915 Dort. Ford Garage. 39w1c.

FOR SALE—Seven h. p. oil engine, nearly new. For information call 188 R-3. 39w2t-c.

FOR SALE—Six tons mixed hay. Inquire W. Avery. Phone 251 L-2. 39w1p.

FOR SALE—Young, new-milch Holstein cow. Wesley Mills, Northville. 39w1p.

FOR SALE—House and 3/4-acre of land, at the head of Main street. \$400; clear. Inquire at Record office. 39w2p.

FOR SALE—160-acre farm, very best soil, one-half mile from depot. F. E. Vanatta, Box 491, Northville. 39c.

FOR SALE—Early Rose and Early Ohio seed potatoes. R. B. Larkins, Phone 312 J-2. 39w2c.

FOR SALE—13 thoroughbred White-Leghorn hens and rooster. Beds, 2 iron, 2 wooden, 2 bedsprings, like new. Phone 4-M. 38w2p.

FOR SALE—Early seed potatoes. M. E. Atchison. Phone 56-R. 39w2c.

FOR SALE—Young, new milch Holstein cow. Wesley Mills, Northville. 39w1p.

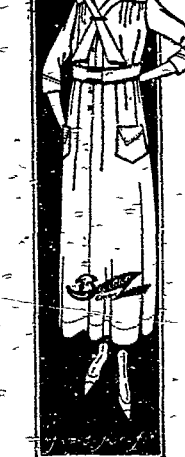
FOR SALE—One 1-h. p. Fairbanks-Morse engine; nearly new. George A. Rackham. Phone 307 J-4. 37c.

FOR SALE—Six-room semi-bungalow, all modern improvements, large lot. Address, Geo Pearsall, 297 Chandler Ave., Pontiac, or see Charles Blackman, Northville. 39w1p.

ELECTRIC BRAND Wash Dresses of Many Uses

No other dresses that cost so little, serve so ideally in so many ways.

For household wear while engaged in your cleaning and cooking. For afternoon wear about the house and on the porch, even while engaged in entertaining your friends. For street attire and for motoring wear, they are likewise ideal.



Soil them as often as you wish. 'Tis only necessary to launder them to restore them to their original freshness.

Ask us to show you why they are superior to all other Wash Dresses. We will point out points of merit that you will marvel at.

We guarantee to fit all women with equal perfection.

There are no substitutes for Electric Brand Dresses. Once you have tried one, this fact will be thoroughly understood.

\$1.50 TO \$3.75

PONSFORD'S

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMN.

NEW FURNITURE FOR SPRING

We take pleasure in announcing that our new spring stock of Furniture is coming in every day, and as fast as the goods are unpacked they are being placed on display. While there is great difficulty in getting merchandise of almost every kind, we have been fortunate in securing an exceptionally fine stock of goods this spring in almost every line.

Come in now and see the new things while the assortment is unbroken—you will enjoy seeing the newest ideas in Furniture whether you are thinking of buying or not—and we are always glad to welcome you to our store at any and all times.

We have just what you want for the Living Room, Bedroom, Dining Room, Library, Parlor or Den. You will find the designs up to the minute and prices moderate.

Fine New Line of Rugs

We have everything that is new and desirable in Rugs and Floor Coverings. They include the most advanced styles. The patterns and color effects are among the most beautiful that we have ever shown. And they are most reasonable in price—in fact we are sure we can save you money if you are going to buy a Rug this spring. Our line includes

Velvets, Axminsters, Tapestries Woolen Fibres

WE HAVE A NICE LINE OF LINOLEUMS AND CONGOLEUM RUGS AND MATTINGS.

Schrader Bros

NORTHVILLE AND PLYMOUTH.

Don't forget that we give Pony Tickets. Ask for them.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of HARRIET M. TOLFORD, 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 Stark Brothers' store in the Village of Northville, in said county, on Tuesday, the fourth day of June, A. D. 1918; and on Saturday, the third day of August, 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 4th day of April, A. D. 1918, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated, April 4, 1918.
WILBER H. STARK,
ABRAHAM RIEPER,
Commissioners.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-eighth 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 GEORGE B. SINGLAIR, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Lewis B. Singlair praying that administration be granted to him or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the first day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon eastern standard time at said court room be appointed for hearing said petition.

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

EDWARD COMMAND,
Judge of Probate.
CHAS. C. CHADWICK,
37-39, Deputy Probate Register.

RECORD LINES PAY-TRY ONE.

Northville Witnesses

The Names of Northville Persons Familiar To All.

Who are the witnesses? They are Northville people—Residents of Northville who have had kidney backache, kidney ill, bladder ill, who have used Doan's Kidney Pills. These witnesses endorse Doan's.

One Northville resident who speaks is F. F. Benson, machinist, 124 Center street. He says: "I am glad to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills for they are a medicine of merit. About twice a year I take a few boxes of Doan's and they keep my kidneys in good order. Doan's Kidney Pills are fine for relieving rheumatic pains; they remove the uric acid poison." Price 60c; at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Benson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y. —Adv't. 64

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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 REMEMBER DIXON AND PHONE 149 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 NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

Northville Newslets.

Donald Yerkes Jr. is driving a handsome new Buick six.

One of the leading questions of the day—"Got your garden plowed?"

Today is—officially—"Patriotic Day." Let's hope all of the days are.

Mrs. Seymour Brown has been caring for Olive Desautels this week.

Clifford Dey has been very sick this week with the widely prevailing epidemic grip.

The Baptist Ladies Aid society will meet Wednesday, April 24, with Mrs. Robert Thompson.

Contracts for the new school house will be let Monday, April 22nd. Farmington Enterprise.

George Carson, Jr. has secured a position in Detroit as an inspector with the American Ammunition Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Clawson have moved to Detroit, where Mr. Clawson has had employment for some time past.

Street commissioner Austin has been "slicking things up" in fine shape around our principal streets this week.

Milford expects to have in the near future, a new Main Street bridge over the Huron River. The structure will be 40 feet wide, and made of cement.

Regular meeting and election of officers of Orient Chapter, O. E. S. Friday evening, April 19. Every member should be present at this important meeting.

A fine new plank crossing at the junction of the Outer belt drive and the electric road is another recent improvement instituted by the D. U. R. under the able direction of Road master W. H. White.

George Henry is the new manager of the Atlantic and Pacific store here. Mr. Dayton, the former manager and his family have moved to Detroit. Northville people regret to lose them from the community.

The Redford Record has recently changed hands, Mr. Grainger having sold the paper to Messrs. Alfred and Rowland Jackson. The Northville Record extends best wishes to the new "brethren" on its exchange list.

Miss Gertrude Brown, who recently underwent a surgical operation for throat trouble has been obliged to discontinue her high school work. When her health is sufficiently restored she will devote her time to her musical studies.

Mrs. Wm. Fredrick has moved to Plymouth, where she will live with her daughter Helen and family. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beyer will occupy the Rasch house which the Fredericks have been occupying since Mr. Beyer bought it several years ago.

Adelbert Westcott and family have returned to Northville from Tecumseh, where they moved a few months ago. Their goods were brought back the first of this week by Don VanSickle on his return trip from taking another load of household property to Ann Arbor.

Northville hasn't as yet had any fatal motor traffic accidents, but it is one of the seven wonders that this is the case. About one in ten automobile drivers sound a signal before turning a street corner and at that those few are the ones who don't fly around the turns at a pace that barely escapes being beyond the speed limit.

SPRING POEM.

Swat the Fly
Swat the Spy
Swat the Propaganda Lie.

Frank Perkins, who has been very sick with pleurisy all this week, now has pneumonia.

Andrew Rasch, a former well known resident of Northville for many years, is very sick at his home in Detroit, with no hope of recovery.

International Bible students, Detroit at the Arcadia, 3:00 o'clock, Sunday afternoon, by J. F. Rutherford. Subject: "The World Has Ended—Millions Now Living will Never Die." No collections. Seats free. —Adv't.

Mrs. F. B. Henry wishes to publicly express her appreciation of the enlisted services of the young women stenographers in our town who are so kindly assisting her with the county work. Also the persons who have offered the use of their automobiles.

