

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 46.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

MEMORIAL DAY IN NORTHVILLE

Taken all in all, Northville's 1918 Memorial day program was one of the best in the history of the town. The showers of the forenoon made the streets somewhat muddy, but as no rain fell during the march to the cemetery or afterward, the observances were carried out as planned.

Col. O. A. Jones of Detroit, a veteran who left an arm on a battlefield of the civil war, gave a splendid address to a large audience from the beautifully decorated stage of the Algonquin theatre, the Northville band, the male quartet and the school children furnishing most acceptable music for the occasion.

A large Northville service flag, with 32 stars—three of them golden ones—was presented to the village by the Woman's Relief Corps through the patriotic instructor, Mrs. Lillian Cook, Village President. Children, accepting for the town. The presentation and acceptance formed a pretty and pathetic incident of the day.

An extremely well-performed flag drill was later given by the school children in front of the theatre, and at the intersection of Main and Center streets the procession halted for the raising of the Liberty Loan flag where Old Glory was already floating from the new 40-foot steel pole erected by the council.

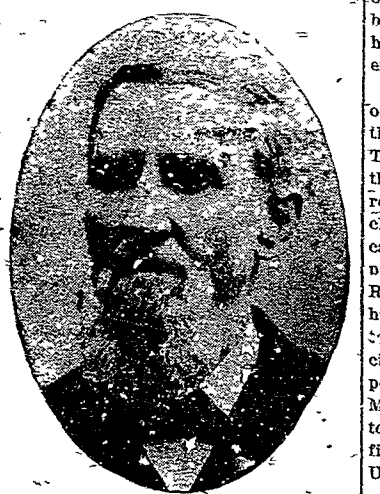
The match was led by the Northville band, the Knights Templar, Boy Scouts, school children and Woman's Relief Corps joining with the small group of G. A. R. veterans in line for the march to Oakwood, where the simple but impressive ceremonies of the Post were carried out in honor of their comrades gone before, all graves in the jurisdiction of the local Post having been previously decorated with flowers furnished by the W. R. C.

Following the completion of the exercises a substantial supper was served by the ladies of the Relief Corps in their hall, to the veterans, the speaker, band and several other guests.

PROMINENT RESIDENT PASSED AWAY TUESDAY

Lawrence Wellington Simmons, one of Northville's most prominent citizens and a life-long resident of this vicinity, passed away Tuesday evening, June 4, at his home on Wing street, at the age of nearly eighty-nine years. He was born Sept. 29, 1829, on the farm east of town on the base line which was his home until the family moved to Northville 34 years ago, his father having taken up the land from the government.

Mrs. Simmons' first wife, Frances Rice, died in 1886, leaving him three daughters—Mrs. Henry German, Mrs. Georgia Yerkes and Mrs. R. C. Yerkes, all of whom are residents of Northville. In 1905 he was married to Mrs. Nettie Thornton Skinner of this place who survives him. Besides the wife



and daughters, he leaves a step daughter, Mrs. Sidney Liddell of Detroit, three grandchildren, Harry E. German of Carleton, Mrs. Renshaw of Detroit and Miss Frances Yerkes of Northville and three great grandchildren.

Mr. Simmons was president of the Northville State Savings bank for twenty years, resigning the position a few years ago because of ill health.

In former years he was a member of the Farmington Universalist church but had later been for many years a regular attendant of the Northville Presbyterian church.

Mr. Simmons may have been fifty termed one of Northville's Grand Old Men. His genial nature and courteous manner to all with whom he was associated gave him universal friend-

ship and respect, and his kindly presence will long be missed from our citizenship.

Funeral services will take place at the residence this Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Edward V. Belles, and interment will be made in Rural Hill cemetery, where Northville's Commandery, Knights Templar, of which he was an honored member, will conduct the burial service of the order.

EX-GOVERNOR WARNER ANNOUNCES CANDIDACY FOR U. S. SENATOR

Many of my friends and neighbors in Oakland County voluntarily circulated petitions to have my name placed on the primary ballot as a candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator. In deference to these and other friends throughout the State I deem it my duty at this time to make a definite statement regarding my intentions.

I would say to those who have paid me the compliment of requesting me to become a candidate, and to all my other friends and to the voters of the State at large, that I have decided to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator. In making this announcement I want it clearly understood that I do not wish my candidacy, or the work that my



friends may do for me, to interfere in any way with the all important work of providing for the wants and needs of our soldiers in France and in training.

I have delayed for several months making an announcement while others were actively pushing their campaign for the nomination. I have previously expressed myself to the effect that a long and strenuous campaign for this nomination is indefensible during the present war crisis. In my judgment it is the duty of every citizen to do his utmost in assisting in increasing the production and conservation of food; aiding the Red Cross, promoting Liberty Loan Campaigns, and doing his full share of all other relief work that has become necessary by reason of the war in which, against its will, but in the interest of freedom and humanity, our country finds itself engaged.

It is true, however, that the affairs of the nation demand and must receive the best attention of the people. There is now and will continue to be throughout this war, and during the reconstruction period following its close, urgent need for earnest and capable men as representatives of the people in the Senate and House of Representatives. These men will have responsible tasks during the days to come, and will have for their decision many questions of great importance. I feel that the people of Michigan know me quite well enough to judge my earnestness, sincerity and fitness to become a member of the United States Senate.

My candidacy must go to the people on its merits. I shall have no paid campaign manager, nor could I bring myself to look with favor upon the lavish use of money in conducting a political campaign, evidences of which are seen too frequently in campaigns of this character. I would not consider it an honor to secure a nomination in such a manner.

I am encouraged to believe the rank and file of the people are desirous of supporting one of their own number for this office, in which there would be plenty of work for a business man and a practical farmer who knows their problems and needs, and I deeply appreciate the expression of confidence already offered by those who know me best.

FRANK M. WARNER.

THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

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

Ambler, Roy—Eng. Corps, A. E. F., via Paris, France.

Bryan, Karl—Headquarters Co. Band, U. S. N. G., A. E. F.

Brown, Frank W.—Coast Artillery Corps, C. A. C., A. E. F.

Barber, Jack—Motor Dept., Co. E, 16th Engineers, A. E. F.

Barber, Clifford—Co. F, First U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.

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

Curtiss, Sylvanus—Marines, Paris Island, S. C.

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

Casterline, Orrin, Sergt., Eng. Camp, Eng. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.

Casterline, Raymond, Corporal—Training Detachment, U. of M. Ann Arbor.

Couch, John V.—U. S. M. C., A. E. F.

Dunham, Scott H.—A. E. F.

Dixon, Ross M.—502 Aero Squadron, Dorff Field, Arcadia, Florida.

Dubois, Carroll—Enlisted Ordnance Corps, A. A., Augusta, Ga.

Dubois, James F.—First Sergt., Expeditionary Forces.

Desautels, Raymond C.—Cadet, Park Field, Millington, Tenn.

Desautels, Leo L. d. s., E. L. (Radio) U. S. N. R. T. Co. 182 Reg. B, U. S. Naval Training Stn., Great Lakes, Illinois.

Ely, Tracy, Sergt.—Eng. A. E. F.

Fox, Walter—Co. H, Inf., A. E. F.

Foss, Paul—Co. L, 338th Inf., Barracks 634, Camp Custer.

Foss, Wm.—Co. N, 5th Regiment Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.

Elkins, Harlan G.—326 Btn., Co. C, Light Tanks, Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.

Garfield, Truman—Attached R. F. C., Toumiers, Royston Herst, England.

Green, Lloyd C. C., U. S. M. G. Btn. American E. F.

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

Greene, Norton T.—Co. D, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.

Hutton, Charles—Co. 10, Ft. Story, C. A. C., Cape Henry, C. B., Va.

Hall, Frank N.

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

Hall Lon O.—Co. 5, 2nd Btn., 160 Depot Brigade, 10th Eng. Barracks, 293, Camp Custer.

Hayner, Charles W.—Sergeant, 40th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens.

Hollis, Elmer—2nd Co. Coast Artillery Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.

Jackson, Elmer—Sergt., Motor Truck, A. E. F.

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

Jordan, Ralph B.—Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Johnson, Jesse—Co. H, 126th Inf., Camp McArthur, Texas.

Jones, Wm. T., Sergeant, Co. A, 329th M. G. Btn., Camp Custer.

Johnson, Edward, Corporal—175th Aero Sq., Payne Field, West Point, Miss.

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

Kidd, Archie—A. E. F., France.

Kysor, James D., Corporal—328 Headquarters Co. Field Art., Camp Custer.

Kysor, Asa E.—Co. 11, 3rd Reg. M. G. B. Co. Camp Green, N. C.

Klein, Homer.

Lapham, Luther B.—11th Co. 3rd Replacement Btn., Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

Lyke, Ralph—Co. A, 2nd Btn., Heavy Tank Service, Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.

Langfield, Conrad, Sergt., 1st Medical Supply Dept., Camp Meade, Md.

Limbright, Robert A.—233 Aero Sq., Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

Lanning, Orrin—Division 11, care Postmaster, Fortress Monroe, Va.

Montgomery, Earl—Co. F, 310th Eng. Barracks 894, Camp Custer.

Murphy, Chas. F., 2nd Lieut., F. A. O. R. C., American Expeditionary Forces.

Malcomson, Leo—Co. E, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.

Martin, Guy—Supply Co. 328th Field Artillery, Camp Custer.

Martin, Edward Aero Squad., A. E. F. Battery E.

Mauga Park, Ga.

Van Valkenburg, Carl D.—Medical Dpt. Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.

Van Sickle, Harry—Co. A, 1st Bn., 160 Depot Brigade, Camp Custer.

Van Valkenburg, Lawrence M.—Bugler League Island, Philadelphia.

Van Valkenburg, Milo T.—Co. B, 6th Eng. Camp Laurel, Md.

Wheeler, Foster E.—Co. F, 10th Bn., 20th Engineers, Camp American University, Areadia, Ga.

Wilber, Paul F.—Co. C, 305th Mechanical Unit, Q. M. C., Ft. McPherson, Atlanta, Ga.

Wilber, J. Roland—Co. F, 23rd Eng. A. E. F.

Wilkinson, Frank—Co. C, 310 Field Signal, B. N. Camp Custer.

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

White, Harry H.—Walter Reed Sanatorium, Tacoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, Field Artillery, A. E. F.

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

* Yerkes, Joseph A. * Deceased.

George Simmons and Guy Martin of Camp Custer were in town Saturday and Sunday.

DEATH OF MRS. ELLA TAFT.

Sadness comes to many hearts here with the news of the death of Mrs. Ella Taft at her home in Detroit last week, Thursday, May 30.

Mrs. Taft had been a resident here for about 40 years, before moving to Detroit three years ago, when she left a large circle of friends in Northville.

Ella M. Hakes was born in Bennington, Vermont, in 1855. A few years after coming to this place she became the wife of Aaron Taft, who preceded her to the farther life by only three months, after years of partial, and later of complete helplessness during which she had faithfully cared for him.

Her own illness developing soon after his death.

She is survived by three sons, Greig and Fred of Detroit and Harry of Northville, two brothers, Wm. Hakes of Detroit and Theodore of Bennington, Vt. and a sister, Edna Hakes, of the latter place.

Funeral services were held from the home in Detroit Saturday, conducted by Rev. Edward V. Belles of the local Presbyterian church, and the body was brought to Northville for interment in Rural Hill cemetery.

REGISTRATION OF GERMAN ALIEN FEMALES.

Notice is given by the U. S. Government that a registration of all German Alien Females will commence at all post-offices on Monday, June 17 and continue until June 28.

Four unmounted photographs are required, size not larger than 3x3. For further information call at local post-office.

TO THE CITIZENS OF NORTHVILLE:—

Friday, June 28th, 1918, is officially designated WAR SAVINGS DAY by the National Government and the Governor of this State.

All loyal citizens of this community will accordingly on or before this day, pledge themselves to save and economize to help win the war and will further pledge themselves to invest their savings in War Savings Stamps in the largest amount possible as evidence of their loyalty to the National government.

The people of this community will give every assistance in their power to the local representatives of the United States Treasury who are conducting the War Savings campaign.

All who are able should pledge themselves to save and invest to the limit allowed by law.

(Signed): CHARLES GOLDREN, Village President.

NORTHVILLE-DETROIT PICNIC.

The annual Northville-Detroit association will hold its annual picnic at Belle Isle Saturday, June 15th with basket lunch at 2 p. m.

We wish very much that Northville people will make it a point to attend and make this reunion the biggest and best.

Remember, Belle Isle Saturday, June 15. A. S. NICHOLS, President.

HARVEY ROOT, Secretary.

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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

The Board of Review for the township of Northville, will meet in the township clerk's office, in the village of Northville, on Saturday, June 8th, and on Friday and Saturday, June 14th and 15th, 1918, from 9:00 o'clock a. m. to 5:00 o'clock p. m. of each of said days for the purpose of reviewing the assessment roll of said township.

Taxpayers deeming themselves aggrieved may be heard at that time.

W. JUDD LANNING, Supervisor.

46-47

Dated, Northville, Mich., May 22, 1918.

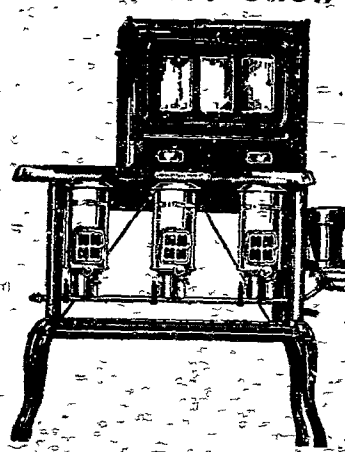
IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that no bathing will be allowed in the Ambler pond, or any other public place in the village, without the wearing of bathing suits. Also all profane language is forbidden at these places.

BY ORDER VILLAGE COUNCIL.

ERNEST LYKE, Marshal.

"The Perfection" A DANGER SIGNAL!



"Come back!—Come back!! When you see that Pyrex on a leaf, you just come right back home to mother!"



