

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 23

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1919.

No. 23

Some Welcome Believe Us

Greatest Event in History of East Jordan.

The returned home soldiers and sailors have at least some faint conception of the regard in which they are held by their home folks and if we did not make the fact known that we were real glad to see them it was because we lacked facilities to declare that fact.

Charlevoix County and surrounding region needed no urging to make the Welcome Home Celebration at East Jordan last Tuesday a gala one. Work was suspended in our neighboring cities of Boyne City and Charlevoix, as well as in East Jordan, interest in farm work was lost for the time being, and every citizen who possibly could do so made their way to the main business center of East Jordan where the events of the day were staged.

This is the only time in her history that East Jordan boasted of being a wide open town and she was on this occasion actually proud of the fact. Not only wide open but everything free for those who strove to make the world a safer and better place in which to live.

If we succeeded in showing them that East Jordan was one of the places that had become better then it was a criterion that this country and all countries have been purified by their blood baptisms.

Along the line of march as the veterans paraded they were welcomed in every conceivable manner and the citizens lost no opportunity to advise them of the fact that they were truly welcome. Banners declared the fact, megaphones announced it, bands played it, children chortled it, everybody looked it, and wherever one went the same greeting.

We tried to give the boys a rousing sendoff, but the return reception outshone all the efforts we had made on departures. We were not glad to see them go, but were proud that they undertook to maintain honor, decency and safety in the world and we wished them Godspeed and a safe return. The welcome and the cheering was reserved for the return, and that it has grown from lying fallow these many months was evident when the volume was once turned loose. It was a welcome by everybody and for everybody.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

Never was a celebration day more propitious than that of last Tuesday. Weather conditions were ideal. For once the chronic 'bad weather howler' lost an inning.

Early that morning active preparations were begun for the day's events. The pavement for several blocks was thoroughly washed down and closed to vehicles for the day. This was a most excellent idea as it would have been simply impossible to handle the crowds in the area any other way.

The various committees commenced the day's activities early and worked throughout the day with vim and energy.

The crowds began to gather early in the day and when the parade appeared at eleven o'clock the Main street was crowded with people from all sections of northern Michigan.

Most excellent music was provided throughout the day and evening by the Petoskey City Band and the Boyne City Marine Band.

The parade was fine. Our guests of honor—the soldiers and sailors—appeared in a body in the line of march and there was a continuous ovation along the entire course as these heroes passed in review. Various war activities were depicted, the Camp Fire Girls—Salvation Army lassies, school garden Clubs and other branches received generous applause. The grades of our public schools were well represented in the line of march. Uncle Sam and Columbia were there, and the Calthumpians brought up the rear. Members of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. were lined up in front of Red Cross headquarters and, as our honored guests passed in review, were showered with flowers.

The big task of the day was that of properly dining our guests, and this affair, in which hundreds of obstacles had to be overcome, was successful in every detail. Mrs. W. F. Empey and the other ladies of our Red Cross Auxiliary are to be commended in the able manner in which this was handled. The Armory was nicely decorated for the occasion and over a thousand guests were served a delicious meal. Our business men

assisted as waiters and some of them proved quite adept to the art of serving.

Band Music and Street Sports proved an excellent afternoon entertainment. H. C. Clark managed the sports schedule and intense interest was manifested in all the contests. No record was kept of the winners so we are unable to publish the list.

Following the street sports the crowd adjourned to the School grounds where a game of base ball was witnessed between Boyne City and East Jordan. Our local team won by a score of 12 to 3.

One of the big features of the day's free entertainment was that of the Motion Picture show at Temple Theatre. Manager Gruber was fortunate in securing a feature that was well adapted for the occasion—the Lee children in "Swat the Spy." The auditorium which seats some eight hundred, was packed by appreciative audiences from 11:00 a. m. until late at night.

The free refreshment stands were popular with the crowds throughout the day and those in charge worked faithfully to serve their guests in a satisfactory manner.

In the evening the Boyne City Marine Band favored with delightful concert music on our streets, and following this dancing at the Armory and the Skating Rink were centers of the crowd.

Just what was the size of the crowd of people visiting our city that day is problematic. Traffic on all roads leading into our city was heavy on inbound cars until early afternoon. On the Charlevoix-East Jordan highway an estimate was made that over a thousand autos, all filled with people, passed a given point. Other roads had equally heavy traffic and boat excursions were run from Charlevoix and Boyne City. The business houses of both Boyne City and Charlevoix closed about noon for the day and this augmented the crowds.

MAJOR WINTERS SENDS CONGRATULATIONS

Below telegram was received by Mayor Wilson and was read at both the Banquet and Temple Theatre on Welcome Home day.

Seattle, Wash.
June 2, 1919.

Dwight L. Wilson,
East Jordan, Mich.

My thoughts this day are with you and the boys you are honoring. I can see them marching up Main Street not as members of (X) or (I) but as veterans of the world great war. Kindest and heartiest congratulations to my comrades and the citizens of East Jordan.

MAJOR WINTERS.

East Jordan High State Champions



Conard Hughes Gertrude Hockstad Reo Bockes

East Jordan High School Debating Team met and defeated the Durand team at Ann Arbor on Memorial day. This contest was for state championship as Durand was winner in the southern half of the state in previous debates, and East Jordan had successfully held the title in the north half of the state.

The debates are held under auspices of the Michigan High School Debating League which is under direction of the University of Michigan. Our debating team consisted of Conard Hughes, Gertrude Hockstad and Reo Bockes. The success of the team is in a larger measure due to the work of Supt. M. R. Keyworth who has devoted considerable attention to schooling these young people.

Both sides of the "Minimum Wage" question were taken and maintained successfully by our team on different occasions.

East Jordan has always been proud of its Public Schools and its many achievements in the past and it is a source of gratification to know that even a higher standard is being set. East Jordanites are proud of the work of this team in putting our schools in State Championship Class.

Cloud Burst At Charlevoix

One Man Killed and One Injured By Lightning.

Charlevoix came near being wiped off the map Tuesday night when struck by a fierce cloudburst and electric storm. One man, William Thier, was killed by lightning as he stood in a barn door, and J. Woodfield, standing near him, was struck but not killed. Water was pounded through roofs, side walls, store fronts, filled basements, washed great holes in the roads and streets, tore up trees and caused other damage.

The cloudburst continued for more than an hour and the electric storm about four hours. The whole section for ten miles around the city felt the effects of the storm but its pathway was about five miles wide and extended along the Lake Michigan shore northeast of the city about five miles.

The new Moon theatre building, the Geiken building, home of Attorney Lewis and Charlevoix-Courier building seem the hardest hit, but other buildings had roofs pounded and water beat through walls and fronts. There was very little wind. Large numbers of Charlevoix people were in East Jordan when the storm hit.

The water rushed down the main streets so swiftly that none but a good strong man could cross the streets without being washed under. It quickly overflowed curbs and sidewalks, into stores and other buildings. Water stood several inches deep in the Courier office and washed the floor out of the Geiken coal office. So hard did the water pound on roofs and building walls that they were quickly soaked through and the floors flooded.

If you're content with a bare living that's probably all you'll ever get.

Some say an automobile that "saves steps" never seems to save money.

Children cry when there is nothing to cry about and when they grow up they fail to cry when there is plenty to cry about.

'Tis an irritating thought that some of the people who profess to know more about your business than you do, may be right.

When a woman feels that she has a great world mission to perform, chances are that she has either been disappointed in love or her husband.

Of course your rich neighbor probably is not as happy as you are, but you haven't heard him say anything about getting rid of his wealth so he can be poor and happy, have you?

What Others Say of Celebration

Comments of Newspapers in This Region.

(From Petoskey News.)

East Jordan, June 4.—The biggest celebration and public gathering in the history of the tri-cities of Charlevoix County—East Jordan, Charlevoix and Boyne City—occurred yesterday and continued last night at East Jordan, where all Northern Michigan gathered for a home-coming and celebration in honor of the returned service men of the three cities and other nearby places. Practically every store, bank and other business places in all three cities closed and nearly everyone in these cities and territory surrounding was in East Jordan.

The Petoskey City Band and the Boyne City and East Jordan marine bands furnished music for the parade and activities throughout the day. Trains made a special excursion and there were excursions by boat from Boyne City and Charlevoix. Roads were crowded with automobiles and other vehicles. Mayors and members of the governments of the three cities and Charlevoix county officials were present.

East Jordan company in the old National Guard went to the Mexican border and rendered valuable service. When made into regular army men they served the colors through the battling of more than a year in France as members of the 125th Infantry of the 32nd Division. The glory of the 32nd division is their glory, and the sadness of the division is their sadness, for many an East Jordan boy lies buried beneath the sunny fields of France. Charlevoix, Boyne City and Petoskey also are represented in the company.

There was speech making, athletic contests, parade and dancing, and last night there was dances and more fun. The soldiers had the freedom of the city, feasted, feted, danced with, sung to and about, were loved by pretty girls and lavished with affection by mothers—wives, sisters and friends. It was the greatest day in East Jordan's history and a credit to Charlevoix county and all Northern Michigan.

(From Charlevoix Sentinel)

Tuesday was a quiet day in this city with all places of business closed and nearly our entire population away from home all due to the "Welcome Home" celebration at East Jordan.

