

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XXVIII, NO. 47.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

NORTHVILLE SCHOOLS' GRADUATION PROGRAM

The 1918 graduation program for the Northville schools begins with the baccalaureate service next Sunday evening in the Baptist church, when the address will be given by the pastor, Rev. A. N. Riley, to the class of fifteen young students, nine girls and six boys.

Tuesday evening following, the class day exercises will be held in the school auditorium, and on Wednesday evening an operetta will be given in the same place. Thursday evening, the regular commencement exercises will take place with Prof. Hollister of the U. of M. as the speaker.

The graduates are Marjorie Black, Helen Hammond, Marie Beckman, Vera VanStickle, Lucile Smith, Lydia Clark, Irene Hinman, Frances Horton, Gladys Atchison, Charles Ransom, Gerald Taft, Donald Durfee, Don Ryder, Lloyd Morse and Howard Benton.

ANOTHER TRAGEDY IN OAKLAND COUNTY

As the outcome of what now appears to have been an unfounded accusation made against an acquaintance by Ellsworth Narrin of Groveland, the latter is dead and his former business friend, Ben J. Honert, is under arrest as his murderer. Both were respectable married men, past early middle age, but when Narrin, 55, accused Honert, 47, of being "pro-german, a slacker," etc., a fight ensued with the result that Narrin died a few hours later from concussion of the brain. Narrin's accusations against Honert were inspired by the fact that the latter is of German parentage, and that he had been recently seen by Narrin in the company of two Groveland men, one of whom, and a brother of the other, had already been subjected to "vigilante" treatment as German sympathizers. It is said, however, that Honert had bought \$500 worth of Liberty bonds, had given \$100 to the Red Cross and had solicited other funds on his trips as a cattle buyer, hence his indignation at the accusations made.

Local interest attaches to the affair from the fact that the slain man, Mr. Narrin, is a near relative of the McKahn family of this place. As to who was the aggressor in the lamentable affair, the survivor's trial for murder will determine later on.

A JOB FOR BOY SCOUTS.

This coming Saturday, June 15, is the day for the Boy Scouts to scout for black walnut timber, and ascertain how much is available in the U. S. for making gun stocks and airplane propellers. The boys are to find out where the trees are located, all over the country, the names of the owners and the price for which the timber is to be cut, and all this information is to be turned in to the war department. The work is very important, as the need for the wood is great and urgent. It is a big compliment to the Boy Scouts of America that they have been selected by the president for this job.

NORTHVILLE DETROIT PICNIC.

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. After crossing the bridge, turn to the left and keep going until you see the "Northville" banner.

HARVE ROOT, A. S. NICHOLS, Secretary. President.

FRANK WALLIS.

Married Saturday, June 8, 1918, Frank Wallis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wallis of near Northville, to Miss Lydia May Wallis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wallis of Durand, and sister of Mrs. B. A. McCloy, wife of the Principal of the Northville schools.

NOTICE TO PATRIOTIC FUND SUBSCRIBERS.

Until such a time as permanent arrangements are completed by the general executive committee, payments may be made by Patriotic Fund subscribers, at Otto Loomis' jewelry store on Saturday, June 15.

M. N. JOHNSON, Township Chairman.

A CANNING DEMONSTRATION.

Miss Mary Person, in charge of Home Economics Extension work will give demonstrations of the oneperiod, cold-pack method of canning, Friday afternoon, June 14, at the Northville High school, at 1:30 o'clock.

Saturday afternoon, June 15, the same demonstration will be given at 1:30 in the Methodist church at Redford.

We hope that every woman within the vicinity of these two towns will make an effort to attend one of these demonstrations and so be prepared to help in the saving of all garden supplies and at the same time have on hand a greater variety foods for next winter's use. BESSIE L. ROGERS, Home Demonstrator Agent.

NOTICE TO FORESTERS.

All members are requested to meet at Catterpole hall at 9:30 a. m. Sunday, June 16, to attend memorial services at the Presbyterian church. Music will be furnished by the band. By Order of Committee.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. Erwin King will preach Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. As it will be impossible for Rev. Francis to return for active work until Aug. 1, Rev. Mr. King will continue supplying until July 7.

Sunday school at 11:30 and all members are invited to be present.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.) The Foresters will be with us next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock for their annual Memorial service. Let us all bid them welcome by our presence.

Didn't you enjoy the Children's day service last Sunday? Well, come to the regular session of the school next Sunday morning at 11:30, and see if you don't enjoy that also.

There will be no evening services in our church because of the Baccalaureate service in the Baptist church.

The annual picnic of the Martha Chapter will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Yerkes on Monday evening, June 17, at 5:30.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.) Morning service at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 11 a. m. Junior Young People at 6:30 o'clock.

Baccalaureate address, and special music at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

NORTHVILLE-PLYMOUTH

NEW 24 REGISTRANTS NEW 21 REGISTRANTS

The following are the names of the boys of Northville and Plymouth townships of Local Board Division No. 4, who have attained their majority since the time of the previous registration for military service:

- 26. Rene MacNeill, Angell, Northville
- 27. George S. Burr, Plymouth
- 28. Paul Sue Becker, Northville
- 118. Mack Cook, Plymouth
- 119. Wm. H. Corliss, Plymouth
- 120. Meritt W. Crumble, Plymouth
- 121. Clyde Eckles, Northville
- 108. Roy A. Fisher, Plymouth
- 122. Erres C. Fisher, Plymouth
- 123. Hazen Fisher, Plymouth
- 173. Arthur J. Gots, Northville
- 169. Lynn Griffin, Plymouth
- 164. Owen, Plymouth
- 147. Carl B. Hunt, Northville
- 37. Frank E. Henderson, Northville
- 34. Davis B. Hillmer, Plymouth
- 142. Harry Jackson, Northville
- 111. Glenn M. Jewell, Plymouth
- 104. Edward Jarsky, Plymouth
- 107. Walter Koss, Plymouth
- 124. Demitri P. Kolpack, Plymouth
- 163. Albert E. H. Kuster, Plymouth
- 2. Frank Casper, Northville
- 156. Raymond A. Lyndon, Plymouth
- 45. Donald H. Ladd, Plymouth
- 193. Elmer D. Mondé, Plymouth
- 123. Harry F. Morris, Northville
- 148. Lee Roy H. Reiman, Plymouth
- 135. William Rooney, Northville
- 14. Vito Raymond, Plymouth
- 138. Jay D. Simpson, Northville
- 67. Carl Strasen, Jr., Plymouth
- 5. Budd H. Shepko, Plymouth
- 51. Allen B. Tillotson, Plymouth
- 94. Joseph H. Vroman, Northville
- 145. Harold G. White, Northville
- 100. Clayton E. Walker, Northville
- 79. Jacob F. Washbock, Plymouth

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The price on Gas Coke will advance June 20, 50c per ton, making the price \$10.00 per ton, delivered in Northville; Coke to be paid for when order is given.

PLYMOUTH & NORTHVILLE GAS COMPANY

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.
- Bia Paris, France
- Bryan, Karl—Headquarters Co. Band, U. S. N. G., A. E. F.
- Brown, Frank—V. Coast Artillery Corps, C. 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—Co. A, Field Hospital Service, Fort Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.
- Curtiss, Sylvanus—Marines, Paris Island, S. C.
- Cran, Chester—Co. F, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.
- Casterline, Orrin, Sergt., Eng., Camp Custer, A. E. F.
- Dixon, Ross M.—502 Aero Squadron, Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida.
- Dubas, Carroll—Enlisted Ordnance Corps, A. A., Augusta, Ga.
- Dubue, James F.—First Sergt., Expeditionary Forces.
- DesAutels, Raymond C.—Cadet, Park Field, Millington, Memphis, Tenn.
- DesAutels, Leo A.—Co. K, Reg. 4, Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.
- Ely, Tracy, Sergt.—Eng., A. E. F.
- Fox, Walter—Co. H, 1st Inf., A. E. F.
- Foss, Paul—Co. L, 335th Inf., Barracks 684, Camp Custer.
- Foss, Wm.—Co. M, Public Works, Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill.
- Filkins, Harlan G.—326 Bn., Co. C, Light Tanks, Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.
- Garfield, Truman—Attached R. F. C., Toulumere, Royston Herst, England.
- Green, Lloyd—C. C., U. S. M. G. Bn., American E. F.
- Girardin, Louis—Battleship Brooklyn, via N. Y.
- Greene, Norton T.—Co. D, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.
- Holton, Charles—Co. 10, Ft. Story, C. A. C., Cape Henry, C. B. Va.
- Hall, Frank N.
- Hill, Lon O.—Co. D, 340th Inf., Camp Custer.
- Henry Thomas H. Major—Edgewood, Md. Supt. Sanitary construction work.
- Hall, Lon O.—Co. 5, 2nd Bn., 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, 125th Inf., Camp McArthur, Texas.
- Jones, Wm. T., Sergeant—Co. A, 329th M. G. Bn., Camp Custer.
- Johnson, Edward, Corporal—175th Aero Sq., Payne Field, West Point, Miss.
- Johnson, Ben R.—Medical Corps, L. C. F., Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.
- Kidd, Archie—A. E. F.
- Kyzer, James D.—Corporal—328 Headquarters Co. Field Art., Camp Custer.
- Kyzer, Ass. B.—Co. 11, 3rd Reg., M. M. S. C. Camp Green, N. C.
- Klein, Homer.
- Lapham, Luther B.—11th Co. 3rd Replacment Bn., Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.
- Lyke, Ralph—Co. A, 2nd Bn., Heavy Tank Service, Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.
- Langford, Conrad—Sergt., 1st Medical Supply, Dept. Camp Meade.
- Limbright, Robert A.—238 Aero Sq., Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.
- Lanning, Orrin—Division 11, care Postmaster, Fortres Monroe, Va. Battleship Michigan.
- Montgomery, Earl—Co. F, 310th Eng., Barracks 404, Camp Custer.
- Murphy, Chas. F., 2nd Lieut., F. A. O. R. C., American Expeditionary Forces.
- Macomson, Leo—Co. E, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.
- McArthur, Edward—Co. 323th Field Artillery, Camp Custer.
- Miles, Charles—Elbridge—Chaufeur, Co. E, 55th Tel. Bn., Sig. Corps, A. E. F.
- Moyer, John—L. P. S. Hospital, Ft. Barry, Calif.
- Newman, Alan—19th Rec. Squadron Aviation Section, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas.
- Perkins, Peter L.—Eng. Reg band, A. E. F.
- Ransom, Louis F.—51st Co. Marine Barracks, Paris Island, S. C.
- Raymond, Fred—F. S., San Domingo, care Postmaster, N. Y.
- Ryder, Ralph W.—Battery D, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
- Roche, Barney, Eng., A. E. F.
- Roche, James—Eng., A. E. F.
- Richmond, Harold—24th Co., 2. N. Prov. Reg., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Simmons, George, Sergeant—Co. E, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.
- Salow, Ed.—160th Depot Brigade, Mod. Dept., Camp Custer.
- Schultz, Charles—Co. K, Motor Mechanics, Signal Corps, A. E. F.
- Stage, L. D.—Bldg. 1503, Base Hospital, Camp Custer.
- Simpson, Fay—Truck Co. 4, American E. F., France.
- Stimmons, Harry M.—24th Co., 2nd

- Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Stuart, Harold—24th Co., 2nd Prov. Regt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Spencer, James—2nd Lieut., 2nd Replacment Camp, Camp Lee, Va.
- Thomas, Ira—Ordnance Corps, A. E. F.
- Teshka, Herman—Co. E, 126th Inf., A. E. F., via N. Y.
- Tibbitts, J. Harold—A. E. F.
- Barracks 241, U. S. Navy Yard
- Thompson, Clarence—Motor Amb. Co. 35, Camp Greenleaf Annex, Chica-manga Park, Ga.
- Van Valkenburg, Carl D.—Medical Dpt., Taylor Field, Montgomery, Ala.
- VanStickle, Harry—Co. 4, 1st Bn. 160 Depot Brigade, Camp Custer.
- VanValkenburg, Lawrence M.—Bugler, League Island, Philadelphia.
- VanValkenburg, Milo T.—Co. B, 6th Eng., Camp Laurel, Md.
- Whaler, Foster—Co. F, 10th Bn., 20th Engineers, Camp American University, Arcadia, 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.

Stanley Kestell who has enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserves, is home from the Michigan Agricultural College on a vacation. He is allowed to finish his college course before entering active service for Uncle Sam.

Word comes from Peter Perkins and Elbridge Miles that they have had the good fortune to meet in far-away France. It goes without saying that the two Northville boys were "some tickled" to see each other.

Bert Balch of Detroit, who recently enlisted in the navy, visited his mother and other relatives here the first of the week, leaving Wednesday morning for the Great Lakes Training Station.

Mrs. J. E. Ellsworth of the Northville school faculty is receiving a visit from her husband, Sergeant Ellsworth, who is here on a four days' furlough from Camp Custer.

The Record's honor roll now contains 88 names, with several more to add when we are given the correct addresses. Three new names are added this week.

Frank Brown of the U. S. Navy notifies his home folks that he has arrived on the other side of the Atlantic ocean.

C. D. Kigour writes Northville friends that he is greatly enjoying military life at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia.

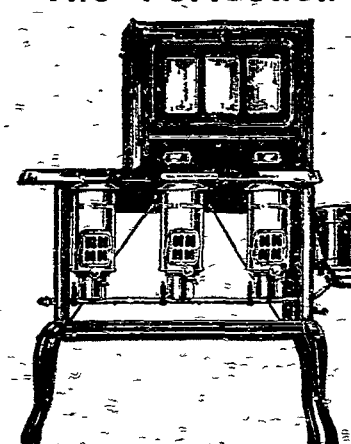
HOW TO PRONOUNCE SOME OF THE FRENCH NAMES.

- Aisne, ain.
- Oise, wax.
- Amiens, amee-on.
- Soissons, swas-on.
- Belleau, bellow.
- Chateau-Thierry, shah-toe-teery.
- Gureq, Oork.
- Ypres, eep't.
- Beauvais, bovy.
- Bethune, baytun.
- Briey, bree.
- Chaumes, shone.
- Groisler, krowen.
- Fresnes-en-Woevre, fram-on-wowr.
- Haumont, ohmon.
- Le Quesnel, lur-kanwah.
- Ligny, lee-yee.
- Marconing, mark-wahn.
- Manterg, mayv.
- Metziers, mayzyr.
- Nesle, nail.
- Neully, nyree.
- Nismes, neen.
- Pierrefonds, pearfon.
- Poitiers, pwai-teers.
- Reims, mousson, nwan-tah-moozon.
- Quatre-Bras, katr-uah.
- Rocroi, rokrowah.
- Roulers, roolay.
- Roisel, rwahzel.
- Roubaix, roohay.
- Role, rwah.
- Saint-Quentin, san kantan.
- Senlis, san leas.
- Soissons, solaim.
- Suippes, sweep.
- Thunetourt, teen-koor.
- Tongres, tongr.
- Tourcoing, too kwah.
- Versailles, versey.
- Vervin, vervan.
- Artois, artwa.
- Vosges, vosh.
- Yser, eesr.

THE "HOE ARMY."

Report comes from the M. A. C. that fifty thousand Michigan boys and girls in 36 different towns and cities are raising crops this summer under an organized system of operations. Many thousands besides these are of course at work, not officially reported. This "Army of the Hoe" is almost double what it was last year.

"The Perfection" A DANGER SIGNAL



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.

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 "Pyrex" with which kills insects, stops fungus 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.

Hartford Automobile Tires—Automobile Accessories

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

The man with money knows that one dollar at a time will build a fortune; one stick at a time makes a cord.

He didn't expect to make a whole fortune at once. But he began with a little deposit in the bank and piled up a fortune almost before he knew it.

Look at the man today who said nothing and "saved wood" a few years ago.

Put YOUR money in OUR bank. We pay 3% interest.

Northville State Savings Bank

APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR GRADUATION AND COMMENCEMENT—the event that means so much to your boy or girl. You're proud of them. You have every reason to be, for they have accomplished something worth while, and their effort should be recognized.

So important an occasion should never be allowed to pass with mere commendation. Make them a worth-while gift—some tangible gift that will show them how proud you are of their achievement—something they will keep for years as a memento of their accomplishment.

FOR THE BOY You can choose from Cameras, Fountain Pens, Military Brushes, Shaving Sets, Safety Razors, Flashlights, Bill Folds, etc.

FOR THE GIRL Appropriate gifts would be Manicure Sets, Brush and Comb Sets, Cameras, Stationery, Toilet Waters, Ivory Toilet Articles, Fine Perfumes, Mirrors, etc.