Good Potatoes

come from strong, stout healthy vines, enabled to benefit fully from soil, air, rain and sunshine, and produce to the limit, when sprayed with Pyrox.

Pyrox

which kills insects, stops fungous troubles, and invigorates foliage on all kinds of crops. All ready to mix with water and spray. Enough to make 30 to 40 gals. \$1.40. Large catalogue of information free.

All days are alike to the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook Stove. No matter for what purpose you need a quick, clean, hot flame, or a slow, steady flame—there is no stove like the New Perfection—the wonderful oil stove that has revolutionized housekeeping.

The New Perfection besides being the perfect stove for summer is just as efficient for year-round use. It is a home and family stove. Will do the family boiling, stewing and frying in a sane and restful manner over a stove that does not overheat the kitchen? You can do this with the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook Stove. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Shelf.

Hartford Automobile Tires—Automobile Accessories.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

LEND YOUR MONEY AS FREELY AS THEY ARE GIVING THEIR LIVES.

You don't have to fight, you don't have to die. But—Your son does, or your brother who is now across the way, or the kid now in khaki to whom you used to give pennies a short time ago.

That money you have laid away for "a rainy day"—wouldn't you give every nickel of it to keep a Hun's knife away from his throat?

JUNE 28th

NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS DAY

On that day the nation will call upon you, not just your neighbor—but you—to pledge yourself to the purchase of a certain number of War Savings Stamps during 1918.

National War Savings Committee.

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

Northville State Savings Bank

DOES HOT WEATHER MEAN CONTINUAL DISCOMFORT FROM TIRED, ACHING FEET?

Don't suffer any longer. Just try a can of

REXALL FOOT POWDER

Sprinkle a small amount into each shoe, also in your hose. Immediately you feel its soothing, cooling action.

Follow this plan each morning, and "make life's walk easy." You will never know what foot comfort really is until you give Rexall Foot Powder a chance to prove its remarkable merits.

In Sprinkler Top Cans, A Generous amount, 25c

IF CORNS TROUBLE YOU—

First Aid Corn Plasters and Rexall Corn Solvent will remove the corns and chase the pain away.

A. E. STANLEY

The REXALL Store. NORTHVILLE.

WEAK KIDNEYS MEAN A WEAK BODY

When you're fit, your body begins to break a little at the hinges. Motion is more slow and deliberate. Not so young as I used to be is a frequent and natural thought. Certain bodily functions upon which good health and good spirits so much depend, are impaired. The weak spot is generally the bladder. Unpleasant symptoms show themselves. Painful and annoying complications in other organs arise. This is particularly true with elderly people. If you only know how, this trouble can be obviated.

For over 20 years GOLD MEDAL Haaslem Oil has been relieving the inconvenience and pain due to advancing years. It is a standard, old-time home remedy, and needs no introduction. It is now put up in odorless, tasteless capsules. These are easier and more pleasant to take than the oil in bottles.

Each capsule contains about one dose of five drops. Take them just like you would any pill, with a small swallow of water. They soak into the system and throw off the poisons which are old and worn, before your time. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, all stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. They are an effective remedy for all diseases of the bladder, kidney, liver, stomach and allied organs.


GOLD MEDAL Haaslem Oil Capsules cleanse the kidneys and purify the blood. They frequently ward off attacks of the dangerous and fatal diseases of the kidneys. They have a beneficial effect, and completely cure the diseases of the urinary organs, allied with the bladder and kidneys.

If you are troubled with soreness across the loins or with "sample" aches and pains in the back take warning; it may be the preliminary indications of some dreadful malady which can be warded off or cured if taken in time.

Go to your druggist today and get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haaslem Oil Capsules. Money refunded if they do not help you. Three sizes. GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original imported Haaslem Oil Capsules. Accept No Substitutes.—Adv.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

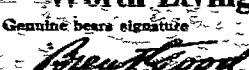
You Cannot be Constipated and Happy



Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

Genuine bears signature



ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but

CARTER'S IRON PILLS will greatly help most pale-faced people

You Can Now Eat Your Favorite Food Without Any Fear

Kramer Says: "Eatonic" Rids Weak Stomachs of Acids, Gas, Heartburn, Food Repeating and Stomach Miseries

What miserable feelings are caused by an upset stomach! That dull, heavy, "bloated" sensation that follows a full meal, robs good living of half its pleasures. Is there any way out for you sufferers with stomach weakness?

Yes; H. L. Kramer, the man who originated Cascarets, has found a sure, quick, relief for indigestion, dyspepsia, "sour stomach," heartburn, formation of painful gases, "bloating," etc., etc.

He calls his stomach relief **EATONIC**, and it certainly is making a wonderful record. Countless thousands of people who formerly approached their meals with dread, now eat their fill of their favorite foods without fear of the after-effects.

Mr. Kramer says: "My **EATONIC** tablets are the solution of the age-old problem of indigestion and all forms of stomach misery."

"**EATONIC** neutralizes the acids, that form the painful gases, 'sweetens' the stomach, and gives the gastric juices a chance to do its work as it should."

"To promote appetite and aid digestion, take **EATONIC** tablets—one or two after each meal. They are perfectly harmless. Eat them just like candy."

"For distress after eating; sour, 'gassy,' acid stomach, vertigo, nausea and belching, and that wretched, puffed-up, 'lumpy' feeling, after over-eating; there is nothing to compare with **EATONIC** Tablets."

All druggists sell **EATONIC**—50c per box. Watch out for imitations. The genuine bears the name **EATONIC** on each tablet—guaranteed to do all that is claimed; or if your druggist doesn't carry **EATONIC**—send to Eatonic-Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill.

FLOATING specks before the eyes, dizzy spells, palpitation of the heart, less appetite or craving for sweet or sour kinds of food—are signs of self-poisoning by products of poorly digested or imperfectly eliminated food waste which have entered the blood.

Beecham's Pills assist to restore normal action of liver, stomach and kidneys.


BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

Fading Liberty.
The Bride—You cannot go out. That settles it.
The Groom (a burglar)—Can I send the gang a picture postal telling them what pen I'm in?

Cash for Old False Teeth. Don't matter if broken, also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Write to: N. W. U., No. 23-1913, N. W. U., DETROIT, NO. 23-1913.

Scenes of Prosperity Are Common in Western Canada



The thousands of U. S. farmers who have accepted Canada's generous offer to settle on homesteads or buy farm land in her provinces have been well repaid by bountiful crops of wheat and other grains.

Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre—get \$2 a bushel for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bush. to the acre you are bound to make money—that's what you can do in Western Canada.

In the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta you can get a

HOMESTEAD OF 160 ACRES FREE

and other land at very low prices.

During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley, and Flax. Mixed Farming is as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates and Sup. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

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

KEEP BUILDINGS IN GOOD REPAIR

Investment in Paint Is Good Insurance, Says Expert.

CANNOT WELL BE POSTPONED

Work Necessary to Protect Structures From Deterioration Should Not Await Reduction in Prices.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose three-cent stamp for reply.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

This year, many farmers and suburbanites who have hitherto gone about their spring repairs as a matter of course, will perhaps delay before getting them under way to ask "Will it pay?" The unprecedented scarcity of labor and the unusually high prices of nearly all kinds of building materials will, no doubt, suggest to many the advisability of postponing the usual improvements to a later time. As a matter of fact nothing could be more shortsighted and contrary to every principle of sound management and economy.

While building materials of many kinds are, undoubtedly, higher in price than they have been in many years, there is every reason to believe that they will mount still higher. As the war goes on, the available supplies

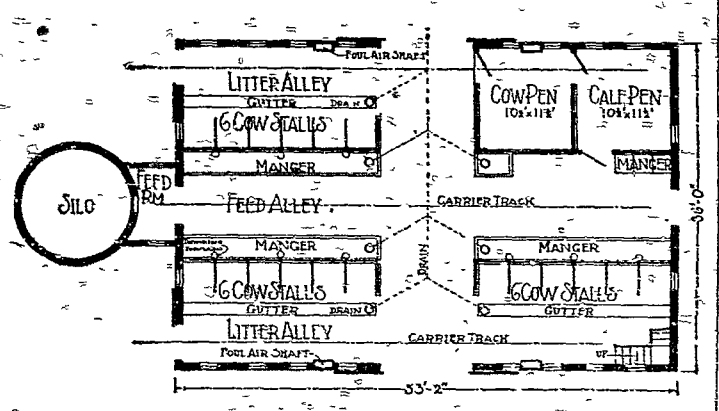
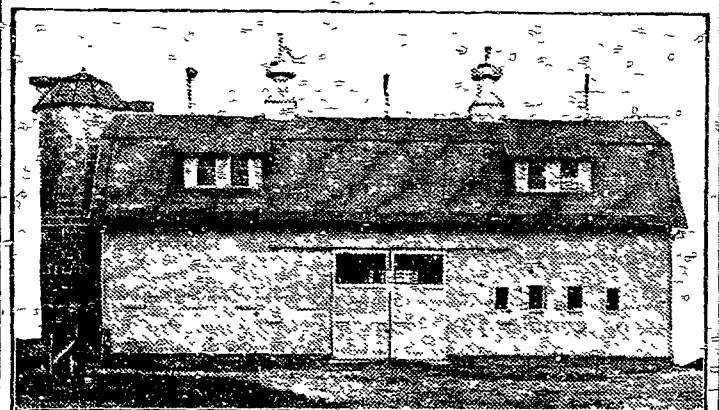
the surface to which it is applied is definitely from moisture and decay.

Economy in Painting.
True economy is in keeping farm buildings well painted at all times. A paint film on a few square yards of surface costs but little, yet it will protect and beautify several dollars' worth of surface for many years. To leave a surface unpainted for several years will "save" in paint by a few cents for every square yard of surface, but it will cost several dollars in structural materials wasted and beyond repair. When buildings are painted frequently, they are always well protected, the surface is in better condition for repainting, less paint is required and the appearance of the property is always at its best. The cost represents the lowest possible rate of insurance.

Nothing shows more clearly the value of good painting and repairs than the attitude of bankers in making loans on farm property. A careful inquiry of leading bankers shows that a farmer can borrow all the way from five to fifty per cent more when his buildings are well painted and in good condition than when they appear neglected.

The average increased loan value under such conditions is considerable. Bankers take this attitude, not only because well-painted buildings are well preserved and better security, but because where houses, barns, fences and tools are well taken care of the assumption is that the farmer is a profitable proposition and the farmer a good client. A well-kept farm is invariably an indication of thrift, and the banker knows that money can safely be loaned to the thrifty farmer.

The same line of reasoning applies, of course, to the selling value of farm property. Farms with buildings in good order invariably sell more readily and for a higher price than those whose appearance indicates that the farm was an unprofitable venture. It is common knowledge among real estate men that well-painted farm buildings bring an increased price out of all proportion to the cost of maintain-



will be steadily decreasing, and it is hardly possible that any but higher prices will result. On the other hand, should the war come to an end in the near future, it is not likely that the general range of prices will show an appreciable decrease for many years. The war undoubtedly will be followed, in this country, by an unprecedented period of building, which, in conjunction with the enormous reconstruction necessary in Europe, will for a long time prevent a return to normal prices.

Insurance Against Deterioration.
But whatever the effect of the war on prices, money spent now on property maintenance cannot well be better spent. The fact that building materials are higher in price than ever before means that property investment is just that much more valuable. It is always cheaper to keep property in good condition than to replace it. It is even more so at the present time. Good upkeep now is insurance against having to make replacements at a time when they will be almost prohibitive in cost.

A practical builder in explaining what he meant by good maintenance said the other day: "Repairs and painting when necessary." He placed his emphasis on the last two words. It is as impossible to make up at a later date for paint and repairs on buildings that have been neglected, as it is to take out insurance after buildings have burned to the ground. Painting, like insurance, has for its object protection, and to be effective it must be done on time.

Paint is so ordinarily considered as a beautifier that very often not enough thought is given to its protective functions. Actually a building coated with sheets of India rubber would not be as well protected from decay as a structure that has been well painted, because the rubber is not nearly so durable as an elastic film of properly prepared paint. A paint film one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness, as long as it remains intact, will protect

ing them in good condition and keeping them well painted.

Not only is good maintenance a sound business proposition, but no farmer can afford to put off to a later time, but it is also especially desirable at the present time, for the preservation of building materials, is a means of further conserving our national resources. There can certainly be no better way of aiding in the war against waste than by protecting through every means at our disposal the enormous investment we have in our dwellings and farm buildings as well as city property.

Barn for Valuable Cows.
A good example of a well-built and well-cared-for farm building is shown in the accompanying design. It is a barn for valuable dairy cows.

Dairy cattle, like everything else, have gone way up in price. It doesn't take much of a cow today to sell at \$100, and plenty of thoroughbreds are bringing ten times that amount.

They are worth it, too. A high-priced cow is often the biggest money-maker for her owner, and the best food producer for the nation.

Valuable dairy cows should be well housed. No animal can produce efficiently when stabled in an uncomfortable or insubstantial way. A clean stall and clean manger, plenty of sunshine and fresh air, protection from the cold, and pure drinking water piped to the stall and within reach at all times, add anywhere from 10 to 50 per cent to the yield from each cow over what it would be under the ordinary neglected conditions of stabling and feeding.

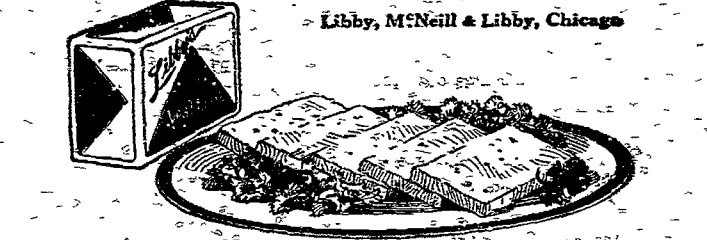
Any cow that's worth keeping at all, is worth taking care of and housing in the proper stable. For thoroughbreds—prize stock—it pays to go still further and give them quarters in line with their value.

Such a barn is illustrated here. The driveway across the barn is special. Some would dispense with this, thereby gaining stall room for six more cows. As it is, the layout is generous in size.

