

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 23

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1919.

No. 24

Shall We Have Better School Buildings?

Proposition To Be Submitted To Our Taxpayers.

A special meeting of the taxpayers of School District No. 4, South Arm township—(City of East Jordan) is called to meet at the High School Building, Monday evening, June 23rd, from 7:00 to 9:00 o'clock.

The object of this meeting is to determine just what is to be done in the matter of reconstructing our high school buildings. For years the Grade Central Building has been deteriorating until now something must be done in the way of rebuilding or repairing. The matter has been thoroughly discussed by our citizens for several years past but owing to war conditions it was not considered advisable to take any action. With the war happily over, our School Board have taken up the matter of rebuilding and employed an architect to go over the proposition and make a definite estimate of the cost of the proposed new building.

Our citizens will be called upon at the meeting Monday, June 23rd, to vote on a proposition to bond the district for \$80,000 which is the estimate given for reconstructing. The plan is, we understand, to tear down one-half of the old Grade Central Building and build an addition which will provide an auditorium, manual training and agricultural department.

If, for any reason, the proposed plan is not acceptable to our citizens then the matter of fixing an estimate on repair work will be taken up.

We understand the plan to be presented is for bonding the District for \$80,000, all the bonds to be retired in seven years. This will mean an additional school tax of about one per cent per year for the seven years.

This is rather a heavy tax but the Herald believes it is a public necessity and should be voted. It is only a matter of a very few years until the Grade Central Building will be condemned, as it is now in very poor condition. Other cities of equal size have far outclassed us in their public school structures and facilities and we, as loyal citizens, cannot allow this to continue.

FARM BUREAU NOTES.

The first crop of sweet clover must be cut high and early if a good second crop is to be grown. With a healthy, vigorous stand, sweet clover should be cut when it is about twenty-four to thirty inches high and before the appearance of any blossoms buds.

All beekeepers should note that warning has been given that the law passed by the legislature in 1917, requiring all bees to be kept in movable hives free from cross combs, will be vigorously enforced on and after July first. If you have bees in illegal hives, they can be transferred to lawful ones. The County Agent can send you directions for doing the work and might be able to assist you personally.

Companionship, good times and a chance to make money are the three things a country boy or girl look forward to finding in the City. Club work provides them in the country.

Roosters not needed for breeding should be put into the same class as flies when it comes to swatting. Produce infertile eggs, they are worth more, as they keep better and cost less to produce as there are no roosters to feed. It is estimated by the U. S. Department of Agriculture that \$15,000,000 worth of eggs spoil yearly because they are fertile.

NEWT WOUND UP AT LAST

Six months after President Wilson declared "thus the war has come to an end," the War Department was increasing the number of its employees. By strenuous efforts, Baker may yet be able to win the war.

The reason that some reforms never get any place is that the reformers are such funny-looking creatures they make everybody laugh.

Perhaps no man ever paid a life insurance premium without wondering what foolish thing his widow would do with the money.

The free trade spellbinders used to tell us how lowering the tariff would lower the cost of living. Well, we lowered the tariff and now you are lucky to be alive at all.

UNLABELED PACKAGES HOLD BAD GRASS SEED

Undesirable Lawn Mixtures Being Sold in State in Blank Containers.

East Lansing, Mich., June 9.—Grass seed mixtures which contain timothy, rye grass, and other seeds which are undesirable for lawns, are being sold in the state in unlabeled packages, according to Bertha E. Hollister, State Seed Analyst at East Lansing. Miss Hollister has found that various retail stores other than seed companies are dealing in grass mixtures at this time of year, more for advertising than for profit, and that these stores are often very careless about the quality of seed sold. An electric light agency in Detroit was found to be doing a large business in inferior lawn mixtures.

The remedy for the condition is for purchasers to buy only carefully labeled seeds, put up by reliable companies.

SWEET CLOVER SHOULD BE CUT HIGH AND EARLY

East Lansing, Mich., June 9.—The first crop of sweet clover must be cut high and early if a good second crop is to be grown, declares J. W. Nicolson, Farm Crops Specialist at the Michigan Agricultural College. If sweet clover is cut the way common clover and alfalfa are cut, the second crop will probably be seriously injured and possibly ruined.

With a healthy, vigorous stand sweet clover should be cut when it is about twenty-four to thirty inches high, and before the appearance of any blossom buds. The second crop does not spring from the crown, as in the case of alfalfa, but is obtained from branches developed from the lower part of the old stalk—hence the importance of high cutting. The length of stubble which should be left varies with the rapidity of growth of the plants, but in Michigan the stubble should usually be left from eight to twelve inches high.

Sweet clover is proving of especial value on run-down and infertile soils, although it is being grown profitably on many soils of high fertility. It is an excellent pasture crop, and will produce satisfactory yields of hay and seed even under poor conditions which would not give as good results with any other legume.