Why not buy the gift today? We will be glad to assist you in your selection and offer a large assortment for your choosing.

A. E. STANLEY
The REXALL Store. NORTHVILLE.

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

MASSACRE THE MITES



In This Kind of Yard the Ground Is Likely to Become So Hard That There Will Be No Available Dust Bath for the Hens, Unless Artificially Provided.

VERMIN CONSUME MUCH GOOD FOOD

Comparatively Simple Measures Will Keep Flock Free From Lice and Mites.

DUST BATH OF IMPORTANCE

Fresh Air, Sunlight and Frequent Cleaning Will Assist Materially in Keeping Parasites Away—Treat Hens Individually.

The back-yard poultry keeper in common with others must bear in mind the fact that chickens will not give adequate returns in eggs or growth if they are permitted to be infested with lice and mites. Probability of such infestation is largely eliminated by providing in the poultry house adequate air space, lighting, ventilation, and frequent cleaning. These things, however, cannot be wholly relied upon to prevent either lice or mites.

A readily available dust bath, more than any other single thing, perhaps, enables the chickens themselves to get rid of lice and mites. If such a place is not available in the yard, a box large enough for hens to get into should be provided in the house and a quantity of dust, such as ordinary road dust or fine dirt, placed in it to allow the hens a place to dust themselves.

Use Sodium Fluoride.

To rid the hens of lice, each one can be treated by placing small pinches of sodium fluoride, a material which can be obtained at most large drug stores, among the feathers next to the skin—one pinch on the head, one on the neck, two on the back, one on the breast, one below the vent one at the base of the tail, one at either thigh, and one scattered on the underside of each wing when spread. Another method is to use a small quantity of blue ointment, a piece about as large as a pea on the skin one inch below the vent. If mercurial ointment is used instead of blue ointment, it should be diluted with an equal quantity of vaseline. Any of these methods will be found very effective in ridding the hens of lice and should be employed whenever the lice become troublesome. Two or three applications a year usually prove sufficient.

Mites Most Harmful.

Mites are more troublesome and more harmful than lice. They do not live upon the birds like the lice, but during the day hide in the cracks and crevices of the roosts and walls of the house, and at night they come out and get upon the fowls. They suck the hen's blood, and if allowed to become plentiful—as they certainly will if not destroyed—will seriously affect her health and consequently her ability to lay eggs. They may be eradicated by a few thorough applications of kerosene or some of the coal-tar products which are sold for this purpose, or crude petroleum to the interior of the poultry house. The commercial coal-tar products are more expensive, but retain their killing power longer, and they may be cheapened by reducing with an equal part of kerosene. Crude petroleum will spray better if thinned with one part of kerosene to four parts of the crude oil. Both the crude petroleum and the coal-tar products should be strained before attempting to spray. One must be sure that the spray reaches all of the cracks and crevices, giving especial attention to the roosts, dropping boards, and nests, and the treatment should be repeated two or three times at intervals of a week or ten days.

Co-operation in Egg Saving.

The United States department of agriculture is promoting a plan for co-operation for the common good between producers and consumers in the matter of keeping summer-laid eggs for winter use. The plan is to have, as nearly as possible, every farmer and poultry keeper in the United States preserve, for home use only, one case—30 dozen—of eggs, and to sell one case to a nearby consumer to preserve. This plan, when put in operation, the department believes, will produce three beneficial results. First, it will con-

serve supplies. Second, it will equalize distribution. Third, it will stabilize prices. The water-glass method of preservation is recommended, or where water glass cannot be obtained, the lime-water method. You can secure full information about the plan from your state agricultural college or from the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

GAS FRITZ IN HENHOUSE.

You were appealed to, for the sake of your country's needs, to grow more poultry. You have grown more poultry. Now, the object in having more poultry grown was not to furnish more feed for lice and mites. If you allow the vermin to flourish, they will consume not only the chicken meat that ought to release other meats for the soldiers overseas, but they will shut off the egg supply. Hens infested with lice and mites will not produce eggs in summer.

Getting rid of the pests is a fairly simple matter. Lime around house and yard, a dust bath for the hens, plenty of sunlight and air, a little chemical treatment for any hens that may have become infested—that's all.

Drudgery? Well, while you are sipping lime around or putting pinches of powder into the feathers of a hen, just play like you are gassing Germans. It amounts to that, in the long run.

The United States department of agriculture will furnish detailed information as to how to do it.

Study to Serve.

Poultry keeping, although a comparatively simple undertaking, will be successful in direct proportion to the study and labor which are expended upon it. There is an abundance of good material on the subject, but "Back-Yard Poultry Keeping" (Farmers' Bulletin 539), a recent publication of the United States department of agriculture, contains all the general directions needed to make a start. It tells how to overcome the objections to keeping poultry in the city, what kinds of fowls to keep, the size of the flock computed according to the size of the back yard, gives definite instructions as to the best kinds of chicken houses to build, with bill of materials for same, directions as to feeding the fowls, hatching and raising chicks, prevention of diseases and pests, and many other matters essential to the success of the undertaking. Another helpful bulletin of a general character is "Hints to Poultry Raisers" (Farmers' Bulletin 528). This gives a great deal of useful and authoritative information within a very small compass.

Houses and Nests.

If a better grade of housing is desired than that afforded by piano boxes and packing cases, full directions may be obtained from "Poultry House Construction" (Farmers' Bulletin 574). If one desires to keep records of the egg production of the individual hens, trap nests are a great convenience. These nests are so arranged that the hen is confined after entering until released by an attendant. Full directions for making them are contained in Farmers' Bulletin 682, entitled "A Simple Trap Nest for Poultry."

Choice of a Variety.

Successful poultrymen agree that the male at the head of the flock should always be pure bred, even if the whole flock is not. Certain breeds are best for egg production, and certain others for meat production, while still another class contains the general-purpose breeds. These classes are carefully described and illustrated in two bulletins of the department of agriculture, "Standard Varieties of Chickens" (Farmers' Bulletin 804 and 898).

Guineas are marketed late in the summer, when they weigh from 1 to 1½ pounds at about two and one-half months of age, and also throughout the fall, when the demand is for heavier birds.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Some fast is selfish and indolent, but reading, which is neither selfish nor indolent, is the best of all rest. What pleasure can equal it? And out of it what profit comes for the reader and from him—Robert E. Spear.

ARE YOU SAVING?

The old Scotch quotation should often come to mind these days: "Many a mickle makes a muckle." "We must not be penny wise and pound foolish" for we should have recreation, play-times, and vacations; our health and mentality as well as good looks require it; but do we need to spend as a nation \$450,000,000 a year for the movies?

Let us go to fewer moving-picture shows and buy Thrift Stamps instead. Do we need, as an American nation, to spend \$50,000,000 yearly for rum, and \$200,000,000 for candy, \$800,000,000 for tobacco, and \$2,000,000,000 for liquor? Think of spending 32 cents per capita for liquor and only six cents for milk, the food that will keep our babies alive, who are dying by the thousands each year from lack of proper care.

It is only by each person sharing the burden and saving his share that our government will be able to provide for the expense of this war. We are required to go without certain foodstuffs to save wheat, meat, fat and sugar, but how many Americans are really going without until it hurts?

We must scrape the cake and bread bowl, save by paring very thinly the vegetables and fruits we use, scrape out each eggshell with a teaspoon as it is broken.

The outer leaves of lettuce, either the head or remainder, may be rolled and shredded with a sharp knife, and may be used as a garnish for salads or in salads. When you can save a cent on a five or ten-cent purchase it is a saving of 20 or 10 per cent, which we consider a large rate of interest. When eggs reach the lowest price is the time to put them down for winter. Use a pint of water glass to every ten quarts of boiled gooseberry. Use a stone receptacle and pack them carefully, not to crack one egg. Cover the jar and keep in a cool place. Eggs thus packed will keep a year perfectly.

Eggs are not likely to be as cheap as usual this year, as food is so high. Even at 35 cents a dozen it will be profitable to pack them.

Forget thyself, console the sadness
Thine own shall then depart.
And songs of joy like heavenly birds,
shall I hear thee,
And dwell within thy heart.

INVITING FOODS FOR THE INVALID.

We have been told so many times that all foods which are served to an invalid should be made as attractive as possible for daintiness in service is a great aid to a fickle appetite. An orange in its natural state is pleasing to most of us but to the fruit invalid the sight of the dainty pulp with all the connecting tissue removed, placed in a glass dish or served in a long-stemmed glass, the fruit dusted with powdered sugar, will be far more appealing.

Baked apples, stewed pears, baked pears or bananas, figs, dates and fresh berries when they agree with the digestion, are all most palatable. Cantaloupes which is scored off by small teaspoonfuls, sprinkled with a bit of salt or sugar and served in a pretty glass cup or dish, is much more dainty than when served in halves or sections. Watermelon may be served in small balls, using a potato cutter.

Custards of various kinds are all for the sick one; the more eggs they contain the more nourishing they are. Junkets of various flavors are also good, and when topped with a spoonful of whipped cream make a most satisfying dessert. In all desserts using milk or eggs the freshest and best are always to be used; the slightest suggestion of any flavor not just right will be more quickly noted by the patient than it would be the case in health.

Plain ice creams are invaluable as refreshments in case of fever and when the throat is sore or inflamed. The patient is not only refreshed but also nourished by the frozen dish which slips down with so little effort. Soups and broths are foods which help digestion and are valuable as food also.

Meats of different kinds, subject to the order of the physician, should be well cooked; chicken is especially good and because of its short fiber it is easily digested. Small quantities well and daintily served will not often be refused.

Sponge cakes are the best for invalids, and all puddings should be of the simplest kinds. Gelatin in various flavors will add variety; tapioca, rice and cornstarch are good when well cooked.

Nellie Maxwell

What's the Use?
What's the use of growling about it? You don't like a growling puppy.

Now Comes Commencement Day



Vacation is near and already prepared for with colored wash dresses, bloomers and blouse suits for play and work outdoors, in gingham and flannel, serviceable cottons. And now comes commencement day with teachers everywhere recommending the simplest of frocks for these exhibition days, because these are war times. But when one is about to graduate with ceremony into or out of fractions and other difficult things of school life one is entitled to consideration. Usually the young person from eight to twelve or so has very decided ideas as to wherewithal she shall be clothed and mothers are inclined to make concessions when the great last day of school comes round.

Even a little girl may be allowed the splendor of silk in a frock that is simply made like that shown at the left of the picture above. It is of taffeta, which is best suited to children, in a light sand color, with collar and cuffs of white organdie and it is cut in one of those little jacket effects which have so much style. The frock

buttons over at the front with four large pearl buttons and is no more pretentious than one of gingham so far as design is concerned. It is a splendid model for the plump little girl who cannot wear furbelows.

Next to it is a little dress of white voile with bands of light blue organdie set in at the yoke and neck and down the front. It is very likely to catch the admiring eyes of mothers and little daughters for it has rows of beading between shirtings that allow narrow blue velvet ribbon to be run through. The sleeves are three-quarter length and there is a wide tuck above the three-inch hem.

Both these dresses will give good service and prove equal to any summer festivities that may happen along in the long vacation. Great attention has been given to design in children's dresses this season and the work of specialists is evident in displays of inexpensive wash dresses sold ready-made for so little that it is hardly worth while to make them.

New Departures in Millinery



One must be thoroughly versed in the art of millinery to recognize all the gradations in the several types of hats. It is getting a little difficult for the amateur to classify them, but the expert places each hat at a glance. This variation of the different types gives more room than ever for the exercise of individual taste and discrimination, but in classifying the new hats we must take the expert's word for it.

With this explanation the statement that the large hat shown at the left of the picture above belongs among sport hats, may stand a chance of being believed. This is a sport hat de luxe, that is, a dressy hat that reflects sports styles. It has made its appearance along with sport skirts of heavy, high-luster satins and sleeveless velvet coats. A new name is needed for this particular kind of apparel in which women lend countenance to sports. A very handsome French hat of this kind was made by covering a large shape of grass-green cocoanut braid with flowered chiffon in gay colors and patterns that resemble cretonne. The chiffon is stretched over the crown and upper brim smoothly. About the hat there are small clusters of green oats, little crabapples and blackberries, set at the base of the crown.

At the right of the picture a saho shape with leghorn brim and tuscan crown is trimmed with a fancy feather made of partly burnt and partly natural ostrich. The shape proclaims a

street hat and its trimming lifts it into the plane of semidress hats that are so highly useful. The small tuscan hat with its sash of ribbon and facing of crepe supports a huge ostrich pom-pom that is splendid enough for any state occasion. We do not need the word of an expert to decide that this is a dress hat pure and simple, more accurately described as pure and complex.

Julia Bottomley

Shapes Are Novel.

The simpler the parasol, the smarter it is. Prevailing shapes are very novel, few, indeed, following the lines of the old-time umbrella. The handles are of medium length with wrist loops or rings, which make them easy to carry. An artistic affair is of rose-colored taffeta effectively trimmed with ruffles of self material.

Beaded Beads.

Evening scarfs of net and georgette are edged with embroidery of beads of various colors. Iridescent beads give a brilliant effect on some of the white scarfs. Really opalescent tones may be produced by the skillful manipulating of these iridescent beads. Bead fringes on handbags of velvet, as well as on those made entirely of beads, are effective. One attractive bag consists of a series of bead fringes from top to bottom.

FINDS IT EASY TO BE A "WOMAN"

Mexican Poses as Fair Cloak Model and Dupes Many Lovers:

HAS MANY PICTURES

Mementoes of Conquests Held by "Gertrude" Who Finds Build Better Fitted for Feminine Than Masculine Robes.

El Paso, Tex.—The most remarkable case of masquerading on record is that credited to "Gertrude" Garcia, twenty-three years old and of Mexican parentage, who successfully gulled department managers of San Francisco, El Paso, Tex., and other cities; beguiled scores of lovers; hoodwinked the police and even posed as a cloak model in exclusive women's establishments, demonstrating how easy it is for clothes to make the woman.

But "Gertrude" failed to fool one man, Immigration Inspector E. M. Maxwell, on duty at the international bridge at El Paso, when he attempted to come across the American boundary from Juarez with a passport signed "Maria" Garcia. A dazzling frock, high-heeled shoes, the latest twist in coiffures, penciled brows, jet ear pendents and a "stray" dimple were not sufficient "camouflage" to fool the keen-eyed inspector, and "Gertrude" and two of her latest admirers and dupes were turned back.

Garcia's Amazing Dual Life. The exposure brought to light the amazing dual life led by Gertrude Garcia, born in Zacatecas, Mex., who first entered the United States in the guise of a woman in 1915, accompanied by a man who posed as her husband. Garcia's face is as smooth as a child's. It never has known a razor. His habits, physiognomy, deportment and appearance are those of a woman. His hands are small and tapering and he walks with a feminine stride, due probably to the constant wearing of high-heeled shoes, examining physicians state.

"It will be difficult for 'Gertrude' to make a living as a man," was the report of immigration service physicians, "because of the peculiar mannerisms



"Gertrude" Failed to Fool One Man.

and feminine characteristics which his constant pose as a woman for many years have developed to a marked degree." His hair, which he wears like a woman, extends far below the waist, when taken down. It never has been cut.

Mexican Had Many Admirers.

Trunks which Garcia attempted to get across the Mexican border at the time he was apprehended contained quantities of feminine attire. They also contained pictures of many men, who, Garcia explained with a smile, had been admirers of his and who never had penetrated his disguise. Garcia told the immigration officials that many of his conquests were made while he was posing as a cloak model in shops at El Paso, San Diego and San Francisco.

SPARROW HAWK GETS CANARY

Yellow-Feathered Songster Escapes in City From Cage and Falls Prey to Hawk.

San Francisco.—A Chinese woman and her three little children came marching proudly up Kearny street. They carried a cage and a canary. At Commercial street the door of the cage came open and the bird flew out. It lighted on a wire overhead. Pedestrians gathered around and helped the woman and the children try to coax it down.

The canary hopped about and defied them for a while. Then all of a sudden it fluttered down toward the walk. But it was not quick enough. Before it alighted a sparrow hawk swooped down from somewhere and grabbed it. There was a squeak and a flutter of wings almost within reach of the people on the sidewalk. Then the hawk with its prey flew down Commercial street and was gone.

It's Class.
"Divorce is a sort of telephonic disconnection."
"How so?"
"Isn't it a ring off?"

Continuous.
"They used to stop a battle for breakfast."
"Now they don't even halt for the Saturday night bath."