Libby's Tempting veal loaf

WHAT is more tempting for a summer luncheon than Libby's savory Veal Loaf! Prettily garnished it makes a dainty yet substantial dish—and one all ready to put on the table!

Order Libby's Veal Loaf today. You will want it always on your shelves—for quick lunches—for unexpected guests.



Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

WHEN YOU THINK FLAGS
Think of Factory Price
Same price as before the war.
Then write to us for catalogue.

Two of a Kind
"The poet lisp in numbers."
"Just like the telephone"
Louisville Courier-Journal

The Farmer's Share

Live stock is marketed from farmer to consumer at a lower cost than almost any other farm product.

The United States Department of agriculture reported in 1916 that the farmer gets for his cattle "approximately two-thirds to three-fourths" of the final retail price paid by the consumer for the resulting beef.

Under normal conditions, the farmer's share of retail prices of various farm products is approximately as follows:

Butter	71 per cent
CATTLE	66 1/2 to 75 per cent
Eggs	65 per cent
Potatoes	55 per cent
Poultry	45 per cent
Fruits	35 per cent

The difference between farmer's price and retail price represents the necessary expenses of packing, freight and wholesale and retail distribution.

Swift & Company not only performs the manufacturing operations of preparing cattle for market in its well-equipped packing plants, but it pays the freight on meat to all parts of the United States, operates 509 branch distributing houses, and in most cases even delivers to the retail butcher. All this is done at an expense of less than 2 cents per pound, and at a profit of only about 1/4 of a cent per pound of beef.

Large volume of business and expert management, make possible this indispensable service to the live-stock raiser and to the consumer, and make possible the larger proportion of retail prices received by farmers.

Year Book of interesting and instructive facts sent on request.
Address Swift & Company,
Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Sapolio doing its work. Scouring for U.S. Marine Corps recruits.



Join Now!

APPLY AT ANY POST OFFICE for SERVICE UNDER THIS EMBLEM

Many who wear this emblem are U.S. MARINES

The Northville Record.

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
J. A. NEAL, Owner.
J. W. PERKINS, Manager.
An Independent Newspaper, published every Friday morning by the Neal Printing Co., of Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville post-office as Second-Class matter.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JUNE 7, 1918.



This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war.

The fishing season brings out the sad fact that however big the enterprising fisherman may make his stories to his friends about the size of the fishes he caught, he can't persuade the game warden to measure 'em according to that schedule if they chance to be under the legal length.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Frank Moss has moved his family to Pontiac.
Frank Nook has purchased the Wm. Mairs property.
Mrs. J. R. Champ and son, Jack, spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Paul Braugner and family of South Lyon spent Sunday with friends here.
Mrs. Henry Moss entertained the Embroidery club Wednesday afternoon.

William Hoyt, who recently purchased the Lucinda Orr house, is remodeling it.

Children's Day will be observed in the Baptist church Sunday morning with an appropriate program.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert E. Stanbro of Salem have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin.

William Tamlyn of Lansing and Raymond Tamlyn of Fenton have been guests of their uncle, A. V. Tamlyn.

Mrs. L. J. Haab of Salem, Leon Esteb, Rose and Ruby Jedely of Ann Arbor, called on friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Johns of Pontiac and Mrs. Elizabeth Moore of Northville spent the week end with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dean and children, Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Farley and children of Keshon spent Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin.

Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. B. D. Burch spent two days in Detroit this week.

Mrs. A. VanLeuven of Flint visited her parents a part of last week.

Mrs. Mary Chambers of Cho visited at W. M. and J. B. Chambers' last Friday.

The commencement exercises were held in the church on Wednesday evening, June 5th.

Frank Madison of the 310th Am'n Train, Camp Custer, is visiting his parents, this week.

Mrs. Harry Benton and baby boy of Saginaw are visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary Stevens, this week.

Mrs. Leona Whipple and daughter of Ann Arbor are the guests of Mrs. Beulah Thompson, this week.

B. D. Burch and wife attended the commencement exercises at Lapeer last Wednesday. Their daughter, Kathryn, was one of the graduates.

The Baccalaureate sermon last Sunday evening was given in Rev. Brass' usual masterly style to a large and appreciative audience. The class of 1918 is composed of ten girls.

The Red Cross ladies gave a shower to the first member married, Mrs. Rollin Porter, Tuesday afternoon. There were 43 ladies present. An auction of the presents was held which caused much merriment, as some presents sold (?) for two hundred dollars. There were many very useful and beautiful articles given the bride. A dainty luncheon of sandwiches, cake and lemonade was served.

WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

Children's Day exercises will take the place of the morning sermon, A

good program is being prepared. Let us have a full house.

In the evening the pastor will preach. And don't forget that when the pews are well filled it assists the pastor in filling the pulpit. We thank the people for the attendance at the Baccalaureate service last Sunday evening.

C. E. topic for Sunday evening will be, "Progressive Christians." This don't mean that you should have a new kind of religion, but an advanced step in the old time religion we sing about.

The pastor entered upon the second year of his ministry with the Wixom church last Sunday. We have not seen a homesick day, yet we enjoy going to Northville once in a while to meet old friends. The heavy weights are about all attending church here now.

Novi News.

Mrs. L. B. Flint has as her house guests Miss Emily Smalley of Geneva, N. Y. and Miss Partridge of Plymouth.

Huber Bourne left Sunday evening June 2nd for Charleston, S. C. after spending two very pleasant weeks with his parents and friends here.

During the storm last week Monday 15 window panes were broken in the Harger farm houses, silos and barns were damaged and a silo was blown down at the Yerkes farm.

Mrs. Ruby West entertained a family party Sunday, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Howard West of Royal Oak, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Dawson and children of Ypsilanti and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Borden and daughter of Detroit.

Thursday evening, May 23, a very pleasant surprise was given Huber Bourne, home on a furlough from the U. S. Service, about a dozen of his young friends, appearing all unexpectedly, at the Bourne home, to remind Huber of his 20th birthday. A delightful evening of games and social conversation was spent, cake and lemonade were served and the young people left at a late hour wishing their young host many happy returns.

One of Farmington's most respected pioneer residents, Benjamin F. Grace, died May 23 after a four weeks' illness following a paralytic stroke. Mr. Grace was born in Farmington 35 years ago, and was supervisor of the township for several years, and was long prominent in the social and political life of the village. He is survived by three sons, Wallace and Joseph of Redford and Ulysses of Farmington, a brother, Charles, of Mt. Pleasant, besides five grandchildren. The funeral was held Friday afternoon, Rev. J. S. Priestly officiating, and interment took place in the Clarenceville

STATE FAIR BODY CONTEST

That the obsession for physical perfection has been intensified in the American youth since the participation of the United States in the great world's conflict, is evidenced by the increasing number of entries in the Body Building contest conducted annually by the Michigan State Fair. According to G. W. Dickinson, secretary-manager, the war is responsible for the extraordinary interest shown.

"The young men have found they can best serve their country if they are in perfect physical condition," he explained. The girls have come to realize that they can be of greater use in the work being allotted them during the war if their physical condition is improved. The older men and women have been spurred on by the enthusiasm of the younger people.

"Among the women entered, Miss Mary Fuller of Linden, Michigan is the heavyweight of the opening of the contest. She now tips the scales above the 200 pound mark, and will attempt to reduce over 40 pounds within the coming four months. Many other contestants are much under weight and will endeavor to gain sufficient flesh to enable them to comply with the standards of a perfect man or woman as outlined by the physical culture experts." Mr. Dickinson has become so enthusiastic over physical culture through arranging the event that he has taken up a six months' course in the work.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surface of the Eustachian Tube. Dr. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

BOY SCOUTS ENLIST WAR SAVING ARMY

SEC'Y McADOO APPEALS TO THEM TO GO TO EVERY HOUSEHOLD IN LAND.

RED POST-CARD CAMPAIGN

President Wilson to Thank Leading Scout Salesmen for Distinguished Service.

Washington.—The 350,000 Boy Scouts of America have been asked by the Secretary of the Treasury to enlist an army of war savers throughout the country. The scouts have instructions from their national headquarters to ring every doorbell in the land, deliver a short talk on the necessity of saving, and take orders for Government war-saving securities, the 25-cent and 50-thrift stamps.

President Wilson will write a personal letter of thanks to the scout in each State, who has the highest record of sales during the year, and the wives of the Cabinet members have offered to give a victory flag in each State to the troop standing at the top at the end of the year.

Secretary McAdoo, in his appeal to the scouts, says:

Your splendid work in the Liberty Loan campaign proved that the Government can count on you and your organization. Knowing that you are always ready to serve your country, and realizing how widely war-savings stamps may be sold through your efforts, I take pleasure in presenting you another opportunity.

Five million red post cards have been printed by the Government for the special use of the scouts. These are orders for the local postmaster to deliver savings stamps. The boys will take the orders for stamps from house to house, drop the signal cards in the mail box, and the post office will do the rest.

SPEAKING of Thrift Stamps

Have you bought any? Don't stop with one. Thrift Stamps enable you to save quarters and at the same time you will be helping your government. Let's have no stampless days.

20,000 THRIFT CLUBS FOR MICHIGAN

Society Leaders Everywhere Identifying Themselves With W. S. S. Promotion Work.

"The newest thing in fashionable war activity is to become a member of a 'War Savings Society', or to organize one yourself and develop it to the utmost limits of membership," says F. Howard Russ, Director of Publicity for the National War Savings Committee in Michigan. The movement has spread throughout schools, business offices, manufacturing establishments, hotels, etc., and has now been given the hearty endorsement of the Federation of Women's Clubs, which comprises the leading social and literary clubs of the fair sex throughout the country.

Organizing one of these War Savings Societies is simplicity itself. Such a society is open to recognition by the National War Savings Committee as soon as it has an enrollment of ten or more members, each of whom pledges himself or herself to the purchasing of a stipulated number of Thrift Stamps or War Savings Stamps in a given period of time. In recognition of their spirit of patriotism, the Government bestows upon members of these War Savings Societies badges designating degrees of service. Not only is every individual who becomes a member given an attractive badge bearing the design of the torch of liberty encircled with the words, "War-Savings Service," but special badges are also conferred on those securing additional members, one star indicating the securing of ten new members, two stars indicating that twenty-five have been secured, three stars, fifty new members, four stars, one hundred, and five stars that the worker has secured two hundred new members for his War Savings Society.

An enumeration of all the clubs, as well as of the individuals, prominent in Michigan society who have inaugurated these Thrift Clubs throughout the state, would be too lengthy for space at our disposal, but so important is this phase of W. S. S. work in itself that it deserves special consideration on the part of those who have not yet become War Savings Society members or boosters.

Take Care of Your Eyes.

Many people neglect their eyes simply because it is not convenient to go to an Optician.

I come to a few of the smaller cities to serve three classes of people: Elderly people who are not able or dislike to travel; Ladies with little families who cannot well leave home, and men who cannot afford to lose the time from their business.

Having made arrangements with Dr. R. Schuyler I will come to his office on North Center street, Northville, sufficiently often to give the same high-class of Optical service as you would obtain if living in the city—announcements appearing in this paper at intervals. The first date will be Monday Afternoon, June 10.

Appointments may be made by phone, for examinations at your own home, in the evening, if more convenient, without extra charge.

I do not handle any "stock" glasses at all. Your eyes are carefully and scientifically tested WITHOUT the use of medicine or "drops" or without putting you to the least inconvenience.

Children's cases and the treatment of nervous troubles with glasses my specialty. I co-operate with your family physicians and refer you to many physicians.

All glasses ground to order and frames made to measure. My work has been tested in Detroit more than twenty years. In Northville more than six years.

Everything Guaranteed Satisfactory

W. H. COWLES, Opt. D.

THE DETROIT

Optical Specialist.

Advertisement.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank all our friends who in any way assisted us at the time of the death and burial of our son and brother, Selah Eckles.

THE FATHER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Do You Know 'Em?

Some men insist on so much system, observes Elbert Severance, that they are always behind with their work keeping up their system.

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.

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.

ESTABLISHED—23 Years—Specializing in farms. Buyers for all kinds of farms, also small places. Address Mr. McAdams, 1250 West 48th Ave., Detroit, Mich. Phone Garfield, 1117. 31-1-yr-P.

FARMERS—Your live stock is very valuable. Insure against loss from disease, accident, theft, poisoning, mad dog bite or any other cause in the Michigan Live Stock Insurance Co. N. A. Ciapp, Northville, representative. Phone 129-J. 46c.

LOST—Automobile license plate, No. 61054. Return to Skarritt's garage.

WANTED—Woman for washing and cleaning, one day each week. Phone 116. 46c.

WANTED—Music pupils. Lyla H. Brewer, teacher of piano and pipe organ. Student at Michigan State Normal College Conservatory of Music. Phone 25. 46wlp.

FOR SALE—Some household goods at private sale—bedroom suits, rugs, kitchen utensils, dishes, baseburner, curtains, etc. Irving Austin, Phone 195-R. 46w2p.

FOR SALE—Aster plants, 15c per dozen. Southside Greenhouse. Wm. Wesley, proprietor. 46w2c.

FOR SALE—Quantity of oats, hay and straw. James Heeney, Phone 84-J. 46w2c.

FOR SALE—Four high-grade Holstein cows, due to freshen soon; also 8 yearling heifers. Yerkes & Pickard. Phone 188 R-5. 42c.

FOR SALE—Carload of new milch cows, and young cattle. Phone 310 R-3. 42c.

FOR SALE—At Huff's Hardware, Pyrox, for all kinds of spraying. 42c.

FOR SALE—Seven h. p. oil engine, nearly new. For information call 188 R-3. 39w2tf-c.

FOR SALE—Bay mare, 8-yr-old, wt. 1,350-lbs.; 1 gray mare, 8-yr-old, wt. 1,500-lbs. Ed Sessions. Phone 223-J. 45c.

FOR RENT—Brick barn for storage purposes, household goods. Mrs. J. M. Simmons. Phone 205-W. 46-2p.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of FRANK H. JOHNSON, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Lapham State Savings Bank in Northville, in said county, on Monday, the 22nd day of July A. D. 1918, and on Saturday, the 21st day of September 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 22nd day of May A. D. 1918, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated, May 22nd, 1918.

