

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. II

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1907.

No. 50

A Banner Production

By Gormand & Ford Company at Maltz.

(Alpena Evening News, November 26, 1907.)

If the audience at the opening at Maltz Theatre last night presages the amount of business done during the week, the present week will be the banner week for that house.

It was the first night, as well as the first appearance in the city of the Gormand & Ford repertoire company and the company made good.

Miss Mildred Ford, the leading lady, is a clever actress, one of the very best that has ever filled a week, or one night engagement, in the city.

Miss Ford is being supported by a well balanced company, and the performance last night had about it the snap and ginger that an audience appreciates.

The stage settings are good, and the wardrobes rich and attractive. Miss Ford was handsomely gowned, and her personality much admired.

The play last night was "Wedded But No Wife," a play in which pathos and a fine vein of comedy were happily blended.

The play gave excellent satisfaction, and a continuance of equally as meritorious productions, will mean the biggest week's business the house has ever had.

The house was filled, the crowd being one of the largest ever seen, and the applause was hearty and frequent.

At Loveday Opera House the week of Dec. 23.

Christmas Burr McIntosh Monthly.

This beautiful magazine is especially suitable for a holiday gift, either by subscription or by the Christmas number alone. Newsdealers report that during the past three years this Christmas Burr McIntosh Monthly has largely taken the place of the holiday English magazines hitherto so popular.

The Christmas 1907 number is unquestionably the finest issue of the Burr McIntosh Monthly ever produced. The cover is by that famous artist, Alphonse Mucha, and is reproduced in five colors and gold. Other special color work is a number of colors and gold is as follows: "Fantasy of Dreams," a reproduction of Sir Frederick Leighton's famous painting "Lachrymae," a superb color plate of Mme. Alla Nazimova the famous actress; a reproduction of the "Miniature" and a very fine picture of the Czartowitz and several other color studies.

In the printing of the book, aside from the pictures in several colors, there are three distinct inks used, and all of them of superb coloring and made for this magazine. The various portraits and landscapes throughout the Christmas number are unusually fine and it is almost impossible to describe the various beauties of this number, and it is one that must be seen to be appreciated. Any one who is not familiar with the Burr McIntosh Monthly and who will buy the Christmas number on the news stand will hardly be willing to go without this exquisite magazine.

Burr Publishing Company New York.

County Normal Notes.

Lola Cross and Mayme Scroggie have commenced their practice teaching in the training room, in connection with music.

The members of the normal class and the seventh grade the training room, visited the beet sugar factory Wednesday, Dec. 4. We visited all the different departments and saw all the processes the beets had to go through before sugar was obtained. It was very interesting indeed.

Bessie Cramer was absent from school Thursday on account of sickness.

Leah Persons taught the third and fourth grades in the north ward school Monday, Dec. 9. Miss Manson was absent on account of sickness.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by Gidley's Pharmacy.

Common Council.

Regular meeting, Monday evening Dec 9th. Present: Trustees McMullan, Goodman, Lemieux, Curkendall, Brabant, Clerk Hudson.

Minutes of last two meetings read and approved.

On motion, the following bills were allowed:

Wm. Johnson, salary \$ 60 00

Standard Oil Co., gasoline 139 47

Char. Co. Herald, printing 3 55

E. J. E. L. Co. lighting for Nov. and lamps 81 22

C. H. Whittington, 1 doz. chairs 6 00

E. J. Planing Mills Co., painting gas tank 1 60

Matthews & Shaw, rebate 27 36

South Arm township, tile 45 92

C. A. Hudson, 1-4 salary as Clerk 37 50

State Bank of E. J., ins on hall 35 50

E. J. Hose Co., pile driver fire 21 50

St. Com'r report, labor and team hire 93 35

Moved by Curkendall, supported by Lemieux that the sum of \$1600.00 be and is hereby transferred from the General Fund to the Highway Fund and that the further sum of \$175.00 be transferred from the General Fund to the Water Works Fund. Carried.

Mrs. Emily J. Whiteford filed claim for damages, alleging injuries caused from falling on sidewalk. The claim was referred to the Village Attorney.

On motion, Council adjourned.

DEEDS RECORDED.

List of Transfers for the week ending Dec. 7th, 1907.

Annie Partridge to Margarete Orlovski, lots No. 1 and 2 of blk 3 of Dixons Add. Charlevoix. \$1,000.00.

Godfrey VonPlaten to Frank Padock, n e 1/4 of s w 1/4 of sec 7 t 32 n r 4w except 100 ft. for right of way for R. R. \$200.

G. VonPlaten to Frank D. Russell, e 1/4 of s w 1/4 of sec 25 t 33 n r 7w. \$175.

William R. Barnett to Grace Misner, part e 1/4 of n e 1/4 sec 23 t 32 n r 7w. \$600.

Mary A. Baringer to William J. Carson, s e 1/4 of s w 1/4 sec 8 t 32 n r 5w. \$700.

Kate B. Otis to James B. Secord, all of gov lot 2 also s 1/4 of n w 1/4 and n w 1/4 of n w 1/4 of sec 9 t 32 n r 7w. \$2,000.00.

George F. Beardsley to Edwin W. Fountain lot 22 of G. F. Beardsley 2d Add. Boyne. \$50.00.

John M. Harris to Betty Hurd, n e 1/4 of lot 9 and southwesterly 1/4 of lot 10 Harris Add. Boyne. \$250.00.

George C. Wagar to J. Roy Furman, part of lot 231 blk 14 of Nicholls & Morgans 2nd Add to So. Boyne. \$450.00.

John M. Harris to Dent Hurd, the n westerly 1/4 of lot 10 of Harris Add. Boyne. \$250.00.

John M. Harris to Grace Newville, the s-westerly 1/4 of lot 9 of Harris Add. Boyne. \$250.00.

Of Interest To Women.

To such women as are not seriously out of health but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and functions which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating nerve. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeon's knife, would it be believed, seldom have to be employed if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good time. The "Favorite Prescription" has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering childbirth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended.

A little book of these endorsements will be sent to any address, post-paid, and absolutely free if you request same by postal card, or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.

Make This According to Directions.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a New York daily paper, giving a simple prescription, as formulated by a noted authority, who claims that he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of backache or kidney or bladder derangement, in the following simple prescription. If taken before the stage of Bright's disease:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime.

A well-known druggist here at home, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in Rheumatic affections with splendid results, he could see no reason for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those of our readers who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

WILSON.

Arthur Graves expects to move his family up north this week for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Havnor of East Jordan visited at Chas. Hudkins one day last week.

James Payne and family will move to Boyne City this week where they will reside in the future.

Wm. and Chas. Hudkins had some very sick horses the first of the week. Vet Couliden was in attendance.

Ed Nowland's colt took occasion to run away one day last week and in the melee sustained some bad cuts from a barbed wire fence.

Clyde Argetsinger of this place has exchanged his farm for a house and lot in Boyne City owned by Clare Brooks. Both families moved to their new homes the last of the week.

List of Advertisers Letters.

Following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the East Jordan postoffice for the week ending Dec. 9th, 1907:

Conkie, Mr. Waldo

Howe, Mr. R. E. (2)

Lord, Alfred G.

Williams, Mrs. Thille

FRANK A. KENYON, P.M.

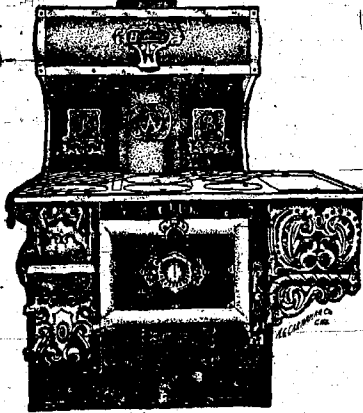


Do Your Christmas Buying, Now Before Our Assortments Get Picked Over.

The following are a few suggestions of things that would make ideal gifts.

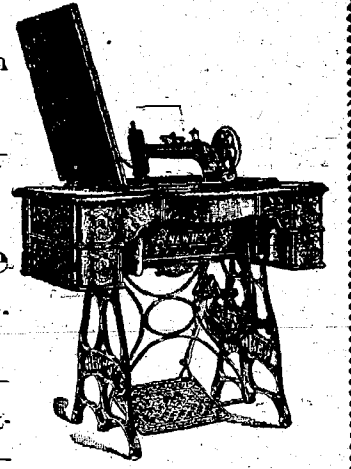
The Bement

Of which more have been sold here than any other kind.



The New Home Sewing Machine

The highest running, longest guaranteed machine.

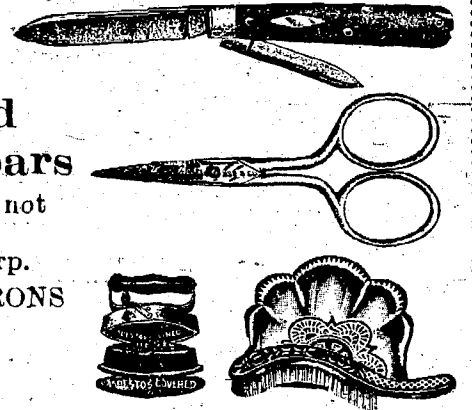


Our Best Guaranteed Cutlery—the satisfactory kind—

CLAUSS

Razors and Shears

Exchangeable if not satisfactory. They stay sharp.



SHAVING SETS, ASBESTOS SAD IRONS, SAFETY RAZORS, CRUMB TRAYS, NICKLE PLATED WARE.

Ask for a Nice Calendar.

W. E. MALPASS HARDWARE CO.

BOOSINGER BROS.

Make Your Christmas Merry By Doing Your Shopping Now And Save 25 per cent. on Your Purchases.

Do You Know that the Bargains Now Offered Are Greatest In History of Merchandising in East Jordan?

For Instance At This Quarter-Off Sale You Can Buy the Well-Known ST. CLAIR SHIRT WAISTS

The regular \$5.00 kind now only \$3.75
The regular \$4.00 kind now only \$3.00
The regular \$3.00 kind now only \$2.25

All shirt waists in the same proportion

All our beautiful Petticoats
The regular \$3.00 kind now are \$2.25
The regular \$2.25 kind are now \$1.50

All our Ladies Coats, Skirts—in fact all our stock of Dry Goods, Shoes, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Mens and Ladies Furnishing Goods—at just 1/4 the regular price.

Hundreds are taking advantage of the opportunity to get their Christmas outfit. Can you think of a better chance?

Call early and avoid the rush that always comes, as our sales progress.



BOOSINGER BROS.

"QUALITY FIRST OF ALL" Our Motto.

Genius has the wisdom of age in its youth.

Peace has her victories no less than war—and then there's football.

Ballooning lacks one thrilling phase. There are no speed ordinances to be violated.

Will the couple who were married in the Lake Erie lighthouse do lighthouse—no, say it yourself.

The brave, gay, generous and light-hearted bear the strokes of fate with equanimity and indomitable courage.

It is probably no more true that tin soldiers make fighters of boys than it is that Teddy bears make growlers of girls.

The claim that prunes cause baldness was started by some doctor who was trying to make trouble for his landlady.

A Harvard professor says aversion to work is really illness. Here is where an indefinite lay-off is going to be asked.

An association has been organized in New York to build airships. But notwithstanding its object, it will not use inflated capital.

Balloon travel is rapidly becoming more safe and scientific. We may all fly yet, even if some of us never get a chance to wear wings.

Earthly fame, wealth and glory are as evanescent as the cardinal rays of the setting sun that drops into darkest storms and eternal night.

A swarm of bees lit on a Philadelphia policeman. The fact that one man woke up made a nice little piece of news for the local papers.

Dioctenes was not like a modern muck-raker or investigator. He did not go around looking for dishonesty. He knew it was always there.

Several men have been convicted and sent to prison in New York for stealing electricity. This naturally comes under the head of shocking crimes.

They are putting monkeys in jail in New Jersey. This looks as though the law of that state was making near-human efforts to getting itself enforced.

Marconi has harnessed that air, but whether he can drive it, as he pleases remains to be seen. He is, however, one of the dreamers that Boyle O'Reilly says live forever.

The body is quickly buried and lost in the dust of centuries, but the spirit of thought, that moves us every moment for good or ill, has immortal lineage and cannot be destroyed.

A wicked conscience is the most devilish companion that mortals can harbor, for even in the success of its villainy it is tortured with uncertainty, anxiety, dread and plutonic remorse.

The women's literary clubs of Michigan have started a novel contest as to which club shall add the most children to the state's population next year. Race suicide will have to take the count.

A Wisconsin court has decided that a cigarette with a tobacco wrapper is not a cigarette, and does not violate the anti-cigarette law. This is an easy road to liberty. The tobacco wrappers are better than the paper ones, anyway.

Now a vessel is to be built to outclass the Lusitania. Perhaps in the future seagoing vessels of any kind will be dispensed with entirely and speed-seekers will be simply hurled across the ocean through pneumatic tubes at telegraphic velocity.

English experts who have been investigating report that the gold still to be dug out of the mines in the Rand district of South Africa may be estimated at \$5,000,000,000,000. With that much gold in circulation the world would have quantity as well as quality.

Brazil, distinguished in the merry comedy, "Charley's Aunt," as the place "where the nuts come from," is also distinguished as a place where ideas grow. Thirty Brazilian merchants and professional men are visiting this country, in obedience to the advice which Secretary Root gave to all the Americas to "get acquainted."

Mrs. Russell Sage, having lately learned that a debt of \$2,000, contracted by her father in 1844, had never been paid, has forwarded a check for the amount to the heirs of the creditor. If she had paid interest on the sum for the 63 years the check would have been larger, but probably the heirs are thankful to get the principal.

When a man has done his work shall he stop and play? Rev. Dr. Scott of Worcester, Mass., who has resigned from his pulpit after 30 years of service in order to devote himself to golf, thinks he has earned this play-time, and he doubtless has. The trouble is that when a man works for 30 years without giving any time to pleasure he commonly does not know how to play. A duo amount of diversion at intervals along the road is the safer and more satisfactory plan. It would tend to postpone the day when a man must retire from active work.

The Effect of High Prices on the Consumer

By CHARLES F. PIDGIN, Author and Former Chief Labor Statistics Bureau.

IF THE high prices that we have now are good for us, why not run them up higher? Can we have too much of a good thing? Some years ago prominent men agreed that the more money we had the better off we should be. But there was something back of the question—a solid basis for financial operations—and the majority decided that the basis must be gold; now, to-day, some leading financiers maintain that the increased output of gold is answerable in a great degree for our high prices.

To the consumer the cause is subordinate to the effect; the effect is apparent—the cause problematical so far as he is concerned. The cost of living has increased greatly, and the question now is—"Are high prices a benefit to all consumers?"

There are two kinds of consumers—producers and nonproducers. The producer gets a wage or a salary. Let us consider his financial position. If high prices are a benefit to him, after paying the increased prices for rent, food, clothes, heat and light, he should have a large surplus for recreation and the good things of life. Does he? Instead, he sees the surplus vanish, and, oftentimes, a balance on the debtor side.

But, it will be said, wages and some salaries have been increased, and comparisons are attempted between the increases in prices and the advances in wages and salaries. Nothing could be more fallacious as applied to the workingman paid by the hour or day. Questions of rates mean little. What he actually earns is the vital question.

The real condition of workingmen is not shown by comparing vicious percentages claimed to represent increases in prices and advances in wages and salaries. The only figures worth anything as an index of conditions are:

1. The number of workmen having an increased surplus despite the high prices.
2. The number having a less surplus.
3. The number having no surplus.
4. The number in debt.

If official figures, honestly attacked on this basis and presented without "fixing," show that high prices have benefited the wage worker and the small-salaried man, then the heavens will rain manna again, and we may all sit down and eat and drink and be merry. Until then, the dealers, and doctors, and other creditors, will have their uncollectible bills, and the pawn shops and money sharks will increase in number and wax rich with increased business.

And this brings us to the nonproducers who are not paid by wages or salaries, but by profits. They have to pay the increased prices, too; but they have the remedy in their own hands. What they have to sell, others must pay for or go without. By nonproducers I mean all who transport, buy or sell what the consumer needs, including money. The whale has its auxiliaries, who lead it to its feeding grounds, and the bankers and money-brokers are all adherents and helpers of the great god—capital!

Restraints are being placed continually upon the manufacturer, who often is the consumer's best friend, especially when he eliminates the middleman and gets close to the consumer. At present we have, between the maker and the user, the wholesale dealer or commission merchant, and the retailer. The three, manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer, may each make only a fair profit; but three fair profits make a price burdensome to the consumer. An increased wage or salary may help the consumer; but if it only enables him to make both ends meet, and does not restore or increase his surplus, he is not benefited.