An Expert.
Mr. Shears (in a jeweler's shop buying diamonds)—I wish my husband were here.
Jeweler—Is he an authority on diamonds, madam?
Mrs. Shears—Not exactly; he is an editor, and knows paste whenever he sees it.—Pearson's

Pleasing Hubby.
Butcher—What cut, madam?
She—One from the lower part of the animal, please. Hubby says most of your cuts are too high.—Judge

The Reel Thing.
Patience—Who's the guy I see with you at the movies every week?
Patrice—Isn't he the "goods," though?
"He's not so bad. But tell me, who is he?"
"Why, he's my reel steady."

Absent Minded.
Grocer—That long-haired man who just went out must be a music crank.
Customer—Why do you think so?
Grocer—He insisted that I only give him four cents in the measure.

Conjugal Harmony.
"They say Will and his wife have tastes unusually in common."
"Yes; today I met them going downtown, she shopping for tub suits, and he to a wash sale."

Soothe Itching Skins.
With Cuticura. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply the Ointment. This usually affords relief and points to speedy healing. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Cause for Pessimism.
Ted—I wouldn't feel so downhearted about it. A woman has been known to change her mind.
Ned—But she's much more likely to do it after she has said, "Yes," than when she has told you "No."—Judge

Lives 200 Years!

For more than 200 years, Haarlem Oil, the famous national remedy of Holland, has been recognized as an infallible relief from all forms of kidney and bladder disorders. Its very age is proof that it must have unusual merit.

If you are troubled with pains or aches in the back, feel tired in the morning, headaches, indigestion, insomnia, painful or too frequent passage of urine, irritation or stone in the bladder, you will almost certainly find relief in GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the good old remedy that has stood the test for hundreds of years, prepared in the proper quantity and consistent form to take. It is imported direct from Holland laboratories, and you can get it at any drug store. It is a standard, old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. Each capsule contains one dose of five drops and is pleasant and easy to take. They will quickly relieve the stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. Your money promptly refunded if they do not relieve you. But be sure to get the genuine GOLD MEDAL brand. In boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

Just a Matter of Place.
The conversation at a social gathering turned to the subject of domestic arguments when this story was fittingly related by Congressman James A. Gallivan of Massachusetts.

One morning a hard-favored individual, carrying a grip, entered a city bank and approached the window of the paying teller.

"I want one thousand dollars," said the man in a low voice. "Give it to me at once or I will drop this grip on the floor."

"You will, will you?" responded the paying teller. "What's in it?"

"Dynamite," answered the other, "and in one minute you will be going through the roof."

"Let her drop," was the careless rejoinder of the teller. "I have forgotten something that I was told to get for my wife and I might as well have the explosion here as at home."

Kept Busy.
Bacon—How many buttons has your wife on the back of her dress?
Egbert—Gracious! I don't ask me, for I don't know!

"Why don't you know? You've buttoned it up often enough to know, I should think."

"But when I've been buttoning it up I've been too busy to count the number of buttons."

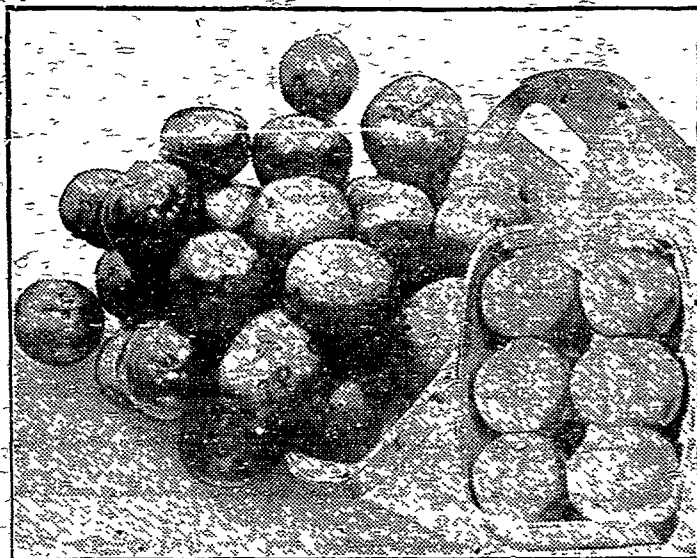
Swedes will colonize one of the South sea islands owned by France.

Some people make a virtue of necessity as a last resort.

Our Part in Feeding the Nation

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

PLANT DISEASES AT MARKETS



This Excellent Food Has Been Converted Into Waste by Disease Germs Whose Ravages Could Have Been Prevented.

MEASURES TAKEN TO PREVENT LOSS

Inspectors Detect Diseased Vegetables and Fruit Arriving at Destination.

COUNTY AGENT IS NOTIFIED

Selling Value of Inferior Product Is Decreased When Arriving at Market—Steps Taken to Combat Various Disorders.

To check the loss from plant diseases in shipments—which also means a loss of time, labor, material, and transportation—the food products inspectors of the bureau of markets stationed in most of the large receiving centers now keep close watch for plant diseases on fruits and vegetables arriving on the markets.

Bad Product Not Wanted.
Diseased fruits and vegetables are not wanted in the markets any more than on the farm, and when carlot shipments arrive showing evidence of plant diseases their selling value is decreased even if none of the produce must be thrown away. Sometimes, in the case of very perishable crops, like berries or lettuce, there are serious losses of food because the shipments carried plant diseases when loaded. While no shipper would knowingly load badly infected fruits or vegetables, such produce may reach the markets in poor condition because the diseases were present when loaded and developed in transit. This is especially true where shipments are made without providing proper ventilation or refrigeration.

Steps to Combat Disease.
Whenever shipments of produce suffering from plant diseases arrive the inspectors immediately notify the shipper, and through the pathologists of the department of agriculture the county agent in the locality where the diseased shipment originated is instructed to take steps to combat the disease.

Although the inspection service has been in operation only a few months as a part of the general inspection work of the department in certifying to shippers the condition of carlot shipments as they arrive at markets, already it has resulted in the detection of diseases in many shipments, and has aided growers and plant pathologists of the department in controlling the outbreaks of diseases and preventing their spreading to other sections of the country.

Shortage of Harvest Labor.

Of all the agricultural labor problems confronting the farmers of the country at this time, probably the most serious is that of getting enough help to harvest the wheat crop. In normal times there was a shifting population of from 30,000 to 50,000 men who followed the harvest season from the South to the North of the wheat belt. Floating labor is no longer available to any such great extent, and the matter of harvest labor, always a problem, is now a more serious one. Mr. E. E. Frizell, the department of agriculture's farm help specialist for Kansas, recently wrote: "After full and complete investigation, I am free to say that the farmers of Kansas will not be able to save the wheat crop unless they can get help from some of the surrounding states." What is true of Kansas is probably true of most of the other wheat states. The department of agriculture and the department of labor, with fairly adequate funds available, are using their best efforts to solve the problem, which they undoubtedly will do. But the city people of the states involved, by proper organization and co-operation, can help a great deal. If they care at all for more wheat bread and less war bread

during the next 12 months, they will help a great deal. If their patriotism is at all manifest, not to say militant, they will help a great deal. For the nation to mature a wheat crop and then fail to harvest it would be exactly as bad policy as for the government to mobilize and train an army and then poison it.

PLANT FOOD DISEASES

You know something of how the United States department of Agriculture protects America's 100,000,000 consumers against diseased animal products.

Do you know that the department is just as vigilant in protecting the same consumers against diseased vegetable products?

That, anyhow, is true. But do not be too conceited over what the department is doing for you.

The department is interested in the consumer as an individual—in his personal welfare, in seeing that he has good, wholesome foods.

But it is also interested in the population en masse—in seeing that everybody gets ENOUGH food.

Diseased vegetable products, of course, are not good for the individual. But there is another element. When vegetables are allowed to become diseased, in transit or otherwise, and have to be thrown away, the total supply of available food is reduced by just that much, and somebody has to do some more scrambling.

Those are the two reasons why the United States department of agriculture devotes a good deal of attention to protecting vegetable foods against diseases found at markets.

To Aid Man Power.

Prof. G. I. Christie, assistant to Secretary of Agriculture Houston, recently pointed out some striking illustrations of how the available labor supply could be used to much better advantage if supplemented by machinery. Of how some labor is not fully utilized because machinery is not used. On one farm in the corn belt he saw two strong men, each with a team of horses and a single moldboard plow, following each other around the field. On an adjoining farm a seven-year-old boy, driving four horses to a two-furrow plow, was doing as much and better work. On one farm two men with two horses to a wagon were spreading manure with forks. On an adjoining farm one man with three horses to a manure spreader was accomplishing a larger amount of work in a more efficient way. For lack of proper machinery the labor of one of the men plowing and one of the men scattering manure was thrown away. Professor Christie points out that during the rest of the season farmers can handle their work with a materially reduced number of men if they avail themselves of such things as the double cutaway harrow, wide cutter bar of mower and binder, sheaf carrier on the grain harvester, tractor, haying tools, milking machine.

Your County Agent.

Do not forget that there is a sort of deputy secretary of agriculture who is always ready to help you with your poultry problems. He is the farm demonstrator for the United States department of agriculture. He is commonly known as "the county agent." If there are young people in your household he would no doubt like to enroll them in the clubs for poultry raising which are carried on in most of the states. He is a good man to get in touch with—and to keep in touch with.

Thorough cultivation in the garden is of much greater value than artificial watering.

The DAIRY



TROUBLE IN MAKING BUTTER

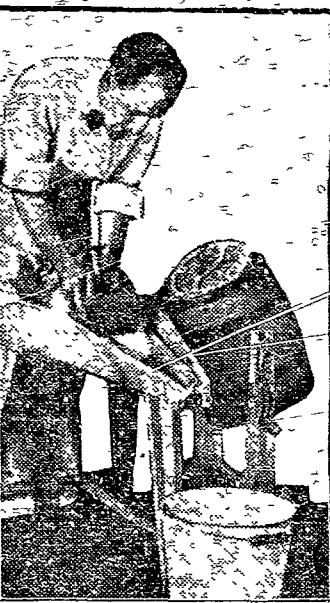
Churning Is Sometimes Prolonged for Several Hours Without Obtaining Product.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The farm buttermaker sometimes fails to obtain butter after churning the usual length of time. In fact, the churning is sometimes prolonged for several hours without obtaining butter. The causes of the difficulty, together with the remedies, are as follows:

1. Churning temperature too low. It may be necessary, under exceptional conditions, to raise it to between 65 and 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

2. Cream too thin or too rich. It should contain about 30 per cent butyrfat.



Printing Butter.

3. Cream too sweet. If ripened to a moderate acidity it will churn more easily.

4. Churn too full. In order to obtain the maximum concussion the churn should not be more than one-third full.

5. Ropy fermentation of the cream prevents concussion. This may be prevented by sterilizing all the utensils and producing the milk and cream under the most sanitary conditions. If additional measures are needed, the pasteurization of the cream, with subsequent protection from contamination, and ripening it with a good starter will be effective.

6. Individuality of the cow. The only remedy is to obtain cream from a cow recently fresh or cream that is known to churn easily, and before ripening mix it with the cream that is difficult to churn.

7. The cow being far advanced in the period of lactation. The effects may be at least partially overcome by adding, before ripening, some cream from a cow that is not far advanced in the period of lactation.

8. Feeds that produce hard fat. Such feeds are cottonseed meal and timothy hay. Linseed meal, gluten feed, and succulent feeds, such as silage and roots tend to overcome the condition.

DISEASES OF DAIRY CATTLE

Production of Milk Can Be Materially Increased by Preventing Many Disorders.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In an effort to maintain or increase our live stock supplies, the reduction of the toll taken by disease should not be overlooked. There are a large number of diseases which are very common and which seriously affect the dairy industry. Among these are contagious abortion, tuberculosis, infectious garget, cowpox, cattle-tick fever, etc., which in the past have greatly reduced the milk production of our herds.

Tradition has it that in remedying these conditions the value of preventing and combating disease is in the ratio of 16 to 1; in other words, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." As a matter of fact this estimate is too low; probably 100 to 1 would be much nearer the truth. In spite of this fact, however, preventive measures are not so well known or so effective that disease can always be prevented.

In dealing with contagious diseases the basic principle of prevention is to keep carriers of infection away from the herd. Next in importance is maintaining the surroundings in a sanitary condition. Following this, the animal's natural resistance to disease should be increased by natural and occasionally by artificial means. Ordinarily, disease stalks about the country only in the bodies of diseased animals or attached to some intermediate object

The Reason.
"This letter from your son is very short."
"Naturally. So was he when he wrote it."

Friendship that you have to buy is dear at any price.

Sufficient Reason.
Mamma—"Why, Tommie, you look quite pale!"
Tommie—"Yes ma; I've washed my face twice today!"

There is surely something wrong with the man if religion makes a pessimist of him.

What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-Good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Steals EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

Cures Him— Comes Back and Pays For It
It's the Acid Test of Man and Eatonic They Both Win!

It takes a big man to stand up and say "I am wrong and willing to do right," and it is needless to say that this poor sufferer will not wait for EATONIC so long as he lives. To stomach sufferers and those not getting full strength out of their food, suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, bloaty, gassy feeling after eating, stomach distress of any kind, we say, Go get a box of EATONIC today, use it according to the directions and you will know what real stomach comfort means. Ten of thousands all over the land are using EATONIC and testifying to its power to heal. If you suffer another day it is your own fault.

EATONIC costs little—a cent or two a day. Buy EATONIC from your druggist.

Send for the "Help" Book, Address Eaton's Remedy Co., 1111-1113 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Most Startling Endorsement Ever Published

Mr. A. W. Cramer, Registered Pharmacist and Druggist of Plano, Illinois, writes under date of December 1915:

"Gentlemen:—The following incident which happened in my place of business I know will be of great interest to you. I hope, of great benefit to humanity, morally and physically. I keep a quantity of EATONIC piled on my show case. I recently induced a box, and knowing neither myself nor clerk had sold it, I could not account for its disappearance. Yesterday morning a man walked into my store and said: 'Mr. Cramer, I owe you fifty cents for a box of EATONIC which I stole from your show case. I am bothered with stomach trouble and, not having the money to spare to see a doctor, I took it. EATONIC has done me so much good my conscience bothered me until I had to come back and say for it.'"

This is the most wonderful testimonial statement in all my experience in the interest of any preparation. It is positive proof, to my mind, that EATONIC is all that is claimed for it. If it had not helped this man his conscience would have left him untroubled. Very truly yours, A. W. Cramer"

As Age Advances the Liver Requires

occasional slight stimulation.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
correct
CONSTIPATION
Genuine Bears signature *Brewster*

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of Iron in the blood. A condition which will be greatly helped by Carter's Iron Pills

Negotiable.
"What do they mean by a negotiable instrument?" "The mandolin must be one. You can always pawn it."

A man could learn a great many things if he didn't imagine that he already knew them.

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

W. N. U., DETROIT, MI., 24-1918.



Appetizing Vienna Sausage

THE aroma of Libby's Vienna Sausage tells you that it is delightfully seasoned. The first taste that it is made of carefully selected meat—seasoned to perfection.

Have Vienna Sausage for luncheon today. Your husband—your children will ask for it again and again.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

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

Join Now!
APPLY AT ANY POST OFFICE for SERVICE UNDER THIS EMBLEM



When you think of Wheat-Saving foods, think of **POST TOASTIES**—SUPERIOR CORN FLAKES—says Libby.

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., at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville post-office as Second-Class matter.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JUNE 14, 1918.



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

PATRIOTISM GONE WRONG.

A regrettable instance of allowing the virtue of patriotism to lead to a lawlessness that can even result in homicide, is shown in the case of the Oakland county man, who killed a neighbor and friend last week during a perfectly unnecessary quarrel over alleged, and apparently unfounded, accusations of pro-Germanism on the part of the former. It is too true that as Americans we are very likely to go to extremes in almost anything when public sentiment is fully aroused. We are indeed afflicted at a dangerous crisis in world and National affairs, but there seems to be danger, also, in our patriotism. Mob law with its tar and feathers, defacement and destruction of property and its far worse element of murder is diametrically opposed to all patriotic ideals. We have already seen too much of it in the desire of excitable people to protect our country from foes within. Awful mistakes have been made, and will no doubt continue to be made, if we continue to encourage mob violence. Let us, as a sane, sensible people, in the aggregate, discourage all kinds of mob demonstrations and invoke the law instead. Mobs never wait to find out the real facts, and the mob spirit in the individual is equally reckless of consequences. Ben J. Honert was not a murderer at heart, but his former friend Ellsworth Narrin lies dead at his hands because first one and then the other gave way to mob impulse.