ASA STEVENS, PETER HANSON, 44-47, Commissioners and App'rs.

The Big Four Nemo Weeks

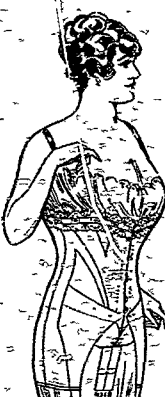
IN JUNE

OPPORTUNITY SALE OF NEMO CORSETS

before further price advance, at our Corset Department.

LET NEMO CORSETS DO THEIR BIT TO KEEP YOU WELL AND FEELING FIT!

These are busy times for everyone. You haven't much time to think about yourself, but



you should realize the importance of taking every precaution to protect your health and appearance against the unusual strain of "war times."

It won't take long to visit our Corset Department and select YOUR NEMO. We will see that you get the one that gives the particular hygienic-style service you require.

To wear the right Nemo is to take every corset precaution to preserve health, strength and style; it is to practice TRUE ECONOMY!

NEMO CORSETS FOR ALL FIGURES—POPULAR MODELS AT POPULAR PRICES.

SATURDAY SPECIAL.

Months ago we bargained for a Ladies Stocking to sell at 15c per pair. A few days ago, much to our surprise, the mill made a delivery of these goods. On Saturday, June 8th, we are going to sell them out at 15c per pair, Blacks, or White, hemmed tops. See our Window. No other day, no other price.

PONSFORD'S

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

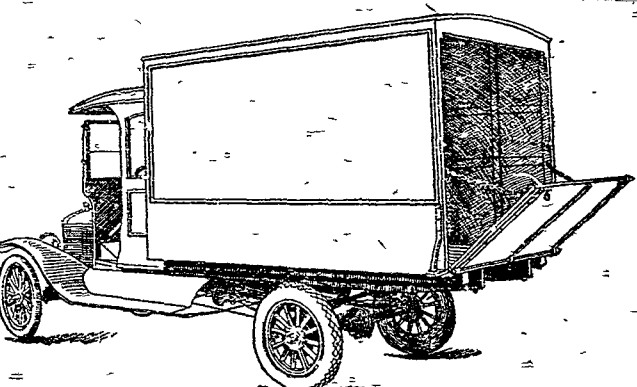
HILLS' GROCERY ANNOUNCES

That, owing to shortage of help because of present war conditions, delivery service will be discontinued, beginning with next Monday, June 10. The difference in operating expenses will go to benefit customers, who will buy goods that much cheaper by coming to the store for them and doing their own delivery work.

HILLS' GROCERY

NORTHVILLE MICHIGAN.

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.

GLOBE FURNITURE CO.

NORTHVILLE.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
MEETING NIGHTS
FIRST TUESDAY NIGHT
EACH MONTH.
F. E. VAN ATTA, K. of R. & S.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA
Meeting Nights
April 12th and 26th.
Lester D. Stage, N. Woodmansee,
Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186, F. & A. M.
Regular June 10.
UNION CHAPTER NO. 55, A. O. U. W.
Regular June 12.

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 59, K. T.
ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, O. E. S.
Special on June 7th, with
Supper at 6:30 o'clock.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
door west of Park House on Main street.
Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 5:00 to 8:00
p. m. Telephone.

We Feature

PENSLAR

Remedies and Toilet
Preparations.

because after careful investi-
gation 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 contain-
ing information that you should
have. It is free, ask for it.

Choice Line of Candies.

T. E. Murdock

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

FLOWERS

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

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

YES SIR

You can save money by having your
Furniture Upholstered or Repaired as
good as new, or better than you can
buy now.

A Complete Line of Samples of
Upholstery Materials to Select
from.

SIGN PAINTING, REPAIRING, RE-
FINISHING.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Also Called for and Delivered.

F. R. WOODWORTH

Phone 253-W. Opera House Bldg.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Central Standard Time.

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

Cars leave Northville for Farming-
ton 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. and 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
5:45 a. m. and hourly to 7:45 p. m.,
and 11:05 p. m. Limited at 5:00 p. m.
daily, except Sunday.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and
Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for
Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and
hourly to 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. To
Wayne only, 11:15 p. m.
Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:30
a. m., 6:42 a. m., and hourly to 6:42 p.
m.; also 8:42 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and
12:05 a. m.

Northville Newslets.

Eclipse of the sun tomorrow.

Did you notice that there were sev-
eral automobiles in town again Sun-
day?

Stuart Colt, who has been very ill
with pneumonia, is now considered to
be on the way to recovery.

The Foresters will hold their annual
Memorial service Sunday, June 16th.
Regular meetings, June 7 and 21.

The annual picnic of the Northville
Woman's club has been dated for the
second Friday in July and is to be
held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D.
P. Yerkes.

Mrs. C. R. Benton, who has been in
very poor health for some time past,
went to Mt. Clemens Wednesday where
she will remain for a course of bath
treatments.

L. W. Loydswell took in about 10,
000 pounds of wool Saturday paying
about \$7,500 for the lot. Wool at
75c a pound runs into money fast.
—South Lyon Herald.

Marjorie L. Haven of Northville is
named as one of the legatees for a
small amount in the will of the late
Minnie C. Burrill of Worcester, Mass.,
in the executor's notice as published:

Last Friday James Ward sheared
23 Black Top lambs for Alfred Gar-
ner, the combined fleeces of which
weighed 347½ pounds. Some of the
fleeces are said to have been 21
pounds each. —Milford Times.

Mrs. Oliver Palmer was given a
surprise dinner Sunday by Mr. Moyer
in honor of her 71st birthday. Among
the guests were Mrs. E. Brown and
daughter of Ann Arbor, Floyd Rare
and Chas. Moyer and family.

A man named Hades was arrested
the other day at Birmingham and
fined \$10 for automobile speeding. A
lot of others who had been driving
like Hades were also obliged to fork
over various sums.

W. J. Thompson, who recently in-
jured his knee for the third time by
a fall, has been in Detroit this week
taking electric treatments for the
injury and for a generally run-down
physical condition.

Miss Pauline Pickett, one of our
High school girls, has fitted and
planted four acres of ground. She
hired a horse and did her own plow-
ing and as she is only 15 years of
age, we feel that our town should be
proud of the young lady. —Farmington
Enterprise.

Mrs. Henry Deer of West Orion, 88
years old, reads without glasses. She
is active and does part of the house-
work while the others are at work in
the field. Her son, William and fam-
ily, are setting out over 5,000 tomato
plants that they raised in boxes in
the house. —Orion Review.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Trinka, have
a Plymouth Rock hen, which is twenty
years old. She has been doing her
patriotic duty, this spring, by laying
an egg every other day. She has
laid 14 eggs. This is surely some
"chicken." It was on exhibition at
the poultry show here, last winter.
—Plymouth Mail.

Under direction of the local chief of
police, Northville Boy Scouts are to
aid in the parking arrangements on
our streets Saturday evenings. The
matter has become a real problem,
and it is very necessary that the regu-
lar rules be complied with. While
all visitors are more than welcome,
the Saturday night congestion has
become such that it is important that
the system of right side parallel park-
ing be strictly carried out. The
Scouts will help people to do this.

Mrs. Katharine Strong with her
large class of piano pupils, gave a
very pleasing musical at her home
last Friday evening. The guests
were parents of the young musicians
and a few other friends. The teacher
and the parents had abundant reason
to be proud of the proficiency demon-
strated by the class, from the most
advanced members to the smallest
performer. Several of the numbers
were made especially interesting by
the relation by Mrs. Strong of events
connected with the composition of the
music.

R. W. Taylor of this vicinity has a
rather unusual curiosity in the form
of a letter of a dozen or more lines,
and also the Lord's prayer, written
on a space about 2-3 the size of a
postage stamp. To keep vision, the
writing is perfectly legible, and is the
more remarkable from the fact that it
is written with a lead pencil. The
copy was made by Mr. Taylor's son,
Rev. H. F. Taylor of Jersey City, N.
J., from the back of a postage stamp,
on which it had been written in ink
by Mr. Taylor's brother when 76
years old.

The new manager of the D. U. R.
waiting room restaurant and store is
Mrs. Della Hoyt.

The Hills market building has been
improved by the replacing of the
porch by a new one.

The Ladies' aid society will hold its
regular meeting at the home of Mrs.
W. D. Stark Tuesday afternoon at 2:30.

Among the graduates from the
University of Michigan are listed Miss
Margaret Yerkes and Miss Cecil John-
ston of this place.

A handsome new awning has been
added to the post office equipment this
week, incidentally adding much to the
good appearance of the street.

As an endorsement of Northville's
patriotic sentiment, the council has
voted to purchase \$1,000-worth of War
Savings stamps from the sinking fund.

The Baccalaureate address to the
Northville High school graduating
class of 1918 will be given Sunday
evening, June 16, in the Baptist church
by the pastor, Rev. A. N. Riley.

A fire alarm called out the depart-
ment, the audience at the Alseum and
a lot of other people Tuesday even-
ing, but no fire could be discovered
when the crowd arrived at the house
on north Center street from which
the call was sent in, so all the folks
went back and resumed the various
seats and locations they had been
previously occupying.

The fact that W. J. Fitzgerald is
himself responsible for his house being
painted yellow does away with any
question of "Ku-Klux" work. (Any-
way the gentlemen's name ought to
protect him from suspicion). Joking
aside, however, the residence looks
very nice in its new dress, which is
really a pretty lemon color.

A charming tribute was recently
received by Mrs. H. B. Wilber of this
place as a Mother's day souvenir from
her son, Roland, in France. The
gift is a little booklet issued there by
the American Y. M. C. A., with a
tinted picture of a mother and her
soldier son on the cover and several
beautiful "mother" poems and a
facsimile model letter from a mother
to her soldier son.

The Community Chorus at the school
auditorium was not as largely at-
tended as the previous ones had been.
The glorious weather probably calling
many people out for riding or walk-
ing. The decorations, which were
along patriotic lines, were excep-
tionally pretty and well arranged. An
especially pleasing feature of the pro-
gram was the singing of Miss Klages
of Detroit, who gave "The Battle
Hymn of the Republic" most cham-
ingly, both as to voice and manner.

The recent stereopticon lecture
here was well attended. The slides
showing the One-Period, Cold-Pack
method of canning as well as those on
Corn Production were appreciated.
Several desired to have a canning
demonstration in their neighborhood
showing how this work is really done.
These will be arranged for in the near
future. The following local garden
leaders have given their services to
assist with the Boys' and Girls' Garden
Clubs in Northville: Mrs. Cattermole,
Mrs. E. H. Lapham—Mr. David Gage.

An interesting feature of our every-
Sunday motor parade is the variety
of vehicles that may be seen. Big,
luxurious touring cars, elegant limou-
sines, shiny new Fords and battered
"tin Lizzies," light trucks with happy
loads of people seated in chairs,
rackety motorcycles with a single
passenger and others with a side at-
tachment, enabling the entire family
to ride, ancient cars of almost for-
gotten dates—and also some cars with
empty tonneaus, which look too bad
when there are always plenty of auto-
less folks who would enjoy a ride.

Inspired (no doubt!) by the Record's
admiring comment on their extremely
pretty window adornment a few
weeks ago, the Employees at the Edi-
son office have arranged a display
this week that in unique design and
catchy attractiveness excels anything
heretofore seen in Northville along
this line. As in the former display,
the national colors are employed, but
the effect must be seen to be appre-
ciated. That is is appreciated, is
evidenced by the attention that has
been given it ever since the completion
of the arrangement.

Mrs. C. J. Kysor received a letter
recently from Rev. Caroline Bartlett
Crane of Kalamazoo, State chairman
of the Woman's Committee, Council of
National Defense, describing her visit
to Washington to attend the National
conference of the council. Mrs. Crane
was the guest of Dr. Anna Howard
Shaw, National chairman of the Wom-
an's committee, who is the sister of
Thomas Shaw, father of Mrs. S. W.
Curtiss of this place. Mrs. Crane
very interestingly describes the beau-
tiful home of Dr. Shaw at Moyian,
near Philadelphia, where she was en-
tertained for a few days.

Features at the New Alseum Theatre.

Saturday, June 8, B. Bennett in the
five-reel feature, "Because of a
Woman," clever comedy preceding.

For Tuesday, June 11, the Goldwyn
film will show talented and popular
Mae Marsh in one of the most whole-
some and charming romances ever put
on the screen, a story that will appeal
to old and young with its sweet hu-
manity and beauty, and absence of all
objectionable features.

Thursday, June 13, Kathryn Wil-
liams and House of Peter in "Highway
of Hope," also comedy feature.

Coming soon "The Unbeliever."

Northville School Notes.

(By the Teachers and Pupils).
Don't forget the Junior play June
12th.

The Debating class has started the
practice of Parliamentary Law.

The Sixth graders are collecting
papers to sell for the benefit of the
Red Cross.

Mrs. F. B. Hatch of Ann Arbor re-
cently visited her daughter, Miss
Mildred Hatch.

Mr. Bowen, the superintendent, who
has been engaged for next year, vis-
ited the school last week.

A very good display of drawings
and needlework were exhibited at the
school Thursday and Sunday.

The First graders gave the drama-
tization of "Three Billy Goats' Gruff"
Wednesday for morning exercises.

Professor Wilbur of the Ypsilanti
State normal gave a very interesting
patriotic talk Tuesday morning at the
High school.

Mr. Labadie, a French Canadian,
impersonator, gave some very inter-
esting readings of Robert W. Service
and William H. Drummond's poems,
last Monday afternoon.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)
Since our last meeting May 22, two
comrades of Post No. 318, have
answered the long last roll call.
Leonard Charter, aged 92 years, fam-
ilarly known to all as Grandpa Char-
ter, entered into rest May 25; and
May 30, Andrew Rasch was also laid
to rest. The five draped chairs
making us realize that soon the boys
of '61 will be only a memory, but
their loyal deeds will still live re-
minding us of the debt we owe these
valiant heroes, and as the war cloud
again darkens our homes and land,
God help us all to be brave and do
our duty whether at home or abroad.