The day was all that could be desired for a public demonstration, the crowds of people from all northern localities much greater than was anticipated by our East Jordan neighbors and the display parade etc., by the returned soldier boys the finest demonstration of its kind ever seen in northern Michigan, while the crowd of people in attendance was the largest, in point of number, that our neighboring city has ever entertained.

The city of Charlevoix donated a large number of citizens to help celebrate the home coming event and it is probable that more Charlevoix people were at East Jordan last Tuesday than at any one time in the history of the city.

The Steamers Odd Fellow and Mabel ran excursions and a number of launches made trips between the two cities for those who enjoyed the lake trip and hundreds of automobiles from this city, heavily loaded with passengers, made the trip over land.

The members of the various committees at East Jordan looked carefully after the program of events and the entire day passed off pleasantly, without accident, and was fully enjoyed by the vast crowd of northern Michigan citizens.

(From Boyne Citizen)

Ideal weather conditions and the perfectly executed plans of a live efficient committee tended to make the Welcome Home Celebration at East Jordan yesterday, the success prophesied and merited.

It is estimated that fully six thousand people assembled during the day to do honor to the County's returned war heroes. The feature of the day was the morning parade in which these soldiers participated. There were one hundred sixty of them in the line, but as all did not march it is safe to estimate the number in uniform, who were the honored guests of East Jordan, at two hundred.

The parade was headed by a charm-

ing local belle costumed to represent the Goddess of Liberty. She was mounted on a magnificent black charger which was led by a Soldier and Sailor in uniform.

Next came the Boyne City Marine Band, its ranks swelled to twenty-eight by the addition of a number of East Jordan musicians. Following the band was the much cheered and applauded line of soldiers and sailors whose way was strewn with flowers cast by white-robed girls and veterans of 61-66.

The balance of the long parade was made up of school children formed to represent a "Red Arrow"; School garden workers; A Red Cross ambulance; Salvation Army lassies; Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls; Indians in costume and Calthumpians. At the end of the parade, neatly uniformed, furnishing soul-stirring, appropriate music, came the Petoskey City Band sixteen strong. Both bands furnished concerts throughout the day.

Following the parade there were street sports for the younger generation, the winners of these events were awarded cash prizes.

The ball game which was played in the afternoon between the high school teams of Boyne City and East Jordan, resulted in a 11 to 3 victory for the home team. Boyne was hopelessly outplayed from start to finish, partly thru the lack of their captain and catcher, but largely for want of "pep." One of the features of arrangement which appealed to the visitor was the roping off of the principal streets of the city and the allowing only pedestrians to use them. The curbs were lined with seats and in the center of Main street was erected a beautiful arch bearing the inscription "Welcome Home", above the lettering was reared a huge red arrow.

The visitors were also favorably impressed by the courtesies extended upon every hand and the fact that nearly everything in the city was absolutely free.

Our sister city is to be congratulated and complimented on having staged a celebration that will long be remembered in Charlevoix County.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING

Electric Fluid Causes Instant Death of W. C. Thier.

William Charles Thier an employee of Harry Widdifield, was killed by lightning during the electric storm that was raging in this city, Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Thier and Mr. Widdifield had entered a building, of the latter, in order to secure shelter from the passing storm and were standing a few feet apart when a bolt of lightning entered the building at the point where Mr. Thier was standing causing his death instantly and though Mr. Widdifield was standing near, not more than five feet distant, he was not even slightly injured by the death dealing fluid, nor was the building damaged in any particular, the bolt of lightning evidently entered through an open doorway near which Mr. Thier and Mr. Widdifield were standing.

Mr. Thier has resided in this city one year and has been a resident of this part of the county for the past thirty-seven years, the most of the time in Norwood township.

He was united in marriage with Miss Viola Sedgman of East Jordan about eighteen years ago, who with seven children survive him. Also three sisters—Mrs. Charles Brown of Flint, Mrs. William Wiles and Mrs. Norman Wells, of Norwood township and two brothers—George of Munising and Fred of Detroit.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

Having an automobile horn sound wildly in your ear is annoying but it is better than hearing the doctor's whisper in your ear, "I think he's coming to, now."

A Word Changes Constitution

Is Shortest Change People of State Have Ever Been Asked To Pass Upon:

Lansing, June 2nd.—The voters of Michigan will pass upon a constitutional amendment at the fall election of 1920 that merely involves the question of whether or not a single word shall be added to the present fundamental law of the state. That word is "men." Section 29 of Article Five of the Constitution of Michigan at present reads:

The legislature shall have power to enact laws relative to the hours and conditions under which women and children may be employed.

If the people adopt the proposed amendment the word "men" will forever, following the lapse of the required thirty days, appear before the word women in the above section. The revised constitution of 1907-08 gave the legislature power to enact laws relative "to the hours and conditions under which women and children may be employed," but House enrolled joint resolution No. 1, officially known in the records as the "Dunn-Kappler joint resolution," proposes to now include the male workers of the state.

Grows Out of Eight Hour Defeat

The joint authors of the proposal, Mr. Dunn of Highland Park and Mr. Kappler of Houghton, favored in part at least, the so-called Holland eight hour bill, until it became so loaded up with amendments, eliminating various classes of labor, as to make its passage ridiculous. Aside from the perspective constitutional objections, which this amendment is aimed to cover, a large House majority believed any bill fixing hours of labor should come from the federal congress as any attempt by the state to fix working hours could very easily prove a serious handicap to Michigan industry.

In the first place agriculture could not exist under an eight hour day for farm help which fact immediately won the emphatic opposition of farmer legislators, who objected to the idea itself for perfectly obvious reason that such a law, if passed, could only add to the growing shortage of farm labor by legally making other employment more attractive through shorter hours.

Amendment Unique in its Brevity

Never before in the history of the state has an amendment been proposed that involves the change of a single word. Since the last constitutional convention, summoned in October, 1907, legislatures have enacted numerous laws dealing with male labor questions without any question as to their legality. That past legislatures have acted within their constituted authority in these matters is clearly shown by the explanatory note in the address to the people submitting the 1907-08 revision. Commenting on Section 29, Article V, as quoted above, the committee on submission, headed by Victor M. Gore of Benton Harbor, said:

This foregoing section is a new one, and is inserted in the revision for the reason that doubt was expressed as to the power of the legislature in the premises without such a provision.

Now after these dozen years, or since the women and children labor proviso was adopted, the people must decide whether or not they want the word "men" inserted in this section to safeguard the interest of the worker. Some people will claim the suggested change means more advanced labor legislation, but balled down this lone word, in this case, carries no significance, as Michigan's labor laws are today in the fore front of any state in the Union.

M. H. DeFOE.

OUR CITY APPRECIATES THE HELP GIVEN BY OUR FARMERS IN THE WELCOME HOME CELEBRATION

The City of East Jordan wishes to take this occasion to thank the farmers of the surrounding territory for the very material help which they so cheerfully rendered in making our recent Welcome Home Celebration, for the soldiers and sailors, the great success that it was.

The citizens of East Jordan realize that without the cooperation of the farmers that they would have been unable to have carried out this celebration as successfully as it was held and they feel very grateful to their farmer friends.

CITY OF EAST JORDAN.



Jacqueline of Golden River

by Victor Rousseau

Copyright W. C. Chapman

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Paul Hewlett, loitering at night in Madison square, New York, is approached by an Eskimo dog which seems desirous of attracting his attention. He follows the animal to Daly's gambling place. As he reaches the house a girl emerges, evidently in a state of great agitation, who displays a large amount of money. She is the owner of the dog. She is attacked by two men, who seek to force her into an automobile. Paul, with the dog's help, drives them away, and the girl telling him she has no friends in the city, she takes her to his rooms. She is bewildered and all he can learn from her is that her name is Jacqueline. He leaves her in his rooms.

CHAPTER II

Puzzling over the situation, Paul walks for a time, but a presentiment that she is in danger sends him back to his home. There he finds a man dead, stabbed, and believes Jacqueline to have killed him. She is in a semi-stupor, and is unable to remember anything.

CHAPTER III

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CHAPTER IV

Simon Leroux, with Jacqueline's arm drawn through mine I paid a visit to the bank in which I had deposited my legacy and drew out fifteen hundred dollars, next depositing Jacqueline's money to my own account. It amounted to almost exactly eight thousand dollars.

I wanted to deposit her money in her own name, but this would have involved inquiries and explanations which I was not in a position to satisfy. So there was nothing to do but deposit it in my own, and afterward I could refund it to her.

I wondered, as we stroled up Fifth avenue together, how much she knew, what she remembered, and what thoughts went coursing through her head. That childlike faith of hers was marvellously sweet. I believed that she was dimly aware that terrible things lay in the past, and that she trusted to her forgetfulness as a shield to shelter not only herself but me, and would not voluntarily recall what she had forgotten.

It was necessary to buy her an outfit of clothes, and this problem worried by a good deal. I was afraid that she would not know what to buy; but, as the morning wore away, I realized that her mental faculties were not dimmed in the least.

She observed everything, clapped her hands joyously as a child at the street sights and sounds, turned to wonder at the elevated and at the high buildings. I ventured, therefore, upon the subject that was perplexing me.

"Jacqueline," I said, "You know that you will require an outfit of clothes before we start for your home. How much money shall I give you, Jacqueline?"

"Fifty dollars?" she inquired. I gave her a hundred and took ridiculous delight in it.

