

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XXI, NO 7

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1908

WHOLE NO. 1105.



YES,

We Have Both Phones

and number **FIVE** either exchange will reach us day or night.

The same call will reach Dr. Kimble, at both office and residence.

**BOTH 'PHONES,
NUMBER FIVE**

The Wolverine Drug Co.

'Phone No. 5.

J. H. KIMBLE, Ph. B., M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at

"THE WOLVERINE."

Office 'Phone No. 5, 2r.

Residence 'Phone No. 5, 3r

CONSIDER MEATS,

When you Buy Them.

There is just as much quality in them as in other lines.

OUR PRICES

are within the reach of the poor as well as the rich and our aim is to please all.

**FRESH FISH THURSDAYS & FRIDAYS
OYSTERS IN BULK.**

TEL. 23

W. F. HOOPS

EXTRA!

PENN CLUB OLIVES

(8 oz. bottle)

3 Bottles for 25c.

As long as they last. An A No. 1 Olive—can't be duplicated in town.

Ma-No-Men Oysters.

The large, fat kind, not all water but solid meats.

GITTINS BROS.

Phone 13—Free Delivery.

CENTRAL GROCERY.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

Breezy Items

By Live Correspondents.

WEST TOWN LINE.

Mrs. F. L. Becker and Mrs. Wallace Becker of Tyrone visited Sunday at Wixom.

Mr. and Mrs. Enos Schoch of Rock City, Illinois, are visiting at their son's Eli Schoch.

Mrs. Thomas Spencer was a Bunker Hill visitor Sunday.

Mrs. J. J. Lucas was a guest at the Macabee banquet at Salem last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes and Gus. Gates attended the funeral of Mr. Gates' mother at Stark Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Heeney and Gladys spent Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. James Spencer's in Livonia.

Mrs. Alford Bates and little son Hal of Morenci are visiting her daughter Mrs. Festus Lucas this week.

Mrs. Joseph Weber spent Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.

Mrs. Chas. Sherer visited her sister at Flat Rock last week.

Chas. Shearer and daughter Anna spent Thursday in Detroit.

Maurice See visited his parents Sunday.

Mrs. John Robinson visited her daughter Mrs. Bert Eldred in the village Tuesday.

All were very glad that the fire in D. W. Packard's woods was so quickly subdued. As it was, quite a large patch was burned over.

Pupils who have contributed recently toward our seed and nest collections are Chas. Lucas, Floyd Lucas, Harold Kellogg, Harold Guilford, Alice Kellogg and Paul Becker.

Fred Rucker was in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. James Purdy was called to Eaton Rapids on account of the illness of her mother.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and it has never failed to cure a sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy, of East Wilton, Mich. 25c. at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale drug stores.

NEWBURG.

Arthur LeVan is in Cincinnati with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Pattullo. He will take physical culture for his crooked spine. Mrs. Ella Mackinder gave her Sunday-school class a party just before his departure, as Arthur is a member of her class.

Mrs. Gillmore returned to her home at Northville Tuesday, after visiting her sister, Mrs. Louisa Bennett.

Friday will be a memorable day in Newburg, as the L. A. S. yearly fair will be the attractive feature. Both useful and fancy articles will be on exhibit and it is hoped all things will be sold at some price. A fish pond will grace the hall, and the President will give 50 cents to any person bringing a half bushel of the largest potatoes. Supper 20 cents. All come and get good beef pie and other good things too numerous to mention.

Mrs. Mary Philpott is in sorrow, as her sister, Mrs. Agnes McCabe of San Francisco passed away three weeks ago.

Mrs. Zerviah Barrows is home from Pittsburg and is busy making quilts for sale. She finished a beautiful one Tuesday, which has been purchased by Henry Messer.

PIKE'S PEAK.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Klatt and daughters Lola and Hazel visited at John Honk's of East Nankin last Sunday.

Mrs. Albert Kramm of Plymouth visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wright and family, last Sunday.

Mrs. Hayner and grand daughter of Olo are spending the week with her aunt Mrs. Cummings.

Mrs. Klatt and daughter Blanche spent Monday at A. Moore's of Swift.

H. Wright of Plymouth visited his brother Charles of this place last Sunday.

How is Your Digestion?

Mrs. Mary Dowling of No. 228 8th Ave., San Francisco, recommends a remedy for stomach trouble. She says: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters in a case of acute indigestion, prompts this testimonial. I am fully convinced that for stomach and liver troubles Electric Bitters is the best remedy on the market to-day." This great tonic and alternative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness. 50c. at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale drug stores.

It pays to have nicely printed stationery. Get it at The Mail office.

LIVONIA CENTER.

There was a small turnout at the election on Tuesday, only about 265 votes being polled.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Colba of Northville were at the Center Tuesday to help out in the store.

Latest report from the Klump home in Northville says Aunt Maria is not as well as usual and Mrs. Klump is sick in bed.

Thomas Williamson started for his home in Dowagiac on Tuesday.

Wm. Garchow had the misfortune to run a dragtooth through his foot last week and has been laid up since, though it is doing very nicely.

Mrs. Otto Wagonshultz, Mrs. Blonkenburg and Will Whitaker of Plymouth visited Mrs. John Baze, Jr., on Friday.

The funeral of Mrs. Harmon Karyl was held at the Union church here on Friday and was very largely attended. Rev. King gave a very fine sermon. Deceased was well known here and very much respected. She was born in Prussia, Germany, in 1844 and came to this country in 1869. She was married to Herman Gates in 1870 and three children were born to them. She had been married three times. She leaves a husband, six children, three brothers and two sisters to mourn her loss.

SALEM

Jud. Taylor and Miss Emma Harding of New Hudson visited George Roberts and family Sunday.

Frank Whittaker, James and Walter Renchler, Jay Tenant, A. Shetheld and Mr. Tackman started for Curran, Oscoda Co., for a few weeks' hunting Thursday morning.

Elmer Jarvis was in Ann Arbor on business Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ryder of Northville visited at Wm. Stanbro's Sunday.

John Munn of Detroit was in town Tuesday.

Dr. Maynard was in Plymouth Tuesday.

The Woman's Missionary society of the Baptist church will meet with Mrs. Bessie Weihers Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wheeler were in Plymouth callers Monday.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Hanchett of Plymouth visited their son Arthur and attended church here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stewart and children of Plymouth and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Houk and children of East Nankin visited with Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Meldrum last Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Holcomb of Farmington visited with Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Sherman last Sunday.

Miss Ruth Avery of Wayne visited her sister Mrs. Mae Kubik last Saturday and Sunday.

Remember the fair and chicken pie supper at the hall next Wednesday afternoon and evening, Nov. 11.

AN ORDINANCE.

An ordinance regulating the operation of traction engines or other conveyances or machines having wheels with iron or steel flutes or lugs, on, along or across paved streets in the village of Plymouth, State of Michigan.

The Village of Plymouth ordains: Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to operate by its own power, or haul or push any steam traction engine, gasoline traction engine or any other machine or conveyance having wheels with iron or steel flutes or lugs, on, along or across any paved street within the corporate limits of the village of Plymouth unless such person or persons shall protect the pavement on such streets by planks or in some other manner to prevent injury to the same.

Section 2. Any person violating the provisions of this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be subject to a fine of not to exceed \$25.00 and costs of suit, or to imprisonment in the Detroit House of Correction for a period not to exceed 30 days, or to both such fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court imposing the same.

Section 3. This ordinance shall take effect on the twenty-fifth day of November, 1908.

Made and passed by the Common Council of the village of Plymouth, State of Michigan, this second day of November, 1908.

FRED F. BENNETT, President

FRANK S. WILSON, Clerk.

Bent with age, his eyes dimmed with the light of three centuries, Henry Moore, one of Ann Arbor's aged colored citizens, resident at 1501 Fuller street, is the oldest person residing in Washtenaw county, and one of the oldest in the state. Born in slavery at Aarve de Grace, Maryland, on Christmas day, 1799, he has lived in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries and is today 108 years old.—Ann Arbor News.

THE MISERY OF A SEVERE

COLD

can be cut short in a hurry by using

Laxative Cold & Grippe Tablets

A positively effective cure for Colds—one that you can depend upon to suddenly break up any cold.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Pinckney's Pharmacy

BUY BANK DRAFTS

When Sending Away Money.

WHY?

They are the BEST and CHEAPEST way to remit money, and are payable, not like P. O. orders, only at the office they are drawn upon, but are payable in any part of the United States. They COST MUCH LESS than Post-of-

**B
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rice or Express orders, and if lost can be duplicated without delay or extra charge. This bank keeps all paid drafts on file in their vaults, making a perfect receipt subject to your examination at any time.

THE
PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

GAYDE'S MEAT MARKET

Is the place to buy your meats.

THE CHOICEST CUTS

of Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal
Salt and Smoked Meats

Orders by Telephone must be in by 10:00 o'clock, standard.

TRY OUR HOME SMOKED HAMS.

WM. GAYDE

NORTH VILLAGE.

Telephone 12

J. D. McLAREN CO.

Headquarters for

Lime, Cement, Brick, Toledo Pulp Plaster, Little's Fibre Plaster, Little's and Houghton's Hard Wall Plaster.

HOMESTEAD BONE BLACK FERTILIZER

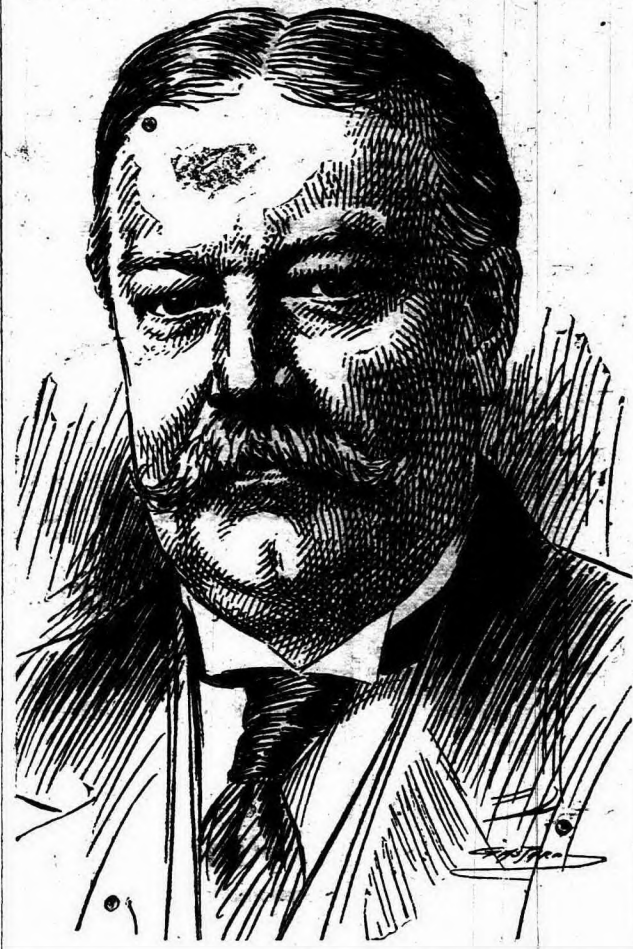
Baled Hay and Straw, Ground Corn and Oats, Middlings, Oat Bran, Corn, Oats, Wheat.

Highest Price Paid for Grain, Hay, &c.

HARD AND SOFT COAL

Plymouth Elevator. Both Phones.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT



TAFT AND SHERMAN VICTORS

Republican National Ticket Given Handsome Majority in Electoral College.

THE ELECTION AT A GLANCE

One of the results surpassing the most sanguine hopes of most Republicans was Mr. Taft's carrying the greater city of New York by a plurality which approached 10,000. Furthermore, his plurality in New York state will be approximately 189,334, exceeding by nearly 14,000 Roosevelt's big plurality of 1904.

With 31 United States senators to be elected by legislatures chosen now or earlier in the fall, the Republicans will retain their control of both houses of congress. Mr. Taft carried practically every so-called doubtful state except Nebraska, where Mr. Bryan was victorious.

PROBABLE MAKEUP OF NEXT CONGRESS

Table with columns: States, Number of Congressmen, Districts, Heard from, Republican, Democrat. Lists states from Alabama to Wyoming with corresponding counts.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS

Rochester.—After several weeks spent in arguing and submitting propositions, the village council of Rochester has induced the Utica Light & Power Company to file with the village clerk a certificate of control of the entire capital stock of the present Rochester Light & Power Company, now controlled by the Detroit United railway.

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS

Ann Arbor.—The co-eds of the University of Michigan have a great scheme on foot, when the cold, snowy days of winter shall have come, none other than a skating rink of their very own. Sleepy Hollow, their newly-acquired recreation or athletic field, is the most ideal place in the whole city for such an out-of-door rink.

Surely Coming. The prediction that the railroads will ultimately come to the electric method of propulsion as a matter of economy, safety, convenience and necessity is no longer regarded with the skepticism once prevalent.

Beauty, a Woman's Birthright. A vast majority of women are falling in love in the good old fashion, writes Anna McClure Sholl in Appleton's, marrying and rearing families, and some of them will be able to prepare their boys for college when the time comes, on the strength of their own academic degrees.

Public sentiment will emphatically sustain the declaration of the president of Bryn Mawr college that hazing is a survival of savagery which ought to be stamped out of men's colleges, but in women students is a social crime without even the excuse of stupid traditions for its being.

It is the universal testimony of American street-car men that a large portion of the women passengers get off the car facing backward, and many accidents are due to the practice. No amount of warning or remonstrance having cured the habit, car-barn superintendents in Chicago has equipped 40 cars with a new form of door handle, so placed that it is difficult for anyone to alight in the wrong way.

It is difficult for western people to understand Islam or unravel the mysteries of its politics. But we can appreciate the romantic side of an event celebrated this month on the birthday of the Turkish sultan; namely, the opening of the railroad from Damascus to Medina. The road will ultimately connect the holy city of Mecca with Constantinople.

After spending money, sorrow and humiliation for it, Lady Yarmouth has discovered her title as worthless. But some value will still be extracted from her sorry purchase if it only serves as a warning example to other American women who see glamor in a title and stake a life's happiness to win its empty glitter.