Our next regular meeting will be
held Wednesday evening, June 12;
called to order at the usual time.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the neighbors and
friends, especially the Farther Lights
and Sunshine classes of the Baptist
church for fruit, flowers and kind
words that helped to lighten my ill-
ness.
MRS. B. O'DONNELL

WHEAT WILL HALT GERMAN DRIVE

**FARMERS WHO MARKET WHEAT
NOW ARE HELPING NA-
TIONAL DEFENSE.**

"Humanity and Patriotism Combine in
Making This Appeal," Says
Prescott.

"The Allies are still hungry and if
you can spare a little more flour, for
God's sake send it," was the plea made
recently by a British officer to an Amer-
ican audience.

And who, having heard it, having
realized the necessity for the cry from
the brave nations of Europe, can help
saying wheat.

There are two definite appeals to us
voiced there.

The one is to patriotism and to com-
mon sense. The Allies' cause is our
cause; our men are fighting shoulder
to shoulder with their men. If food
falls the fighters must fall; the war
must be lost. None of us are too ig-
norant to know what a Germany vic-
tory would mean, especially to the wo-
men and children of the land. So,
our love of country, our love of our
homes, our every instinct of self-pres-
ervation must make us do each thing,
whether great or small, towards victory.

The other appeal is that of human-
ity. Who can refuse to deny himself
because of his greediness, his love of
his own food habits, when the thought
comes of the Allies suffering?
Can any one with either sense or
sensibility keep on eating wheat prod-
ucts in the present need? Does it
not seem a petty disgusting weakness
to insist upon having food requiring
white flour?

Let that cry sound in your ears.
"If you can spare a little more flour,
for God's sake send it!"

THIRD LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

**NOW
READY
FOR
DELIVERY.**

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Mich.



Dreams of the wind-swept sea,
the cool spray with the salty tang—
the expanse of air and turquoise
sky—for less than a nickel the whole
night long.

Cool comfort insures pleasant dreams. However
hot the night you can rest comfortably in the breeze
of a fan. Its operation costs but a fraction of a
cent an hour—its first cost is also low.

A telephone call will bring one
to your home or office.

THE DETROIT EDISON CO.

Thomas B. Couch

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET, EX-
CHANGE HOTEL and FEED BARN.

Dear Friends—

A number of citizens appeared before the improvement as-
sociation at its regular session Friday and complained about the
gully running alongside the blacksmith shop. Poke Easy was
appointed a committee to look into it. Sim Fenders has gone
fishing. He says the secret of success in fishing is to have
plenty of good bait, accompanied by unlimited patience and a
streak of optimism, unlimited confidence, perfect quietude, lots
of chewing tobacco, a dry place to sit and a jug in the bushes.
Well, the business is running along fine. I am not selling
flour, but am selling other things so cheap, my trade is good.
Pineapples are going fast. I will pay 34c cash for Eggs and sell
at 35 cents.

I will have lots of something fresh to sell at 13 cts. Charlie
says I darsent advertise it. Will call it "the Staff of Life."

Some more good Brooms at 75 cents. A few Onion Sets
at 5 cts a quart. Lots of fine Candy and Peanuts. Also the
Witch Coffee—the best in town for the money. In fact, I have
most anything to eat that you need. Do not forget the Ice
Cream at 35c a quart. I am always ready to wait on any
customers, if not in the store, will be in the Hotel.

I have a Large Pail of Fresh Shredded Coconut that I am
going to close out. You can all use some of this. Come and
get it. The Lemons have all yet to be sold Saturday. I am also
closing out Old Potatoes. Cresco Shortening, 28 cents.

THOMAS B. COUCH
NORTHVILLE. MICHIGAN.



The Ford is an honest car in the fullest sense of the term—
built on an honest design with honest materials, sold at an
honest price with the assurance of honest performance and an
equally honest, efficient after-service. Besides, it has been
proved beyond question that the Ford is most economical, both
to operate and maintain. It is one of the utilities of daily life.
Your order solicited. Efficient after-service is behind every
Ford car. Runabout, \$430; Touring Car, \$450; Coupelet, \$560;
Town Car, \$595; Sedan, \$695; One-Ton Chassis, \$600. All
f. o. b. Detroit.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS
Northville, Mich.

"Eat Plenty of Hard Food."

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

EAT POTATOES



RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

RAINBOW'S END A Novel

By REX BEACH Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

(Copyright by Harper and Brothers)

FOREWORD

The Cuba of the days of Weyler and Gomez and the ragged, half-starved bands of "insurrectos" furnishes an admirable background for this delightful story, in which love, war and the search for a buried treasure are the principal strands that are interwoven to make a plot that is worthy of the mind of Rex Beach. The author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," and other stirring tales, has produced his most thrilling story, in "Rainbow's End."

CHAPTER I

The Valley of Delight

In all probability your first view of the valley of the Yumuri will be from the Hermitage of Montserrat, for it is there that the cocheros drive you. There you overlook the fairest sight in all Christendom—the loveliest valley in the world," as Humboldt called it—for the Yumuri nestles right at your feet, a vale of pure delight, a glimpse of Paradise that bewitches the eye and fills the soul with ecstasy.

Standing beside the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat, you will see beyond the cleft through which the river emerges, another hill, La Cumbre, from which the view is wonderful, and your driver may tell you about the splendid homes that used to grace its slopes in the golden days when Cuba had an aristocracy. Your cochero may point out a certain grove of orange trees, now little more than a rank tangle, and tell you about the quanta of Don Esteban Varona, and its hidden treasure; about little Esteban and Rosa, the twins; and about Sebastian, the giant slave, who died in fury, taking with him the secret of the well.

The Spanish Main is rich in tales of treasure-trove, for when the Antilles were most affluent they were least secure, and men were put to strange shifts to protect their fortunes. Certain hoards, like jewels of tragic history, in time assumed a sort of evil personality, not infrequently exercising a dire influence over the lives of those who chanced to fall under their spells. It was as if the money were accursed, for certainly the seekers often came to evil. Of such a character was the Varona treasure. Don Esteban himself was neither better nor worse than other men of his time, and although part of the money he hid was wrong from the toll of slaves and the traffic in their bodies, much of it was clean enough, and in time the earth purified it all. Since his acts made so deep an impress, and since the treasure he left played so big a part in the destinies of those who came after him, it is well that some account of these matters should be given.

The story, please remember, is an old one; it has been often told, and in the telling and retelling it is but natural that a certain glamour, a certain tropical extravagance, should attach to it, therefore you should make allowance for some exaggeration, some accretions due to the lapse of time. In the main, however, it is well authenticated and runs parallel to fact.

Donna Rosa Varona lived barely long enough to learn that she had given birth to twins. Don Esteban, whom people knew as a grim man, took the blow of his sudden bereavement as became one of his strong fiber. Leaving the priest upon his knees and the doctor busied with the babies, he strode through the house and out into the sunset, followed by the walls of the slave women.

Don Esteban was at heart a selfish man, and now, therefore, he felt a sudden, fierce resentment mingled with his grief. What trick was this? he asked himself. What had he done to merit such misfortune? Had he not made rich gifts to the church? Had he not knelt and prayed for his wife's safe delivery and then hung his gifts upon the sacred image, as Loyola had hung up his weapons before that other counterpart of Our Lady? Don Esteban scowled at the memory, for those gems were of the finest.

He looked up from his unhappy musings to find a gigantic bare-footed negro standing before him. The slave was middle-aged; his kinky hair was growing gray; but he was of superb proportions, and the muscles which showed through the rents in his cotton garments were as smooth and supple as those of a stripling. His black face was puckered with grief, as he began:

"Master, is it true that Donna Rosa— The fellow choked. "Yes," Esteban nodded, wearily, "she is dead, Sebastian."

The widowed man cried out angrily: "Paradise! What is this but Paradise?" He stared with resentful eyes at the beauty round about him. "See! The Yumuri!" Don Esteban flung a long arm outward. "Do you think there is a sight like that in heaven? Paradise indeed! I gave her everything. She gained nothing by dying."

With a grave thoughtfulness which proved him superior to the ordinary slave, Sebastian replied:

"True! She had all that any woman's heart could desire, but in return for your goodness she gave you children. You have lost her, but you have gained an heir, and a beautiful girl baby who will grow to be another Donna Rosa. I grieve as you grieve, once upon a time, for my woman died in childbirth, too. You remember? But my daughter lives, and she has brought sunshine into my old age. That is the purpose of children." He paused and shifted his weight uncertainly, digging his stiff black toes into the dirt. After a time he said, slowly: "Excellency! Now, about the well—"

"Yes. What about it?"

"Did the Donna Rosa confide her share of the secret to anyone? Those priests and those doctors, you know—"

"She died without speaking."

"Then it rests between you and me?"

"It does, unless you have babbled."

"Master!" Sebastian drew himself up and there was real dignity in his black face.

"Understand, my whole fortune is there—everything, even to the deeds of patent for the plantations. If I thought there was danger of your betraying me I would have your tongue pulled out and your eyes torn from their sockets."

"The black man spoke with a simplicity that carried conviction. "Times are unsettled, Don Esteban, and death comes without warning. You are known to be the richest man in this province and these government officials are robbers. Suppose—I should be left alone? What then?"

The planter considered for a moment. "Well, when my children are old enough to hold their tongues they will have to be told. If I'm gone, you shall be the one to tell them. Now leave me; this is no time to speak of such things."

Sebastian went as noiselessly as he had come. On his way back to his quarters he took the path to the well—the place where most of his time was ordinarily spent. Sebastian had dug this well, and with his own hands he had beautified its surroundings until they were the loveliest on the Varona grounds. It was Sebastian's task to keep this place green, and thither he took his way, from force of habit.

Through the twilight came Pancho Cueto, the manager, a youngish man with a narrow face and bold, close-set eyes. Spying Sebastian, he began:

"So Don Esteban has an heir at last?"

The slave rubbed his eyes with the heel of his huge yellow palm and answered, respectfully:

"Yes, Don Pancho. Two little angels, a boy and a girl." His gray brows drew together in a painful frown. "Young Rosa was a saint. No doubt there is great rejoicing in heaven at her coming. Eh? What do you think?"

"Um! Possibly. Don Esteban will miss her for a time and then, I dare say, he will remarry." At the negro's exclamation Cueto said: "So! And why not? Everybody knows how rich he is. From Oriente to Pinar del Rio the women have heard about his treasure."

"What treasure?" asked Sebastian, after an instant's pause.

Cueto's dark eyes gleamed resentfully at this show of ignorance, but he laughed.

"Ho! There's a careful fellow for you! No wonder he trusts you. But do you think I have neither eyes nor ears? My good Sebastian, you know all about that treasure; in fact, you know far more about many things than Don Esteban would care to have you tell. Come now, don't you?"

Sebastian's face was like a mask carved from ebony. "Of what does this treasure consist?" he inquired. "I have never heard about it."

"Of gold, of jewels, of silver bars and precious ornaments." Cueto's head was thrust forward, his nostrils were dilated, his teeth gleamed. "Oh, it is somewhere about, as you very well know! Bah! Don't deny it. I'm no fool. What becomes of the money from the slave girls, eh? And the sugar crops, too? Does it go to buy arms and ammunition for the rebels? No. Don Esteban hides it, and you help him. Come, he cries it, disregarding Sebastian's murmurs of protest, 'did you ever think how fabulous that fortune must be by this time? Did you ever think that one little gem, one bag of gold, would buy your freedom?'"

"Don Esteban has promised to buy my freedom and the freedom of my girl."

"So?" The manager was plainly surprised. "I didn't know that." After a moment he began to laugh. "And yet you pretend to know nothing about that treasure? Ha! You're a good boy, Sebastian, and so I am, I admire you. We're both loyal to our master, but—"

"He was too good for this world," Cueto now said.

Cueto's face took on a craftier expression. "She is a likely girl, and what she grows up she will be worth more than you, her father. Don't forget that Don Esteban is before all else a business man. Be careful that some one doesn't make him so good an offer for your girl that he will forget his promise and sell her."

Sebastian uttered a hoarse, animal cry and the whites of his eyes showed through the gloom. "He would never sell Evangelina!"

Cueto laughed aloud once more. "Of course! He would not dare, eh? I am only teasing you. But see! You have given yourself away. Everything you tell me proves that you know all about that treasure."

"I know but one thing," the slave declared, stiffening himself slowly, "and that is to be faithful to Don Esteban."

He turned and departed, leaving Pancho Cueto staring after him meditatively.

In the days following the birth of his children and the death of his wife, Don Esteban Varona, as had been his custom, steered a middle course in politics, in that way managing to avoid a clash with the Spanish officials who ruled the island, or an open break with his Cuban neighbors, who rebelled beneath their wrongs. Esteban dealt diplomatically with both factions and went on raising slaves and sugar to his own great profit.

The twins, Esteban and Rosa, developed into healthy children and became the pride of Sebastian and his daughter, into whose care they had been given. As for Evangelina, the young negress, she grew tall and strong and handsome, until she was the finest slave girl in the neighborhood.

Then, one day, Don Esteban Varona remarried, and the Donna Isabel, who had been a famous Habana beauty, came to live at the quinta. The daughter of impoverished parents, she had heard and thought much about the mysterious treasure of La Cumbre.

Before the first fervor of his honeymoon cooled the groom began to fear that he had made a serious mistake. Donna Isabel, he discovered, was both vain and selfish. Not only did she crave luxury and display, but with singular persistence she demanded to know all about her husband's financial affairs.

Now Don Esteban was no longer young; age had soured him with suspicion, and when once he saw himself as the victim of a mercenary marriage he turned bitterly against his wife. Her curiosity he sullenly resented, and he unobtrusively denied his possession of any considerable wealth. In fact, he tried with malicious ingenuity to make her believe him a poor man. But Isabel was not of the sort to be readily deceived. Finding her arts and coquetties of no avail, she flew into a rage, and a furious quarrel ensued—the first of many. For the lady could not rest without knowing all there was to know about the treasure.