We entered a large department store and I mustered up enough courage to address the young woman who stood behind the counter that displayed the largest assortment of women's garments.

"I want a complete outfit for—for this lady," I stammered. "Enough for?" I hesitated again—"a two weeks' journey."

"Bermuda or Niagara Falls?" asked the young woman. "I beg your pardon?" I inquired, conscious that my face was insufferably hot.

"If you are taking madame to Bermuda she will naturally require cooler clothing than if you are taking her to Niagara Falls," the young woman explained, looking at me with benevolent patience. And seeing that I was wholly disconcerted, she added:

"Perhaps madame might prefer to make her own selection."

As I stood in the center of the store, apparently a stumbling block to every shopper, Jacqueline flitted here and there, until a comfortable assortment of parcels was accumulated upon the counter.

I bought a neat sole-leather suitcase, which, at Jacqueline's practical suggestion, was changed for a lighter one of plaited straw.

It was while Jacqueline was examining the suitcases that my attention was drawn to a tall, elderly man with a hard, drawn and deeply lined weather-beaten face and wearing a massive fur overcoat, open in front, who was standing in the division between the trunk department and that

Jacqueline, that its presence might possibly prove embarrassing, so I took it there and left it, with instructions that it was to be kept until I sent for it.

Quebec was my objective, and with no further clue than the dog collar. A little snow was on the ground, but the sun shone brightly, and I felt that the shadows of the night lay behind us.

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Violets are not so confounded modest when you consider their price.

FARMS FOR SALE!

One 40-acre farm 1 1/2 miles from East Jordan.

One 40-acre farm, good building, 4 1/2 miles from East Jordan. For terms see Roscoe Mackey



I Enjoyed the Tall Man.

adjoining it, immediately behind Jacqueline. He was looking at me with an unmistakable glance of recognition.

I knew that I had seen him several times before, but though his features were familiar, I had forgotten his name. I stared at him and he stared back at me, and made an urgent sign to me.

Keeping an eye on Jacqueline and not losing sight of her at any time, I followed the tall man. As I neared him my remembrance of him grew stronger. When he turned round I had his name on my lips.

It was Simon Leroux. "Diab! So you've got her!" he began in a hoarse, forcible whisper. "Where did you pick her up?"

I made no answer, but waited for him to lead again—and I was thinking hard.

"There's the devil to pay!" he went on in his execrable accent. "Louis came on post-haste, as you know, and he hasn't turned up this morning yet. Ah, mon Dieu, I always knew Tom was close, but I never dreamed you knew anything. You know what happened last night?"

"It was an unfortunate affair," I said guardedly.

"Unfortunate!" he repeated, staring at me out of his bloodshot eyes. "It was the devil, by—I Who was he?"

His face was fiery red, and he cast so keen a look at me that I almost thought he had discovered he was betraying himself.

"It was lucky I was in New York when Louis wired us she had flown," he continued—"omit the oaths which punctuated his phrases. 'Lucky I had my men with me, too. I didn't think I'd need them here, but I'd promised them a trip to New York—and then come Louis' wire. I put them on the track. I guessed she'd go to Daly's—old Duchaine was mad about that crazy system of his, and had been writing to him."

"I tell you it was ticklish. There was millions of dollars' worth of property walking up Broadway, and they'd got her, with a taxi waiting near by, when that devil's fool strolls up and draws a crowd. If I'd been there I'd have—"

A string of vile expletives followed his last remark.

"They got on his track again and followed them to the Merrimac," he continued. "And they never came out. They waited all night till nine this morning, and they never came out. I thought her a good girl—it's awful! Who was he? Say, how much do you know?"

His face was dripping with sweat, and he shot an awful look at Jacqueline as she bent over the suitcase. I could hardly keep my hands off him, but Jacqueline's need was too great for me to give vent to my passion.

I remembered now that, after sending Jacqueline to the clerk's desk alone, she had gone to a side entrance and I had joined her there and left the hotel with her in that fashion.

I gathered from what he had said that the possession of Jacqueline was vitally important both to Leroux and to Tom Carson and that they had endeavored to kidnap her and hold her till the man Louis arrived to advise them.

"How much do you know?" hissed Simon at me.

"Leroux," I said, "I'm not going to tell you anything. You will remember that I was employed by Mr. Carson."

"By—!" he swore, "ain't I as good as Carson? What are you going to do with her?"

"You'd better go back to the office and wait, unless you want to spoil the game by letting her see you," I said.

"I don't know whether Tom's running straight or not," he said huskily; "but let me tell you, young man, it'll pay you to keep in with me, and if you've got any price name it!"

we will start for home." Outside the store I looked carefully around and espied Leroux almost immediately, lighting a cigar in the doorway of a shop. I hit upon a rather daring plan to escape him.

Carson's offices were in a large modern building, with many elevators and entrances. I walked toward it with Jacqueline, being satisfied that Leroux was following us; entered about twenty-five yards before him, and ascended to the elevator, getting off, however, on the floor above that on which the offices were.

I was satisfied that Leroux would follow me a minute later, under the impression that we had gone to Carson's office, and so, after waiting a minute or two, I took Jacqueline down in another elevator, and we escaped through the front entrance and jumped into a taxicab.

I was satisfied that I had thrown Leroux off the scent, but I took the precaution to stop at a gunsmith's shop and purchase a pair of automatic pistols and a hundred cartridges.

But I was very uneasy until we found ourselves in the train. At last everything was accomplished—our baggage upon the seats beside us and our berths secured. And then, at the very moment when the wheels began to revolve, Leroux stepped down from a neighboring train. As he passed our window he espied us.

He started and glared, and then he came racing back toward us, shaking his fists and yelling vile expletives. He tried to swing himself aboard in his fury, despite the fact that the doors were all shut. A porter pushed him back, and the last I saw of him he was still pursuing us, screaming with rage.

I knew that he would follow on the next train, reaching Quebec about five the following afternoon. That gave us five hours' grace.

I turned toward Jacqueline, fearful that she had recognized the man and realized the situation. But she was smiling happily at my side, and I was confident then that, by virtue of that same mental inhibition, she had neither seen nor heard the fellow.

New York was slipping away. All my old life was slipping away like this—and evil following us. I slipped one of the automatics out of my suitcase into my pocket and swore that I would guard Jacqueline from any shadow of harm.

I opened one of the newspapers that I had bought at the station bookstore, dreading to find in glaring letters the headlines announcing the discovery of the body.

I found the announcement—in but small type. The murder was ascribed to a gang-battle—the man could not be identified, and apparently both police and public considered the affair merely one of those daily slayings that occur in that city.

Another newspaper devoted about the same amount of space to the account, but it published a photograph of the dead man, taken in the alley, where it appeared the reporter had viewed the body before it had been removed. The photograph looked horribly lifelike. I cut it out and placed it in my pocketbook.

I turned toward Jacqueline. She was asleep at my side and her head dropped on my shoulder. We sat thus all the afternoon, while the city disappeared behind us, and we passed through Connecticut and approached the Vermont hills.

Then we had a gay little supper in the dining car. Afterward I walked to the car entrance and flung the broken dog collar away—across the fields. That was the last link that bound us to the past.

CHAPTER V.

M. Le Cure. The very obvious decision at which I arrived after a night of cogitation in my berth was that Jacqueline was to pass as my sister. I explained my plan to her at breakfast.

"You see, Jacqueline," I explained, "it will look strange our traveling together, unless some close relationship is supposed to exist between us. It might subject you to embarrassment—so I shall call you my sister, Miss Hewlett, and you will call me your brother Paul." And I handed her my visiting card, because she had never heard my surname before.

"I shall be glad to think of you as my brother Paul," she answered, looking at the card. She held it in her right hand, and it was not until the middle of the meal that the left hand came into view.

Then I discovered that she had taken off her wedding ring.

At last the St. Lawrence appeared, covered with drifting fogs; the Isle of Orleans, with the Falls of Montmorency behind it; the ascending heights which slope up to the Chateau Frontenac, the fort-crowned citadel, the long parapet bristling with guns.

Then, after the ferry had transferred us from Levis, we stood in Lower Quebec.

We had hardly gone on board the ferry boat when an incident occurred that greatly disturbed me. A slightly built, well-dressed man, with a small, upturned mustache and a face of

notable pallor, stared and repressed us several times, staring and smiling with cool effrontery at both of us.

I was a good deal troubled by this but before I had decided to address the fellow we landed, and a sleigh swept us up the hill toward the chateau to the tune of jangling bells. "This is Quebec, Jacqueline," I said.

I thought that she remembered unwillingly, but she said nothing.

We secured adjacent rooms at the Chateau, and leaving Jacqueline to unpack her things, and under instruc-

tions not to leave her room, and promising to return as soon as possible, I started out at once to find Maclay & Robitaille's.

This proved a task of no great difficulty. It was a little shop where leather goods were sold, situated on St. Joseph street. A young man with a dark, clean-shaven face was behind

the counter. He came forward courteously as I approached.

"Do you remember," I asked, "selling a collar to young lady recently—no, some long time ago—a dog collar, I mean? This was the plate." Then I remembered a name Leroux had used and flung it out at random. "I think it was for a Mlle. Duchaine," I added.