Probably the majority of nonproducers benefit by high prices; for they, as a rule, live on a percentage of profit, and the larger the figures, the greater the profit. Even if the percentage is less than in former years, the increased volume of business gives a larger return.

Charles F. Pidgin

Judicious Trust Regulation

By HERBERT KNOX SMITH, Of the Federal Bureau of Corporations.

In dealing with this whole matter of industrial concentration, we have the choice of two alternatives. We may either prohibit or regulate combinations. To my mind regulation is the only choice. Regulation by an administrative office exercising supervision over corporate operations, accompanied by wide publicity, and backed up by criminal penalties directed at unfair methods of competition, by prohibition only mere supervision fails.

The anti-trust laws are wholly unsuited to accomplish any such results. They are negative and prohibitive. They condemn all combination, whether beneficial or harmful. They are enforced only by courts. They also forbid necessarily any co-operation between the government and corporate interests, because the anti-trust laws are an attack on corporate existence itself, and inevitably place corporate managers in opposition in spite of themselves.

I believe that those considerations show a need of a positive system. To make it tangible, let me suggest concrete details. Establish, say, a simple system of regulation by supervision. Provide a government office to administer it. Require that all large corporations doing a certain gross amount of business a year shall make reports to that office; make their accounts subject to inspection at will by that office; provide for publication by that office, in concise form of all the facts in regard to such corporations which are of public interest, safeguarding all proper business secrets. Provide also for that protection of law-abiding corporations that is the correlative of regulation.

The suggestion is tentative. I do not pretend to say just how it would work. But it has certain important possibilities, any one of which would justify the change. Supervision and publicity will also prevent beforehand, and prevention is far better than punishment. The mere knowledge that a governmental agency has the right at any time to investigate the operations of a corporation, and will surely make public improper transactions, will often prevent the inception of such transactions.

The unfair methods that are now prohibited by law, such as railway discriminations, will be exposed by such supervision, and taken care of by the courts.

A further class of unfair methods of competition will be met by additional penal laws where increased information shall show that legislation is reasonably applicable.

He who is a glutton for praise will be a gudgeon for secret laughter.

You never hear of a woman over 80 insisting on saying merely that she is of legal age.

A Russian aristocrat at whom no bombs are thrown must feel that he is completely out of the swim.

Oh, the pity of it! The smart young man often lacks judgment and comes to grief.

A rich and truthful saying is an imperishable flinker in the ash heap of humanity.

Tyranny, barbarity, anarchy and death are the milestones in the highway of despotism.

Japanese schools are teaching English. Now, if some of our popular novelists could only be sent to Japanese schools.

The latest thing captured by Raissuli is the town of Mogador. Some day this man will capture something worth having.

The arch, say the builders, is the strongest thing known. This may be the reason these are so many bow-legged football players.

Queer people naturally drift into the theatrical business, but the strangest freak of all is the manager who insists that his chorus girls must all be able to sing.

A French scientist declares that automobiles are the enemies of astronomy, and yet people who have been struck by them say they saw all sorts of stars.

They're going to put a clock in the Eiffel tower. It will serve as a symbol of Paris, which has always been known as the city for a high old time.

"What ought to be done to a man who asks a woman to drink?" is the question asked by a preacher. He ought, at least, be punished by being made to drink all the weird mixed drinks she orders.

A medical writer notes with alarm that insanity is steadily on the increase. But, then, he does not stop to reflect that persons who wish to commit crimes and indulge their passions with impunity need it in their business.

A man in New York convicted of murder was, under a new law, sentenced to prison for "not more than his natural life." He may consider himself lucky not to get the sentence of over a hundred years lately imposed on another prisoner.

The young queen of Spain does not look upon bull fights with favor, and she probably regards professional fistic encounters in England, her old home, with equal dislike. There is not much difference between a bull fighter and a ring fighter. Both are brutal.

After "psychopathic" experts at Bellevue find that a prominent person is "not insane, but hysterical," it may surprise some to learn that the prominent person is not a woman. Instead of being confined to one sex, hysterics attacks both with equal ease when they have prepared themselves for it, and it is usually worst when its worst symptoms are most masculine.

Mechanical traction has been substituted for horses on the Ladoga canal in Russia. When the traction engineers appeared 2,000 peasants seized them and stopped all traffic so effectively that troops had to be called out to restore order. There were riots of this sort in England 100 years ago when power sawmills were introduced there, but in the more advanced countries the laborer and the mechanic now adjust themselves quickly to new inventions, says the Youth's Companion. Russia is about 100 years behind the times.

Everything is not going to smash, and there still are such things as wealth and great-hearted philanthropy. The will of a Philadelphian who died suddenly last week sets aside \$5,000,000 for the establishment and maintenance of an institution for orphan girls modeled after the famous Girard college, the advantages of which are confined strictly to boys and young men. Girard college has done incalculable good in fitting youths to make their way in the world, and as such can be accomplished for girls through employing similar means.

Mr. Edison's monolithic house, to cost but \$1,000, to contain 11 rooms and to require but 15 days for the building, is an invention that will revolutionize architectural methods so far as the building of small homes is concerned, if the promises are fulfilled. But does Mr. Edison know that many concrete houses are being constructed now, though not in the cast-iron mold which is the distinctive feature of his scheme, and at no such moderate price? There is reason to fear that Mr. Edison can not insure the \$1,000 rate.

The mysterious earthquake recorded some weeks ago, which could not be located, has found a startling solution. That a mountain should fall, burying hundreds and wiping out an entire population, bears gruesome testimony to the truth of the instruments which recorded a disaster as great if not greater than the one which overwhelmed San Francisco. Other disasters are dwarfed into insignificance beside this appalling record of the work of nature, which all the prudence and resources of man can neither foresee nor prevent.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

HAS LANDED THIRD TERM



Curtis Guild, Jr., who has been elected for the third time governor of Massachusetts by the phenomenal majority of 105,000, and that, too, in spite of the spread of free trade ideas in his state, is one of the very few men in public life who seem to yield to public opinion when they think it is misdirected. Guild is a bulldog in some respects. This was shown when he refused to commute the sentence of Charles L. Tucker, who was convicted on circumstantial evidence of murdering Mabel Page. Many of the best people in the state petitioned the governor for clemency, but he couldn't be convinced and Tucker, guilty or innocent, was hanged.

In like manner Guild refused to mitigate the punishment of a man who had been in solitary confinement for 34 years, and in that time had educated himself in the languages and sciences. Guild, the man without sentiment, could not see any call for clemency and the man is in solitary imprisonment yet.

Gov. Guild comes of one of the oldest families in the east and his tastes are all aristocratic. He is a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, the Society of Foreign Wars, Spanish War societies and Sons of the American Revolution, and some of the most exclusive clubs of Boston. He is a man of wealth and culture. He is sole owner of the Boston Commercial Bulletin, on which he has served in every capacity, from bill collector to editor, as his father had done before him. He is a warm friend and admirer of President Roosevelt, with whom he has many tastes in common, and went with him on his stump tour of the west in 1900. He was brigadier general of state militia when the Spanish war broke out and resigned that office to become lieutenant colonel and inspector general on the staff of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. He was offered a colonial commission and later the position of first assistant postmaster general, but declined both.

Gov. Curtis was born in Boston in 1860 and was graduated from Harvard in 1881, when he was class orator.

AVERTED GREAT STRIKE

David Lloyd-George, M. P., president of the British board of trade, is the hero of the hour in England, having prevented a strike that would have "tied up" all the railroads in Great Britain. Lloyd-George and Richard Behl, also an M. P., head of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, got together and convinced capital and labor that arbitration was better than a fight.



Lloyd-George is 44, the son of a school teacher, educated at a national school in a Welsh town. From the obscurity of a provincial law office Lloyd-George has fought his way, unaided by wealth or social prestige, to the front rank in parliament.

Lloyd-George is short of stature, has sharp features, a fresh-colored complexion, small, stubby, bristling mustache, keen, vigilant eyes and somewhat rebellious dark brown hair brushed back, which makes his forehead look bigger than it is. When he first entered parliament, almost 17 years ago, he was unashamedly careless about his apparel, as one who gloried in denying himself any adventitious aid from the tailor. But when a measure of fame came to him—and it came quickly—he shaved off his mutton chops, donned a frock coat and a silk hat and spruced himself up generally.

Lloyd-George, as president of the board of trade, is not a member of the cabinet, but he is next thing to it. He has charge of all matters relating to industries and navigation, except such as come under the jurisdiction of the admiralty board; he makes regulations for the welfare and protection of emigrants, for the prevention of accidents on railways and in factories; for the protection of women and children; investigates the cause of wrecks and punishes the responsible persons, and has general jurisdiction over all matters relating to trade and commerce. Where the board of trade has not the right to make regulations itself it is the adviser of the government, and its advice is seldom ignored.

They are already talking of Lloyd-George for prime minister some of these days.

MAY SOON LEAD TAMMANY



Thomas F. Epley, Tammany leader of the second district, who was recently elected sheriff, is a typical specimen of the born and bred New Yorker. He has been a politician ever since he was 13 years old, when he went out to support his widowed mother and two younger children. An unerring memory for faces and names and a sunny smile were his whole stock in trade, but he soon proved himself a man to be reckoned with. He made money in the saloon business. He was never slow about dipping into his roll to help a family in distress, and he would peel off a \$50 or a \$100 bill with the remark, "Don't hurry about repaying that little loan. It will do when your missus is better and your boy is working."

Once a year he made it a practice to take all the women and children in his district for an outing, and the little ones would talk about it for months. He would address every man he met by his Christian name and ask after his wife. Every woman he would ask about her children. He had no children of his own, so he adopted all the children of his district.

He has all the geniality and all the shrewdness of his Irish forefathers. He had a dispute with Paddy Divver, the district leader, over some \$30 worth of patronage, and although Paddy was supposed to hold the district in the hollow of his hand, Foley beat him handsomely and has been leader ever since. He has always avoided office-seeking, for he recognized the public prejudice against saloon-keepers in politics, and one term as councillor and one as alderman made up his public career. He was forced by his friends into the fight for sheriff, and with his recent success he is likely to be leader of Tammany before many years.

ENEMY OF THE KAISER

Maximilian Harden, known throughout Germany as "the enemy of the kaiser," is the editor whose sensational charges of immorality against the "Round Table" crowd in Emperor William's court brought public disgrace to Gen. Count von Moltke.



Harden turns from immorality in court to criticism of the monarch without the slightest hesitation. Every week his paper, Die Zukunft, ridicules the emperor. He has done it for years and his attacks have earned him three terms in a prison fortress.

Harden served the sentences cheerfully. From his cell he continued each time to edit his paper and to present without interruption the idiosyncrasies of his majesty in a dashing sarcastic style peculiarly his own.

But from the emperor down to the smallest official clothed with a little brief authority, none are immune from his merciless onslaughts. In 20 years Harden, the firebrand, has become a power for the betterment of political and social conditions in Germany. He began as a casual contributor to the local press. His vitriolic articles were often rejected and he determined to start a paper of his own, Die Zukunft (The Future) was the result.

Harden gained particular prominence in his defense of Prince Bismarck when the young emperor dismissed the iron chancellor in 1890. Later the chancellor became his warm friend. This friendship added to his fame and aided materially in the financing of his newspaper venture later.

Die Zukunft became a weekly review of radical tendencies. It was a success from the start. Harden's frankness in telling the truth about the kaiser regardless of all the public prosecutors in Germany was a revelation. The sarcastic Berliners laughed immoderately and subscribed by the thousands.

The Dark Skinned Woman's Achievements

By Marion E. Stockton

Woman's Share in Early Art—Even the Primitive Woman Had Certain Rights—Brilliant Dark Haired Heroines of the Past—Women Aid in Founding a Religion—Some Interesting Facts About What Has Been Accomplished by the Sisters of the Pale Faced Races The Important Part They Played in Early Civilization.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

(Marion E. Stockton, widow of the late popular story writer, Frank R. Stockton, was closely associated with the work of her gifted husband. Any reader of the "Reader's Digest" stories, for example, will realize that she was a valuable assistant to him. She was joint author with him in writing "The Home," one of his earlier books. Mrs. Stockton is a member of a prominent South Carolina family.)

So much has been written about women of the fair-skinned races, of their part in the making of the history of the world, of what they have done and ought not to have done, of what they are doing and ought not to do and to what they should do, that it may be of interest to catch here and there in this world's history what their dark-skinned sisters have done in bringing about the conditions of the life we are now living and the social, religious and geographical distinctions which prevail at present.

It is not my intention in this article to exploit the famous dark-skinned women of recorded history—we will glance at them in their proper places. They were types, it is true, but they could not have been and have acted their great parts had not the women whom they represented been endowed, in some measure, with their gifts. Such women do not spring full-blown from a sordid environment. But they were exceptional and individual in their careers; and, after all, it is from the ordinary women of a race or nation that progress comes.

The portraits the ethnologists give us of the primitive woman are not captivating, but the poets represent her as being almost divine, floating in ethereal beauty fresh from the hand of her Creator. Whether the scientist has arrived at the truth through long and laborious stages of investigation, or whether the poet has divined the truth through inspiration, I do not pretend to decide. But they are both agreed upon one thing—that her complexion was of a "sun-kissed" hue according to the latter and of a "dark pigment," according to the other.

From the investigations of science and the reports of explorers, and from other sources we have a good deal of information, if not in relation to this very primitive woman to her not distant descendants in a state of savagery. And even in the very lowest of these primeval races, we find that women played an important part. They were slaves, it is true, because they knew nothing better. If they had had the least glimmering sense of woman's rights they were quite capable of asserting themselves even at that period of time. And here it may be well to correct a misapprehension.

Men did not make slaves and beasts of burden of their women merely because the man was wicked or lazy, or both—they had affection (of a sort) for their wives. But they realized with great force that man was a superior being, the lord of the earth and all it contained, including woman, and that she was an afterthought of the gods created for his benefit, and therefore made of very inferior material. Consequently it was considered as degrading in a man to do woman's work as it is now for him to wear petticoats. If it chanced that it came into a man's mind to relieve his weary wife of some part of the load she was carrying on her back, he would reject the thought instantly, not so much because he did not want the burden, as because by so doing he would make himself, the laughing stock of the tribe.

And what did these mighty lords of creation do toward the improvement of the world they claimed? Absolutely nothing! Fishing, hunting, trapping, fighting, the necessities of the present; the implements to accomplish these purposes, and there the record ends. Meantime, as the years went on and generation succeeded generation, the women were using their brains and improving social life with all sorts of inventions to assist them in their manifold labors and to add new comforts to a rude existence.

Sewing. Consider how patient they must have worked to get a thread from a rawhide and the cleverness of evolving a needle from a bone. Tanning and dressing leather. To turn a dirty, hairy, tough skin into a clean and soft material suitable for clothing. Fashioning with deft fingers this clothing to their special needs. Agriculture of the simplest sort, but mostly the experiments of women. Spinning. The records of the human race go not back to a time when the spindle was unknown, worked out from a woman's brain which grasped the idea that the long fibers of the flax she was cultivating ought in some way to be made more adaptable for thread than the unwieldy skin with its slow and painful process. Hence, the stick twirled in the fingers. Weaving. Not a long journey to the loom, for arriving at the spindle and cloth, so much easier than skins to work into clothing. Besides, the birch-bark basket weaving had been done

long before with the fingers and it was only necessary to steady the threads on wooden rollers.

And this brought about woman's share in early art. So many plants yielded beautiful-colored juices; hence the dyeing, and later, the painting of cloth and skins. Some of these savage adornings may be seen at the present day with colors still vivid and with attractive designs.

And so I might go on through all the industries that have come down to us—all suggested by dark-skinned women.

It has never been decided by the learned whether fire was a direct revelation from God, or whether man discovered it accidentally. In the absence of any authentic information on the subject I venture the opinion it was discovered by a dark-skinned woman. As she was the one who had the most use for fire it is reasonable to suppose that she it was who fancied (in a fit of temper, perhaps) to rub two of her stone knives together with great violence and velocity and was surprised with the divine spark. However this may be, it was woman who immediately availed herself of this all-important discovery, and being tired of meat and fish dried in the sun, conceived the brilliant idea of laying it on the hot coals. And thus she started in a long career down the ages the roasts and ragouts and chowders and dyspepsia to millions of her descendants of all colors.

There is literally no end to this branch of the subject, but I have said enough to convince any rational mortal that a creature capable of all this could not have been held in utter contempt by contemporary man. Inferior she was considered, as a matter of course, and she was, to a great extent, a commodity to be bought and sold; but, running through all the savagery, there is found a strong thread of respect for women. Even in the lowest tribes they had some rights which they were not at all backward in enforcing; and among the more advanced peoples they had many well-defined rights which no man could in any case take from them. The men privately sought their advice to take the council and exploit it as their own wisdom; they were admitted to some of the solemn feasts; and, sometimes, they armed themselves and went to the battlefield. This, however, seems rarely to have occurred in the very early ages.