WEST MICHIGAN PEACH ORCHARD PAYS WELL

Fifteen Acres Earn Thousands Dollars Yearly for First Twelve Seasons.

East Lansing, Mich., June 9.—A fifteen acre Michigan peach orchard, owned by Messrs J. K. Barden and Son of Allegan County, has returned a net profit of nearly a thousand dollars a year during the first twelve seasons, according to a report just published by the Horticultural Department of the Michigan Agricultural College. The total profit for the twelve-year period is \$11,263.05.

F. M. Barden, one of the owners kept all the records on the orchard and included every item of expense from the initial cost of the young trees to the marketing of the last crop. Even the labor put in by the owners was charged up at the prevailing rate. Total expenses for twelve years are \$7,831.37. This deducted from total receipts of \$19,094.42 gives the net profit shown above. The average yearly net profit per acre is \$62.57.


A bulletin giving full information on the records of the test, giving all items in detail, may be had by writing to R. S. Shaw, Director Experiment Station, M. A. C., East Lansing.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. M. E. Hoyt, Pastor.
Sunday, June 15, 1919.
10:30 a. m.—"The Song of the Well."
12:00 m.—Sunday School.
7:00 p. m.—Epworth League.

8:00 p. m.—World Tour. We visit South America Sunday evening, the land of wonderful possibilities in the future among commercial lines. What Nation will dominate the trade of that continent in the days to come?
Thursday p. m.—Mid-week service.

Things in Paris are rapidly getting in such shape that the President can come home and say: "Well, I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I did the best I could."



Flag Day

A Proclamation by the Governor.

Our Flag floats today over a land that rejoices not only in peace with victory but in peace with victory and honor. No shameful or unworthy act has dimmed the glory of our starry banner. A year ago the free nations of the earth were looking to America as the hope of democracy and civilization. America has not disappointed them. She has been true to her trust; and today, thank God, our brave soldiers and sailors and marines are coming back to us after gloriously upholding the honor of the flag on land and sea.

"It's only an old bit of bunting,
It's only a colored rag,
But thousands have died for its honor,
And shed their best blood for the flag."

Let Flag Day then remind us of the meaning and significance of the flag of our country; and I suggest that on that day we inaugurate the general custom of uncovering for the colors. Whenever the flag goes by, let every man remove his hat and every woman stand at salute. In this way, we shall do honor to ourselves and to the memory of the gallant lads who have laid down their lives in the cause of human rights and human freedom.

Therefore, I, ALBERT E. SLEEPER, Governor of the State of Michigan, do issue my Proclamation, and urgently request that Saturday, the fourteenth day of June, 1919, be observed as Flag Day. Let flags be displayed on both public and private buildings; and, as Flag Day will fall on Saturday when the schools will be closed, I suggest that on Sunday, June 15th, fitting Flag Day programs be given in all the churches of the State.

Let us honor the flag.
Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, this sixth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and nineteen, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-third.
ALBERT E. SLEEPER, Governor.

CROWS CAN BE KEPT OUT OF CORN FIELDS

Treatment of Seed Will Stop Destruction by Birds and Rodents

East Lansing, Mich., June 10.—A great deal of the loss suffered annually because of destruction of newly planted corn by crows and burrowing animals can be avoided if proper methods are used, according to Prof. J. F. Cox of the farm crops department at M. A. C. While Professor Cox believes that the crow comes in for more than his share of blame for corn "pulling", he recommends treatment of the seed as a protection.

That some crows are worse corn destroyers than others has been proved. Certain of the birds seem to pull out corn for the love of the work, long after their appetite has been satisfied; while the majority do really very little damage. For these occasional marauders Professor Cox recommends the use of a reliable shot gun.

Scare crows and other devices to frighten the birds away are all effective in a measure. Hanging dead crows around the field is one of the best methods. Treatment of the seed to make it unpalatable is the most effective measure known, however, the following being recommended as a good practice:

Put the seed corn in a tight vessel; moisten it with warm water, and stir in about 2 table-spoonful of coal tar to each bushel of seed. After draining the tarred corn thoroughly to remove any water remaining free, add ashes, sand, plaster, road dust, or any similar material to absorb surplus tar and prevent the seed from being sticky; or better, after draining, spread the corn on a barn floor or similar surface and let it remain two or three days, when little or no dust will be required. The thinner the tar, the better. Crows rarely pull more than a few kernels of the tarred corn.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.
Sunday, June 15, 1919.
10:30 a. m.—"Compromises."
12 Noon—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
Thursday, 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.
There will be no Vesper Services until September.

I. W. W.

In Lincoln's Gettysburg speech there was not a single capital "I". In the closing paragraph of President Wilson's memorial day address in France, there were eleven "I's". And there were only 3 lines in the paragraph, as printed in the Congressional Record.