The shot went home. "Ah, monsieur, I remember perfectly," answered the proprietor, "both from the unusual nature of the collar and from the fact that there was some difficulty in delivering it. There was no post office nearer the seignory than St. Boniface, where it lay unclaimed for a long time. I think mademoiselle had forgotten all about the order. Or perhaps the dog had died!"

"Where is this seignory?"

"The seignory of M. Charles Duchaine," he answered, looking curiously at me. "It is the oldest of the seignories," he continued. "In fact, it has never passed out of the hands of the descendants of the original owners, because it is almost uninhabitable in winter, except by Indians."

"How would one reach the chateau?"

"In summer," he replied, "one might ascend the Riviere d'Or in a canoe for half the distance, until one reached the mountains, and then—"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. Possibly one would inquire of the first trapper who passed in autumn. In winter one would fly."

"You see, M. Duchaine is a hermit," he continued. "Once, so my father used to say, he was one of the gayest young men in Quebec. But he became involved in the troubles of 1837—and then his wife died, and so he withdrew there with the little mademoiselle—what was her name?"

"Eh bien, it makes no difference, because, since she left the convent of the Ursulines here in Quebec, where she was educated, her father keeps her at the chateau, and you are not likely to set eyes on M. Charles Duchaine's daughter."

A sudden stoppage in his flow of words, an almost guilty look upon his face, as a new figure entered the little shop, directed my attention toward the stranger.

He was an old man of medium size, very muscularly built, stout, and with enormous shoulders. He wore a priest's soutane, but he did not look like a priest—he looked like a man's head on a bull's body. His smooth face was tanned to the color of an Indian's—his bright blue eyes, almost concealed by their drooping, wrinkled lids, were piercing in their scrutiny.

"Boujour, Pere Antoine," said the shopkeeper deferentially, fixing his eyes rather timidly upon the old priest's face.

"Eh bien, who is this with whom thou gossipest concerning the daughter of M. Duchaine?" inquired Father Antoine, looking at me keenly.

"Only a customer—a stranger, monsieur," answered the proprietor, rubbing his hands together.

"You talk too much," said Pere Antoine roughly. "Now, monsieur," he said, addressing me in fair English, "what is the nature of your business that it can possibly concern either M. Duchaine or his daughter? Perhaps I can inform you, since he is one of my parishioners."

"My conversation was not with you, Monsieur le Cure," I answered shortly and left the shop.

I had not gone three paces from the door, however, when the priest, coming up behind me, placed a huge hand upon my shoulder and swung me round, without the least apparent effort.

"I do not know what your business is, monsieur," he said, "but if it were an honest one you would state it to me. If you wish to see M. Duchaine I am best qualified to assist you to do so, since I visit his chateau twice each year to carry the consolations of religion to him and his people. But if your business is not honest it will fail. End it, then, and return to your own country."

"I do not intend to discuss my business with you, monsieur," I answered angrily.

He let me go and stood crossing me

with his keen gaze. I jumped on a passing car, but, looking back, I saw him striking along behind me. He seemed to walk as quickly as the car went, through the crowded street, and with an effort.

I found Jacqueline in her room, looking over her purchases, and took her down to dinner.

After dinner I had some conversation with one of the hotel clerks. I discovered that St. Boniface was little known, the only occupants of those parts being trappers and Indians. "You could hire dogs and a sleigh at St. Boniface for wherever your final destination is," he said, "because the dog mail has been suspended owing to the new government mail boats, and their sleighs are idle. I think Captain Dubois would take you on his boat as far as that point, and I believe he makes his next trip in a couple of days."

He gave me the captain's address, and I resolved to call on him early the following day and make arrangements.

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I took Jacqueline for a stroll on the terrace, and while we walked I pondered over the problem. Jacqueline was very quiet, and I wondered what she remembered. I dreaded always awakening her memory, lest, with that of her home, came that other of the dead man.

Our rooms were on the side of the Chateau facing the town, and as we passed beneath the arch I saw two men standing no great distance away and watching us. It seemed to me.

One wore the cassock of a priest, and I could have sworn that he was Pere Antoine; the other resembled the suspicious stranger. As we drew near they moved behind a pillar. Thus, inexorably, the chase drew near.

My suspicions received confirmation a few minutes later, for we had hardly reached our rooms, and I was, in fact, standing at the door of Jacqueline's, bidding her good night when a bellboy came along the passage and announced that the gentleman whom I was expecting was coming up the stairs.

I said good night to Jacqueline and went into my room and waited. I had thought it would be the stranger but it was the priest.

I invited him to enter and he came in and stood with his fur cap on his head, looking direfully at me.

"Well, monsieur, what is the purpose of this visit?" I asked.

"To tell you," he thundered, "that you must give up the unhappy woman who has accompanied you here."

"That is precisely what I intend to do," I answered.

"To me," he said. "Her husband—I felt my brain whirling. I knew now that I had always cherished a hope, despite the ring—what a fool I had been!"

"I married them," continued Pere Antoine.

"Where is he?" I demanded.

He appeared disconcerted. I gathered from his stare that he had supposed I knew.

"This is a Catholic country," he went on more quietly. "There is no divorce; there can be none. Marriage is a sacrament. Sinning as she is—"

I placed my hand on his shoulder. "I will not hear any more," I said. "Go!" I pointed toward the door.

"I am going to take her away with me," he said, and crossing the threshold into the corridor placed one hand on the door of Jacqueline's room.


I got there first. I thrust him violently aside—it was like pushing a monument—turned the key, which happily was still outside, and put it in my pocket.

"I am ready to deal with her husband," I said. "I am not ready to deal with you. Leave at once or I will have you arrested, priest or no priest. How do I know she has a husband? How do I know you are not in?"

(Continued on Next Page)

"FAKE" ASPIRIN WAS TALCUM

Therefore Insist Upon Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"



Millions of fraudulent Aspirin Tablets were sold by a Brooklyn manufacturer which later proved to be composed mainly of Talcum Powder. "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" the true, genuine, American made and American owned, Tablets are marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Ask for and then insist upon "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" and always buy them in the original Bayer package which contains proper directions and dosage. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrocinolide of Salicylic Acid.



Staring and Smiling With Cool Effrontery.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Here's Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Faded Hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application of two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients at a small cost, all ready for use. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

JACQUELINE

GOLDEN RIVER

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Copyright W. G. Chapman

(Continued from Third Page)

league with her persecutors? How do I know you are a priest at all?"

He seemed amazed at the violence of my manner.

"This is the first time my priesthood has been denied," he said quietly.

"Well, I have offered you your chance. I cannot use violence. If you refuse you will bring your own punishment upon your head, and hers on that of the unhappy woman whom you have led into sin."

"Go!" I shouted, pointing down the passage.

He turned and went, his soutane sweeping against the door of Jacqueline's room as he went by.

I unlocked the door of Jacqueline's room. I saw her standing at the foot

of the bed. Her face was white. As I entered she looked up piteously at me.

"Who—was—that?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"An impudent fellow—that is all, Jacqueline."

"I thought I knew his voice," she answered slowly. "It made me almost—remember. And I do not want to remember, Paul."

She put her arms about my neck and cried. I tried to comfort her, but it was a long time before I succeeded.

I locked her door on the outside and that night I slept with the key beneath my pillow.

CHAPTER VI.

At the Foot of the Cliff.

The next afternoon I went to Paul street and found M. Dubois at home.

When I explained that I wanted to secure two passages to St. Boniface his brows contracted.

"Dieu! So you, too, are going to the Chateau Duchaine!" he exclaimed.

"Is there not room for two more on the boat of Captain Duhamel?"

"Why do you suppose that I am going to the Chateau Duchaine?" I inquired angrily.

He flared up too. "Diable! he burst out, 'Do you suppose all Quebec does not know what is in the wind? But since you are so ignorant, monsieur, I will enlighten you. Let us suppose that the affairs of M. Charles Duchaine have interested a gentleman of business and politics whom we will call M. Leroux—just for the sake of giving him a name, you understand," he resumed, looking at me maliciously.

"And this M. Leroux imagines that there is more than spruce timber to be found on the seignior. Bien, but consider further that this M. Leroux is a mole, as we call our politicians here. It would not suit him to appear openly in such an enterprise?"

"Let us say, then, that he arranges with a Captain Duhamel to convey his party to St. Boniface, to which point he will go secretly by another route, and that he will join them there and—in short, monsieur, take yourself and your friend to the devil, for I won't give you passage. Go back to him—for I know he sent you to me—and tell him he cannot hire Alfred Dubois for all the money in Canada."

"I am glad to hear you say that," I answered, "because Leroux is no friend of mine. Now listen to me, Captain Dubois. It is true that I am going to the chateau, if I can get there, but I did not know that Leroux had made his arrangements already. In brief, he is in pursuit of me and I have urgent reasons for avoiding him. My companion is a lady—"

"Sh!" he exclaimed, looking stupidly at me.

"And I am anxious to take her to the chateau, where we shall be safe from the man—"

"A lady!" exclaimed the captain. "No young one? Diable! Why didn't you tell me so at first, monsieur? I'll take you. I will do anything for an enemy of Leroux!"

"But a lady! I do not know your business, monsieur, but I can guess, perhaps—"

"But you must not misunderstand me," I interposed. "She is not—"

"Diable! It's all right!" said the captain, slapping me upon the back. "No explanations! Not a word, I assure you. I am the most discreet of men. Madeleine!"