Such was the dark-skinned primitive woman and such were her achievements.

Drifting down the long stream of time, we suddenly come upon the brilliant vision of the queen of Sheba. Out of the darkness of the dark continent she emerges, robed in splendor, invested with power, endowed with wit and fancy, moved by an intelligent curiosity—a woman capable of appreciating not only the glory of Solomon but his wisdom also. She dazzles us for a brief moment and then disappears into the darkness whence she came and leaves no trace. But it requires no imagination—simply common sense—to follow her into that mysterious land and find a nation of women, not so exceptionally endowed, perhaps, as this great queen, but women of strong character, and vigorous intellect, capable of dealing with the problems of their time. Otherwise there could have been no queen of Sheba.

In the twilight of history we note the appearance of a remarkable Assyrian queen or, more plausibly, several successive queens, who were new types in that olden world. They were not only successful warriors, but they were engineers, mathematicians and architects. They turned the courses of rivers, spanned them with bridges and confined their waters within bounds; they raised great monuments and built temples and public edifices. The name Semiramis is synonymous with every kind of greatness.

Coming down to the Christian era, we find one of the most interesting studies of womanhood of any color or any age in the Arabians. Those dark-skinned women, with no possible way of cultivating intellect, the women of a brutal race of men, in a degrading environment, fenced in with customs hostile to them, changed the face of the habitable globe and founded a great religion! Mohammed himself declared, persistently and often, that he would never have been able to achieve success but for his wife Cadijah. This plain, faithful, sensible woman never faltered in the darkest hour, encouraging in weakness and restraining in excess. And when the Arab he taught was accepted by the Arabs all the women threw themselves into it with such energy that nothing could stand before them.

They even organized companies of women soldiers and, leading them into battle, fought with a savage cruelty that might have been expected, but also with a heroism most surprising. And all through the Mohammedan conquest women are prominent; sometimes like unto the Judite of Canaan; sometimes like the beautiful and wicked Ayesha, who came near dividing the armies into hostile camps; sometimes like the savage Henna drinking the blood of the enemies in the faith. It is all wonderful. And, as the Christian woman reads the record, she marvels how it was possible that so much good and evil purpose, so much that is noble and heroic, could have been expended with such energy on a religion that does not tend in any way to exalt womanhood. I have not space to tell of the Chinese woman whose story we glean from legends and glimpses into the histories of their dynasties, while she

herself looks at us out of the past with an impressive silence. Nor to dwell upon the East Indian woman, who, with her seductive charm and romantic, poetical nature, conquered great conquerors and ruled through them.

We pass down the centuries and enter, at last, into our own land to be immediately confronted by a dark-skinned maiden whose name and history are familiar to every school child.

Was there in all this newly discovered country but one Pocahontas? She happened to be the one who fell in love with a white man, and, thus, moved to save from destruction the little white colony, has become immortalized. Whether or not this is to be regarded as a meritorious act on the part of this Indian maiden depends upon the point of view, whether that point be Indian or English. But there is no doubt that she was intelligent and attractive and of a sweet nature—a very lovable creature. If you find a well-molded and decorated vase standing in the midst of crude ugly pottery of a past age, you may be reasonably certain that a further diligent search will reveal similar vases. And so, while Pocahontas may have been somewhat more highly gifted than the other young women of her tribe, she was of their kind and kin and not a solitary figure. There has arisen no Cooper for the Indian woman.

It is probable that the Indian tribes in the east with which the early settlers were familiar were less cultured than those found on the Pacific coast, at a later date. Among these latter women—subject and inferior, of course were of much importance. They had so improved the comforts of existence by quite a range of culinary preparations, clothes and blankets for warmth and various devices for increasing the happiness of their lords, that they had won a position of some dignity and exercised a large and beneficent influence not asserted and probably not publicly acknowledged, but far-reaching in its effects in civilizing their race.

COMPLAINT IS NOT NEW.

Other Ages Have Said "There Is No Time for Leisure."

"Leisure," a woman declared the other day, "is neither a fact nor a possibility—it is scarcely even an ideal. It is a word that in the dictionary should be marked obsolete."

Whether or not the majority of people would agree with her in considering leisure no longer an ideal, it can not be denied that leisure is a rare possession in the first decade of the twentieth century. The common theory seems to be that we have bartered it for telephones and automobiles, for speed and society and business.

Fifty years ago, we say, or a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, life was much simpler and less hurried. Yet, as a matter of fact, a hundred years ago exactly the same complaint was made. It was in 1797 that the famous Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, wrote of that "insatiable love of change—that restlessness, which is, I think, a great and growing evil of the age," and complained that the hours of her young friends were so "engrossed and divided" that there was no time for reading and conversation. Doubtless, could we but look back, we should find the same complaint made in the eighth century as in the eighteenth.

So far from leisure being less possible now than in past years, the average woman, as a recent economic writer has pointed out, never before had so good an opportunity to enjoy it. Gas and electricity, ready-made clothing, prepared foods and numberless household inventions have reduced her work to a fraction of that done by her grandmother. Instead of candle and soap-making, spinning and weaving, salting down the year's meats and making her husband's shirts by hand, she spends hours each week in shopping, amusements, study, fancy work or society, according as inclination and opportunity dictate.

Yet—she has no leisure! After all, is it not frequently because she does not desire leisure so much as she wishes for some other things? The "simple life" is an achievement, not a chance gift, and leisure, to quote another woman's definition, is "merely the art of having time."—Youth's Companion.

The Revolt of Betsy.

Two-score years ago there lived in a Pennsylvania town an ill-mated couple, both as to size and compatibility. The wife was much the larger and stronger, and, in the words of their narrator, "the husband, though a small man, was a nagger and a pesterer." He always provoked the quarrel, and when he went too far his rascally spouse would revolt. She would retaliate with such splendid vigor that the husband would call in the neighbors as arbiters, and when they began to take evidence he would invariably thus explain matters: "I struck Betsy in all pleasantness and she got mad," or "I poured water down Betsy's back in all pleasantness and it made her mad."

Scotsmen Wanted.

Scotsmen are immigrants of the finest quality, and they bring abundant cash in the pockets as well as begin to accumulate cash as soon as they arrive. This is the type of immigrant, Australasia needs, and as both New Zealand and Australia can offer vastly more than Canada, we ought, sooner or later, to see a stream of canny Scotsmen with the hardy bodies, shrewd brains and the well-lined pockets of their race settling in our direction.—Melbourne Life.

SHORT-LIVED PANIC

WHAT QUIETED THE RECENT MONEY DISTURBANCE.

The Fact That Industry and Agriculture Were Solvent; That Labor Was Employed at High Wages; That Production and Consumption Were at High Water Mark.

Nearly all the elements of a fearful financial panic were present and operative in the week ending October 26. Originating in New York city, the home of "high finance"—crooked finance many people call it—the disturbance spread somewhat to other business centers, with the result that a larger number of banks suspended payment and closed their doors than at any time since the dismal free trade period of 1893-'97. True, the banks in difficulties were mostly solvent, but that did not save them from a whirlwind rush of depositors bent upon drawing out their balances. What with the support promptly rendered by the United States treasury department in placing at the disposal of the banks an additional \$25,000,000 of government funds, and the valuable cooperation of a few of the great money kings, the severity of the panic was restricted to five days. Short-lived, but tremendous, while it lasted.

Why was this panic so short-lived? As we have said, nearly all panic-producing elements were present. Practically but one element was absent. That was the element of industrial depression. There was no industrial depression to either cause or aggravate the panic conditions.

All labor was at work, all industry active, all production and consumption at high water mark.

The country was in the midst of protection prosperity; not as in 1893-'97, in the depths of free trade depression.

Bearing upon this question the following is worth quoting from the New York American of October 26, a Democratic newspaper:

"To the wise no word is necessary. Men of knowledge understand full well that the country was never more prosperous, and that a panic in the midst of such unexampled industrial and commercial activity as this nation has recently enjoyed and still enjoys is a grotesque absurdity."

And this, from the New York Press of the same date, a staunch protectionist newspaper:

"Consider the facts: There has been panic. Gambling stakes have been swept from one hand to another. Money has gone from one pocket to another; deposits from one vault to another. Men who had plenty of cash or big bank balances last week have less or none now. But somebody else has the wealth. It is in existence; it is performing much the same function as before.

"Meanwhile, the railroads, whose shares have been dropping, are hauling traffic to their fullest capacity, making bigger earnings than ever before. The factories are turning out their products in vast volume. Just now the farmers alone are selling between \$6,000,000,000 and \$7,000,000,000 of crops—new wealth! The wage earners are getting their pay. They are buying the new products; they are living as they never lived before.

"There is your wealth—from the farm, the forge and the factory. More than ever before. This country was never so rich. If very stock on the market had touched zero yesterday that natural, real increase of wealth from the true source of wealth would have been with us just the same, and if, on the rebound, those stocks had soared, there would have been no more real wealth. Never anywhere in the world was there anything like the wealth of this country to-day—panic or no panic. Therefore the future is one of confidence. The American people are going on to more prosperity."

This is substantially the tone of our best newspapers, Democratic as well as Republican. They all agree that the industrial solvency of the country and its twin brother, the agricultural solvency of the country, combine to produce a prosperity that cannot be wrecked by a mere money panic brought on by frightened bank depositors.

It is absolutely true that protection prosperity has once more shown itself to be panic proof.

Should Study the Tariff.

The tariff will or should be a leading issue in the campaign next year, and Democrats who undertake to enlighten the people should take the pains and trouble to study the tariff schedules and the history of the tariff laws. A knowledge of the subject involves some study, and it does not give much opportunity for oratory of the soaring sort. Perhaps this is why it is so unattractive to those campaign orators who depend on the campaign book for their information, and who if they should meet a well posted man in debate would be at his mercy. Democrats who expect to be among the spell binders next year should begin a study of the tariff question.—Nashville American.

Always a Fake.

Reciprocity was an experiment. It has become a fake. Let us apply the chloroform and then join in one grand, sweet requiescat.—Washington Post.

Reciprocity in competing products never was and never can be anything but a fake and a fraud. It is a fake in the sense that it forces upon each country a larger quantity of the other country's exports than it naturally needs or would normally buy. It is a fraud in that it picks A's pocket for B's benefit. By all means let it be chloroformed and laid away forever.

NO JOY FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

Hard for Them to Find Crumb of Comfort in Recent Elections.

One fact with regard to the recent elections has not been sufficiently remarked, the fact that the Democratic party has nothing on which to congratulate itself in the results, nothing on which to base hope for next year's presidential contest.

Therefore Roger Sullivan, shrewd leader of the Illinois democracy, and men allied with him, have asked Mr. Bryan to step aside and make room for another candidate who may seem more likely to unite the party next year and arouse enthusiasm among voters. Mr. Sullivan and his friends think the present Bryan leadership has not proved successful and believe that Democratic hope lies in finding a new leader. The facts of the late election are somewhat in favor of their argument.

Massachusetts went Republican by 110,000, largely, perhaps, because Democrats were engaged in a bitter factional fight among themselves. Nevertheless, the Democrats lost the state and apparently have no chance to reorganize effectively for next year's battle. Kentucky went Republican, an unusual circumstance, but significant of the state of feeling in the south. New Jersey went Republican, by a larger majority than there was in 1898, when Voorhees was elected governor by 5,500, though McKinley had a plurality of 87,600. Nebraska, where Bryan lives, gave increased Republican majorities. The alliance between the Republicans and Hearst in New York city ended in defeat, but the Republicans carried Brooklyn and more than held their own in the state.

The results throughout the country are not encouraging to Democrats, nor do they give support to the theory that President Roosevelt's popularity is diminishing or that the people are wearying of Republican rule. This is an off year, and experience has shown that off years are generally favorable to Democratic success. But Democrats this year have not succeeded anywhere except in the municipal elections in Cleveland, where party names meant nothing and the battle was fought on exclusively local issues.—Chicago Journal.

FOR "ULTIMATE" FREE TRADE.

Mr. Bryan on Record in Opposition to Protection.

Mr. Bryan must be complimented on his candor rather than his political judgment in respect of one remarkable declaration of his in regard to the tariff. To all intents and purposes he avowed himself in principle a free trader. To quote his exact words: "I have outlived every argument that has ever been made in favor of protection."

Then, obviously, in Mr. Bryan's opinion, protection after all these years of trial has completely discredited itself, and logically has not, so to speak, a leg left to stand on.

That certainly is curious doctrine at this time when even England, moved mainly by the spectacle of the unexampled advance and prosperity of the United States under protection, has shown a strong disposition to break away from free trade and set up an inimitable protective system on the lines of Mr. Chamberlain's proposed imperial Zollverein.

Mr. Bryan's confession of faith as in principle a free trader will find little more favor in the south than did his wildly undemocratic government ownership "break." For in the new south with its young and expanding manufacturing and boundless industrial promise, protectionist sentiment has taken strong root. It is fair to Mr. Bryan to say that he apparently regards free trade as, like government ownership, an ideal of "ultimate" attainment; with tariff revision as the practical and immediate objective.

Unfortunately for Mr. Bryan, the Republican party will not be so obliging as to furnish him with a tariff revision issue. The Republican party means to revise the tariff, and will so declare itself unequivocally in the national platform. But it will revise the tariff with due and scrupulous regard to the conservation of the principle of protection; whereas Mr. Bryan, judging from the assertion quoted above, would have it revised with regard to paving the way for free trade. On that point Mr. Bryan will again find himself at odds with a very large section of his multiform and miscellaneous party.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Secretary Taft's Visits Abroad.

Why should not Secretary Taft visit Paris and London en route home? asks the Washington Star. As we stated the other day, the desire in those two capitals to pay respect to the Ohio statesman is a compliment not only to him but to the American people. So far as congress is concerned he is not pressed for time. Presumably his annual report is in shape, and the Philippine tariff bill, in which he is much interested, will not come up for action for some little while. Let the secretary accept all the invitations issued. We as a nation are on good terms with all the powers, and all that wish to do us honor through greetings to one of our most respected public servants should be allowed the opportunity.

Having boxed the compass of national issues Mr. Bryan is edging around to the old Cleveland doctrine on the tariff. If this fails to arouse Democratic enthusiasm the Nobsaskan may begin to conclude there is some coolness toward himself.

JOKE ON PROFESSOR

UNWITTING VICTIM OF HIS OWN ADVICE.

Pupil Faithfully Followed Instructions and the Result Was Broken Rest for the Unfortunate Music Teacher.

The late Prof. Julius Eichberg, whose violin school was at one time one of the most flourishing institutions of Boston, enjoyed telling the following joke which was innocently played on him by a pupil:

Just before the vacation season he once inquired of a boy how much he intended to practice on his violin during the summer.

"Oh, not very much," replied the youngster.

"Not very much! How is that?"

"Because I want to play and enjoy myself. There are many other boys where we go summers."

"That's very well," answered Eichberg, "but can you not devote one hour a day to your violin?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Half an hour?"

"No, not even that. I have no time. It is too bad, for you will forget everything you have learned."

Eichberg stopped a minute to think and then said:

"What time do you rise mornings when on your vacation?"

"Very early, sir—between five and six."

"Well, that's the best time. Put in half an hour's practice every morning before you go down to breakfast."

The boy promised faithfully to do so, and teacher and pupil parted on the best of terms.

A few weeks later, Eichberg was peacefully slumbering in one of the cool rooms of a fashionable summer hotel, when he and his family reached the night before, when he was most inopportunistly awakened by the furious screeching of a violin just over his head.

"I wonder who the plaguey catgut scraper is at this hour," grumbled he, as he looked at his watch, and was horrified to see that it was not yet six o'clock.

Sleeping late, as was his continental habit, was altogether out of the question for Eichberg that morning, for the outlandish screeching was faithfully kept up just half an hour, and then suddenly ceased.

By that time, however, he had dressed himself, and having come downstairs, was about to enter the dining room for breakfast together with the usual early risers, when he was joyously greeted by a boy with familiar face, who said proudly:

"I follow your advice, professor, and have not missed one morning. Have just put in half an hour's practice."

"I know it," grimly answered Eichberg.

Immediately after breakfast he walked to the desk and asked for another room.

A Home Loving Bird.