Detroit's latest stunt in the way of assuming to be the whole of Michigan is an effort on the part of a certain number to oust Mr. Pruden from the office of State Fuel administrator. The Record has it on good authority that at least a part of the retail dealers in Detroit are satisfied with the \$2.50 per ton profit, and would much rather let the matter be worked out along present lines than to hinder plans by continually trying to embarrass the work by controversy and fault-finding. It would seem as if Detroit dealers could put up with the profit above mentioned if the country dealers can get along at \$1.65 for handling coal.

Farmington Flashes

The Eighth grade graduation exercises were held in the town hall Wednesday evening, with a fine program of music and an address by a speaker from Pontiac.

After an illness of several months, Carlos Steele, aged 89 years, died last Friday morning at his home near Farmington. He had been a resident of this village for many years. Besides his wife, he left four sons and four daughters. Two of the daughters, Ida and Zaida, live at home, Mrs. Hattie Everett at Southfield and Mrs. Clara Wixom at Farmington. Two sons, Frank and Cloyse live in Farmington, the third son, Raymond, in Detroit and LaRue at Redford. The funeral was held Monday afternoon from the home.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)
At the regular meeting June 12, it was voted to mark the remainder of our dishes and the matter was left to the Executive committee, who decided to meet at Scott's hall Wednesday evening, June 19, to attend to the same. As this is quite a task, every member is requested to be present and help.

Wixom Whisperings.

Glenn Congdon of Detroit was in Wixom, Sunday.

J. W. McLaren has moved his household goods to Detroit.

Will Witt is building a new tenant house on his farm.

Lucetta Proud was at Durand Sunday with a party of friends.

The Farmers' club was entertained by Mrs. Martha Furman at her home, Wednesday.

A. F. Spalding and wife of Lapeer visited at the Burch home the first of the week.

The Federated committee have arranged for a lecture course for the coming winter.

Miss Renna Hopkins' school at Ecorse closed last week and she is at home for the summer.

John Shannon, who has been at work in Detroit for the past few weeks, is at home, quite ill.

Mrs. G. M. Taylor of Hand Station and Miss Frances Bird of Milford called at the Madison home one day last week.

Walter Johnson and wife and son of Flint and Thomas Swan, wife and son of Holly were the guests of the two ladies' sisters, Mrs. Chris Oldenburg, Sunday.

Wixom is preparing to come to the front, with a fine celebration the Fourth of July. Something to please everybody. Patriotic speeches, music, sports of all kinds and a big dinner—the latter will be for the small sum of 30c, for adults, and 20c for children—the proceeds to go to the Wixom Fair fund.

WIXOM CHURCH NOTES.

The subject for Sunday morning will be, "How to Make Christianity Appeal to Your Neighbor."

The C. E. topic for Sunday evening will be, "Co-operation with the Sunday School."

The pastor will give the evening sermon topic from the pulpit. However, we will try to have the topic small enough to compare with the crowd.

Novi News.

Clyde Putnam is having a new tile sile put up. Claude Walter is doing the work.

Miss Gladys Chapman is home from her school teaching work in Ohio for the summer vacation.

Mrs. Mary Putnam is still at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Chapman, who continues to be in very poor health. Mr. Chapman is also poorly, and is expecting to take up hospital treatment soon.

A neighborhood Red Cross unit has been organized for the convenience of those who cannot attend the classes at the town hall. The new unit will meet for work every Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Henry Hills.

Mrs. Emie Root is the champion gardener of this vicinity, as so far reported. On June 9th she entertained Mrs. Dandison and daughter at dinner and the menu included green peas and strawberries from her 1918 garden.

The following from the Rochester Era will be of interest to any Novi people who remember Lucinda Thayer, afterward Mrs. Stowell. "It is with deepest regret that we announce the death of an honored friend and former resident of Rochester, Mrs. Lucinda Fisher, who died Monday at the home of her daughter in Saginaw at the age of 82 years. Mrs. Fisher will be remembered by a wide circle of friends in this section who loved her for her sterling worth and beautiful character. Her remains were brought to Rochester for interment. She leaves a daughter, Mrs. Clark, a son, Robert, and a sister, Mrs. Chubbuck of Port Huron."

A COMMUNICATION

To the taxpayers of Novi. Charley Hamilton, Louie Power and Willard Elliott were arrested by George Erwin of Novi, taken to Birmingham and fined \$23.25 for catching undersize fish. Of their catch of 50 fish, one was 3/4 of an inch under legal length. How is it that when all the defendants live in Novi, and the town has four justices, that they could not have been tried at home? Does Mr. Erwin think the justices in his own town are incapable, is there collusion with the Birmingham justice, or did he wish to make the town and his neighbor boys all the expense and trouble possible on account of one fish 3/4-inch smaller than legal size, and also get the extra mileage? If the taxpayers cannot answer why, perhaps Mr. Erwin can. NOVI TAXPAYER.

PRESIDENT ISSUES

W.S.S. PROCLAMATION

THE PRESIDENT BRINGS SOME PERTINENT FACTS TO THE ATTENTION OF MICHIGAN PEOPLE:

NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS DAY IS SET

Michigan's Full Quota of \$70,000,000 Must Be Pledged By June 28—The Government's Thrift Plan Is Explained.

(The Michigan War Savings Committee urges all clergymen to read this proclamation to their congregations before June 28th.)

Message.
This war is one of nations, not of armies, and all of our one hundred million people must be economically and industrially adjusted to war conditions. If this nation is to play its full part in the conflict, the problem before us is not primarily a financial problem but rather a problem of increased production of war essentials and the saving of the materials and the labor necessary for the support and equipment of our army and navy. Thoughtless expenditure of money for non-essentials uses up the labor of men, the products of the farms, mines and factories and overburdens transportation, all of which must be used to the utmost and at their best for war purposes.

The great results which we seek can be obtained only by the participation of every member of the nation, young and old, in a national concerted thrift movement. Therefore, we urge that our people should pledge themselves to the practice of thrift to serve the government to their utmost in increasing production in all fields necessary to the winning of the war to conserve food and fuel and useful materials of every kind to devote their leisure only to the most necessary tasks and to buy only those things which are essential to individual health and efficiency and that the people as evidence of their loyalty invest all that they can save in Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. The securities issued by the Treasury Department are so good of them within the reach of everyone that the door of opportunity in this matter is wide open to all of us. To practice thrift in peace times is a virtue and brings great benefit to the individual at all times, with the desperate need of the civilized world today for materials and labor with which to end the war, the practice of thrift is a patriotic duty and a necessity.

"I appeal to all who now own either Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps, to continue to practice economy and thrift and to appeal to all who do not own government securities to do likewise and purchase them to the extent of their means. The money which you have government securities transfers the purchasing power of his money to the United States Government until after this war and to that same degree does not buy in competition with the government."

"I earnestly appeal to every man, woman and child to pledge themselves to save constantly and to buy as regularly as possible the securities of the government and to do this as far as possible through membership in War Savings Societies. The twenty-eighth of June ends this special period of enlistment in the great volunteer army of production and saving here at home. May there be none unenlisted on that day."

Woodrow Wilson

GETTING READY FOR THE COMING BIG DRIVE

County chairman in the Michigan War Savings Committee are working diligently on their preparations for the stupendous drive that will open shortly and close June 28. The war savings message is to be carried to every man, woman and child in the state, and if there's anyone who is not saving and lending for war purposes, and has not the thrift card or the certificate card to prove it, the salesman will know the reason why. And it will have to be an excellent reason.

DETROIT SCHOOL PUPIL WRITES CLEVER VERSES

"I've never been in a newspaper office before," said the little 13-year-old boy as he handed a piece of paper to the editor of a Detroit daily, but if you like this, print it. The verse appeared in the next edition of the paper as follows:

A SONG OF HELP

By Marvin Slay.

Buy a bond, a thrift stamp, too, But them both, and not a few. Fill the flag, do your best, Never let the Kaiser rest. Buy the stamps at every chance. To purchase bullets to fill Bill's pants. To fill him out and hit him hard. We'll need the money by the yard. For our brave boys over there. Need good food and the best of care. Give your money, do your best. And then our Tanks will do the rest.

STAMP SELLING

The Detroit Rotary club played baseball with the Rochester team recently; and before anyone could speak to the umpire he had to buy a Thrift Stamp. The players indulged in \$85 worth of argument. This was putting the Government's thrift idea to practical use—saving talk and financing the war—a method that many politicians should adopt.

A Lansing merchant who visits hotels frequently, has adopted the plan of tipping the waiters with a Thrift Stamp. The waiters are pleased.

Give War Savings Stamps for prizes of every kind, and for all kinds of events—parties, games, athletic contests and at picnics.

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 17. 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.

No Ill-Luck.
There is no such thing as ill-luck. The man or woman who is always unlucky generally is so because he or she does not grasp chance when it comes. Luck is wholly a matter of making the most of our opportunities.

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. 39tc.

ESTABLISHED 23 Years—Specializing in farms. Buyers for all kinds of farms, also small places. Address Mr. McAdams, 1250 West Euclid Ave., Detroit, Mich. Phone Garfield, 1117. 31-1-yr-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. Clapp, Northville, representative. Phone 129-J. 46tc.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper. Phone 139, or address Box 145, Northville. 47wlp.

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

LOST—Dark green automobile veil. Finder please return to Dr. T. H. Turner. 47wlc.

LOST—Wednesday afternoon between the S. W. Knapp residence on Main street and the E. S. Beard home on Base Line, gold boy-knot brooch with small diamond set. Finder please report at Knapp's store.

FOR SALE—Seven-room house, and lot on southside. Water, electric lights. Apply J. W. Kator. 47-2p.

FOR SALE—26-acre farm, good 7-room house with furnace, hard and soft water, good barn, small orchard; 1-2 mile from town. Also blacksmith business. Myron E. Atchison. Phone 56-R. 47w2c.

FOR SALE—12x39 stove silo, been filled once; practically good as new; has extension galvanized roof. If you are looking for a bargain, this is one. C. H. Baker, Northville. Phone 375-J. 47tc.

FARM FOR SALE—Mrs. O. M. Sowle has placed her farm with me for sale, it is my custom to let our home buyers know of such places before they are advertised in my many outside papers and sold to strangers. Farm contains 40 acres, good buildings, situated on the Waterford road 1 1/2 miles east of Plymouth and Northville car line. Price, \$6,000. Reasonable terms if desired. See Mrs. Sowle on the property or address me. Mr. McAdams, 1250 West Euclid Ave., Detroit. Phone Garfield, 1117. 47-1p.

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

FOR SALE—Oats. Fred Foreman, Northville. Phone 312 R-3. 47w2c.

FOR SALE—Southside Greenhouse. Wm. Wesley, proprietor. 46w2c.

FOR SALE—Quantity of oats, hay and straw. James Heeney, Phone 34-J. 46w2c.

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

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

FOR SALE—Seven h. p. oil engine, nearly new. For information call 138 R-3. 39w2tc.

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. 45tc.

FOR RENT—Rooms. Also one large room for office or store. Inquire Mrs. Leah Hicks, Fair Hotel. Phone 345. 47wlp.

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

HILLS' GROCERY

WHAT WE ARE SELLING:

No. 1 Tomatoes, for	15c can
No. 3 Tomatoes, for	22c can
Best Corn, for	18c can
Best Peas, for	18c can
Macaroni, U. S. for	9c pkg.
Macaroni, Skinner's, for	9c pkg.
Pet Milk, for	13c can
Large Snow Boy, for	22c pkg.
Leader Milk, for	18c can
All Soaps, for	6 1/2c bar
Matches, for	6c box
Kitchen Cleanser, for	4c can

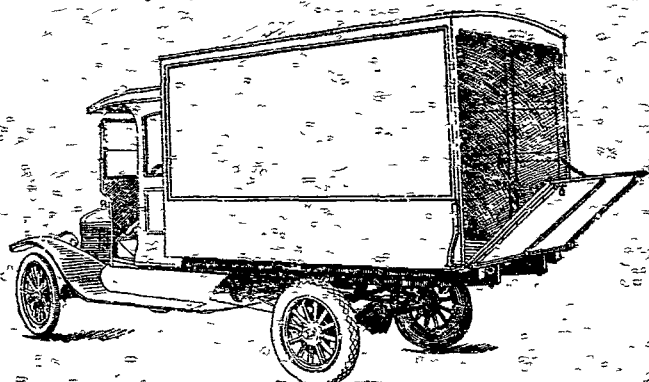
And Prices Reduced on Other Articles. Bring your Baskets.

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.

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.
C. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

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. 4547.

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 fifth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen. Present Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MOSHIMER, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Dora Reynolds and Oscar Moshimer, praying that administration of said estate be granted to said Oscar Moshimer or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the tenth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon Eastern Standard Time, at said court room be appointed for hearing said petition.

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

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

FRANCIS MAHON, Deputy Probate Register. 47-49.

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 fifth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen. Present Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MOSHIMER, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Dora Reynolds and Oscar Moshimer, praying that administration of said estate be granted to said Oscar Moshimer or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the tenth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon Eastern Standard Time, at said court room be appointed for hearing said petition.

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

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

FRANCIS MAHON, Deputy Probate Register. 47-49.

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, be 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, Commissioners.

47-47.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

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, F. Woodmansee,
Fin. Secy. Chief Ranger.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186, F. & A. M.
UNION CHAPTER NO. 55, R. A. M.

NORTHVILLE
COMMANDEY NO. 33, K. T.
ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, O. E. S.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. T. R. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
door west of Park House on Main street.
Office hours: 9:00 a. m. and 6:00 to 8:00
p. m. Telephone.

CHIROPRACTIC

Removes the Cause of Disease more
Permanently than any other method.
Educational Literature free.

G. W. WIKANDER, D. C.
505-6 Woodward Bldg.
Cor. Woodward and Clifford Aves.
Cadillac 7607. DETROIT.
Residence, Northville, Mich.

ARLECO SPRAYING MIXTURE

NOW IS THE TIME TO USE
To Destroy Tomato Worms, Po-
tato Bugs, Blight, Insects of all
kinds, and all Fungus Diseases.
Prepared by

NORTHVILLE CHEMICAL CO.
Corner Mill & Rogers St.
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

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

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 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 5:30 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and
hourly to 7:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m. To
Wayne only, 11:15 p. m.
Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:30
a. m., 6:42 a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p.
m.; also 8:42 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and
12:09 a. m.

Northville Newslets.

Hoe the Hohenzollerns.

Now swat the tater bug.

Born Sunday, June 9, to Mr. and
Mrs. Glenn E. Fuller, a nine pound
daughter.

Did you see the eclipse of the sun
Saturday? If not, you won't see one
in a long, long time.

R. H. Willis and family have moved
from Bealtown to a residence on
Grace Ave., Northside.

Today—Friday, June 14—is Flag
Day. Got your Flags out, or up, or
on? Old Glory is lit today.

Dr. Malloy and family have returned
to Northville and are occupying Mrs.
Helen Gray's house on Randolph
street.

The Gleason house, on South Wing
street, occupied by Mr. and Mrs.
Stevenson, is being improved by re-
painting.

The regular evening meeting of The
King's Daughters will be held with
Mrs. James Savage Tuesday, June 18,
at 7:00 o'clock.

The Seniors and Juniors of the
Northville High school enjoyed a day's
picnic outing at the club house at
Walled Lake Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fearsall are
again occupying their home on Linden
Ave., after spending several months
with relatives in Pontiac.

Over sixty friends enjoyed a pleas-
ant birthday party given by Mrs. Chas.
A. Rogers for her little daughter,
Hester, at the C. M. Thornton farm,
Sunday.

Miss Cecil Johnston of Northville,
formerly of Rochester, graduates this
year from the U. of M. and is con-
templating going to Hawaii to teach.
—Rochester Clarion.

A ball of fire came down during
the recent electrical storm and tore
a big hole in the sand near a cottage
on the south shore where some boys
are sojourning.—Orion Review.

The many friends of Mrs. Alice
Ross will be pleased to learn that
she is rapidly recovering from an
operation recently undergone at the
Homeopathic hospital, Ann Arbor.

"Work or fight" is all right if the
fighting is done in the proper place.
Those who construe the slogan to
mean any old kind of a scrap had
better get busy somewhere on the
work end of the proposition.

The flag on the municipal flagpole
was placed at half mast Friday after-
noon during the hours of the funeral
services for L. W. Simmons, as a
public token of respect for a promi-
nent citizen and a good man.

"It is a good plan when you finish
a telephone conversation and are
about to hang up the receiver, to say,
'good bye,' or a similar phrase." The
person with whom you have been talk-
ing is then sure that the conversation
is concluded.—Telephone News

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Boyle of Mil-
ford have three sons in the U. S.
volunteer army and a daughter who
is a volunteer nurse. One of the
three sons is a U. of M. graduate and
another is a 1918 graduate of the De-
troit College of Law. Pretty good
for the Boyle family, certainly.