This last word was a deep-chested bellow, and in response a little girl came running in, staggering under the weight of the captain's overcoat of racoon fur.

"That is my overcoat voice," he explained, stroking the child's head. "My niece, monsieur. By the tone in which I call Madeleine knows whether it is my overcoat or my pipe or slippers that I want, or whether I am growing hungry."

I thought that the captain's hunger voice must shake the rafters of the old building.

"And now, monsieur," he continued seriously, when we had left the house, "I am going to tell you as much as I know concerning the plans of that scoundrel. In brief, it is known that a party of his friends has been quartered for some time at the chateau; they come and go, in fact, and now he is either taking more or the same ones back again, and God knows why he takes them to so desolate a region, unless, as the rumor is, he has discovered coal fields upon the seignior and holds M. Duchaine in his power. Well, monsieur, a party sails with Captain Duhamel on tonight's tide, which will carry me down the gulf also. Captain Duhamel's boat is berthed at the same pier as mine upon the opposite side.

"We start together, then, but I shall expect to gain several hours during the four days' journey, for I know the Claire well, and she cannot keep pace with my Sainte-Vierge. You must bring your lady aboard the Sainte-Vierge by nine tonight."

"I shall telegraph to my friend Danton at St. Boniface to have a sleigh and dogs at your disposal when you arrive, and a tent, food and sleeping bags," continued Captain Dubois, "for it must be a hundred and fifty miles from St. Boniface to the Chateau Duchaine. And so, with half a day's start, you will have nothing to fear from Leroux—only remember that he has no scruples. Still I do not think he will catch you and Mile. Jacqueline before you reach Chateau Duchaine," he ended, chuckling at his sagacity.

"Ah, well, monsieur, who else could your lady be?" he asked, smiling at my surprise. "I knew well that some day she must leave those wilds. Besides, did I not convey her here from St. Boniface on my return, less than a week ago, when she pleaded for secrecy? I suspected something agitated her then. So it was to find a husband that she departed thus?"

So Jacqueline had left her home not more than a week before! And the captain had no suspicion that she was married then! Yet Pere Antoine claimed to have performed the ceremony.

To whom? And where was the man who should have stood in my place and shielded her against Leroux?

I made Dubois understand, not without difficulty, that we were still unmarried. His face fell when he realized that I was in earnest, but after a little he made the best of the situation, though it was evident that some of the glamour was scratched from the romance, in his opinion.

By now we had arrived at the wharf, wedged in among the fies lay the Claire and the Sainte-Vierge respectively. The latter vessel lay upon our right as we approached the end of the wharf.

There was a small cabin for Jacqueline and another for myself adjoining. I was very well satisfied and inquired the terms.

"Diable! If it were not for the children there should be no terms!" exclaimed the captain. "But it is hard, monsieur, with prices rising and the hungry mouths always open, like little birds."

He was overjoyed at the sight of the fifty dollars which I tendered him. "By the way," I said, "do you know a priest named Pere Antoine?"

"An old man? A strong old man? Why, assuredly, monsieur," answered the captain. "Everybody knows him. He has the parish of the Riviere d'Or district, and the largest in Quebec. A saint, monsieur! You will do well to make his acquaintance."

The captain parted from me on the wharf on his way to the telegraph office, repeating his instructions to the effect that we were to be aboard the boat by nine.

It had grown dark long before and looking at my watch, I was surprised to see that it was already past six o'clock. I had no time to lose in returning to the Chateau.

But though I could see it outlined upon the cliff I soon found myself lost among the maze of narrow streets in which I was wandering. A man was coming up the street behind me, and I turned to question him, but as I decreased my pace he diminished his also, and when I quickened mine he went faster as well. I began to have an uneasy sense that he might be following me, and accordingly hastened onward until I came to a road which seemed to lead up the hill toward the ramparts.

The road, however, led me into a blind alley, the further extremity be-

ing the base of the cliff; but another street emerged from it at a right angle, and I plunged into this, believing that any of the byways would eventually take me to the top of the acclivity.

As I entered this street I heard the footsteps behind me quicken and, looking around, perceived that the man was close upon me. He stopped at the moment I did and disappeared in a small court.

Now I was afraid. The mighty cliff before me, the silence of the deserted alleys in which I wandered helplessly, the thought of Jacqueline alone, waiting anxiously for my return, almost unmanned me. I almost ran forward into the byway which seemed to lead toward the summit, and as I did so I heard the footsteps close behind me again.

On my left hand was a tiny unfenced courtyard, not more than six yards in area, and I turned into this quickly and waited. I was confident that the bend in the street had hidden me from my pursuer, and as I anticipated, he came on at a swifter rate.

He was abreast of me when I put out my hand and grasped him by the coat, while with the other I felt in my pocket for my automatic pistol.

It was not there. I had left it in the pocket of the overcoat which I had changed at the furrier's shop and had sent to the Chateau. And I was looking into the villainous face of the ruffian who had knocked me down on Sixth avenue!

"What are you following me for?" I cried furiously.

He wrenched himself out of my grasp and pulled a long knife from his pocket. I caught him by the wrist,

and we wrestled to and fro upon the snow. The keen steel slashed my fingers, but the thought of Jacqueline helped me.

I got his hand open, snatched the knife, and flung it far away among the stunted shrubs that clung to the cliff side. And we stood watching each other, panting.

He did not try to attack me again, but stood just out of my reach, grinning diabolically at me. His gaze shifted over my shoulder. Instinctively I swung around as the dry snow crackled behind me.

I was a second too late, for I saw nothing but the looming figure of a second ruffian and his upraised arm; then painless darkness seemed to enfold me, and I was conscious of plunging down into a fathomless abyss.

CHAPTER VII.

Captain Dubois.

Clang! Clang!

It sounded as though some titanic blacksmith were pounding on a mighty anvil to a devil's chorus of laughter. And I was bound to the steel, and each blow awakened hideous echoes which went resounding through my brain forever.

Clang! Clang!

I strove to free myself. I knew that it was a dream from which I must awaken, for the fate of the whole world depended on my awakening from the bonds of sleep.

It would be so easy to sink down into a deeper slumber, where even the clanging of the anvil beneath those hammer strokes would no longer be heard; but against this was the imperative need to save—not the world, now, but—

The name was as sweet as honey upon my lips. It was something worth living for. It was—Jacqueline!

That name—Annette—Jennette—Jacqueline!

I had gone back to my rooms and saw a body upon the floor. Jacqueline had killed somebody, and I must save her!

Suddenly I realized that my eyes were wide open and that I was staring at the moon over the house-tops. With consciousness came pain. My head throbbed almost unbearably, and I was stiff with cold. I raised myself weakly, and then I became aware that somebody was bending over me.

It was a roughly dressed, rough-looking denizen of the low quarter into which I had strayed.

"Diable! I thought you were dead!" I could make out amid the stream of his dialect, but the remainder of his speech was beyond my understanding.

I looked around in bewilderment.

"Where am I?" I asked, still bound by that first memory of New York.

"In Sous-le-Cap, m'sieur," answered the man.

I felt in my pocket for my watch

and drew it out. It was strange that the men had not robbed me, but I suppose they had become terrified at their work and had run off. However I did not think of that at the time.

It was a few minutes past eight. And the boat sailed at nine. I must have lain stunned in Sous-le-Cap street for an hour and a half, at least, and only the supreme necessity of awakening, realized through unconsciousness, had saved me from dying under the snows.

I found that I could walk, and having explained to the man that I wished to go to the Chateau, was taken by him to the top of a winding road, near at hand, from which I could see my destination at no great distance from me.

Dismissing my friendly guide and sending him back rejoicing with liberal largesse, I hurried as quickly as I could make my way until I burst into the Chateau at half past the hour.

I must have presented a dreadful spectacle, for my hair and collar were matted with blood, and I saw the guests stare and shrink from me. The clerk came toward me and stopped me at the entrance to the elevator.

"Where is Miss Hewlett?" I gasped. "Didn't you meet her? She left here nearly an hour ago."

I caught him by the arm, and I think he imagined that I was going to seize him by the throat also, for he backed away from me, and I saw a look of fear come into his eyes.

"Your friend came for her and said that you had met with an accident," the clerk continued. "She went with him at once. He took her away in a sleigh. I was sure that you had missed her when you came in."

But already I was half way across the hall and running for the door. I raced wildly across the court and toward the terrace.

The meaning of the scheme was clear. Jacqueline was on Captain Duhamel's boat, which sailed at nine, and only twenty minutes remained to me.

I had underestimated Leroux's shrewdness. He must have telegraphed instructions from New York before my train was out of the country, secured the boat, laid his plans during his journey northward, and had me struck down while Jacqueline was stolen from my care. I should have read him better. I had always dawdled. I trusted to the future instead of acting. What chance had I against a mind like his?

I must have been running aimlessly up and down the terrace, blindly searching for a road down to the lower town, for a man seized me by the sleeve and I looked into the face of the hotel clerk again.

"This way!" he said, and hurried me to a sort of subway entrance and down a flight of steps. Before me I saw the turnstile which led to a cut-in railway.

He paid my fare and thrust me into a car. A boy came to close the latched door.

The car glided down the cliff and stopped a few seconds later. I emerged through another turnstile and found myself in the lower town again at the foot of the precipice, above which rose the Chateau with its imposing facade, the ramparts and the towering citadel.