Roy Randall, aged 12, is dead as the result of drinking a half-pint of whiskey. He secured the whiskey from a shelf and drank the contents of the bottle before noticed by others in the house. He was found later in the yard in an unconscious condition. Medical assistance was summoned but the boy died during the night. Wayne Weekly.

A good sized crowd of Northville people were in Plymouth Friday evening April 12th, to attend the opening of the beautiful Penniman Allen building to the public. The grand march which began at eight o'clock was led by Mrs. Kate E. Allen and Mr. Mortimer Hyde, son of Mrs. Strassburg Hyde of Detroit. Finzel's Orchestra of Detroit furnished delightful music for dancing. Special numbers given by several of Mrs. Hyde's dancing pupils were given liberal applause. Northville people all report a delightful time.

OBITUARY—MRS. MARIA STIMPSON.

Mrs. William Stimpson passed away Saturday forenoon, April 6, 1918, at the home of her son, Fred Stimpson, in Freeland, where she had resided the past three years. She had been ailing the last two years and for the past 9 weeks was confined to her bed a helpless sufferer.

She is survived by three sons, Geo. W. of Northville, Mich., Fred H. of Freeland, Mich., Walter F. of Detroit, one granddaughter and seven grandsons; Margaret, Stanley and Flave Stimpson of Freeland, Grant, Carl, Earl, Reid, and Jay Stimpson of Northville; also two brothers, George W. Hurd of Dundee, Henry W. Bruce of Detroit and one sister, Mrs. Charles Gauntlett of Buffalo, N. Y.

Maria L. Hurd was born March 26, 1836 in Livingston county, New York and when very young she came to Milan, Mich., with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Isaac Hurd and the family owned and occupied the homestead and estate which later became the property of Simon Gay. Dr. Hurd was the first practicing physician in Milan. At this time Michigan was a territorial wilderness. In 1858 she was married to Mr. William Stimpson of Saline township, Mich. After many years spent there on their homestead they moved to Milan where they were respected citizens for several years prior to their removal to Northville about 8 years ago.

Of liberal religious faith and of a most kindly and sympathetic nature her life was devoted to following the golden rule. She was a most faithful and devoted wife, mother and friend.

RED CROSS NOTES.

Mrs. C. L. Dubuar, chairman of the local workroom committee, has received the following letter of commendation for Northville work from Mrs. Russell A. Alger, who is chairman of the Central workroom committee of the Detroit Chapter:

"My Dear Mrs. Dubuar: The Central Workroom committee of the American Red Cross wishes to express thanks and appreciation for the good work done by your Auxiliary. We also appreciate the gift of the ten completed layettes."

Members of the Northville Automobile Club who are driving to Detroit, and who wish to assist in Red Cross work, can do so by notifying Mrs. C. L. Dubuar of their willingness to bring materials for work here or to take finished work back to the city Red Cross headquarters.

During the past month 115 refugee garments and 10 complete layettes which include many articles each have been made in the homes of our workers.

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 each day of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Effective.

PATRIOTIC MEETING NEXT SUNDAY.

The Northville band will furnish music for the Community sing next Sunday. They plan to form on the public square at 2 o'clock and after playing several selections, will march to the school house for the program at 3.

The singing will be led by a chorus composed of the different choirs of the city, the Community chorus and the High school chorus.

It is requested that books containing any of these songs be brought. Following is the program:

Star Spangled Banner.

Solo, Ray Van Valkenburg

Registration of Women.

Mrs. T. B. Henry

Battle Hymn of Republic

Music—"Over There," Band

Swanee River.

Why Women Should Register.

Mrs. Cleaver

Marsehaise, Chorus

Battle Cry of Freedom.

Solo, Miss Lucile Calkins

Abide with Me.

Women and the War.

For America and Liberty, H. S. Boys

Auld Lang Syne.

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Treasury Department,
Bureau of Publicity,
Liberty Loan.

LENDING THEIR BEST CUSTOMERS.

The proceeds of the Liberty Loan, including the greater part of that loaned to our Allies, are being spent for American products—the products of our factories, our farms, our mines, and other industries. In lending to the United States the people of the United States are lending to their best and largest customers and obtaining the safest investment in the world. Buy Liberty Bonds.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Mich.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

Thomas B. Couch

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET, EXCHANGE HOTEL and FEED BARN.

Dear Friends: "I've eaten a bale of spinach and kale and never raised a row; I've eaten a can of moistened bran and feel like a brindie cow. I'm taking a snack from the old haystack mid the evening shadows gray, and I'm glad, you bet, at last to get to the end of a meatless day."

Poke Easy is always looking for an Easy Job. He got on a raft the other day and floated down Gander Creek.

I have lots of good things to sell, and well worth the money. A fine lot of Cookies and Graham Crackers at 20c to 25c per pound. A fine lot of Candy and Bananas for Saturday. Lots of good Bread and Crackers. Fine Beef and Pork from Pontiac Packing Co. Fine Lard, Hams, Bacon, Bologna and Franks.

THOMAS B. COUCH
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



Copyright 1918, A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

MORE QUALITY AND FEWER FRILLS



UPON inward quality, rather than outward frills, the man who dresses in good taste always insists—and today more than ever.... Absolute simplicity of line and the elegance—the quiet but unmistakable elegance—of all-wool materials smartly cut and tailored sturdily through and through.... To see what we mean, try on a suit of Kirschbaum Clothes \$20 to \$40

WM. GORTON

Auction Sale
Register'd Holstein-Friesian Cattle

On account of Sickness and Shortage of Help, I will hold a

COMPLETE DISPERSION SALE of my
60-HEAD OF REGISTERED HOLSTEINS-60
MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1918

one Mile West of Royal Oak, Mich., at 10 a. m.

This herd is composed of excellent individuals of good breeding, all tuberculin tested.

Herd absolutely free from contagious abortion.

Lunch at Noon.

Sale held regardless of weather conditions

Autos will meet Grand Trunk trains in morning at Royal Oak, also all trolley cars at eleven-mile road.

Terms of Sale—Time can be arranged

Send for Catalogue.

Sale Manager—S. T. Wood, Liverpool, N. Y.

Auctioneers—B. V. Kelley, Syracuse, N. Y.

C. P. S. Price, Birmingham, Mich.

Owner, John H. McClure, Royal Oak, Mich.

THE YUKON TRAIL

An Alaskan Love Story

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

Copyright, William Macleod Raine

ON THE WAY TO KAMATLAH, ELLIOT WANDERS FROM THE TRAIL AND FEARS HE CANNOT ESCAPE DEATH

Synopsis.—As a representative of the government Gordon Elliot is on his way to Alaska to investigate coal claims. On the boat he meets and becomes interested in a fellow passenger whom he learns is Sheba O'Neill, also "going in." Colby Macdonald, active head of the land-grabbing syndicate under investigation, comes aboard. Macdonald is attacked by mine laborers whom he had discharged, and the active intervention of Elliot probably saves his life. Elliot and Macdonald become in a measure friendly, though the latter does not know that Elliot is on a mission which threatens to spoil plans of Macdonald to acquire millions of dollars through the unlawful exploitation of immensely valuable coal fields. Elliot also "gets a line" on the position occupied by Wally Selfridge, Macdonald's right-hand man, who is returning from a visit to "the States," where he had gone in an effort to convince the authorities that there was nothing wrong in Macdonald's methods. Elliot secures an introduction to Miss O'Neill and while the boat is taking on freight the pair set out to climb a locally famous mountain. They venture too high and reach a position from which it is impossible for Miss O'Neill to go forward or turn back. Elliot leaves Sheba and at imminent peril of his life goes for assistance. He meets Macdonald, who had become alarmed for their safety, and they return and rescue Sheba. Landing at Kusik, Elliot finds that old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Paget, are the people whom Sheba has come to visit. Mrs. Paget is Sheba's cousin. At dinner Elliot reveals to Macdonald the object of his coming to Alaska. The two men, naturally antagonistic, now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba. Macdonald, foreseeing failure of his financial plans if Elliot learns the facts, sends Selfridge to Kamatlah to arrange matters so that Elliot will be deceived as to the true situation.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

The latter lady, Paris-shod and gloved, shook hands smilingly with the Scotch-Canadian. "Of course we're intruders in business hours, though you'll tell us we're not," she suggested. "I've just been reading the Transcontinental Magazine. A writer there says that you are a highway robber and a gambler. I know you're a robber because all the magazines say so. But are you only a gambler?"