Farmington now has a good band,
a band stand for which the business
men and the municipality contributed
the money and the band boys the labor
of building, and now that pretty and
enterprising little city has a schedule
of Saturday night public band concerts
for the summer.

South Lyon is to have a three-day
Chautauqua July 16, 17 and 18 and all
proceeds in excess of actual expenses
will go to the treasury of the local
Red Cross unit, the members of which
will have entire charge of the ticket
sale. We predict a big success for
that Chautauqua.

It is rumored that a man was bit-
ten by a rattlesnake the other day not
a great ways from Northville. If
this is true, however, it will probably
not be accepted as a valid excuse for
anyone found with a (once) well
known article sometimes known as
"snake bite remedy" in his posses-
sion.

Members of the Northville Auto
Club should be careful about exceed-
ing 25 miles an hour in Redford
township, as that village has a motor-
cycle cop to enforce its speed laws.

A Northville man became a victim
recently, the officer claiming the said
motorist was driving 38 miles an hour.
The alleged infraction of the speed
law is supposed to be due to the fact
that the offender's customary motor
gait is about 60 miles per hour, so of
course he thought he was scarcely
moving at 38.

Miss Helen Cunningham is the new
assistant at the Wisdom studio.

John Schoultz is suffering from a
severe case of blood-poisoning in his
arm.

Len Kimmel has scarlet fever con-
tracted from his little daughter,
Evelyn, who is convalescent from
that disease.

This Friday afternoon, Flag day,
June 14, the local Woman's Relief
Corps pays its annual tribute to its
departed members by decorating the
graves with flowers and flags, and con-
ducting the ritual memorial service
of the order. The ceremony will
take place at the grave of Mrs. Mary
L. Ambler in Rural Hill cemetery.
The flowers are to be arranged at
Mrs. Brooks' at two o'clock. All
members who can, are requested to be
present, and those who have flowers
are asked to contribute them.

Through the carelessness of the
Exchange in Detroit, a portion of the
Olive Thomas film advertised by the
Alseium for last Wednesday evening
as a benefit for one of the M. E. Sun-
day school classes, was sent to
Durand and could not be returned in
time for use here. Every possible
effort was made to avoid substituting
another reel for the one promised, but
in vain. The Alseium management
was not in the least degree at fault,
and Mrs. Thompson actually made
herself ill by her endeavors to rectify
the unfortunate error. Such things
sometimes occur in connection with
all country picture houses, but they
are well known to be much less fre-
quent here than in most places.

The Record plant was endangered
Thursday forenoon by the burning of
an outbuilding belonging to one of
the blocks fronting on Main street,
but fortunately the fire was dis-
covered in time to be put out by the
Neal Chemical outfit and a volunteer
bucket brigade. The fire lads were
promptly on the spot, but it was not
necessary to bring the big hose into
service. The small building was
completely consumed and had the fire
occurred late at night, a bad con-
flagration might have been under way
before discovery. It is supposed the
fire was started by some "careful"
cigarette smoker who perhaps did not
want to be seen using the "weed."

The request from the department
of agriculture that the high barberry
bushes be destroyed, as a protection
against the black rust which breeds
on them and is carried by the wind
to wheat and other cereal crops, has
been generally complied with in North-
ville, although of course involving
much damage to the looks of shrub-
bery hedges. As the rust destroyed
two-hundred millions of bushels of
wheat last year, the necessity of re-
moving these disease spreaders is
obvious. It is said that only half
the property owners in Oakland
county have heeded the order, the
chief offenders being wealthy owners
of country estates. As the law com-
pels compliance, arrests and prosecu-
tions will follow for those who fail
to destroy their banned bushes.

MUCH ENTHUSIASM BEING SHOWN

Enthusiasm aroused throughout the
state over the 1918 Exposition of the
Michigan State Fair, by the co-opera-
tion of the Federal government, has
resulted in twenty counties sending
in official entry blanks for exhibits
of their products. Never before in
the history of fairs in Michigan, has
so much collective community inter-
est been shown as has been evinced
up to the present time in the coming
exhibition.

Following a letter sent to the
County Agents of the state by G. W.
Dickinson, secretary-manager of the
Fair association, in which he ex-
plained that the fundamental prin-
ciple of the coming fair is support
of the government in the war work
and advising them of the interest
the government is showing by making
a gigantic exhibit, occupying over
8,000 square feet of space, these
emissaries of scientific, intense farm-
ing immediately allied themselves
with the patriotic movement.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Mrs. Ellen Henderson.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)

The W. C. T. U. will hold its next
meeting Wednesday, June 19, at the
Presbyterian manse. A full attend-
ance is earnestly desired. The re-
port of the delegate to the state con-
vention will be an important feature,
besides other matters of interest.
Now is the time for all lovers of the
temperance cause to be up and doing.
The success of the cause for which
we have been hoping, praying and
fighting for more than half a century
is at stake. Come, and bring some
one with you. Everybody invited and
all welcome.

Features at the New Alseium Theatre.

This coming Saturday night brings
Belle Bennett and Texas Gunman in
the Triangle play, "The Fuel of
Life" wherein the charms of an
adventuress are pitted against the
brains of Wall street.

Next Tuesday, Olive Thomas in
"Limousine Life", when "Minnie
manipulates a millionaire."

Wednesday evening, June 19, comes
the great seven-act patriotic Metro
picture play "Draft 258", as a Boy
Scouts' benefit with Mabel Tallaferro
as the star. This picture is described
as "A flaming torch of patriotism"
and has been pronounced by many to
be fully equal to that big sensation,
"The Slacker." It is an intensely
thrilling story of the way in which
patriotic activity triumphs over the
treacherous work of German spies and
sympathizers in this country. The
setting is perhaps the most ambitious
yet attempted by the Alseium man-
agement here, and deserves a big
patronage both for this reason and
because of being a Scout benefit.

Thursday next, Pauline Frederick in
a great play "Her Better Self."

Coming, June 25, Madge Kennedy in
"Nearly Married."

Watch out for "The Unbeliever"
which you will have a chance to see
right here at home July 5.

AUCTION SALE.

B. B. Coe will have an auction sale
of dairy cows, horses, hogs, farm tools,
engines, vehicles, harness, growing
corn, oats, rye, and potatoes, house-
hold goods, poultry garage building,
tent, 20-ft. launch and many other
articles, on the premises 1 mile south
of Salem, Saturday, June 22 at 1:00
o'clock, sharp.
Auctioneer, Frank J. Boyle.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mrs. J. Champ and son, Jack, spent
Tuesday in Detroit.

The Red Cross Unit meets in the
Baptist church parlors Friday after-
noon.

Mrs. Martha White of Pontiac has
been the guest of Mrs. Susie White
recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Deveraux and
Cecil Sherwood were Pontiac callers
Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Green of Detroit is
spending the week with her brother,
Frank L. Tuttle.

Mrs. Elizabeth Moore has returned
to Northville after spending the week
with friends here.

Miss Gladys Ryel of Farmington,
spent the week-end at the home of her
sister, Mrs. Earl Welch.

Mrs. H. Halverson and Mrs. A. V.
Tamlyn were delegates from here
who attended the State W. C. T. U.
convention held in Jackson last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Haab, Mr. and
Mrs. B. E. Stanbro of Salem and Mr.
and Mrs. J. D. Austin and two chil-
dren of Detroit called on friends here
Sunday.

Raymond Richardson, who is em-
ployed on the Bert Welfare farm, re-
ceived a shock from lightning in the
storm which passed through here
last Thursday.

Rev. H. E. Sayles gives the Baccalaureate address in the Baptist church
Sunday evening. Graduating exer-
cises June 19. Miss Hattie Patten
is the only graduate this year.

Mrs. Lucia Tuttle died at her home
here June 5th, after an illness of
five months. The funeral was held
from the home Friday afternoon, with
burial in the village cemetery. Mrs.
Tuttle leaves, besides her husband,
and son, a father and three brothers,
and a multitude of friends, who
mourn her early death. The floral
pieces were many and beautiful,
showing the high esteem in which she
was held.

CARD OF THANKS.

The value of friends has been very
fully realized these past few weeks.
We desire to express our appreciation
of the many kind acts of friends and
neighbors, also our gratitude for the
abundance of beautiful flowers.

MR. AND MRS. E. GLENN FULLER.

CARD OF THANKS.

The family of the late L. W. Sim-
mons extend sincere thanks to all
friends for kindness shown in their
time of bereavement.

There is more Catarrh in this section
of the country than all other diseases
put together, and for years it was sup-
posed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed
local remedies, and by constantly failing
to cure with local treatment, pronounced
it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease,
greatly influenced by constitutional con-
ditions and therefore requires constitu-
tional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medi-
cine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney &
Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional
remedy, is taken internally and acts
thru the blood on the mucous surfaces
of the system. One Hundred Dollars re-
ward is offered for any case that Hall's
Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for
circulars and testimonials.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THIRD LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

NOW
READY
FOR
DELIVERY.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Mich.

DO YOUR WASHING THE ELECTRICAL WAY

With an Electric Washer the old
drudgery of wash day becomes a
thing of the past.

Will you let us demonstrate?

THE DETROIT EDISON CO.

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 Shelf
Hardware, I am in a position to offer you any-
thing in the Hardware Line at Very Reasonable
Prices. A share of your patronage is solicited.

Repair Work and Eave Troughing.

HARRY ELLIOTT

(Successor to J. H. Steers).

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

Thomas B. Couch

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

Dear Friends:
The Mail Carrier's horse is picking up, as the grazing is
fine along the road. Washington Hocker has been kept at home
with rheumatism for a few days but is better now and able to
gradually get his mind on his other troubles.

Well the business is fine. I am selling about 100 Taves
of the Staff of Life at 13 cts. This is called "Luxury" and
sure is a luxury. I have plenty of nice old Potatoes at 85 cts
per bushel, or 22 cts a peck. An selling the Libby Milk, tall
cans, at 12 cts. Will pay 34 cents, or 35 cts in trade, for Eggs,
and sell at 35 cents a dozen. Bring your baskets and save
sacks. Pineapples are fine. Large ones at 20 cts. I have a
fine lot of Navy Beans on hand now at 12 cts a pound. Corn
Meal, 6 cts per pound. A lot of fine Bananas at a low price.

Call and see what I have got. You will not get "held up"
here. Ice Cream Friday and Saturday, the best there is made,
35 cents a quart. Have a chest of Tea I am going to sell at
25 cents for 1/2-pound. This is a fine Green Japan Tea and don't
you forget it.

If you want a good, square Meal or Good Bed, you can get it
at the Exchange Hotel. Board and Lodging, \$6.00 per week;
as good as the best in town.

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, Michigan.

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)

SECRET OF THE HIDING PLACE OF THE VARONA TREASURE IS LOST

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, a Cuban planter, hides his wealth—money, jewels and title deeds—in a well on his estate. The hiding place is known only to Sebastian, a slave. Don Esteban marries the beautiful Donna Isabel, who tries unsuccessfully to wring the secret of the hidden treasure from Sebastian. Angered at his refusal, she urges Don Esteban to sell Evangelina, Sebastian's daughter. Don Esteban refuses, but in the course of a gambling orgy, he risks Evangelina at cards and loses.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Don Pablo, in whom the liquor was lying, cursed impatiently: "Caramba! Have I won the treasure of your whole establishment?" he inquired. "Perhaps you value this wench at more than a thousand pesos; if so, you will say that I cheated you."

"No! She's only an ordinary girl. My wife doesn't like her, and so I determined to get rid of her. She is yours, fairly enough," Varona told him. "Then send her to my house. I'll breed her to Salvador, my cochoero. He's the strongest man I have."

Sebastian uttered a strangled cry and rose to his feet. "Master! You must not!"

"Silence!" ordered Esteban. "Go about your business. What do you mean by this, anyhow?"

But Sebastian, dazed of mind and sick of soul, went on, unheeding. "She is my girl. You promised me her freedom. I want you!"

"Eh?" The planter swayed forward and with blazing eyes surveyed his slave. "You want me? Of what?" he growled.

At this moment neither master, nor man knew exactly what he said or did. Sebastian raised his hand on high. In reality the gesture was meant to call heaven as a witness to his years of faithful service, but misconstruing his intent, Pablo Peza brought his riding-whip down across the old man's back, crying:

"Ho! None of that!"

A shudder ran through Sebastian's frame. Whirling, he seized Don Pablo's wrist and tore the whip from his fingers. Although the Spaniard was a strong man, he uttered a cry of pain.

At this indignity to a guest Esteban flew into a fury. "Panchito!" he cried. "Ho! Panchito!" When the manager came running, Esteban explained. "This fool is dangerous. He raised his hand to me and to Don Pablo."

Sebastian's protests were drowned by the angry voices of the others.

"Tie him to yonder grating," directed Esteban, who was still in the grip of a senseless rage. "Flog him well and make haste about it!"

Sebastian, who had no time in which to recover himself, made but a weak resistance when Panchito Caesro locked his wrists into a pair of clumsy, old-fashioned manacles, first passing the chain around one of the bars of the iron window grating which Esteban had indicated.

Cueto swung a heavy lash; the sound of his blows echoed through the quinta, and they summoned, among others, Donna Isabel, who watched the scene from behind her shutter with much satisfaction. The guests looked on approvingly.

Sebastian made no outcry. The whip bit deep; it drew blood and raised welts the thickness of one's thumb; nevertheless, for the first few moments the victim suffered less in body than in spirit. His brain was so benumbed, so shocked with other excitements, that he was well-nigh insensible to physical pain. That Evangelina, flesh of his flesh, had been sold, that his lifelong faithfulness had brought such reward as this, that Esteban, light of his soul, had turned against him—all this was simply astounding. Gradually he began to resent the sneaking injustice of it all, and unsuspected forces gathered inside of him. They grew until his frame was shaken by primitive savage impulses.

After a time Don Esteban cried: "That will do, Cueto! Leave him now for the files to punish. They will remind him of his insolence."

Then the guests departed, and Esteban staggered into the house and went to bed.

All that morning Sebastian stood with his hands chained high over his head. The sun grew hotter and ever hotter upon his back; the blood dried and clotted there; a cloud of flies gathered, swarming over the raw gashes left by Cueto's whip. Since Don Esteban's nerves, or perhaps it was his conscience, did not permit him to sleep, he arose about noon and dressed himself. He was still drunk, and the mad rage of the early morning still possessed him; therefore, when he mounted his horse he pretended not to see the figure chained to the window grating. Sebastian's affection for his master was dog-like and he had taken his punishment as a dog takes his, more in surprise than in anger, but at this proof of callous indifference a fire kindled in the old fellow's breast, hotter by far than the fever from his fly-blown sores. He

was thirsty, too, but that was the least of his sufferings.

Some time during the afternoon the negro heard himself addressed through the window against the bars of which he leaned. The speaker was Donna Isabel.

"Do you suffer, Sebastian?" she began in a tone of gentleness and pity.

"Yes, mistress." The speaker's tongue was thick and swollen.

"Can I help you?"

"The negro raised his head; he shook his body to rid himself of the insects which were devouring him.

"Give me a drink of water," he said, hoarsely.

"Surely, a great gourdful, all cool and dripping from the well. But first I want you to tell me something."

"A drink, for the love of heaven," panted the old man, and Donna Isabel saw how cracked and dry were his thick lips, how near the torture had come to prostrating him.

"I'll do more," she promised, and her voice was like honey. "I'll tell Panchito Cueto to unlock you, even if I risk Esteban's anger by so doing. Will you be my friend? Will you tell me something?"

"What can I tell you?"

"Oh, you know very well I've asked it often enough but you have lied, just as my husband has lied to me. He is a miser, he has no heart; he cares for no body, as you can see. You must hate him now, even as I hate him. Tell me—is there really a treasure, or—?"

"Ho! None of that!"

A shudder ran through Sebastian's frame. Whirling, he seized Don Pablo's wrist and tore the whip from his fingers. Although the Spaniard was a strong man, he uttered a cry of pain.

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man's voice gathered strength. "Ten thousand men in ten thousand years would never find the place, and nobody knows the secret but Don Esteban and me."

"I believe you. I knew all the time it was here. Well? Where is it?" Sebastian hesitated and said, piously, "I am dying."

Isabel could scarcely contain herself. "I'll give you water, but first tell me where—where! God in heaven! Can't you see that I'm too, am perishing?"

"I must have a drink."

"Tell me first."

Sebastian lifted his head and, meeting the speaker's eyes, laughed hoarsely.

At the sound of his unnatural merriment Isabel recoiled as if stung. She stared at the slave's face in amazement and then in fury. She stammered, incoherently, "You—you have been—lying!"