Thanks to Sven Hedin, Central Asia is now in the same class that Central Africa was after Mr. Stanley had penetrated it. What will future explorers do when they sigh for new, dark continents to open on the map? It looks very much as if they might have to look star to the planets.

It cannot be denied that President Diaz has done enough hard work for his republic to entitle him to lay off and take a few-seeing trip if he feels so disposed.

Peck's Bad Boy and Airship

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK

HE ELECTROCUTES THE WHOLE CREW

I never slept a wink that night after the phosphorus episode, when I painted the wild steer so it looked like a four-legged ghost, and scared the crew so they nearly deserted the ship, because the captain ordered, as I supposed, that I be cast overboard the next morning, to give the sharks a meat sandwich, and all night I tried to prepare myself for death, though I could not help thinking that in some way I would escape.

The next morning I got up and collected all the shoes of the officers, and got a blacking brush and began blacking them. Soon there was trouble, because every man missed his shoes, and they began to hunt for them, and they found me working at the shoes and singing: "Pull for the shore, brother," and such pious hymns.

I was dressed up in my Sunday clothes, and when the captain got his shoes he wanted to know what was the meaning of my sudden industry, and the funeral aspect all around, and I told him I had heard him tell the crew to chuck me overboard, and I was preparing myself for death, and I gave him a letter to mail to Pa, after I was gone, and told the captain I was ready. "Why, you dumb fool," said the captain, "it was not you I mean to throw overboard, but that phosphorus steer that we killed last night. They are hauling it up out of the hold now with the tackle. We will save you for a worse fate."

Well, I never felt so happy in my life as I did when that dead steer came up through the hatchway, and was launched over the side, and when I saw the flock of sharks jump on the steer and begin to hunt for the tenderloin, I let out a yell of joy that sounded like the cry of a timber wolf.

Then I got what was coming to me.

going to shoot, when the crew drew revolvers and told him that if he pulled a trigger they would annihilate every officer on the boat, and take charge of it themselves, and run it into the first port. He said the crew could stand anything except eating diseased cattle, and that they drew the line at steers that had died of rinderpest.

The captain was stunned, and said the beef flying through the air was good, and he got it from cold storage in Baltimore, and asked that a committee go with him down in the hold and see the evidence, and a committee was appointed to go down and see about it.

When they came back they were satisfied, and the captain asked them how they got the idea the meat was bad, and when it came to that I felt as though some one would squeal on me, and as I started to make a get away, and hide somewhere until the storm blew over, one of the crew took me by the neck and said to the captain: "This young man told us about the meat."

The captain told the fellow that had me collared to take me to his cabin, and he came in pretty mad, and called in a few officers, and they were getting ready to kill me, when I thought of the little electric battery in my pistol pocket.

It is one I got in St. Louis to scare people with. I can turn a button, and the battery will send electricity into my arm and through my body, and I turned the dings, and felt the electricity going through me like ginger ale up your nose, and when they had got ready to maul me I began to weep, and told the captain I was no saint, but I wanted a quiet life, and all the fun I could have, and I asked him as

once because the coffee was weak, and I gave him a squeeze that sent a shock through his system that loosened his teeth, and when the captain alluded to me as the angel child who was loaded for fear and who had a charmed life that could not be destroyed by knives or guns, the Greek looked at me in a respectful way as though he didn't want to have any more truck with me.

Then a big Welshman came up and shook my hand, and when I gave him the third degree he let go and jumped out of the window of the cabin, on deck, and began to use language that was equal to Russian, and then a Swede came bowing to me, thinking I must be at least a crown prince, and when I squeezed his hand, he looked at his fingers and his arm and trembled and squirmed and said: "Ah tank a got yim yams," and he lit out in a hurry.

A small Irishman came next, and as he was the one who promised to cut



I Gave Him a Squeeze That Sent a Shock Through Him That Loosened His Teeth.

my ears off to serve on toast, I gave him the limit, and he curled up like a German dachshund and laid down on the mat, making motions with his mouth as though he was repeating poetry, and he said: "Kape away from me, ye hoodoo," and he crawled out so quick it almost broke the door.

The captain and mate laughed every time I shook hands with any of the crew, and when I had paralyzed them all, and got them so scared they would come to me if I whistled, and eat out of my hand, the captain said I was worth more toward maintaining discipline on the boat than a whole police force, and he wanted me to do something every day to keep the crew from being lonely, so that night at supper time I charged all of the steel knives and forks with electricity and got two nigger chasers ready for business.

It was to be the last night before we landed in France, and I was prepared to make it a meal long to be remembered. I sat next to the captain, and that brought me right close to the crew's table, and when the crew filed in and took their places, they all looked at me as though I was the devil instead of an "angel child."

I had a match all ready and when the supper was put on and the crew grabbed their knives and forks they were shocked real hard, and they dropped them and yelled something like the swear words of each nationality, and then I put my nigger chasers down on the floor, headed for the crew's table, and lit the fuse.

Well, you know how nigger chasers will chase. Gee, but they went under the crew's table, smoking and hissing, the sparks flew, and the brave crew got up and run out on deck yelling "fire" and "murder," and "damn that boy," and the man in charge of the fire hose turned it into the cabin and drowned everything out, and the crew run away and hid, and when things cleared off the captain said: "Boy, I like a joke as well as anybody, but you have overdone this thing, and I am mighty glad we land to-morrow, and you can go to your pa and his confounded airships, and may the Lord have mercy on him."

Then we went to bed, and I expected some of the crew would stab me before morning, but I guess they were too much rattled.

Gee, but I am dying to see Pa, and help him spend government money for catfins, seems as though I haven't had a square meal since my clam and I struck that community near St. Louis, as escaped balloonists.

Normal College for China.

The new Chinese board of education proposes to establish a shih-fan hsiieh-tang, or civil normal college in Peking, for training teachers for service in the various civil schools and colleges throughout the empire in addition to Chinese classics, says Harper's Weekly. English, French, German, Russian and Japanese will be taught in the proposed college, and the instruction of experienced teachers. The college will be established in the Chinese city in the course of the present year, and the annual expenditure is estimated to be about 100,000 taels (about \$70,000).

Not Exactly Proper.

Jim—How do you like my duck suit?
Her—It looks like a misomer to me.
Jim—A misomer?
Her—Yes; it makes you look more like a goose.—Chicago Daily News.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

John B. Jackson, a prominent millionaire of Pittsburg, Pa., was thrown from his horse and killed.

Oscar Hoganson, a young farmer, was found dead with a bullet hole in his head, near Marengo, Ill.

As the result of a livery stable fire in St. Paul, Minn., 100 horses perished and one man was missing.

Count Zeppelin made a flight in his airship with his daughter and Duchess Vera of Wurtemberg as passengers.

President Roosevelt issued the annual proclamation setting apart Thursday, November 26, as Thanksgiving day.

Cadet G. Cook Ferebee of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., died of injuries received in a football game.

P. Shelley O'Ryan, member of the Chicago board of education and a prominent Irish patriot, died after a long illness.

The final hearing of the government's case to dissolve the Standard Oil Company was set for February 23 in St. Louis.

Harry Sampson, a nephew of the late Admiral Sampson, was found shot to death in his residence near Palmyra, N. Y.

Col. George R. Burnett, U. S. A. (retired), commandant at the Nebraska Military academy, died at Lincoln, Neb.

Thomas F. Levis, postmaster at Grant Works, Ill., was arrested on the charges of embezzling \$900 and making false reports.

B. C. Whitney of Detroit, proprietor of several theaters, sustained a fracture of the skull in an automobile accident at Brownstown, Ind.

Safeblowers secured \$4,000 worth of jewelry at the store of Samuel J. Hahn in Boston, but they overlooked a bag containing diamonds valued at \$15,000.

Invoking only the unwritten law in her defense, Mrs. Nancy Murrill has been acquitted at Jackson, Ky., of murder. She killed Miss Mary Terry, with whom her husband was infatuated.

President Roosevelt has agreed to recommend to congress in his next message the passage of a law to conserve the public health, similar to the one proposed by the American Medical association.

WILL DISCUSS NIGHT RIDING.

Program for Cotton Conference at Atlanta November 10 and 11.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 3.—Complete arrangements for the cotton conference of the Southern Cotton association November 10 and 11, were announced Monday night by President Harvie Jordan. Reduced rates have been granted from every point in the south to Memphis.

Included on the speakers' program are Gov. M. R. Patterson of Tennessee, who is expected to touch on the night-riding problem, and President J. A. Taylor of the National Ginners' association, who will deliver an address on the subject "Night Riding in the South."

Among the other speakers will be Gov. Noel of Mississippi, E. D. Smith of Florence, S. C.; Walter Clarke of Jackson, Miss., and W. P. G. Harding president of the First National bank of Birmingham.

HELPLESS INMATES RESCUED.

Asylum for Feeble-Minded Women at Rome, N. Y., Burned.

Rome, N. Y., Nov. 2.—Ward building B of the state custodial asylum here for feeble-minded women was burned Sunday. There were about 150 patients in the building, including the old and decrepit, about 30 of whom were confined to beds. All the sick and helpless were safely removed. It will cost \$100,000 to replace the burned building and \$25,000 to furnish it.

Section Men Get More Pay.

Sedalia, Mo., Nov. 3.—Effective Monday, all section men employed on the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain system received an increase in wages of from \$1.25 to \$1.35 a day.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Nov. 3.

LIVE STOCK—Steers	4 00	4 10
Hogs	13 00	13 25
Sheep	10 00	10 50
FLOUR—Winter Straights	4 40	4 50
WHEAT—December	1 10 1/2	1 11 1/2
May	1 10 1/2	1 11 1/2
CORN—May	71 1/2	72 1/2
RYE—No. 1 Western	52 1/2	53 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	23 1/2	24 1/2
EGGS	18 1/2	19 1/2
CHEESE	12 1/2	13 1/2

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Prime Steers	8 00	8 10
Medium to Good Steers	7 25	7 35
Cows, Plain to Fancy	5 50	6 00
Plain to Fancy Heifers	4 00	4 10
Calves	5 00	5 10
HOGS—Heavy Packers	5 00	5 10
Heavy Butchers	5 00	5 10
Pigs	3 50	3 60
BUTTER—Creamery	23 1/2	24 1/2
LIVE POULTRY	7 1/2	7 3/4
EGGS	18 1/2	19 1/2
POTATOES (per bu.)	40 1/2	41 1/2
RYE—Spring Wheat, No. 1	1 10 1/2	1 11 1/2
WHEAT—May	1 10 1/2	1 11 1/2
December (new)	1 10 1/2	1 11 1/2
Cor. December	1 10 1/2	1 11 1/2
May	1 10 1/2	1 11 1/2
Rye, May	75 1/2	76 1/2

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—Wheat, No. 1 Nor's	81 1/2	82 1/2
December	81 1/2	82 1/2
Cor. December	81 1/2	82 1/2
Oats, Standard	40 1/2	41 1/2
Rye, No. 1	75 1/2	76 1/2

KANSAS CITY.

WHEAT—Wheat, December	81 1/2	82 1/2
May	81 1/2	82 1/2
Cor. December	81 1/2	82 1/2
Oats, No. 2 White	40 1/2	41 1/2

ST. LOUIS.

ATTLE—Red Steers	8 1/2	8 3/4
Texas Steers	7 1/2	7 3/4
HOGS—Packers	5 1/2	5 3/4
Butchers	5 1/2	5 3/4
HEAVY—Civilians	4 1/2	4 3/4

OMAHA.

CATTLE—Native Steers	8 00	8 10
Stockers and Feeders	7 25	7 35
Cows and Heifers	5 50	6 00
HOGS—Heavy	5 00	5 10
Light	4 50	5 00

DUTCH MAY SOON MOVE ON CASTRO

TIME SET IN ULTIMATUM ABOUT CURACAO ALREADY HAS EXPIRED.

Venezuela Doesn't Yield—Blockade of Its Ports by Warships of the Netherlands Is Expected—Citizens of La Guaira Alarmed.

Willemstad, Nov. 2.—The Netherlands government fixed November 1 as the limit of time for Venezuela to revoke the decree of President Castro, issued on May 14, prohibiting the trans-shipment of goods for Venezuelan ports at Curacao. President Castro has refused to revoke this decree, but as yet, so far as is known here the Netherlands government has not decided upon definite action.

There has been much activity here, but in an interview Sunday the governor of Curacao said that Holland ought to have assurances that Venezuela had not revoked the decree at the last hour of the day fixed according to the ultimatum before taking any active measures. He believed that his government had made ample preparations for any eventuality. The opinion is held among naval officers here that no direct steps will be taken within a week.

Venezuela Expects Blockade.

There is no question that Venezuelans believe the Netherlands government is preparing to blockade their ports. Advice received by the steamer Zulia from Maracaibo state that it was reported on October 24 that President Castro had ordered the mobilization of 50,000 troops to be ready November 2. Two days later there were rumors in Maracaibo that Gen. Nicholas Rolando, who previously had been charged with leading a revolutionary movement in Venezuela, was crossing the frontier with 20,000 men from Cucuta, Colombia. No further account of this movement could be learned because mail and telegraphic communications with Cucuta were suspended the following day. Large shipments of powder and shells have been received at Fort San Carlos on Maracaibo lake, and there is much activity around the frontier.

At Willemstad a wireless system has been established so that uninterrupted service can now be secured. The last target practice of the Dutch warships showed 75 per cent. of hits, while the vessels were making a speed of 12 knots.

People of La Guaira Alarmed.

Caracas, Oct. 24, via Willemstad, Nov. 2.—Alarm is increasing among the residents of the port of La Guaira in view of the extensive military preparations which have been going on to meet the threatened action of the Netherlands government. President Castro has been in poor health, but after several postponements he was able to receive the credentials of Lorenza Ferreira, the new Brazilian minister.

JAMES KERR PASSES AWAY.

Democratic National Committeeman Dies at New Rochelle, N. Y.

New York, Oct. 31.—James Kerr, Democratic national committeeman from Pennsylvania, died Saturday morning at his summer home in New Rochelle, following an operation for intestinal disorder which had made him practically an invalid for a year. His wife and sons were with him at the end.

William J. Bryan visited Mr. Kerr last Monday, and the latter was much elated over the visit of the Democratic candidate, but almost immediately afterward suffered a nervous collapse which greatly aggravated his already weakened condition. There have been several consultations of physicians within the last few days, and it was determined Friday that the only chance of saving Mr. Kerr's life lay in performing an operation.

