

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

VOLUME XXVI., No. 28

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1914

WHOLE No. 1372

The Fountain at the Rexall Store

Elkay's Straw Hat Cleaner

Enough in each package to clean two hats and make them as nice as new.

10c a Package

We have several preparations to prevent fly pests on cattle and horses as a spray, from 50c to \$1.25 a gallon. Remember we have

LEE'S POULTRY REMEDIES

also

Dr. Roberts Veterinary Remedies

Each a complete line for the treatment of your poultry and live stock.

"Mandy Lee" Poultry Book FREE on Application.

BEYER PHARMACY

Phone No. 211 2R. The Rexall Store Block South of P. M. Depot



THE PROVERBIAL "rainy day" holds no terrors for the family circle whose bulwark of protection is Bank Book. Sad, pinched faces and haunted looks have no place there—comfort and happiness reign supreme.

You can well afford to deposit a little in this bank every pay day—all that's needed is the determination to begin. When the ice is once broken, it's easy sailing and you'll be astonished how rapidly your savings will grow.

The Plymouth United Savings Bank

I have just opened a Harness Repair Shop

in connection with my implement and harness business.

I carry a complete line of Studebaker Harness, consisting of the latest styles, both single and double, at prices that will interest you if quality is taken into consideration. Our harness and repair work is guaranteed and I solicit your patronage of harness trade in every way, assuring you that your work will be neatly and promptly done at all times.

E. H. LANGWORTHY

Implement Store & General Auctioneer Wayne, Mich.

BASE BALL!

SHAMROCKS OF DETROIT

VS.

PLYMOUTH

Athletic Park, Saturday, June 20th

Game at 3 o'clock Admission 15c

Extra Free when accompanied by one paid admission ticket.

SHORT SERVICES

During the summer months the services of the below mentioned church will be very brief. The church service will begin promptly at 10 o'clock and the benediction will be pronounced not later than 11 o'clock. Sunday-school will open promptly at 11:10 o'clock and close at 12 o'clock. Please note these hours and be on hand promptly next Sunday. This plan becomes effective next Sunday.

We all look for the cool spots during the hot summer days. You will find the church one of the coolest places in town. A closed building is always cooler than an open one and this accounts for the church being a cool place on Sunday morning. Come and unite with us in this service with a brief sermon.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday, June 21st:

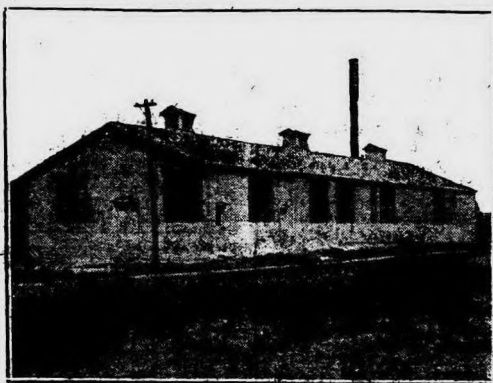
10 a. m.—"Love the Fulfilling of Law."

7:00 p. m.—Union Service in the Baptist Church.

WELCOME

New Company Organized Here for the Manufacture of Cyclecars

The Bennett Mfg. Co. Will Re-organize and Manufacture the Malcolm Cyclecars.



THE NEW FACTORY BUILDING OF THE BENNETT MFG. CO.

A cyclecar factory for Plymouth is now an assured thing. In last week's Mail we stated that Detroit parties were desirous of locating a factory here for the manufacture of the Malcolm cyclecar, and efforts were being made by the Plymouth Improvement Association to land the industry for Plymouth. In the meantime the Bennett Mfg. Co. had become interested in the proposition and at a meeting of the committee appointed by the Improvement Association Monday evening it was decided that the proper thing to do was to turn the matter over to the Bennett Mfg. Co., which was done. At a meeting of the stockholders of the Bennett Mfg. Co. held Tuesday evening, together with the representatives of the cyclecar company, Messrs. Joseph and Lawrence, arrangements were agreed upon for the re-organization of the Bennett Mfg. Co. and the Malcolm Jones Cyclecar Company for the manufacture of cyclecars in the new factory building just completed by the Bennett Mfg. Co. in this village.

The new building which is 40x120 feet and is constructed of brick and cement is a modern factory building in every particular. This building will be used for the present, or until such time as it becomes inadequate to meet the demands of the cyclecar business, when an additional building will have to be constructed. The new company will be capitalized at \$60,000 of which one-half is common stock and one-half preferred stock. Over \$25,000 of the common stock has already been disposed of. The new company will be known as the Malcolm-Cyclecar Co. Messrs. Jones and Lawrence who are the originators of the car will come to Plymouth to superintend their manufacture. The factory will be got in readiness at once, and the cars will be put on the market as soon as possible. There is a great demand for cars of this type and the company already have many orders for the Malcolm and we predict a most successful business for the new concern.

558 School Children

Prof. Isbell has completed the school census for the village, and finds that there are 558 children of school age. This is 50 more than has ever been recorded before, and shows the village to be growing some in population.

A Pleasant Surprise

Last Saturday afternoon about twenty-five of the Masons from here motored to Salem where they agreeably surprised Orin Cook, one of the oldest members of Plymouth Rock Lodge. It was Mr. Cook's eighty-first birthday and the gathering was a happy and pleasant one for him. They carried with them well filled lunch baskets and left as a memento of the occasion, a handsome pocket. Late in the afternoon they returned home feeling that the afternoon had been well spent.

Conforming to Street People

Take Foley's Elixir and Tar Compound. It glides down your throat and spreads a healing, soothing coating over the inflamed tickling surface. That's immediately relieved. It loosens up the tightness in your chest, dissolves wheezy breathings, eases discomfort, cracks, itching, coughs, croup, whooping, it eases any inflammation. Coughing, it eases. J. W. Blickenstaff & Co. Adv.

The Baccalaureate Sermon

The baccalaureate sermon to the members of the graduating class of 1914 of the Plymouth High School was given by Rev. B. F. Farber at the opera house last Sunday evening. There was a very large attendance of friends and patrons of the school. The stage had been appropriately decorated for the event and presented a very pretty appearance. Rev. Joseph Dutton gave the invocation and Rev. A. L. Bell read a scriptural lesson and offered prayer. An anthem by the High School chorus was nicely rendered under the direction of Miss Palmer, instructor of music in the public schools. "Fidelity, Work and Waiting" was the theme of Rev. Farber's sermon and from this discourse a fund of useful and instructive thoughts were imparted to the graduating class of 1914, who now stand on the threshold preparatory to engaging in their life's work. The speaker held the closest attention of the large audience throughout. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dutton.

Pinckney's Pharmacy Moving

Pinckney's Pharmacy are moving into their new store in the room formerly occupied by the Central Grocery in the Penniman block on Main Street. The opening of this institution will occur Saturday, and in celebration is extended to all people to call and see them in their new location.

Weddings

Todd-Trinkhaus
Robert Todd and Miss Lydia Trinkhaus of this place were married at the Baptist parsonage by Rev. A. L. Bell last Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock. The bride was becomingly attired in a blue traveling suit with cream shadow lace waist and was attended by Miss Mabel Merikson. Mr. Ernest Robinson acted as best man. The wedding was to have been a secret affair but just before the ceremony it became known and several intimate friends were present, bringing the usual amount of rice. Miss Trinkhaus has resided in Plymouth all her life and has many friends here. Mr. Todd is one of our enterprising young business men, holding the office of village treasurer and also treasurer of the Alter Motor Car Co. They left for Detroit immediately after the ceremony in company with Miss Merikson and Mr. Robinson. Mr. Guy Hamilton, president of the Alter Motor Car Co., motored the party into the city. After a short trip to Buffalo and the Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Todd will reside in north village. They have the best wishes of many friends for a happy wedded life.

Williams-Taylor
A quiet but pretty home wedding was solemnized last Wednesday evening at seven o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Taylor, when their eldest daughter, Jessie, was united in marriage to Claude Williams of Detroit. Formerly of this place, the house was handsomely decorated in pink and white, and the ceremony was performed under a large white bell by the pastor of the Baptist church, Rev. A. L. Bell, in the presence of the immediate relatives. The bride was prettily gowned in pink silk with white shadow lace, and carried a shower bouquet of sweet peas. She was attended by Miss Ruby Williams, sister of the groom, who was becomingly gowned in blue silk with white shadow lace and carried white roses. James MacDougal of Detroit, acted as best man. After the ceremony a fine supper was served. The happy couple were the recipients of many useful and pretty gifts. Miss Taylor is one of Plymouth's popular young ladies and the groom is well and favorably known here. Mr. and Mrs. Williams left on the evening train for their new home in Detroit. The out-of-town guests present were: Mrs. Maude Harper, James MacDougal, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Taylor and Chas. Smith of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Holmes of Salem.

A Narrow Escape

John Kuhn was hit by the afternoon Toledo passenger train near the McLaren elevator Wednesday, while walking along the side of the track. Mr. Kuhn did not hear the approaching train until it was too late to get out of the way. He was thrown to one side and sustained a broken left arm and a cut on the forehead and one leg. He was taken to his home in north village and Dr. Patterson called, who made the injured man as comfortable as possible.

Mrs. A. E. Patterson is visiting relatives at Ruthven, Ont., for several weeks.

Take Plenty of Time to Eat.

There is a saying that "rapid eating is slow suicide." If you have formed the habit of eating too rapidly you are most likely suffering from indigestion or constipation, which will result eventually in serious illness unless corrected. Digestion begins in the mouth. Food should be thoroughly masticated and swallowed. Then when you have a fullness of the stomach or feel dull and stupid after eating, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets. Many severe cases of stomach trouble and constipation have been cured by the use of these tablets. They are easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Sold by all Dealers.—Advt.

GRAND OPENING

Saturday, June 20

we will open our New Drug Store located in the Penniman Block in the room formerly occupied by the Central Grocery on Main Street, to the public, and thereafter conduct our drug business at this new location.

We extend you a cordial invitation to call on us Saturday and inspect our beautiful new store. It has been our desire to make our drug store as up-to-date and inviting as possible, and we have spared no expense in so doing.

Our Prescription Dept.

will be more fully equipped than before to take care of your doctor's prescriptions, and as usual under the supervision of a Registered Pharmacist of ability.

We especially wish to call your attention to our

New Sanitary Iceless Soda Fountain

the latest idea in fountains, also to the fact that we will make our own ice cream.

We will carry a complete line of

Home-made Candy

from Stick and Pan Candy to the very best Chocolates, and box them for you while you wait.

We appreciate your patronage in the past and earnestly solicit a continuance of the same in our new location.

It is our intention to carry everything a drug store carries, and just a little more, and to make a satisfied customer at all times.

Pinckney's Pharmacy

THE VAL DONA STORE

Open Every Day and Evening and Sundays. FREE DELIVERY.

Reduced Prices

Wall Paper

Commencing Saturday, June 20

Now is your time to paper your house cheap.

J. W. Blickenstaff & Co.

THE PENNSALAR STORE

Open Every Night and Sunday. Phone 234.

SPOTS MADE FAMOUS IN WAR'S HISTORY



WHERE GEN. BROCK MET DEATH NEAR QUEENSTON, CANADA



WHERE FIRST ARMED RESISTANCE TO GREAT BRITAIN TOOK PLACE—SALEM BRIDGE, MASS.

TO PERPETUATE the memory of mighty deeds on the field of battle and of epochal events which have led to the changing of governments and of the boundary lines in our geographies and to arouse in the minds of succeeding generations the spirit of patriotism which inspired our forefathers to accomplish these deeds, tablets and monuments of various kinds have been placed on the sites of those historic events.

In the United States Boston, New York, Philadelphia and many other places in the East and Southeast are rich in memories of the War of the Revolution and of the events leading up to and succeeding it. Boston, more than any other place perhaps, is deserving of the title "the Cradle of American Liberty." Faneuil hall, Old South church, Christ church, or Old North church, from whose belfry the signal was flashed which started Paul Revere on his famous ride and Bunker Hill are only a few of the historic landmarks which make Boston famous in Revolutionary history. The famous "Boston Tea Party" was the first protest of the indignant colonists against the oppressive rule of the mother country.

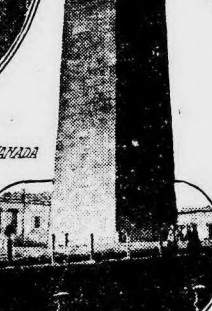
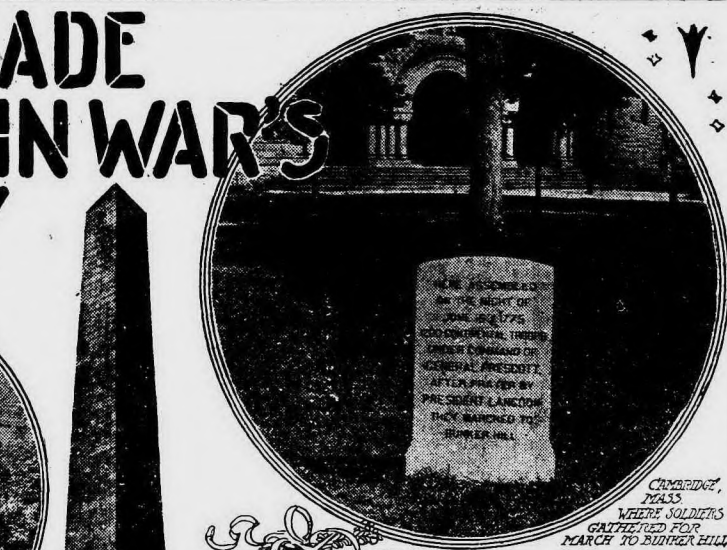
This event occurred in Boston harbor in December, 1773. In order to compel Great Britain to be just toward the American colonists in the matter of taxation, merchants of this country had agreed not to import anything while such oppressive laws existed. The British parliament declared their right to tax the colonists without their consent; the latter declared that "taxation without representation is tyranny." The quarrel grew hotter and hotter; some of the contested duties were removed under pressure, but, by 1773, several articles, among them tea, were still burdened by heavy taxes. The colonists finally refused to allow any cargo of tea even to be landed at some of the ports. Vessels were immediately sent back with their cargoes unladen. In December, 1773, three British ships landed at Boston and the royal governor attempted to have their cargoes landed in defiance of the popular will. The "Boston Tea Party" was the result. This occurrence the inscription on the tablet itself succinctly explains.