"Oh no! The treasure is there, the greatest treasure in all Cuba, but you shall never know where it is. I'll see to that. It was you who sold my girl; it was you who brought me to this; it was your hand that whipped me. Well, I'll tell Don Esteban how you tried to bite his secret from me. What do you think he'll do then? Eh? You'll feel the lash on your white back!"

"You fool!" Donna Isabel looked murder. "I'll punish you for this; I'll make you speak if I have to rub your wounds with salt."

But Sebastian closed his eyes wearily. "You can't make me suffer more than I have suffered," he said. "And now—I curse you. May that treasure be the death of you. May you live in torture like mine the rest of your days, may your beauty turn to ugliness such that men will spit at you; may you never know peace again until you die in poverty and want."

But Donna Isabel, being superstitious, fled with her fingers in her ears, nor did she undertake to make good her barbarous threat, realizing opportunely that it would only serve to betray her desperate intentions and put her husband further on his guard.

As the sun was sinking beyond the farther rim of the Yumuri and the valley was beginning to fill with shadows Esteban Varona rode up the hill. His temper was more evil than ever, if that were possible, for he had drunk again in an effort to drown the memory of his earlier actions. With him were Pablo Peza, and Mario de Castano, Col. Mendoza y Lujanes, and others of less consequence, whom Esteban had gathered from the Spanish club. The host dismounted and lurching across the courtyard to Sebastian.

"So, my fine fellow," he began. "Have you had enough of rebellion by this time?"

Sebastian's face was working as he turned upon his master, to say: "I would be lying if I told you that I am sorry for what I did. It is you who have done wrong. Your soul is black with this crime. Where is my girl?"

"The devil! To hear you talk one would think you were a free man!" The planter's eyes were bleared and he brandished his riding-whip threateningly. "I do as I please with my slaves. I tolerate no insolence. Your girl? Well, she's in the house of Salvador, Don Pablo's cochoero, where she belongs."

Sebastian had hung sick and limp against the grating, but at these words he suddenly roused. He strained at his manacles and the bars groaned under his weight. His eyes began to roll, his lips drew back over his blue gums. Noting his expression of ferocity, Esteban cut at his naked back with the riding-whip, crying:

"Ho! Not sulking yet, eh? You need another flogging."

"Curse you and all that is yours," roared the maddened slave. "May you know the misery you have put upon me. May you rot for a million years in hell. May your children's bodies grow filthy with disease; may they starve; may they—"

Sebastian was yelling, though his voice was hoarse with pain. The lash drew blood with every blow. Meanwhile, he wrenched and tugged at his bonds with the fury of a maniac.

"Pablo! Your machete, quick!" panted the slaveowner. "I'll make an end of this black fiend, once for all."

Esteban Varona's guests had looked on at the scene with the same mild interest they would display at the whipping of a balky horse; and now that the animal threatened to become dangerous, it was in their view quite the proper thing to put it out of the way. Don Pablo Peza stepped toward his mare to draw the machete from its scabbard. But he did not hand it to his friend. He heard a shout, and turned in time to see a wonderful and a terrible thing.

Sebastian had braved his naked feet against the wall; he had bowed his back and bent his massive shoulders—a back and a pair of shoulders that looked as bony and muscular as those of an ox—and he was heaving with every ounce of strength in his enormous body. As Pablo stared he saw the heavy grating come away from its anchorage in the solid masonry, as a shrub is uprooted from soft ground. The rods bent and twisted; there was

a clank and rattle and clash of metal upon the flags; and then—Sebastian turned upon his tormentor, a free man, save only for the wide iron bracelets and their connecting chain. He was quite insane. His face was frightful to behold; it was apellike in its animal rage, and he towered above his master like some fabled creature out of the African jungle of his forefathers.

Sebastian's fists alone would have been formidable weapons, but they were armored and weighted with the old-fashioned, hand-wrought irons which Panchito Cueto had locked upon them. Wrapping the chain in his fingers, the slave leaped at Esteban and struck, once. The sound of the blow was sickening for the whole body structure of Esteban Varona's head gave way.

There was a horrible cry from the other white men. Don Pablo Peza ran forward, shouting. He swung his machete, but Sebastian met him before the blow could descend, and they went down together upon the hard stones. Again Sebastian smote, with his massive hands wrapped in the chain and his wrists encased in steel, and this time it was as if Don Pablo's head had been caught between a hammer and an anvil. The negro's strength, exceptional at all times, was multiplied tenfold; he had run amuck. When he arose the machete was in his grasp and Don Pablo's brains were on his knuckles.

It all happened in far less time than it takes to tell. The onlookers had not yet recovered from their first consternation; in fact they were still fumbling and tugging at whatever weapons they carried, when Sebastian came toward them, brandishing the blade on high. Pedro Miron, the advocate, was the third to fall. He tried to scramble out of the negro's path, but, being an old man, his limbs were too stiff to serve him and he went down shrieking.

By now the horses had caught the scent of hot blood and were plunging furiously, the clatter of their hoofs mingling with the blasphemous of the riders, while Sebastian's bestial roaring made the commotion even more hideous.

Esteban's guests fought as much for their lives as for vengeance upon the slayer, for Sebastian was like a grilla; he seemed intent upon killing them all. He vented his fury upon whatever came within his reach; he struck at men and animals alike, and the shrieks of wounded horses added to the din.

It was a frightful combat. It seemed incredible that one man could work such dreadful havoc in so short a time. Varona and two of his friends were dead; two more were badly wounded, and a Peruvian stallion lay kicking on the flagging when Col. Mendoza y Lujanes finally managed to get a bullet home in the black man's brain.

Those who came running to learn the cause of the hubbub turned away sick and pallid, for the paved yard was a shambles. Panchito Cueto called upon the slaves to help him, but they slunk back to their quarters, dumb with terror and dismay.

All that night people from the town below came and went and the quinta resounded to sobs and lamentations, but of all the relatives of the dead and wounded, Donna Isabel took her bereavement hardest. Strange to say, she could not be comforted. Now, when it was too late, she realized that she had overreached herself, having caused the death of the only two who knew the secret of the treasure. She remembered, also, Sebastian's statement that even the deeds of patent for the land were hidden with the rest, where ten thousand men in ten thousand years could never find them.

CHAPTER III.

"The O'Reillys."

Aze and easy living had caused Don Mario de Castano, the sugar merchant, to take on weight. He had, in truth, become so fat that he waddled like a penguin when he walked; and when he rode, the springs of his French victoria gave up in despair.

In disposition Don Mario was practical and unromantic; he boasted that he had never had an illusion, never an interest outside of his business. And yet, on the day this story opens, this prosaic personage, in spite of his bulging waistband and his taut neckband, in spite of his short breath and his prickly heat, was in a very whirl of pleasurable excitement. Don Mario, in fact, suffered the greatest of all illusions: he was in love, and he believed himself beloved. The object of his adoration was little Rosa Varona, the daughter of his one-time friend Esteban. To be sure, he had met Rosa only twice since her return from her Yankee school, but twice had been enough; with prompt decision he had resolved to do her the honor of making her his wife.

Notwithstanding the rivulets of perspiration that were coursing down every fold of his flesh, and regardless of the fact that the body of his victoria was tipped at a drunken angle, as if struggling to escape the burdens of his great weight, Don Mario felt a jauntiness of body and of spirit almost like that of youth. He saw himself as a splendid prince riding toward the humble home of some obscure maiden

whom he had graciously chosen as his mate.

His arrival threw Donna Isabel into a flutter; the woman could scarcely contain her curiosity when she came to meet him, for he was not the sort of man to inconvenience himself by mere social visits. Their first formal greetings over, Don Mario surveyed the bare living room and remarked, lugubriously:

"I see many changes here."

"No doubt," the widow agreed.

"Times have been hard since poor Esteban's death."

"What a terrible calamity that was! I shudder when I think of it," said she. "A shocking affair, truly, and one I shall never get out of my mind."

"Shocking, yes. But what do you think of a rich man, like Esteban, who would leave his family destitute? Who would die without revealing the place where he had stored his treasure?"

Donna Isabel, it was plain, felt her wrongs keenly; she spoke with as much spirit as if her husband had permitted himself to be killed purely out of spite toward her.

"As if it were not enough to lose that treasure," the widow continued, stormily, "the government must free

all our slaves. Tse! Tse! And now that there is no longer a profit in sugar, my plantations—"

"No profit in sugar? What are you saying?" queried the caller. "If your crops do not pay, then Panchito Cueto is cheating you. Get rid of him. But I didn't come here to talk about Esteban's hidden treasure, nor his plantations, nor Panchito Cueto. I came here to talk about your step daughter, Rosa."

"So?" Donna Isabel looked up quickly.

"She interests me. She is more beautiful than the stars." Don Mario rolled his eyes toward the high ceiling, which, like the sky, was tinted a vivid cerulean blue.

"She is now eighteen," the fat suitor went on, ecstatically, "and so altogether charming. But why waste time in pretty speeches? I have decided to marry her."

"Rosa has a will of her own," guardedly ventured the stepmother.

Don Mario broke out, testily: "Naturally; so have we all. Now let us speak plainly. You know me. I am a person of importance. I am rich enough to afford what I want, and I pay well. You understand? Well, then, you are Rosa's guardian and you can bend her to your desires."

"If that were only so!" exclaimed the woman. "She and Esteban—what children! What tempers—just like their fathers! They were to be their fathers' heirs, you know, and they blame me for his death, for our poverty, and for all the other misfortunes that have overtaken us. We live like rats and dogs!"

Don Mario had been drumming his fat fingers impatiently upon the arm of his chair. Now he exclaimed:

"Your pardon, senora, but I am just now very little interested in your domestic relations. What you say about Rosa only makes me more eager, for I loathe a sleepy woman. Now tell me, is she—Has she any affairs of the heart?"

"No, unless perhaps a flirtation with that young American, Juan O'Reilly." Donna Isabel gave the name in its Spanish pronunciation of "O'Reillys."

"Juan O'Reilly? O'Reilly? Oh, yes! But what has he to offer a woman? He is little more than a clerk."

"That is what I tell her. Oh, if hasn't gone far as yet."

The fat—but rich—sugar merchant, or the dashing—but penniless—young American—Rosa must make her choice between the two. The next installment tells which she chose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Japanese "Fish Sausage."

The "kamaboko" or "fish sausage" of the Japanese is described by a colonial report as made by chipping the white meat of any fish, passing through a colander, and making into a paste, with a flavoring of sugar, salt, and rice-brewed alcoholic beverage called "Mirin." The paste is made into loaves, steamed on board an hour and a half to three hours, and at once packed in cans.

Not for Education.

"Jones was educated at Harvard, wasn't he?" "No! he merely went there." Boston Transcript.

Why?

A man at sixty years of age is either a failure or a success. BEECHAM'S PILLS have been made for sixty years and have the largest sale of any medicine in the World! Millions use BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. We want \$250,000 worth at face value in testimonials of \$50 and upwards. NO LIMIT! Write quick what you have.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies, gnats, mosquitoes, house flies, etc.

100 Per Cent on LIBERTY BONDS

100% interest on Liberty Bonds and War Savings Bonds payable. We want \$250,000 worth at face value in testimonials of \$50 and upwards. NO LIMIT! Write quick what you have.

JOHN H. CAMP & CO.

Suite 200 Elks Bldg. Brownwood, Texas

Rely On Cuticura To Clear Pimples

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

Ford Owners Attention!

A POSITIVE CURE FOR OIL-PUMPERS

Ever-Tyte Ford SPECIAL PISTON RINGS stop all carbon deposits and fouled spark plugs.

Increase compression and speed wonderfully.

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EVER-TYTES made in all sizes for 200, 250, 300 and 350 h.p. engines. Ask your nearest dealer to write THE EVER-TYTE PISTON RING COMPANY, Department F, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Not True.

Calvin, six years old, was taking a stroll through Irvington with his father.

"What are those buildings over there?" the lad inquired.

"That's Butler college, son," the father replied.

"Oh, that's where men go down to learn to be butlers, isn't it?" pursued Calvin, and his father had difficulty in convincing him such was not the case.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one course is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advt.

Thinks it Another Dog.

"Does your dog bark at the moon?" "Certainly not—he barks at the dog star."—Florida Times-Star.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging—Just Easy Comfort. It cures all Irritations of the eyes, soothes the inflamed eye, and relieves the eye of all pain. It is sold everywhere.

The Yukon Trail

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

An Alaskan Love Story

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CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

While they ate, the party went into committee of the whole to decide what was best to be done. Gordon noticed that in all the tentative suggestions made by Holt and Swiftwater the comfort of Sheba was the first thing in mind.

The girl, too, noticed it and smilingly protested, her soft hand lying for the moment on the gaunt face of the old miner.

"It doesn't matter about me. We have to think of what will be best for Mr. Holt, of how to get him to the proper care. My comfort can wait."

The plan at last decided upon was that Gordon should make a dash for Smith's Crossing on snowshoes, where he was to arrange for a relief party to come out for the injured man and Mrs. Olson. He was to return at once without waiting for the rescuers. Next morning, he and Sheba would start with Holt's dog team for Kusik.

Macdonald had taught Sheba how to use snowshoes and she had been an apt pupil. From her suitcase she got out her moccasins and put them on. She borrowed the snowshoes of Holt, wrapped herself in her parka, and announced that she was going with Elliot part of the way.

Gordon thought her movements a miracle of suppleness. Her lines had the swelling roundness of vital youth, her eyes were alive with the eagerness that time dulls in most faces. They spoke little as they swept forward over the white snow wastes. The spell of the great North was over her. Its mystery was stirring in her heart just as it had been when her lips had turned to his at the sunrise. As for him, love ran through his veins like old wine. But he allowed his feelings no expression. For though she had come to him at her own accord for that one blessed minute at dawn, he could not be sure what had moved her so deeply. She was treading a world primeval, the wonder of it still in her soft eyes. Would she waken to love or to disillusion?

He took care to see that she did not tire. Presently he stopped and held out his hand to say good-by.

"Will you come back this way?" she asked.

"Yes. I ought to get here soon after dark. Will you meet me?"

She gave him a quick, shy little nod, turned without shaking hands, and struck out for the cabin. All through the day happiness flooded her heart. While she waited on Holt or helped Mrs. Olson cook or watched Swiftwater while he put up the tent in the lee of the cabin, little snatches of song bubbled from her lips. Sometimes they were bits of old Irish ballads that popped into her mind. Once, while she was preparing some coffee for her patient, it was a stanza from Burns:

"Till at the beam gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt, my dear;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run."

She caught old Gideon looking at her with a queer little smile on his weather-tanned face and she felt the color heat into her cheeks.

"I haven't bought a wedding present for twenty years," he told her presently, apropos of nothing that had been said. "I won't know what's the proper thing to get, Miss Sheba."

"If you talk nonsense like that I'll go out and talk to Mr. Swiftwater. Pete," she threatened, blushing.

Old Gid folded his hands meekly. "I'll be good—honest I will. Let's see. I got to make safe and sane conversation, have I? Hm! Wonder when that lazy, long-legged, good-for-nothing horse thief and holdup that calls himself Gordon Elliot will get back to camp."

Sheba looked into his twinkling eyes suspiciously as she handed him his coffee. For a moment she bit her lip to keep back a smile, then said with mock severity:

"Now, I am going to leave you to Mrs. Olson."

When sunset came it found Sheba on the trail. Swiftwater Pete had offered to go with her, but she had been relieved of his well-meant kindness by the demand of Holt.

"No, you don't, Pete. You ain't a goui' off gallivantin' to no young lady. You're a goui' to stay here and fix my game leg for me. What do you reckon Miss Sheba wants with a fat, lop-sided lummock like you along with her?"

Pete grew purple with embarrassment. He had not intended anything more than civility and he wanted this understood.

"Hmp! Ain't you got no sense a-tall, Gid? If Miss Sheba's bent on goin' to meet Elliot, I allowed some one ought to go along and keep the dark often her. 'Course there ain't nothin' going to harm her, unless she goes and gets lost."

Sheba's smile cooled the heat of the stage driver. "Which she isn't going to do. Good of you to offer to go with me. Don't mind Mr. Holt. Everybody knows he doesn't mean half of what he says. I'd be glad to have you come with me, but it isn't necessary at all. So I'll not trouble you."

Darkness fell quickly, but Sheba still held to the trail. There was no sign

of Elliot, but she felt sure he would come soon. Meanwhile she followed steadily the tracks he had made earlier in the day.

She stopped at last. It was getting much colder. She was miles from the camp. Reluctantly she decided to return. Then, out of the darkness, he came, abruptly upon her, the man whom she had come out to meet.