I reached the wharf and raced along the planks. I was in time, although the engines were throbbing in the Sainte-Vierge. But it was not she, but the dark Claire I sought at that moment, and I dashed toward her.

A man barred my approach. He caught me in his strong arms and held me fast.

"Diable! Are you mad, monsieur?" he burst out as I continued to struggle. And then I recognized my captor as Captain Dubois.

"Jacqueline is on the Claire!" I cried, trying to make him understand "They took her there. They—"

"It is all right," answered Dubois, holding me with one hand, while with the other he wiped a blood drop from his lip where I had struck him. "It is all right. I have her."

I stared wildly at him. "She is on the Claire!" I cried again.

"No, mon ami. She is aboard the Sainte-Vierge," replied Dubois, chuckling, "and if you wish to accompany mademoiselle you must come with me

at once, for we are getting 'up steam.' I could not believe him. I thought that Leroux had tampered with the honest man. It was not until he had taken me, half forcibly, aboard and opened the door that I saw her.

"Jacqueline!" I cried, and clasped her in my arms for joy, and quite forgot.

A dancing shadow fell upon the wall behind the oil lamp. The honest captain was rubbing his hands in the doorway and chuckling with delight.

(To Be Continued)

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How to Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream to your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2342 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.



The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

Quick resentment of injustice is the shortest way to self-respect.

Everybody seems to love homely girls in the abstract but not in the concrete.

If you're a homely girl, isn't it perfectly disgusting the way the pretty ones flirt?

DRINK MORE WATER IF KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat and take Salts for Back-ache or Bladder trouble—Neutralizes acids.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get for any pharmaceutical four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach—liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.

J. E. REDMON PRACTICAL Undertaking and Embalming Phone 199.

Hugh W. Dicken Physician and Surgeon East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 128 Office Hours: 11:00 to 12:00 a. m. 2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.

Dr. W. H. Parks Physician and Surgeon Office in Monroe block over East Jordan Drug Co's Store Phone 158—4 rings Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m. 7:00 to 8:00 p. m. X-RAY In Office.

Doctor Branch Office Second Floor of the Monroe Block. PHONE 77

Dr. F. P. Ramsey Physician and Surgeon. Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois. OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 196.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold DENTIST Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m. 1:00 to 5:00 p. m. Evenings by Appointment. Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

Dr. C. H. Pray Dentist Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m. And Evenings. Phone No. 223.



We Wrestled To and Fro.

Briefs of the Week

Sam Golden of Chicago is guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. Rosenthal.

Lieut. Bruce Dickie is here for a short visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter.

Miss Edith Sprague, English teacher of our high school, left Friday for her home at Pasadena, Cal.

Miss Donna Hoyt teacher in our public schools, was called to her home at Gaylord, Friday, by the death of her mother.

Hon. J. E. Chew, our State Representative, left Wednesday for Lansing to attend the Special session of the State Legislature.

Dr. C. C. Vardon, who saw overseas service, is here with Mrs. Vardon for a visit with friends. Army work evidently agreed with him as he is looking exceptionally healthy.

Mrs. Alice Wing of Lansing arrived in our city, Thursday. Mrs. Wing is a representative of the State Library Commission and is here to organize East Jordan's new Public Library. The work consists of cataloging the books, placing the Library on an operating basis, and instructing the Librarian—Mrs. O. E. Sundstedt—in her new duties. The work will probably take several weeks and upon its completion a formal opening will be held.

George F. Chapman, Superintendent of the East Jordan Mill of the Argo Milling Co., has tendered his resignation and expects to leave in a few weeks for Shepard, Mich., where he assumes management of the Shepard Milling Co.'s plant at that place. Mrs. Chapman with daughters, Misses Maude and Alice, plan to follow in a month or so. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman have made a host of friends in business, church and social circles during their many years residence in our city and their going is a matter of sincere regret. Mr. Chapman's successor in management of the Argo Mill here has not yet been announced.

W. P. Jones left Friday for a visit at Lake and Detroit.

Miss Rita Green is visiting friends at Bellaire this week.

Mrs. A. Hilliard returned Monday from a visit at Cadillac.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Amberg a son, Wednesday, June 4th.

W. C. Shearer of Hope was guest of his daughter, Miss Sarah, Thursday.

Mrs. Philo Giffin and son of Bellaire are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Palmer.

Mrs. Jake Tofelsky went to Cedar, Mich., Friday, for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. Enoch Giles and children left Friday for a visit with relatives at West Branch.

Miss Ruth Simpson of Alden is guest at the farm home of her sister, Mrs. F. E. Bearss.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nachazel of South Arm township, a son, Monday, June 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Scoville and children went to Rapid City, Friday, for a visit with friends.

Mrs. Fred Longtin and daughter returned home Wednesday from a visit with friends at Detroit.

C. A. Brabant returned Wednesday from Detroit where he was called by the death of his mother.

Mrs. D. L. Wilson with sons, Robert and William, left Thursday for a visit with her sister at Marquette.

Mrs. Robt. Akins and son of Cadillac are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bashaw and other relatives.

Mrs. Jos. Weiler and children left last Saturday for Flint, where she joins her husband and will make their home.

E. E. Flagg is here from Detroit to attend the graduation exercises of his daughter, Miss Theresa, and for a visit with friends.

St. Josephs School of Music and Expression will give a Recital program at Temple Theatre, Wednesday, June 18. Particulars next week.

Mrs. Harve Seaton who has been visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Deschane, returned to her home at Altonia, Monday.

Among our Headquarters Company Soldiers to return to their homes here this week are Clyde Strong, Ole Olson, Roderick Davis, and Clifford Hammond.

Mrs. Myrtle Holmes with son, Edwin, who have been visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Pearsall, returned to their home at Muakegon Friday.

LeRoy Sherman is now Assistant Cashier at the State Bank of East Jordan, having accepted the position recently. The many friends of Roy are glad that he plans to continue to affiliate himself with our business interests.

Committees are in conference today on plans for the big Fourth of July celebration and home coming of service men in Petoskey July 3rd and 4th. It is expected the event will be the biggest in the history of Petoskey and Northern Michigan and that all other cities and towns in the region will participate. Musical organizations from the surrounding territory will be secured for the event and there will be entertainment for everyone. Parade plans will be made within a few days as will plans for what is to be provided in the way of honoring the men who fought their country's battles overseas. Because of the double celebration there will be many added attractions.—Petoskey News.

David Whiteford returned to his work at Flint, Wednesday.

C. S. Abbott of Detroit was in the city first of the week.

Att'y E. N. Glink was a Detroit business visitor this week.

S. E. Rogers and A. G. Rogers were Petoskey visitors Monday.

Mrs. Duncan MacMillan is visiting relatives at Detroit this week.

George Stokes left Thursday for a visit at Detroit and other points.

Mrs. Elias W. Giles is visiting relatives at West Branch and Detroit.

Mrs. Marjorie Boyd returned Monday from a visit with Bay City friends.

Miss Cora and Edward Stanke went to Detroit, Thursday, to visit relatives.

Mrs. Clarence Ingalls was taken to Petoskey hospital, Thursday where she will take treatment.

Miss Julia Jensen left Wednesday for Big Rapids, where she will take a course at Ferris Institute.

Miss Louise Loveday has arrived here for the summer, after spending the winter at St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mrs. A. J. Boulard of Maucelona was guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Pray, first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Zoulek returned home Monday from spending the winter with their daughters at Chicago.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mathers of Central Lake was guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Crawford, this week.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Bechtold, Misses Opal Bigelow, Mary Henderick and Belle Roy visited friends at Northport, Sunday.

Mrs. Robt. Bigelow returned home Thursday from Petoskey hospital, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. A. A. Henderson and niece, Inez Moore, were here from Alden, Tuesday, guest of her daughter, Mrs. Henry Humeston.

Mrs. Wm. McGonigal of Clive, Alberta, is guest at the farm home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Shepard and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wheeler returned to Lansing, Saturday, after spending a few days at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Jos. Moore.

Miss Bessie Geary formerly of this place, and a sister of Mrs. Wilbur Spidel, was united in marriage to John Willis at Peoria, Ill., on May 26th.

Merle Lanway and Miss Minnie Edgcomb were here over Sunday from Traverse City, guests at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Carrie Lanway.

Mrs. Ray Lyons with baby, and brother, Rogner Olson, are here from Grand Haven, guests at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Olson.

E. R. Scoville arrived Saturday last from Highland Park, Ill., to join his wife and children here, who are guests at the farm home of her sister, Mrs. Wilbur Spidel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Davis were here from Lansing this week, guests at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Grant. Mrs. Davis was formerly Miss Naomi Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Premoe returned to Lansing, Monday, after spending a few days at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer. Mrs. Premoe was formerly, Miss Grace Giffin.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society meets with Mrs. Milton McKay on Friday afternoon, June 13th. The 4th chapter of the Mission Study Book will be the theme. All members are asked to bring their books. Everyone invited.

FOR SALE—A Ford Touring Car, in excellent condition. Will demonstrate. LEWIS W. ELLIS.

Waitresses Wanted for coming resort season. Experience desirable, but not necessary. Good wages, room and board. Phone, write or apply in person to Belvedere Hotel, Charlevoix, Mich.