JUMPS OVER THE FALLS.

C. A. Hengeler of Buffalo Commits Suicide at Niagara.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Nov. 3.—Charles A. Hengeler, son of the late William Hengeler and former vice-president of the William Hengeler Company, one of the largest department stores in Buffalo, committed suicide here Monday by jumping into the river and going over the falls.

Hengeler was connected with the Willis K. Morgan Company, a Buffalo furniture and draperies store. He was at work in the morning and appeared to be in a normal state of mind. No cause for suicide is known. He retired from the William Hengeler Company soon after the death of his father.

Fire Victim Dies of Injuries.

Cincinnati, Nov. 3.—Miss Louise Voet died at her home in Newport, Ky., Monday of the injuries she sustained in the fire in the Neave building at Fourth and Race streets last Friday. She leaped from the tenth floor to the roof of an adjoining building five stories below, and sustained a fracture of the skull.

Killed by an Airship Propeller.

Ghrard, Kan., Nov. 3.—H. W. Strubbe, an employe of the Call Airship, was instantly killed Monday afternoon while the propellers on the ship were being tried out. One of the rear propellers struck the victim on the head.

KEPT GETTING WORSE.

Five Years of Awful Kidney Disease.

Nat Anderson, Greenwood, S. C., says: "Kidney trouble began about five years ago with dull backache, which got so severe in time that I could not get around. The kidney secretions became badly disordered, and at times there was almost a complete stop of the flow. I was examined again and again and treated to no avail, and kept getting worse. I have to praise Dom's Kidney Pills for my final relief and cure. Since using them I have gained in strength and flesh and have no sign of kidney trouble."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LIVED ON TEN CENTS A WEEK.

Bill Doolittle's System a Good One, But Not Attractive.

"Dy'n find smoking hurts y'u?" asks H. Biddle, a Yankee lawyer, in Willie Brook's story, "The Solar Machine," in Harper's.

"It probably doesn't do me any good," I said; "but I'd have trouble quitting it."

"No, y'u wouldn't. Smoke this." He took from his vest pocket the fellow to the stogey in his mouth and tossed it across the table to me. "Ever hear how Bill Doolittle lived on ten cents a week?"

I confessed that Bill's economies had never been brought to my attention.

"Wal," said Biddle, "he took dinner with a friend on Sunday, an' ate enough to last 'im till Wednesday. Then he bought ten cents' worth o' tripe, an' he hated tripe so like thunder that it lasted 'im the rest o' the week. These seegars work a good deal like that tripe. You take to smokin' 'em, an' y'u won't want more'n one or two a day."

The Doctor's Fee.

The average man will give a lawyer \$300 to \$500, together with a lifetime's praise, to keep him out of the penitentiary for from two to ten years, and at the same time he will raise a phosphorescent glow and a kick that can be heard around the world if a doctor charges him \$50 to \$100 to keep him out of hell for a lifetime. We are the only people under God's eternal tent to-day who keep open shop 24 hours each day and 365 days in each year. We are also the only laborers to keep on working for people who do not pay. I can carry my part of charity with as good a grace as most men. I can go through rain, snow or mud and do my best, provided the case is one of worthy need, but to reward continually downright rascality, willful drunkenness and wanton laziness is getting out of my line.—Texas State Journal of Medicine.

A Queer Harvest.

It was little Ethel's first visit to church, and the sermon had for its text, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." But on her return home she could not remember it, and in consequence was chided by her mother for being stupid.

A fortnight later a seamstress came to the house to do a day's work. After watching her for awhile fashion old-style garments into those that were the vogue, Ethel suddenly exclaimed: "O mamma, I know now what the preacher said. It was: 'What you sew in the winter you shall rip in the summer.'"

Greek Architecture.

It is astonishing that students of Greek literature and Greek thought should not be definitely trained in the knowledge of Greek architecture. He who knows only the literary expression of ancient Greece, great as that is, knows but one-half of the achievements of "the supreme Caucasian mind."—The Builder.

PUZZLE SOLVED.

Coffee at Bottom of Trouble.

It takes some people a long time to find out that coffee is hurting them. But when once the fact is clear, most people try to keep away from the thing which is followed by ever increasing detriment to the heart, stomach and nerves.

"Until two years ago I was a heavy coffee drinker," writes an Ill. stockman, "and had been all my life. I am now 56 years old.

"About three years ago I began to have nervous spells and could not sleep nights, was bothered by indigestion, bloating, and gas on stomach affected my heart.

"I spent lots of money doctoring—one doctor told me I had chronic catarrh of the stomach; another that I had heart disease and was liable to die at any time. They all died me until I was nearly starved but I seemed to get worse instead of better.

"Having heard of the good Postum had done for nervous people, I discarded coffee altogether and began to use Postum regularly. I soon got better, and now, after nearly two years, I can truthfully say I am sound and well.

"I sleep well at night, do not have the nervous spells and am not bothered with indigestion or palpitations. I weigh 130 pounds more than when I began Postum, and am better every way than I ever was while drinking coffee. I can't say too much in praise of Postum, as I am sure it saved my life."

"That's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in Postum.

Every man should know the value of Postum.



The Captain Got Up on a Chair and Pailed a Revolver and Was Going to Shoot.

The captain gave me a swat across the jaw for making noise enough to scare the crew into mutiny, the mate gave me a kick when I started for the cook's galley, and several of the under officers hit me, and by the time I got my eyes on to help cook dinner

a special favor to allow me to shake his hand before I died, as I knew my earthly career was about done for, and by that time the battery was buzzing, and I reached out my hand to shake his. He gave me his hand, and when I began to squeeze his hand the electricity went up his arm so he turned pale, and I hung on and he yelled to the officers to take me off, as I was killing him, and the sweat stood out on his face.

The mate grabbed hold of me and I gave him my other hand he began to dance, and the three of us were as full of electricity as a trolley wire. I hung on and made them get down on their knees and swear they would not lick me, and then I let go of them and began to weep again, and they were sorry for me.

Then they made me tell them who I was, and that I was going to France to meet Pa, and monkey with air ships and when they were sure I was Peck's Bad Boy they said I could have the free run of the ship and that I had the right to play all the tricks on anybody that I wanted to.

They made me show them how I worked my little pocket battery and when they wanted me to shake hands with all the crew so they got the whole bunch in the cabin, and the captain said they had been entertaining an angel unaware, and that I was the original Bad Boy, who had traveled all over Europe and met the crowned heads, and he wanted to introduce me to each member of the crew personally, as a distinguished guest who honored the ship by being on board. Then he began to gaze them up to be shook by the great and only.

The first fellow to put out his hand was a Greek, who drew a knife on me

PLYMOUTH MAIL

BY
F. W. SAMSEN.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, \$1.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Cards of thanks, 25 cents.
All local notices will be charged for at 5 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, \$1.00
Six Months, .60
Three Months, .35

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1908.

REPUBLICANS SWEEP THE COUNTRY

And The Local Election Goes The Same Way.

There were 561 votes cast in Plymouth at the general election last Tuesday, just ten more than four years ago. Of this number there were 224 straight Republicans, 73 Democrats, 41 Socialists, 24 Prohibition, 3 Socialist Labor. Six tickets were thrown out as not properly marked.

There appeared to be an earnest effort made to get out the voters and as the weather was fine, it is believed there were but very few "stay at homes." As was expected, Warner ran behind his ticket considerably, but gained 14 over his plurality four years ago when he ran against Ferris. Following is the vote on the more important offices of the two leading parties:

Republican Electors 354; Democratic, 104. Prohibition 30.
Governor—Warner 271, Hemans 201, Gray 170, 31.
Justice Supreme Court—Brooke 353, Norris 102.
Congressman—Townsend 372, Henderson 92.
State Senator—Snell 366, Dohrman 95.
Representative—Burnham 362, Coan 95.
Probate Judge—Durfée 364, Lehman 100.
Sheriff—Gaston 353, Kelley 113.
Clerk—Farrell 360, Hastings 99.
Treasurer—Moeller 367, Harris 93.
Register—Stoll 368, Guau 94.
Pros. Atty—VanZile 343, Burroughs 105, Owen (Pro), 47.
Auditor—Robertson 354, Cunningham 108.
Adopting Constitution—Yes 143; no 94.

PLAY A GREAT SUCCESS

Dickie Blifkins Birthday Party at the Opera House.

Local talent is always appreciated by Plymouth audiences and the play presented at the opera house last Thursday and Friday evenings was no exception to the rule. In fact, it was made more interesting in that the play itself was of local origin, being written by Miss Nettie Pelham, an author whose fame extends beyond even the State of Michigan.

"Dickie Blifkins' Birthday Party" was the play presented, the affair supposed to take place on Halloween night. The characters were all well represented, some of them more than passing well. Chloe, the colored housekeeper, by Ada Pitcher, and Sambo Johnson, also colored by Elmer Whipple, were the life of the piece, both parts being exceptionally well taken. Seraphina and Angelina Maiden, twin old maids, represented by Nellie Hooke and Beattie Hood, were ludicrous in their make-up and carried the parts to perfection, bringing forth many a laugh. Grace Campbell as Tot Lovejoy was the juvenile of the play, her part being nicely taken. Andrew Taylor as the Englishman, Mr. Slowman, also created his share of the fun, doing his part very nicely. Clyde Bentley as Dickie Blifkins, R. S. Wood as Harry Clifton, Calvin Whipple as Dr. Lovejoy, Fred Heltzer as the French dancing-master, John Quigley as Mr. Blifkins, Mrs. Ada Murray as Gussie Blifkins, Miss Lulu Bird as Myrtle Gayheart and Miss Dora Townsend as Mrs. Blifkins all contributed to the success of the play and enacted their several parts in a way that won the appreciation of the audience.

The ladies aid society of the Universalist church, under whose auspices the play was given, desire to return thanks to all patrons of the two performances and to all others interested in making it a success.

Seven Years of Proof.

"I have had seven years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best medicine to take for coughs and colds and for every diseased condition of throat, chest or lungs," says W. V. Henry, of Panama, Mo. "The world has had thirty-eight years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and colds, in grippe, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, hemorrhage of the lungs, and the early stages of consumption. Its timely use always prevents the development of pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale drug stores. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

You can taper off by making predictions to how the Michigan-Pennsylvania football game will go.

CHURCH NEWS.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

Next Sunday morning at First Church of Christ, Scientist, 10:00 A. M. Subject, "Adam and Fallen Man." Sunday-school for children 11:00 A. M. Wednesday evening testimonial service, 7 P. M. Every one is welcome.

BAPTIST.

Rev. C. T. Jack, Pastor.
Sunday morning services at 10:30. Preaching by the pastor, 11:35, Sunday-school, 6:00, B. Y. P. U. Leader, Miss Allen. In the evening, union temperance meeting, to be addressed by Mrs. Calkins. Wednesday evening prayer and praise service at 7:30. The supper announced last week to take place this evening, has been postponed until next Thursday evening.

METHODIST.

Rev. E. King, Pastor.
At the morning service next Sunday the pastor will preach, and the quartet will sing. Sunday school at 11:30. Epworth League at 7 p. m. Meeting led by P. W. Voorhies. The evening service will be a union meeting at the Baptist church.

The W. H. M. S. of the M. E. church will meet at the home of Mrs. F. H. Shattuck Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 11th, at 2:30 o'clock. The subject is a very interesting one on Porto Rico. All are cordially invited to be present.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. H. N. Ronald, Pastor.
Sunday 10:00 morning worship. Preaching by the pastor on "Pillar and Lily; Strength and Beauty."

The offering of last Sunday morning for the fire sufferers amounted to about \$10. 11:15, Sunday school, 6:00, Young People's meeting, 7:00, Union temperance service in the Baptist church. Address by Mrs. E. L. Calkins of Kalamazoo. Everyone is most cordially invited to all the above services. There will be two prayer meetings next Thursday evening, one for the women in the church parlor, led by a woman, and one for men in the pastor's study at the manse, led by the pastor. You will be heartily welcome at one of these services.

The missionary meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. F. A. Dibble next Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 11, at 2:30. All the ladies of the church invited. Subject, "Evangelism among the Bulu."

SCHOOL NOTES.

The 6th grade are making raffia pencil trays and the 7th grade are making raffia baskets for work in drawing.

The 7th grade are reading Irving's Sketch Book. The 12th grade Macbeth and the 11th grade are enjoying "As You Like It."

A book entitled "The Life of Mary Baker Eddy" written by Abil Wilbur was presented to our library by the Christian Science church society.

President L. H. Jones of the State Normal College will be in Plymouth, Monday, Nov. 8, and will speak to the pupils in the afternoon and to the teachers at four o'clock. In the evening at 7:30 he will deliver an address in the high school room to which every one is invited. No admission will be charged.

The high school election was O. K. and it didn't take all night to count the votes either. The "Prohibs" made a nice start getting 17 straights out of 75 votes, but Willie Taft was elected President and Hemans Governor. The rest of the ticket was all split up, which showed intelligent voting. The other rooms voted, but the Republicans had full sway.

Below is a list of the pupils in the various grades who have not been absent or tardy since school began this year. It means something to do this and they are certainly worthy of mention.

Alva Burnett, Beatrice Durham, Fred Fisher, Helen Gayde, Albert Harrison, Roxie Jones, Walter Koss, Stuart Laury, Florence McLeod, Edward McAllister, Gladys Northrop, Martha Rank, Grace Schwap, Allen Tillotson, Gertrude Widmaler and Zaida White of the 5th Grade.
Margaret Burnham, Mary Bradley, Howard Eckles, Irene Fisher, Geo. Gottschalk, Frank Henderson, Kenneth Harrison, Iva Hench, Leovina Henderson, Owen Hanchett, Marion Hood, Velva Larkins, Donald Ladd, Joseph Sheffield, Harvey Springer, Lester VanDeCar, Weber Ware and Cleo Willett of the 6th grade.
Henry Anderson, Lora Bogert, Russell Cook, Harold Durtso, Edward Ebert, Cora Gottschalk, Gladys Gale, Aubrey Gates, Ruth Howe, Clara Havershaw, Athaliah Hough, Helen Knapp, Max Miller, Milton Lathie, Regina Polley, Kenneth Wilson, Helen Roe, May White and Ruby Williams of the 7th grade.