He met her railly without the least embarrassment.

"Sure I gamble. Every time I take a chance I'm gambling. So does everybody else. We've got to take chances to live."

"How true, and I never thought of it," beamed Mrs. Selfridge. "What a philosopher you are, Mr. Macdonald."

The Scotsman went on without paying any attention to her effervescence.

"I've gambled ever since I was a kid. I bet I could cross Death valley and get out alive. That time I won. I bet it would rain down in Arizona before my cattle died. I lost. Another time I took a contract to run a tunnel. In my bid I bet I wouldn't run into rock. My bank went broke that trip. When I joined the Klondike rush I was backing my luck to stand up. Same thing when I located the Kamatlah field. The coal might be a poor quality. Maybe I couldn't interest big capital in the proposition. Perhaps the government would turn me down when I came to prove up. I was betting my last dollar against big odds. When I quit gambling it will be because I've quit living."

"And I suppose I'm a gambler, too?" Mrs. Mallory demanded with a little tilt of her handsome head.

"Of all the women I know you are the best gambler. It's born in you."

Mrs. Mallory did not intend to indulge in the luxury of a blush, but she changed color now. This big, blunt man some-

going to live easier because of the gamblers at the dropping-off place."

She moved with slow grace toward the door, then over her shoulder flashed a sudden invitation at him.

"Mrs. Selfridge and I are doing a little betting today. Big Chief Gambler. We're backing our luck that you two men will eat lunch with us at the Blue Bird Inn. Do we win?"

Macdonald reached for his hat promptly. "You win."

CHAPTER VII.

The End of the Passage.

Wally Selfridge was a reliable business subordinate, even though he had slipped up in the matter of the appointment of Elliot. But when it came to facing the physical hardships of the North he was a malingering. The Kamatlah trip had to be taken because his chief had ordered it, but the little man shirked the journey in his heart just as he knew his soft muscles would shrink from the aches of the trail.

The part of the journey to be made by water was not so bad. Left to his own judgment, he would have gone to St. Michael's by boat and chartered a small steamer for the long trip along the coast through Behing sea. But this would take time, and Macdonald did not mean to let him waste a day. He was to leave the river boat at the big bend and pack across country to Kamatlah. It would be a rough, heavy trail. The mosquitoes would be a continual torment. The cooking would be poor. And at the end of the long trek there awaited him monotonous months in a wretched coal camp far from all the comforts of civilization. No wonder he grumbled.

But though he grumbled at home and at the club and on the street about his coming exile, Selfridge made no complaints to Macdonald. That man of steel had no sympathy with the yearnings for the fleshpots. He was used to driving himself through discomfort to his end, and he expected as much of his deputies. Wherefore Wally took the boat at the time scheduled and waved a dismal farewell to wife and friends assembled upon the wharf.

Elliot said good-by to the Pagets and Miss O'Neill ten days later. Diane was very frank with him.

"I hear you've been sleuthing around. Gordon, for facts about Colby Macdonald. I don't know what you have heard about him, but I hope you've got the sense to see how big a man he is and how much this country here owes him."

Gordon nodded agreement. "Yes, he's a big man."

"And he's good," added Sheba eagerly. "He never talks of it, but one finds out splendid things he has done."

The young man smiled, but not at all superciliously. He liked the stanch faith of the girl in her friend, even though his investigations had not led him to accept goodness as the outstanding quality of the Scotsman.

"I don't know what we would do without him," Diane went on. "Give him ten years and a free hand and Alaska will be fit for white people to live in. These attacks on him by newspapers and magazines are an outrage."

"It's plain that you are a partisan," charged Gordon gayly.

"I'm against locking up Alaska and throwing away the key, if that is what you mean by a partisan. We need this country opened up—the farms settled, the mines worked, the coal fields developed, railroads built."

"The Kusik chamber of commerce ought to send you out as a lecturer to change public opinion, Diane. You are one enthusiastic little booster for freedom of opportunity," laughed the young man.

"Oh, well!" Diane joined in his laughter. It was one of her good points that she could laugh at herself.

"I dare say I do sound like a real estate pamphlet, but it's all true anyhow."

Gordon left Kusik as reluctantly as Wally Selfridge had done, though his reasons for not wanting to go were quite different. They centered about a dusky-eyed young woman whom he had seen for the first time a fortnight before. He would have denied even to himself that he was in love, but whenever he was alone his thoughts reverted to Sheba O'Neill.

At the big bend Gordon left the river boat for his cross-country trek. Near the roadhouse was an Indian village where he had expected to get a guide for the journey to Kamatlah. But the fishing season had begun, and the men had all gone down river to take part in it.

The old Frenchman who kept the trading post and roadhouse advised Gordon not to attempt the tramp alone.

"The trail it sees what you call dangerous. Feefty-Mile Swamp ees a monster that swallows men alive, monsieur. You wait one week—two week—three week, and some one will turn up to take you through," he urged.

"But I can't wait. And I have an official map of the trail. Why can't I follow it without a guide?" Elliot wanted to know impatiently.

The post-trader shrugged. "Maybes, monsieur—maybe not. Feefty-Mile, it ees one devil of a trail. No chechakoes are safe in there without a guide. I, Baptiste, know."

"Selfridge and his party went through a week ago. I can follow the tracks they left."

"But if it rains, monsieur, the tracks will vanceeb, nest ce pas? Lose the way, and the little singing folk will swarm in clouds about monsieur while he stumbles through the swamp."

Elliot hesitated for the better part of a day, then came to an impulsive decision. He had a reliable map, and anyhow he had only to follow the tracks left by the Selfridge party. He turned his back upon the big river and plunged into the wilderness.

There came a night when he looked up into the stars of the deep, still sky and knew that he was hundreds of miles from any other human being. Never in all his life had he been so much alone. He was not afraid, but there was something awesome in a world so empty of his kind.

The tracks of the Selfridge party grew fainter after a night of rain. More rain fell, and they were obliterated altogether.

Gordon fished. He killed fresh game for his needs. Often he came out the tracks of moose and caribou. Sometimes, startled, they leaped into view quite close enough for a shot, but he used his rifle only to meet his wants.

The way led through valley and morass, across hills and mountains. It wandered in a sort of haphazard fashion through a sun-bathed universe washed clean of sordidness and meanness.

It was the seventh night out that Elliot suspected he was off the trail. Rain sluiced down in torrents and next day continued to pour from a dun sky. His own tracks were blotted out and he searched for the trail in vain. Before he knew it he was entangled in Fifty-Mile. His map showed him the morass stretched for fifty miles to the south, but he knew that it had been gashed hurriedly by a surveying party which had made no extensive explorations. A good deal of this country was terra incognita. It ran vaguely into a No Man's Land unknown to the prospector.

The going was heavy. Gordon had to pick his way through the mossy swamp, leading the pack-horse by the bridle. Sometimes he was ankle-deep in water of a greenish slime. Again he had to drag the animal from the bog to a hummock of grass which gave a spongy footing. This would end in another quagmire of peat through which they must plow with the mud sucking at their feet. It was hard, wreaking toil. There was nothing to do but keep moving. The young man staggered forward till dusk. Utterly exhausted, he rested for the night on a hillock that rose like an island in the swamp.

Elliot traveled next day by the compass. He had food for three days more, but he knew that no living man had the strength to travel for so long in such a morass. It was near midday when he lost his horse. The animal had bogged down several times and Gordon had wasted much time and spent a good deal of needed energy in dragging it to firmer footing. This time the pony refused to answer the whip. His master unloaded pack and saddle. He tried coaxing; he tried the whip.

"Come, Old-Timer. One plunge, and you'll make it yet," he urged.