TO TUNNEL CHANNEL

Will Take Five Years and Cost \$100,000,000.

Engineers Also Considering Boring Under Bosphorus and Strait of Gibraltar.

London—Five years would be required to complete the proposed tunnel under the English channel from England to France, according to an authoritative estimate. It is said that in ordinary times the cost of the work would be about \$80,000,000, but in view of the increased cost of labor and materials, the expense involved would, under present conditions, be nearly \$100,000,000.

The Daily Mail claims to have definite information that the British and French governments have agreed to the construction of the tunnel, and that the details now are being discussed by a special commission in Paris, which also is considering the building of tunnels under the Bosphorus and the Strait of Gibraltar.

The engineering plans for the channel, according to the Daily Mail, are so far advanced that work could be begun immediately.

"It is proposed," says the Daily Mail, "to start the tunnel some distance inside both countries instead of near the coast as was originally intended, so as to avoid the risks of a fall of the cliffs, such as already has occurred on the British side near the point where the work would have been begun."

"In addition to tracks, the tunnel will carry telephone and telegraph wires, superseding the present seabed cables, and also pneumatic tubes for carrying letters and parcels. The French and British railroads concerned are willing to finance the scheme, but the two governments wish to exercise control of some sort of joint state finance."

Lots of persons are willing to let their enemies alone, but they draw the line on loving them.

The man who has a steady job need not envy the man who boasts that he is living by his wits.

A considerable measure of one's happiness depends on not knowing too much about other persons.

Many persons appear to be making contentment depend on a great many things not worth the having.

In the anxiety of some persons to do for themselves they are disposed to do others as often as possible.

Perhaps if other folks were a little more sincere one's good opinion of himself might receive some jolts.

The man who gives less in labor than he is paid for sometimes finds fault with a dishonest tradesman.

SOUTH ARM TOWNSHIP EIGHTH GRADE EXERCISES AND CONTESTS

The South Arm township Eighth grade Commencement exercises and Contests were held at the Rock Elm Grange Hall, May 28th.

The weather was fine and all four districts were well represented.

The walls were covered with a fine display of handwork from each school. The Chaddock school won the Arithmetic Contest in the first and second grades, Harriet Chaddock taking 1st, Helen Crowell 2nd, and Leon Perry 3rd places.

In the third and fourth grades, Mary Chew of Chaddock school was first, Lester Danforth of Rock Elm second, and Margaret Perry of Chaddock school third, Dale Cook of the Miles school was first in the sixth grade.

In the oratorical contest Marion McKeag of Ranney school was 1st and Ruby Slack of Miles, 2nd.

Seventh grade, Azalia Liskum of Ranney school first and Sarah Sherman of Miles school, second.

Eighth grade, Boyd Slack of Miles school 1st, Jet Smith of Ranney school 2nd, and Frank Lawton of Rock Elm, 3rd.

Supt. Keyworth of East Jordan gave a very interesting address to the graduates and parents.

Upon totaling up the scores the judges found that the Miles School received first place, Rock Elm second, Ranney third and Chaddock fourth, and Rock Elm first on the exhibit.

HOW THE PUPILS OF THE RANNEY SCHOOL PLANNED HOT LUNCHEES

One day our teacher did not bring her dinner. The folks with whom she boarded sent it up to her just before lunch time and she had warm potatoes with gravy and biscuits.

She enjoyed them very much and when she had finished her lunch she said it would be nice if we could have warm lunches and serve in the basement. Of course we all agreed that it would be. So that day the boys began to make a table. In two days they had it finished also benches.

Soon afterward we had a hunt-supper to raise money to buy oil and such things as we needed to carry on our work.

The next Friday morning we carried an oil stove three quarters of a mile. Before dismissal that day Miss Cary told each one to bring a plate, knife, fork and spoon. Several children having brought frying-pans, dishtowels, etc., and the school-board having supplied us with oil cloth for our table, we were now ready for hot lunches. We were also given a cupboard in which our dishes were kept.

Each child brought his share of vegetables, milk, butter, meat of whatever was needed.

On Monday we had our meeting and nominated our cooks, housekeepers, bookkeeper, water carriers, and kitchen inspector. We also decided upon our lunches for the following week. Gerald Nice, our chairman, always conducted these meetings.

The cooks came at 8:30 in the morning to prepare the vegetables. If there were no vegetables they did not need to begin work so early, perhaps not until the first recess.

The housekeepers went down at a quarter of twelve and set the table.

At twelve o'clock we were given a five minute recess and everyone was ready to go down stairs at twelve-five (12:05). Everyone in their seats, we all marched down stairs selecting our dinner pails, from the foot of the stairs where a bench was placed for them, and all took our places at the table where we were served by the cooks.