All the teachers, except Miss Huffman, who found it impossible to go, attended the State Teachers' Association at Saginaw last week Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rooms had been secured beforehand, so all were sure of rooming places before reaching the city. The various church organizations served meals three times a day, so none were compelled to go hungry.

The Saginaw schools were in session all day Thursday affording the visiting teachers an opportunity to see the work done in the reputed best schools in the state. Some of our teachers visited the new manual training school and saw the boys and girls at work in that splendid institution. Each girl of last year's graduating class, it is said

made her own graduating dress, and the neat and pretty gowns on exhibition there gave evidence of their ability in this direction. Not only this, but all kinds of practical sewing, cooking, serving meals, how to lay a table correctly and conduct luncheons and small receptions were taught here. The boys learn drawing, carving, moulding, woodwork and ironwork. Expensive machinery and plenty of it is installed in the floor room. A fine large swimming pool is in the rear of the building. The percentage of boys remaining in school since the erection of this magnificent building they tell us has largely increased.

At the opening session, 4 P. M., Thursday, the teachers enjoyed a recital on the \$18,000 organ in the new auditorium. This auditorium is calculated to seat 4200 people.

Thursday evening in this building the teachers of the state were treated to one of the best concerts ever given in Saginaw. The concert was made up of the Bostonian Sextette, a chorus of 400 voices which rendered Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise. Madam Johanna Gadske, prima donna soprano, Miss Nellie Wright, soprano, Mr. Geo. Hamlin, tenor and Mrs. Isabelle Bouton, contralto. Madame Gadske was the attraction of the evening and outdid herself in her various renditions. She took the audience by storm and was recalled again and again and at the last they seemingly could not let go. It was a great opportunity for the teachers and they will ever be grateful to Saginaw for this delightful evening given them free of charge.

The special speakers for the occasion were Pres. Bryan of Franklin College, Ind., who spoke on "The Psychology of Work," Prof. W. C. Hewitt, of the Oshkosh, Wis., Normal on "Feeling in Elementary Education" and Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, Pres. of Armour Institute, Chicago, on "Gladstone." Delighted the audience.

Senator Wm. Alden Smith, who spoke to the teachers on Friday evening, according to report, hardly filled the bill.

Some thought the association on the whole was below par, while others felt that it was a great big inspiring meeting, helpful to all. We are glad to know that Michigan has the largest teachers' association in the world, and yet the very fact makes it rather unwieldy and may necessitate dividing it into two sections holding meetings at the same time in different parts of the state.

Mr. Taft's Epochal Victory.

Free Press: Taking the country over Tuesday's elections can only be interpreted as the fullest and fairest expression of popular opinion.

At no previous time within three decades have the charges of corruption been so few and of such comparative insignificance. Campaign funds provided only for legitimate necessities and the people freely followed their own convictions in marking their ballots.

Ordinary political landslides are to be deplored because the restraint which the minority is relied upon to exercise is weakened. But emphasis was demanded in this latest contest. When Bryanism assertively reared its head for the third time, there was nothing to do but crush it. The intelligence of the voters would not sanction any other course. They would and did follow the clear lead of conscientious impulse.

It is unnecessary to review the sentimentalisms and impracticable ideals of the defeated candidate. The dreams he has dreamed and their irreconcilable character are fresh in the public mind. It is equally superfluous to recall the character and the works of Mr. Taft. In their own tremendous way, in a way that leaves no room for doubt, the people have passed upon his qualifications for the highest office within their gift. Class candidacies, class appeals in politics, were visited with a stunning rebuke.

Business uncertainty departed with the coming of the returns. The fullest confidence is renewed. The restoration and promotion of prosperity will be taken up where it was checked by doubt and unrest. Conditional orders will be affirmed. Delayed enterprises will be pushed to the limit. Factories will respond to the new faith created.

This means that labor will be employed through renewed activities, that the increased demand will insure better wages and that the near-panic will soon be forgotten in the busy present.

This is not a too optimistic forecast. Ninety per cent of the business men in the country wanted Taft's election because they had an abiding belief, not alone in his honesty, but in his strength and superior executive ability. Good business on a sound basis, protected in its legal rights and stopped when it seeks to exceed those rights, is prosperity.

Taft was chosen because the people of the United States think him superbly equipped for the task.

"Aa's a great admirer of the secret ballot system."
"Why?"
"Because it affords him a great chance to say afterwards that he voted for all the winners."

Getting Ready for the Holidays

The Holidays are approaching and we are getting ready to anticipate the wants of the people of Plymouth and vicinity by placing in stock the finest line of Furniture suitable for Holiday Gifts, and also Carpets and Rugs, that we have ever carried. It will have to be seen to be appreciated, and we invite you to call and inspect the many handsome articles we shall place on sale. You will also find our prices as low as you can buy anywhere else. We invite comparison in both goods and prices, and are convinced we can please you.

SCHRADER BROS.

Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors.

Both Phones, Night or Day

Come and Look at the New Cloak Styles

Come just to look if you choose; if you want to buy we'll help you make selection



You will like our new and natty Cloak Models: they possess a quality and style that are unusual: the Workshop of Worth put them there: wool fabrics, rich linings, perfect tailoring.

Look at the pretty semi-fitting models with ruffled braid and shimmering satin trimmings. See the single-breasted types with their knack of minimizing the hip size and adding to the wearer's height. Double-breasted models for those who prefer them; novelty ideas in the Princess Nippon, Princess Directoire and Princess Empire shapes: the very newest things in cloakdom.

You cannot over-anticipate the elegance, fit and finish of these new models. They are in a class by themselves; they lift their wearers into a class by themselves.

For \$15 you can secure a cloak that you would have to pay at least \$25 for anywhere else.

Our showing at \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$20 and \$25 is unequalled: it is the best evidence we can offer of your advantage in trading here.

Misses' Cloaks \$5, \$7.50, \$10 and \$12. Children's Cloaks \$2.50 to \$4.50.

Beautiful new Dress Skirts \$2.50 to \$10.

E. L. RIGGS



Moka Coffee

Rent Receipt Books

15c.

Get them at The Mail Office

TRY MAIL LINERS

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,
Physician & Surgeon,
 Office hours—Until 9 A. M., 12 noon,
 after 1 P. M.
 Office at home, next to Christian Science Hall
 Bell Phone 26; Local 22.

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON
 Office and residence, Main street,
 next to Express office.
 Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7
 Telephone 28, Plymouth, Mich.

DR. S. E. CAMPBELL
 Office and Residence, Ann Arbor St.,
 first house west of Main street.
 Hours—8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.
 Independent Phone No. 45.

DR. J. J. TRAVIS,
DENTIST.
 Office in old Bank Building.
 Phone 120.

P. W. VOORHIES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
 Real Estate, Loans and
 Collections.
 Telephone 73. Plymouth, Mich.

Penney's Livery!
 When in need of a Rig ring up
 City Phone No. 9.

DRAYING OF ALL KINDS
 Promptly done.
 A share of your trade solicited.

CZAR PENNEY
Robinson's Livery
 Sutton Street

Good Rigs at the best
 prices possible.
 All kinds of Draying
 done promptly

GOOD STABLING.
Harry C. Robinson

Detroit United Lines
 Effective Oct. 20, 1926
EAST BOUND.
 From Detroit via Wayne 8:20 a. m. and every two
 hours to 6:20 p. m.; also 7:42 p. m. and 9:42 p. m.
 To Wayne only, 20 to 30 m.
WEST BOUND.
 Leave Plymouth for Northville 8:30 a. m. (Sun-
 days excepted), 7:10 a. m. and every two hours
 to 1:10 p. m.; also 8:42 p. m., 10:42 p. m. & 12:20 a. m.
 Leave Detroit for Plymouth 5:25 a. m. (from
 Michigan car barns), also 7:25 a. m. and every
 two hours to 5:25 p. m.; also 1 p. m., 9 p. m. and
 11 p. m. changing cars at Wayne.
 Leave Wayne for Plymouth 6:25 a. m. and every
 two hours to 6:25 p. m.; also 8:10 p. m., 10:10 p. m.
 Cars connect at Wayne for Ypsilanti and
 points west to Jackson.

THE ONLY
Through Sleeping Car to
Philadelphia
 from Michigan is operated
 on Train 8, via

The Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley
Double Track Route.

For time tables and other particulars call on
 any Grand Trunk Agent or write to GEO. W.
 VAUX, A. G. P. & T. A., 133 Adams st., Chicago

R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets
 Doctors find
 A good prescription
 for mankind
 The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions
 The family bottle (50 cents) contains a supply
 or a year. All druggists sell them.

Commissioner's Notice.
 IN the matter of the estate of Sarah Wil-
 lett, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been
 appointed by the Probate Court for the
 county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commis-
 sioners 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 office of P. W. Voorhies, in
 the village of Plymouth, in said county,
 on Wednesday, the 7th day of January,
 A. D. 1927, and on Wednesday, the 15th day of
 April, A. D. 1927, at two o'clock P. M. of each
 of said days, for the purpose of examining and
 allowing said claims, and that six months
 from the 23rd day of October, A. D. 1926, were
 allowed by said court for creditors to present
 their claims to us for examination and allow-
 ance.
 Dated October 25, 1926.
 JOHN G. LACU,
 WILL A. ECKLES,
 Commissioners.

KILL THE COUGH
AND CURE THE LUNGS
 with **Dr. King's**
Now Discovery
FOR CROUPS
 FOR ALL BRONCHITIS AND LUNG TROUBLES.
 GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY
 OR MONEY REFUNDED.

70% HONEY LARD
 for sale at special
Plymouth Markets.
 Wheat, Red, @ 35
 Oats, 25c
 Rye, 20c
 Beans, 10 to 15c
 Buckwheat, @ 40 per cwt.
 Potatoes, 25c
 Butter, 25c
 Eggs, 25c

Local News

Go to Murray's for Post Cards.
 Clay Hoyt of Lansing, was in town
 Tuesday.

Claude Shafer of Detroit was in town
 Tuesday.

A J. Murray of Ypsilanti was in
 town Monday.

Clifton Jackson of Detroit spent
 Sunday in town.

Leon Ovenshire of Detroit was a
 Sunday visitor here.

Lawrence Harrison spent Saturday
 and Sunday in Detroit.

Miss Satie Spicer of Detroit spent
 Sunday with her parents.

Miss Francis Bailey of Lansing vis-
 ited friends in town Sunday.

Maxwell Moon of Ann Arbor spent
 Saturday and Sunday in town.

Mrs. O. W. Brown of Lansing was a
 Plymouth visitor over Sunday.

James Lancaster of Bay City, spent
 Sunday at Dr. S. E. Campbell's.

Mrs. Lizzie Tait of Alderson, West
 Va., visited at J. Bogert's Sunday.

Warren Kendrick of Milwaukee
 visited at J. R. Rauch's Tuesday.

J. L. Lewis' Buckwheat, 10 lb. sack
 30c. 25 lb. sack 75c. at Murray's.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dean of South
 Lyon spent Sunday at W. D. Dean's.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. White of North-
 ville visited at Chas. Riggs' this week.

H. E. Meldrum and wife of Perrins-
 ville spent Sunday at B. J. Rathburn's.

Mrs. C. W. Richardson of Elgin, Ill.,
 is a guest of Mrs. F. W. Miller this
 week.

Mrs. J. A. Safford and Mrs. H. A.
 Spicer are visiting in Detroit this
 week.

It pays to buy shoes at Riggs'. Low
 prices, good styles, high quality and
 perfect fit.

Earl VanDeCar went to Flint last
 Monday to work in the Buick Motor
 Works.

Frank A. Spicer of the M. S. N. came
 home to cast his first presidential vote
 Tuesday.

Prof. M. W. Hearn and wife of
 Ford City spent Sunday with Mr. and
 Mrs. Anson Hearn.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Samson and
 daughter Ruth spent the latter part of
 last week at F. W. Samson's.

Rev. E. King has been spending
 several days with his parents and
 friends in Ontario this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Davidson of
 Omaha, Neb., spent the first of the
 week at Mrs. Geo. Holbrook's.

The greatest stock of Underwear at
 lowest prices at Riggs'.

It is rumored that the Michigan
 Central will be equipped with electric-
 ity for quick interurban service be-
 tween Ann Arbor and Detroit.

Fred Stocken has sold his barber-
 shop to the Jewell brothers—Homer
 and Lee. Possession will be given
 November 23rd. Mr. Stocken expects
 to go to Chicago.

The Mail is pleased to publish per-
 sonal and items of social interest
 and appreciates contributions of this
 nature. To insure insertion
 contributions should reach this
 office not later than noon Thurs-
 day.

Go to Murray's for clean, pure candy.
 Great bargains in Overcoats and
 Suits at Riggs'.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John Lang,
 last Friday, a girl.

Miss Pearl Daggert is spending a
 couple of weeks at Ovid.

Mrs. Pettingill of Detroit visited
 friends in town Tuesday.

You'll get results if you try a liner
 in The Mail want column.

Lee Jewell is moving into the Bas-
 sett house on Sutton street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Burrows spent a
 few days in Detroit this week.

Chas. Ashcroft leaves this morning
 on a hunting trip in Oscoda county.

Miss Jennie Ely of Farmington vis-
 ited Mrs. Czar Penney over Sunday.

Mrs. F. A. Dibble and Dorothy are
 spending a couple of days in Detroit.

Mrs. Louis Reber has been visiting
 her aunt at Adrian a few days this
 week.

Mrs. Wm. Blair of Ann Arbor spent
 the first of the week at Dr. J. J.
 Travis'.

Roy Welch underwent an operation
 on his eye yesterday at Ann Arbor
 hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barker of De-
 troit visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dicks
 over Sunday.

Mesdames E. W. Abbott and Harry
 Driggs of Detroit visited Mrs. John
 Hood last Friday.

Mrs. Laible and two daughters of
 Saginaw visited her son Harry and
 family here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gayde spent Sun-
 day with her sister, Mrs. John Streng
 and family at Pontiac.

The entire Republican county ticket
 was elected last Tuesday by pluralities
 ranging from 6,000 to 10,000.