Direct evidence of the return of the same individual bird of a migrating species to a particular spot season after season is not easily obtainable, but N. C. Beers believes that he has such evidence concerning a chipping sparrow at Lakewood, N. J., says the Youth's Companion. A few years ago he heard a little bird concealed in the top of a maple uttering a peculiar song which he could not recognize. The next season he heard the same peculiar song in a tree but a few yards from the original point. This time he identified the bird, which seemed to have learned a song of its own. The third year he did not visit Lakewood at the proper season to meet his little friend, but the fourth year he heard and saw it again near the same spot. It appeared always to make its summer home in the trees on an area not more than two acres in extent.

Is the Horse Doomed?

One has only to compare the streets of London, where horses are far more used than here, with those of New York to realize how much we have gained by our increasing use of mechanical motors for our trucks and street cars. The banishment of horses from the city, for any use except park and suburban driving, would make the town as much more comfortable than it is now as the present New York is more comfortable to get about in than London. But Mr. Edison's promises for storage batteries for automobiles have not yet materialized. It might be prudent not to sell your truck horse until your neighbor has used one of the new motors and you can see how it works.

Reasonable.

There is a lawyer of Cleveland whose quick wit is said never to desert him either in the courtroom or elsewhere. Not long ago a client entered his office, and throwing back his coat, exclaimed, irritably:

"Why, sir, your office is as hot as an oven!"

"Why shouldn't it be?" asked the lawyer, smilingly. "It's here that I make my bread."—Harper's Magazine.

No Time for Anything Else.

"So you think his intentions are serious," said the father. "Do you know anything about his habits?"

"Yes," replied the girl's mother; "that's why I think his intentions are serious."

"How do you mean?"

"His principal habits seem to be calling on May and writing to her."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

Third Public Auction

At East Jordan Next Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

The popularity of these Auction Sales is becoming more and more pronounced, particularly among the farmers. Beginning next Thursday a three-day sale will be held and it is a sale for everyone. If you have anything to sell, list it with Manager J. G. Holliday at once. If you want to purchase anything it will be there for you.

A special inducement is being offered out-of-town people to be here on those days. Railroad fares—up to a distance of twenty-five miles—will be refunded as follows: To purchasers of \$10 worth of goods at our stores fare will be paid one way. To purchasers of \$20 worth of goods, fare will be paid both ways. Farmers driving in a distance of ten miles or more will be refunded .50c on ten dollar purchases or \$1.00 on twenty dollar purchases from our stores. Our stores are teeming with Holiday Bargains and this will be an excellent chance to do your shopping and get your transportation back.

The Cement Industry.

The famous cave of "Huck Finn," Mark Twain's immortal hero, has at last fallen before the advance of commercialism.

A large Portland cement manufacturing concern is boring a hole through the spot where "Injun Joe" gathered the dripping water from the stalactites in the roof, and three thousand laborers are reducing to dust those historic walls where Becky Thatcher and Tom Sawyer were lost and wandered together in the darkness.

This thriving cement industry, the most lusty of our infant industries, has grown so vigorously that the country today is dotted with those long tube-like roasting kilns in which Portland cement is produced, and the land is pitted with countless limestone quarries from which the principal raw material is obtained. Fifty-three million dollars is the estimated value of the cement output at the United States in 1906. Fifteen years ago the value of the Portland cement produced in the United States was nearer a half million dollars.

It is now planned to hold a great Exposition of Cement and Allied Products in the Chicago Coliseum, Dec. 17-21. This demonstration is intended to arouse still greater interest in cement as a building material and to educate the public in its use. As the attendance will undoubtedly be great the movement promises to be a great success in accomplishing its purpose.

Old papers sold at this office.

Home-made Sausage and Bologna at Hanson & Steffes.

It was said by a man that EMPEY BROS. were carrying a stock of Iron Beds sufficiently large to supply Northern Michigan.

Having secured a first class watchmaker, Mack, the Jeweler is now prepared to do your Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing just when you want it done.

A good place to trade at Hanson & Steffes.

Our new line of Kitchen Cabinets is here this week. They are very attractive and entirely different from what we have been carrying. Solid Oak. EMPEY BROS. would be glad to show you their immense stock of all kinds.

When winds strike high in fendish glee,

And enters winter with his key Protect yourself, from disease be free; Take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.

To check a cold quickly, get from your drug store some Little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventols. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventols, for they are not only safe, but decidedly effective and prompt. Preventols contain no quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventols will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventols. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventols 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. 500 2 1/2 doz 12 Pharmacy.

THE Electric Theatre PROGRAM

For Tonight, Is Good.

SONG—"When the Harvest Moon Is Shining." By Bert Sheldon.

MOTION PICTURES:

1 COHEN'S BAD TRICK.

2 JUST MARRIED.

Both Interesting and Good.

3 THE FOUNDLINGS.

A Splendid Juvenile Film.

The Wonderful "Passion Play" Begins Dec. 21.

Plan to see it.



Emergency Plumbers

Or plumbers for any occasion, always on the spot when you need us for a repair job in a hurry.

THAT'S WHAT WE ARE.

Entrust your plumbing work to us, either new or repair, and you will get your money's worth in first-class SANITARY PLUMBING.

Geo. H. Spencer.

PISO'S CURE

Children's Coughs and colds cause the little ones needless suffering. With PISO'S CURE in the house serious colds can be prevented and speedily relieved. Pleasant to the taste and free from opiates and harmful ingredients, PISO'S CURE is the one remedy by which all danger from coughs, colds, bronchitis and chest affections can be averted.

COUGHS, COLDS

The Brown Shoe Co's.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES For Women

Have A Reputation.... founded on genuine merit in style and wearing qualities that is hard to equal. At The World's Fair in 1904 they were

AWARDED

Double Grand Prize

which is the most convincing proof of their goodness that we can offer.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES are made in all leathers and all styles.

Ask to See Them.

It will be a pleasure to show them to you.

—For Sale At—

Cudson's Shoe Store.

SUPERNAW BROS.

Horse Blankets And Robes.

Now is the time to purchase your Horse Blankets and this place is where you can get a better and cheaper article than anywhere else in this section. We have anticipated your wants and our stock is complete in every detail. It's a pleasure to show them, whether you purchase or not.

Harness.

The harness for your horse is like a suit of clothes for your body. If you are fastidious we can suit you; if you feel that economy must be practiced we are just as willing to help you. No matter what your demands, they can be satisfied here.

Curry Combs and Brushes.

Supernaw Bros.

E. A. LEWIS

Fresh Goods Every Week

And none but the Best Brands in All Lines.

Teas and Coffees, Breakfast Foods, Flour, Buckwheat, Corn and Maple Syrup, Cookies, Confectionery and Fruit.

JUST RECEIVED—A Fine Line CROCKERY. Orders Promptly Filled and Delivered. Phone 168.

Lemieux & Lancaster

GENERAL Blacksmithing and Carriage Work. HORSE SHOING a Specialty. All Work Guaranteed. Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited. State St., East Jordan.

IT PAYS OTHERS TO TRADE AT..... IT WILL PAY YOU

Votruba's Cash Store

Give Us a Trial. THE J. J. VOTRUBA CO.

Christmas Time Is Almost Here.

Christmas with its message of Peace to All, of Good Will to Men, and Commemoration of Man's Divine Gift.

What Shall We Select for Gifts?

We are dealers in almost everything; carry an exceptionally well-selected line in every department, and you will find no trouble here in getting what you are looking for—in fact your principal difficulty will be, with so many beautiful and useful articles, all at reasonable prices, to decide WHICH TO TAKE.

- BEAUTIFUL FURS are the most acceptable gifts for most ladies.
- LADIES' SILK WAISTS for Christmas combine utility with beauty.
- LADIES' BELTS for wife, sister or daughter.
- MANICURE SETS for your sister or brother.
- HANDKERCHIEFS in Plenty at 5c to \$1.50 are ever popular.
- FINE UMBRELLAS are suitable for either ladies or gentlemen.
- LADIES' LACE PINS are beautiful for Christmas gifts.
- ELEGANT RUGS make nice presents for mother, or the family.
- NICE SEWING MACHINE;—the "White," of course, is the best for the family.
- GENTLEMEN'S FUR CAPS at \$3.50 to \$20, make superb gifts.
- NICE WARM SLIPPERS for Grandpa or Grandma will be appreciated.
- FANCY PINS AND COMBS for ladies' wear, are always in season.
- GLOVES and MITTENS.—Fine Kid Gloves, and Fur Gloves and Mittens at \$1.75 to \$5.50. Some very nice goods in this line.
- FANCY WORKBOXES are just right for the young ladies.
- HAND PAINTED CHINA will make happy its recipient at Christmas time.
- FINE STATIONERY is not expensive, and always suitable for Christmas.
- LADIES' and GENTS' COLLARS in endless variety, all ready to wear, at 25c to 50c, are nice presents for anyone.
- LADIES' HAND BAGS make very acceptable Christmas gifts.
- MUFFLERS! An elegant line of these in Silk, Wool and Phoenix knit. Make fine Christmas gifts.
- BUFFET COVERS will be a pleasing gift for your wife.
- DOYLIES, ETC., ETC. are always acceptable with your lady friends.
- LUNCH AND TRAY CLOTHS are nice presents for housekeepers.
- FINE TABLE LINEN in beautiful patterns and at reasonable prices: makes a fine Christmas gift for Mother or the family.



- FINE BRUSHES are just right for your friend.
- TOILET SETS are ever acceptable gifts at Christmas.
- GENTS' SHAVING SETS for the young man with the budding moustache, are "It."
- STORY BOOKS; PICTURE BOOKS are suitable for young or old.
- TEDDY BEARS for Christmas will please the little ones better than any other toy made. Don't overlook them now.
- DOLLS! DOLLS!! DOLLS!!! Indispensable to the happiness of the little girl, especially at the Christmas season.
- THE CHRISTMAS DINNER must not be forgotten, and our Grocery Dept. will furnish you the best there is in the market for that part.

YOURS FOR GOOD GOODS EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Briefs of the Week

Free Auction Next Week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Miles a daughter, last Saturday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Malpass a daughter, Thursday.

Mack, the Jeweler has a large stock of Cut Glass, at especially low prices.

Turn out to the Basket Ball Game at Loveday Opera House this Saturday evening.

Wanted:—Living rooms for a couple with one child. Apply at the Electric Theatre for particulars.

C. H. Pray, of Mancelona was here the past week making arrangements to open a dentistry office over the postoffice this coming month.

Board of Trade meeting this Saturday afternoon to talk over the pickle salting station project. Farmers are especially requested to be present.

County Truant Officer Bashaw had a warrant issued Wednesday against Henry McClanaghan of Marion township for not sending his 13 year old son to school.

The reserved seat sale for Gorman & Ford's productions at Loveday House during the week of Dec. 23rd will be at Electric Light Office beginning next Thursday, when tickets will be out for Monday night's bill.

Basket-Ball this Saturday evening.

Orzo McIntyre was over to Bellaire Tuesday.

Best Nickel Plated Ware at Mack's, at lowest prices.

Mrs. H. C. Swafford has been quite ill the past week.

Mrs. A. E. Cross is suffering from an attack of pneumonia.

W. P. Porter was a Grand Rapids visitor first of the week.

Third Free Public Auction next Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Dole were guests of Bellaire relatives, over Sunday.

E. C. Plank left Thursday on a two days trip to Wolverine and Cheboygan.

Oneida Community, best 12 Dwt. Knives and Forks 12 pieces, \$3.00 at Mack's Jewelry Store.

Mrs. W. A. Loveday with two sons left Wednesday for Lansing for a visit with friends and relatives.

The fine chorus choir at the Presbyterian church is proving quite an attraction at that house of worship.

The pastors of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches exchanged pupils last Sabbath and were each greeted by good-sized congregations.

Free Public Auction Saturday Dec. 21st.

Hugo Guerner, home from Traverse City.

Read Mack the Jeweler's ad on this page.

Atty A. B. Nicholas was a Bellaire visitor, Monday.

J. G. Blake was up from Mancelona first of the week.

Miss Jennie Glenn was a Petoskey visitor last week.

VORRUBA'S Cash Store for Christmas Candy and Nuts.

Misses Flora and Esther Porter were among the sick this week.

Just received, a fine bunch of Push Button Morris, Chairs and Rockers at WHITTINGTON'S.

Rev. W. W. Lamport will preach at the Bennett school house Sunday afternoon. Services at 2:30 promptly.

The Boston Store has received a fine line of premiums and requests all those holding coupons to kindly bring them in.

With every 10c worth of Rub-n-more soap we give one package of washing powder (free) at SHERMAN'S MARKET.

Services at the Methodist church at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Epworth League meeting at 6: p. m. A cordial invitation to all.

GENTLEMEN: You are invited to inspect the line of Xmas gifts for mother, wife, and sweetheart at B. C. Hubbard and Co's.

The line of Rockers that can be seen at EMPEY BROS. is certainly a sight. There is where you have a Mammoth Stock to select from.

You are heartily invited to attend divine worship in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, morning at 10:30, evening at 7:00, also you are welcome to Sunday school at 11:45 and to the meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:15.

The Epworth League gave a pleasant reception at the church Friday night to the fifty or so new members recently received. The defeated side in the contest was responsible for the entertainment which contained some rather unique features.

The sum of \$50,000 is expended in New York city every night for electric light advertising purposes; this big amount of money is declared to earn good profit for the owners of the incandescent designs that are seen everywhere in New York. This is only an example of the extensive uses of electric lights for advertising in every large city.—December System.

The Boyne City State Bank is to become a national bank. The new bank will be known as the First National Bank of Boyne City. Permission from the authorities in Washington has been secured and as soon as the requisite legal action can be completed the new national bank will be open for business. The capital of the new bank will be \$50,000.

The Methodist Sunday School is preparing for a happy celebration of Christmas and the children are anticipating the event with customary pleasure.

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The P. L. A. Society will serve a chicken pie supper on Wednesday evening, Dec. 18th, beginning at 5 p. m. A fine line of fancy article will be on sale also candy and popcorn. Don't forget the date and for the place the ladies have engaged the building of Mrs. E. Newson, on Main street, lately the Exchange Hotel, which is central and convenient. Everybody should come.

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We have a large stock of Cranberries.

He came often and early and stayed too late. Recently as the clock struck eleven, she asked him if he knew how to take eleven ciphers and make twenty three out of them. He didn't so she told him to put down eleven ciphers in a straight line, then to draw a perpendicular line about half an inch long down from the right side of the first, fifth and tenth, and up from the right side of the fourth, seventh and eighth. He read the result—and vanished.

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Read Mack, the Jeweler's ad. on this page. We save you money on all cash deals made at Hanson & Steffes.

3 pounds Candy and Peanuts mixed for 25c at J. J. VORRUBA'S Cash Store.

Mack the Jeweler has a large stock of Cut Glass and will surprise you at the low prices.

A dandy Christmas Gift, a Push Button Morris Chair or Rocker at WHITTINGTON'S.

We are receiving a large assortment of Confectionary, Nuts and Fruits for the Holiday trade.

A fine line furs, scarfs, purses, belts and handkerchiefs to be seen at B. C. Hubbard and Co. Call and look them over.

Empey Bros. have certainly got a fine line of carpets. They have something new in the way of fibre Matting. Just spend a few minutes in looking over their stock.

Get your glass from the W. E. MALPASS HDWR CO.

This is the season of decay and weakened vitality; good health is hard to retain. If you'd retain yours, fortify your system with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the surest way. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

Our Canned Goods are all fresh.

Peninsula Grange Officers

At their regular meeting last Saturday evening, Peninsula Grange No. 706 elected the following officers for the coming year:

Master—Martin Ruhling.
Overseer—Martin Staley.
Lecturer—Irena Gunsolus.
Steward—John Miller.
Asst. Steward—Clifton Heller.
Chaplain—Ola Heller.
Treasurer—Fred Heller.
Secretary—Eugene Adams.
Assistant Secretary—Eva Heller.
Gate Keeper—Moses Lalonde.
Ceres—Hattie Gunsolus.
Pomona—Winifred Cliffe.
Flora—Mary Gunsolus.
L. A. Steward—Maude Price.
Organist—Eva Heller.

L. O. T. M. Officers.

Soronian Hive No. 452 elected the following officers for ensuing year at their regular meeting last Monday evening:

Commander—Mary Smith.
Past Commander—Eva Keuny.
Lieut. Commander—Kittie Munroe.
Record Keeper—Lottie Kime.
Finance Keeper—Elva Barrie.
Chaplain—Alice Gibbons.
Sergeant—Alice Kimball.
Mistress at Arms—Estelita Sherman.
Sentinel—Anna Kimball.
Picket—Lillian Brabant.
Pianist—Nelle Seymour.

Christmas Is Coming

And in our large store you will find a great many presents to make your dear ones happy. We could suggest a great many things, but the space is too small. In our

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

You will find useful, as well as ornamental presents from a 5c handkerchief to a Coat or Fur.