She searched the quinta, of course, whenever she had a chance, but she discovered nothing with the result that the mystery began to engross her whole thought. She pried into the obscurest corners, she questioned the slaves, she lay awake at night listening to Esteban's breathing in the hope of surprising his secret from his dreams. At length a time came when they lived in frank enmity; when Isabel never spoke to Esteban except in reproach or anger, and when Esteban unlocked his lips only to taunt his wife with the fact that she had been thwarted despite her cunning.

It was only natural under such conditions that Donna Isabel should learn to dislike her stepchildren. Esteban had told her frankly that they would inherit whatever fortune he possessed. As may be imagined, she found ways to vent her spite upon the twins. She widened her hatred so as to include old Sebastian and his daughter, and even went so far as to persecute Evangelina's sweetheart, a slave named Asencio.

It had not taken Donna Isabel long to guess the reason for Sebastian's many privileges, and one of her first efforts had been to win the old man's confidence. It was in vain, however, that she flattered and caajoed, or stormed and threatened. Sebastian withstood her as a towering cedar withstands the summer heat and the winter hurricane.

His firmness made her vindictive, and so in time she laid a scheme to estrange him from his master.

Donna Isabel was crafty. She began to complain about Evangelina, but it was only after many months that she ventured to suggest to her husband that he sell the girl. Esteban, of course, refused point-blank; he was too fond of Sebastian's daughter, he declared, to think of such a thing.

"So, that is it," sneered Donna Isabel. "Well, she is young and shapely and handsome, as wenches go. I rather suspected you were fond of her—"

With difficulty Esteban restrained an oath. "You mistake my meaning," he said stiffly. "Sebastian has served me faithfully, and Evangelina plays with my children. She is good to them; she is more of a mother to them than you have ever been."

"Is that why you dress her like a lady?" Bah! Is a likely story? Isabel

tossed her fine, dark head. "I'm not blind; I see what goes on about me. I won't have that wench in my house."

Goaded to fury by his wife's senseless accusation, Esteban cried: "Your house? By what license do you call it yours?"

"Am I not married to you?"

"Yes—as a leech is married to its victim. You suck my blood."

"Your blood!" The woman laughed shrilly. "You have no blood; your veins run vinegar. You are a miser."

"Miser! Miser! I grow sick of the word. It is all you find to taunt me with. Confess that you married me for my money, he roared.

"Of course I did! Do you think a woman of my beauty would marry you for anything else? But a fine bargain I made!"

"Vampire!"

"Vampire! I intend to rule this house and refuse to be shamed by a thick-lipped African. Her airs tell her story. She is insolent to me, but I shan't endure it. She laughs at me. Well, your friends shall laugh at you."

"Silence!" commanded Esteban. "Sell her, or—"

Without waiting to hear her threat Esteban tossed his arms above his head and fled from the room. Flinging himself into the saddle, he spurred down the hill and through the town to the Casino de Espanol, where he spent the night at cards with the Spanish officials. But he did not sell Evangelina.

In the days that followed many similar scenes occurred, and as Esteban's home life grew more unhappy his dissatisfactions increased. He drank and gambled heavily; he brought his friends to the quinta with him, and strove to forget domestic unpleasantness in boisterous revelry.

His wife, however, found opportunities enough to weary and exasperate him with reproaches regarding the slave girl.

CHAPTER II

Spanish Gold

The twins were seven years old when Donna Isabel's schemes bore their first bitter fruit, and the occasion was a particularly uproarious night when Don Esteban entertained a crowd of his Castilian friends. Little Rosa was awakened at a late hour by the laughter and shouts of her father's guests. She was afraid, for there was something strange about the voices, some quality to them which was foreign to the child's experience. Creeping into her brother's room, she awoke him, and



"Your Father Has Sold Me to Him!"

together they listened. Rosa began to whimper, and when Esteban tried to reassure her his own voice was thin and ready from fright.

In the midst of their agitation they heard some one weeping. Then came a rash of feet down the hallway, and the next instant Evangelina flung herself into the room.

She fell upon her knees before them. "Little master! Little mistress!" she sobbed. "You will save me, won't you? We love each other, eh? See then, what a crime this is! Say that you will save me!"

The children were frightened, but they managed to quaver: "What has happened? Who has harmed you?"

"Don Pablo! He's a negress."

"Your father has sold me to him—lost me at cards. Oh, I shall die! Sebastian won't believe it. He is praying. And Asencio— But what can they do to help me? You alone can save me. You won't let Don Pablo take me away? It would kill me."

"Wait!" Esteban scrambled out of bed and stood before his dusky nurse and playmate. "Don't say any more. I'll tell papa that you don't like Don Pablo."

Rosa followed. "Yes, come along."

DAIRY FACTS

SLAUGHTER OF DAIRY CATTLE

Because of Lack of Feed in Europe Many Animals Have Been Killed—Milk Supply Decreased

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

Although dairy cattle are economical users of feedstuffs, and although they will convert coarse, inedible material into a human food, still they must have some grain for maximum production. When animals convert feeds, such as grain, that can be used direct by human beings, they usually do so at a loss of human food. In times of extreme food shortage, therefore, animals are killed for human food, and the grain used directly. In some of the continental countries this policy has been followed because of the lack of feeds and the need of meat. Most of the dairy countries of Europe have depended upon imports for a large part of the grains or concentrates for dairy cattle. This supply has been largely cut off, with the result that in some countries there has been a tendency to decrease the number of animals. Because of these facts, millions of dairy cattle have been slaughtered in Europe since the war began. The lack of milk that has resulted has entailed great suffering in some sections, especially among children. It is important, therefore, that such a situation be prevented in this country so far as possible. If by economical feeding and the utilization of feeds that are not necessary for humans, the dairymen of the country could conserve their herds until after the war, they would render great service to humanity. With the great number of animals killed in Europe and the increase in the rate of slaughter as the war continues, the food shortage becomes more serious. When the struggle is over it will be impossible to meet at once the demand for milk in the countries where the greatest number of cattle have been killed.

Efforts will be made, of course, to increase the number of dairy cattle, but this requires time—several years, in fact. The supply of grain, on the other hand, can be increased more rapidly, but there will probably be demand upon us for products from the dairy, as well as for foundations for herds, provided we keep our supply of good animals. This should be considered another reason for increasing, or at least maintaining, the herds of dairy cattle in this country.

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The Yukon Trail

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An Alaskan Love Story

By William Macleod Raine

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

So far the mind of the Scotsman followed the probabilities logically, but at this point it made a jump. There were at least two robbers. He was morally sure of that, for this was not a one-man job. Now, if Holt had with him a companion, who of all those in Kuslak was the most likely man? He was a friendless, crabbed old fellow. Since coming to Kuslak old Gideon had been seen constantly with one man. They had been with each other at dinner and had later left the hotel together. The name of the man who had been so friendly with old Holt was Gordon Elliot—and Elliot not only was another enemy of Macdonald, but had very good reasons for getting out of the country just now.

The strong jaw of the mine owner stood out saliently as he gave short, sharp orders to men in the crowd. One was to get the coroner, a second Wally Selfridge, another the United States district attorney. He divided the rest into squads to guard the roads leading out of town and to see that nobody passed for the present.

The coroner took charge of the body and Wally of the bank. The mine owner and the district attorney walked up to the hotel together. As soon as they had explained what they wanted, the landlord got a passkey and took them to the room Holt had used.

Apparently the bed had been slept in. In the waste-paper basket the district attorney found something which he held up. In a significant silence, Macdonald stepped forward and took from him a small cloth sack.

"One of those we keep our gold in at the bank," said the Scotsman after a close examination. "This definitely ties up Holt with the robbery. Now for Elliot."

"He left the hotel with Holt about five this morning," the porter says. "This was the contribution of the landlord."

The room of Gordon Elliot was in great disorder. Garments had been tossed on the bed and on every chair and had been left to lie wherever they had chanced to fall. Plainly their owner had been in great haste.

Macdonald looked through the closet where clothes hung. "His new fur coat is not here—nor his trail boots. Looks to me as though Mr. Gordon had hit the trail with his friend Holt."

All doubt of this was removed when a prospector reached town with the news that he had met Holt and Elliot traveling toward the divide as fast as they could drive the dogs.

The big Scotsman ordered his team of Siberian wolf-hounds made ready for the trail. As he donned his heavy furs, Colby Macdonald smiled with deep satisfaction. He had Elliot on the run at last.

Just as he closed the door of his room, Macdonald heard the telephone bell ring. He hesitated, then shrugged his shoulders and strode out into the storm. If he had answered the call he would have learned from Diane, who was at the other end of the line, that the stage upon which Sheba had started for Katma had not reached the roadhouse at Smith's Crossing.

Five minutes later the winners of the great Alaska sweepstakes were



The Winners of the Great Alaska Sweepstakes Were Flying Down the Street.

flying down the street in the teeth of the storm. Armed with a rifle and a revolver, their owner was mashing into the hills to bring back the men who had robbed his bank and killed the cashier. He traveled alone because he could go faster without a companion. It never occurred to him that he was not a match for any two men he might face.

CHAPTER XX.

In the Blizzard.

"Swiftwater" Pete, the driver of the stage between Kuslak and Katma, did not like the look of the sky as his ponies breasted the long uphill climb that ended at the pass. "Gittin' her

back up for a blizzard, looks like. Doggone it, if that wouldn't jist be my luck," he murmured fretfully.

Sheba hoped there would be one, not of course, a really, truly blizzard such as Macdonald had told her about, but the fall of a make-believe one, enough to send her glowing with exhilaration into the roadhouse with the happy sense of an adventure achieved. The girl was buoyed up by a sense of freedom. For a time, at least, she was escaping Macdonald's driving energy, the appeal of Gordon Elliot's warm friendliness, and the unvoiced urging of Diane. Good old Peter and the kiddies were the only ones that let her alone.

She looked back at the horses laboring up the hill. "Swiftwater had got down and was urging them forward, his long whip crackling about the ears of the leaders. He was worried. He would have liked to turn and run for it. But the last roadhouse was twenty-seven miles back. If the blizzard came howling down the slope they would have a sweet time of it reaching safety. Smith's Crossing was on the other side of the divide, only nine miles away. They would have to worry through somehow."

Miss O'Neill knew that Swiftwater Pete was anxious, and though she was not yet afraid, the girl understood the reason for it. The road ran through the heart of a vast snow-field, the surface of which was being swept by a screaming wind. The air was full of sifted white dust, and the road furrow was rapidly filling. Soon it would be obliterated. Sheba tramped behind the stage-driver and in her tracks walked Mrs. Olson, the other passenger.

Through the muffled scream of the storm Swiftwater shouted back to Sheba. "You wanta keep close to me."

She nodded her head. His order needed no explanation. The world was narrowing to a lane whose walls she could almost touch with her fingers. A pall of white wrapped them. Upon them beat a wind of stinging sleet. Nothing could be seen but the blurred outlines of the stage and the driver's figure.

The bitter cold searched through Sheba's furs to her soft flesh and the blast of powdered ice beat upon her face. The snow was getting deeper as the road filled. Once or twice she stumbled and fell. Her strength ebbed, and the hinges of her knees gave unexpectedly beneath her. How long was it, she asked herself, that Macdonald had said men could live in a blizzard?

Staggering blindly forward, Sheba bumped into the driver. He had drawn up to give the horses a moment's rest before sending them plunging at the snow again.

"No chance," he called into the young woman's ear. "Never make Smith's in the world. Goin' try for miner's cabin up gulch little way." The team stuck in the drifts, fought through, and was blocked again ten yards beyond. A dozen times the horses gave up, answered the sting of the whip by diving head first at the white banks, and were stopped by fresh snow-combs.

Pete gave up the fight. He began un hitching the horses, while Sheba and Mrs. Olson, clinging to each other's hands, stumbled forward to join him. The words he shouted across the back of a horse were almost lost in the roar of the shrieking wind.

"Heluvamine . . . ride . . . gulch," Sheba made out. He flung Mrs. Olson astride one of the wheelers and helped Sheba to the back of the right leader. Swiftwater clambered upon its mate himself.

The girl paid no attention to where they were going. The urge of life was so faint within her that she did not greatly care whether she lived or died. Her face was blue from the cold, her vitality was sapped. She seemed to herself to have turned to ice below the hips. Numb though her fingers were, she must keep them fastened tightly in the frozen mane of the animal. She rected her lesson to herself like a child. She must stick on—she must—she must.

Whether she lost consciousness or not Sheba never knew. The next she realized was that Swiftwater Pete was pulling her from the horse. He dragged her into a cabin where Mrs. Olson lay crunched on the floor.

"Got to stable the horses," he explained, and left them.

After a time he came back and lit a fire in the sheet-iron stove. As the circulation that meant life flooded back into her chilled veins Sheba endured a half-hour of excruciating pain. She had to clench her teeth to keep back the groans.

The cabin was empty of furniture except for a home-made table, rough stools, and the frame of a bed. The last occupant had left a little firewood beside the stove, enough to last perhaps for twenty-four hours. Sheba did not need to be told that if the blizzard lasted long enough, they would starve to death. In the handbag left in the stage were a box of candy and an Irish plum pudding. She had brought the latter from the old country with her and was taking it and the chocolates to the Hurst children. But

just now the stage was as far from them as Drogheda.

Like many rough frontiersmen, Swiftwater Pete was a diamond in the raw. So far as could be he made a hopeless and impossible situation comfortable. His judgment told him that they were caught in a trap from which there was no escape, but for the sake of the women he put a cheerful face on things.

"Looky we found this cabin," he growled amiably. "By this time we'd a been up Salt creek if we hadn't. Seeing as our luck has stood up so far, I reckon we'll be all right. Mighty kind of Mr. East Tenant to leave us this firewood. We ain't so worse off."

"If we only had some food," Mrs. Olson suggested.

"Food!" Pete looked at her in assumed surprise. "Huh! What about all that live stock I got in the stable? I've heard tell, ma'am, that broncho tenderloin is a favorite dish with them French chiefs that do the cooking. They kinder trim it up so's it's most as good as frangs' legs."