The pack-horse turned upon him dumb eyes of reproach, struggled to free its limbs from the mud, and sank down helplessly. It had traveled its last yard on the long Alaska trails.

After the sound of the shot had died away, Gordon struggled with the pack to the nearest hummock. He cut holes in a gunny-sack to fit his shoulders and packed into it his blankets, a saucapan, the beans, the coffee, and the diminished handful of flour. Into it went, too, the three slices of bacon that were left.

He hoisted the pack to his back and

slipped his arms through the slits he had made. Painfully he labored forward over the quivering peat. Sometimes he stumbled and went down into the oozing mud, minded to stay there and be done with the struggle. But the urge of life drove him to his feet again. It carried him for weary miles after he despaired of ever covering another hundred yards.

With old, half-forgotten signals from the football field he spurred his will. Perhaps his mind was already beginning to wander, though through it all he held steadily to the direction that alone could save him.

When at last he went down to stay it was in an exhaustion so complete that not even his indomitable will could lash him to his feet again. For an hour he lay in a stupor, never stirring even to fight the swarm of mosquitoes that buzzed about him.

Toward evening he sat up and undid the pack from his back. The matches, in a tin box wrapped carefully with oilskin, were still perfectly dry. Soon he had a fire going and coffee boiling in the frying-pan. From the tin cup he carried slung on his belt he drank the coffee. It went through him like strong liquor. He warmed some beans and fried himself a slice of bacon, sopping up the grease with a cold biscuit left over from the day before.

"Again he slept for a few hours. He had wound his watch mechanically and it showed him four o'clock when he took up the trail once more. In Seattle and San Francisco people were still asleep and darkness was heavy over

the land. Here it had been day for a long time, ever since the summer sun, hidden for a while behind the low, distant hills, had come blazing forth again in a saddle between two peaks.

Gordon had reduced his pack by discarding a blanket, the frying-pan, and all the clothing he was not wearing. His rifle lay behind him in the swamp. He had cut to a minimum of safety what he was carrying, according to his judgment. But before long his last blanket was flung aside. He could not afford to carry an extra pound, for he knew he was running a race, the stakes of which were life and death.

Afternoon found him still staggering forward. The swamps were now behind him. He had won through at last by the narrowest margin possible. The ground was rising sharply toward the mountains. Across the range somewhere lay Kamatlah. But he was all in. With his food almost gone, a water supply uncertain, reserve strength exhausted, the chances of getting over the divide to safety were practically none.

He had come, so far as he could see, to the end of the passage.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gid Holt Goes Prospecting.

As soon as Selfridge reached Kamatlah he began arranging the stage against the arrival of the government agent. His preparations were elaborate and thorough. A young engineer named Howland had been in charge of the development work, but Wally rearranged his forces so as to let each dummy entryman handle the claim entered in his name. One or two men about whom he was doubtful he discharged and hurried out of the camp.

The company boarding house became a restaurant, above which was suspended a newly painted sign with the legend, "San Francisco Grill, J. Glynn, Proprietor." The store also passed temporarily into the hands of its manager. Miners moved from the barracks that had been built by Macdonald into hastily constructed cabins on the individual claims. Wally had always fancied himself as a stage manager for amateur theatricals. Now he justified his faith by transforming Kamatlah outwardly from a company camp to a mushroom one settled by wandering prospectors.

Gideon Holt alone was outside of all these activities and watched them with suspicion. He was an old-timer, sly but fearless, who hated Colby Macdonald with a bitter jealousy that could not be placated and he took no pains to hide the fact. He had happened to be in the vicinity prospecting when Macdonald had rushed his entries. Partly out of mere perversity and partly by reason of native shrewdness, old Holt had slipped in and located one of the best claims in the heart of the group. Nor had he been moved by persuasion, threats, or tentative offers to buy a relinquishment. He was obsti-

nate. He knew a good thing when he had it, and he meant to sit tight.

The adherents of the company might charge that Holt was cracked in the upper story, but none of them denied he was sharp as a street arab. He guessed that all this preparation was not for nothing. Kamatlah was being dressed up to impress somebody who would shortly arrive. The first thought of Holt was that a group of big capitalists might be coming to look over their investment. But he rejected this surmise. There would be no need to try any deception upon them.

Mail from Seattle reached camp once a month. Holt sat down before his stove to read one of the newspapers he had brought from the office. It was the P-I. On the fifth page was a little story that gave him his clue.

ELLIOT TO INVESTIGATE MACDONALD COAL CLAIMS

The reopening of the controversy as to the Macdonald claims, which had been cleared for action by Harold B. Winton, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, takes on another phase with the appointment of Gordon Elliot as special field agent to examine the validity of the holdings. The new field agent won a reputation by his "scoop" in unearthing the Oklahoma "Gold Brick" land frauds.

Elliot leaves Seattle in the Queen City Thursday for the North, where he will make a thorough investigation of the whole situation with a view to clearing up the matter definitely. His report favorable to the claimants the patents will be granted without further delay.

This was too good to keep. Holt pulled on his boots and went out to twit such of the enemy as he might meet. "It changed that the first of them was Selfridge, whom he had not seen since his arrival, though he knew the little man was in camp."

"How goes it, Holt? Mine and dandy, eh?" inquired Wally with the professional geniality he affected.

The old miner shook his head dolefully. "I done bust my laig, Mr. Selfish," he groaned. "It was one of the pleasant ways to affect a difficulty of hearing and a dullness of understanding, so that he could legitimately call people by distorted versions of their names. The old man don't amount to much nowadays."

"Nothing to that. Gid, you're younger than you ever were, judging by your looks."

"Then my looks lie to beat the devil, Mr. Selfish."

"My name is Selfridge," explained Wally, a trifle irritated.

Holt put a cupped hand to his ear anxiously. "Shellfish, did you say? That's right. How come I to forget? The old man's going pretty fast, Mr. Shellfish. No more memory than a jackrabbit. Say, Mr. Shellfish, what's the idee of all this here back-to-the-people movement, as the old sayin' is?"

"I don't know what you mean. And my name is Selfridge, I tell you," snapped the owner of that name.

"Course I ain't got no more sense than the law allows. I'm a buzzard haid, but me I kinder got to millin' it over and in respect to these here local improvements, as you might say, I'm doggoned if I sabs the whyfor."

"Just some business changes."

Holt showed his tobacco-stained teeth in a grin sullenly. "Oh, That's all. I didn't know but what you might be expecting a visitor."

Selfridge flashed a sharp sidelong glance at him. "What do you mean—a visitor?"

"I just got a notion mebbe you might be looking for one, Mr. Pelfrich. Like as not you won't fix up for this Gordon Elliot a-tall."

Wally had no come-back, unless it was one to retort in ironic admiration. "You're a wonder, Holt. Pity you don't start a detective bureau."

The old man went away cackling. If Selfridge had had any doubts before, he discarded them now. Holt would wreck the whole enterprise, were he given a chance. It would never do to let Elliot meet and talk with him. He knew too much, and he was eager to tell all he knew.

Macdonald's lieutenant got busy at once with plans to abduct Holt. "We'll send the old man off on a prospecting trip with some of the boys," explained Selfridge to Howland. "That way we'll kill two birds. He's back on his assessment work. The time limit will be up before he returns and we'll start a contest for the claim."

Howland made no comment. He was an engineer and not a politician. In his position it was impossible for him not to know that a good deal about the legal status of the Macdonald claims was irregular. But he was a firm believer in a wide-open Alaska, in the use of the territory by those who had settled it.

"Better arrange it with Big Bill, then, but don't tell me anything about it. I don't want to know the details," he told Selfridge.

Big Bill Macy accepted the job with a grin. He had never liked old Holt, anyhow. Besides, they were not going to do him any harm.

Holt was baking a match of sourdough bread that evening when there came a knock at the cabin door. At sight of Big Bill and his two companions the prospector closed the oven and straightened with alert suspicion. He was not on visiting terms with any of these men. Why had they come to see him?