CLOTHING

A Suit of Clothes for young and old will be just the thing.

SHOES and SLIPPERS

For Men, Women and Children, in all sizes, will make useful presents.

A visit to our store will help you in selecting your Xmas presents.



L. WIESMAN.

Your Holiday Purchases

Are not complete without a supply of Edibles.

We have anticipated your every want and back our goods with the guarantee that they are Fresh and Wholesome.



SPECIALS:

In 5 pound lots assorted, we make these prices:

PINEAPPLE FUDGE, 20c lb.
PEANUT BAR, 15c lb.
PEANUT CRISP, 18c lb.
MIXED CANDY, 10c lb.
CREAM CANDY, 15c lb.
WALNUTS, New Stock, 20c lb.
PEANUTS, Roasted 12c lb.

G. L. SHERMAN & SON.

Special Prices made to cash customers at Hanson & Steffes.
Cut Glass at lowest possible price at Mack's Jewelry Store.
Wanted. Men to advertise and distribute our sample Mail Order Merchandise Catalogues, \$90 per month. Address: Unity Supply Co., Dept. P, Chicago, Ill.

Everything delivered at Hanson & Steffes.

An Ideal Laxative.
Phytol and Cathartine which purge, unload the bowels, and give temporary relief, but irritate, and weaken the digestive and expulsive organs. Laxative Iron-ox Tablets are as different in effect as truth is from falsehood. They nourish the bowel muscles and nerves, giving them strength and vigor to do the work nature intended, thus effecting a permanent cure by perfectly safe and natural means. The best laxative for children. Chocolate coated tablets, easy to take, never grip or nauseate. 10c, 25c and \$1.00 at all drug stores.

SANTA CLAUS

couldn't do a wiser thing than to put a Savings Bank book, showing a deposit of a few dollars, in every youngster's stocking—

It's an Xmas gift that will increase in value every year—

We pay 3½ per cent interest on Savings Accounts

State Bank of East Jordan

CAPITAL, \$20,000.00. SURPLUS, \$7,000.00.

OFFICERS and DIRECTORS:

W. E. French, President. A. H. Frost, M. H. Robertson, Vice Pres.
W. P. Porter, Geo. G. Glenn, Cashier.

Something unusually good for the prices charged can be depended on for the attractions offered at Loveday Opera House every night for one week beginning Dec. 23rd. Be sure to see the first night's bill on Monday the 23rd.

Among the new corporations filing articles of incorporation at Lansing last week were the East Jordan Iron Company, with a capitalization of \$300,000 and the East Jordan Land and Improvement Company with a capital of \$10,000.

The Methodist Ladies Aid Society will meet at the home of Mrs. L. S. Matthews on Wednesday, Dec. 18th, at 2:30. Arrangements are being made for the conveyance of the ladies. Mrs. Florence Swafford has charge of the program for the afternoon. Visitors welcome.

Earl Falkenberg, aged 22 years old, committed suicide near Boyne Falls last Thursday night by taking a dose of carbolic acid. The young man was a good spender and was badly involved. When his creditors began to press him he became despondent. His home was near Boyne City.

Vernon Payton, son of county treasurer D. S. Payton, in Detroit last week, passed his examination as assistant pharmacist. He came within 1½ points of passing as pharmacist, but it would have availed him nothing, as he lacks two years of twenty-one years old, which is requisite for that grade.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

The Christian Endeavor Society will be pleased to fill orders for homemade Christmas candy. To accommodate those who might wish to send some to friends outside of town, they will pack some in pretty boxes ready for delivery the Saturday and Monday before Christmas. Leave orders for the various kinds with Miss Agnes Porter at the E. J. L. Co's store, Malpass Hardware or Lewis Grocery.

The clothing store of Max Lichtenstein in Central Lake closed its doors Monday morning. His liabilities are about \$21,000, with about \$6,000 assets. Mr. Lichtenstein had been in business in Central Lake a number of years and at one time was considered on the road to financial success, but for some reason his liabilities had not been met recently, with the above result. The firms whom he owed are taking an inventory this week, and will divide between them what was once a magnificent stock.

The Methodist Sunday School is preparing for a happy celebration of Christmas and the children are anticipating the event with customary pleasure.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT MACK'S.

A carefully selected stock of Holiday Goods, embracing many articles suitable for Holiday Presents, and at Prices within your reach. Our stock consists of

Jewelry.

Complete Stock. Every piece Guaranteed.

Watches, \$1 to \$40

Every Watch Guaranteed.

Rings, 75 cts. to \$100

ALL SOLID GOLD.

A Large Assortment

Of Bracelets, Locketts, Chains, Fobs, Brooches, Hat Pins, Cuff Buttons, Stick Pins, Etc., Etc.

No Trouble to show Goods. Will be pleased to have you call and examine our Prices and Stock.

ENGRAVING FREE.



Silverware.

Roger Bros.' 1847

Best 12 Dwt.

Knives & Forks, \$3.60

Twelve Pieces.

Oneida Community

Best 12 Dwt.

KNIVES and FORKS \$3.60

All Spoons, same make, at correspondingly low prices.

Cut Glass

The Finest Line ever shown in East Jordan.

Nickel Plated Ware

Best and Cheapest to be found in this section.

C. C. Mack, - - the Jeweler.

Main Street, East Jordan, Mich.

The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MURIN
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods, is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of the officers occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same camp. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one-wooded friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc and escapes with her in a canoe.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

One, two, five minutes elapsed, and then a sudden suspicion of something wrong came to Old Cy, and, followed by Ray, he hurried to the landing. One pall of water stood on the float, both their canoes were adrift on the lake, and as Old Cy looked out, there, heading for the outlet, was a canoe!

One swift glance and, "My God, he's got Chip!" told the story, and with face fierce in anger, he darted back, grasped his rifle, and returned.

The canoe, its paddler bending low as he forced it into almost jeaps, was scarce two lengths from the outlet.

Old Cy raised his rifle, then lowered it.

Chip was in that canoe! His avenging shot was stayed.

And now Old Tomah leaped down the path, rifle in hand.

One look at the vanishing canoe, and his own, floating out upon the lake, told him the tale, and without a word he turned and, plunging into the undergrowth, leaping like a deer over rock and chasm, vanished at the top of the ridge.

CHAPTER IX.

While Chip, bound, gagged and helpless in the half-breed's canoe, was just entering the alder-choked outlet of this lake, 20 miles below and close to where the stream entered another lake, four men were launching their canoes.

"It was here," Martin was saying to Officer Hersey, "one moonlight night a year ago, that a friend of mine and myself saw a spectral man astride a log, just entering that bed of reeds, as I told you. Who or what it was, we could not guess; but as that spook canoeist went up this stream, we followed, and discovered our hermit's home."

"Night-time and moonshine play queer pranks with our imagination," Hersey responded. "I'm not a whit superstitious, and yet I've many a time seen what I thought to be a hunter creeping along the lake shore at night, and I once came near plugging a fat man in a shadowy glen. I was up on a cliff watching down into it, the day was cloudy, and 'way below I saw what I was sure was a bear crawling along the bank of the stream. I had my rifle raised, and was only waiting for a better sight, when up rose the bear and I saw a human face. For a moment it made me faint, and since then I make doubly sure before shooting at any object in the woods."

And now these four men, Levi wielding the stern paddle of Martin's canoe, and Hersey's deputy that of his, entered the broad, winding stream. The tall spruce-tops meeting darkened its currentless course, long filaments of white moss depended from every limb and as they twisted and turned up this somber highway, the air grew stifling. Not a breeze, not a sound, disturbed the solemn silence, and except for the swish of paddles and faint thud as they touched gunwales, the fall of a leaf might have been heard. So dense was this dark, silent forest, and so forbidding its effect, that for an hour no one scarce spoke, and even when the two canoes finally drew together, converse came in whispers. Another hour of steady progress, and then the banks began to outline themselves ahead, the moss opened more, a sign of current was met, and the sun lit up their pathway.

By now the spectral beard had vanished from the trees, white-cloaks were reflected from the still waters, and the gleam of sandy bottom was seen below. The birds, inspired perhaps by the absence of gloom, also added their cheering notes. Nature was smiling once more, and not a hint or even intuition of the fast-nearing tragedy met those men.

And then, as a broad, eddying bend in the stream held their canoes, by tacit consent a halt was made.

Martin, his paddle crossed on the thwart in front, dipped a cup of the cool, sweet water and drank. Levi wiped the sweat from his face, and Hersey also quenched his thirst. The day was hot. They had paddled ten miles. There was no hurry, and as pipes were drawn forth and filled, conversation began. But just at this moment Levi's ears, ever alert, caught the faint sound of a paddle striking a canoe gunwale. Not as usual, in an intermittent fashion, as would be the

case with a skilled canoeist, but a steady, rhythmic thud.

"Hist," he said, and silence fell upon the group. And now, from far ahead, came the steady tap, tap, tap. It soon increased, and then it assured those waiting, listening men that some canoe was being urged down stream.

Without a word they glanced at one another, and then, as if an intuition came to both at the same time, Martin and Hersey reached for their rifles.

On and on came the steady thump, thump. And then, as those stern-faced, watching, listening men, rifles in hand, at most side-by-side, waited there, out from behind this bend shot a canoe.

"My God, it's Pete Bolduc! Look out!" almost yelled Levi, and "Halt! Surrender!" from Hersey, as two rifles were leveled at the oncomer. Then one instant's sight of a red and scarred face, a quick reach for a rifle, a splash of water, an overturned canoe and with a curse the astonished half-breed dived into the undergrowth.

Two rifles spoke almost at the same instant from the waiting canoes, one answered from out the thicket. A thrashing, struggling something in the filled canoe next caught all eyes, and Levi, leaping into the waist-deep stream, grasped and lifted a dripping form.

It was Chip.

And then came another surprise; for down a sloping, thick-grown hillside, something was heard thrashing, and



"I Want a Good Square Talk with Ye, My Boy."

soon Old Tomah, his clothing in shreds, his face bleeding, appeared to view.

Calculating to a nicety where he could best intercept and head off the escaping half-breed, he had crossed four miles of pathless undergrowth in less than an hour, and reached the stream at the nearest point after it left the lake.

How Chip, still sobbing from the awful agony of mind, and dripping water as well, greeted Old Tomah, how Hersey, chagrined at the escape of the half-breed, gave vent to muttered curses; how Martin joined them in thought; and how they all gathered around Chip and listened to her tale of horror, are but minor features of the episode, and not worth the telling.

When all was said and done, Old Tomah, grim and silent as ever, although he had done what no white man could do or would try to do, washed his bloody face in the stream, drank his fill of the cool water, and lifting Pete's half-filled canoe as easily as if it were a shingle, tipped it, turned the water out, and set it on the sloping bank.

"Me take you back and watch you now," he said to Chip. "You no get caught again."

And thus conveyed, poor Chip, willing to clasp and caress the feet or legs of any or all of those men, and more grateful than any dog ever was for a carcass, was escorted back to the lake.

All those waiting at the cabin were at the landing when the rescuers arrived. Angie, her eyes brimming, first embraced and then kissed the girl. Ray would have felt it a proud privilege to have carried her to the cabin, and Old Cy's wrinkled face showed

more joy than ever gladdened it in all his life before.

Somehow this hapless wail had grown dearer to them all than she or they understood.

There was also feasting and rejoicing that night at Martin's wildwood home, and mingled with it all an off-moore, shadowy forms and the mysticism of the wilderness were more to be repeated tale.

Old Cy told one end of it in his droll way, Martin related the other, and Chip filled up the interim. Levi had his say, and Hersey supplied more or less—mostly more—of this half-breed's history.

Old Tomah, however, said nothing. To him, who lived in the past of a by-gone race which looked upon lumbermen as devastating vandals ever eating into its kingdom, and whose thoughts were upon the happy hunting-grounds soon to be entered, this half-breed's lust and cunning were as the fall of the leaf. Were it needful he would, as he had, plunge through bramble and briar and leap over rock and chasm to rescue his big pappoose, but now that she was safe again, he lapsed into his stoical reserve once his taste than all the paths of human life; and while his eyes kindled at Chip's smile, his thoughts were following some storm or tempest sweeping over a vast wilderness, or the rush and roar of the great white spectre.

"Chip is good girl," he said to Angie the next morning, "and white lady love her. Tomah's heart is like squaw heart, too; but he go away and forget. White lady must not forget," and with that mixture of tenderness and stoicism he strode away, and the last seen of him was when he entered the outlet without once looking back at the cabin where his "big pappoose" was kept.

More serious, however, were the facts Martin and Hersey now had to consider, and a council of war, as it were, was now held with Levi, Old Cy and the deputy as advisers.

What the half-breed would now do, and in what way they could now capture him were, of course, discussed, and as usual in such cases, it was of no avail, because they were dealing

and late in the afternoon watching from wide apart outlooks on the ridge. They made long jaunts up the brook valley where the smoke sign had been seen, they found where this half-breed had built a fire here, and later another lair, a mile from the cabins and in this ridge. Long detours they made in other directions. Old Tomah's trail in the forest was crossed; but neither in forest nor on lake shore were any recent footprints of the half-breed found. Old ones were discovered in plenty. An almost beaten trail led from his lair in the ridge to a crevasse back of the cabins, but to one well versed in wood tracks, it was easy to tell how old these tracks were.

A freshly made trail in the forest bears unmistakable evidence of its date, and no woodwise man ever confounds a two or three days' old one with it. One footprint may not determine this occult fact; but followed to where the moss is spongy or the earth moist, a matter of hours, even, can be decided.

A week of this watchfulness, with no sign of their enemy's return, not even to within the circuit patrolled time and again, began to relieve suspense and awaken curiosity. They had been so sure, especially Martin, that he would come back for revenge, that now it was hard to account for his not doing so.

"My idee is he got so skeered at them two shots," Old Cy asserted, "he hain't stopped runnin' yet." And then the old man chuckled at the ludicrous picture of this pernicious "varmint" scampering through a wilderness from fright.

But Old Cy was wrong. It was not fear that saved them from a prompt visitation from this half-breed, but lack of means of defense. The one shot remaining in his rifle at the moment of meeting had been sent on its vengeful errand, all the rest of his ammunition was in his canoe, and now on the bottom of the stream. Being thus crippled for means to act, the only course left to him was a return to his cabin 75 miles away, with only a hunting-knife to sustain life with.

He lived to reach his hut on the Fox Hole, and from that moment on, this wilderness held an implacable enemy of McGuire's, sworn to kill him, first of all.

CHAPTER X.

For two weeks the little party at Birch Camp first watched and then began to enjoy themselves once more. September had come, the first tint of autumn colored every patch of hardwood, a mellow haze softened the outline of each green-clad hill and mountain, the sun rose red and sailed an unclouded course each day, and gentle breezes rippled the lake. The forest, the sky, the air and earth, all seemed in harmonious mood, and the one discordant note, fear of this half-breed, slowly vanished.

Chip resumed her hour of study each day, a little fishing and hunting was indulged in by Martin and the two officers; wild ducks, partridges, deer, and trout supplied their table; each evening all gathered about the open fire in Martin's new cabin, and while the older people chatted, Ray took his banjo or whispered with Chip.

These two, quite unguessed by Angie, had become almost lovers, and as it was understood Chip was to be taken to Greenville, all that wonder-world to her, had been described by Ray many times. He also outlined many little plans for sloth rides, skating on the mill pond, and dances which he and she were to enjoy together.

His own future and livelihood were a little hazy to him. These matters do not impress a youth of 18; but of one thing he felt sure,—that Chip with her rosy face and black eyes, always tender to him, was to be his future companion in all pleasures. It was love among the spruce trees, a summer idyl made tender by the dangers interrupting it, and hidden from all eyes except Old Cy's, who was these young friends' favorite.

But these days of mingled romance and tragic happenings, of shooting, fishing, story-telling and wildwood life were nearing their end, and one evening Martin announced that on the morrow they would pack their belongings and, escorted by the officers, leave the wilderness.

The next morning Old Cy took Ray aside.

"I want a good square talk with ye, my boy," he said, "an' I'm goin' to do ye a good turn if I kin. Now to begin, I s'pose ye know yer aunt's goin' to take Chip to Greenville 'n' gin her a chance at the schoolin' she sartly needs. Now yer callatin' to go long 'n' have a heap o' fun this winter. I'm goin' to stay here 'n' keer for Amzi. This is the situation 'bout as it is. Now ye hev got yer eddication, 'n' the next move is to make yer way in the world 'n' arrn suthin', an' ez a starter, I want ye to stay here this winter with me 'n' trap. The woods round here is jist bristlin' with spruce gum that is worth a dollar-fifty a pound, easy. We've got two months now. 'ere snow gits deep. We kin live on the top shelf in the way o' fish 'n' game. We'll catch a bar and pickle his meat 'n' smoke his hams, and when spring comes, I'll take ye out with mebbe five hundred dollars' worth of furs 'n' gum ez a beginnin'."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRAGIC NINE OF DIAMONDS.