"Here formerly stood Griffin's Wharf, at which lay moored on Dec. 16, 1773, three British ships with cargoes of tea. To defeat King George's trivial but tyrannical tax of three pence a pound, about ninety citizens of Boston, partly disguised as Indians, boarded the ships, threw the cargoes, three hundred and forty-two chests in all, into the sea, and made the world ring with the patriotic exploit of the BOSTON TEA PARTY.

"No! ne'er was mingled such a draught In palace, hall, or arbor, As froeams brewed and tyrants quaffed That night in Boston harbor."

A large building on the corner of Pearl street and Atlantic avenue, devoted to commercial purposes, now marks the site of Griffin's wharf where this event occurred.

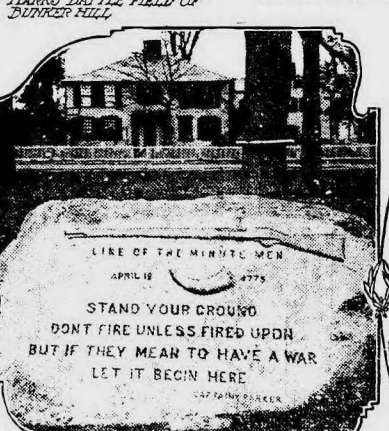
The first armed resistance to Great Britain took place at Salem Bridge, Mass. In February, 1775, General Gage of the British army heard



TEAR'S BATTLE FIELD OF BUNKER HILL



FAMOUS "TEA PARTY" TABLET AT BOSTON



LEXINGTON MASS.—WHERE FIRST BATTLE OF REVOLUTION WAS FOUGHT

that some cannon and munitions of war had been placed in Salem by the colonists, so he sent Colonel Leslie in a vessel from Castle William to seize them. They landed at Marblehead, marched into Salem, and not finding what they sought, moved toward Danvers. Part way between the two towns at a small drawbridge, which is now marked by the tablet shown in the illustration, they found a large number of people assembled, and on the opposite side 40 militia under Timothy Pickering. The drawbridge was up and Pickering refused to let it down. Leslie tried to ferry his troops over in a gondola near by; whereupon the colonists promptly scuttled the craft. The British troops eventually returned to their vessel, but without the cannon.

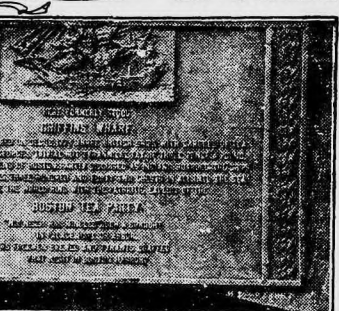
The first real battle of the Revolution was fought at Lexington, Mass. In the spring of 1775 General Gage was informed that the colonists had deposited a large quantity of munitions of war at Concord, a village some 16 miles outside of Boston, and he planned a secret expedition to seize them. The alert and wary colonists heard of his plan, however, and through the immortal ride of Paul Revere, the whole countryside was alarmed. When Major Pitcairn, with some 800 men (the advance guard of the British), arrived at Lexington on their way to Concord, they were met there on the village green by about seventy determined men under Capt. Jonas Parker. The British ordered them to disperse, and when they refused to do so, fired upon them, killing eight and wounding a number of others. This began the Revolutionary war.

It was at Cambridge, Mass., that the army of the colonists was gathered for the march against the British at Bunker Hill.

The city of Cambridge, one of the county seats of Middlesex county, Massachusetts, is separated from the greater city of Boston by the Charles river. It is chiefly noted for three things: As the seat of Harvard university, as the place where Washington took command of the Continental army on July 2, 1775, which was only a short distance from the spot shown in the illustration, and for the occurrence marked and described by the tablet also. The building in the background is the Law library of Harvard university.

The battlefield of Bunker Hill at Charlestown, now part of the city of Boston, is marked by an imposing monument, erected on a commanding site on the summit of Breed's Hill.

The cornerstone of this huge granite obelisk was laid on June 17, 1825—the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. Lafayette was at this time on a visit to America, and he was present at the ceremony; Daniel Webster delivered an oration. The monument stands on Breed's Hill, near the center of the ground included in the old breastwork. It is built of Quincy granite, and is 221 feet in height. It is 30 feet square at the base and 15 feet square at the spring of the apex. The top may be reached by a flight of 285 stone steps. There is a room in its top with four iron-shuttered windows. The monument was not completed until 1843, when it was dedicated in the



STATUE OF MINUTE MEN AT CONCORD



STATUE OF MINUTE MEN AT CONCORD

presence of President, Tyler and his cabinet. The general impression is that this engagement of the Revolution was fought on Bunker Hill, so it figures in history as the "Battle of Bunker Hill." In reality it was fought on Breed's Hill, some distance from the former.

The "Minute Men" were so called because of their ability to assemble upon a minute's notice. In April, 1775, after having dispersed the 70 colonists under Captain Parker who resisted them at Lexington, about six miles away, Major Pitcairn pressed forward toward Concord. By this time the whole country was aroused, and the militia flocked toward Concord from every direction. The Middlesex farmers, armed with every conceivable weapon, prepared to defend their homes and their rights. The battle of Concord started at North Bridge, near Concord (the first volley was fired by the British). The spot is marked by the famous statue of a typical "Minute Man." So incensed were the colonists that the whole 800 British would have been destroyed had they not been re-enforced by more troops from Lexington. They retreated to Lexington, and then, after a short rest, the whole body, 1,800 strong, started their march of retreat to Charlestown. During the whole of their ten-mile march, they were terribly assailed by the infuriated colonists. They finally reached their destination and under the guns of the British war vessels spent the night at Charlestown, crossing over to Boston next morning. During this affair the British lost 273 men; the colonists lost 103.

During the war of 1812 Sir Isaac Brock, a major general of the Canadian forces, personally led his troops in the battle of Queenston, where he was killed on October 13, 1812. The British government caused a fine monument to be erected to his memory in St. Paul's cathedral, London. In 1816 the Canadian struck a medal to his memory, and on the heights of Queenston built a beautiful Tuscan column, over 130 feet in height, in the base of which a tomb was formed and in which the general's remains now repose. The small monument here shown marks the spot where he was killed.

A VAIN HOPE.

"Grandma could help our social ambitions if she would. You know she smokes an old pipe."
"Don't worry. Society may condone that."
"You don't understand. Don't you see how much smarter it would be if she would consent to smoke cigarettes?"

REAR LIGHTS.

Bacon—I see searchlights are to be found mounted on the observation platforms of some western railroad trains.
Egbert—I suppose that is so passengers can see where they're not going.

OUTSIDE THE GATE

By DONALD ALLEN.

"My, what is that!"
A girl lying in a hammock under a tree on the lawn of a country house heard a scream in the direction of the highway.



It came again and again, and she tumbled out of the hammock and ran down to the gate just as a colored woman came staggering up, and just as a big black goat was disappearing down the road.

The colored woman was Aunt Tilda, the cook, and the goat was a goat unknown.

"Oh, Miss Ruth!" gasped the cook as she fell on the grass.
"For the land's sake, Tilda, but what is it?"
"It was a grisly b'ar, Miss Ruth, and he was gwine eat me up!"
"Tilda!"
"I declar' to goodness it was!"
"I saw a black goat fleeing down the road."

"Wall, mebbe it was a goat, but it is the same thing as a grisly b'ar. Lemme git up to de veranda an' I'll tell you all about it. Now, den, I went ober to Morton's didn't I?"
"Yes."
"To see Hanner, de cook?"
"Yes."

"Well, I saw her. She was in good speerits. She axed me when you was gwine to git married."
"The impudent thing!"
"Dat's zactly what I said to her. She said she wasn't, but she had had a dream dat you was gwine to fall in love wid somebody and git married. She said dat sunthin' wid horns on was gwine to bring it about. And goats have horns, and dar you am!"
"Go to your kitchen!"
"Two hours later Miss Ruth Parsons took a little saunter up the highway. She had not progressed over ten rods when she heard a snort and saw that black goat bearing down upon her. She had just got inside the gate and swung it to when the horns of the goat struck it. She had screamed once or twice en route, and the cook was on the veranda.

"Befo' de Lawd, but dar's de sunthin' wid horns 'dat de Hanner woman dreamed of!"
At ten o'clock next forenoon Miss Ruth had a caller. He was a young man who gave his name as Charley Ashley, and he explained his errand by saying:

"I am at my sister's, eight miles away, on my school vacation. She is rather eccentric about pets, and has a big black goat which is a nuisance. He broke the rope with which he was tied the other day and disappeared, and I am looking for him. We have heard that he was seen this far away yesterday."

"Yes, he was here," was the reply. "He wanted to kill me, but I was fortunate enough to escape."
"I am sorry if he annoyed you."
"I was going to have him shot if he hung round here."
"Very proper. Of course, you don't know which way he went?"
"I was too frightened to take notice."

The conversation began at the veranda steps and ended at the gate, where the young man had his auto waiting. With the remark that he would go on a mile or two further, he raised his hat and stepped outside the gate, and there was the goat! He had been in ambush. He came for the gate head down and heels up, and snorting like a grampus at low water.

Mr. Ashley exclaimed, "Thunder!" and leaped into his machine.
Miss Ruth yelled "Oh, my!" and ran for the veranda.

By all the rules of logic this goat ought to have sprung into the auto after the young man, but he did nothing of the sort. He took after the girl instead, and half way to the house she went down under his catapult.

Mr. Ashley was not a man to beat a retreat in the face of the enemy, but just the man to rush to the rescue of a forlorn damsel. He rushed. He didn't have a gun handy in his hip pocket, and so the goat had the advantage. He turned from the prostrate maiden and met the hero half way.

It was bad for the hero. A ton of brick struck him in the solar plexus, and after a grunt and a gasp he retired to the land of nothing and nobody. When he recovered consciousness he was lying at the foot of the steps, whither he had been dragged by Miss Ruth and the cook.

"I hope the goat didn't do you any serious injury," he said.
"No, not serious," replied the girl. "Are you much hurt?"
"Only the breath knocked out of me for the time being. Do you happen to have a firearm in the house?"
"I have a revolver, but no cartridges for it."

"Then I will wait to get him home to kill him. Sorry to have brought about this annoyance."
"But it jest had to be brought about," answered the cook.

Mr. Ashley called three days later. The goat had been shot.
As Tilda put it when he went away after a long call:
"Now, honey, you hadn't got nuthin' to do but fall in love and git married, and you go right at it!"
(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Here!

Drink this and be refreshed!

Coca-Cola

Sip by sip here's pure enjoyment—cool comfort—a satisfied thirst—a contented palate.

Demand the genuine by full name—Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

SCORED ONE ON HIS RIVAL

Brown Had Overlooked Leap Year, and Jones Was Quick to Mark the Point.

Irving Fletcher, the well-known advertising expert, said at an advertising men's dinner at Delmonico's in New York:

"A good advertisement never lies. It never deceives. For it can only pay for making life patrons, not transient ones.

"A good advertisement never lies, but it states its case as strongly as possible, and it avails itself of every point, however slight. There it is like young Jones.

"Young Jones proposed at Lake-wood to a pretty girl, but she said no, certainly, swinging her slim foot in and out of her slashed skirt:
"I like you, Mr. Jones. But, then, I like Mr. Brown, too. And Mr. Brown is so devoted. He says he thinks of me 365 days in the year."
"Huh!" snorted young Jones, contemptuously. "He wants a day off every four years, does he? Well, I hope you're not taken in by any such one-horse devotion as that."

Just as Good.
"Have you any 5-cent cigars?" asked the man.
"No," replied the druggist, "but we have something just as good. Here's a 10-cent cigar."

The Yellowstone National park has an area of 25,755 square miles.

EYE STRAIN
Relieved by Quitting Coffee.

Many cases of defective vision are caused by the habitual use of coffee. It is said that in Arabia where coffee is used in large quantities, many lose their eyesight at about fifty. Tea contains the same drug, caffeine, as coffee.

A N. J. woman writes to the point concerning eye trouble and coffee. She says:

"My son was for years troubled with his eyes. He tried several kinds of glasses without relief. The optician said there was a defect in his eyes which was hard to reach.

"He used to drink coffee, as we all did, and finally quit it and began to use Postum. That was three years ago and he has not had to wear glasses and has had no trouble with his eyes since.

"I was always fond of tea and coffee and finally became so nervous I could hardly sit still long enough to eat a meal. My heart was in such a condition I thought I might die at any time.

"Medicine did not give me relief and I was almost desperate. It was about this time I decided to quit coffee and use Postum, and have used it ever since. I am in perfect health. No trouble now with my heart and never felt better in my life."

"Postum has been a great blessing to us all, particularly to my son and myself."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pkg.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Would Not Be Recognized.
"Oh, dear me!" wailed a tenement mother, happening upon a sympathetic neighbor. "I'm in such trouble! My little Willie's got himself lost."
"Well, don't worry," consoled the neighbor. "He'll soon be found. Everybody about the place knows him."
"But not today, I'm tearing. You see, he's just been washed."

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 23-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. 1, Boston."—Adv.