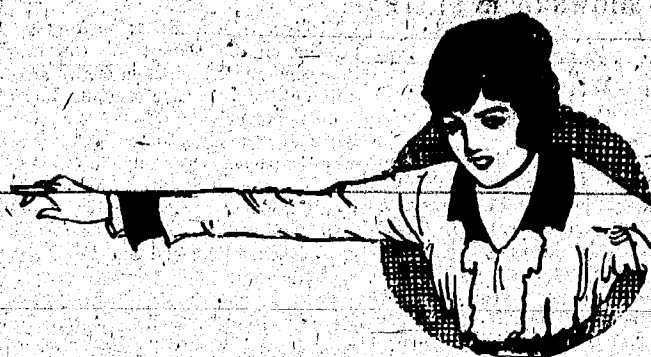
Class Graduates Tonight

High School Closes Year's Work This Friday.

The Annual Commencement Exercises of East Jordan Public Schools are being held this Friday evening at Temple Theatre. Below is the arranged PROGRAM

Music High School Orchestra
Invocation Rev. R. S. Sidebotham
Duet, "Oh, Lovely Night"—
Misses Flagg and Danto
Salutatory Julia Ellison
Valedictory Theresa Flagg
Solo, "When the Heart is Young"—
Mrs. Fowler
Address Prof. R. K. Imme
University of Michigan
Presentation of Diplomas
Ira D. Bartlett, President Board of Education.

Special Sale!



On COATS and Suits

You can Save Money by buying Now.

GINGHAM, VOILE and NET DRESSES for the warm days.



Try Our LIQUID DRESS SHIELDS and be comfortable.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, June 8, 1919.
10:30 a. m.—Children's Day Program.
This exercise will take the place of both morning service and Sunday School. The offering will be taken for the work of Sabbath School Missions.
5:00 p. m.—Vesper Service. "Different Types of Church Government."
6:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
Thursday, 7:30 p. m.—Bible Study.

Dr. Winnifred Heston, Eye Specialist from Detroit, will be in this city, June 12-25th, and will be available for eye work.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. M. E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, June 8, 1919.
10:30 a. m.—"The Battle of the Wilderness."
12:00 m.—Sunday School.
7:00 p. m.—Epworth League.
8:00 p. m.—World Tour to Africa, the land of Hottentots, Diamond Fields and Witch Doctors.
Thursday p. m.—Mid-week service.

FOR SALE.—My Residence and Lot on North Main Street. Dwelling in good condition and equipped with furnace.—GEORGE CHAPMAN, at Argo Mill.

A crusty man is naturally hard to get along with.

A motorman leads an easy life. He just goes with the current.

Everybody knows that everybody else should reform but he need not tell him so.

J. Leahy, the Optometrist who will be here June 11th, will not be here again until August.

For Sale.—BUFF ROCK EGGS for hatching at \$1.00 per set. At FRANK ZOULEK'S farm, phone 40-F3.

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money by interviewing Mrs. George Sherman who is local agent for a well known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

Temple Theatre

WHERE EVERYBODY GOES.

PROGRAM

From June 10th to June 15th.

TUESDAY, June 10th.

Edith Roberts in "The Love Swindle." A modern romance shrouded in mystery.

10c and 15c

WEDNESDAY

Fatty Arbuckle in "Oh Doctor." Wm. Duncan in "A Fight for Millions." The Ford Weekly.

10c and 15c

THURSDAY

Harry Carey in "A Woman's Fool." A great Western dramatic feature.

10c and 15c

FRIDAY

Viola Dana in "Satan Junior" A comedy that puts gloom down for the count of five reels.

10c and 15c

SATURDAY, June 14th

12th Chapter of Pearl White in "The Lightning Raider." Pathe News Weekly and Travelogue. Harold Lloyd Comedy.

10c and 15c

SUNDAY, June 15th.

Gladys Brockwell in "Strange Woman." Another Fox Victory Picture.

10c and 15c

COMING June 20th—"The Midnight Patrol. Special Feature.

ALL TRIMMED HATS

\$3.00 each

We are Closing Out our stock of Trimmed Hats.



The HAT SHOP
MRS. MARJORIE BOYD, Prop'r

A NEW SUPPLY OF

Millet Seed

at \$5.00 per hundred pounds

ORDER NOW!

ARGO MILLING CO.

CHARLEVOIX EAST JORDAN CENTRAL LAKE

PEACH LEAF CURL SHOWS UP IN STATE.

M. A. C. Expert Predicts Bad Year—Wet Spring Held Responsible.

East Lansing, Mich., June 2.—Samples of Peach Leaf Curl which have just been sent in to the Michigan Agricultural College lead Dr. G. H. Coons, specialist on plant diseases, to predict that the disease will be very common in Michigan this year. The cold, wet spring is held responsible for the present condition, as Leaf Curl is known to flourish after a backward spring.

"When trees are infected the curled leaves drop during June and July, the trees losing all their leaves in severe cases. The loss of the leaves cuts down the crop, if it does not destroy it entirely. Trees affected with Leaf Curl winter-kill badly during the following winter.

"It is too late to take any measures to control Leaf Curl this year," says Dr. Coons. "The spray to control the disease must be made before the buds open or the parasite cannot be reached. Bordeaux mixture, and lime-sulphur are two of the best spray materials for Leaf Curl control."

Insurance of the crop by spraying at the proper time is strongly recommended for future years. The disease is too destructive for orchardists to take a chance that the spring weather will be favorable for its control.

Notice of Change in By-Laws.

Charlevoix, Michigan, May 22, 1919.

To Daniel S. Payton, President C. C. M. M. B. A.

We, the undersigned members of the Board of Directors of the Charlevoix Masonic Mutual Benefit Association request that a special meeting of the association be called for June 12, 1919, at Charlevoix Masonic temple.

Signed:
S. M. ROSE,
J. M. ACKERT,
F. A. BUTLER.

Charlevoix, Michigan, May 22, 1919.

To the members of C. C. M. M. B. A.:

You are hereby notified that a special meeting of the Charlevoix Masonic Mutual Benefit Association will be held at Masonic temple, Charlevoix, Michigan, June 12, 1919, at eight o'clock p. m. At such meeting a vote will be taken upon proposed amendments to Article III of the Constitution and to Section I of Article XV of the bylaws.

By order of the president.
F. A. BUTLER,
Secretary.

To the Officers and Members of Charlevoix County Masonic Mutual Benefit Association:

We respectfully submit the following proposed amendment to Article III of the Constitution of this Association:

Article III. Any Master Mason or wife of a Master Mason, or chapter of R. A. M.; any member of a chapter of Order of Eastern Star in good standing in a lodge or chapter in Charlevoix County, Michigan, may become a member of this association upon written application signed by the applicant, and endorsed by two members of the board of directors.

We also submit the following proposed amendment to Section I of Article XV of the by-laws of the Association:

Section I. These by-laws may be amended at any regular or special meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present at such regular or special meeting.

Dated, May 22, 1919.

Signed,
GEO. ANDERSON,
MARTIN BLOCK,
CHAS. E. SEE,
A. E. MASON,
F. G. HINES.
Members of said Association.

Sometimes a good disappearance is better than a good appearance.

You never knew a regular boy that allowed his studies to interfere with his meals.

HELPED HER LITTLE GIRL.

Children need all their strength for growing. A lingering cold weakens them. Mrs. Amanda Flint, Route 4 New Philadelphia, O., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured my little girl of the worst tickling cough." Gives immediate relief from distressing, racking, tearing coughs; soothes and heals.
—Hite's Drug Store.

Girls Wanted!

In our yarn, knitting and finishing departments. Steady employment and good wages. Those between 18 and 45 preferred. Experience not necessary. Beginners start at \$1.50 per day. Board and room furnished at \$3.00 per week at company's boarding house. All modern conveniences. Apply at—
WESTERN KNITTING MILLS, Rochester, Mich.

FARM BUREAU NOTES.

Michigan grown alfalfa seed is appearing on the market for the first time since the introduction of the crop into the state. Heretofore all Michigan alfalfa has been raised from seed imported from other states. The local seed is particularly valuable because of the fact that it has been produced by plants which are winter hardy under Michigan conditions. It has been demonstrated that seed can be grown profitably in the state.

The hot weather we have been having recently has been exceptionally favorable for the development of insect pests. In the eastern part of the county the young grasshoppers have hatched out by the millions in the last few days. The prospects indicate that only an organized, concerted poisoning campaign will save crops and pasture.

In examining a wonderful stand of self sown rye and vetch on the farm of B. E. Waterman, recently we found the vetch roots full of nodules, which indicates its value as a nitrogen gatherer and a soil builder. Mr. Waterman is highly pleased with his experience with vetch and believe it to be an excellent crop for our soils.

BIDS FOR CEMENT WANTED.

The Board of Charlevoix County Road Commissioners of Charlevoix County, Michigan, will receive sealed bids for the purchase of 18,000 barrels of Standard Cement, or any portion of the same, delivered F. O. B. Charlevoix, Michigan, or other convenient place on the P. M. Railroad between Charlevoix and Bay Shore, as needed in the construction of a Federal Aid Road by said Board.

A certified check for \$500 will be required of each bidder conditioned on the entering into a contract if bid is accepted.

All bidders will also be required to agree to furnish a satisfactory Bond to the Board conditioned upon the delivery of said cement at the time and places stated in the contract to be made.