Carefully preserved at Stairs castle, the Aberdeenshire seat of the earl of Erroll, is a single playing card which recalls a never to be forgotten tragedy. It is the nine of diamonds (hence called to this day "the curse of Scotland"), on which the duke of Cumberland wrote his order for the butchery of the brave Highlanders who were taken prisoners at the fatal battle of Cullod.

DICK AND JACK

By FRANCES E. SCHNEIDER

(Copyright.)

My sister Marian and I were alone in the world, our parents having died within a few months of each other, when Marian was quite a child and I a lad little more than 20.

After graduating from university, I studied law, and at the time of which I write—thanks to an unusual amount of influence, my dear father's name enabled me to command, and my own dogged perseverance—was fast acquiring a large clientele and quite an enviable reputation.

It was toward the end of the second summer after her return that we first became acquainted with Dick. He came in one evening with our friend and neighbor, George Morris, who had several times expressed a desire to introduce him to us.

An unusually handsome fellow he was, with strong, well knit figure and pleasant, if somewhat restless dark eyes; and though, as we came to know him better, he developed some strange but rather irritating eccentricities of character, he was in the main true hearted and generous spirited.

From the first evening of their acquaintance, his admiration for my beautiful sister was apparent; and he soon became one of our most frequent and welcome visitors.

Of Dick's antecedents I knew nothing then. He never spoke of his past, and what knowledge I have of his life before we knew him, came to me long afterward unsought. On one occasion I confess my curiosity was aroused, and I most sincerely wished he could have been more communicative about himself.

I have said that Dick possessed some irritating and singular traits of character. One of them was a most violent antipathy to cats—an antipathy so intense and morbid, that it seemed an instinct, and was beyond his control.

It was but a week before the end, when, one afternoon, having taken a longer tramp than usual (we were fond of walking and many a many a mile have we trudged together), and feeling rather tired of the glare and brightness of the hot June day, we were beginning to long, intensely for a drink of water and a cool place to rest. We looked for a spring, but could find none. Our search brought us to a little cottage nestled among some maples and almost covered with honeysuckles. The very place for a tired man to rest, and be refreshed.

"We will go in here and ask for some water," I suggested, and Dick offering no objections, I knocked at the door. It was quickly opened by a kindly smiling old woman, who, when she heard what we wanted, hospitably ushered us in to the darkened parlor and bade us be seated until she returned with some refreshments.

Dick threw himself on the sofa, while I seated myself at the open window. Presently from the next room, whither she had gone, presumably to prepare the promised repast, we heard our kind old hostess say: "Pussy, pussy."

"Meow," came plaintively from the other room; and before I could interpose Dick sprang madly through the half open door. There was a shriek, an agonized cry, and as I reached the doorway I saw Dick, now utterly beside himself with passion, fling a cat's lifeless body from him and, in spite of the angry remonstrance of the old woman, and my own stern and indignant protests, take from a box nearby a kitten, and mercilessly kill it before our eyes. All this was done in an instant. My feelings of horror and regret at this exhibition of ungovernable passion, as well as for the poor old woman's evident grief at the loss of her pet, baffles description. Overcome by anger and indignation at his conduct, I sprang upon Dick. Grasping him by the throat, I cried, "You brute!" and struck him—struck him twice. He offered no resistance, but stood looking at me with an expression of mingled reproach, sadness and shame. Then he hurriedly left the house.

We buried the well beloved cat and its kitten under a grapevine in the garden. I dug the grave, and at the poor old lady's request left a little mound to mark the spot. This ceremony completed, I walked sadly home, pondering on the strange infatuation of my friend Dick.

As I neared the house I saw Marian seated on the piazza, looking cool and lovely in her white dress. "Back again, Roger?" she cried. "Where's Dick? He went with you, didn't he?"

Then I told her what had happened. "The brute!" she exclaimed with flashing eyes. "He shall never enter the house again!"

"There is so much that is lovable and generous in Dick's nature," I said; "let us try to overlook this one fault, shall we not?"

She did not reply at once, but sat looking at the far-away sea with an anxious expression in her eyes. "Well, we will try," she said at last. "But come in and have some tea; you must be hungry after your long tramp. I have a surprise for you, too; Mabel is here."

"Mabel here!" I cried, forgetting my weariness. "When did she come?" "She drove over early in the afternoon; and Jack came with her. We

tried to make him stay, because we knew you'd want to see him; but he was in an awful hurry and wouldn't stop a moment."

Mabel here and Jack gone; this was perfectly satisfactory to me. I loved Mabel Cleveland, and meant to tell her so soon, and I disliked Jack; though in my heart I knew there was no cause for jealousy where he was concerned.

We had a merry evening, Marian, Mabel and myself. I drove Mabel home by moonlight, a pleasure which was more than sufficient to banish from my mind the miserable occurrences of the day.

I had arranged to take a holiday next day and, according to a previous agreement, Marian and I were to drive out to Mabel's home and, taking her up, go on to Silver Lake, a favorite haunt and picnic ground of ours, where we meant to lunch and spend the day.

Early the next morning the dogcart



"—and Oh, Roger, He Has Killed Jack—"

was at the door. I had just helped Marian in, and was about to follow, when Dick appeared.

"Well," I laughed, "I suppose you want to be asked to join us. Come on, old fellow, plenty of room."

Arrived at Cleveland's, we found that Mabel had walked on half an hour before, leaving word that we should find her at the lake.

"I wonder if Jack went with her?" said Marian, as we drove away. "I shouldn't be surprised," I answered. "You and Dick go and find Mabel; I will follow when I have unharnessed Dolly."

Dolly was in a frisky and unmanageable mood that morning; even our long fast drive had not calmed her, and I had considerable difficulty in getting her quieted down; so that it was much longer than I expected before I set out after Dick and Marian.

I had scarcely turned into the little path which they had taken when Marian came rushing toward me, pale, breathless and agonized.

"Roger, Roger," she gasped, "come quick—Dick—"

"What in heaven's name is the matter, Marian?" I asked, and took her by the arm to steady her. "Dick is wounded—perhaps dead—and oh, Roger, he has killed Jack—"

"Are you mad, Marian!" I exclaimed—"killed Jack!"

"Yes," she replied, "but hurry, hurry—we were already running along the narrow path—'we met Mabel,' she went on rapidly. 'Jack was with her. I spoke to him just as I always do; but something seemed to annoy Dick, and he only growled a greeting—Roger, I am afraid he was—was jealous. Of course Mabel and I did what we could to smooth things over, and presently they fell behind. We were talking and had almost forgotten them when suddenly we heard a dreadful cry—we hurried back as quickly as we could, and came upon—oh, Roger, I can't tell it—Dick and Jack—they were struggling on the ground. Dick had Jack by the throat and was choking him—choking him to—death; and there was a terrible wound in Dick's throat. We tried to separate them, but it was too late—Jack fell back—dead—and Dick staggered toward me and then—"

At this moment we reached the scene of the tragedy. Mabel knelt beside the body of Jack, her face buried in her hands. At a little distance lay Dick, apparently lifeless.

WESTERN CANADA A WINNER

THE CROP OF 1907 IS AN EXCELLENT ONE.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta Farmers Doing Well.

The interest that Western Canada has aroused for the years past is growing in intensity. The conditions of the crop of 1907 are such that results can be spoken of with some degree of certainty. The yield of grain will be about 80,000,000 bushels and the price the farmers will realize for it will be upwards of seventy million dollars. The oat crop was good in most places, and the crop of barley will be very remunerative. Those who know of the generally unsatisfactory conditions during the seeding, growing and ripening period in the United States during the past season, will look with righteous distrust on any statement intended to give the impression that Western Canada conditions were so much different. Generally, they were not, but the conditions of a highly recuperative soil, long and continuous sunshine, are conditions possessed by Western Canada and not possessed by any other country on the continent. This is why it is possible to record today a fairly successful crop, when in most other places the opposite is the case. The yield in all grains is less than last year, but the higher prices obtained more than offset any falling off in the yield. Thus for instance the Province of Saskatchewan the wheat crop will be worth \$21,135,000. Last year the same crop was 35 per cent. larger and the quality better. The yield was worth \$24,000,000. Oats and barley are very important factors in all three central provinces. At Gladstone, Manitoba, returns from one farm were \$27 per acre from the wheat land, \$35 per acre from oats, and \$30 per acre from barley. The yield of wheat at Dauphin, Manitoba, was 20 to 24 bushels to the acre but not of a very good grade, but the yield of barley in that section was good and so was the quality and price. At Meadow Lea, Manitoba, 15 to 20 bushels to the acre were thrashed, bringing a round dollar on the market. At Oak Lake, Manitoba, on some fields where 21 bushels were expected, twelve and fifteen was the result, others again where twenty was looked for gave twenty-two to twenty-five. One special patch south of town on J. M. McFarlane's farm went as high as twenty bushels to the acre. At Shebo, Saskatchewan, oats yielded from 60 to 65 bushels to the acre. Sam Wunder thrashed 2,500 bushels from forty acres. The sample is good and weighs well. At Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, W. Bibby, thrashed 97 bushels of oats to the acre and two others were but little behind. Wheat here reached 35 bushels. At Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, from a quarter section all in crop, Alex. McKinnon of Ingleside thrashed an average of 33 bushels No. 1 Northern. I. J. Grant had 190 acres, yielding 6,000 bushels of the same grade. These illustrations taken from widely distant districts (and thousands of others could be produced) show that the year 1907 has not felt the serious effects from severe winter, late spring, or unfavorable conditions during the growing season that might have been anticipated. In order to learn more about this country write to the Canadian Government Agent whose address appears "elsewhere," and get a copy of the new Last Best West, which he will be pleased to mail you free.

A Relief.

Smith started up into a sitting posture. "Who are you?" he cried. The masked figure with the dark lantern and sawed-off shotgun turned, nonplused for the moment, from the bureau, and said, confusedly: "Why, I am a—burglar."

Word Derivatives.

"Petrol" and "petrol" both descend from "petra," a rock. "Petrol" comes directly enough, through "petroleum," rock oil, but "petrel" through St. Peter, after whom the bird was named, because it appeared to walk upon the waves.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best of the world's affairs.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

CHINESE KITES ARE WONDERS.

One Ingenious Device Was Made to Represent a Huge Centipede.

Probably the most wonderful and ingenious achievement of a Chinese kite-maker is designed to represent a gigantic centipede, says a writer in the World To-day. This is unquestionably the longest and most fantastic amusement device that has ever been constructed for aerial flight. From head to tail it measures nearly 40 feet, and is made to fold up accordionlike. The large head of the creature, with long protruding horns, huge eyes and gaping mouth, forms the front of the kite. This is the gem and marvel of the whole collection and entirely new to the eyes of the western world.

Its construction is as follows: Extending from head to tail and constituting the body portion are a series of bamboo sticks running crosswise to the center, to which are fastened 25 or more pasteboard disks a foot or more in diameter. These are painted in circles of black, yellow and white, representing the all-seeing eyes of this mythological creature. A tall portion of narrow strips is fastened to the last piece of bamboo. By a mechanical contrivance the curved pieces of pasteboard forming the eyes are made to revolve by the wind while the kite is being flown. Seen in the air, the serpentine motion, its huge glaring eyes, swiftly twirling in their sockets, the effect is said to be astonishingly realistic, producing quite an awe-inspiring scene, to the Chinese mind at least. While being flown a cord is attached to three or more points of its length, in order to keep it under control. In a strong wind, several men are required to hold the reel. Undoubtedly we have here one of the first and most ancient patterns of flying machines, thousands of years old.

His Royal Snakeship.

The Journal of the Royal Microscopical society, describing a visit to Hagenbeck's zoo, says: "A specimen of python reticulata, about 25 feet in length, swallowed on June 7, 1906, a swan weighing 18 pounds and two days later a roebuck of 67 pounds. Another swallowed within two days two roebucks of 28 and 39 pounds, and soon thereafter a chamois of 71 pounds. In two and a half hours only the hind quarters of the limbs of the prey were visible. When a flashlight photograph was suddenly taken the python disgorged its booty in the space of half a minute." A Sokolowsky reports on the same subject: "In a few days a weight of 84 pounds was swallowed; 133 pounds in nine days. The pharynx can be dilated to a width of one millimeter 30 to 45 centimeters. A goat of 84 pounds in weight was engulfed and took nine days to digest. After a meal the pythons remain inert in the water. The appetite for a second meal a few days after the first is remarkable. On the other hand, two specimens remained from spring to November without eating at all, and yet persisted in good condition."

Dog Has a Gold Tooth.

A pedigreed St. Bernard dog, numbered among the prize canines of Philadelphia, had a gold tooth crown inserted. The dentist who inserted the crown was Dr. Philip Daily, of Seventh and Wells streets, Chester. The operation was performed at his office. More than a fortnight ago the tooth over which the crown was placed was broken. Since that time the dog seemed to suffer from pain. A valuable dog and able to perform many clever tricks, Dr. Waite, its owner, immediately thought of the remedy for broken teeth in humans, and communicated with a Chester dentist. The latter at once said he would insert the crown.

Not Yet Answered.

Gertrude, aged ten, brought up as she had been almost wholly in the company of her elders (though not always betters), was a precocious child, yet not infrequently "stumped" by her father's political allusions. The other morning at breakfast a London dispatch in the paper started him on the just passed deceased wife's sister's bill, and for 20 minutes he debated on the matter back and forth in all its pros and cons. Then at last came Mistress Gertrude's inevitable query: "Daddy," said she, solemnly, "why is the deceased wife's sister taller than Bill?"—Harper's Weekly.

Power of the Burden.

"I don't mind so much slipping on a banana peeling," she sighed, "but if there's anything that gets on my nerves it is to be stabbed with a pushcart. Here's one coming. Hurry!" "That's the secret of the success of those immigrant people who invade this country," he remarked as they sped out of the way. "They keep straight ahead in spite of all obstacles. If anything is ahead of them, they knock it down. You see it every where. A drove of incoming immigrants with their bundles and valises is equal to about two dozen frenzied automobiles."

Just Misunderstood.

"Here's Gwendoline (as hit going to marry an English lord, and you told me her trip to Europe was a matrimonial failure.)"

"I didn't tell you anything of the kind. I said it had barren results."

Why It Is Stranger.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," quoted the Wise Guy. "That's because we don't get sufficiently well acquainted with it," added the Simple Mug.—Philadelphia Record.

REAL CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

How Young Lawyer Carried Comfort to Convicted Client.

An amusing story is told by Harper's Weekly at the expense of a prominent Baltimore lawyer, who, like most young attorneys, got his first case by assignment from the bench. His client had been indicted for murder, and his conviction was a foregone conclusion, as his guilt was unquestionable.

The result of the trial was a sentence to be hanged; but the man made an appeal to the governor for a pardon and was anxiously awaiting a reply thereto when his lawyer visited him in his cell.

"I got good news for you—very good news!" the young lawyer said, grasping the man's hand.

"Did the governor—is it a pardon?" the man exclaimed joyously.

"Well, no. The fact is the governor refuses to interfere. But an uncle of yours has died and left you \$200, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your lawyer got paid, you know," was the comforting explanation.

BABY ITCHED TERRIBLY.

Face and Neck Covered with Inflamed Skin—Doctors No Avail—Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

"My baby's face and neck were covered with itching skin similar to eczema, and she suffered terribly for over a year. I took her to a number of doctors, and also to different colleges, to no avail. Then Cuticura Remedies were recommended to me by Miss G. I did not use it at first, as I had tried so many other remedies without any favorable results. At last I tried Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent Pills, and to my surprise noticed an improvement. After using three boxes of the Cuticura Ointment, together with the Soap and Pills, I am pleased to say she is altogether a different child and the picture of health. Mrs. A. C. Brestlin, 171 N. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 20 and 30, 1906."

A Girl's Giggle.

Samuel Shadwell, a touchy old man living in an Indiana village, had a pane of glass broken in his house one night not long ago and next day he had a ten-year-old girl named Minnie Dayton arrested for it.

When the case was called in court he was asked how he knew it was Minnie. He admitted that he didn't see her, but heard her giggle. When asked if her giggle was different from that of any other girl he said it was, but he couldn't tell why. Neither could he imitate the giggle, and he lost his case.

"We all know what a girl's giggle is, but if any of us were asked to give an imitation of it we'd probably fail. A boy may titter, but when it comes to giggling only a girl can do that."

Ambiguous.