Sounds That Way.
Patience—She has a pretty mouth. Patience—A mere incident.
"Yes, but one which is never closed."

Don't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Blue Bell. Makes beautiful white clothes. All at good prices. Adv.

When a man gets blind drunk he sees a lot of things that are not there.

The Source of Uric Acid
Eating too much of the common foods that do a lot of harm. Meats, especially, furnish uric acid and the constant filtering of uric acid from the blood is the cause of uric acid. Causes rheumatism and nervous troubles, weakens the eyes, forms gravel and leads to dropsy and Bright's disease. Kidney weakness gives early warning, however, such as backache and urinary disorders and can be stopped by prompt treatment. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended and most widely used kidney remedy.

A Michigan Case
"I was so bad with kidney trouble," says Mrs. W. H. Main, of W. Main St., New York, Mich. "I had to get up every night and my back and limbs were aching and I was unable to sleep. My whole body was swollen and I was unable to eat. I was so nervous I was unable to sleep. I was so nervous I was unable to sleep. I was so nervous I was unable to sleep."

Doan's Kidney Pills
Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, or Buy Direct from Doan's Kidney Pills, 215 E. 12th St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Women Who Take
this universally popular home remedy—at times, when there is need—are spared many hours of unnecessary suffering.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c. 50c.

DAN HAD FORGOTTEN

By AUGUSTUS GOODRICH SHERWIN.

I had been the employe of a certain private detective agency for ten years when Dan Haley was released from the state penitentiary. That was an event I had been waiting for all that period of time. I had been advised of the day—nay, the very hour when he was to be released. It was a balmy June morning when I was welcomed to the office of the warden.

"I fancied you would be on hand," observed the prison official with a comprehensive smile.

"Naturally," I responded, "inasmuch as I have not lost sight of this vital moment through all the years."

"You expect it to lead to something, then?"

"It will if Dan Haley does not suspect he is being watched when he leaves this place, yes."

The warden fixed a serious look upon me. He had been always accommodating, even indulgent with me. I traced friendly interest in the way he now regarded me.

"See here, Blake," he said, "you have been a good man in your line and I wish I could give you some suggestions regarding Haley. Of course, you, who made his famous capture ten years since, have never forgiven him for hiding his booty and keeping it hid."

"At least I know it is hidden," I declared with positiveness. "At the time of the trial Haley made the judge and jury half believe that his pals had out with it. I devoted a month after he was sentenced to finding out about that. I am convinced that he had no pals. I am equally satisfied that when closely cornered, he disposed of his plunder in some safe secret place. Since then he simply has patiently waited for freedom to make away with that fortune and enjoy the rest of his days."

"Very good," nodded the warden. "That all sounds reasonable. The only thing is, that while Haley has been

I watched him wander around it not only our best behaved convict and close-mouthed as a clam, during the past year he has changed."

"How changed?" I asked.

"He has become queer." As a good-conduct man we put him at keeping the outfit list of goods in the shoe factory. He was famous for his accuracy until a twelvemonth since. Then he began to make mistakes. He would miss shipments, confuse the figures, misplace his account books and show other lapses of memory. It would be a strange retribution, would it not," added the official insinuatingly.

"If after all his cunning planning Haley had forgotten where he concealed that plunder—my?"

"Zounds!" I could not refrain from remarking—"that would upset all my sand calculations, indeed."

"They were fond, those same, for a very superior reason. I was in love. More than that, I was in love with the daughter of John Marsh, and John Marsh was the then wealthy merchant whom Haley had stolen in cash and jewels a cool hundred thousand dollars."

"At the time of the deed the lawyer of Mr. Marsh paid me a five hundred dollar reward for capturing the culprit. At the same time he advised me that in case I recovered the booty or any part of it, twenty-five per cent of the same should be mine. At the end of a few months I gave up hunting for the hidden fortune—for ten years."

All that time, however, I kept Haley in mind. At the end of the sixth year I sought out Mr. Marsh. He was no longer a capitalist. The loss of the hundred thousand dollars had crippled and then ruined him. I found him living in a very humble way, old and decrepit, supported by the earnings of his daughter, Constance, who was a music teacher.

When I recalled his former loss, he wept bitter tears. When I blurtly intimated that I hoped to recover it, he was aroused to desperate excitement. He offered me half of what I might secure.

I had seen and now worshipped Constance Marsh. I think I first won her kindly attention by my steadfastness of purpose in pursuing an apparently hopeless case to the end. Then when I said that I coveted not the reward but the fame of finishing up a difficult case, and intimated that comfort the restored wealth would bring to her father, she became my true friend.

I had not seen Dan Haley since he entered the penitentiary. I was shocked at his aged appearance. He stooped and walked feebly. There was none of the buoyancy and eagerness one might have expected from a man who was about to reap the rich rewards of secrecy and patience.

Another thing, he seemed lost in the new environment. The free air, the bright sunshine and varied crowds did not inspire him, they rather confused. I saw at a glance that he was a broken man.

His first move with the money the prison authorities had given him was to board a train for the town where he had formerly lived. He was a widower. Haley proceeded to the site of the house where he had once lived. It was easy to shadow him. In his dispirited way he seemed indifferent to surroundings.

The house he expected to find had been burned down for two years. A new one was now in course of construction. I stood outside the yard while I watched him wander around it. It was evident he was seeking something, but could not locate it. He would start along, hesitate, rub his brow in a bewildered sort of a way and finally, after an hour, he turned from the place.

My heart sank within me—Dan Haley had forgotten!

I knew it surer than ever the next day, when he left the little lodging house he had put up at, with myself for a vigilant neighbor in the next room. He started out seeking work. I was near to him when he approached a carpenter building a fence. The latter held a board across a saw horse and was just turning it to mark where it should be sawed with the pencil in his hand, when I noticed a sudden glow in Haley's eyes. He uttered what was almost a scream. He started from the spot on a dead run, the astonished carpenter staring wonderingly after him, myself in close pursuit.

Straight to the railroad depot Haley proceeded, thence by train to the prison town and then to the very doors of the penitentiary he had left less than twenty-four hours previously.

I am a detective and therefore have to think. I mentally connected the carpenter and the prison, and when I heard Haley humbly solicit the warden to allow him to revisit his former cell I nodded to the latter and followed Haley.

Once inside of the cell Haley got down and looked at the under surface of the bench riveted to the wall. He transcribed some words written there, probably when he feared the lapse of memory that later overtook him.

I traced those tell-tale words later. They were: "Under the woodshed floor." Then I was on his trail again. I took him in charge as he returned to his native town. Then I visited the shed. It was to recover the long-sequestered plunder.

I refused any reward from the delighted Mr. Marsh, the love of Constance outweighed all sordid considerations. Haley did not realize any particular disappointment, for he forgot his recent discovery in a day or two. Mr. Marsh found him work and the ex-convict developed into quite a respectable artisan.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

RULES FOR PROPER SPEECH

Art of Conversation Is Something That Is Worth Taking Some Pains to Acquire.

Ungrammatical sentences often are spoken in the sweetest voice, and slang or even coarse words come frequently from seemingly refined persons. Slang may give point upon occasion, but it never is elegant, and coarseness of speech never is to be tolerated. From the habit of thinking clearly and of expressing yourself in the same way.

Be wary in your choice of words. Don't say "pretty" when you mean "beautiful," or "lovely" when you mean "delicious," or "hate" when you mean "dislike." Comparatively few persons talk without grimacing more or less; and if you would realize how this detracts from beauty, take note of others in conversation.

A quiet, dignified manner while talking adds much to the weight of words. An uneasy, shifting manner suggests insincerity, however this belies the sentiment expressed. It is easy to cultivate a habit of "throwing" the tone so that it will carry just the distance required to be audible to the person addressed.

Do not mouth words or mince them; speak plainly. Avoid conversation on street corners or allusions to personal subjects in public places. Be chary of telling "secrets" and of speaking of personal affairs to others than intimates or those of whose sympathetic interest you are assured.

Game of Freezeout. An Irishman, having gone out in his night gown a bitter cold night to stop the howling of a dog, was found by his wife almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail.

CONFERENCE WITH CARRANZA AGENTS IS VAIN EFFORT

Rebels Will Not Consent to Armistice and Want to Name President

ARE CONFIDENT THAT THEY CAN PACIFY MEXICO SOON

Report That Villa and Carranza Have Broken Seemingly by Seizure of Offices by the Former.

Niagara Falls, Ont.—Justice Lamar and Frederick W. Lehmann, the American delegates to the mediation conference, went to Buffalo Tuesday and talked for four hours with Rafael Burman and Luis Cabrera, personal representatives of General Carranza. Their purpose was to find some way to bring the constitutionalists in harmony with the scope of mediation. The mission was a failure.

The constitutionalist representatives, who had come from Washington especially to see the American delegates, told them why they could not agree to an armistice; why only a man prominent in the constitutionalist army would settle the Mexican problem soon if left unhampered by foreign complications.

The Americans returned to Niagara Falls feeling that so far as the political pacification of Mexico is concerned, mediation had accomplished nothing—and probably the end of the conferences was very near.

Villa Seizes Carranza Offices. El Paso, Texas—Reports that General Villa had resigned as commander of the northern military zone were confirmed partially here Tuesday night. Carranza's offices at Juarez were confiscated by Villa supporters Tuesday night. Similar confiscations are authentically reported to have taken place at Chihuahua city and at Torreon, where Villa remained.

The seizure of the offices in Juarez was taken here as conclusive evidence of the long predicted split between Carranza, leader of the constitutionalist revolution, and Villa, his most successful chief.

Private advices received here at a late hour told of similar action in taking over Carranza offices at Chihuahua city and Torreon, evidently placing the entire northern part of Mexico in the power of Villa's military leaders.

In addition to the information bureau and telegraph, it later was learned that the customs house and the treasury department at Juarez had been confiscated by Villa's officers.

HARD WORK SAVES OXFORD

Fire in Lumber Yard Threatens to Wipe Out Entire Village.

Oxford, Mich.—Fire which broke out in Montgomery's lumber yard, from unknown causes Monday afternoon, and destroyed it at a loss of \$5,000, threatened for a time the entire village. Sparks were carried by a heavy wind about the town and at one time there were 22 buildings on fire.

A bucket brigade of citizens, which was quickly organized to assist the regular department, prevented the small blazes from gaining any headway and the total loss outside the lumber yard will not exceed \$2,000, partly covered by insurance. The destruction of two barns with nominal loss figures in the total.

After two hours of hard fighting, the department at Orion, three miles away, was sent for, but when aid came the fire was under control.

MICHIGAN NEWS IN BRIEF

The bones of a giant hippopotamus, shot by ex-Gov. Chase Osborn in South Africa, have been received at the state university, and will be set up and placed on exhibition in the university museum.

John B. Hayes, Kent county agent, has petitioned the supreme court for a writ of mandamus to compel Auditor-General Fuller to pay his salary. By a special act of the legislature Hayes' salary was raised from \$4 a day to \$1,800 a year, and the attorney-general recently ruled that the act was unconstitutional.

The Second National bank of Saginaw and the Old Second National bank of Bay City have nominated James T. Wylie, of Saginaw, to the federal reserve bank of Chicago, class B, group No. 1, under the new currency law.

The proprietor of a hotel at Lansing was fined \$25 and costs for failure to supply his guests with individual owls. He was arrested under an act passed by the last legislature and says that he will carry the case to the highest court to test the validity of the law.

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Paoy, an English nobleman, says: "The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position."

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Sent. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to M. V. McInnes, 178 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Official Government Agent.

WILLING TO GIVE AWAY PAPA

Youthful Logician Met Appeal to His Generosity With a Crushing Answer.

A mother was urging her little son to be generous, specifically in the case of a small comrade not well endowed with worldly goods.

"I wish you'd give your little wagon to Melville," she suggested. "He has so few toys and you have so many."

"I don't want to, mama. I like my little wagon. Why doesn't his papa buy toys for him?"

"He has no papa, dear. That is the reason why I want you to be so particularly nice to him. It would be no virtue in you to give him what you don't want anyway. We should always be careful to share what we really prize. Now, as I say, Melville has no papa and—"

"Well, why don't you give him papa, then?" was the youthful logician's reply.

A Rare, Rare Man. William H. Hamby, short story writer and novelist, is a great lover of folks and makes friends with all sorts and conditions of men. One day while on an outing in the Ozarks he got a hill billy who was something of a character to accompany him on a fishing excursion in order to study the type. The two men spent the day in the woods together and returned to camp old friends, and then Mr. Hamby learned that he was not the only one on the expedition who had been studying his companion. As they shook hands in parting the hill billy said: "I taken a likin' to yuh, but yuh shore be the queerest man I ever see. I've noticed you all day, an' yuh ain't took a drink; yuh ain't took a smoke and yuh ain't cussed once!"—Kansas City Star.

Appropriate Wording. "To court this empty-headed heir is a hard proposition."

"Then why not try soft nothings?"

CUPID HAD HIT HIM HARD

Surely Day of Romance Is Not Ended When Lovelick Swain Can Feel Like This:

"Come, come, old man; don't let it knock you out. There are plenty of other girls in the world. In six months from now you will have forgotten her."

"Yes, I suppose it is as you say; but it isn't six months from now. Everything I see reminds me of her. When I look at other women I can't help thinking how much more beautiful she is than any of them. When the wind blows I am reminded that it is probably adding to the color of her cheeks. Whenever I pass a corner where she and I have stood together I have a strange empty feeling as if something had gone out of my life."