Governor Warner got less than 250
 plurality in his own county—Oakland.
 Taft received more than 2000.

Miss Maria Root of Leslie, who has
 been visiting here the past three weeks
 returns to her home to morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart and
 children of Detroit visited her parents,
 Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Springer this
 week.

Gov. Warner was badly out in the
 election Tuesday, but he will have
 votes enough to place him in the gubernatorial
 chair for two years more.

A daughter was born to Mr. and
 Mrs. Fred Carpenter of Eagle Bend,
 Minn., Oct. 24. Mrs. Carpenter will be
 remembered as Camilla McClumppha.

Mrs. E. L. Calkins will give a talk to
 the ladies of our village on Saturday
 afternoon Nov. 7, at 2 o'clock standard
 time, in the parlors of the Presbyterian
 church.

E. L. Riggs will give a special sale
 on Ladies' Misses' and Children's
 Cloaks, Suits, Skirts and Furs Satur-
 day, Nov. 7. Special bargains all
 along the line.

The funeral of a four-year old child
 of Mr. and Mrs. August Schraeder of
 Detroit occurred Wednesday forenoon
 at the Livonia Center church, Rev.
 H. N. Ronald conducting services.

Election returns were received at
 Heide's Green House Tuesday evening
 by special wire over the Mich. State
 Telephone Company's line. There was
 a large crowd present until a late hour.

The earlier election reports indicated
 Hemans to be elected Governor and
 such a report appears on our inside
 pages. As returns came in, however,
 they showed Warner's election by about
 8,000.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hamilton of
 Colorado Springs, Col., have returned
 to their home after a short visit with
 their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel
 Blue and also Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pat-
 terson.

Asks for Hourly Service.

At the council meeting Monday
 evening, by a vote of four to two, Vil-
 lage Attorney Voorhies was instructed
 to notify the D. U. R. company to com-
 ply with the terms of its franchise and
 give hourly service instead of every
 two hours, as the cars have been run
 for some time. The action of the
 council was in compliance with a pe-
 tition presented.

There has been considerable com-
 plaint also over the poor connection
 that is made at Wayne for points west,
 passengers being now compelled to
 wait nearly an hour for a car. It is
 probable the D. U. R. officials and the
 council will get together and make a
 satisfactory arrangement that will
 give us better service all around.

The Mail is in receipt of a commu-
 nication from D. U. R. headquarters
 stating a new time table is in contem-
 plation by Supt. Bullen which will
 mean that instead of the last through
 car leaving Plymouth at 6:20, the
 through time card will be extended to
 8:20, with an additional through car
 from Detroit as well.

Shock Causes Death.

We take the following from the
 Vallejo, Cal., Evening Chronicle, Oct.
 19th. Mr. Lambert's wife is the sister
 of T. F. Chilson of this village:

As a result, it is believed, of the
 shock caused by the fire at the Cyco-
 drome, the flames of which appeared so
 near as to lead to the idea that it was
 in close proximity to his home, John L.
 Lambert, one of the well known men
 of this city, passed away at his residence
 at 1134 Georgia street at half past three
 this morning, a victim of heart disease.

Mr. Lambert had been ailing for
 months and during the last week or so
 had been very feeble. Yesterday, how-
 ever, there was nothing to indicate that
 he was worse than usual and during
 the day he was able to be out. People
 returning from the fire at the Cyco-
 drome at half past three o'clock this
 morning, however, were shocked by
 the sound of Mrs. Lambert's cries for
 help and when the house was reached
 it was found that her husband was
 breathing his last.

A physician was hastily summoned
 but Mr. Lambert passed away before
 his arrival. It is thought that in his
 weakened condition any slight shock
 would have hastened the end and this
 was supplied by the excitement inci-
 dent to the fire.

W. C. T. U.
 The meeting last week Oct. 29th
 was well attended and very interesting.
 Four new members were received and
 others are expected at an early day.
 The leaders on the printed program
 for next week Thursday, Nov. 12, are
 Mrs. Ida Bennett and Mrs. Sarah Eddy.
 There will be items from the Union
 Signal, a paper upon alcohol as a medi-
 cine and other interesting things.
 There will probably be some echoes
 from the District Convention being
 held at Northville this week.

Let every one remember that Mrs.
 E. L. Calkins, State President will
 give a lecture in the Baptist church
 next Sunday evening, Nov. 8. Supt.
 Press.

Have You Anything to Sell?
 The Mail will find a buyer for you.
 Some one of its readers may want just
 what you have to sell. It makes no
 difference what it is. A Want Ad
 will bring you two together. It costs
 only 25c for two insertions to try it
 and find out for yourself.

Mind Your Business!
 If you don't nobody will. It is your
 business to keep out of all the trouble
 you can and you can and will keep out
 of liver and bowel trouble if you take
 Dr. King's New Life Pills. They keep
 biliousness, malaria and jaundice out
 of your system. 25c. at The Wolverine
 Drug Co. and John L. Gale drug
 stores.

CARD OF THANKS.—I wish through
 The Mail to extend my sincere thanks
 to the friends for their kindly sym-
 pathy and assistance in my recent re-
 virement.
 WARREN F. KENDRICK.

Wants, For Sale, To Rent, etc.
 5c. per Line, One Insertion.
 FOR SALE.—New mitch cow with
 calf by her side. A. H. VAN VOORHIES

FOR SALE.—One cook stove and one
 air tight heater. Enquire at Riggs' store

LOST.—Black belt with steel buckle.
 Please leave at Mrs. Tousey's.

FOR SALE.—House and lot, 3 1/2 rods,
 on Adams street. Enquire P. W.
 Voorhies.

LOST.—Between Lapham's Corner
 and Plymouth two gold rings. One a
 plain band ring, marked Kenneth and
 Ethel 1908. The other ring set with
 opal surrounded by chip diamonds,
 marked Kenneth to Ethel. Finder
 please return to Mrs. Kenneth Rich
 and receive reward.

MAKE EASY MONEY home corre-
 sponding for newspapers; either sex;
 experience unnecessary; reporters and
 correspondents wanted in every sec-
 tion; send stamp for particulars. En-
 FREE PRESS SYNDICATE, Middleport,
 N. Y.

Mogul Furnace

The Original One-Register Furnace,
\$45.00
 With Radiator,
\$50.00
Conner Hardware Co., Ltd

GALE'S.
 We have just received a new stock of
STANDARD OIL LAMPS
 This is the best Oil Lamp made to light your house or to read and
 sew by. We keep in stock Lamps from 25c to 86.00 each.
Lanterns, Lanterns, Globes, &c.
 WE ARE RECEIVING
NEW POSTAL CARDS
 every week. One of the new ones is a High School Card, with the
 school colors on. Just come—new stock Finch Cards and also Play-
 ing Cards that sell 10c to 50c.
 If you want to buy a box of Hemeter, Champion, Iroquois, Chas.
 Denby, Portuondo, Seminola, Ben Hur, Mail or Senator Cigars, come
 and see us.
NEW GOODS.
 Catawba Grapes 20c bkt. Malaga Grapes 2 lb. 25c.
 Chestnuts, Bloaters 3 for 5c.
 Sweet Potatoes 7lb. 25c. Cranberries,
 Buckwheat Flour, Pancake Flour 10c.
JOHN L. GALE

Surrounded by Good Groceries....

 every housewife ought to be contented. If she deals
 with us we are sure of her satisfaction, both with the
 qualities and the prices. We guarantee the purity of
 everything we buy, therefore of everything we sell.
 That this is a money-saving house is well known to all
 our regular customers. The sooner you join the "regu-
 lars" the better for your peace of mind and your purse.
 B. & P. Coffee, 25c New Compradore Tea, 50c
 Open Kettle New Orleans Molasses, 60c.
 3 cans Corn for 25c.
Brown & Pettingill,
THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY
 Telephone No. 40. Free Delivery

Novemb'r Special
 Owing to the crowded space in our store and inconvenience of
 attending to the wants of our customers during the holiday season, I
 will give as an inducement to November purchasers of Holiday Gifts,
5 per cent Off
 On all cash purchases of amounts of \$1.00 or more in our Watch
 Clock and Jewelry department. Also a
Beautiful Twelve-Piece Toilet Case
 To the person guessing the nearest in our guessing contest as shown
 in our window. One guess free and one guess for each 25 cent pur-
 chase.
CALL AND LOOK OUR LINE OVER
 We have many new and up to date Novelties.
G. G. DRAPER
 Jeweler and Optometrist.
 Agency for McKinley 10c Music. Local Postcards, 5 for 25c.
 Oak Postcard Frames, 25c each.

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By **Cyrus Townsend Brady**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**

(Copyright, 1922, by W. C. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

The Escape opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Stocum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington's castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy. The attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Stratgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to see, Lady Carrington and her chum Deborah, an American girl, who had been betrothed at two a. m. he agreeing to see them safely away. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him stunned in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lord Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit. Stratgate, bleeding from a fall, dashed on to Portsmouth for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Stratgate arrived in Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed before he arrived. Stratgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent. Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel and foiling her pursuers. Carrington and Stratgate, thrown together by former's wrecking of latter's vessel, engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt. A war vessel, commanded by an admiral friend of Seton, then started out in pursuit of the women fugitives. Seton, confessing love for Debbie, flagship Britannia overtook the fugitives during the night. The two women, escaped by again taking to the sea in a small boat. Lord Carrington is ordered to sea with his ship but refuses to go until after meeting Stratgate in a duel in the grounds of Lord Blythedale's castle. Encounter is watched by Ellen and Debbie who have reached land and are in hiding.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"Pray now, Debbie," whispered Ellen, "as you never prayed before!" This time neither woman hid her face. The prayers were all in the heart. Save for that ejaculation not a lip moved between them. They stared as the bird charmed by the snake stares at his tormentor.

Carrington was a stronger man than Stratgate. He had lived in the gay world at times, as the other had, but there had been long periods on the sea. He had gained a power of wrist that the other trembled to feel as the blade pressed heavily against his own. But battles with swords are not necessarily gained by strength of arm. The victory is not always to the strong, sometimes it goes to the swift.

With incredible quickness Stratgate engaged his point and lunged desperately forward. Carrington parried with all the swiftness of which he was capable, and just managed to ward the blow. The blade of his adversary's sword ripped through the side of his shirt, but no blood followed the thrust. He had escaped unharmed. Stratgate smiled.

"The next time!" he said softly to himself under his breath.

The next instant he warded easily a furious return attack by Carrington, and thereafter for perhaps a minute there followed a succession of thrusts and parries with marvelous rapidity.

Ellen knew something about sword play. She was no mean fencer herself, and she saw with an anguished heart that Lord Stratgate was forcing the attack, and that her husband had all he could possibly do to keep from being spitted upon his adversary's nimble sword. Rumor had not exaggerated Stratgate's wonderful mastery. His blade was like a lambent flame and played like lightning about her husband's weapon. Desperate as was the task, however, Carrington just managed to avoid these deadly thrusts. His shirt had been cut in half a dozen places, and a thin splotch of blood showed where one of the thrusts had grazed the skin, but he was practically scatheless.

He confined himself after that first return to defense, not from choice, but because there was nothing else to do. Stratgate pressed him unmercifully and gave him no opportunity whatsoever for a return. It was thus, thrust, thrust! with the rapidity of thought itself. Indeed, so fierce, so unrelenting, so desperate was Stratgate's attack that the postmarital heat upon his forehead, his breath came quick.

Ellen, who had eyes for everything, noted it, so, too, did Carrington. As for my lord, he had stood off like the man and sawer that he was. He had not given ground one instant, and although in the excitement of the contest Stratgate had pressed him hard, and approached much nearer, my lord had stood as if he were rooted to the spot. It was a remarkable exhibition of determination coupled with the ability of a man to keep his head when the heat of battle, for so near sight, beat upon him, and as swords were being swung about his head.

been thrust through a dozen times, unless his skill had nearly matched the other's or equaled it.

The two men approached so closely that further fencing became impossible. With a swift movement Stratgate forced aside Carrington's sword and sprang back out of reach. He dropped his sword for a moment and stood panting slightly.

Carrington spoke now.

"Has my lord exhausted his attack?" he said softly.

Stratgate's answer was a resumption of his guard and another hard and direct lunge for his enemy's heart.

Carrington smiled as he parried. He had been in some doubt as to his ability to sustain Stratgate's attack. He was no stranger to the field of honor, but he had never faced a sword so imbued with venomous life as that that slivered along his blade this morning. Yet he imagined that Stratgate had done his best. He had shot his bolt. He could do no better than he had done, and there began to come into Carrington's mind a sense of mastery. Again he met Stratgate's furious attack. This time it seemed to Carrington that the onslaught was less rapid and less dangerous. Probably this was a misapprehension and the fact that Carrington parried the vicious thrusts more easily may have been due to a growing sense of familiarity with Stratgate's method.

But Stratgate was not yet spent. There were certain dangerous thrusts he knew of, dangerous in that they exposed the one who used them to a counter-attack, and dangerous from their unexpectedness to one against whom they were made; consequently, Stratgate was usually doubtful about employing them, but Carrington had confined his attention simply to parrying, save the first thrust, and Stratgate, thinking rapidly, determined that it would be safe to employ this unusual stroke. After a marvelous burst of speed in which he seemed to have regained all his power, he suddenly dropped almost upon one knee, leaving his body uncovered, and thrust terrifically upward.

If Carrington had been returning stroke for stroke, that moment had been Stratgate's last. As it was, the parry was rather slowly executed and Stratgate's point got fairly home in Carrington's side. It was not a thrust through the body, nor was it a graze. It was betwixt the two.

Stratgate sprang violently backward as Carrington made an ineffective reply with his weapon.

The two faced each other once more.

"Stop, gentlemen," cried Blythedale.

"Stratgate attacked as furiously as ever."



Stratgate Attacked as furiously as ever.

and Parkman in one moment, intervening between the two.

"Nevinson!" called out Parkman.

The surgeon came bounding forward.

"'Tis naught," cried Carrington, waving them aside. "See!"

"Only a flesh wound," said Nevinson, examining it quickly.

"Back, gentlemen, you are giving Lord Stratgate a breathing space."

"I am of the opinion that enough has been done," began Blythedale, "for honor."

"Not while one of us lives," answered Carrington.