Sheba had never before slept on bare boards with a sealskin coat for a sleeping-bag. But she was very tired and dropped off at once. Twice she woke, disturbed by the stiffness of her body. When she tried to move she found that she was lying on her back, and she was very tired and dropped off at once.

It seemed to her that the sawed planks were as cold as the soft flesh to be. She was cold, too, and crept closer to the stout Swedish woman lying beside her. Presently she fell asleep again to the sound of the blizzard howling outside. When she awakened for the third time it was morning.

In the afternoon the blizzard died away. As far as the eye could see, Sheba looked out upon a waste of snow. Her eyes turned from the desolation without to the bare and cheerless room in which they had found shelter. In spite of herself a little shiver ran down the spine of the girl. Had she come into this Arctic solitude to find her tomb?

As soon as the storm had moderated enough to let him go out with safety, Swiftwater Pete had taken one of the horses for an attempt at trail breaking.

"Me, I'm after that plum pudding. I gotta get a feed of oats 'rom the stage for my broncho too. The scenery here is sure fine, but it ain't what you would call nourishing. Huh! Watch our smoke when me and old Baldface git to bucking them drifts."

He had been gone two hours and the dusk was already descending over the white waste when Sheba ventured out to see what had become of the stage driver. But the cold was so bitter that she soon gave up the attempt to fight her way through the drifts and turned back to the cabin.

Some time later Swiftwater Pete came stumbling into their temporary home. He was fagged to exhaustion but triumphant. Upon the table he dropped from the crook of his numbed arm two packages.

"The makings for a Christmas dinner," he said with a grin.

Mrs. Olson thawed out the pudding and the chocolates in the oven and made a kind of mush out of some oats Pete had saved from the horse feed. They ate their one-sided meal in high spirits. The freeze had saved their lives. If it held clear till tomorrow they could reach Smith's Crossing on the crust of the snow.

Swiftwater broke up the chairs for fuel and demolished the legs of the table, after which he lay down before the stove and fell at once into a sodden sleep.

Presently Mrs. Olson lay down on the bed and began to snore regularly. Sheba could not sleep. The boards tired her bones and she was cold. Sometimes she slipped into cat naps that were full of bad dreams. When she awakened with a start it was to find that the fire had died down. She was shivering from lack of cover. Quietly the girl replenished the fire and lay down again.

When she awakened with a start it was morning. A faint light sifted through the single window of the shack. Sheba whispered to the older woman that she was going out for a little walk.

As she worked her way down the gulch Sheba wondered whether the news of their loss had reached Kuslak. Were search parties out already to rescue them? Colby Macdonald had gone into the blizzard years ago to save her father. Perhaps he might have been out all night trying to save her father's daughter. Peter would go of course—and Gordon Elliot. The work in the mines would stop and men would volunteer by scores. That was one fine thing about the North. It responded to the unwritten law that a man must risk his own life to save others.

turned away. As she did so her eyes dilated and her body grew rigid.

Across the snow waste a man was coming. He was moving toward the cabin and must cross the trench close to her. The heart of the girl stopped, then beat wildly to make up the lost stroke. He had come through the blizzard to save her.

At that very instant, as if the stage had been set for it, the wonderful Alaska sun pushed up into the crotch of the peaks and poured its radiance over the Arctic waste. The pink glow swept in a tide of delicate color over the snow and transmuted it to millions of sparkling diamonds. The Great Magician's wand had recreated the world instantaneously.

CHAPTER XXI.

Two on the Trail.

Elliot and Holt left Kuslak in a spume of whirling, blinding snow. They traveled mightily not more than



Across the Snow Waste a Man Was Coming.

forty pounds to the dog, for they wanted to make speed. It was not cold for Alaska. They packed their fur coats on the sled and wore mittens of moosehide with duffel lining, on their feet mukluks above "German" socks. Holt had been a sour-dough miner too long to let his partner perspire from overmuch clothing. He knew the danger of pneumonia from a sudden cooling of the heat of the body.

Old Gideon took seven of his dogs, driving them two abreast. Six were huskies, rangy, muscular animals with thick, dense coats. They were in the best of spirits and carried their tails erect like their Malamute leader. Butch, though a Malamute, had a strong strain of collie in him. It gave him a sense of responsibility. His business was to see that the team kept strung out on the trail, and Butch was a past-master in the matter of discipline. His weight was 93 fighting pounds, and he could thrash in short order any dog in the team.

The snow was wet and soft. It clung to everything it touched. The dogs carried pounds of it in the tufts of hair that rose from their backs. An icy pyramid had to be knocked from the sled every half-hour. The snowshoes were heavy with white slush. Densely laden spruce boughs brushed the faces of the men and showered them with unexpected little avalanches.

They took turns in going ahead of the team and breaking trail. It was heavy, muscle-grinding work. Before noon they were both utterly fatigued. They dragged forward through the slush, lifting their laden feet sluggishly. They must keep going, and they did, but it seemed to them that every step must be the last.

Shortly after noon the storm wore itself out. The temperature had been steadily falling and now it took a rapid drop. They were passing through timber, and on a little slope they built with a good deal of difficulty a fire. By careful nursing they soon had a great bonfire going, in front of which they put their wet socks, mukluks, scarfs and parkas to dry. The toes of the dogs had become packed with little ice balls. Gordon and Holt had to go carefully over the feet of each animal to dig these out.

The old-timer thawed out a slab of dried salmon till the fat began to frizzle and fed each husky a pound of the fish and a lump of tallow. He and Gordon made a pot of tea and ate some meat sandwiches they had brought with them, to save cooking until night.

When they took the trail again it was in moccasins instead of mukluks. The weather was growing steadily colder, and with each degree of fall in the thermometer the trail was easier. "Mushing at fifty below zero is all right when it is all right," explained

Holt in the words of the old prospector. "But when it isn't all right it's hell."

"It is not fifty below yet, is it?" "Nope. But she's on the way. When your breath makes a kinder crackling noise she's fifty."

There soon was a crust on the snow that held up the dogs and the sled so that trail breaking was not necessary. The little party pounded steadily over the barren hills. There was no sign of life except what they brought with them into the greater silence beyond. Each of the men wrapped a long scarf around his mouth and nose for protection, and as the part in front of his face became a sheet of ice shifted the muffler to another place.

Night fell in the middle of the afternoon, but they kept traveling. Not till they were well up toward the summit of the divide did they decide to camp. They drove into a little draw and unharnessed the weary dogs. It was bitterly cold, but they were forced to set up the tent and stove to keep from freezing. Their numbed fingers made a slow job of the camp preparations. At last the stove was going, the dogs fed, and they themselves chawed out. They fell asleep shortly to the sound of the mournful howling of the dogs outside.

Long before daybreak they were afoot again. Holt went out to chop some wood for the stove while Gordon made breakfast preparations. The little miner brought in an armful of wood and went out to get a second supply. A few moments later Elliot heard a cry.

He stepped out of the tent and ran to the spot where Holt was lying under a mass of ice and snow. The young man threw aside the broken blocks that had plunged down from a ledge above.

"Badly hurt, Gid?" he asked. "I done bust my laig, son," the old man answered with a twisted grin. "You mean that it is broken?"

"Tell you that in a minute," he said. He felt his leg carefully and with Elliot's help tried to get up. Groaning, he slid back to the snow.

"Yep, she's busted," he announced. Gordon carried him to the tent and laid him down carefully. The old miner swore softly.

"Ain't this a devil of a note, boy? You'll have to get me to Smith's Crossing and leave me there."

It was the only thing to be done. Elliot broke camp and packed the sled. Upon the load he put his companion, well wrapped up in furs.

Two miles up the road Gordon stopped his team sharply. He had turned a bend in the trail and had come upon an empty stage buried in the snow.

The fear that had been uppermost in Elliot's mind for twenty-four hours clutched at his throat. Was it tragedy upon which he had come after his long journey?

Holt guessed the truth. "They got stelled and cut loose the horses. Must have tried to ride the cayuses to shelter."

"To Smith's Crossing?" asked Gordon. "Expect so." Then, with a whoop, the man on the sled contradicted himself. "No, by Moses, to Dick Fiddler's old cabin, up the draw—there's where Swiftwater would aim for till the blizzard was over."

"Where is it?" demanded his friend. "Swing over to the right and follow the little gulch. It wait till you come back."

Gordon dropped the ice-pole and started on the instant. Eagerness, anxiety, dread, fought in his heart. He knew that any moment now he might stumble upon the evidence of the sad story which is repeated in Alaska many times every winter. It rang in him like a bell that where tough, hardy miners succumbed a frail girl would have small chance.

He cut across over the hill toward the draw, and at what he saw his pulse quickened. Smoke was pouring out of the chimney of a cabin and falling groundward, as it does in the Arctic during very cold weather. Had Sheba found safety there?

As he pushed forward the rising sun flooded the earth with pink and struck a million sparkles of color from the snow. The wonder of it drew the eyes of the young man for a moment toward the hills. A tumult of joy flooded his veins. The girl who held in her soft hands the happiness of his life stood looking at him. It seemed to him that she was the core of all that lovely tide of radiance. He moved toward her and looked down into the trench where she waited. Swiftly he kicked off his snowshoes and leaped down beside her. The gleam of tears was in her eyes as she held out both hands to him. During the long look they gave each other something wonderful to both of them was born into the world.

When he tried to speak his hoarse voice broke. "Sheba—little Sheba! Safe, after all. Thank God, you—you—" He swallowed the lump in his throat and tried again. "If you knew—God, how I have suffered! I was afraid—I dared not let myself think."

A live pulse beat in her white throat. The tears brimmed over. Then, somewhat, she was in his arms again. Her

eyes slowly turned to his, and he met the touch of her surrendered lips.

Nature had brought them together by one of her resistless and unpremeditated impulses.

A stress of emotion had swept her into his arms. Now she drew away from him shyly. The conventions in which she had been brought up asserted themselves. An absurd little fear obtruded itself into her happiness. Had she rushed into his arms like a lovesick girl, taking it for granted that he cared for her?

"You came to look for us?" she asked, with the little shy stiffness of embarrassment.

"For you—yes."

He could not take his eyes from her. It seemed to him that a bird was singing in his heart the gladness he could not express. He had for many hours pushed from his mind pictures of her lying white and rigid on the snow. Instead she stood beside him, her delicate beauty vivid as the flush of a flame.

"Did they telephone that we were lost?"

"Yes. I was troubled when the storm grew. I could not sleep. So I called up the roadhouse by long distance. They had not heard from the stage. Later I called again. When I could stand it no longer, I started."

"Not in foot?"

"No, with Holt's dog team. He is back there. His leg is broken. A snow-slide crushed him this morning where we camped."

"Bring him to the cabin. I will tell the others you are coming."

"Have you had any food?" he asked. "A tired smile lit up the shadows of weariness under her soft, dark eyes. 'Baked oats, plum pudding and chocolates,' she told him."

"We have plenty of food on the sled. I'll bring it at once."

She nodded, and turned to go to the cabin. He watched for a moment the lit in her walk. An expression from his reading jumped to his mind. "Melodious feet! Some poet had said that, hadn't he? Surely it must have been Sheba of whom he was thinking, this girl so virginal of body and of mind, free and light-footed as a caribou on the hills."

Gordon returned to the sled and drove the team up the draw to the cabin. The three who had been marooned came to meet their rescuer.

"You must 'a' come right through the storm lickity split," Swiftwater said.

"You're right we did. This side partner of mine was bent on wrestling with a blizzard," Holt answered dryly.

"Sorry you broke your laig, Gid."

"Then there's two of us sorry, Swiftwater. It's one of the best laigs I've got."

Sheba turned to the old miner impulsively. "If you could be knowing what I am thinking of you, Mr. Holt—how full our hearts are of the gratitude—" She stopped, tears in her voice.

"Sho! No need of that, miss. He dragged me along." His thumb jerked toward the man who was driving. "I've seen better dog punchers than Elliot, but he's got the world beat at routin' old-timers' out of bed and persuadin' them to kick in with him and buck a blizzard. Me, o' course, I'm an old fool for comin'."

The dark eyes of the girl were like stars in a frosty night. "Then you're



He Met the Touch of Her Surrendered Lips.

the kind of a fool I love, Mr. Holt. I think it was just fine of you, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Mrs. Olson had cooked too long in lumber and mining camps not to know something about bone setting. Under her direction Gordon made splints and helped her bandage the broken leg. Sheba cooked an appetizing breakfast. The aroma of coffee and the smell of frying bacon stimulated appetites that needed no tempting.

Holt, propped up by blankets, ate with the others. For a good many years he had taken his luck as it came with philosophic endurance. Now he wasted no time in mourning what could not be helped. He was lucky the ice slide had not hit him in the head. A broken leg would mend.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Change Bad Ways. Instead of trying to mend things ways some people would save a lot of time by getting new ones.

SAVING WOOL IS NOT ALL.

We never could save enough to satisfy the needs of the bora at the front—we'll simply have to do without it. You know, they wear out about twice as many clothes as we do. Yes, the government is protecting them by taking over the raw wool supply and also a good many of the mills. That means that when the present stocks of clothing are gone we will have to get along here at home with much less wool than we are using now. Of course, a good many stores are selling cotton mixtures now, but I was over to Mabley's the other day and they still have

All-Wool Suits for as low as \$20.00.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner

DETROIT.

Grand River and Griswold.

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.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Wayne ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held in the Probate Court room in the city of Detroit, on the thirty-first day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present Edward Command, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of SELAH J. ECKLES, deceased.

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

It is ordered, that the third day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon Eastern Standard time at said court room be appointed for proving said instrument.

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

EDWARD COMMAND,

Judge of Probate

CHAS C CHADWICK,

Deputy Probate Register 46-48

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 May in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present Edward Command, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM J. LANNING, Jr., deceased. William J. Lanning, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered, that the second day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Court room be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

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

EDWARD COMMAND,

Judge of Probate

CHAS C CHADWICK,

Deputy Probate Register 45-47

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Whereas, I, the undersigned, have been appointed by the Court of Wayne County, Michigan, to sell at public auction, the highest bidder, at the Main Street corner of Northville, Michigan, on Saturday, the 15th day of June, 1918, at 1:00 o'clock p. m., the following described property:

South half of the northwest quarter of section 10, township 35 North, range 12 East, county of Wayne, Michigan, excepting a piece of land in the northeast corner of said section 10, containing 14 rods and 18 rods north and south. Terms of sale: Cash deposit of \$1,000 required at time of delivery of deed.