"When I look up at the sky, I cannot keep from remembering that it is above her. If I could forget her for only a day, for only an hour, I think I might learn to hope again; but I can't get her out of my mind. It seems to me that the whole world is changed since she told me that I was never to see her again. I can't understand how anybody manages to keep on being happy. I would give almost anything to forget her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Skimpy. A contributor to the American Magazine tells the following story: "A clerk in one of the great jewelry stores on Fifth avenue in New York city exhibited to a rich and weary customer a lady's handbag, five inches square, made of platinum and fairly well covered on one side only with diamonds. The price was \$9,000. The fact that one side only was covered with diamonds troubled the customer. Turning the handbag around and around, and looking at it from all sides over and over, he finally said, 'Very pretty—really. But I don't like one side without diamonds. Honestly the thing looks skimpy—rather skimpy.' At an additional expense of \$7,000 this difficulty was removed."

Everything in a Name. Gadsby—What will you name your new paper? Writer—The Plugtown Harp of a Thousand Strings with Steam Calliopes Interlude and Journalistic Short Stop. Gadsby—Heavens, what a name! Why do you have such a complicated title? Writer—To avoid damages in libel suits. The attorneys will all blunder in the indictments and they'll be quashed.

Excelsior. "You can never tell these days," remarked the man in the armchair, "where the uplift will bob up next. Every time there are several consecutive days of rain and gloomy weather I expect to read how a committee of earnest persons has got together and organized a Society for the Promotion of Higher Barometric Conditions."

Fair Words or None. "George," said the wife of her generally unappreciative husband, "how do you like my new hat?" "Well, my dear," said George, with great candor, "to tell you the truth—" "Stop right there, George! If you're going to talk that way about it I don't want to know!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Motorcycle Displacing Horse. In less than a year the horse is likely to disappear from the British postal delivery business, his place in the country being taken up by motorcycles with side car attachments.

A splinter grills her teeth every time she encounters a widow who has planted three husbands and is seeking a fourth.

Libby's Luncheon Delicacies

Dried Beef, sliced wafer thin, Hickory Smoked and with a choice flavor that you will remember.

Vienna Sausage—just right for Red Hots, or to serve cold. We suggest you try them served like this: Cut rye bread in thin slices, spread with creamed butter and remove crusts. Cut a Libby's Vienna Sausage in half, lengthwise, and lay on the bread. Place on the top of the sausage a few thin slices of Libby's Midget Pickles. Cover with the other slice of bread and press lightly together. Arrange on plate and serve garnished with a few parsley sprays.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago



DEVELOPING ANY ROLL 10¢

BLACKS' DETROIT

CIDER MAKING

Can be made profitably if the right kind of machinery is used. WE MAKE THE RIGHT KIND.

Boomer & Boschert Press Co., 122 West Water St., Syracuse, N. Y.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Best, clean, economical, non-toxic. Kills all house flies. Made of metal, can't melt or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Unsuspected indoors. All dealers over whom express paid for \$1.00.

ROALD SOMERS, 120 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

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

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 25-1914.

Pets and Broken Hearts. The dog of Mistral, the Provencal poet, died the day after Mistral's recent death. It is a fairly common thing for dogs, cats, canaries and other pets to die a few days or even hours after their masters. But do they die of grief? It is not likely. A Manayunk physician examined the corpse of a canary that had succumbed with its little mistress. The canary's death, the examination showed, was due not to a broken heart, but to scarlet fever, the malady to which its little mistress had herself succumbed.

From this and from kindred post-mortems it is surmised that when they die simultaneously with their owners, have become infected with the disease that carried their owners off—measles, diphtheria, typhoid, the death-from-grief story is pretty, but, alas, it won't wash.

Why Not Armor for Every Bullet? An ingenious New York doctor has invented a bichloride of mercury tablet in which the antidote is combined with the poison, so that a person may swallow corrosive sublimate, intentionally or accidentally, with impunity. It's a capital idea, and ought to be applied to poisons generally, and possibly Malaria might find some way of applying the principle to firearms. An automatic, self-resisting bullet, or something of that sort, would be of much greater utility than his silence.

Motorcycle Displacing Horse. In less than a year the horse is likely to disappear from the British postal delivery business, his place in the country being taken up by motorcycles with side car attachments.

A splinter grills her teeth every time she encounters a widow who has planted three husbands and is seeking a fourth.

Their First Breakfast

It's a wise bride that doesn't attempt too much for that breakfast.

She can escape cooking in a hot kitchen, avoid rich, greasy foods, and have a good breakfast just the same, by serving

Post Toasties

Toasties are choicest bits of Indian Corn perfectly cooked, delicately flavoured, rolled paper-thin and toasted to a crisp, appetizing brown.

This food comes in tightly sealed packages, ready for instant serving with cream and sugar—also delicious with fresh berries.

Light, wholesome, nutritious and temptingly good for the "first breakfast" and the countless meals that will follow—

Sold by Grocers everywhere.



THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

Pythian Memorial Services

Plymouth Loses

First Game

Commencement Night

A Beautiful Park

Additional Sunday Service

F. W. SAMSEN
L. B. SAMSEN, Editor and Manager
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, payable in advance, \$1.00
Six months, .60
Three months, .35
WHY IMPROVE PARKS
A tree expert from the Michigan Agricultural College was in Plymouth Saturday and looked over the parks of this village, at the request of the Village Council, with a view of bettering their condition and improving their appearance. The park committee have been desirous of doing something along this line for some time, especially with Kellogg Park, but it was thought best to secure the services of an expert before anything was done at all. The resident expert suggested to the committee that some trees must be cut out, and at the meeting of the council Monday evening it was voted to have the work done. There has been considerable sentiment against the cutting out of any trees in this park, but we believe that when the work is done that all will be satisfied that it does not detract from the beauty of the park, but that it is a great improvement.
Mr. and Mrs. Giles Cheney of Wayne, called on friends here Tuesday.
Rev. A. L. Bell goes to Farmington Sunday afternoon to deliver an address.
Miss Nettie Althouse of Detroit, visited Mrs. Elizabeth Terry last Sunday.
Mrs. W. B. Roe attended the graduation exercises at the Central High School, Detroit, Thursday evening.
Special meeting of the O. E. S. for work next Tuesday evening, June 23rd. Refreshments will be served after the initiation.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Burr of Charlevoix, Miss Frances Steinbach of Dexter, Mrs. Ada Burr of Adrian, and Mrs. Frances Foster of Northville, visited Mrs. E. J. Burr last Wednesday.

The Pythian memorial service was held in the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning. About sixty Sir Knights and Pythian Sisters attended. Special music was rendered by the choir. The pastor, Rev. B. F. Farber gave a fine memorial address, taking for his subject, "The Glory of Friendship." Throughout this excellent discourse the speaker pointed out the good to be gained from the teachings of such organizations and the benefit derived from fraternal friendship. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers and flags, the emblems of the order were beautifully carried out with flowers in appropriate colors. Great credit should be given Mr. Harry Greene for the artistic decorations, as several times before during the season, he has shown himself to be an artist along this line.

Children's Day at Two Churches Sunday

Children's Day was fittingly observed at the Baptist church last Sunday morning with songs, recitations and exercises by members of the Sunday-school. Rev. A. L. Bell, pastor of the church, gave an interesting talk on the Sunday-school work throughout the state. The church was beautifully decorated with the national colors, flags and flowers, and at the close of the exercises the younger members of the school were presented with handsome potted plants.
Sunday, June 14th was Children's Day at the Methodist church. A varied and interesting program was given. The flag drill and the winding of the May pole were the most unique features. The offering for the student loan fund was generous. Four were presented for baptism.
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Riggs motored to Lapeer Wednesday.
Miss Maurine Jones of Ypsilanti, is visiting friends in town.

The ball game Saturday was as good a game as has been played at Athletic Park this season. The Wyandotte boys were handicapped by the non-arrival of three members of their team. However, this turned out very fortunate for them, as manager Wheeler loaned them Bakewell, who proceeded to beat the locals single handed, which he accomplished to the Queen's taste by driving in one run, scoring three times himself and getting three hits in four times up. Plymouth threatened in the last of the ninth inning with three men on bases. Drews slammed one for four bases and when he crossed the home plate the umpire called it a foul hit. It was very close and could have been called either way. The final score was 5 to 4 in favor of the visitors. The famous Shamrocks will cross bats with the locals at Athletic Park, Saturday, June 20th. Turn out and see a good game. Admission 15 cents. Ladies will be admitted free when accompanied by a paid admission ticket.

The commencement exercises of the Plymouth High School took place at the opera house last Wednesday evening. The exercises were presided over in orange and black, the class colors, and the young lady members of the class were becomingly dressed in simple white shirt waist suits with black ties. Invocation was given by Rev. J. Dutton, and Miss Bertha Beals gave two well rendered selections on the piano. The address of the evening was given by Mr. Charles McKenny, President of the State Normal College. Mr. McKenny took for his subject, "School Life," and brought to these young people a discourse filled with good and noble thoughts. He is a man of wide experience and held his audience to the end. Mr. Isbell, with a charge to the graduates to take with them out into business life, the high standard which had been taught in the school, presented them with their diplomas, and with a few fitting words he thanked the people of Plymouth for their kindness to him and his family during their residence here. The evening closed with the benediction by Rev. B. F. Farber.

One of the beauty spots of Plymouth just at this time of the year is Penniman-Allen Park. With its beautiful trees and shrubbery and its neatly trimmed grass, it is indeed a very pretty place, and adds much to the beauty of that part of the village in which it is located. Mrs. W. O. Allen, through whose generosity and civic pride this beautiful park is made possible, is entitled to much credit for the interest and care which she gives in its maintenance, and that it is appreciated is very evident by the expressions of appreciation by the citizens of the village and visitors who pass by it stop and admire its beauty.

For the greater accommodation of its patrons, the Pere Marquette R. R. has arranged excellent Sunday service, effective June 21, 1914.

No. 3 Leave Detroit 8:45 a. m. Plymouth, 9 a. m. Arrive at Grand Rapids 1:45 p. m. No. 7 Leave Detroit 1:40 p. m. Plymouth, 2:20 p. m. Arrive Grand Rapids 10:45 p. m. No. 2 Leave Grand Rapids 7 a. m. Plymouth, 11:10 a. m. Arrive Detroit 11:25 a. m. No. 6 Leave Grand Rapids 5:10 p. m. Plymouth 8:45 p. m. Arrive Detroit 9:25 p. m. No. 2 Leave May City 7:25 a. m. Plymouth, 10:45 a. m. Arrive Detroit 11:25 a. m. No. 7 Leave Detroit 5:30 p. m. Plymouth, 6:15 p. m. Arrive Bay City 10 p. m.

These trains make all intermediate stops, affording an opportunity of Sunday visiting at the various points along the line.

Don't forget the Resort Special, Michigan's finest train to the summer playgrounds of the North, effective June 22nd. Leave Detroit 7:40 p. m. Plymouth, 8:35 p. m.

Full Information on Request at Ticket Office.

Local Items

The Plymouth Grange will hold its annual 4th of July picnic at the home of W. N. Tillotson just west of the village.

In and Around Plymouth

The Milford schools will graduate a class of sixteen.

Howell is making plans for a big Fourth of July celebration.

Redford is considering the proposition of constructing a water plant.

A Stockbridge man has four acres of watermelons under cultivation.

An auto garage has been opened at South Lyon by James Bell of Pontiac.

Work on the new fair grounds and race track at Howell is being pushed rapidly.

The Keokuk Canning Co., at Howell, has contracted for 91 acres of cucumbers this year.

The village tax rate at Holly has been fixed at \$1.20 on each \$100 valuation. Guess that is some tax rate.

Whom is planning a Go-to-Church Sunday for June 28. It will also have a home-coming and celebration on July 4th.

A pageant tracing the history of Ypsilanti will be an elaborate feature of the Fourth of July celebration in that city.

Harry S. German of Carleton, has just been chosen for the fourth year as secretary of the Monroe Race Association.

A new hotel is soon to be erected at Long Lake, near Howell. This is something that has long been needed at that popular resort.

The common council of the city of Ypsilanti has adopted a resolution to purchase the plant of the Ypsilanti Gas Co. for the sum of \$110,000.

As the result of a road bee in which the business men of Milford were the prime movers, 1000 loads of gravel were placed on several of the main roads leading into that town. Good roads leading to a village means more business for the merchants of that town. There are several roads leading into Plymouth that might well be improved in this way.

W. C. T. U.

Despite the extreme heat they were fourteen present last Thursday at the meeting held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Travis. An excellent report of the State Convention held at Flint, was given by Mrs. M. A. Patterson, delegate from Plymouth Union. Preparations were made for the next meeting to be held next Thursday at the home of Mrs. Arthur Stevens. Topics for that day will be "Domestic Science versus Medicine," "The Singing Workers of the Pyrenees" and "Washington Letter." As this will be the last meeting before vacation it is hoped there will be a good attendance. We regret to say that it is also the last time that Mrs. Isbell can meet with us as she will soon be going to her new home in Detroit. Subscribers to the Union Signal are urged to come to the meeting prepared to renew their subscriptions, as the president is now making up the club. It is also hoped that many new subscribers may be secured.

We clip the following from the Detroit Free Press: "Christian, Norway, June 10. The Norwegian Parliament today followed the lead of Secretary of the Navy Daniels and adopted a resolution prohibiting the consumption of intoxicating liquors by officers of the Norwegian army and navy during their term of service. The distilled men were already enforced abstinence and the officers' messes on the warships and in the garrisons are slow to be made dry."—Supt. Press.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Gates and little son Avery, were Sunday visitors at the home of H. C. Hager.

Mrs. James Downey and mother-in-law, Mrs. Downey of Roseburg, N. Y., visited friends in Detroit this week. Mrs. Downey is a well known and is almost certain to be named before the summer is over. It has no alternative for the purpose for which it is intended. Buy it now. For sale by all dealers.—Supt.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

Every family without exception should keep this preparation at hand during the hot weather of the summer months. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is a most certain and is almost certain to be named before the summer is over. It has no alternative for the purpose for which it is intended. Buy it now. For sale by all dealers.—Supt.