A Washington correspondent who used to run a newspaper in Iowa tells how the heavy advertiser of the town once entered the editorial offices and, with anger and disgust depicted in every line of his face, exclaimed: "That's a fine break you people have made in my ad. this week!" "What's the trouble?" asked the editor, in a tone calculated to mollify the indignant one.

"Lead it and see!" commanded the advertiser, thrusting a copy of the paper in the editor's face.

The latter read: "If you want to have a fit wear Blank's shoes."—Harper's Weekly.

French Police a Surprise.

"Well, how did you enjoy yourself in Paris?" they asked of Mrs. Maloney when she got home.

"Very well," she replied. "Very well, indeed; but there was one thing that surprised me more than anything else."

"And what was that?" they queried.

"There were a lot of policemen there and all av thim was French."

His Ear to the Ground.

"Do you expect people to believe all that you tell them?" "That is not the idea," answered the sagacious campaigner. "The way to win the hearts of the people is to tell them what they already believe"

WHAT WAS IT

The Woman Feared?

What a comfort to find it is not "the awful thing" feared, but only chronic indigestion, which proper food can relieve.

WOMAN KNEW HUMAN NATURE.

Personal Experience Counted in Her Indorsement of New Pastor.

A Philadelphia congregation was called upon not long ago to choose a pastor. The last three ministers had been persona non grata with most of the parishioners; and before selecting another the congregation "did some pretty hard thinking. There was one woman of experience whose voice carried particular weight. Preacher after preacher was invited to the pulpit for a trial sermon, and all, in the final analysis, were rejected by the female arbiter. At last there came along a possible incumbent who met with her approval.

"The reason I am sure he will give satisfaction," she said, "is because he has the right kind of a wife for a minister. She allows him to rant around all he wants at home and doesn't sass back. I found out a long while ago—shortly after I was married myself, in fact—that a man who hasn't that privilege at home works off his spleen elsewhere. A minister vents it on his congregation. That was why we couldn't stand the last preacher. This one will be all right. We won't hear a peep out of him."

And upon that unique recommendation the congregation really did give the man a call. According to last accounts both he and the congregation were doing well. The wife has not been heard from.

WAS WILLING TO FORGET.

Young Man Bore No Grudge Against Proposed Father-in-Law.

That the young fellow had grit was evident from the fact that his business, from nothing, had in a few years begun to bring in a fairish income. He made up his mind to get married. The girl—although the daughter of a pompous country resident—agreed with him; but the father did not see things in the same light.

"What! You?" he yelled, angrily. "You want to marry my daughter! Why, it is only a few years since you were caddying for me."

"That's true!" interrupted the young man, "but I don't intend to let that stand in the way. The language you then used was certainly a trifle—say blue-tinted; but then you were under the influence of disappointment. After all, you know, a very bad golfer may make a very good father-in-law. Anyhow, I'm going to give you a chance."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and contaminate the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Women Workers of Great Britain.

Women of Great Britain are well represented in the professions and trades, and about 4,500,000 earn their own living. There are 124,000 who teach; 10,000 are bookkeepers; over 3,000 are printers and nearly 500 act as editors and compilers; 1,300 are engaged in photography; civil service clerks number nearly 2,300; 3,800 are engaged in medical work and nursing and 350 women are blacksmiths.

Better Than Gifts of Fortune.

The gifts of fortune are often taken away as speedily as they came; but strength of mind and personal nobility are possessions which survive the external circumstances of life and lift it into grander planes.—Hallburton.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and All Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, M.D., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the light blinks rendered by an illuminating company are usually heavy.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
OR BRUIHEMATISM
LIGHT'S DISORDER
DIABETES BACKACHE

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliousness. Eating, A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Congested Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and more colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without mangle. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. PUTNAM DYE CO., Quincy, Illinois

Very Much Alike.

"See here Pat," said his employer, "didn't you tell me that when you was out west the Indians scalped you? and now you have your hat off. I see you have an extraordinary quantity of hair! You certainly told me so, didn't you, Pat?"

"Oh did so," answered Pat, "but Oh bear in mind now that it was my brudder, Molke. It's that much we be alike, that of think O'm Molke an' Molke be me."

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. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Tennis and Temperament. In a tennis tournament (more truthfully than in a confessional) are revealed the good and bad qualities of human nature. The man who loses gracefully, plays with a bad partner without afterwards alluding to his deficiencies, and honestly admires an opponent's skill, may be trusted not to fail in any other trial of life.—London Black and White.

Mechanically. Judge—And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested? Complainant—He answered mechanically, yer honor Judge—Explain. Complainant—He hit me on the head with a hammer.—Everybody's Magazine.

Much that passes for patience is simply laziness.

TUMORS CONQUERED

Overwhelming Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so insidious that frequently its presence is wholly unsuspected until it is well advanced.

So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages or the presence of danger may be made manifest by excessive monthly periods accompanied by unusual pain from the abdomen through the groin and thigh.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacements, secure a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, right away and begin its use.

The following letters should convince every suffering woman of its virtue, and that it actually does conquer tumors.

Mrs. May Fry, of 836 W. Colfax Ave., South Bend, Ind., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I take great pleasure in writing to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I also took the Blood Purifier in alternate doses with the Compound. Your medicine removed a cyst tumor of four years' growth, which three of the best physicians declared I had. They had said that only an operation could help me. I am very thankful that I followed a friend's advice and took your medicine. It has made me a strong and well woman and I shall recommend it as long as I live."

Mrs. E. F. Hayes, of 20 Ruggles St., Boston, Mass., writes: "I have been under different doctors' treatment for a long time without relief. They told me I had a fibroid tumor, my abdomen was swollen and I suffered with great pain. I wrote to you for advice, you replied and I followed your directions carefully and to-day I am a well woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system."

Mrs. S. J. Barber, of Scott, N. Y., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Sometime ago I wrote you for advice about a tumor which the doctors thought would have to be removed. Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to-day am a well woman."

Mrs. M. M. Funk, Vandergrift, Pa., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I had a tumor and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removed it for me after two doctors had given me up. I was sick four years before I began to take the Compound. I now recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound far and near."

Such testimony as above is convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for Tumor Growths as well as other distressing ills of women, and such symptoms as Bearing-down, Sensations, Displacements, Irregularities and Backache, etc. Women should remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women. Don't forget to insist upon it when some druggist asks you to accept something else which he calls "just as good."

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES. BEST IN THE WORLD. MADE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES. \$25,000 Reward. To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas does not make & sell any \$3.00 & \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.

NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER. THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT. Capsicum-Vaseline. EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT TAKEN DIRECTLY IN VASELINE.

DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY. A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c. IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES MADE OF PURE TIN—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

A substitute for any and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-alleviating and curative qualities of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuritic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be invaluable in the households of all children. Once used no family will be without it. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Accept no preparation of Vaseline unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

Send your address and we will mail our Vaseline Booklet describing our preparations which will interest you. 17 State St. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., New York City

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and restores the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its former color. Cures scalp diseases, itching, dandruff, and all other ailments of the hair. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

DEFIANCE STARCH. Best. 10c. If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water. W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 48, 1907.

Used by Millions

Calumet Baking Powder

Complies with the Pure Food Laws of every State

Accident Insurance For 25c.

A box of Wonderful Dream Salve in your home ready for immediate use in case of accident, is worth its weight in gold.

If your baby is burned or scalded, or any member of the family should seriously injure themselves, do you want them to suffer until you go to the druggist for a box or send for the doctor? Guard against possible accident. Get a box of Wonderful Dream Salve today, or the first time you are in a drug store. It's the best accident insurance you can get and it only costs you 25c.

Remember there is nothing that will draw soreness from a wound and heal it quicker than Wonderful Dream Salve. It has been known as the "greatest healer on earth" for over fifty years.

There is nothing better for Eczema, Salt-rheum, Chills, Chapped hands, Boils, Frost-bites and Sores of any kind. It is a guaranteed cure for Piles.

If you live on a farm, keep a box handy in the stable all the time. It will quickly heal the worst cases of Scratches, Galls, Croup, Caked bag, Sore teats, etc.

If you write us, we will send you a free sample box and our Dream Book containing 300 dreams and their meaning.

WONDERFUL DREAM SALVE CO., Detroit, Mich.

The Kaiser's Christmas.

PROBABLY no European court gives Christmas presents on so extended a scale as the Kaiser's. Every one gives presents to every one else, and for weeks before Christmas secret inquiries are made about the most suitable gifts to bestow. The empress and her seven children mysteriously dash about Berlin and Potsdam, visiting jewelers, toy-shops and other establishments where something new or striking is to be had, and they hold a levee every morning of tradesmen whom they have no time to visit.

The Kaiser does no shopping himself, but he is the greatest Christmas box giver of all, and his presents in every case exactly fit the desires of the happy recipient. Early in December he makes a list of the persons to whom he intends making presents. His wife heads the list, and at the foot is usually some old pensioner or invalided housekeeper who has served the Hohenzollerns for half a century.

Soon before Christmas the royal mail sends the Kaiser a bag of Bright's new



HE BELLOWED OUT THE ONE WORD "MAJESTY!"

gold twenty and ten mark pieces and another of silver five mark pieces. His majesty fills his pockets when he goes walking in the parks at Potsdam, and the little children and old men and women who are fortunate enough to meet him or soldiers standing sentry, stamping in the snow, are certain of a gift, accompanied not infrequently by a joke.

The Kaiser's best side is seen at Christmas. There is a story current that once near the palace of Sans Souci the Kaiser came upon a half-frozen sentinel with very red nose and eyes. The sentinel, with stiff fingers, brought his rifle to the salute.

"Cold day," said his majesty. The sentinel did not reply, but his teeth chattered.

"How long have you been on duty?" asked the Kaiser. Still no reply.

"Stupid!" said his majesty. "Why don't you speak when I address you?" The sentinel moved his jaws and lips, but no word escaped. The Kaiser burst out laughing and, turning to his adjutant, said:

"Take this chap into the palace, put him before a fire, thaw him out, particularly his jaws, see he gets a big hot drink and a big feed, and here," turning to the sentry, "take this and drink my health and the empress!" The soldier found voice at last. He bellowed out the one word "Majesty!"

The empress is always practical with her gifts. Every year her majesty grows more popular among the best elements of the people. Her unassuming ways, entire freedom from hauteur, consideration for servants and kindly interest in the welfare of the poor and helpless endear her in ever widening circles of Germans. She is fond of presenting ladies with costly lace.

The young princes, headed by the crown prince, show little discrimination in their gifts—scarf pins, rings, dogs, cigarette cases, matchboxes, and so on, being their staple gifts, varied sometimes by a book, a picture or a statuette. Victoria Louise's gifts of dolls to her friends are numerous. To favored friends she does not mind presenting kitchen ranges and furnished dolls' houses. She is in close association with the matrons' and soldiers' orphanages at Potsdam, and the number of little girls who receive her gifts is enormous. Stores of oranges and honey cakes are collected by her for distribution on Christmas eve.—New York World.

An Old Christmas Custom.
A century or two ago there was a custom in Germany for all the parents in a town or village to send the presents they designed for their children to one chosen individual, who called at each house clad in a motley robe, a mask and a huge flaxen wig. Knocking on the door, he called in a loud voice for all the good children to appear and receive the gifts which the Christ Child, the Christ-Kindel, had sent them. This was the primeval Kris Kringie. Coleridge describes this custom and records that the bad little children had a red left for their correction.—Brooklyn Citizen.

It's Your Kidneys.

Don't Mistake the Cause of Your Troubles. A Petoskey Citizen Shows How to Cure Them.

Many people never suspect their kidneys. If suffering from a lame, weak or aching back they think it is only a muscular weakness; when urinary trouble sets in they think it will soon correct itself. And so it is with all the other symptoms of kidney disorders. That is just where the danger lies. You must cure these troubles or they lead to diabetes or Bright's disease. The best remedy to use is Doan's Kidney Pills. It cures all ills which are caused by weak or diseased kidney. Petoskey people testify to permanent cures.

Mrs. Mabel Couse, living at 113 Fulton-street, Petoskey, Mich., says: "I was in a generally weak and depressed state, on account of pains all through my body and limbs and a weakened condition of the kidneys. All the remedies I used did not give me relief until I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills about a year ago and got them at the Central Drug Store. In a short time after commencing to use them the pains in my head disappeared, the backaches left me and the tenderness and soreness of the limbs was no longer noticeable. Since then I have had no pains or aches of the kind arising from the kidneys and am now in good health. I give Doan's Kidney Pills my hearty endorsement."

For Sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

When you make a cash purchase at WASHINGTON'S ask for tickets on a Phonograph, if it is only 10 cents.

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Gidley's Pharmacy.

CHANCERY ORDER—State of Michigan, Thirtieth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery, Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix at the City of Charlevoix on the 22nd day of October, A. D. 1907.

A. M. Hutton, complainant, vs. Maude Hutton, defendant.

Present: The Honorable Frederick W. Mayne, Circuit Judge.

In this cause it appearing that the defendant, Maude Hutton, is a resident of Shannon, Pa., and not a resident of the State of Michigan, on motion of Knowles & Converse, solicitors for the complainant, it is ordered that the said defendant enter her appearance in said cause on or before 4 months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in the Charlevoix County Herald, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

FREDERICK W. MAYNE, Circuit Judge.

COUNTERSIGNED: KNOWLES & CONVERSE, Solicitors for Complainant.

ATTORNEY AT LAW: RICHARD LEWIS, Clerk.

PROBATE ORDER—State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1907.

Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Matilda Liskum, deceased.

Archie Guy Liskum having filed in said Court his petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to himself or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the 15th day of December, A. D. 1907, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

PROBATE ORDER—State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of said Court, held at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 26th day of November, A. D. 1907.

Present: Hon. John M. Harris, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles R. Thilston, Deceased.

Lavonia Thilston having filed in said Court her petition praying that said Court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is ordered, that the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1907, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

PROBATE NOTICE—State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

In the matter of the estate of John A. Boonstra, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that six months from the 15th day of December, A. D. 1907, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said Court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Court, at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix in said county, on or before the 8th day of June, A. D. 1908, and that said claims will be heard by said Court on Monday of the 8th day of June, A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated December 9th A. D. 1907.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

A GOOD MAN.

Some of the Requirements to Make Such a Curiosity.

Every good man says "May I?" to the weak and "I will!" to the strong, and he never forgets that his body, as well as his soul, is his charge which must be returned undefiled.

A good man approaches a king on his feet and a woman on his knees. He curses and commands in prose, and grants and courts in poetry.

He wears a brake on his passions, and gears his love to the sun, the moon and the stars.

A good man is always sorry for his own thinness and glad of the other fellow's bigness.

He measures his wants by his possessions and his friends' necessities; he knows no hunger or thirst, no happiness while his women-folks or his friends seek, and he insists that the obligations of his friends be written in chalk while he styluses his own in indelible ink.

A good man seldom has three eyes, and atomates double-decked sleeves. He never extracts rabbits from his neighbors' ears, but neither does he allow them to mix omelets in his headgear. He knows two and two make four, not three or eleven. He deals from the top, gives the other fellow his cut, never welves on the kitty, but he does insist upon checks being redeemed at pot value.

No good man ever gets his gambling and his business money mixed, or ever drops an unredeemed poker chip into the contribution box.

He is one who talks in the "I think"—"You know" language.

He writes I—small and You large, yells "Them" and whispers "me"—Everybody.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And is so thoroughly harmless and safe that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Always demand Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Gidley's Pharmacy.

TERMS OF COURT.

Under and by virtue of the statute in such case made and provided, I do hereby fix and appoint the terms of Circuit Court for the various Counties composing the 13th judicial circuit of Michigan for 1907-1908 as follows:

ANTRIM COUNTY.

The 4th Monday in February
The 1st Monday in May
The 7th Monday in August

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY.

The 1st Monday in February
The 2nd Monday in May
The 3rd Monday in August

GRAND TRAVERSE COUNTY.

The 1st Monday in March
The 2nd Monday in June
The 1st Monday in October

LEELANAU COUNTY.

The 3rd Monday in February
The 1st Monday in June
The 3rd Monday in October

Dated this 1st day of December, A. D. 1907.
FREDERICK W. MAYNE, Circuit Judge, Charlevoix, Mich.

Old papers sold at this office.

You know as well as anyone when you need something to regulate your system. If your bowels are sluggish, your food distresses you, your kidneys pain, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It always relieves. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

The Best Laxative for Children.

Parents should see to it that their children have one natural, easy movement of the bowels each day. Do not dose the child with salts or griping pills, as they are too powerful in effect, and literally tear their little insides to pieces, leaving the bowels raw and sore, and liable to contract before. Laxative Iron-Ox Tablets tone and strengthen the bowels, and stimulate all the little organs to healthy activity. Chocolate coated tablets, easy to take, never gripe or nauseate. 10c, 25c and 50c.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop to the creation of this now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had. For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
At Gidley's Pharmacy.