The right to reject any and all bids is expressly reserved. Said above bids will be opened June 9th, 1919, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m.

Dated: Charlevoix, Michigan, May 29th, 1919.

RICHARD LEWIS,
County Clerk.

Not all suckers bite at fool schemes. Some of them haven't even sense enough for that.

Why do people think that being sick is something to brag about instead of to be ashamed of?

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 31st day of October, 1905, executed by Lemuel Henderson, Jacob Henderson, Cora Henderson and Priscilla Henderson, of Wilson Township, County of Charlevoix, Michigan, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan, in liber 45 of mortgages on page 56, on the 2nd day of November A. D. 1908 and was also assigned by said George S. Bridge, the 5th day of February, 1917, and recorded March 1, 1917, in liber 53 of mortgages on page 402, to the Peoples State Savings Bank of East Jordan, Michigan, and is now owned by it. On which mortgage there is due at the date hereof, for principal and interest, the sum of Four Hundred Seventy-four and 25/100 (\$474.25) Dollars and an attorney's fee of Fifteen and no/100 (\$15.00) Dollars as provided by law and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been had to recover said sum or any part thereof.

Now therefore notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder, at the outer easterly front door of the Court House at the City of Charlevoix, of Charlevoix County and State of Michigan, said Court House being the place of holding the circuit court for said county, on the 7th day of July A. D. 1919, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the description of said premises contained in said mortgage is as follows:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Wilson, in the County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, and described as follows to-wit: The Southwest quarter (SW 1/4) of the Northeast quarter (NE 1/4) of Section twenty-six (26) in Township thirty-two (32) north, of range six (6) west. Excepting a parcel thereof described as follows: Commencing at a point in the Boyne Falls State Road on the north line of said Section twenty-six (26) Thence West on said line to the 1/2 line running north and south through said section; Thence South on said 1/2 line to the Boyne Falls and East Jordan State road; Thence North and East along the line of said State Road to place of beginning. Also that part of the Northwest quarter (NW 1/4) of the Southeast quarter (SE 1/4) of Section twenty-six (26) Township thirty-two (32) north, of range six (6) west, lying North of Deer Creek containing Twelve (12) acres more or less.

Dated April 11, 1919.
PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee.

DWIGHT L. WILSON,
Attorney for mortgagee.
Business Address,
East Jordan, Michigan.

The sunflower is probably destined to play an important part in the economic affairs of the United States as a substitute for linseed. A member of the National Paint, Oil and Varnish Association recently read a report which declared that the cultivation of the sunflower for this purpose can be made to yield a gross return to the farmer of from \$30 to \$38 an acre.

Among the Eskimos there are no vexatious questions about property rights to settle, because aside from the igloo and personal belongings there is no property. The Eskimos can not conceive of land as belonging to any one person. When told how it is held as private property in the states one old man asked if the white man also divided the oceans in the same way.

A company, owned chiefly by O. C. Barber, the match manufacturer, has just opened a new plant on the shore of Lake Erie. The salt is reached by drilling to a depth of about 2,000 feet; then great thickness of solid rock salt are found. Fresh water is forced down the wells and the salt dissolved into brine, which is raised by pumping and goes through various processes of settling, purifying and steam heat evaporation.

The natives of the Andes have a method of preserving potatoes, which consists of alternate freezing and thawing until all the moisture is removed. The resulting product is known as chunu, and it can be stored for months and even years, without fear of deterioration. Pressed into little bullet shaped pieces, chunu is universally offered for sale in the market, and is one of the chief foods of the native population.

A royal palace, consisting of what is known as the "white tower," appears to have been the beginning of the Tower of London. It was commenced by William the Conqueror and finished by William's son, William Rufus, who, in 1098, surrounded it with walls and a broad ditch. Several succeeding kings made additions to it, and King Edward III erected the church. In 1628 the old white tower was rebuilt, and in the reign of Charles II a great number of additions were made to it. The new buildings in the tower were completed in 1850.

Viscount Astor, better known as William Waldorf Astor is the owner of an English mansion with a romantic history. Hever castle, in Kent, which this American born peer purchased some years ago, was ancient when it came into the hands of the family of Boleyn. Here Anne Boleyn passed her childhood and was courted by Henry VIII. When her father died Hever was taken over by Henry, who gave the castle to Anne of Cleves, but it is the beheaded Anne whose ghost was said to haunt the scenes of her childhood every Christmas-tide. Viscount Astor carried out the restoration of the castle with great care, and the old place is now a charming residence.

HE THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES.

"Six years ago I had rheumatism so bad I was going on crutches," writes August Strandell, Sister Bay, Wis. "I tried several medicines and doctors and got no relief. Three bottles of Foley Kidney Pills cured me. I threw away my crutches." Have no equal for weak— sore, aching back, muscles or joints.
—Hite's Drug Store.

MORTGAGE SALE.

By a mortgage dated the 24th day of November A. D. 1916, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, on the 28th day of November A. D. 1916, in Liber 50 of Mortgages, on Page 230, PETER BLOCK and ELLIEN BLOCK, his wife, of the Township of Marion, Charlevoix County, Michigan, did duly mortgage to THE GRANT STATE BANK, of Grant, Michigan, a Michigan Banking Corporation, the lands, premises and property situated in the Township of Marion, County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, described as follows, to-wit: The south one-half (1/2) of the north-east quarter (NE 1/4) of Section twenty (20), all in Township thirty-three (33) north, Range eight (8) west, containing 240 acres, more or less, according to Government Survey thereof.

Default having occurred in the conditions of said mortgage by which the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof:

Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to pay the amount due on said mortgage with interest at the rate of six and 1/2 per cent. (6 1/2 per cent.) per annum and all other legal costs, including an attorney fee of Thirty & no/100 Dollars as provided by said mortgage, at public vendue to the highest bidder on the 14th day of July, A. D. 1919, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the outer front door of the Court House in the city of Charlevoix County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, said Court House being the place of holding the circuit court for said county.

The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED THIRTY-EIGHT & 42/100 Dollars (\$4238.42).

Dated, March 27th A. D. 1919.
THE GRANT STATE BANK,
Mortgagee.

WHITE & REBER,
Attorneys for the Mortgagee.
Business Address,
Fremont, Michigan.

ELBOWS TRAPS
L's T's Y's

LONG and SHORT CURVES

EVERYTHING YOU NEED.

WE WILL TAKE LIBERTY BONDS AT PAR ON BUILDING MATERIAL.

CITY FEED STORE

Michigan Grown Alfalfa Seed Appears on Market.

East Lansing, Mich., June 2.—Michigan grown alfalfa seed is appearing on the market for the first time since the introduction of the crop into the state, according to Prof. J. F. Cox, head of the farm crops department at M. A. C. Heretofore all Michigan alfalfa has been raised from seed imported from other states. The local seed is particularly valuable because of the fact that it has been produced by plants which are winter-hardy under Michigan conditions.

Michigan growers of alfalfa must be careful not to plant alfalfa seed which has been grown in the south, as southern seed will not be dependable in Michigan. Turkestan seed, for instance, will not withstand Michigan winters, while Peruvian seed and seed grown in the southwestern states is also dangerous.

Only northern grown seed from the

Dakotas, Montana, and Minnesota, or native alfalfa from the central and western states should be grown in Michigan.

The Grimm, Baltic and Cossack are particular hardy strains.

When Michigan growers are producing a large amount of seed the production of alfalfa in the state will be on a much more dependable basis, and it has been demonstrated that the seed can be grown profitably in the state.

The difference between a man who falls and the man who doesn't is the first usually has climbed somewhere or he couldn't have fallen.

WAS ON A TORPEDOED SHIP.

Thomas A. Breslin, 645 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., writes: "Having been on a torpedoed ship coming to this country from England, I had a cold ever since. I was advised by a friend to take Foley's Honey and Tar and before long I was cured." You can stop that cough or cold that has been lingering since Spring.—Hite's Drug Store.

SHE FEELS YOUNGER AND STRONGER.

Middle-aged and older persons are apt to suffer from overworked or weakened kidneys and bladder. Mrs. Warren Dyer, Arkport, N. Y., writes: "I used Foley Kidney Pills for weak kidneys and pains in my back, and they gave me relief. After taking Foley Kidney Pills I feel younger and stronger."—Hite's Drug Store.

English would be a good language if it hadn't been so badly abused.

If you can't have your own way you can always have somebody else's.

Newspapers sometimes speak of "romantic girls." There isn't any other kind.

There are people you know who take more solid satisfaction out of the troubles of others than they do out of their own joys.

Frequently the "other woman" is attractive only because she is the "other woman" and almost any "other woman" would do quite as well as she.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national pipe smoke



TALK about smokes, Prince Albert is geared to a joyhandout standard that just lavishes smokehappiness on every man game enough to make a bee line for a tidy red tin and a jimmy pipe—old or new!

Get it straight that what you've hankered for in pipe or cigarette makin's smokes you'll find aplenty in P. A. That's because P. A. has the quality!

You can't any more make Prince Albert bite your tongue or parch your throat than you can make a horse drink when he's off the water! Bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

You just lay back like a regular fellow and puff to beat the cards and wonder why in samhill you didn't nail a section in the P. A. smokepasture longer than you care to remember back!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold. Topsy red bag, tidy red tin, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moisture top that keeps the tobacco in each perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.