Two daughters of Mrs. F. H. Bird, aged respectively 13 and 14, were so fond of a good Plymouth beer, that they do such work as they can. Address Mrs. Bird at 27 Plymouth Avenue, Northville.

Local Items

The Plymouth Grange will hold its annual 4th of July picnic at the home of W. N. Tillotson just west of the village.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bradner and daughter of Pittsburg, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bradner and other friends.

A. N. Brown, Capt. Quackenbush and John Laraway are in Jackson this week attending the annual encampment of the G. A. R.

Herbert L. Coman of Mexico City, was in town yesterday, visiting at John E. Wilcox's and other relatives in this vicinity. He is on his way for a visit at his old home in Grand Rapids. Mr. Coman talks interestingly of the Mexican situation and, as he has lived there for 24 years, is competent to judge. He thinks President Wilson's administration is all wrong.

The State Fire Marshall is sending out circulars warning people of the dangers of Fourth of July celebrations and urging that a sane Fourth be observed. They are good points to be observed: Safety first. Don't buy the dangerous kind of fire works. Under no circumstances allow small children to handle fireworks. Don't allow your boy to have the gas pipe cannon. Toy pistols, blank cartridges, large dynamite firecrackers or torpedos canes are dangerous and prohibited by law. Many thousand dollars worth of property is destroyed each year because of balloons, the type of balloon which requires a fire underneath to propel same is dangerous. Every parent should see to it that their children are safe on that day and have no dangerous explosives to handle.

Don't overlook the big ad of Schrader Bros.

A Peculiar Wrench

Of the foot or ankle may produce a very serious sprain. A sprain is more painful than a break. In all sprains, cuts, burns, bruises and scalds RENNE'S PAIN-KILLING MAGIC OIL is the best thing to use. Relieves the pain, reduces swelling, is a perfect anti-septic and heals rapidly. Effective also when taken for Cholera Morbus, Cramps and dysentery. Price 25 cts. Sold by J. W. Bickenstaff & Co. and Beyer's Pharmacy.—Adv.

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Local Items

The Plymouth Grange will hold its annual 4th of July picnic at the home of W. N. Tillotson just west of the village.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bradner and daughter of Pittsburg, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bradner and other friends.

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A Great Mid-Summer Clearance Sale

HATS

Commencing SATURDAY, JUNE 13th and continuing until all are sold.

Hats that formerly sold for \$5.00 and \$6.00 now \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Children's Hats from 50c up.

You cannot afford to miss this sale. Come early and get your choice of 100 trimmed hats.

Mrs. F. J. Fousey

Phone 113, North village.

Lumber & Shingles

All Kinds of Building Material

Can't Sag Gates.

Beaver Board, Wall Board

Drain Tile, 3, 4, 6 and 8 in. sizes in stock.

Largest and Best Stock of FENCE POSTS ever in Plymouth.

If you are going to use any of the above mentioned, will pay you to see us before you buy.

Plymouth Coal & Lumber Co.

CHAS. MATHER, Sec. & Manager

ICE CREAM
FOR
Brick Ice Cream, Sherbet or Vanilla Ice Cream
GO TO
Murray's Ice Cream Store
Two Stores. Main Street and Penniman Ave.
SPECIAL FOR SUNDAY
Maple-nut Ice Cream. It is delicious. Try it.

Do Your Shoes Need Repairing?
IF SO, READ THIS
Men's Half Soles 60c
Half Soles and Heels 75c
Heels 20c
Ladies' Half Soles 45c
Heels 15c
Heels and Soles 55c
Spring Step Rubber Heels 45c
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
P. CORSO
146 Main Street Over Express Office.

At The New Meat Market
You Can Get the Choicest Cuts of
Fresh and Salt Meats
Try our Home-made Sausage. It is fine.
Try our Pure Home-rendered Lard and you will use no other.
PHONE US YOUR ORDERS.
WILLIAM STRENG
Local Phone 90-F2 Free Delivery

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON
Office and residence, Main street, next to Express office.
Hours—9:30 a. m. to 4 p. m. and after.
Telephone 85, Plymouth, Mich.

DR. W. FRED DODSLEY
DENTIST
Office and Residence 138 Main Street, Plymouth, Mich.

HELEN M. BEALS,
Phonograph Accompanist
Residence 214 Main Street
Plymouth, Mich. Phone 108

C. G. DRAPER
JEWELER and OPTOMETRIST...
Eyes accurately fitted with Glasses.
Prices Reasonable. Give us trial.
Office opposite D. U. R. Waiting Room
Plymouth, Mich.

"Lest We Forget"
Memory is the life of the dead. Perpetuate that memory of your loved ones by the erection of a suitable and substantial memorial.
Our Aim Is This
To satisfy every customer, to give them the best stock obtainable, raise all letters so you can read them after the stone has eroded away. Prices the lowest consistent with quality.
LYON GRANITE CO.
Two Shops: Pontiac, Rear of Pontiac Steam Laundry. Phone 1282J. Plymouth, Main street. Phone 215.

YOUR
American and Imported WATCHES
Repaired and Adjusted
Clocks and Jewelry Repaired
All Goods Warranted
1-4 OFF
On All Jewelry
Seasonable for Graduating Presents.
W. E. SMYTH,
Plymouth Watchmaker and Optometrist.
Watch, Clock, Jewelry and Optical Repairing.
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

TRY PLYMOUTH MAIL LINERS—IT PAYS

Eave Troughing

Just received another large shipment of trough, so get in while you can get that good trough at cheap trough prices.

H. E. Newhouse

Phone 287.

BUMPER CROPS

You may depend upon it that the man who always gets the bumper crops is the man who uses an *Oliver Cultivator*.

You can't afford to only half cultivate your crops. Give the crops a chance—

The Oliver No. 4 Cultivator

cultivates all your land.

Does it better, is easier to guide, to raise and lower than any other machine on the market. This is not a claim—but a fact. This cultivator will lighten your labor—and increase your bank account, by helping you to produce larger and better crops.



Drop in and see this machine yourself.

Also our line of Hay Cars, Forks, Slings, Pulleys, Ropes, Machine Oil.

OPPOSITE **D. L. DEY**

TELEPHONE 336.

Dresses Dresses

FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Why add to your burdens the task of making your own house and street dresses. Come in and let us prove to you the folly of wearing out your eyes and nerves by sewing. We carry exclusively

The Famous Princess Dresses unexcelled in workmanship and pattern. We have already sold hundreds of these dresses to Plymouth's most tasteful dressers and we can please you too, as well as your pocket book.

Spring **HOSIERY** Summer

Something new in a strictly high grade Silk Hosiery with cotton toes, heels and tops. The very latest at the moderate price of

Men's 25c Ladies'

Step in and see them. They are sure to please. Also representative of the **HOLEPROOF HOSIERY**.

D. A. JOLLIFFE & SON

PHONE 99

FREE DELIVERY



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES



Conner Hardware Co. Ltd.

Hot Weather Furnishing Goods for Men

Canvas Shoes Silk Lisle Hosiery
B. V. D. Poros Knit Underwear
Straw Hats

R. W. SHINGLETON

TAILOR AND MEN'S FURNISHERS.

PLYMOUTH.

Local News

Miss Ada Pitcher and Winn Hubbell visited friends at Pontiac last Sunday.

Mrs. George Lane of Detroit, visited her mother, Mrs. Mary Lyon this week.

Mrs. J. C. Gaynor of Detroit, was a guest of Mrs. Coello Hamilton last week Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sherman and little son visited friends in Detroit over Sunday.

Miss Lottie Hoffman of Detroit, visited her sister, Mrs. Wm. Hawthorne last week Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lyndon of Ann Arbor, were guests of Mrs. Sewell Bennett last week.

A. G. Burnett and family motored to Chelsea last Saturday where they visited friends until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bentley and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bentley of Elm, were Plymouth visitors last Sunday.

Mrs. John LeMunio has returned to her home at Gagetown after a two week's visit with friends here.

Miss Madeline Bennett, Ethel Graeco and Athalie Hough are home from Monroe for the summer vacation.

The Woman's Baptist Mission Circle will meet at the home of Mrs. F. M. Reed next Wednesday afternoon.

The Children's Mission Circle of the Baptist Sunday-school will meet at the church parlors Saturday, June 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Frink and Mr. and Mrs. Delano of Oxford, visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hunter last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Herriman and son Glenn visited relatives and friends at Bad Ax from last Friday until Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Shafer and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Goebel of Detroit, were visitors at Geo. Shafer's last Sunday.

Former residents of Newburg and their friends will hold a basket picnic at Belle Isle, Saturday, June 20th. Headquarters at the casino building.

Mrs. Will Taylor has moved her household goods to Detroit, where she and her husband will reside, he having been employed there for some time.

Miss Edna Mather of this place was one of the fortunate ones in the recent News-Tribune book lovers' contest, winning one of the ten dollar prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. David Corkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dunham, Roy Dunham and family and Mrs. Dr. Huntley of Ann Arbor, visited relatives near Belleville Sunday.

There will be a meeting of the subscribers of the Plymouth and Northville Gas Co., at the council room, Tuesday evening, June 23, at 7:30 o'clock. All members are requested to be present as matters of importance are to be considered.

The assessed real estate and personal valuation of the Village of Plymouth for the year of 1914 as assessed by Assessor Rattenbush is \$1,071,710. This is about \$40,000 more than the valuation of 1913. The tax rate has been fixed at \$1.00 for every \$100 valuation.

Last week Friday afternoon the Woman's Literary Club was pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. S. E. Campbell, the retiring president. This meeting was the last one of the year and a very enjoyable one, about fifty ladies were present. A fine program was rendered and dainty refreshments were served.

Announcements have been received here of the marriage of Wm. Lee, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Lee, of this village, to Miss Mary McIntosh, at the home of the bride's parents at Benson, Georgia, Wednesday, June 10th. Mr. Lee is engaged in the manufacture of tools and dies in Detroit, and the young couple will make their home in that city. The many Plymouth friends of Mr. Lee extend congratulations and best wishes.

Improve The Stock

If your stock is in poor condition, does not thrive or look well, it will pay you to get a 25-cent package of **HARVELL'S CONDITION POWDER**. There is no foodstuff in the package. It is all medicine. Every ingredient being chosen for its beneficial effect on the stomach, blood and bowels. The animal improves right from the start and quickly recovers flesh, fur and a bright glossy coat. Price 25c. Sold by J. W. Blickenstaff & Co. and Beyer's Pharmacy.—Adv.

Read the ads. It pays.

Miss Ella Reichelt of Detroit, Sunday at home.

Ross Willett and Carl Stever of Detroit, Sunday at home.

Miss Grace Campbell of Detroit, was at home a few days last week.

Mrs. S. H. Huffman is visiting friends in Detroit this week.

Miss Clara Wolfe of Detroit, visited Mrs. Wm. Gayde last Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Beyer has been visiting friends in Detroit the past week.

Mrs. Sarah Breimling of Willow, is visiting her son, N. W. Breimling.

Mrs. Caroline Millard of Detroit, visited friends in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cable of Detroit, were over Sunday visitors here.

Pinekey's Pharmacy are now located in the Penniman block on Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Rathburn of Detroit, were the guests of relatives here over Sunday.

Mrs. Louis Chiriper and children of Detroit, visited Mrs. Peter Gayde last Friday.

Rev. J. J. Roelke is attending the Lutheran conference held at Monroe this week.

Mrs. Dave Smith and two children of Saginaw, are visiting Mrs. T. P. Sherman this week.

Have a cool drink of ice cream soda drawn from the new iceless fountain at Pinekey's Pharmacy.

Edward Gayde and mother and Mrs. O. F. Beyer and children motored to Ann Arbor last Friday.

All holders of National Loan and Investment Coupons can have same cashed by calling on E. N. Passage on or after June 20.

Miss Uma Willett returned home today from a month's visit with her cousin at Benton Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Willett visited their daughter, Mrs. Homer Williams, in Detroit Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Whitaker of Salem, was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Myron Willett last Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. Will Spencer has returned to his home in Detroit after a few weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Sherman.

Mr. and Mrs. Osman Russell and children of Pontiac, visited at John Lutz's over Sunday. Mr. Russell and son remaining over this week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Ayers, Sr., of Ypsilanti, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spicer last Sunday and attended the christening of their grandson, Norval W. Ayer, Jr. 3rd at the Methodist church Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Brown and daughter of Hale, Mich., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Isbell. They came to witness the graduation of their son, Ralph, from the Plymouth High school and their daughter, Hazel, from the Ypsilanti Normal.

Frank Spicer entertained at the parental home, last Sunday four of the teachers from the Normal school Detroit, Miss Terry, Miss Wilson and Mr. McGuire. Mr. Trigs and Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Ayers and little son of Detroit were other guests.

W. E. Smyth, the jeweler and optician, has just added to his already modern and up-to-date optical equipment, a Globe metric testing cabinet. This is one of the latest devices for testing the eye with great care and accuracy. This device is equipped with a motion target, muscle test and color test combined, and is so arranged that the test card can be illuminated with electricity. It is very practical and complete indeed.

Mrs. P. W. Voorhies of Detroit, visited friends in town this week.

Clarence Wright of Ann Arbor, was the guest of friends here this week.

Mrs. Jack Adam has moved to Ann Arbor where her husband has secured a good position in a barber shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Miss Bond and Mr. Fuller of Detroit, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Buckets of Calumet, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shattuck over Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Chaffee have returned home from a motor trip to Battle Creek, Hudson and other cities.

Piano tuner, B. F. Cobb will be in Plymouth for last spring trip, week of June 22-27. Post card to Plymouth P. O. As so many Plymouth and Northville pianos done by me this season have been moth infested, better call me in time to save ruin.