"We're going prospecting up Wild Goose creek, and we want you to go along, Gid," explained Macy. "You're an old sour-dough miner, and we all agree we'd like to have you throw in with us. What say?"

The old miner's answer was direct but not flattering. "What do I want to go on a wild-goose mnsh with a bunch of bums for?" he shrilled.

Bill Macy scratched his hook nose and looked reproachfully at his host. At least Holt thought he was looking at him. One could not be sure, for Bill's eyes did not exactly track.

"What's the use of snapping at me like a turtle? Darden says Wild Goose looks fine. There's gold up there— heaps of it."

"Let it stay there, then. I ain't going. That's that," Holt turned to adjust the damper of his stove.

"Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't say that," drawled Bill insolently.

The man at the stove caught the change in tone and turned quickly. He was too late. Macy had thrown himself forward and the weight of his body slung Holt against the wall. Before the miner could recover, the other two men were upon him. They bore him to the floor and in spite of his struggles tied him hand and foot.

Big Bill rose and looked down derisively at his prisoner. "Better change your mind and go with us, Holt. We'll spend a quiet month up at the headquarters of Wild Goose. Say you'll come along."

"What are you going to do with me?" demanded Holt.

"I reckon you need a church to fall on your before you can take a hint. Didn't I mention Wild Goose creek three or four times?" jeered his captor.

Holt made no further protest. He was furious, but at present quite helpless. However, it went against the grain, he might as well give in until rebellion would do some good.

Ten minutes later the party was moving silently along the trail that led to the hills. The pack horse went first in charge of George Holway. The prisoner walked next, his hands tied behind him. Big Bill followed, and the man he had called Dud brought up the rear.

Macy had released the hands of his prisoner, so that he might have a chance to fight the mosquitoes, but he kept a wary eye upon him and never let him move more than a few feet from him. The trail grew steeper as it neared the head of the canyon till at last it climbed the left wall and emerged from the gulch to an uneven mesa.

The leader of the party looked at his watch. "Past midnight. We'll camp here, George, and see if we can't get rid of the skeeters."

They built smudge fires of green wood and on the lee side of these another one of dry sticks. Dud made coffee upon this and cooked bacon. While George chopped wood for the fires and bought of small firs for bedding, Big Bill sat with a rifle across his knees just back of the prisoner.

"Gid's a shifty old cuss, and I ain't taking any chances," he explained aloud to Dud.

Holt was beginning to take the outing philosophically. He slept peacefully while they took turns watching him. Just now there would be no chance to escape, but in a few days they would become careless. The habit of feeling that they had him securely would grow upon them. Then, reasoned Holt, his opportunity would come. One of the guards would take a chance. It was not reasonable to suppose that in the next week or two he would not catch them napping once for a short ten seconds.

There was, of course, just the possibility that they intended to murder him, but Holt could not associate Selfridge with anything so lawless. The man was too soft of fiber to carry through such a program, and as yet there was need of nothing so drastic. No, this kidnapping expedition would not run to murder. He would be set free in a few weeks, and if he told the true story of where he had been his foes would spread the report that he was insane in his hatred of Macdonald and imagined all sorts of persecutions.

They followed Wild Goose creek all next day, getting always closer to its headwaters near the divide. On the third day they crossed to the other side of the ridge and descended into a little mountain park.

The country was so much a primeval wilderness that a big bull moose stalked almost upon their camp before discovering the presence of a strange biped. Big Bill snatched up a rifle and took a shot which sent the intruder scampering.

From somewhere in the distance came a faint sound.

"What was that?" asked George.

"Sounded like a shot. Mebbe it was an echo," returned Dud.

"Come too late for an echo," Big Bill said.

Again faintly from some far corner of the basin the sound drifted. It was like the pop of a scarcely heard fire-cracker.

The men looked at one another and at their prisoner.

"Think we better break camp and drift?" asked Dud.

"No. We're in a little draw here—as good a hiding place as we'd be likely to find. Drive the horses into the brush, George. We'll sit tight."

Dud had been busy stamping out the campfire while Holway was driving the horses into the brush.

"Mebbe you had better get the camp things behind them big rocks," Macy conceded.

Even as he spoke there came the crack of a revolver almost at the entrance to the draw.

One of the men swore softly. The gimlet eyes of the old miner fastened on the spot where in another moment his hoped-for rescuers would appear.

Holt recognizes Elliot and the two overpower the kidnappers and reach Kamatlah. Elliot learns truth about coal land deals.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

None More So.

"Is the woman I saw you talking to a fitting associate for you?"

"She couldn't be more fitting. She's my dressmaker."



"Feefty-mile Swamp Ees a Monster That Swallows Men Alive."

times had an uncanny divination. "Did he," she asked herself, "know what stake she was gambling for at Kusik?"

"You are too wise," she laughed with a touch of embarrassment very becoming. "But I suppose you are right. I like excitement."

"We all do. The only man who doesn't gamble is the convict in stripes, and the only reason he doesn't is that his chips are all gone. It's true that men on the frontier play for bigger stakes. They back their bets with all they have got and put their lives on top for good measure. But kids in the cradle all over the United States are

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

Author of
"PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

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CHAPTER X—Continued.

She looked at him queerly. "Maybe not."

"Connie might, I suppose."

"Connie," she contradicted promptly, "will probably marry a genius, or a rascal, or a millionaire."

He looked dazed at that.

She leaned forward a little. "Carol might."

"Carol?"

"She might." She watched him narrowly, a smile in her eyes.

"Carol's too worldly."

"You don't believe that."

"No, not really. Carol—she—why, you know what I think of it, Carol wouldn't be half bad for a minister's wife. She has a sense of humor, that is very important. She's generous, she's patient, she's unselfish, a good mixer—some of the ladies might think her complexion wasn't real, but—Grace, Carol wouldn't be half bad!"

"Oh, William," she sighed, "can't you remember that you are a Methodist minister, and a grandfather, and—grow up a little!"

After that Mr. Starr returned to normal again, only many times he and Connie had little outings together, and talked a great deal. And Aunt Grace, seeing it, smiled with satisfaction. But the twins and Fairy settled it in their own minds by saying, "Father was just a little jealous of all the deaux. He was looking for a pal, and he's found Connie."

But in spite of his new devotion to Connie, Mr. Starr also spent a great deal of time with Fairy. "We must get fast chums, Fairy," he often said to her. "This is our last chance. We have to get cemented for a lifetime, you know."

And Fairy, when he said so, caught his hand and laughed a little tremulously.

Indeed he was right when he said it was his last chance with Fairy in the parsonage. Two weeks before her commencement she had slipped into the library and closed the door cautiously behind her.

"Father," she said, "would you be very sorry if I didn't teach school after all?"

"Not a bit," came the ready answer.

"I mean if I—you see, father, since you sent me to college I feel as if I ought to work and—help out."

"That's nonsense," he said, drawing the tall girl down to his knees. "I can take care of my own family, thanks. Are you trying to run me out of my job?"

"If you want to work, all right, do it, but for yourself, and not for us. Or if you want to do anything else," he did not meet her eyes, "if you want to stay at home a year or so before you get married, it would please us better than anything else. And when you want to marry Gene, we're expecting it, you know."

"Yes, I know," she fingered the lapel of his coat uneasily. "Do you care how soon I get married?"

"Are you still sure it is Gene?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Then I think you should choose your own time. I am in no hurry. But any time—it's for you and Gene to decide."

"Then you haven't set your heart on my teaching?"

"I set my heart on giving you the best chance possible. And I have done it. For the rest, it depends on you. You may work, or you may stay at home a while. I only want you to be happy, Fairy."

"But doesn't it seem foolish to go clear through college, and spend the money, and then—marry without using the education?"

"I do not think so. They've been fine years, and you are finer because of them. There's just as much opportunity to use your fineness in a home of your own as in a public school. That's the way I look at it."

"You don't think I'm too young?"

"You're pretty young," he said slowly. "I can hardly say, Fairy. You've always been capable and self-possessed. When you and Gene get so crazy about each other you can't bear to be apart any longer. It's all right here."

She put her arm around his neck and rubbed her fingers over his cheek lovingly.