"My lord speaks for me," cried Stratgate; "away, gentlemen!"

And once more the two men fell on guard.

Why Ellen had not fainted at that moment she could not tell. The world swam before her vision, but by an effort she commanded herself. The battle was not over, and she must see it until the end. She had confidence yet. My lord's wound was not a serious one and certainly now Stratgate had shot the bolt.

But no, Stratgate attacked as furiously as ever, but this time my lord's tactics were different. As if the sight of his own blood had maddened him, he was not content to parry, but he himself assumed the offensive. Like diamonds the points of the blades sparkled in circles of light. The ring of steel on steel and the grating as one blade fell upon another blade was continuous. It was bewildering to Ellen, bewildering to everyone except the two men. Blythedale and Parkman stood staring as if their eyes would be strained from their heads. Their breaths came shorter and shorter. Even the calm, phlegmatic doctor came forward and stood gazing. Ellen and Deborah had long since passed the stage of expression. They lay scarcely breathing, their eyes following as they could every movement of the straining men, of the flashing sword.

There was no advantage for either of the combatants yet, save that of Stratgate's, that is, no outward advantage; but Stratgate was

beginning to pay the penalty of his life and of his desperate endeavors in the commencement of the attack. His breath came shorter, the sweat stood thick upon his brow. Carrington grew cooler after the first flush of passion consequent upon his slight wound. His strength grew greater. He pressed Stratgate harder. But the earl was not yet done. Nerving himself, summoning all his resolution to his aid, in a series of brilliant onslaughts he sought to bring to a sudden end an affair for which, if it should be much more prolonged, he knew his strength would be unequal.

But Carrington met him with a wrist of steel and a blade quicker than the light itself. How it was done, no one could see, but after a series of rapid thrusts and disengagements, the spectators saw Stratgate suddenly throw up his arms. His blade fell wavering to the ground. Those who stared saw two feet of bloody steel thrusting out from his back. Carrington had seized an opportunity and had lunged with such force and power and directness that the quillons of the hilt of his rapier had actually struck the breast of Stratgate as he ran him through the right shoulder over his guard. The thrust just grazed the lung. Carrington strove to withdraw his weapon, succeeded partially, when Stratgate collapsed utterly and crashed to the ground, snapping off the projecting end of the blade behind his back as he fell upon it.

He strove horribly for a moment to rise and then settled back biting his lips to stifle a groan of agony. Carrington stood over him with hand upraised. Which had the whiter face it would be hard to say.

"Stratgate!" cried my lord, bending over him.

"Carrington," murmured Stratgate in his agony, fairly wrenching the words from his lips, "you're a damned fool. The woman loves you—not me!"

He stopped.

By this time Blythedale and the doctor were by Stratgate's side. Parkman also woke to action. He ran to Carrington's side and drew him back.

"A damned fool!" cried my lord, hoarsely, "ay, that I've been."

Parkman said nothing. He fetched Carrington's coat, waistcoat, sword and shoes and assisted him to put them on.

"We had best go now, Bernard," he said when Carrington was clothed.

"Find out how he is yonder before we leave," said Carrington, looking toward the group busied about poor Stratgate.

Presently Parkman came back with news.

"He's desperately hurt. Your blade just grazed the lung."

"Will he pull through?"

"Nevinson doesn't know. He hopes so. God! it was a terrible thrust. I thought he had you at first. I never saw such play, but man, you were his master."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CUSTOM OF ORIENTAL NATIONS.

Salute by Kissing the Foot is as Old as History.

The custom of kissing the feet of persons whom it was desired to honor originated with the ancients. The people of oriental nations used to kiss the hands and feet or hems of the clothes of the persons they wished to show respect for.

The ancient Egyptians got this custom from the Assyrians, and later the Greeks adopted the habit from the Egyptians. The Romans followed the Greeks, and then Pontifex Maximus had his great toe kissed by celebrities.

The story will be remembered of the old Briton ruler who appeared to do homage to a Roman monk after the conquest of Britain. He was told that it was customary to kiss the foot of the holy father. He hesitated for a moment and then, bending down, he suddenly seized the monk by the ankle and, jerking it up to his lips, topped the worthy father over backward.

The toe of the sultan of Turkey is kissed by subjects of high rank. Those of more lowly position are merely allowed to touch the fringe of his garment to their lips, and the poorest classes must be content to make a low obeisance in his presence.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Saving on Drink.

That men will drink less while they have something to look at or listen to is proved by the sobriety which attends public amusements in England. No consumption of alcoholic refreshments is allowed in the auditorium, and it is rare that the patrons leave their seats for a drink at the bars—indeed, many of these resorts are conducted on strictly temperance lines. At the theaters, too, the consumption of alcoholic refreshments during the entr'actes has latterly been reduced to a minimum. Midway in the pantomimes, the descent of the curtain is contemporaneous with the appearance of trim waitresses and the tea tray. Even in the theater bars the lords of creation prefer "the cup that cheers" to whisky and soda.

Health and Cooking.

Good cooking is rapidly becoming a lost art. They who prepare the food for the world decide the health of the world. You have only to go on some errand amid the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Through a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough.

Gleanings of Gotham

Life in the Great Metropolis
Mirrored for Our Readers

New Velvet Carpets for Mrs. Sage



NEW YORK.—Mrs. Russell Sage has new velvet carpets in her home, 632 Fifth avenue, soft, rich and beautiful, with deep, thick pile into which the foot slips.

"I am glad," said a woman who has known Mrs. Sage for years, that she could have these velvet carpets before she died. In all the years of her married life down at the house at 506 Fifth avenue, she had nothing except an ancient Brussels carpet on her parlor floor. It was one she had when she first went to keeping house and had those great, set medallions in it that they used to use for carpet patterns 40 years ago. The nap was worn all over it, so that the brown warp showed through.

"When it finally got so bad that it was impossible to use it longer, matting was put down in the parlor, as it long had been in the rest of the house. She always used the old horsehair furniture she had when she was married, such as one saw in country parlors 40 years ago, and there were

great cracks in the parlor walls of the home at Forty-second street which went for years without fixing.

"Mrs. Sage suffered from mortification at such things, just as much as any other woman would, and I'm glad she is able to have the velvet carpets for a few years before she dies. But they came too late to give her much pleasure. After they had all been put down and the furniture was in place, she walked through the house observing and admiring and then sat down and cried. She said not a word in explanation, but it was easy to understand. She was thinking of all the stunted years when she might have enjoyed such things, and now she has them when she is too old to care very much.

"There scarcely is a day that Mrs. Sage does not weep," continued this old friend of hers. "She simply sits and cries at the intolerable burden of having \$65,000,000 on her shoulders, at the burden of distributing that huge fortune in the way that will do the most good. She is 80 years old and has a New England conscience. She wants to do just the right thing with it all, and it requires an amount of thought and study and imposes a feeling of responsibility that is hard on an old woman who only wants a quiet corner to spend her few remaining years in."

Good Society Not Silly, Says Mrs. Fish



SOCIETY does none of the silly things it is accused of. I ought to know, for I lived in Newport more than fifteen years.

Thus broadly did Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish answer the criticism and attacks which have been made on the "400" by Mrs. Astor and by Mrs. Cornwallis West. She declared that society had been defamed and that the sensational stories were circulated "to make us ridiculous abroad."

"Being a true American, I naturally would defend my own countrymen, wouldn't I?" said Mrs. Fish. "Mrs. West was an American woman, but she hasn't been in this country for years. What does she know of New York society? Why doesn't she come over and find out?"

"I never attended any of the extra-

ordinary social functions Mrs. West speaks of. They certainly must be funny. I really never heard of any of these things before.

"Newport society is perfectly sane and normal. It is high time the silly stories about it were stopped. They are absolutely false, every one of them, and no loyal, patriotic man would publish stories which belittle aboard the dignity of his own countrywomen and men.

"Good society is the same everywhere, and a lady is a lady in any country. Being an American, I consider myself just as good as any of the foreign blood, superior probably to some.

"New York society, if anything, is more dignified than that abroad. I believe it is really more exclusive in some respects. King Edward is very democratic and goes about socially a great deal more than President Roosevelt does.

"I agree with Mrs. West that if New York society were to open its doors a little wider its influence might be felt."

Millionaire Sportsman to Wed Actress



JESSE LEWISOHN, who for many years was a close student of the artistic development of Lillian Russell as an actress and connoisseur in Persian rugs, is reported engaged to Miss Edna McCauley, the pretty young actress.

The romance involving the millionaire sportsman and son of the late copper king, is said to have had its inception at Atlantic City last summer. Mr. Lewisohn spent the greater part of the summer there, as did Miss McCauley.

Atlantic City mathematicians, who are adepts in putting two and two together and making it six, forecasted early in the summer that the little god Hymen was camping on the trail of the tall young son of copper millions and the vivacious beauty of the footlights. Not that Mr. Lewisohn has pot-

been reported engaged before, or that there was anything new in his ardent interest in affairs histrionic. In fact, there was a period when he was very devoted to Miss Russell, and was seen much in her company along the classic walks of Bay Ridge.

But then, it seems, he was only slightly bruised by the shafts of Eros, whereas now the dart has ripped right through his waistcoat, a twin dart inflicting a similar wound in the bosom of Miss Edna McCauley.

Mr. Lewisohn recently gave an exclusive little banquet. Miss McCauley was present and so were several of her intimate friends and several intimate friends of the millionaire. The occasion, it is said, was to serve as a farewell to single blessedness and during the height of the jolly little dinner the couple confessed their happiness and fixed the marriage day. The wedding, according to friends of Mr. Lewisohn, will be very quiet and after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom will sail to Europe for their honeymoon, visiting on the other side Oscar Lewisohn, Jesse's brother and Oscar's attractive wife, who was Miss Edna May.

City's Annual Coal Bill Is Enormous



NEW YORK feels more than a mere curious interest in the oft-repeated prediction that the coal mines of the country will be exhausted in another hundred years, for the city is the greatest coal consumer in the world.

According to statistics recently collected the metropolis uses 25,000,000 tons annually and requires the services of 50,000 men to keep itself warmed and lighted. More than \$150,000,000 is invested in the business of supplying New York residents with coal, and 2,000 barges and 150 tugs are kept busy transporting it about the harbor. These barges average in capacity from 350 to 1,500 tons, and in them there is always afloat more than 1,500,000 tons. Every day there is loaded into barges in the harbor of New York more coal than is used in a year throughout the empire of China. Last year the wharves in the city handled 25,400,000 tons and this year

the total promises to run well above 30,000,000 tons.

Averaging factories and small consumers at a price of four dollars for each ton, New York will spend during the approaching winter \$120,000,000 to keep itself warm. The city government alone will use nearly 700,000 tons.

Whatever claim Gotham may have to municipal cleanliness is to be attributed to the fact that three quarters of the fuel shipped from its docks is anthracite. Where the tremendous amount goes may be guessed from the fact that the large hotels use 100 tons a day each, the largest steamships 1,000 tons a day and department stores each 50 tons daily.

Best Drinking Water.

Hadstock, in Essex, England, possesses what is probably a unique water supply. It is entirely derived from a deep well in the parish churchyard. The well is over 800 years old, and is known as St. Botolph's Well. The inhabitants of Hadstock declare that it contains the best drinking water in the kingdom, and, as the village in question is one of the healthiest places in Essex, there is undoubtedly some truth in their bias.

LAME BACK PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of whiskey for lame back rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it is as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

BUSINESS MANAGER FOR CHURCH

Cleveland Institution Plans to Try a New System.

The Epworth Memorial Methodist church in Cleveland has decided to try a new system of church management. A business manager has been appointed who will give his entire time and attention to the finances of the church. As executive secretary he will collect the benevolences, dues of members, subscriptions, etc., and pay all expenses. He will serve as secretary of the standing committees of the church and keep a record of their business for transmission to the official board. This, it is expected, will leave the pastor free to give attention to the larger plans of the work and to his pulpit and pastoral duties. Epworth Memorial has the largest membership of all the Protestant churches in the city. It has an extensive charity work and handles over \$35,000 in contributions every year. Dr. G. K. Morris, district superintendent, strongly commends the innovation. "To my mind," he says, "it is the ideal of church government. I expect to see the plan adopted in many other cities."

15 YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Burning, Painful Sores on Legs—Tortured Day and Night—Tried Many Remedies to No Avail—Cured by Cuticura.

"After an attack of rheumatism, running sores broke out on my husband's legs, from below the knees to the ankles. There are no words to tell all the discomforts and great suffering he had to endure night and day. He used every kind of remedy and three physicians treated him, one after the other, without any good results whatever. One day I ordered some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. He began to use them and in three weeks all the sores were dried up. The burning fire stopped, and the pains became bearable. After three months he was quite well. I can prove this testimonial at any time. Mrs. V. V. Albert, Upper Frenchville, Me., July 21, 1907."

A Cure for Poison Ivy.

Before the skin blisters scrub the affected parts with a brush and soap and water. Then apply a saturated solution of sugar of lead in 50 per cent. of alcohol. The alcohol must contain some water. Pure alcohol would not dissolve the sugar of lead. This relieves the burning of the poison ivy, and it is supposed that the alcohol dissolves the poison and the sugar of lead neutralizes it.—Suburban Life.

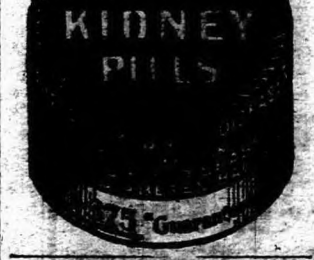
\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CLEGG & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Cost of Putting Bible in Type.

The simple cost of setting up in type a new edition of the Bible amounts to \$5,000.



TOWERS FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

Keeps better—wears longer—dries more—feels more comfortable—body comfort—because cut on large patterns—yet costs no more than the best of good goods.

SUITS AND SLACKS \$30.00

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Every garment bearing the Towers Fish Brand name is guaranteed to be made of the best material and workmanship.

A. J. TOWERS, 127 Broadway, New York City.

Revelations of the Breakfast Table.
 To girls about to marry one would tender the advice that they study their intended victim at breakfast. If he is feeding like forty, reject him as the direct descendant of Circe's herd of swine. If he is melancholy, beware of the abrupt curves of his temperament. If he be boisterous and facetious, remember that an empty drum gives the greatest reverberation, and a chatterbox at 3 o'clock in the morning. By their breakfasts you shall know them.—Saturday Review.