FOR SALE—A team of matched draft horses. Also some village lots Dr. S. E. Campbell. 27-3c.

FOR SALE—Early and late cherries, at O'Bryan's, phone 317-F11. 28-3c

FOR SALE—Three Philo chicken coops, one incubator and one bone cutter. Will sell them cheap. L. H. Bennett. 27-2t.

FOR SALE—Mrs. Wm. Bradner's place on Main street. E. N. Passage. 22

FOR SALE—Two brood sows about due. Phone 303-F4. S. A. Spicer.

FOR SALE—Two fox terrier puppies. Enquire of C. C. Chapman, Route No. 5. 28-1t.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Mill street. A bargain. E. N. Passage. 22

FOR SALE—A fine oak library table will be sold cheap if taken at once. Enquire at 135 Penniman avenue.

TAKE NOTICE! If you decide to have a mail box, phone Frank Beals at 186 and he will deliver one at your house and collect later. Frank Beals.—Adv.

Mrs. John Patterson
Music Teacher
54 Penniman Avenue

HAZEL K. CONNER
Mezzo Soprano—
Teacher of Singing
Studio, 59 Penniman Ave.

WITHOUT OPIATES NARCOTICS
FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND
STOPS COUGHS - CURES COLDS

For CROUP, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, LA GRIPPE COUGHS, HOARSENESS and ALL COUGHS and COLDS. It is BEST and SAFEST for CHILDREN and GROWN PERSONS.

The Compound is in a Yellow Package

For Sale by
J. W. BLICKENSTAFF & CO.

Get on the Line of Ford Supplies

Master Vibrators
Shock Absorbers
Electric Horns
Robe Rails
Tool Boxes
Trunk Racks
Electric Lights
Storage Batteries
Speedometers
Speedometer Lamps
Marvel Carburetors
Ford Anti-Rattlers
Goodrich Tires

Goodyear Tires
M. C. Tires
Bicycle Tires
Packard Oil
Polaine Oil
Transmitter Oil and Grease
Bougie Mercedes Plugs
Champion Plugs
Reflex Plugs
Motorcycle Plugs
Columbia Batteries
Tire Holders and all Ford Parts

We carry the above in stock and will be pleased to take care of your wants on anything in the automobile, motorcycle or bicycle line.

Bonafide Mfg. Co.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

GALE'S.

Fireworks! Fireworks!

Go to Gale's for Fireworks. Largest stock in the city.

Fire Crackers Ladies Fire Crackers
Busters Torpedoes Pin Wheels, large and small
Roman Candles Sky Rockets
Bombs Sparklers Mines Nigger Chasers
Showers Balloons Snakes Triangles
Red and Green Fires Flags, Etc.

For Groceries and Fruits go to Gale's.

Phone 16

JOHN L. GALE

THE HOME of Quality Groceries Make Known To Us

IN PERSON

OR BY PHONE

Your Wants in the Grocery Line, and We Will Do the Rest. Which Means—The Best.



Milk Hominy	15c
Lippincott's Apple Butter	15c
Gold Seal Vinegar	15c
Cross and Blackwell's Malt Vinegar	25c
Cross and Blackwell's Tarragon Vinegar	35c
Heinz Sweet Midgets	35c
Heinz children Ketchup	35c
Heinz Pickled Walnuts	30c
Snowflake Marshmallow Creme	25c
Bread Raisins	12c
Pinnacle Pickles	12c
Good Friday Mackerel	10c each
Salt Salmon	12c lb.
Sunshine Biscuit and Bon Bons	

Brown & Pettinoll,

THE WHITE FRONT GROCERY

Telephone No. 40

Free Delivery



Gifts for All Occasions

You have an occasional pleasure of presenting a relative or friend with some token of remembrance.

It may be that most gladsome of all occasions—a wedding.

Or it may be a birthday anniversary or a token of appreciation to some graduate.

But whatever the occasion we ask you to remember that this store is always ready to meet your many requirements.

Visit our store when this occasion presents itself.

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Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

Orang-Outang Ties Knot in Half-Inch Iron Bar

NEW YORK.—All the big orang-outang of the Bronx zoo, is going to have a new house with three-quarter-inch steel bars instead of his present one-half-inch iron stays. Following his transfer from Hagenback's in Berlin to the zoo on May 5, All passed a few sluggish days and then awoke to the fact that he has a reputation to live up to—the reputation of being the biggest orang-outang in captivity.

It became evident at once that the cage fixed up by Keeper Fred Engleholm was a misfit by several sizes. All tested his prison the other day and tied a fair imitation of a bowknot in one of the half-inch iron bars. Then he bent most of the remaining bars, opening more or less terrifying

Soles. Engleholm realizes that if All should get out, the gruesome tale of Edgar Allan Poe of what happened in the Rue Morgue would be uppermost in the minds of most folk, and there would be a great deal of unpleasantness. There is no danger of All's getting out before his new cage is ready. The bulk that goes with his 215 pounds cannot be squeezed through the openings he has made. But there is enough left to make the keepers wary of going too close within the fence inclosing the cage.

All is a playful mood. He has a nine-foot reach, measuring the extended arms across the shoulders, poked his hand through the bars, took hold of Engleholm's jumper and gave a yank. The buttons yielded. The orang-outang tore the garment from the man's back and jumped with it to the big boom in the upper regions of the cage, where All skins the cat and turns giant swings.

All's palms are nine inches broad, and Engleholm's arms are covered with black and blue spots where All has given him playful slaps.

Happenings When Clocks Were Set Ahead an Hour

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"General Chaos" known and famed wherever the sun shines, stroled into Cleveland bringing eastern time with him and covered the bodies of nervous persons with goose flesh. Sixty perfectly good minutes were lost, and when the hunt for them began arguments without number were started.

Taxicab and transfer companies caught the brunt of the disaster, and mildly excited patrons, nervous for fear they would miss their train, talked time with chauffeurs and drivers until the situation in some instances became almost alarming.

In front of the Hollenden hotel a large woman, whose expression betokened authority, backed a boy-sized chauffeur against his machine. "Are you running by eastern, central, sun time or guess?" she inquired.

"We are showing a complete line of time this morning. Take your pick," answered the youth. "But I'll tell you the truth, I'm running by guess today."

A real tragedy: A waiter in a luncheon room got home at midnight and set his alarm clock ahead an hour, setting the alarm for 4 a. m. His roommate came in an hour later, set the clock ahead another hour, thinking his sleeping companion had forgotten. The waiter showed up for work an hour ahead of the new schedule.

Bill Smith wouldn't turn his watch ahead Friday and he waited five minutes longer in the morning for a car because the rush hour extras had gone. The boss scowled as he sneaked into the office and glanced significantly at the clock.

He was to meet his wife at two and give her tickets to the matinee. Why missed the show because Bill showed up at three.

Bill arrived home to a cold dinner because his wife had adopted eastern time, and—perhaps she remembered the show she missed.

"Corpse" Raids an Alleged Gamblers' Stronghold

CHICAGO.—In Forest Park the dust lay thick upon the road. Occasionally it was stirred by a passing automobile, but more frequently by some funeral cortege on its way to the cemetery. At Twelfth street and Hannah avenue William McGurn operated a saloon. In the room above the bar on the second floor there were telephones, racing charts, playing cards, poker chips and dice—until the other day. Mr. McGurn, according to Charles W. Peters, chief deputy sheriff, was a cautious man. He acted on the theory that an ounce of prevention was worth a court full of lawyers.

So cautious was he, according to Mr. Peters, that all about his saloon at a radius of two miles he stationed "lookouts." These "minute men" furnished the saloon with immediate information of the approach of all strangers.

For some time Mr. Peters had his eye on Mr. McGurn and the little room above the saloon. The chief deputy sheriff polished up his star and went to the home of his assistant, Virtue Robn, 5007 Washington boulevard.

"Virtue," said Mr. Peters, "I have some bad news for you."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Robn.

"You're dead," announced the deputy sheriff. "You died this afternoon. I'm arranging for your funeral now. We're going to have a regular procession."

"Good night!" said Mr. Robn, or words to that effect.

But Mr. Peters was determined. Thirty minutes later an automobile bearing, equipped with a coffin and other necessary paraphernalia, drew up in front of the house. Six black-clad "mourners" occupied another machine. The other automobiles were filled with "pallbearers" and friends of the "deceased." The "lookouts" were deceived.

Suddenly the mourners became active. "Corpse" and "mourners" raided the saloon.

"I said we'd 'pull' this place if we had to 'kill' a man to do it," said Mr. Peters.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—It is not often that a cat's mail becomes so heavy that he must have a secretary, but this is the fact with Strike, the pet feline of the electrical bureau at city hall. Strike actually has a correspondence—purdy a social correspondence. It developed through no effort on his part, but because persons visiting this city happened to see him and admired him and his tricks so much that they have insisted upon sending him letters and postcards on leaving here. His daily mail amounts to two letters and three or more postcards.

Of course, Strike does not actually employ a secretary, but his mail becomes heavy and had to be answered. Strike can do a lot of intelligent things, but he cannot write, so Jim Rourke, an attaché of the bureau, has to act as Strike's secretary.

Although Strike cannot read, he appears fully to understand when one of his letters is read to him. He assumes and maintains a position of careful attention as each letter is read. If the letter is one in answer to a letter he submitted, he appears particularly attentive. His objections are noted by dragging his paw over the floor.

Strike is a truly wonderful cat. He came into the world as a very lowly, unassuming fellow, but has now improved his gentility that he is now a feline of high grade. He was a kitten when he first entered the electrical bureau. His name came to him through the fact that during the street car strike of 1913 he was thrown by a striking motorman's wife at a non-union motorman. The woman was arrested, and when she was brought to city hall for a hearing she had the cat with her.

City Hall Cat Actually Has a Correspondence

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BOAT OF ROOSEVELT EXPEDITION THAT CAPSIZED



This is the boatload of natives, part of the Roosevelt expedition in South America, that capsized in the Uva river, one man being drowned. The photograph was taken by Leo Miller, one of the naturalists of the party.

BLOODY DEEDS DONE INDIANS AT PENN MONUMENT

Pirates, Pestilence and Storm Have Scared Vera Cruz.

Buccaneers of the Spanish Main Have Plundered and Burned and Committed Other Atrocities Repeatedly in Ancient Port.

New Orleans.—Bloodshed is not new in Vera Cruz. In fact, no city on the continent has witnessed such devilish cruelty, such plundering, burning and ravishing, as has this place of the "True Cross." Since Cortez landed, in 1518, there has been a succession of strife and pestilence which can be paralleled in few cities in the world. Heptastolite buccaneers, in all their awful glory, have raided the port time and again; it has been a point of vantage which has called forth the lustiest fighting in the many civil wars that have swept Mexico and it has always been selected as the landing point for foreign foes, writes Paul Norton in the New Orleans Times-Democrat-Picayune.

Whenever any of the numerous pirates who preyed on the rich shipping of the Spanish main wanted to "singe the beard of the King of Spain" they would attack Vera Cruz. Lorenzo, a famous pirate of the early days, with 800 of his cutthroats, slipped by the sleeping cannoneers at the fort, surprised the town, killed thousands, outraged its women and stripped the city of its valuables. Hundreds of persons were driven into the cathedral, men, women and children, black and white, and held prisoners. When the doors were opened four days later most of the inmates were dead from suffocation.

As the gateway through which all the commerce with Spain was conducted, there always were great stores of valuable property on hand. This was true particularly just before the sailing of the galleons, which usually traveled in fleets owing to the menace of pirates. By learning of the schedule of the galleons the buccaneers generally dropped in when the supply of treasure was great. Nicolas de Aguilante, another highwayman of the deep, pillaged the town some years after the visit of Lorenzo. He enriched himself with \$7,000,000 in silver awaiting transportation to Spain. By way of appreciation he took prisoners 300 of the citizens of the town and marooned them on the Sacrifice islands, patches of sand not far from the coast, where they died of starvation. The anniversary of this calamity is observed by memorial services to this day.

While the blood of thousands has flowed through the streets of this ill-fated port, the toll of war and violence is insignificant in comparison with the deaths that have come from pestilence.

Until 1850 the city was surrounded by a mighty wall. This great bulwark may have saved the city on a few occasions from attack, but cutting out the healthful sea breeze made it a pest hole compared to which Guayaquil is a health resort. Yellow fever in all its terrors was never absent. Smallpox, bubonic plague and the other offspring of the dirt and squalor of the middle ages were always present. It was only in recent years that modern sewer and drainage systems were installed, which, with other sanitary precautions, has changed the place from a death-dealing focus to a health resort.

The harbor at Vera Cruz has little natural protection: Before the building of the present breakwaters the northers which characterize the Mosquito coast dealt the struggling city almost as severe blows as did the pirates and the diseases. Modern engineering now protects the city and gives a limited area in which the ships can anchor behind the seawall.

Due to the hatred of the Spaniards, Vera Cruz once was ground to powder. At the close of Mexico's war for independence, in 1821, the Spaniards still held the fort of San Juan de

Uva in the harbor. Learning that he soon was to be ordered to evacuate, the commander hauled his heavy guns to the city side of the fortress and fired into the town until all his ammunition was expended. No building in the place was undamaged. So great was the havoc that it was with difficulty that the lines of the streets were re-established. As there was no warning of such action, the inhabitants were forced to flee to the sand dunes which surround the city, after the hail of solid shot had begun. Trails of blood led from the choked gates of the ill-starred town.

In 1838 the French bombarded the place.

In 1847 General Scott favored the Veracruzans with a terrible bombardment.

In 1859 Benito Juarez was besieged in Vera Cruz by the troops of Maximilian.

In 1861 the French fleet again took the place. During the revolutionary period, which was almost continuous previous to the opening of the regime of Porfirio Diaz, this port and its revenue always were objectives. During the Madero revolution, for the first time, a period of civil strife passed, during which Vera Cruz was unmolested.