Administrator.

Dated, Northville, Mich., May 9, 1918.

42-47.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

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

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Lapham State Savings Bank, in the Village of Northville, in said county, on Tuesday, the 16th day of July A. D. 1918, and on Monday, the 16th day of September A. D. 1918, at two o'clock p. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims and that four months from the 16th day of May A. D. 1918, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated, May 16th, 1918.

MARION A. PORTER,

CHARLES H. BLOOM,

44-47. Commissioners.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Beware of cheap imitations.

Pills in Red and Gold metallic wrapper.

Take with water or wine.

Beware of cheap imitations.

Pills in Red and Gold metallic wrapper.

Take with water or wine.

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THE DETROIT TIGER BASE BALL DATES.

Following is the 1918 Tiger base ball schedule and the names of the team with whom they play in Detroit:

June 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, with Washington.
June 10, 11, 12, 13, with Philadelphia.
June 14, 15, 16, 17, with New York.
June 21, 22, 23, with St. Louis.
June 24, 25, 26, 27, with Chicago.
July 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, with Philadelphia.
July 29, 30, 31, with New York.
August 1, with New York.
August 2, 3, 4, 5, with Washington.
August 6, 7, 8, with Boston.
September 2 (3), 3, with Chicago.
September 4, 5, 6, with Cleveland.
September 14, 15, 16, 17, with Boston.
September 19, 21, with Washington.
September 22, 24, 25, with New York.
September 26, 27, 28, with Philadelphia.
September 29, 30, with St. Louis.
October 3, 5, 6, with Cleveland.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the Village Hall Monday, June 3rd, 1918.

Present: Charles H. Coldren, President; Trustees—Cole, Stanley, Simmons, Montgomery.

Quorum present.

Minutes of meeting of May 6th, 1918, were read and approved.

The Finance committee audited the following bills:

Charles Shipley, cemetery, \$46.50

George Thomas, highway, 7.00

David Tolls, highway, 7.00

Harry Austin, highway, 35.60

M. R. Seeley, highway, 15.05

Perry Austin, highway, 183.60

F. Dolph, highway, 3.00

Irving Austin, highway, 36.75

Jack Blackburn, water, 1.00

W. A. Parmenter, water, 3.50

M. R. Seeley, water, 37.30

Henry Cooper, water, 1.87

John Cooper, water, 2.88

D. F. Griswold, water, 8.00

Albert Vradenburg, water, 4.00

Archie Bradner, park, 10.00

Chas Shipley, cemetery, 8.90

George Thomas, highway, 11.55

Irving Austin, highway, 3.50

Harold Wilcox, water, 3.50

A. E. Stanley, w. w., 1.32

Globe Furniture Co., flag pole, 1.75

Am Bell & Faby Co., w. w., 6.90

H. Mueller Mfg Co., w. w., 58.73

Howers Stephens Mfg Co., 35.50

E. E. Ferrin, ft. and cartage, 2.00

T. E. Murdock, telephone and post-
age, 1.00

George P. Johnson Co., flag pole, 115.00

Fire Department, 8.75

P. S. Palmer, w. w., 1.25

Don VanSickle, w. w., 50

Detroit Edison Co. ball clock, 1.92

Detroit Edison Co. Eaton, 2.99

Fred W. Lyke, w. w., 48.57

J. A. Huff, w. w. and high., 11.68

Ernie Lyke, w. w., 3.00

Detroit Edison Co. streets, 287.00

Detroit Edison Co. power, 9.50

C. L. Dubur, 29.26

W. H. Safford, paint band wagon, 2.90

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

Yeas—Cole, Stanley, Simmons, Montgomery. Nays—None. Carried.

Village Assessor Sessions presented 1918 tax roll.

Moved by Simmons and supported by Montgomery that tax roll for year 1918 be approved.

Yeas—Cole, Stanley, Simmons, Montgomery. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Stanley and supported by Montgomery that President and Clerk be authorized to borrow \$1,200 for funeral expenses.

Yeas—Cole, Stanley, Simmons, Montgomery. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Stanley and supported by Montgomery that a number of citizens be authorized to investigate and maintain of municipal toilet received and read.

Moved by Simmons and supported by Stanley that President appoint a committee to investigate proposition and if satisfactory and approved by President they be given power to act.

Yeas—Cole, Stanley, Simmons, Montgomery. Nays—None. Carried.

President appointed Stanley, Cole and Belden as committee.

Moved by Stanley and supported by Simmons that signs requiring all persons to wear bathing suits and that no profane language be allowed at swimming pool.

Yeas—Cole, Stanley, Simmons, Montgomery. Nays—None. Carried.

Communication received from National War Savings Committee to purchase of War Savings Stamps by Village of Northville.

Moved by Simmons and supported by Montgomery that Village purchase \$1,000 War Savings Stamps out of Sinking fund.

Yeas—Cole, Stanley, Simmons, Montgomery. Nays—None. Carried.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

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VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

Jesse Clark and son of Detroit were Sunday visitors here.

Rev. F. I. Walker of Redford was a Northville caller Tuesday.

Mrs. Childs of Atlanta, Ga., is visiting at the home of her father, Dr. Schuyler.

Mrs. Leadley and Mrs. Grant of Milford were calling on Northville friends Wednesday.

Miss Mable Whipple of Detroit was a guest at the Charles Coldren home last week Thursday.

Mrs. C. C. Chadwick of Detroit spent Sunday with Mrs. W. E. Ambler and Mrs. F. S. Harmon.

Mrs. St. Elmo Lewis and son of Detroit, were guests last week at the home of Capt. and Mrs. Noble.

Mrs. G. S. Kysor spent Memorial day at Bob-lo with her son, Corporal James D. Kysor, of Camp Custer.

Mrs. Herbert Wharry returned Wednesday to her home in Detroit after a two weeks' visit with Mrs. E. A. Noble.

Mrs. A. J. Garlinghouse of Charlotte spent part of this week at the T. G. Richardson home, as the guest of Mrs. C. F. Murphy.

Rev. W. C. Francis was in Northville Wednesday. He is gaining slowly, and expects to be back at his home here before very long.

W. D. McCullough and wife of Plymouth were entertained Sunday at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCullough.

Mrs. Lillian M. Cook, president of the local W. C. T. U. has been in Jackson this week as the Northville representative at the state convention.

Miss Lorna Klages of Detroit was a guest of Miss Hazel Nevison Sunday. Miss Klages sang a solo in a very charming manner at the Community chorus Sunday afternoon.

Charles A. Dolph, Eminent Commander of Northville Commandery, Knights Templar, has been in Grand Rapids this week attending the annual convocation of the Grand Commandery of Michigan.

Rev. Wm. S. Jerome, pastor of the Presbyterian church at White Pigeon, Mich., was in town Thursday on his way home from Pontiac where he was called to conduct the funeral service of an old friend and parishoner.

Dr. John R. Kestell attended a complimentary dinner given in Detroit Monday evening by members of the Wayne County Medical society in honor of Dr. Robert Morris of New York. After the dinner, Dr. Morris favored the society with a paper entitled "Surgery of Phycroses and Neuroses" which was ably discussed by several of the physicians in attendance.

RED CROSS NOTES.

Only half a dozen ladies were present at the Red Cross rooms Monday evening. Those who cannot attend the afternoon classes are urged to give a couple of hours—from 7 to 9 o'clock—to this important work once a week, at least. The need is great, and growing. Every possible bit of help can be utilized.

MUSOLF-FIEBRANZ.

St. Paul's Lutheran church was the scene of a pretty wedding Sunday evening June 2, when Mr. Fred Musolf of this place and Miss Lena Fiebranz of Sebawaing were united in marriage by Rev. Karl Lorenz, in the presence of a large company of relatives and friends.

The bride was gowned in white taffeta, and georgette crepe and carried bridal roses. The bridesmaids and maid of honor wore pink silk. A reception and luncheon for a few near relatives was given at the farm home of the newly wedded couple, near Salem, which had been furnished and made ready by Mr. Musolf for his bride. The groom has passed most of his life in this vicinity and many friends are wishing the young people a prosperous and happy future.

HUNT FOR WAR TIMBER.

The War Department and the Forest Service are aiding the Boy Scouts in efforts to find black walnut timber needed for airplane propellers and gun stocks, following President Wilson's appeal to the Scouts to locate supplies of the "Liberty Tree." Special report forms have been prepared for use of the Scouts, who will submit them for tabulation to the Forest Service, which in turn will report the results to the War Department. The bulk of the standing black walnut is said to be in farmers' woodlots in the Middle West, the Middle Atlantic States, and the southern Appalachians, and it is mainly these sources that the Scouts will comb in their search for material.

MOTOR NOTES.

"The present fuel situation and its far-reaching effects upon the performance of the automobile motor is not fully understood by the motoring public and is little appreciated by even the car manufacturers," says Monty Weeks, of the Church street garage.

"The ordinary commercial gasoline is of such a low gravity that even an odor like kerosene is to be detected. When heat is applied it is so difficult to completely vaporize the oil that a certain percentage of it is not consumed at all, and when the mixture is too rich this liquid gasoline stays in the cylinders and cuts the cylinder oil which is the medium of lubrication. The cylinder oil and gasoline then both work their way down past the rings and pistons into the crank case.

"If the owner will during hot weather, and when his motor is running erratically, and has a tendency to miss and overheat, has lack of power and symptoms of generally unsatisfactory service, in other words running 'punk,' draw off all the oil in the crank case he will be surprised to find instead of pure cylinder oil a large percentage of oil adulterated with gasoline or a residue or substance that will neither burn nor lubricate.

"If this is all drained off, the crank case washed out and entirely fresh oil put in the motor will immediately provide it is in proper condition and has not been damaged, have all its old-time performance and speed."

NORTHVILLE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

The following names have been added this week to the membership list of the N. A. C., bringing the number up to 191. To Charles L. Dubur goes the honor of completing the "century" figures, his name making the 100th. The new members are: Wm. Moyers, A. L. Hill, Guy Banks, and E. C. Holmes, Novi; Herman Czenkewich, Herman Oemke and Kirby Long, Walled Lake; Roy Larkins, Salem; S. P. Conkling, Detroit; Clyde Bentley, Redford; Henry German, Arthur A. Ransom, Chas. L. Dubur and E. H. Lapham, Northville.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The Children's Day service will be held at 10 o'clock next Sunday morning. The Sunday school will render a program to which all members of school, church and congregation are cordially invited.

Christian Endeavor service in the evening at 6:30 o'clock.

At 7:30 will be presented the second of the series of sermons on the second coming of Christ and the end of the age. The subject for the evening will be "The Meaning of Christ's Coming, (a) To the Jews; (b) To the World, (c) To the Church."

The Woman's Missionary society will meet on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. E. C. Beard, E. Base Life. Machines will leave the church at 2:00 o'clock.

Union prayer meeting in the M. E. church Thursday evening at 7:30.

The Lois circle will hold its regular meeting at the home of Miss Marian Power, Monday evening, June 10. Members will please take the 7:30 car.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Children's Day exercises by the Sunday school at the regular preaching hour, 10 a. m. Parents and friends should plan to be present.

Junior Young People at 6:30 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock.

The Farther Lights class will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Blood Tuesday, June 11, at 7:30 p. m.

TRY A 15c LINER IN THE RECORD.

RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

At a regular meeting of Allen M. Harmon Post G. A. R. No. 313, the following Resolutions were passed unanimously:

RESOLVED—That the thanks of this Post are due and are hereby given for assistance in making the Memorial exercises of May 30, 1918, at Northville, a great success.

To the township and village boards for financial help.

To Postmaster Tatham, for aid in securing funds.

To the citizens of Northville for their help in subscribing funds.

We also wish to thank the pastors of the several churches for their help in the exercises.

To the superintendent of schools and corps of teachers, in training the children and to the school children for their services in making the program complete.

To the Knights Templar for escort duty and to the Boy Scouts for their fine appearance in the parade.

To the Male quartet for their fine selection of music, also to the Northville band.

We also wish to thank the Woman's Relief Corps for the elegant banquet served to the Post after the parade.

MILTON VAN TASSELL, Commander.

L. C. MEAD, Adjutant.



War-time Responsibility—Yours and Ours

National necessity has put a new responsibility on every motorist.

Utmost service is demanded—the highest usefulness of yourself and your car.

Service and economy are your only considerations.

Our responsibility goes hand in hand with yours.

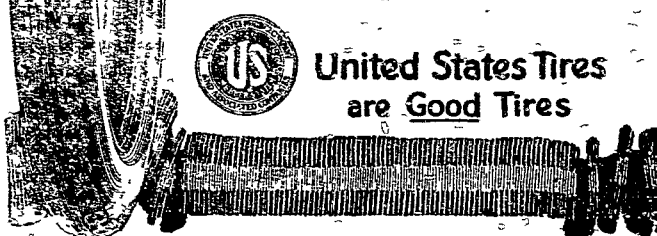
As the largest rubber manufacturer in the world, it is our duty to supply you with tires of unfailing reliability and extreme mileage.

United States Tires are more than making good in this time of stress.

They are setting new mileage records—establishing new standards of continuous service—effecting greater economy by reducing tire cost per mile.

There is a United States Tire for every car—passenger or commercial—and every condition of motoring.

The nearest United States Sales and Service Depot will cheerfully aid you in fitting the right tire to your needs.



We know that United States Tires are good Tires—That's why we carry them.

F. N. Perrin & Sons, Distributors

NOTICE!

Having recently rented the store formerly occupied by J. H. Steers, and Stocked the same with an up-to-date line of Heavy and Small Hardware, I am in a position to offer you anything in the Hardware Line at Very Reasonable Prices. A share of your patronage is solicited.

Repair Work and Eave Troughing.

HARRY ELLIOTT