"You understand, don't you, father, that I'm just going to be plain married when the time comes? Not a wedding like Prudence's, Gene, and the girls, and Prue and Jerry, and you, father, that is all."

"Yes, all right. It's your day, you know."

"And we won't talk much about it beforehand. We all know how we feel about things. It would be silly for me to try to tell you what a grand, sweet father you've been to us. I can't tell you—if I tried I'd only cry. You know what I think."

His face was against hers, and his eyes were away from her, so Fairy did not see the moisture in his eyes when he said in a low voice:

"Yes, I know, Fairy. And I don't need to say what fine girls you are, and how proud I am of you. You know it already. But sometimes," he added slowly, "I wonder that I haven't been a bigger man, and haven't done finer work, with a houseful of girls like mine."

Her arm pressed more closely about his neck. "Father," she whispered, "don't say that. We think you are wonderfully splendid, just as you are. It isn't what you've said, not what you've done for us, it's just because you have always made us so sure of you. We never had to wonder about father, or ask ourselves—we were sure. We've always had you." She leaned over and kissed him again. "Now we understand each other, don't we?"

"I guess so. Anyhow, I understand that there'll only be three daughters in the parsonage pretty soon. All right, Fairy. I know you will be happy." He paused a moment. "So will I."

But the months passed, and Fairy seemed content to stay quietly at home, embroidering as Prudence had done, laughing at the twins as they tripped gayly, riotously through college. And then in the early spring she sent an urgent note to Prudence.

"You must come home for a few days, Prue, you and Jerry. It's just because I want you and I need you, and I know you won't go back on me. Just wire you are coming—the three of you. I know you'll be here, since it is I who ask it."

It followed naturally that Prudence's answer was satisfactory. "Of course we'll come."

Fairy's plans were very simple. "We'll have a nice family dinner Tuesday evening. We'll all be together, nice and quiet, just our own little bunch. Don't have dates, twins—of course Gene will be here, but he's part of the family, and we don't want out-

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"Let's go to bed," said Carol, rising. "I suppose we'll feel better in the morning. A good sleep is almost as filling as a big meal—after a blow like this. Well, that's the end of Fairy. We have to make the best of us. Come on, Larkie. You've still got to go to school, son, so you aren't feel too forlorn. My, but the house is still in some ways I think this family is positively sickening. Good night, Connie. And after this, when you want to eat candy in bed, please use your own. I got chocolate all over my foot last night. Good night, Connie. Well, it's the end of Fairy. The family is going to pieces, sure enough."

CHAPTER XI

Sowing Seeds.

"Have you seen Mrs. Harbert lately, Carol?"

"Yes, she's better, father. I was there a few minutes yesterday."

"Yesterday? You were there Tuesday, weren't you?"

Carol looked uncomfortable. "Well, yes, I was just for a second."

"She tells me you've been running in nearly every day since she took sick."

Carol bent sharply inquiring eyes upon her father. "What else did she tell you?"

"She said you were an angel."

"Yes, she seems somehow to think I do it for kindness."

"And don't you?"

"Why, no, father, of course I don't. It's only two blocks out of my way and it's such fun to pop in on sick folks and show them how disgustingly strong and well I am."

"Where did you get the money for that basket of fruit?"

"I borrowed it from Aunt Grace."

Carol's face was crimson with mortification. "But it'll be a sweet time before Mrs. Harbert gets anything else from me. She promised she wouldn't tell."

"Did any of the others know about the fruit?"

"Why not—exactly."

"But she thinks it was from the whole family. She thanked me for it."

"I made her think that," Carol explained. "I want her to think we're the nicest parsonage bunch they've ever had in Mount Mark. Besides, it really was from the family. Aunt Grace loaned me the money and I'll have to borrow it from you to pay her."

And Lark did my dusting so I could go on the errand, though she did not know what it was. And I—er—accidentally took one of Connie's ribbons to tie it with. Isn't that a family gift?"

"Mr. Scott tells me you are the prime mover in the Junior League now?" he continued.

"Well, goodness knows our Junior League needs a mover of some sort."

"And Mrs. Davies says you are a whole mercy and help department all by yourself."

"What I can't understand," said Carol mournfully, "is why folks don't keep their mouths shut. I know that sounds very inelegant, but it expresses my idea perfectly. Can't I have a good time in my own way without the whole church peddling me from door to door?"

The twinkle in her father's eyes deepened. "What do you call it, Carol, 'sowing seeds of kindness'?"

"I should say not," came the emphatic retort. "I call it sowing seeds of fun. It's a circus to go around and gloat over folks when they are sick or sorry—or—"

"But they tell me you don't gloat. Mrs. Marling says you cried with Jeanie half a day when her dog died."

"Oh, that's my way of gloating," said Carol, nothing daunted, but plainly to get away without further interrogation.

It was a strange thing that of all the parsonage girls, Carol, light-hearted, whimsical, mischievous Carol, was the one most dear to the hearts of her father's people. Not the gentle Prudence, nor charming Fairy, nor clever Lark nor conscientious Connie, could rival the "naughty twin" in Mount Mark's affections. And in spite of her odd curt speeches, and her openly vaunted vanity, Mount Mark insisted she was "good." Certainly she was willing! "Get Carol Starr—she'll do it!" was the commonest phrase in Mount Mark's vocabulary. Whatever was wanted, whatever the sacrifice involved, Carol stood ready to fill the bill. Not for kindness—oh, dear no—Carol staunchly disclaimed any such niceness as that. She did it for fun, pure and simple. She said she liked to show off. She insisted that she liked to feel that she was the pivot on which little old Mount Mark turned. But this was only when she was found out. As far as she could she kept her little "seeds of fun" carefully up her sleeve, and it was only when the indiscreet adoration of her friends brought the budding plants to light, that she laughingly declared "it was a circus to go and gloat over folks."

Once in the early dusk of a summer evening, she discovered old Ben Peters, half intoxicated, slumbering noisily on a pile of sacks in a corner of the parsonage barn. Carol was sorry, but not at all frightened. The poor, kindly, weak, old man was as familiar to her as any figure in Mount

Mark. He was always in a more or less helpless state of intoxication, but also he was always harmless, kind-hearted and generous. She prodded him vigorously with the handle of the pitchfork until he was aroused to consciousness, and then guided him into the woodshed with the buggy whip. When he was seated on a chunk of wood she faced him sternly.

"Well, you are a dandy," she said. "Going into a parsonage barn, of all places in the world, to sleep off an odor like yours! Why didn't you go down to Fred Greer's harness shop, that's where you got it. We're such an awful temperance town, you know! But the parsonage! Why, if the trustees had happened into the barn and caught a whiff of that smell, father'd have lost his job. Now you just take warning from me, and keep away from this parsonage until you can develop a good Methodist odor. Oh, don't cry about it! Your very tears smell rummy. Just you hang on to that chunk of wood, and I'll bring you some coffee."

Like a thief in the night she sneaked into the house, and presently returned with a huge tin of coffee, steaming hot. He drank it eagerly, but kept a wary eye on the naughty twin, who stood above him with the whip in her hand.

"That's better. Now, sit down and listen to me. If you would come to the parsonage, you have to take your medicine. Silver and gold have no use, but such as we have we give to you. And religion's all we've got. You're here, and I'm here. We haven't any choir or any Bible, but parsonage folks have to be adaptable. Now then, Ben Peters, you've got to get converted."

The poor doddering old fellow, sobered by this awful announcement, looked helplessly at the window. It was too small. And slender active Carol, with the buggy whip, stood between him and the door.

"No, you can't escape. You're done for this time—it's the straight and narrow from this on. Now listen—it's really very simple. And you need it pretty badly, Ben. Of course you don't realize it when you're drunk, you can't see how terribly disgusting you are, but honestly, Ben, a pig is a ray of sunshine compared to a drunk man. You're a blot on the landscape. You're a—yourself."

She fished vainly for words, longing for Lark's literary flow of language.

"I'm not drunk," he stammered.

"No, you're not, thanks to the buggy whip and that strong coffee, but you're no beauty even yet. Well now, to come down to religion again. You can't stop drinking."