DRIVE SHAH FROM BERLIN

Rumors of Brusque Imperial Action Lent Credence by Watch kept on Potentate.

Odesa.—It is rumored here that the recent return of the former Shah of Persia was the result of pressure brought to bear upon him by the Russian ambassador at Berlin, where the Shah has been for several months undergoing treatment for diabetes.

It is understood that Sir Edward Grey was told by Russia that she would not tolerate any further attempt on the part of the Shah to regain the Persian throne, and thus cause another grave disturbance.

A Russian adjutant attached to the suite of Mohammed Ali is keeping a vigilant watch on his movements and



Sir Edward Grey.

on the comings and goings of the Persian emissaries. The Shah is very quiet and secretive.

Lesses Sult for Damages. New York.—After three minutes' deliberation, a jury decided against Mrs. Lena Israel, who sued her step-father, Isaac Goldman, to recover \$5,000 damages for spanking her four years ago.

Remove Brick Wall to Save Man. Mohogan, N. Y.—Adolph Hartley, weighing 267 pounds, could not be rescued when he fell and stuck in a narrow arway until part of a brick wall was removed.

Watch Saves Man's Life. New York.—A gold hunting case watch saved Rudolph M. Hoffman's life when a highwayman shot at him. The bullet wedged itself in the watch.

Many of Blackfeet Tribe Pay Reverential Respect to Memory of Great Man at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A dozen Blackfeet Indians from the Glacier National park reservation, in Montana, visited Philadelphia recently en route home from the Shriner's convention, which they attended in Atlanta. The Indians visited Penn Treaty park and enacted a tribal peace ceremonial before the Penn monument in perpetuation of the memory of the founder of the City of Brotherly Love and his fa-



Indians Honoring Memory of William Penn.

mous peace treaty with the Lenape which was signed on that spot in 1638.

This photograph shows Medicine Owl, "Spirit or Medicine" man of the Glacier park tribe, and Chief White Wolf, paying their reverential respects to the memory of Penn. Medicine Owl is shown praying to the "Great Spirit of Peace."

THIS STORY IS UP TO DATE

Electric Creatures Besiege Ship in Gulf Stream, Sailors Ascertain Reaching Port.

Boston.—A remarkable story is told by the crew of the British freighter Rochelle. According to stories by several of the men, the delay was due principally to electric fishes, otherwise known as torpedo fishes, which were attracted by the steel plates of the vessel, and fastened themselves by hundreds against her bottom and sides.

The steamer was in the Gulf Stream, north of Cuba, when she began to slow down. The officers were unable to explain the change in the progress of the craft. Several sailors said they felt a tingling sensation about their feet and finger tips. The steamer was held back strangely. Members of the crew became alarmed. A sailor looked over the side and says it was plastered with strange-looking fishes. They were two or three thick along the port side under water. The starboard side also was covered.

As the Rochelle moved north and got out of the warm waters of the stream the fishes dropped off and the vessel resumed her speed.

"Follow Your Munch." Chicago.—The Natural Science club at a meeting devised a program of thought-vibrations to save the 12,000 persons in Cook county who are contemplating suicide according to Coroner Hoffman.

Second Appendix Cut Out. Mount Hope, N. Y.—The appendix of Frank Davis, removed ten years ago, grew again and had to be cut out a second time to save his life.

LITTLE BANANA RAT IS FIERCE FIGHTER

Venomous Kangaroo-Shaped Rodent Attacks Humans and Puts Them to Flight.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Its tongue darting venomously, tail lashing and eyes bloodshot with anger, a banana rat, which came to this city by stowing away in a shipment of fruit from South America, arose to her full imperious height of three inches the other day and drove two women clerks and two salesmen from a fur store on Nicollet avenue. The small creature, whose bite is poisonous, had been confined in a glass jar and was to be used as a window display. Furious in imprisonment, it leaped at the glass stopper, bowled it over and escaped.

With the bravado of a mouse making for a quaking elephant, it dashed at four persons. Sol Brennan and William Katzmann formed a rear guard, while Mrs. E. M. Sutherland and Miss Buge Evanson fled the



Dashed at Four Persons.

place. With an umbrella Mr. Brennan sent the rat flying toward a corner. Undismayed by being catapulted through the air, the fighting rodent paused a moment to "get set" and renewed the attack. The salesmen leaped through the door and closed it just in time to block the onslaught.

With the dangerous rat in possession, the store was shut up and a sign hung out, "Dangerous; stay out." After a time and heavily gloved and armed with a cane, William Weisman, proprietor of the fur store, ventured through the front door prepared to lay the foe low. The battle did not occur, for the animal escaped under a counter.

The banana rat was first captured in the office of a fruit company after it had jumped from a bunch of bananas and corried a dozen men in a corner.

It is the size of an ordinary rodent and is shaped like a kangaroo.

SHEDS BOOTS UNDER WATER

Freed from the Weight, Capsized Fisherman Is Enabled to Reach Shore.

Alpena, Mich.—Gustave Trojahr, aged twenty-three, was drowned in Thunder bay the other day, and Truman Goddard, aged thirty-five, his companion, escaped after a desperate effort.

The men left for a fishing trip to Lake Huron, just outside the bay. Their boat was leaky and water entered as they rowed out, but they wore high-topped boots and paid little attention to this. There were eight inches of water in the bottom of the boat when one of the men leaned to one side and the craft capsized.

The men clung to the boat for some time, but no help came, and finally Trojahr's fingers let go and he sank. Goddard started to swim to shore. His heavy boots, now filled with water, made this almost impossible, and, holding his breath, he allowed himself to sink. Reaching bottom, he pulled off his boots. Though nearly exhausted he, by a superhuman effort, reached a point where he could walk on the bottom. He collapsed when he reached Grash Island, 100 yards from where the accident occurred.

Goddard was sighted from the mainland and he was brought from the island soon after.

CHICK HAS 3 LEGS, 13 TOES

Five Claws on the Extra Limb Enable Freak to Dig Extra Rations.

Tarrytown, N. Y.—Fred E. Blunden, a boss painter, and treasurer of the local building and loan association, is proudly exhibiting a freak chick, which was born with three legs, the third leg having five toes, while the other two have four toes each.

Blunden set a hen with 15 eggs, nine of which hatched. The freak chick is the healthiest of the lot. With its third leg, it is able to scratch up more food and worms than the other chicks, and it is growing much faster.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, 457; bulls and cow stags 15@20c lower; all other grades steady; best heavy steers, \$8.50@8.75; best handy weight butcher steers, \$7.50@8.25; mixed steers and heifers, \$7.50@8.25; handy weight butchers, \$7@7.50; light butchers, \$6.50@7; best cows, \$4.50@6.75; butcher cows, \$5.50@6; common cows, \$5@5.50; canners, \$3@4.25; heavy bulls, \$6.75@8.90; bologna hogs \$6@6.50; stock bulls, \$5.50@6.25; feeders, \$7.50@8; stockers, \$8.50@7.50; milkers and springers, \$4@5.50. Veal calves: Receipts, 404; market steady; best, \$10@11; other, \$7@9.50. Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 560 market strong; best dry-fed lambs, \$8.65; fair lambs, \$6@7.50; light to common lambs, \$5.50@6.75; spring lambs, \$9@9.50; fair to good sheep, \$4.50@5.50; cull and common, \$3@3.50; heavy sheep, \$4@4.25. Hogs: Pigs, \$3@8.10; others, \$8.10.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts 4,000; dry-fed grades steady; others 10@15c lower; choice to prime shipping steers, 1,200 to 1,500 lbs, \$9@9.50; fair to good, \$8.50@8.85; plain and coarse, \$8.15@8.50; choice 1st prime handy steers, \$8.25@8.55; fair to good, \$8.15@8.25; light common, \$7.50@7.75; fancy yearlings, \$8.25@8.90; prime fat heifers, \$8.15@8.25; good butcher heifers, \$7.85@8.90; light butcher heifers, \$7.75@8.50; best heavy fat cows, \$7@7.25; good butcher cows \$6@6.75; canners and cutters, \$3.90@5; best feeders, \$7.50@7.85; good feeders, \$7.25@7.50; best stockers, \$7.50@7.75; common to good, \$6.25@7; best bulls, \$7@7.50; good killing bulls, \$6.50@7; stock and medium bulls, \$5.50@6.50; best milkers and springers, \$7@7.50; good milkers and springers, \$5@6.50; common, \$2@2.50. Hogs: Receipts, 15,000; market 10c lower; heavy and yorkers, \$6.40@6.45; pigs, \$8.10.

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 3,000; market steady; best spring lambs, \$9.50@10; yearlings, \$8@8.70; wethers \$6.25@6.75; ewes, \$4.50@5.50. Calves steady; tops, \$10.75; fair to good, \$8.50@9.50; grassers, \$1.50@2.50.

Grains Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 90c; July opened without change at 86 3/4c, declined to 86 1/2c and closed at 86 3/4c; September opened at 86 1/4c, declined to 86c and closed at 86 1/4c; No. 1 white, 94 1/2c. Corn—Cash No. 3, 74c; No. 3 yellow, 73 1/2c.

Oats—Standard, 2 cars at 43 1/2c; No. 3 white, 3 cars at 43c; No. 4 white, 1 car at 42c, 1 at 42 1/2c, closing at 42@42 1/2c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 66c. Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$2; June, \$2.05; July, \$2.05. Cloverseed—Prime spot, \$3; October, \$3.45; prime alspike, \$10.

Timothy—Prime spot, \$2.40. Alfalfa—Prime spot, \$3.35. Hay—Carlots, track Detroit: No. 1 timothy, \$16.50@17; night mixed, \$15.50@16; No. 1 mixed, \$12.50@13; No. 1 clover, \$13@13.50; heavy plow mixed, \$13@13.50; rye straw, \$8@8.50; wheat and oat straw, \$7@7.50 per ton.

Fred—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots; Bran, \$28; standard middlings, \$28; fine cracked corn, \$32; corn and oat chop, \$28.50; middlings, \$32; coarse middlings, \$31; cracked corn, \$28; corn and oat chop, \$28.50 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighty paper sacks, per 195 pounds, jobbing lots; Best patent, \$4.90; straight, \$4.50; spring patent, \$5.10; rye, \$4.40 per bbl.

General Markets.

Apples—Steele Red, \$4.50; Ben Davis, \$4@4.50; russet, \$4.75@5 per bbl. Strawberries—24-qt cases, \$2.50@3.50; Michigan, \$1.26@1.50 per 16-qt case.

Melons—Watermelons 75@90c each; pony Rocky Fords, \$3; standard Rocky Fords, \$3.50. Green Corn—75c per doz. Cabbage—New, \$1.90@2 per crate. Potatoes—in sacks, \$8@9 per bu for carlots.

Dressed Hogs—Light, \$9.50c; heavy, \$8@8 1/2c per lb. Sweet Potatoes—Jersey kiln-dried, \$1@1.10 per hamper. Dressed Calves—Fancy, 12@13c; common, 10@11c per lb.

Onions—Texas Bermuda, yellow, \$2.80@2.75 per crate; Mississippi, \$2.35 per bu. Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 15@16c; amber, 19@11c; extracted, 6@7c per lb.

Nuts—Shellbark hickory, 3c; large hickory, 1@1.1c; Spanish hickory, 8@9c; walnuts and butternuts, 1@1 1/2c per lb.

Tomatoes—Florida, fancy, \$3.50@3.40; choice, \$3 per crate, \$4@5 per basket; hothouse, 14@18c per lb. Live Poultry—Broilers, \$2@3 per lb; spring chickens, 14c; heavy hens, 14c; medium hens, 13c; No. 1 hens, 10@12c; old posterns, 10c; ducks, 17@18c; geese, 14@15c; turkeys, 15@20c per lb.

Cheese—Whole lots: Michigan, 15@15 1/4@13; New York, 15@15 1/4@14 3/4; 1-2c; Imported Swiss, 12@13 1/2c; Imported Swiss, 12@13 1/2c; domestic Swiss, 9@10 1/2c; long horns, 16c; Galena, 15 1/4c per lb.

The MAD of the FOREST

RANDALL PARRISH
ILLUSTRATED BY D. J. LAVIN
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CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

stood before him, stunned and bewildered by his obstinacy. "As I to understand, General St. Clair, that you question the accuracy of my report?" "No, sir." His cheeks flushed. "Only, my young friend, there is nothing to it. This expedition is not interested in what Hamilton is doing on the Maumee. He doesn't dare attack us with his mongrel savages. If he did we'd give him a belly full, and a fine story to send back to England. Come, gentlemen, let's get to more serious affairs. You may go, sir."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Battle on the Wabash. He had not even assigned me to service; simply turned me adrift to go where I pleased. This implied insult sent me to the quick, yet, now that I had taken the measure of the man, I cared little enough for his good opinion. Very well, I would choose my own service then—I would go back to Oldham and his Kentucky militia. He was of fighting blood, if his face spoke truth, and his command was stationed where they would feel the first shock of attack whenever it came.

Oldham received me gladly, and about the fire that night I told of my reception by St. Clair. "Well, I warned you, Hayward," the colonel commented, chuckling. "I know the bullet-headed old fool. I reckon he'll know more about Indians than a day or two. Told yer he had his accounts out; did he? Why, man, there isn't one of 'em been ten miles from the column since we began this march; but that so, captain? The old cock doesn't know tonight what's going on two hundred yards ahead of his outposts." He got up, and stretched out his arms. "And so, gentlemen, we march for the Miami towns in the morning. Old Cock-a-doodle-doo says so. I'll wager a year's pay we never get there. What! no takers? Well, I'm going to bed."

Why should I attempt to describe that drear battle on the east fork of the Wabash? Many another has done it already, yet few tell the story as I remember it.