Big South African Industry.
 Next to mining, the greatest industry of South Africa is sugar growing. The amount of money invested in this is \$7,200,000. The production of the present year is estimated at 40,000 tons, with a valuation of about \$63 a ton.

I AM A MOTHER



How many American women in lonely homes to-day long for this blessing to come into their lives, and to be able to utter these words, but because of some organic derangement this happiness is denied them. Every woman interested in this subject should know that preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by the use of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. Maggie Gilmer, of West Union, S. C., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I was greatly run-down in health from a weakness peculiar to my sex, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. It not only restored me to perfect health, but to my delight I am a mother."

Mrs. Josephine Hall, of Bardstown, Ky., writes: "I was a very great sufferer from female troubles, and my physician failed to help me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound not only restored me to perfect health, but I am now a proud mother."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

320 Acres of Wheat Land IN WESTERN CANADA WILL MAKE YOU RICH

Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at \$3 per acre.

The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable. — Extract from report of the Hon. J. H. Wilson, who visited Canada in August last.

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. Grain-raising, wheat raising and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; soil conditions the best; railway advantages unsurpassed; churches, schools and hospitals all at hand. Land may also be purchased from the Government and land companies.

For "Last Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the authorized Canadian Gov't Agent, H. V. McNEIL, 177 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, or C. J. LAUREN, South St. Louis, Mo.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE



W. L. Douglas shoes are made from the best materials and are guaranteed to give you the most comfortable and durable shoes you can buy. They are made in the U. S. A. and are sold everywhere.

A Brilliant Coincidence

By ANNIE RANKIN OSBORNE

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The sun cannot always remain behind a cloud. There is bound to come a day, even in the dullest climes, when the clouds will have exhausted their powers to weep, and cannot help but let the light of heaven through.

Mrs. Montgomery Spranglin was just emerging into the sunlight of life after the dark days of first widowhood. She was attractive and had lost none of her heaven-born joyous nature, despite the submergence. Furthermore, she was pretty enough to win admiration for herself alone, regardless of what the Spranglin estate might stand for.

To the credit of Mr. Jonas Beverly be it said, he knew nothing of the estate, and loved Mrs. Spranglin without question.

They were going out to a musical at the home of a friend. She had not yet drawn on her gloves, and at a turn of the stairway she threw back her left arm to gather her skirts, and struck her hand forcibly on the stair-rail.

"Oh!" she gasped, "how I hurt my hand!"

He caught the fingers, kissed them, and they passed out, laughing. Seated in the carriage, she put on her gloves as she chatted, and the offending hand was thought of no more.

Two hours later, as they stood before the low fire in her own drawing-room discussing the evening's entertainment, as men and women do, she suddenly held out her hand, exclaiming in dismay: "See! the stone from my ring is gone!"

He took her gloves, examined the fingers, helped her shake out the folds of her gown, searched the carpet about their feet, and then said: "I know! You loosened the stone when you struck your hand against the railing, and it is in the hall."

The hall was inspected and minutely gone over, inch by inch, to no avail. "And yet it must have fallen just here," he said, disconsolately. Seeing Mrs. Spranglin on the verge of tears, he seized his hat, saying: "I'll find the cab. Perhaps it's there."

On the morrow, Mr. Beverly was early at the house with the sad report of no success, but the reassuring conviction that the loss occurred in the hall and that sooner or later the stone would be restored.

It seemed that no one had come through the hall during their absence, although there was mud on the carpet, and the front door was left unlatched. Other members of the family were in the house, but all had been occupied that particular evening in their rooms and were sure no one had entered.

"Does it matter so very much?" asked Mr. Beverly, frowning with the dismantled ring as he held her hand a moment. "I know it was a handsome stone—"

"It was my engagement ring," she said with lowered eyes and sadly.

He hesitated a moment and then cried, impulsively: "May I not replace it? Will you not value another as you did this?"

She drew her hand hastily away and answered with frightened eyes: "There is ill luck in such a loss. I can never accept another until this is found. Oh, it isn't the value of the diamond; of course the ring could be reset, but there's something so horrible about losing one's engagement ring. No, no, it must be found or I shall never allow it to be replaced."

"Isn't it strange?" said he. "This is the second time I have registered a vow to find a missing diamond—a lost wedding ring! Some years ago my mother had the ring my father gave her at the altar stolen. I have spent every endeavor and many dollars tracing that stone—unsuccessfully. I shall not rest until I find yours."

He was gone, and Mrs. Spranglin was left to reflect on the circumstance, and dimly imagine another ring on the third finger of her left hand.

She did not see Mr. Beverly for several days. Then there came a little note, type-written and evidently dictated—perhaps by telegraph, because it was unsigned except by the letters "J. B." in type.

"I do not dare to see you. I am nursing a poor boy with fever. May be malignant."

Now a wonderful thing happened to Mrs. Spranglin. The old misery of the missing ring fell away as a senseless garment. Here was an unconscious antidote—a human sorrow and a womanly sympathy. She forgot all else save the poor suffering boy and the brave man who was doing what perhaps no one else would do. There was work in the world for her. There was a need. Superstition plays no part in the real things of life.

Her first efforts at locating Mr. Beverly were frustrated, but by and by she found him in a tumble-down shanty on the river front. The boy was better—was out of danger—the mother said, and Mr. Beverly was sleeping on a cot in the next room. She must not come in. But Mrs. Spranglin quietly took her place by the woman's side, doing what she could.

"I will tidy the room a bit," apologized the weary mother. "Here are John's shoes in the corner, all muddy, just as he took they off that night he was taken so violent." She

gathered up the shoes, together with a few stray garments, and went out into the other room. As she did so, a great flake of dried mud fell from the sole of one of the shoes, and Mrs. Spranglin caught the glint of something shining. At that moment Mr. Beverly, aroused by the woman passing about, cautiously entered the sick-room.

"Mr. Beverly! See here! Isn't this my stone?" cried Mrs. Spranglin in suppressed tones.

"Or mine," he said, tartly, taking her by the shoulder and leading her into the open air. "How dare you come into this infected place? I will investigate the diamond. Hurry home and take every precaution for your health. My God, Martha, this is yellow fever!"

She hurried away as she was bid, not daring to otherwise than obey that stern voice of command. Wonder at her marvelous find was dimmed by an awful anxiety for him in that dreadful place, and an unconscious exultation born of the sound of her name on his lips.

She went direct to her physician, not for herself, but to secure attention for Mr. Beverly and the boy. From time to time she learned that all was well, that the boy had recovered and that Mr. Beverly was taking a much-needed rest under careful medical attention in quarantine. In due time he came.

"Mrs. Spranglin—Martha—I have a strange tale to tell. I have your stone and my mother's. That poor woman in whose house you found me was my landlady. I had never seen her and knew nothing of her circumstances. Her son, the boy whom you saw lying sick, always came for my clothes and returned them. On the night you lost your diamond, her child, a little girl, was dying and she sent me for aid in the way of advance in money. He learned at my rooms that I was here and, while we were out, he came into the hall—he is ignorant in such matters—and knocked. Receiving no answer, he went away home and, himself, became violently ill. The next day, after I left you, I found that the woman had again sent to me. I went



"SEE HERE! ISN'T THIS MY STONE?"

to the address left with my servant, and found what you know—awful distress and no one to bring relief. I stayed with her and nursed her boy back to life. You found the diamond in the mud from his shoes—that is explained. Well, to-day I took the stone to Wilson's to have it examined and, if possible, identified. I have the history of this brilliant trouble-creator as learned from his books. He unqualifiedly identifies it as the very rare steel-blue diamond which he reset in its old-fashioned frame of beaten gold, when it became loosened at one time, for Mrs. James Beverly—my mother. He showed me the date. There is no other date, which perhaps you may be able to corroborate, upon which this same stone was taken from the old setting and placed in a new one, by order of Mr. Montgomery Spranglin—a date just before your marriage, I think. That your husband acquired the ring honestly there can be no doubt. It had been sold to a dealer. Wilson did not know this at the time. The beauty of the stone attracted the admiration of Mr. Spranglin, and he purchased it for you."

"Yes," she replied in open-eyed astonishment. "The date is the same, and he told me the stone was taken from an old setting."

Jonas Beverly picked up the stone turning the beautiful bit so that it would catch the light, he said: "It is indeed a gem among gems. I have taken it to my mother, Martha. She kissed it and sends it to you." He opened the palm of the hand he held and placed the stone there.

"When I have it set again for you, and dedicated anew," he whispered.

"Yes," she answered, "in an old-fashioned setting. I will wear it for you and for her. And, Jo, remember the Spranglin estate goes where there's the greatest need for poor boys."

NEW DISTRICTS AND NEW RAILWAYS

WESTERN CANADA AFFORDS BETTER CONDITIONS THAN EVER FOR SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor—Sir:—Doubtless many of your readers will be pleased to have some word from the grain fields of Western Canada, where such a large number of Americans have made their home during the past few years. It is pleasing to be able to report that generally the wheat yield has been good; it will average about 20 bushels to the acre. There will be many cases where the yield will go 35 bushels to the acre, and others where 50 bushels to the acre has been recorded. The oat and barley crop has been splendid. The prices of all grains will bring to the farmers a magnificent return for their labors. An instance has been brought to my notice of a farmer in the Pincher Creek (Southern Alberta) district—where winter wheat is grown—who made a net profit of \$19.55 per acre, or little less than the selling price of his land. 30, 40, and 50 bushel yields are recorded there. The beauty about the lands in Western Canada is that they are so well adapted to grain-raising, while the luxuriant grasses that grow everywhere in abundance make the best possible feed for fattening cattle or for those used for dairying purposes.

The new homestead regulations which went into force September, 1908, attracted thousands of new settlers. It is now possible to secure 160 acres in addition to the 160 acres as a free grant, by paying \$3.00 an acre for it. Particulars as to how to do this and as to the railway rates can be secured from the Canadian Government Agents.

The development throughout Western Canada during the next ten years will probably exceed that of any other country in the world's history. It is not the statement of an optimistic Canadian from the banks of the Saskatchewan, but of Mr. Leslie M. Shaw of New York, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury under the late President McKinley and President Roosevelt, and considered one of the ablest financiers of the United States. "Our railway companies sold a good deal of their land at from three to five dollars an acre, and now the owners are selling the same land at from fifty to seventy-five dollars, and buying more up in Canada at from ten to fifteen."

The editor of the Monticello (Iowa) Express made a trip through Western Canada last August, and was greatly impressed. He says: "One cannot cross Western Canada to the mountains without being impressed with its immensity of territory and its future prospects. Where I expected to find frontier villages there were substantially built cities and towns with every modern convenience. It was formerly supposed that the climate was too severe for it to be thought of as an agricultural country, but its wheat-raising possibilities have been amply tested. We drew from Ontario many of our best farmers and most progressive citizens. Now the Americans are emigrating in greater numbers to Western Canada. Seventy-five per cent of the settlers in that good country located southeast of Moose Jaw and Regina are Americans. Canada is well pleased with them and is ready to welcome thousands more."

NOTHING LASTS IN THIS WORLD



The Girl—Oh, Jimmy, how I wish this could go on forever.
 Jimmy—Well, I'm afraid it won't. I've an idea dat barb wire fence ahead of us 'I stop us.

Need of Joy in One's Work.

Joy in one's work is the consummate tool, without which the work may be done indeed, but without which the work will always be done slowly, clumsily, and without its finest perfection.—Phillips Brooks.

When a girl turns a fellow down he feels like a fool, but he may live to realize that she would have made a bigger fool of him by accepting him.

When a man lets the wind blow all the angles of his house he talks of the strange ways of Providence.

It Curves While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Powder for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty, itching feet. Has all Druggists.

You don't have to go to a rink to see a lot of cheap skates.

Put new shoes on the youngster. Look at them in a week. They're usually battered, scraped, almost shapeless. Get a pair of BUSTER BROWN SHOES. Stuffing, scraping, licking doesn't wear them—they thrive on knocks. They wear.

BUSTER BROWN Blue Ribbon SHOES
 For youngsters, \$1.50 to \$2.50

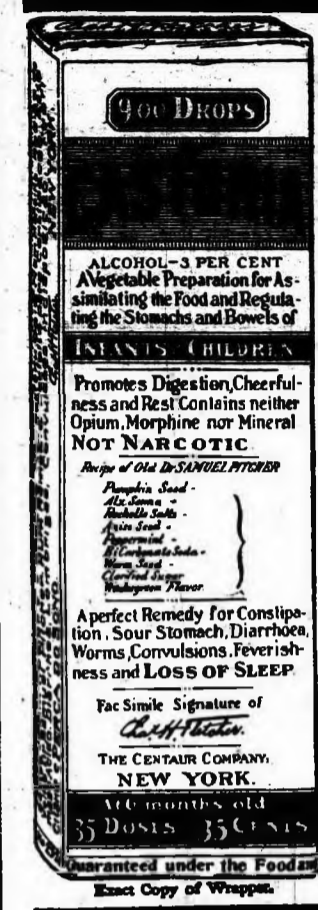
White House Shoes for grown-ups. Ask your dealer for them.

THE BROWN SHOE CO., Makers
 ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Disgruntled Dad.
 "I see," said the Wall street man, "that you are engaged again."
 "I am," admitted the son and heir.
 "Just when violets and theater tickets are due for their fall rise. Why must you always fall in love on a bull market?"—Kansas City Journal.

Conquering One's Self.
 Every sin thou slayest, the spirit of that sin passes into thee, transformed into strength; every passion subdued by a higher impulse is so much character.—Robertson.

A Cure.
 The sinner walked along the rocky road, his bare feet torn and bleeding from bruises and wounds. He met a stranger.
 "Friend," he exclaimed, "I have sinned and done wrong, I must patiently suffer the most extreme agony to save myself from eternal damnation. Can you tell me some supreme test of repentance?"
 "Certainly," answered the other, with an air of experience. "Go to a boarding house and live there for a year."