"I could," he blustered feebly. "I could if I wanted to."

"Oh, no, you couldn't. You haven't backbone enough. You couldn't stop to save your life. But," Carol's voice lowered a little, and she grew shy, but very earnest, "but God can stop you, because he has enough backbone for a hundred thousand—er, jellyfishes. And you see, it's like this. God made the world, and put the people in it. Now listen carefully, Ben, and I'll make it just as simple as possible so it can sink through the smell and get at you. God made the world, and put the people in it. And the people sinned, worshipped idols and went back on God, and—did a lot of other mean things. So God was in honor bound to punish them, for that's the law, and God's the judge that can't be bought. He had to inflict punishment. But God and Jesus talked it over, and they felt awfully bad about it, for they kind of liked the people anyhow." She stared at the disreputable figure slouching on the chunk of wood. "It's very hard to understand, very. I should think they would despise us—some of us, she added significantly, "I'm sure I should. But anyhow they didn't. Are you getting me?"

The bleary eyes were really fastened intently on the girl's bright face, and he hung upon her words.

"Well, they decided that Jesus should come down here and live, and be perfectly good, so he would not deserve any punishment, and then God would allow him to receive the punishment anyhow, and the rest of us could go free. That would cover the law, see? Punishing him when he deserved no punishment. Then they could forgive us heathens that didn't deserve it. Do you get that?" She looked at him anxiously. "It all hinges on that, you know. I'm not a preacher myself, but that's the idea. So Jesus was crucified, and then God said, 'There he is! Look on him, believe in him, worship him, and in his name you stand O. K.' See? That means, if we give him the chance, God'll let Jesus take our share of the punishment. So we've just got to let go, and say, 'All right, here I am. I believe it, I give up. I know I don't amount to a hill of beans—and you can say it very honestly—but if you want me, and will call it square, God knows I'm willing.' And there you are."

"Won't I drink any more?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Usual Way.

Mr. Hixon—He said he would go through anything for her.

Mrs. Hixon—Yes; and he began a song through her bank account.

LEND YOUR MONEY TO HELP WIN WAR

Help Properly Equip Your Own Son and Other Soldier Boys Over There.

DUTY OF ALL TO BUY BONDS

Liberty Loans to Uncle Sam Is Best Guarantee of Our Fighters Safe Return Home—Do Not Hesitate.

(By ROLAND G. USHER of the Vigilantes.)

Put it to yourself straight now. You know perfectly well that you would feel ashamed to keep your boy out of the ranks if he wanted to go. You know perfectly well that you would probably feel ashamed before your neighbors if they knew that the boy was sticking at home. But have you ever asked yourself whether you felt ashamed that you were keeping your dollars tight in your jeans instead of lending your dollars to the war as well as your boy? If you have not got a boy, you probably would feel that he ought to go if you had one. You have got some dollars, why don't you send them?

Think again; if you have sent a boy over there, don't you know for certain whether that boy will come back, God grant that he may. But he went, just the same, knowing fully just as you did that he might not come back. You gave the dearest thing you had in the world to the government freely, for the cause of democracy. You were glad to do it; you felt fine about it. You still feel that if you had it to do over again you would not do anything else. But I will wager anything you like that you have a lot of money that you can lend to the government without hurting yourself at all—and which you are hanging on to until it screams. Think of it. Those dollars will be perfectly sure to come back if you lend them to the government. The government guarantees that. Why should you therefore be so afraid to loose your clutch on them? The great risk you have already taken and did it because it was a worthy and a noble thing to do. The thing which is no risk at all and yet which is just as necessary to the war as the other, you hesitate about.

Dollars Will Come Back.

Let me suppose for a moment, that you have not yet sent your boy. I will wager you have a sneaking feeling that he ought to go. He has too! In this case, I won't have to make a wager about it—you have not sent your dollars. If you hesitate to send the boy because you are afraid he may not come back, you have a perfectly explainable reason but you have not got a good reason why you should not send your dollars. They will come back, you may be sure of it. Not only will they come back the government will pay you interest on them in the meantime. You will lend the government your capital and will get a return on it. Far from losing anything, you will make something. Why hesitate?

Look at it from another point of view. If your boy has not gone, or if you have no son, your neighbors who have sons have sent them. Those boys are going into danger. They are going to need guns, food, artillery, ships, and airplanes, not only to enable them to do what they went over there to do—beat the Germans out of sight—but to keep them safe. If they don't have those things they certainly won't come back at all. You know perfectly well, however tight-fisted you may be, or however mean you may think yourself—and you are not half as mean as that—you would not hurt your neighbor's son just because a few dollars stood in the way. You would feel so ashamed of yourself for the rest of your life you would not be able to shave in the morning. Your neighbors' sons and your friends' sons that you have known all your life need the things your money can buy for them, and it is going to go much harder with them if they don't get them.

Make Your Money Help.

Now put it to yourself straight. If the thing was a little nearer, to you so that you really saw your neighbor's son actually without food because you had declined to give it to him, you would not hesitate for a moment what to do. The difficulty is here, that the thing is on so large a scale that you do not realize that your failure to lend your money to the government is going to result very probably in depriving that particular boy of things he needs. You can say, if you like, there are so many millions of them that it will be some other fellow's son that will go without. I hope you won't get much comfort out of that, because it is the same old thing. You would not hurt him either if you saw him and knew he was in want; but because you don't see him, because he is somewhere in France, you forget about him and don't stop to think that he wants a thing you would not hesitate to give him if you knew him. Why hesitate, then, to lend your dollars to the government? They are the only thing that can really do this business. They are the only thing that can put tools into the boys' hands over there to kill the Germans with. Don't hesitate any longer now; get it straight, and go down and buy a bond and feel better about it for the rest of your life.

GAVE HERSELF AWAY.



He—I bet you've told everyone what I told you as a secret last night. She—Why, the idea! There's a whole lot of girls I haven't seen yet.

Joyous Assumption. A "cut-up" scatters careless chaff. He is indeed a happy elf. Who thinks he should make others laugh. By watching him enjoy himself.

Why They Were There. Mr. Bacon—Look at the item in this paper: The total wealth of the United States is estimated at \$130,000,000,000.

Mrs. Bacon—Why are there so many ciphers in there? The ciphers, my dear, represent the wealth of a large proportion of the people.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE, Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

The Infant Mind. "Where are you going, mamma?" "To a surprise-party, dear." "Can I go, too, and Archie and Edna?" "No, dear, you weren't invited." "Well, don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you took us all?" Boston Evening Transcript.

RELIABLE PRESCRIPTION FOR THE KIDNEYS

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the

Mr. Truck Owner

The finest Motor Truck Bodies are built at our factory, and you are cordially invited to see what we have to offer.

If you wish a Special Type of Body for carrying fruit, garden or dairy product we can give you the right equipment.

If you need a Stake Body for light or heavy duty, an Express Body or any other style you will serve your best interests by conferring with us.

Do not delay for the rush season will soon be here.

GLOBE FURNITURE CO.
NORTHVILLE.

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.



The Ford Couplet, with permanent top and sliding plate glass windows with removable pillar brings all the delights of the breezy, open car, when the rains and snows come it can be transformed in a minute to the cosiest, dry and comfortable of enclosed cars. A big roomy seat with deep upholstery and interior appointments of high quality. The regular Ford chassis and Ford economy in operation, of course. The Ford Couplet is worthy of your consideration. Couplet, \$560. f o b, Detroit.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS
Northville, Mich.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

Central 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 8:30 p. m. 9:35 p. m. and 10:35 p. m.; for Orchard Lake and Pontiac only 11:35 p. m.; for Farmington Junction only 12:35 a. m.

Limited to Detroit at 6:40 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Cars leave Detroit for Northville at 5:30 a. m. and hourly to 8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m.; 4:20 a. m. and hourly to 5:30 p. m., then 7:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., and 11:00 p. m. Limited at 5:00 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and hourly to 7:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m. To Wayne only, 11:15 p. m.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:30 a. m., 6:42 a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.; also 8:42 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and 12:09 a. m.