The most popular of all GIFTS

Articles not alone beautiful, but useful and durable, make the most sensible gift. These good features, together with a moderate price, make the genuine "1847 ROGERS BROS." SPOONS, KNIVES, FORKS, ETC. an ideal Holiday gift. They are made in a great variety of shapes, sizes and designs, handsomely packed in lined cases, and vary in price from 25c. to \$3.50. Your dealer can supply you. Write us for our handsome catalogue "C-L" to aid you in making selections.



Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a flower which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. Few young women appreciate the shock of the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. More than a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and make its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve, nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Bad Symptoms. The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weaknesses and derangements that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated and such cases often run into maladies which demand the surgeon's knife if they do not result fatally.

No medicine extant has such a long and numerous record of cures in such cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. No medicine has such a strong professional endorsement of each of its several ingredients—worth more than any number of ordinary non-professional testimonials. The very best ingredients known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments enter into its composition. No alcohol.

harmful, or habit-forming drug is to be found in the list of ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as complete and correct.

In any condition of the female system Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do only good—never harm. Its whole effect is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate the whole female system and especially the pelvic organs. When these are deranged in function or affected by disease, the stomach and other organs of digestion become sympathetically deranged, the nerves are weakened, and a long list of bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too much must not be expected of the "Favorite Prescription." It will not perform miracles; will not cure tumors—no medicine will. It will often prevent them, if taken in time, and thus the operating knife and the surgeon's knife may be avoided.

Doctor's All Agree. The most eminent writers on *Materia Medica*, whose works are consulted as authorities by physicians of all the different schools of practice, extol, in the most positive terms, the curative virtues of each and every ingredient entering into Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In fact it is the only medicine, put up for sale through druggists for the cure of all diseases of the mucous surfaces, as nasal catarrh, throat, laryngeal, and bronchial affections attended by lingering, or hang-on-coughs that has any such professional endorsement—worth more than any amount of lay or non-professional testimonials.

Do not expect too much from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will not work miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. Nor is the "Discovery" so good for sudden attack of acute cough, but for the lingering, obstinate, hang-on-coughs, accompanying catarrh, throat, laryngeal and bronchial affections, it is a most efficacious remedy. In cases accompanied with wasting of flesh, night-sweats, weak stomach and poor digestion with faulty assimilation, and which, if neglected or badly treated are apt to lead to consumption, the "Discovery" has proven wonderfully successful in effecting cures.

The formula is printed on every wrapper of "Golden Medical Discovery," attested as to correctness under oath, and you can't afford to accept any substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret remedy no matter what selfish interests may prompt the dealer to urge such upon you. In fact it is an *insult to your intelligence* for him to do so. You know what you want and it is his place to supply that want.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much-imitated, but never equaled. They cleanse, invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels, curing biliousness and constipation. Little-gar-gar-anted granules—easy to take as candy.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

PLENTY OF IT—ALL THE BEST!

That's the combination you want to look for when you start out to buy Groceries—that is, if you are at all particular to get something which makes a noise like about the best thing on the market—and your appetite.

Here's a stock that is filled with the most reliable staples, and all the tasty, tempting little niceties and table luxuries as well. From flour and sugar to the finer things, we carry an elaborate selection—in fact, anything you want that's good.

Then, you must remember the argument our prices offer.

WILL RICHARDSON.
Phone No. 156.

First Annual Holiday Number
Charlevoix COUNTY Herald.

EAST JORDAN, MICH., DEC. 21, 1907.



First Annual Holiday Number
Charlevoix COUNTY Herald.

EAST JORDAN, MICH., DEC. 21, 1907.



FRANK VERBECK

Christmas In Cactus Center.

WOMEN'S scarce in Cactus Center, and there ain't no bargain stores.

Far to start them Monday rushes that break down the stoutest doors. But we had some Christmas shoppin' that the town ain't over yet, just because of one small woman and a drug store toilet set.

She was Cactus Center's teacher, and she hadn't left the stage. For she had the boys plum locoed, and I don't bar youth nor age. She was cute and smart and pretty, and she might 'a' been here yet. If it hadn't been for Dawson and his drug store toilet set.

It was old and scratched and speckled, far 'twas in his case for years. But old Dawson, sharp and clever, put a whisper in our ears.

'Lowed he'd sell that set at auction, and he says, "Now, boys, you bet This'll make a hit with teacher—this here swell new toilet set."



IT WAS THEN BEGUN THE SHOOTIN'.

Well, the biddin' started lively, and it got to gittin' hot.

For every mind in Cactus on that single thing was set.

Purty soon I'd staked my saddle, worth two hundred dollars net, just to own for one short second that blamed drug store toilet set.

It was then begun the shootin', no one seems to know jest how.

And 'twas lack of ammernition that at last broke up the row.

And thirteen of us was hurted, but the worst blow that we met

Was in findin' that some bullets had gone through that toilet set.

But we plugged the punctures in it, and we plugged the wounded, too.

And agreed we'd arbitrate it, and the bunch 'd see it through.

So we sent a gift committee, but they came back sorer yet.

For the teacher 'd fluttered eastward, so we have that toilet set.

—Denver Republican.

CHRISTMAS NEAR THE POLE.

Where Seal Meat and Whale's Blubber Take Turkey's Place.

"I think Christmas, 1883, was my most memorable one," said General Greeley, the arctic explorer. "With my command I was proceeding southward in the hope of obtaining help, and about the 20th of October we encamped ourselves in a little hut at Cape Sabine. Our supply of food was running very low, and we were on very short rations, every one being allowed just food enough in each twenty-four hours to sustain life. Under these depressing circumstances and amid the awful silence of the polar night the cheerfulness that we continued to maintain was remarkable.

"Christmas day came at last—Christmas in the arctic regions! At 6 o'clock we had our breakfast—thin soup made of peas, carrots, blubber and potato. Our Christmas dinner was served at 8 o'clock—first course, a stew of sea meat, onions, blubber, potatoes and breadcrumbs; second course, served one hour after first, a stew of raisins, blubber and milk; dessert, a cup of hot chocolate. One of our party had some tobacco still left, and he very kindly made a cigarette for each one in our little party.

"I will wager that in all Christendom that day not another present was given or received that gave such intense delight to the recipients as did those little rolls of tobacco and paper. They were quickly aflame and being puffed away at for dear life, and thus my most memorable Christmas—a Christmas near the north pole—ended in smoke."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Vacations as Christmas Presents.

In a letter to the employees of the Bourne mills of Fall River, Mass., announcing the regular profit sharing dividend on Dec. 24 last, Treasurer George A. Chase said: "The board of directors has unanimously authorized me to announce to you the experiment of a vacation week in August, 1907. The mills will close Aug. 24 and reopen Sept. 3, thus allowing you ten days of rest and recreation. In lieu of regular pay you will get an extra dividend on your wages, payable just before the vacation, to the amount of 50 per cent of the average weekly wages." This promise was faithfully kept.

Bible Authority For It.

Mr. Rundlett, at one time a merchant in the town of Newcastle, Me., instructed his clerks to strictly follow the precepts of the Bible in all of their dealings.

One day a lady came in to buy a piece of dress goods, and one of the clerks spent a great deal of time showing her various cloths, which she said weren't good enough. The clerk said he had a better piece in the rear of the store. He showed her this piece, which she had already seen, but told her it was much finer and worth 50 cents a yard more. She said that she could readily see that it was better and made her purchase.

Mr. Rundlett, who had seen the transaction, censured the clerk, who replied that he could refer to the Bible to justify his action.

"Why how is that?"

"Well, she was a stranger, and I took her in."

The Same Effect.

There had been a brilliant company at the home of a society leader in Des Moines, Ia., a woman whose husband was known better for his wealth than for his mental attainments.

"Well, Francis," she said after the last visitor was gone, "it was a complete success, wasn't it?"

"Sure!" observed Francis.

"Did you notice Professor Billington?"

"The man with the bandage around his neck?"

"Yes. What an astonishing vocabulary he has!"

"From the way he held his head I thought it was a carbuncle."—Lippincott's.

Long Name, Short Lived.

"In Boston there used to be a stammering college kept by Professor Graves," says Governor Guild. "Next door to this college was a flower store. Professor Graves' method was to ask each pupil what phrase he would like to learn to say perfectly. Then the professor would drill the pupil on that one phrase or sentence, and when the stammerer repeated it smoothly a cure was pronounced. One day a friend of mine, who was afflicted with the stammering habit, decided to patronize the professor. Before he went into the studio, however, he stopped to look in the flower store at some chrysanthemums.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Professor Graves, "is there anything particular that you would like to learn to say perfectly?"

"W-w-w-well, y-yes th-there is. I sh-sh-should like t-t-to be able t-t-to s-say: cr-erys-crys-en-crysnth-th-the-m-mum before the darn th-thing f-fades!"

Unkind.

Miss Folla La Follette, daughter of Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, was passing a collection plate one day when she was waved away by a man distinguished for his wealth and parsimony.

"Nothing," he said gruffly; "I have nothing."

"Take something, then; this collection is for the poor, you know."

Special Engagement Christmas Week AT Loveday OPERA HOUSE



Gormand & Ford Company

In a repertoire of popular plays beginning Monday night, Dec. 23, with

"WHY SHE LEFT HOME"
A New England Comedy Drama in Four Acts.

Followed during the week by such plays as:

"KATHLEEN MAVORLEEN"
"GOLD FIELDS OF NEVADA"
"TRISS, THE GIRL FROM THE WEST"
"WEDDED, BUT NO WIFE"
"FOR HER FATHER'S SAKE."

Five Big Specialties

—Including the—

Serpentine Rainbow Dance.

With a Big Christmas Matinee at 2:30.

Seats on sale now for Monday Night at Electric Light Office—10, 20, 30c.

Christmas Time Is Almost Here.

Christmas with its message of Peace to All, of Good Will to Men, and Commemoration of Man's Divine Gift.

What Shall We Select for Gifts?

We are dealers in almost everything; carry an exceptionally well-selected lines in every department, and you will find no trouble here in getting what you are looking for—in fact your principal difficulty will be, with so many beautiful and useful articles, all at reasonable prices, to decide WHICH TO TAKE.

BEAUTIFUL FURS are the most acceptable gifts for most ladies.

LADIES SILK WAISTS for Christmas combine utility with beauty.

LADIES BELTS for wife, sister or daughter.

MANICURE SETS for your sister or brother.

HANDKERCHIEFS in Plenty at 5c to \$1.50 are ever popular.

FINE UMBRELLAS are suitable for either ladies or gentlemen.

LADIES' LACE PINS are beautiful for Christmas gifts.

ELEGANT RUGS make nice presents for mother, or the family.

NICE SEWING MACHINE;—the "White," of course, is the best for the family.

GENTLEMEN'S FUR CAPS at \$3.50 to \$20, make superb gifts.

NICE WARM SLIPPERS for Grandpa or Grandma will be appreciated.

FANCY PINS AND COMBS for ladies' wear, are always in season.

GLOVES and MITTENS.—Fine Kid Gloves, and Fur Gloves and Mittens at \$1.75 to \$5.50. Some very nice goods in this line.

FANCY WORK BOXES are just right for the young ladies.

HAND PAINTED CHINA will make happy its recipient at Christmas time.

FINE STATIONERY is not expensive, and always suitable for Christmas.

LADIES' and GENTS' COLLARS in endless variety, all ready to wear, at 25c to 50c, are nice presents for anyone.

LADIES' HAND BAGS make very acceptable Christmas gifts.

MUFFLERS! An elegant line of these in Silk, Wool and Phoenix knit. Make fine Christmas gifts.

BUFFET COVERS will be a pleasing gift for your wife.

DOYLIES, ETC., ETC. are always acceptable with your lady friends.

LUNCH AND TRAY CLOTHS are nice presents for housekeepers.

FINE TABLE LINEN in beautiful patterns and at reasonable prices; makes a fine Christmas gift for Mother or the family.



FINE BRUSHES are just right for your friend.

TOILET SETS are ever acceptable gifts at Christmas.

GENTS' SHAVING SETS for the young man with the budding moustache, are "It."

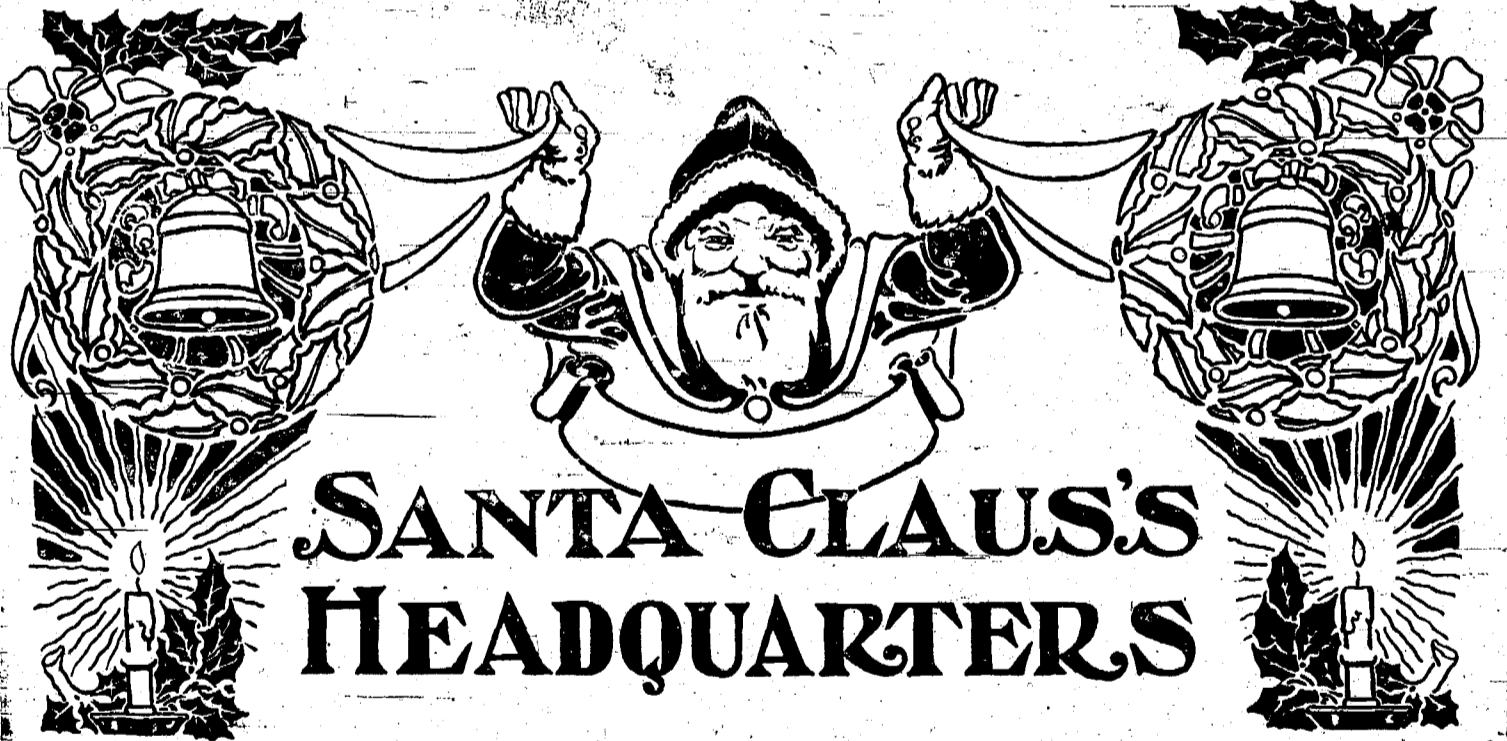
STORY BOOKS; PICTURE BOOKS are suitable for young or old.

TEDDY BEARS for Christmas will please the little ones better than any other toy made. Don't overlook them now.

DOLLS! DOLLS!! DOLLS!!!—Indispensable to the happiness of the little girl, especially at the Christmas season.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER must not be forgotten, and our Grocery Dept. will furnish you the best there is in the market for that part.

YOURS FOR GOOD GOODS
EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.



As Christmas grows nearer, Your time grows dearer.

BOOKS.

We have a fine selection of the latest books. See our 50c line.

Perfumes.

Our Line is new and complete. We sell Swas-Ti-Ka.

Toilet Set Mirrors Pocketbooks Fountain Pens Combs and Brushes Fancy Box Paper Postal Albums and Christmas Cards.

Watch for our
Candy Display
Saturday
All Fresh and New.

F. B. GANNETT CO.
DRUGGISTS.