Under the magic of the Northern stars they found themselves again in each other's arms for that brief moment of joyful surprise. Then, as it had been in the morning, Sheba drew herself shyly away.

"They are waiting supper for us," she told him irrelevantly.

He did not shout out his happiness and tell her to let them wait. For Gordon, too, felt awe at this wonderful adventure of love that had befallen them. It was enough for him that they were moving side by side, alone in the deep snows and the biting cold, that waves of emotion crashed through his pulses when his swinging-hand touched hers.

They were acutely conscious of each other. Excitement burned in the eyes that turned to swift, reluctant meetings. She was a woman, and he was her lover. Neither of them dared quite accept the fact yet, but it filled the background of all their thoughts with delight.

Sheba did not want to talk of this new, amazing thing that had come into her life. It was too sacred a subject to discuss just yet even with him. So she began to tell him odd-fancies from childhood that lingered in her Celtic heart, tales of the "little folk" that were half memories and half imaginings, stirred to life by some old association of sky and stars. She laughed softly at herself as she told them, but Gordon did not laugh at her.

Everything she did was for him divinely done. Even when his eyes were on the dark trail ahead he saw only the dusky loveliness of curved cheek, the face luminous with a radiance some women are never privileged to know; the rhythm of head and body and slender legs that was part of her individual heaven-sent charm.

The rest finished supper before Gordon and Sheba reached camp, but Mrs. Olson had a hot meal waiting for them.

"Fixed up the tent for the women folks—stove, sleeping-bags, plenty of wood. Touch a match to the fire and it'll be snug as a bug in a rug," explained Swiftwater to Gordon.

Elliot and Sheba were to start early for Kusik and later the rescue party would arrive to take care of Holt and Mrs. Olson.

"Time to turn in," Holt advised.

"You better light that stove, Elliot."

The young man was still in the tent arranging the sleeping bags when Sheba entered. He tried to walk out without touching her, intending to call back his good-night. But he could not do it. There was something flamey about her tonight that went to his head. Her tender, tremulous little smile and the turn of her buoyant little head stirred in him a lover's rhapsody.

"It's to be a long trail we cover to-morrow, Sheba. You must sleep. Good night."

"Good night—Gordon."

There was a little flash of audacity in the whimsical twist of her mouth. It was the first time she had ever called him by his given name.

Elliot threw away prudence and caught her by the hands.

"My dear—my dear!" he cried.

She trembled to his kiss, gave herself to his embrace with innocent passion. Tendrils of hair, fine as silk, brushed his cheeks and sent strange thrills through him.

They talked the incoherent language of lovers that is compounded of murmurs and silences and the touch of lips and the meetings of eyes. There were to be other nights in their lives as rich in memories as this, but never another with quite the same delight.

Presently Sheba reminded him with a smile of the long trail he had mentioned. Mrs. Olson bustled into the tent, and her presence stressed the point.

"Good night, neighbors," Gordon called back from outside the tent.

Sheba's "Good night" echoed softly back to him.

The girl fell asleep to the sound of the light breeze slapping the tent and to the doleful howling of the huskies.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Message From the Dead.

Macdonald drove his team into the teeth of the storm. The wind came in gusts. Sometimes the gale was so stiff that the dogs could scarcely crawl forward against it; again there were moments of comparative stillness, followed by squalls that slapped the driver in the face like the whipping of a loose sail on a catboat.

High drifts made the trail difficult. Not once but fifty times Macdonald left the gee-pole to break a way through snow-waves for the sled. The best he could get out of his dogs was three miles an hour, and he knew that there was not another team or driver in the North could have done so well.

It was close to noon when he reached a division of the road known as the Fork. One trail ran down to the river

and up it to the distant creeks. The other led across the divide, struck the Yukon, and pointed a way to the coast. White drifts had long since blotted out the track of the sled that had preceded him. Had the fugitives gone up the river to the creeks with intent to hole themselves up for the winter? Or was it their purpose to cross the divide and go out over the ice to the coast?

The pursuer knew that Gid Holt was wise as a weasel. He could follow blindfolded the paths that led to every creek in the gold-fields. It might be taken as a certainty that he had not plunged into such a desperate venture without having a plan well worked out beforehand. Elliot had a high grade of intelligence. Would they try to reach the coast and make their get-away to Seattle? Or would they dig themselves in till the heavy snows were past and come back to civilization with the story of a lucky strike to account for the gold they brought with them? Neither gold dust nor nuggets could be identified. There would be no way of proving the story false. The only evidence against them would be that they had left at Kusik and this was merely of a corroborative kind. There would be no chance of convicting them upon it.

To strike for Seattle was to throw away all pretense of innocence. Fugitives from justice, they would have to disappear from sight in order to escape. The hunt for them would continue until at last they were unearched.

One fork of the road led to comparative safety; the other went by devious windings to the penitentiary and perhaps the gallows. The Scotsman put himself in the place of the men he was trailing. Given the same conditions, he knew which path he would follow.

Macdonald took the trail that led down to the river, to the distant gold creeks which offered a refuge from man-hunters in many a deserted cabin marooned by the deep snows.

Even the iron frame and steel muscles of the Scotch-Canadian protested against the task he had set them that day. It was a time to sit snugly inside by a stove and listen to the howling of the wind as it hurled itself down from the divide. But from daylight till dark Colby Macdonald fought with drifts and beasted the storm. He got into the harness with the dogs. He broke trail for them, cheered them, soothed, comforted, punished. Long after night had fallen he staggered into the hut of two prospectors, his parka so stiff with frozen snow that it had to be beaten with a hammer before the coat could be removed.

"How long since a dog team passed—seven huskies and two men?" was his first question.

"No dog team has passed for four days," one of the men answered.

"You mean you haven't seen one," Macdonald corrected.

"I mean none has passed—unless it went by in the night while we slept. And even then our dogs would have warned us."

Macdonald flung his ice-coated gloves to a table and stooped to take off his mukluks. His face was blue with the cold, but the bleak look in the eyes



Slowly Macdonald Moved Toward it. came from within. He said nothing more until he was free of his wet clothes. Then he sat down heavily and passed a hand over his frozen eyebrows.

"Get me something to eat and take care of my dogs. There is food for them on the sled," he said.

While he ate he told them of the bank robbery and the murder. Their resentment against the men who had done it was quite genuine. There could be no doubt they told the truth when they said no sled had preceded his. They were honest, reliable prospectors. He knew them both well.

The weary man slept like a log. He opened his eyes next morning to find one of his hosts shaking him.

"Six o'clock, Mr. Macdonald. Your breakfast is ready. Jim is looking out for the huskies."

Half an hour later the Scotsman gave the order, "Mush!" He was off again, this time on the back trail as far as the Narrows, from which point he meant to strike across to intersect the fork of the road leading to the divide.

The storm had passed and when the late sun rose it was in a blue sky. Fine enough the day was overhead, but the slushy snow, where it was worn thin on the river by the sweep of the wind, made heavy travel for the dogs. Macdonald was glad enough to reach the Narrows, where he could turn from the river and cut across to hit the trail of the men he was following. He had about five miles to go before he would reach the Smith-Crossing road and every foot of it he would have to break trail for the dogs. This was slow business, since he had no partner at the gee-pole. Back and forth, back and forth he trudged, beating down the loose snow for the runners. It was a hill trail, and the drifts were in most places not very deep. But the Scotsman was doing the work of two, and at a killing pace.

Over a ridge the team plunged down into a little park where the snow was deeper. Macdonald, breaking trail across the mountain valley, found his feet weighted with packed ice slush so that he could hardly move them. When at last he had beaten down a path for his dogs he stood breathing deep at the summit of the slope. Before them lay the main road to Smith's Crossing, scarce fifty yards away. He gave a deep whoop of triumph, for along it ran the wazering tracks left by a sled. He was on the heels of his enemy at last.

As he turned back to his Siberian hounds, the eyes of Macdonald came to abrupt attention. On the hillside, not ten yards from him, something stuck out of the snow like a signpost. It was the foot of a man.

Slowly Macdonald moved toward it. He knew well enough what he had stumbled across—one of the tragedies that in the North are likely to be found in the wake of every widespread blizzard. Some unfortunate traveler, blinded by the white swirl, had wandered from the trail and had staggered up a draw to his death.

With a little digging the Alaskan uncovered a leg. The man had died where he had fallen, face down. Macdonald scooped away the snow and found a pack strapped to the back of the buried man. He cut the straps and tried to ease it away. But the gunnysack had frozen to the parka. When he pulled, the rotten sacking gave away under the strain. The contents of the pack spilled out.

The eyes in the grim face of Macdonald grew hard and steely. He had found, by some strange freak of chance, much more than he had expected to find. Using his snowshoe as a shovel, he dug the body free and turned it over. At sight of the face he gave a cry of astonishment.

Gordon overslept. His plan had been to reach Kusik at the end of a long day's travel, but that had meant getting on the trail with the first gleam of light. When he opened his eyes Mrs. Olson was calling him to rise.

He dressed and stepped out into the cold, crisp morning. From the hill crotch the sun was already pouring down a great, fanlike shaft of light across the snow vista. Swiftwater Pete passed behind him on his way to the stable and called a cheerful good morning in his direction.

Mrs. Olson had put the stove outside the tent and Gordon lifted it to the spot where they did the cooking.

"Good morning, neighbor," he called to Sheba. "Sleep well?"

The little rustling sounds within the tent ceased. A face appeared in the doorway, the flaps drawn discreetly close beneath the chin.

"Never better. Is my breakfast ready yet?"

"Come and help me make it. Mrs. Olson is waiting on Holt."

"When I'm dressed." The smiling face disappeared. "Dublin Bay" sounded in her fresh young voice from the tent. Gordon joined in the song as he lit the fire and sliced bacon from a frozen slab of it.

The howling of the huskies interrupted the song. They had evidently heard something that excited them. Gordon listened. Was it in his fancy only that the breeze carried to him this faint jingle of sleigh-bells? The sound, if it was one, died away. The cook turned to his job.

He stopped sawing at the meat, knife and bacon both suspended in the air. On the hard snow there had come to him the crunch of a foot behind him. Whose? Sheba was in the tent, Swiftwater at the stable, Mrs. Olson in the house. Slowly he turned his head.

What Elliot saw sent the starch through his body. He did not move an inch, still sat crouched by the fire, but every nerve was at tension, every muscle taut. For he was looking at a man lying negligently in brown, steady hands. They were very sure hands, very competent ones. He knew that because he had seen them in action.

The owner of the hands was Colby Macdonald.

The Scotch-Canadian stood at the edge of a willow grove. His face was grim as the day of judgment.

"Don't move," he ordered. Elliot laughed irritably. He was both annoyed and disgusted.

"What do you want?" he snapped. "You."

"What's worrying you now? Do you think I'm jumping my bond?"

"You're going back to Kusik with me—to give a life for the one you took."

"What's that?" cried Gordon, surprised.

"Just as I'm telling you. I've been on your heels ever since you left town. You and Holt are going back with me as my prisoners."

"But what for?"

"For robbing the bank and killing Robert Milton, as you know well enough."

"Is this another plan arranged for me by you and Selfridge?" demanded Elliot.

Macdonald ignored the question and lifted his voice. "Come out of that tent, Holt—and come with your hands up unless you want your head blown off."

"Holt isn't in that tent, you idiot. If you want to know—"

"Come now, if you expect to come alive, cut in the Scotsman ominously. He raised the rifle to his shoulder and covered the shadow thrown by the sun on the figure within."

Gordon flung out a wild protest and threw the frozen slab of bacon at the head of Macdonald. With the same motion he launched his own body across the stove. A fifth of a second earlier the tent flap had opened and Sheba had come out.

The sight of her paralyzed Macdonald and saved her lover's life. It distracted the mine-owner long enough for him to miss his chance. A bullet struck the stove and went off at a tangent through the tent canvas not two feet from where Sheba stood. A second went speeding toward the sun. For Gordon had followed the football player's instinct and dived for the knees of his enemy.

They went down together. Each squirming for the upper place, they rolled over and over. The rifle was forgotten. Like cave men they fought, crushing and twisting each other's muscles with the blind lust of primordial to kill. As they clinched with one arm, they struck savagely with the other. The impact of smashing blows on naked flesh sounded horribly cruel to Sheba.

She ran forward, calling on each by name to stop. Probably neither knew she was there. Their whole attention was focused on each other. Not for an instant did their eyes wander, for life and death hung on the issue. Chance had lit the spark of their resentment, but long-banked passions were blazing fiercely now.

They got to their feet and fought toe to toe. Sledge-hammer blows beat upon bleeding and disfigured faces. No thought of defense as yet was in the mind of either. The purpose of each was to bruise, maim, make helpless the other. But for the impotent little cries of Sheba no sound broke the stillness save the crunch of their feet on the hard snow, the thud of heavy fists on flesh, and the throaty snarl of their deep, irregular breathing.

Gid Holt, from the window of the cabin, watched the battle with shining eyes. He exulted in every blow of Gordon; he suffered with him when the smashing rights and lefts of Macdonald got home. He shouted jeers, advice, threats, encouragement. If he had had ten thousand dollars wagered on the outcome he could not have been more excited.

Swiftwater Pete, drawn by the cries of Sheba, came running from the stable. As he passed the window, Holt caught him by the arm.

"What are you aimin' to do, Pete? Let 'em alone. Let 'em go to it. They got to have it out. Stop 'em now and they'll get at it with guns."

Sheba ran up, wringing her hands. "Stop them, please. They're killing each other."

"Nothing of the kind, girl. You let 'em alone, Pete. The kid's there every minute, ain't he? Gee, that's a good one, boy. Seven—eleven—ninety-two. 'Attaboy!'"

Macdonald had slipped on the snow and gone down on his hands and knees. Swift as a wildcat the younger man was on top of him. Hampered though he was by his parka, the Scotsman struggled slowly to his feet again. He was much the heavier man, and in spite of his years the stronger. The muscles stood out in knots on his shoulders and across his back, whereas on the body of his more slender opponent they flowed and rippled in rounded symmetry. Active as a heather cat, Elliot was far the quicker of the two.

Half-blinded by the hammering he had received, Gordon changed his method of fighting. He broke away from the clinch and sidestepped the bull-like rush of his foe, covering up as well as he could from the onset. Macdonald pressed the attack and was beaten back by hard, straight lefts and rights to the unprotected face.

The mine-owner shook the matted hair from his swollen eyes and rushed again. He caught an uppercut flush on the end of the chin. It did not even stop him. The weight of his body was in the blow he lashed up from his side.

The knees of Elliot doubled up under him like the blade of a jack-knife. He sank down slowly, turned, got to his hands and knees, and tried to shake off the tons of weight that seemed to be holding him down.

Macdonald seized him about the waist and flung him to the ground. Upon the inert body the victor dropped, his knees clinching the torso of the unconscious man.

"Now, Pete, 'Go on him!' argt. it. It's wildy."

But before Swiftwater could move, before the great fist of Macdonald could smash down upon the bleeding face returned to him, a sharp blow struck the flesh of the raised forearm and for the moment stunned the muscles. The Scotch-Canadian lifted a countenance drunk with rage, passion-tossed.

Slowly the light of reason came back into his eyes. Sheba was standing before him, his rifle in her hand. She had struck him with the butt of it. "Don't touch him! Don't you dare touch him!" she challenged.

He looked at her long, then let his eyes fall to the battered face of his enemy. Drunkenly he got to his feet and leaned against a willow. His



Like Cave Men They Fought.

forces were spent, his muscles weighted as with lead. But it was not this alone that made his breath come short and raggedly.

Sheba had flung herself down beside her lover. She had caught him tightly in her arms so that his disfigured face lay against her warm bosom. In the eyes, lifted to those of the mine-owner was an unconquerable defiance.

"He's mine—mine, you murderer," she panted fiercely. "If you kill him, you must kill me first."

The man she had once promised to marry was looking at a different woman from the girl he had known. The soft, shy youth of her was gone. She was a forest mother of the wilds ready to fight for her young, a wife ready to go to the stake for the husband of her choice. An emotion primitive and poignant had transformed her.

His eyes burned at her the question his parched lips had throatily scarcely uttered. "So you . . . love him?"

But though it was in form a question, he knew already the answer. For the first time in his life he began to taste the bitterness of defeat. Always he had won what he covered by brutal force or his stark will. But it was beyond him to compel the love of a girl who had given her heart to another.

"Yes," she answered.

Her hair in two thick braids was flung across her shoulders, her dark head thrown back proudly from the rounded throat.

Macdonald smiled, but there was no mirth in his savage eyes. "Do you know what I want with him—why I have come to get him?"

"No."

"I've come to take him back to Kusik to be hanged because he murdered Milton, the bank cashier."