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 dis-

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Rev. F. A. Brass of Wixom was in town Monday.

Mrs. C. J. Ball visited friends at Monroe for the week-end.

Rev. F. I. Walker of Redford called on Northville friends Tuesday.

Ray Johnson of Los Angeles Calif. is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Johnson.

Eugene Des Autels and wife lately of Duluth, Minn. are visiting at the Des Autels home.

Wm. Blashill of Ann Arbor has been spending his vacation with his sister, Mrs. P. B. Barley.

Mrs. Seymour Brown returned Friday evening from a few days' stay with friends at Redford.

Mr. and Mrs. George Francis of Farmington were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hendryx.

Mrs. L. B. Charter and son, Glenn and Mrs. Mary Fredmore were Sunday afternoon visitors at the Charles Leach home in Farmington township.

Mrs. A. W. Olde of Detroit has been spending the week at the D. F. Griswold home, assisting in the care of Mrs. Griswold who has been critically ill for a week past.

Donald Baker who returned Sunday night from a trip from Detroit to the Atlantic coast as mechanic in charge of a train of Packard trucks, made a brief visit at his parental home here. He expected to leave Detroit with another train very soon.

STEEN THOUSAND AUTOS CAME SUNDAY

MORE CARS HERE THAN AT ANY TIME SINCE GOOD ROADS DAY.

Probably the largest number of people in the largest number of automobiles ever seen on Northville streets in any one day except at the time of the Good Roads celebration were in our village Sunday.

The "drive" started in the forenoon with the frequent arrival of cars, but in the afternoon the streets in every direction actually swarmed with motor vehicles of all sorts and sizes imaginable, from the big luxurious limousine to the motorcycle side car, and from the several-years-old "Flivver" to the latest thing in cars of the kind used by millionaires, all crowded to the limit with passengers.

And it really was a "good roads day," a striking illustration of what Wayne county's world-famous roads mean to the inhabitants of our big Michigan metropolis, the automobile center of the U. S., and to the surrounding country.

OBSERVED BIRD DAY.

The N. W. C. observed its annual Bird Day and bird-house contest last Friday at an open meeting at the school building. Supt. Misener, as chairman gave an interesting talk, musical numbers were given by school pupils and Mrs. Benton delighted the children with victrola records of bird songs and calls.

The feature of the program was an illustrated lecture by Miss Adella McCrea on bird lore. The slides, showing various birds and their nests, were donated by the U. of M.

Prizes were presented by the president of the Woman's club for the best and most artistic bird houses made by the children, Edmund Ferkes receiving first prize and Barbara Blackburn second.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR INSTALLATION.

Sir Thomas E. Muddock acted as installing officer and Sir Thomas R. Carrington as Grand Marshal at the installation of the new officers of Northville Commandery Tuesday evening. Sir Fred M. Warner read a letter from his son now in France and gave information relative to various war activities. The male quartet gave several selections which were roundly applauded. Refreshments were served after the installation.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.) The 8th. regular meeting of the Womens Relief Corps will be held Wednesday evening Apr. 24, 7:30 sharp. In addition to the regular work of the order, there will be initiation.

We would request a good attendance of our members. Let the Spirit of '61 be united with the Spirit of Patriotism manifest by all loyal Americans of to-day, and let us not forget to "do our bit" to aid our country, under the folds of Old Glory-The flag of 1861-the flag of 1918.

ATTENTION LABORERS AND HOUSEHOLDERS

MASS MEETING SATURDAY NIGHT FREE LAND FOR FOOD RAISING.

All persons interested in the raising of food for next winter's use or in helping others to do the same are urged to meet at the village hall Saturday evening, April 20, at 7:30 o'clock.

Farmers, laborers and all persons who own a hoe or who are willing to use one and can eat potatoes, or know how to use them will be present. Land can be obtained free by those desiring it.

This is a Northville neighborhood meeting. Here is an opportunity to answer the appeals of your country to those who cannot face death on the field of battle.

By Order of Welfare Committee.

RED CROSS BENEFIT.

Mrs. Thompson of the Alseum announces that she will give a benefit for the Northville Red Cross Unit next Wednesday night, April 24, when all receipts except the cost of the film will be turned over to the local unit for the purpose of specified supplies for Northville soldiers.

The Record suggests that Northville people should certainly back up Mrs. Thompson's generosity by the most liberal patronage possible.

There is urgent need for a few more sewing machines for the work room at the school. An effort has been made to borrow second hand machines from dealers in Detroit, but theirs have all been loaned to the Red Cross workers there. If there is anyone else in Northville who can spare a machine the loan will be much appreciated; also the owner would be helping greatly in this work even if she cannot in any other way.

The work of making clothing for the refugee children across the sea is to be continued right along, and any women who are willing to make these little garments at home can obtain them at the work rooms. Every bit of help obtainable is needed. Don't refuse yours.

CARD OF THANKS.

Sincerest thanks are extended to the friends who were so kind at the time of Mr. Lovly's funeral. The King's Daughters, the neighbors and the Pickell family for flowers.

D. F. GRISWOLD.

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 eighth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present—Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of CHARITY STONER, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Robert Willis, administrator of said estate, praying that he be licensed to sell certain real estate of said deceased for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and the charges of administering said estate.

It is ordered, that the seventh day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court at said time and place, to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administrator to sell real estate as prayed for in said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true Copy.)

HENRY S. HULBERT,

Judge of Probate.

FRANCIS MAHON,

Deputy Probate Register. 3840

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 Mahley'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

Mahley's Corner DETROIT. Grand River and Griswold. Best \$5 and \$15 Men's Suits in the World.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO GAS CONSUMERS.

Owing to the increase in the cost of fuel and other manufacturing items, it has become necessary for the Gas Company to make the slight increase in the rate, of 10 cents per 1,000 cubic feet. This price will become effective May 1st, and continue only until such time as conditions become normal again.

PLYMOUTH and NORTHVILLE GAS CO.

Sale of Motor Trucks

New, Slightly Used, Factory Overhauled Trucks, good as new. Three months guarantee.

Time payments to reliable parties. 1½—3½ and 5 ton with stake or dump bodies. Worm drive.

These Trucks are a better buy than new trucks at the present prices. We now have a 1½ ton worm drive truck just right for the milk business or a fruit farm. It will be worth your time to see.

BEACH & FOREMAN

DETROIT. (Glendale 1616). 811 Woodward Ave. Factory at Detroit.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

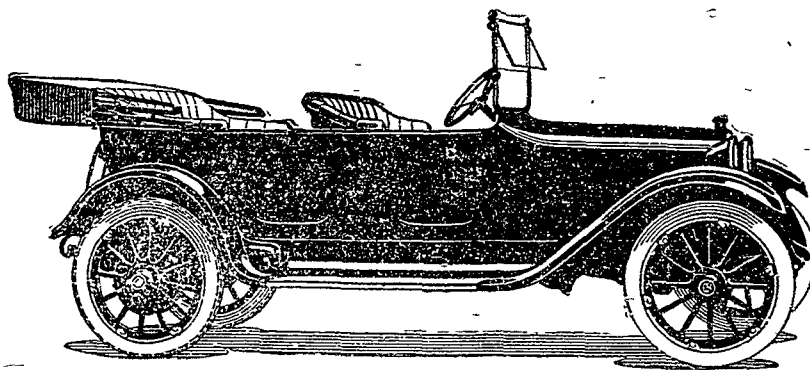
AN ELECTRIC CLEANER

will not only make your Spring House-Cleaning comparatively easy, but it will enable you to keep your home clean and sanitary.

Your rugs will last longer because the gritty destructive embedded dirt left untouched by ordinary cleaning methods will be removed.

We have a size for every home. Small payment now—the rest to be paid during 1918—are the convenient terms on which you can secure a Cleaner.

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Up-to-Date line of Samples Tapes, Plushes, Velours, Damasks, DeLims, Chase Leather, Fabrikoid and Genuine Leather.

Also a few French Tops (Remnants) 24-inch square.

I want your work. Let me tell you the cost before the work is taken from your home.

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