We were up at dawn, but for no purpose, so far as I could see, unless it was to idle through a leisurely



"The Cursed Hound; So You Were a Prisoner?"

breakfast. I had finished mine, and was smoking, cuddled close to the fire, when the storm broke. Our outposts could not have been a hundred yards in advance, or else they ran without firing a shot, for the red devils burst on us without slightest warning. I heard a hoarse shout of alarm, then whistles and yells, such as would strike terror to the bravest. I was on my feet, gripping my gun in an instant. I saw Oldham leap forward, roaring out of the woods into the open, a mass of shrieking savages, half obscured in smoke, their rifles spitting fire. The same beside me went down in a heap; Oldham swung up his arms and toppled over; I saw men stare, then turn and run, peering back over their shoulders with faces full of horror. I threw up my rifle and fired; sprang back, reeling like a tree, leading as I ran. Men fell everywhere, a frightful, screaming mob. I saw officers strike them with their swords, cutting them as they fled. But nothing could stop the hordes; they fought to get away, they fought with clinched fists, they hurled a pain for themselves with their own hands; they became frenzied with terror, every semblance of manhood. God! may I never see such a

brance of Rene. Was she also crushed in that mob, fleeing for life, or was she still in the cook tent, trembling as she stared out helplessly on the stricken field? I turned and ran, heedless of all else, plunging through the stream of fugitives, plowing a passage with my bulk. I had done my duty—now I must save her!

CHAPTER XXV. The Retreat. I had no faith I should find her there, but I fought my way through the tent. It had been knocked half over, the camp stove overturned, the long bench smashed into kindling wood. With sinking heart I flung back the sagging canvas, and cast one glance within. As heaven witnesses, she stood there, the blanket still wrapped about her, her hands grasping a rifle, her face turned toward me. Unconsciously her lips gave utterance to a cry of relief, and her expression changed. I sprang forward, eager, glad. "Rene, you are here!" I cried out. "Why did you stay?" "It was the word of monsieur," she answered simply. "Monsieur said stay till he come."

"Yes, yes, I know; but I never thought of this; never dreamed of such a defeat. But there is no time to waste in talk. There is nothing to do but run for it now. Come, lass!" Before she realized what I was going to do, I had flung away my rifle and seized her in my arms. She was a light, slender thing, and I held her tight in the folds of the blanket, scarcely feeling her weight. She made no effort to resist, yet her eyes—widened, half-frightened—looked into my face. I gave them no heed, my whole purpose concentrated on the effort to save her, to fight a passage through that mob of frightened men. The spirit of panic had gripped me also—not for myself, but for her! Here was my duty now; not back yonder where those regulars stood grimly in line, and died with their shoulders touching; not where I had fought all day in the powder-cloud facing those forest demons—but in the mob of fugitives, battling and cursing for their lives. The road was littered with guns thrown away, with discarded blankets and powder horns. I dared not look back, straining every muscle, staggering forward over the ruts. The roar of guns behind grew faint in the distance; the spit of rifles from the thickets ceased. Exhausted, breathless, reeling from fatigue, I put her down, and, with arm about her, stood an instant looking back.

They were coming, a dark mass bearing down upon us, but ahead of them, wild with terror, his harness flapping at his heels, his head flung from side to side, charged an artillery horse full tilt. In his mad terror he saw and knew nothing. He came straight at us, running as if crazed. I flung the girl into the side of the road and leaped recklessly for his head. My hand gripped the mane, then the leather rein. I was flung as if to the ground, but I gripped the mane; my fingers touched ground again. I was dragged forward, rendered half unconscious by a blow, but weight told, I got fingers on his nostrils, and he stood still, panting and trembling. Clinging to him, warned by shouts to hurry, I stripped the harness and hoisted her onto the bare back. Even so this was accomplished the head of that shrieking mob was on us; one brute grabbed her by the arm seeking to pull her down, and I struck him with all the force I had. Then I ran forward, clasping the horse by the bit, crunching our way; heedless of who opposed or blocked our passage. And they made way for us; even in their blind terror, they swept aside to escape being trampled under the animal's hoofs, and left before us a clear path.

I looked eagerly for some place in which to turn aside, saw the faint trace of an Indian trail, seemingly leading down the bank of the stream, and, with instant decision, turned into it. I walked the horse now, and Rene sat up straight, and fastened her disarranged hair. The narrow trail led through dense thickets and about a slight hill, in five minutes we were out of sight of the road, alone in the wilderness. To the right through trees was the glimmer of the river; the horse panted heavily, and the way was rough. There was blood I noticed now, on his flank, and he limped slightly as he walked. I staggered and reeled from weariness, feeling res-

tion from excitement, yet kept grimly on until we must have covered two miles, wandering in and out among the low hills. No sounds reached us, and as we came into a narrow ravine, promising concealment, I released my grasp on the bit and staggered back against the bank. Mademoiselle slipped from her seat and hastened to me. "You are worn out, monsieur, wounded?" "Wounded, yet, but nothing has touched me save a blow or two. I—I think we can rest now."



I Staggered and Reeled From Weariness.

"At last, Rene," I cried, forgetting. "We are safe now; see! There is the river." She lifted her eyes and looked. "Yes, monsieur." "Why do you ever speak to me in that tone? You answer me always as if you were my servant." "Your servant!" She was looking at me now. "Am I not, monsieur?" "Of course you are not. You are free; whatever put that in your head? I haven't known what to think, what to do since we have been together. Back on the Maumee—I thought you loved me."

"I do love you, monsieur." "You—you love me," I stammered. "And yet bear yourself as you do!" "Yes, monsieur; how else could I do? You are white; I am an Indian." "Is that all? You think that makes it different? Rene, I love you; out yonder is my home; I would take you there; I would say to those who know me—here is my wife." "Your—your wife!" There was doubt, questioning in her eyes. "Yes, of course; how could you think otherwise?" "Oh, monsieur, how could I know? How could I believe? I was an Indian girl, a Wyandot. It is not so the white men come to our villages. I have seen them—the red-coats, the traders of France. They take with the strong hand, and then laugh, and go away. Then you came and grasped me, and said get into the canoe. I tried to not go, but you said yes, I must. You did not ask me, monsieur—you spoke sternly, angrily. I was frightened, I dare not say so, so I did as you said—I was your prisoner; you had taken me as the warriors of the Wyandots take the maidens of the Ojibwas."

"Then if that was so, why did you not leave me—that night the Indians passed us in camp?" Her cheeks flamed. "I—I could not, monsieur—I loved you." "And now?—now you will go with me down there—a prisoner no longer, but my own?" "Always and forever?" "Always and forever," I answered gravely. There was something new, wonderful in the depths of the dark eyes that looked into mine. I saw her hands clasp the white cross at her throat, then they were held out to me. "I am so glad, monsieur," she said softly, "so glad!" THE END.

within itself the elements for its own destruction. Man himself, of course, as a part of the universe, is subject to all these laws, and therefore, as might be expected, the elements for our own self-destruction are to be found in the very instincts and faculties that raise us superior to the brute. Wrongfully used memory, imagination and the allied faculties would, if persisted in, surely annihilate our civilization.

The history of the past 10,000 years as indelibly written in the substance of the earth itself proves civilization to be an intermittent and recurrent phenomena. Nations rise, bloom and decay because with the accumulation of material wealth the pressure of necessity decreases and the individual citizen, ceasing to strive, relaxes and becomes soft or prematurely senile—even neurasthenic, if you please.

When weary it is very easy and very pleasant to relax and sink into that delightfully dreamy state; but here lies the danger, for it is in that state one so readily becomes introspective and by imperceptible stages drifts into self-sympathy and self-pity and quickly becomes self-conscious and self-centered.

A self-centered mind is like a root-bound plant; unless the roots are shaken out and freed so they may continuously reach out into new soil that the plant will surely sicken and die. Smash the pot and the roots will shoot out into new soil and the plant will grow and thrive. Just so the self-centered mind must break out of its shell of self and forget itself in working, fighting, striving for something worth while.

The lowest forms of life mevelly sprawl and feed. A baby crawls and feeds too; but with the first dawn of intelligence begins a struggle and a fight for a definite end—the attainment of knowledge through experience—a fight that never ceases, and that never fails to react in personal development, either, so long as that wonderfully efficient driving power, interest, is maintained. The trouble with most of us larger children is that we are not really interested in anything. We relax and demand to be amused; we sprawl intellectually and feed on senseless excitement; such ideas as current events incite are vague, diffuse, thin and weak—they do not grip us. That is why comparatively few of us ever think in the true sense of the term, and that is why little children we must again learn to use our powers if we would be well.

The dominating instinct in man is fear and this is why self-contemplation is dangerous. There are many store rooms in the basement of man's consciousness, commonly known as the sub-conscious mind, and in these dark and forgotten corners many strange things are stored, only waiting for the opportunity when they may come forth to puzzle and confound us.

There is nothing mysterious or terrible about the subconscious phenomena if, with a full knowledge of the laws of the universe, of which we are a part, we frankly consider ourselves a link in the chain of life extending from an incomprehensibly remote past to an equally incomprehensible and remote future.

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

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NEURASTHENIA—(BRAIN FAG)—ITS CAUSE AND CORRECTION

Of all the ills with which humanity is afflicted, undoubtedly the most prevalent, certainly that one most effectually destroying the happiness and the general efficiency of the American people, is what has come to be universally known as "The Great American Disease," popularly called brain-fag or nervous prostration, and more specifically known as neurasthenia.

Neurasthenia is a condition induced by severe shock or serious illness; or by the cumulative effects of slight but long continued and persistent irritation of one particular set of nerves; or as the result of a general physical and moral softening from the lack of normal body functioning. All these several causes may bring about a central nerve cell exhaustion identical in results. Just as too frequent or too long holding of the finger on the push button will quickly run down and exhaust the primary battery cells of an electric call bell circuit, so the too frequent or too long continued working of our nerve cells will produce exhaustion.

With reasonable care and use primary battery cells have a long life, because they recuperate between discharges; but if the signals follow too closely or they are operated too continuously the battery plates lose their recuperative power and tend to polarize, and even disintegrate; and with the same treatment the very same thing happens to our nerve cells for the same reason. Nerve cells may be worked beyond the point of possible recuperation; hence, to maintain normal physical, mental and moral health our cells must be given normal physiological use with time to recuperate between discharges.

The symptoms of the disease of neurasthenia are multitudinous, and to attempt to enumerate them would take us far beyond the scope of this short article. Suffice it to say that beginning with simple (?) nervous indigestion, insomnia, and an occasional touch of "the blues," the symptoms range through disturbances involving all the special senses and most of the abdominal organs in almost endless combination and degrees of severity.

"Functional diseases" abound, a new one usually breaking out about as rapidly as the old one is controlled, so that the victim endures practically a continuous round of ill health. Possibly the one general universal symptom is "a tired feeling." The sufferer wakes in the morning tired and is apt to remain tired all day until evening, when the average neurasthenic wakes up and wants to start something.

Besides that "tired feeling" so characteristic in the neurasthenic the chief symptom is worry. A neurasthenic is busy most of the time worrying about something; either worrying about what has happened, what is now happening, or what is likely to happen—some day. It is a proved and accepted physiological truth that the adult is more gravely injured by worry than by fatigue, the effect of worry on the brain cells being exactly the same as that resulting from hard physical labor.

But hard physical labor accomplishes something presumably worth while, and there is a certain tonic and restful effect in contemplating the product of labor; but worry produces nothing, can never reach a conclusion because it is absolutely illogical in origin and in application, and can only serve to destroy the most valuable thing man possesses, the very foundation of all wealth—thought, the creative concept. To think is to exercise the faculties of judgment; to worry is to harass with care and anxiety. No two things can occupy the same space at the same time, and no man can think or do two things at the same time. Therefore we cannot think when we worry, and conversely we cannot worry when we think: either one absolutely destroys the other. Hence neurasthenics are only worrying when they think that they are thinking. That they are drifting on a mental sea without compass, chart or rudder is what distresses and makes them weary, for when they can think clearly and definitely to a conclusion and then follow it, they are no longer neurasthenic.

Her Explanation. "Uncle Hank" Barnhart, member of congress from Indiana, tells of a young man from out his way who met a young woman he had not seen for many years. "I thought you were dead," was the young man's greeting. "No," insisted the girl, "but I'm married."

"To whom?" "Oh, some Englishman."

Useful Knowledge. The very young lady was showing her school friend from another city about her native town. Presently the pair came to a little square adorned with a statue of the local Civil war hero.

"It isn't very much to boast of an art," said the sophisticated young child, "but it's important to know about it because one usually asks one to meet one here."

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As History Is Written. "Is this the place where the remarkable case took place that was published lately of the dog that committed suicide by drowning for love of its lost master?" "This is the place, sir, and I can show you the very dog. Here, Towser!"

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Patriotic Idea. "John, why are you not eating your breakfast? What are you looking so queerly at those biscuits for?" "I was wondering, Maria, if it would not be a patriotic thing to offer them to the government for its stock of ammunition."

Contrary Discipline. "When that was a roast, you see this morning from the boss?" "Yes, what I call a raw deal."

If your stock of generosity will run around, better begin on your family.

HOW WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio—"My left side pained me so for several years that I expected to have to undergo an operation, but the first bottle I took of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved the pains in my side and I continued its use until I became regular and free from pains. I had asked several doctors if there was anything I could take to help me and they said there was nothing that they knew of. I am thankful for such a good medicine and will always give it the highest praise."—Mrs. C. H. GRIFFITH, 7006 Madison Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Haver, Pa.—"I suffered from female trouble and the pains were so bad at times that I could not sit down. The doctor advised a severe operation but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it. What joy and happiness it is to be well once more. I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Compound."—Mrs. ADA WILT, 126 Stock St., Haver, Pa.

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