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Wm. D. Hooper

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

For Sprains



Sloan's Liniment is the best remedy for sprains and bruises. It quiets the pain at once, and can be applied to the tenderest part without hurting because it doesn't need to be rubbed—all you have to do is to lay it on lightly. It is a powerful preparation and penetrates instantly—relieves any inflammation and congestion, and reduces the swelling.

Sloan's Liniment

is an excellent antiseptic and germ killer—heals cuts, burns, wounds and contusions, and will draw the poison from sting of poisonous insects.

Price, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free.

DEFIANCE STARCH—40 ounces to the package. Other starches cost 12 cents more per pound and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 45, 1908.

Raw Furs Wanted

We pay highest prices for all kinds of raw furs. Write for our list of prices and conditions. SILVER SHOE CO., 107 N. 2nd St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Readers—If you are desiring to buy a new book, send in 10 cents and we will send you a list of the best books for sale. Write to: DEFYANCE STARCH CO., 107 N. 2nd St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Percy and Harold

Their Adventure in a Sweet Potato Patch

The hoboes were comfortably reclining against a tree in a shade-festive woods. One of them was reading a newspaper and the other was thoughtfully puffing on a short clay pipe. The bandanna handkerchief that contained their wardrobe was hanging on a bush, and close by were the rations that had been accumulated along the back-door route.

"Percy, old fellow," remarked the smokeful tramp, lazily pushing a piece of wood on the fire with his foot, so that he wouldn't have to get up. "I have just been thinking of the poor. Did it ever occur to you how greatly they must envy us? Did it ever occur to you—"

"It has, indeed, Harold," interrupted Percy, glancing up from his newspaper, "and while I deplore their condition, I can see no way in which it can be helped. As long as the world endures there must necessarily be different classes of society. There must be the rich and the poor, and sometimes it grieves me that the less fortunate cannot camp in the woods as we are camping and enjoy a life that brings one so close to the glory of nature."

"That's right, dear chappie," yawnfully assented Harold. "There is nothing like camp life. I would rather listen to the song of the birds than the seven o'clock whistle any day in the week. By the way, what are the Freddie Smiths and Billy Swintons doing? The last time I was at the club Freddie—"

"They are camping, too, old fellow," interrupted Percy. "Freddie's party is in the Adirondacks, and the Billy Swintons are in the Catskills. This paper gives quite an account of their camp, as well as a picture of dear Mrs. Freddie in the act of landing a fish from the lake. She is—"

"Every time I see Mrs. Freddie," smilingly broke in Harold, "I think of a bale of hay. If she wasn't pressed for and tied up she would occupy more space than a circus tent."

"This camp life is making you shockingly rude, my dear Harold," said Percy. "Why can't you act just as if you were at the club or in your apartments? As for dinner, we are having roasted sweet potatoes to-night. A good friend of mine who lives over the hill yonder has a beautiful patch of the tubers, and he insisted that I should call on him and get some. We will be starting just as soon as I have read this delightful story about Mrs. Porter-Griggy, who takes her sweet little dog Fido out in a go-cart for an airing every day at Newport."

Thus the conversation continued until the woods grew dark, and then the hoboes rambled down the road and stealthily climbed over the fence into the sweet potato patch of Percy's dear friend.

Two minutes later they were industriously digging, and Percy had mined five potatoes and Harold six, when a farmer with a wicked-looking gun and a dog to match bulged from behind the bushes.

"I've got you gosh-dasted tramps at last," said the farmer, raising the hammers of his gun and walking up to the surprised hoboes, "an' if yer consarned coroner o' this county was a Republican, instead of a Dimmycrat, I would give him a job here right now."

"Pardob me," put in Percy, who quickly recovered his composure, "but I would thank you to be more choice of your epithets. I will have you know, sir, that we are not tramps, but scientists, and that we are investigating the different strata of earth in this locality with a view of discovering a valuable clay deposit and—"

"Is that so?" sarcastically interjected the farmer. "Well, if yer so gosh-darned fond o' clay, s'pose ye jes' pick a few lumps o' dirt an' drop them s'weet potatoes. I don't mind ye takin' all the gravel ye want, but at the present price s'weet potatoes is too darned good for hobo grub. Now, then, march straight fer ther house, an' since yer scientists an' like ter dig in ther earth, I'll let ye play around all day tomorrow."

"I regret, my dear man," protested Percy, "that we will be unable to accept your kind invitation. We have a previous invitation which we—"

"Hike straight fer that house!" peremptorily commanded the farmer. "If yer don't splash ye full o' shot, even if the coroner is a Dimmycrat!"

There was no help for it, so the hoboes marched for the farmhouse, where they were locked in a corn crib for the night with a half dozen growly dogs placed at the door to prevent their escape.

On the following morning they were taken back to the sweet potato patch, and all day long they were compelled to dig while the gruff farmer sat on the fence with his gun in hand and a scraggy dog hovering near. At sunset they were given six potatoes apiece and told to sneak.

"O, Harold," piteously moaned Percy, as they reached the woods and sank beneath a tree, "wasn't it awful? Just think of working in the field like a common menial! I was so afraid that some of our set would pass the field, I didn't know what to do! What do you suppose Mrs. Freddie would say? What—"

BURILLA'S REVENGE

How It Proved a Boomerang

That the girls at the Wave house did not like Burilla Bischoff was due almost entirely to Burilla herself. Vance Edmonston epitomized the situation when he declared that she had a polar temperament and an equatorial temper, a remark which indirectly reached Burilla's ears and caused that young woman to vow vengeance upon Vance.

Vance had been at the Wave house only two weeks. He had given up his vacation the previous year because Elsie Tabor was in Europe. What was vacation without Elsie?

This season he had four weeks at the shore. The Wave house was an ultra-fashionable hotel, adopting the more quiet designation through ostentatious modesty. Vance hated the place, but Mrs. Tabor had settled herself there for the summer and thither he went.

The chances are that Mrs. Tabor would have left on his arrival, for she was not minded to permit an ineligible person like Vance any greater opportunity than she could help, but Taylor Phelps was also a guest at the Wave house, and it was Taylor's intention to land him for a son-in-law before the season closed.

Elsie and Phelps were good friends, and Mrs. Tabor made the best of a bad situation by hoping that Vance's attentions might spur Phelps on to greater enterprise. So far the young millionaire had seemed content to idle along with Elsie as the companion of his sailing and motoring trips.

With the arrival of Vance and of Alva Wynn, however, the duo became a quartette and a quartette that Burilla particularly despised. They frankly showed that they had no desire for further additions to the little company and Miss Bischoff raved inwardly while her outward demonstrations of friendship were as profuse as they were insincere.

Alva Wynn was a designer, a wage earner, just as Vance Edmonston was the manager of one of the branches of the Sixteenth National bank and Taylor Phelps was a multi-millionaire.

The rest of the permanent boarders at the Wave house looked on in glee at the maneuvers of Mrs. Tabor, with the possible exception of some half a dozen mammas with eligible daughters who wanted Phelps for their own son-in-law.

To their number was added Burilla, who had enjoyed a monopoly of Phelps' company before the arrival of the Tabor.

That this was largely due to the fact that Phelps was too lazy to seek to evade her schemes Burilla could not realize, and she was convinced that Elsie Tabor had cut her out. When Vance added to the score by his apt description, she gave herself no rest in her search for vengeance.

But three weeks passed before the opportunity came. It would not be polite to say that Burilla deliberately spied upon the quartette, but it was certain that she almost invariably found herself in their vicinity without making her presence unduly prominent. She was soft of movement and she wore dresses of the soft, clinging kind that did not rustle.

Burilla was always called upon for parlor entertainment at the weekly hops and other functions, and now she planned to put to use her mimic gifts.

Some of the leaders of the fashionable set were getting up an entertainment for the benefit of a pet charity, and Burilla was to be made the star. "In an Entirely New Offering," was the announcement upon the hand-painted posters that advertised the event upon the piazza, and very mysteriously was Burilla when questioned regarding her new offering.

It does not require much to excite a group of bored summer sojourners, and when at last Burilla tripped out upon the improvised stage a hush fell over the crowd following the buzz of whispering that preceded her entrance.

"I will offer an original monologue entitled 'On the Porch,'" announced Burilla, and forthwith she plunged into a little monologue in which, despite the substitution of other names, the entire summer colony recognized the quartette.

Burilla was really a clever mimic, and so closely did she copy the voices of the four that names were unnecessary. For the first time the rest of the colonists realized that Phelps loved Alva Wynn and that Vance Edmonston was determined to marry Elsie.

All eyes were turned upon Mrs. Tabor, but that woman wrested triumph from defeat.

"Miss Bischoff spoiled the little surprise in store for you," she said, as the guests crowded into the supper room. "I think it a most suitable match, and I am almost as much pleased over Mr. Phelps' engagement. He has been almost like a son to me since his mother died."

She swept on, leaving the quartette shocked by a cross current of wonder and joy. For a moment they stared into each other's faces, then with one accord they turned to seek Burilla, to whom they owed this sudden solution of their difficulties, but Burilla was not to be found.

In her little room up under the eaves the girl was sobbing her heart out in passionate grief, for she, too, had heard Mrs. Tabor's speech. Had she really planned revenge and proved a boomerang and she had lost.

NOT PERFECT ALARM CLOCKS.

Roosters' Salute to the "Rosy Morn" is Variable.

Lincoln's saying, "You can fool some of the people all the time," is exemplified by the common belief that the crowing of a cock at night indicates the near approach of dawn. This notion is prevalent not only among flat dwellers but to some extent among suburban and country folk. It is true that these feathered alarm clocks are busiest for the hour that precedes daylight, but a man who had an appointment to go fishing at sunrise and arose when he heard a rooster, might make a serious mistake.

A racing man had a rooster at his home in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, that had a remarkably accurate sense of time. Across the street from the man's home is a summer hotel, the Bensonhurst. Most of the guests were more accustomed to city than to country noises, and some of them were awakened when the cock crowed. Several times it was noticed that the noise came at just 3:15. This odd fact was spoken of on the hotel veranda, and when the guests heard the bird thereafter they usually looked at their watches to see if he was on time.

Night after night he was right to the minute. Once a guest looked at his timepiece, and it indicated only 8:14.

"Guess I must be a little slow," he said to himself. He had come to have more faith in the mechanism of nature than of man. It was the cock which was wrong, however, for several persons spoke of it in the morning.

This continued for months, although the sunrise was, of course, later each day. Shakespeare's phrase, "the bird of dawn," certainly did not fit this chanticleer.

LIVE AS DID THEIR FATHERS.

Nook of Spain Which Defies the Inroads of Modern Civilization.

Automobilists from Bilbao, San Sebastian and other watering places drive daily to Elbar, where the Basque fetes, "Euskal Pastas," are in progress, and the queen-mother will probably visit the village shortly, says the New York Herald's Paris edition.

The Basques are very proud of their own racial characteristics and they hold poetry competitions, theatrical and musical performances in their own language. It is curious to note that despite the inroads of modern civilization, which has rendered San Sebastian, the Basque capital, almost cosmopolitan, the country people, on the contrary, preserve their own language and habits and have hardly lost anything of their national features. On the contrary, there is a growing desire to preserve them, which contradicts Reclus' remarks that the Basque people is "un peuple qui meurt."

Elbar is a town where what Englishmen incorrectly call "Spanish gold" is made, that artistic work of inlaying gold wire on iron and steel, known all over the world. This work was most fashionable some time ago, and the Spanish royal family has a set of "Spanish gold" frames for portraits to be presented to their friends and foreign sovereigns. The industry has attained considerable importance, despite the competition of Belgium, where counterfeited "Spanish gold" is manufactured, though in a rough way.

They Stole Bismarck's Sword.

Dashing wildly along a dark road on a two-mile auto sprint to capture three autolets whose particular brand of humor showed itself in the confiscation of the great steel sword from the

statue of Bismarck, located near Wissahickon mansion. Policeman Wilde finally lost out in the race when the machine in which he was riding broke down.

He saw a machine drive up to the statue and three young men get out. Before he realized what was going on they had climbed the statue, taken the sword from the hands of the immobile Bismarck and jumped into their automobile again. He blew his whistle, and, stopping a passing machine, jumped in and started the chase. Realizing they were pursued, the occupants of the first automobile put on full power and dashed out Hermit lane toward Wissahickon creek. For a mile the chase was kept up, and then a tire was punctured on the rear machine, and the men with the sword escaped.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

LIGHT-HEARTED TONY PASTOR.

Characteristic Act of Theatrical Man Related by Actress.

A very beautiful actress, at a luncheon, told a story about the late Tony Pastor.

"Before I went on the stage," she said, "I was a typewriter girl. My employer happened to fail, and I advertised for a new situation. One of those who answered my advertisement was Mr. Pastor, and I put his name on my list, and in due course called on him.

"But he told me I was too late. He had engaged a typewriter early that morning. He was very sorry, he said. I would have made a charming ornament to his dull office. He paid several delightful compliments to my eyes, my hair, my figure.

"I rose with a sigh. 'Well,' I said, 'I suppose I'll have to close with Mr. Koopon, then. I'm horribly disappointed. I'd ever so much rather work for you.'

"What has old Koopon, the banker, made you an offer?" Mr. Pastor cried.

"Yes," said I, "and a very generous one, too; but I prefer this office to his."

"And in this office you shall stay," said Mr. Pastor, whimsically. "We'll make room for you somehow. Why, my dear child, all my money is in Koopon's bank."

WHEN THE BEST WORK IS DONE.

At Times When the Body Rests and the Mind is Active.

"The best work that most of us do," says Dr. Luther H. Gulick, in the World's Work, "is not begun in our offices or at our desks, but when we are wandering in the woods or sitting quietly with undirected thoughts. From somewhere at such times there flash into our minds those ideas that direct and control our lives, visions of how to do that which previously had seemed impossible, new aspirations, hopes and desires. Work is the process of realization. The careful balance and the great ideas come largely during quiet, and without being sought. The man who never takes time to do nothing will hardly do great things. He will hardly have epoch making ideas or stimulating ideals. Rest is thus not merely in order to recuperate for work. If so, we should rest only when fatigued. We need to do nothing at times when we are as well as possible, when our whole natures are ready for their very finest product. We need occasionally to leave them undirected, in order that we may receive these messages by wireless from the unknown. We need to have the instrument working at its greatest perfection, be undirected and receptive."



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