The eyes of the woman blazed at him. "Afe you mad?"

"It's the truth." Macdonald's voice was curt and harsh. "He and Holt were robbing the bank when Milton came back from the dance at the club. The cowards shot down the old man like a dog. They'll hang for it if it costs me my last penny, so help me God."

"You say it's the truth," she retorted scornfully. "Do you think I don't know you now—how you twist and distort facts to suit your ends? How long is it since your jackal had him arrested for assaulting you—when Wally Selfridge knew—and you knew—that he had risked his life for you and had saved yours by bringing you to Diana's after he had bandaged your wounds?"

"That was different. It was part of the game of politics we were playing."

"You admit that you and your friends lied then. Is it like you could persuade me that you're telling the truth now?"

The big Alaskan shrugged. "Believe it or not as you like. Anyhow, he's going back with me to Kusik—and Holt, too, if he's here."

An excited cackle cut into the conversation, followed by a drawing announcement from the window. "Your old tillicum is right here, Mac. What's the use of waiting? Why don't you have your hanging-bee now?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When the Lion Divides.

The capitalist would have you believe that civilization rests on the accumulation of pounds, shillings and pence—pounds for the capitalists, shillings for the middlemen, and pence for the workers. — Sydney Australian Worker.

Always Look Happy.

Why do photographs of woman airplane pilots always show them competing for the record in the standing broad grin? — Pittsburgh Courier Times.

SAVING WOOL IS NOT ALL.

We never could save enough to satisfy the needs of the boys 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 Mable's the other day and they still have

All-Wool Suits for as low as \$29.00.

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner

DETROIT.

Grand River and Griswold

F. J. Cochran, Attorney, Northville. MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, made by Samuel J. Brown and Samuel S. Babcock of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, to Byron S. Stapleton of Cleveland, Ohio, which said mortgage is dated the first day of August, 1931, and was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 276 of Mortgages, page 246, on August 3rd, 1931, which said mortgage was assigned by the said Byron S. Stapleton on the twelfth day of February, 1896, to Carrie E. Brown; said assignment being recorded the fifteenth day of February, 1896, in Liber 42, assignments of mortgages, page 165; and the said Carrie E. Brown assigned said mortgage to John H. Wilke on the thirteenth day of January, 1917, said assignment having been recorded April 24, 1917, in the Register of Deeds' office for Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 67 of assignments of mortgages, page 158; and on which mortgage there is claimed to be due and unpaid at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of ten thousand, five hundred and fifty-three and 60/100 dollars, and no suit or proceeding at law or equity having been instituted to recover said moneys or any part thereof; now therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Monday, the ninth day of September 1918, at twelve o'clock, noon, (Eastern Standard time), I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the southerly or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County Building in the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, that being the building where the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held, the premises described in said mortgage, (or so much of them as have not heretofore been released from the terms of the above described mortgage), or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due as aforesaid on said mortgage together with six per cent interest and all legal costs allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage, the following described premises situated in the city of Detroit in the county of Wayne and State of Michigan as follows, to-wit:

JOHN H. WILKE, Mortgagee.
F. J. Cochran, Attorney for Mortgagee 47-5

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of power granted me by the Probate Court for Wayne county, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the Main street entrance to the Lapham State Savings bank, Northville, Mich., on Saturday, the 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 of Northville, Wayne county, excepting a piece of land in the northeast corner of aforesaid land described as follows: 11 rods and 10 links east and west and 18 rods north and south. Terms of sale: Cash deposit of \$1,000 required; balance on delivery of deed.

GEORGE GIBSON, Administrator.
Dated, Northville, Mich., May 9, 1918. 42-47.

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.

TRY A LINE IN THE RECORD.**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Labeled Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red Seal Gold Metallic Box. Each box contains 10 pills. Take one or two. Buy of your Druggist. DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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 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 25, 26, 27, 28, 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 (2), 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.

Good Things Come True.

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

Auction!

Frank J. Boyle, Auctioneer.

Having decided to quit farming and sell the farm, the undersigned will sell Personal Property at Public Auction, on the premises, 1 Mile South of the Village of Salem, next to the Boyle Bros' farm, on—

Saturday June 22

1918, at 1:00 o'clock sharp, the following described property:

HORSES.

- 1 Black Gelding, 9 yr old, wt. 1,250
- 1 Gray Gelding, 11 yr old, wt. 1,300
- 1 Sorrel Mare, 5 yr old, wt. 1,100
- 1 Shetland Pony Brood Mare, 5 yr old and Colt 8 weeks' old.

DAIRY COWS.

- 1 Durham Cow, 6 yr old, New Milch.
- 1 Guernsey Cow, 4 yr old, fresh on April 12; Bred back.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 4 yr old, fresh in April; Bred back May 12.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 4 yr old, fresh March 12; Bred back May 9.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 4 yr old, fresh May 1; Bred back June 3.
- 1 Jersey Cow, 4 yr old, Due July 1.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 5 yr old, Due Aug. 1.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 4 yr old, fresh in April; Bred back May 9.

ROGS.

- 2 Poland China Brood Sows, Due August 1, and September 28

FARM TOOLS.

- 1 Champion Grain Binder.
- 1 Hay Rake. 1 Platform Wagon
- 1 Wide Tire Pekin Wagon.
- 1 Top Buggy, nearly new.
- 1 Set New Bob Sleighs.
- 2 Sets Log Bunks. 1 Milk Wagon.
- 1 2-Horse Cultivator (John Deere).
- 1 2-Horse Cultivator.
- 1 Spring-Tooth Harrow, New.
- 1 Spike-Tooth Harrow, New
- 1 4-Section Iron Drag.
- Quantity of Lumber. (about \$7,000 ft.)
- 1 New Tent, Heavy Duck.
- 1 New Building 10x12 ft. good for a Garage.
- 1 Oil Heating Stove.
- 20-Foot Launch.
- 1 New Iron Pump 1 Disc Harrow.
- 1 Steel Land Roller. 1 Slip Scraper.
- 1 Hay Rack, flat bottom.
- 1 Feed Grinder.
- Clipping Machine Sharpener.
- 1 Oliver Sulkley Plow, New.
- 1 Oliver Walking Plow, New.
- 1 Spring Corn Marker, New
- 1 Keystone Hay Loader.
- 1 Grain Drill. (Proprietor).
- 1 Grindstone. 3 Milk Cans.
- 1 Good Double Harness.
- 1 Light Driving Harness, nearly new.
- 1 Single Harness.
- 1 Cream Separator. 40 New Crates.
- 13 Rose Comb Buff Leghorn Hens.
- 3 Log Chains.

GRAIN.

- 8 Acres Corn, Good Stand.
- 5 Acres Oats, Good Stand.
- 5 Acres Rye, Good Stand.
- 1 Acre of Late Potatoes.
- 1/2 Acre early Potatoes.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

- 1 Cook Stove 1 Gasoline Range.
- 1 Iron Bedstead and Springs.
- 1 Washing Machine.
- 2 Gasoline Engines, 1 is 1 1/2 h. p., and the other 1 1/2 horse power.
- 1 Pump Jack. 3 Balls Binder Twine.

TERMS:—All sums of \$10 and under, Cash; over that amount, 6 months' time on good approved bankable notes at 6% interest. 2% off for cash.

B. B. COE

PROPRIETOR.
ED BOYLE and FRED C. WHEELER,
Clerks.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Ida Joslin of Detroit is visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. C. A. Dolph is visiting her sister in Cleveland for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. B. Penfield of Detroit was a guest at the A. E. Stanley home Sunday.

Mr. S. Burgess of Isabella county spent last week with his sister, Mrs. James Clark and family.

Mrs. C. F. Murphy was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ball in Detroit, a few days this week.

Charles Richardson and Mrs. Anna Bussey of Holly, were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richardson.

Roy Hendricks and daughter, Maxine of Detroit, visited Mr. Hendricks' mother, Mrs. Wm. Richardson Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Fannie VanLeuven and little grandson, of Milford, have been recent guests of Mrs. VanLeuven's daughter, Mrs. E. E. Perrin.

Editor J. A. Neal of the Orion Review, accompanied by Mrs. Neal, has been visiting Northville relatives for a few days this week.

Mrs. Alice Freeman returned to her home at Lansing Wednesday evening, after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. L. W. Simmons.

Mrs. Augusta Murdock has returned from a week's stay in Detroit and is now settled in her own home on Randolph street for the summer.

Miss Hartie Fangel is spending her annual vacation from work in the Pera Marquette offices in Detroit at the home of her parents near Salem.

Mrs. McDonald and her son, James, and his two children and Mrs. Minnie Seloff, all of Detroit, were Sunday afternoon callers at the Tremper home.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Baughman and family and Earl Baughman and wife were called to Bellevue, Ohio, Saturday by the death of Mrs. Adam Mook.

David Gage and N. A. Clapp were at Wixom Wednesday to attend the meeting of the Wixom Farmer's club, of which they have been members for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Liddell and daughter, of Detroit, who were summoned here to attend the funeral of Mr. Simmons, returned home the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Ruthruff of Bellevue, were Sunday guests at the Hunkley home on Dunlap street.

Miss Dilla Stoffer of Salem and Mrs. George Hueston of Detroit, were at the Gillis home Tuesday to visit their nephew, Bert Balch, before his departure for U. S. Army service.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Turner and Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Barnum were in Detroit April 6th to take dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Turner in honor of the young people's first wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. German and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Becker, all of Pontiac, were in town last Friday to attend the funeral of L. W. Simmons.

Mrs. L. B. Charter and son, Glenn, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moe and Mrs. Mary Predmore, motored to North Farmington Sunday to visit friends, and later to Orchard Lake, Fontic and Birmingham.

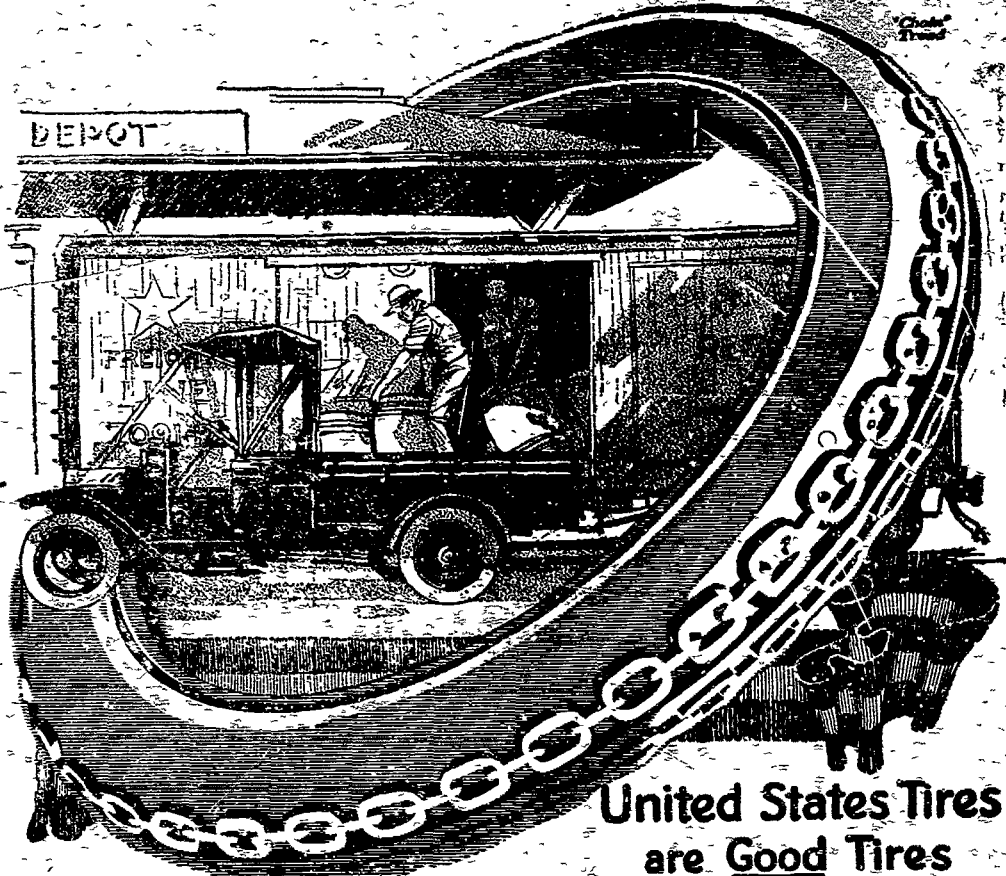
Mrs. Florence Schoutz and Miss Ida Barley of the Northville schools, went to Mayville, Mich. Friday to visit Miss Margarette Weller, returning Saturday. They found Miss Weller improving, but still very weak.

Mrs. Mary Russell was both surprised and gratified last week Thursday, April 6th, when her son, with a party of other friends from Plymouth appeared at her home on Cady street to help her celebrate her 80th birthday, bringing with them a delicious dinner as well as all kinds of good wishes.

Woman's Worries.
A man worries for himself. A woman worries for her husband, for her children, for her relatives and the people of her neighborhood.

The Proof of Liteness.
No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own liteness than disbelief in great men.—Thomas Carlyle.

Hard to Capture.
Obesity isn't always a handicap. The fat jobs seem to be the most elusive.



United States Tires are Good Tires

Now is the Time to Make Your Tire Buying a Business Proposition

Now, in this time of war, it is more necessary than ever to buy tires for permanent economy

made them easily the most popular tires among owners of the biggest-selling light cars.

Hundreds of thousands of motorists have found that business judgment in tire-buying leads straight to United States Tires.

The same quality is built into all United States Tires—into the small sizes as well as the larger sizes for heavier cars.

The phenomenal growth of United States Tire Sales is positive proof of this fact.

Select the United States Tire that fits your particular needs. Our Sales and Service Depot dealer will gladly help you. Then stick to it.

The unusually high quality of United States tires has



A Complete Stock of United States Tires Carried by the following Service Dealers.

F. N. Perrin & Sons, Northville.
John D. Nelson, Salem.
Bentley Brothers, Elm.
Service Garage, Redford.

Buick Service Co., (A. M. Bosworth), Redford
Redford Tire & Battery Co., Redford.
Bert R. Vincent, Redford.
Roy H. Burgess, Redford.

OUR "WAR HARDSHIPS."

The Record has several times called attention to how very little, except in the case of those whose boys are in the army, we know about the hardships of the present war, but the topic obtrudes itself afresh every time we hear people grumbling about war bread, wheat substitutes, sugar restrictions, coal shortage and such other comparatively small inconveniences as we of Northville, of Michigan, and of America at large have known as yet. A recent editorial in "the Pontiac Press Gazette" says, along this line:

"Anybody who imagines that he or she has a grievance on account of the conservation rules enforced or recommended had better stop whining long enough to consider how our allies, who have been doing most of our fighting for us so far, are faring in the matter of food.

"The British people ever since Christmas have had difficulty in getting the simplest necessities of life. Their sugar has long been rationed; they are allowed only half a pound apiece per week. On March 11 butter and margarine were put on a ration basis. Now their tea is doled out likewise. On April 7 meat rations began. They are permitted to buy, for each person, 1 1/2 ounces of tea, 4 ounces of fats and 30 cents' worth of meat per week. Three people are allowed among them; half a pound of bacon and half a pound of cheese per week. And to buy these pitiful portions of food they must stand in line for hours. Often the ration is not obtainable.

"And this is in England, which is generally believed to have suffered less privation than any of our other European allies. What the situation is in France and Italy we are not told.

"We Americans as yet have hardly begun to limit our consumption of expensive luxuries. There has been no limitation of our standard food supply worth mentioning. Real privation has not touched us. We should be ashamed to find fault with, or seek to evade, the mild measures our government urges from time to time for the sake of saving our allies from actual starvation."

Some Travelers.

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

GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

"Fanny's First Play," which will be offered at the Garrick theatre, Detroit, next week by the Bonstelle company, represents a play within a play. The story causes the audience to chuckle, to speculate and thoroughly enjoy itself. We are introduced to the police system, the jails, the bubbling abandon of youth's courage, the clashes of generations, nations and types. Miss Bonstelle and her associates deserve credit for giving Detroiters their first chance this year to glimpse Bernard Shaw at his best. "Fanny's First Play" was offered at the Garrick in December, 1913; since then we have had his "Getting Married." American productions of Shaw are all too few.

FLOWERS

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

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

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

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

VAUDEVILLE

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

TEMPLE THEATRE.

Two Performances Daily
2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

Take Notice!

Automobile owners are hereby notified that we have secured the services of a First-Class Repair Man, and are now in a position to take care of your wants along these lines.

PROMPT and GUARANTEED SERVICE

Also Carry Full Line Agricultural Implements.

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