Before the housekeepers sat down to lunch they put the water on to heat. Then as soon as the children were through eating they cleared the table and washed the dishes. They swept the floor and placed everything in order to begin the work on the following day.

At recess in the afternoon the kitchen inspector would go down stairs and see that the cupboard was in order, the floor swept and everything in place. If any work was not well done it was reported to Miss Cary who informed the housekeepers that there was work to be done after school.

The bookkeeper kept an account of what each one brought and what it was worth and the result for one week was \$1.35.

We had warm meals until March 28. Then we gave it up because of getting ready for contest work and examinations. But we will try it again another year if it is possible.

By BAE KEAT, Ranney School.

PEACE PRACTICABLE WITH LEAGUE REJECTED

Washington, June 10th.—The Republican Publicity Association, through its President, Hon. Jonathan Bourns, Jr., today gave out the following statement from its Washington Headquarters:

"The friends of the league of nations take the position that the defeat of the league covenant, or any amendment to it or other parts of the treaty, would constitute a new treaty, requiring the signatures of all the nations that subscribed to the original document. They claim a deadlock would prevail meanwhile, and peace would be impossible until the assent of the thirty-two states to the new treaty could be obtained. Senator Hitchcock, former chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, states his contention as follows:

"Such amended treaty is a new treaty, whether it strikes out the league of nations or whether it amends the league of nations provision. It could not possibly go into effect until all of the nations party to the treaty accepted the amendment. If one refused to accept it that would produce a deadlock and make peace impossible. For all to accept any Senate amendments, even if it were possible, would require a long period of time and that would greatly delay the advent of peace."

"Of course, so far as the treaty itself is concerned, the allied nations are free to make such terms of peace with Germany as each may see fit, unless they are bound by undertakings among themselves not to conclude a separate peace. The United States, for instance can conclude peace with Germany on any basis she may adopt, quite regardless of the actions of the allies or any one of them. The treaty is only between ourselves and the Germans."

"The inclusion of the league covenant in the treaty presents a complication that involves all of the allied belligerents. If that covenant is amended it is probably true, as Mr. Hitchcock asserts, that before it would have any binding force the changes would have to receive the endorsement of the other parties to the undertaking. Amendment of the covenant, therefore, might be attended with prolonged delays in the final consummation of peace. But no such difficulties are in the way of the defeat of the undertaking."

"The league of nations is the pet personal hobby of Mr. Wilson; and is so regarded by the delegates of the other powers in Paris. They care little for it and will be quick to repudiate it once it has been rejected by the United States Senate. It is said by those in touch with the situation in Paris that the defeat of the league by the Senate is anticipated by the other nations, and that their course of action in that event is already mapped out. With the peace treaty relieved of the encumbrance of the league it will be a simple matter to achieve peace; in fact, there is not the slightest doubt that the league's defeat would bring peace to the world months before it would come were the covenant to be amended."

"The essentials of the treaty itself have already been determined upon. In his desperate attempt to tie the league and treaty together Mr. Wilson referred some of the details of the treaty to the league's council for determination. But it would be a simple matter to provide another instrumentality for such determination; in fact, it is probable that the changes that the league's defeat would necessitate in the treaty are now reposing in the files of the peace conference, ready for insertion the moment the Senate has decreed the death of the covenant. Each allied nation, including the United States, could make those alterations at once, and present the practically identical treaties to Germany for signature, each supported in its demands by all the others. The process is a perfectly simple one, and the reconvening of the peace congress is not required at all."

The old-fashioned woman who thought she was doing well when she copped a husband who could buy her a sewing machine, has a daughter who wouldn't be satisfied with anything less than a fellow who sported a couple of twin sixes that could unwind the road at eighty miles an hour.

When you're at the end of your wits, it's time to begin using your brains.

A COMMON SENSE CURE. Don't suffer from biliousness, sick headache, sour stomach, gas, bloating, or other results of indigestion. Foley Cathartic Tablets clear the stomach and bowels, enliven the liver, and have a good tonic effect on the whole intestinal tract. They relieve the heavy feeling so distressing to stout persons. Hite's Drug Store.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well. My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal. If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

HUGE GUNS IN GOTHAM GARDENS TO REPEL HUN

New York.—Huge mortars, standing on concrete emplacements and abundantly supplied with half-ton projectiles, were erected during the war among the flowers and shrubbery of private gardens in New York city and elsewhere along the Atlantic coast, ready to repel the attacks of German naval or air ships. Maximilian Toch, one of the first American camoufleurs, told the New York section of the American Chemical society here. Mr. Toch, who directed several of the navy's important camoufage projects, spoke with the consent of Secretary Daniels. He described how honey-suckle, morning glory and ivy, as well as paints, had been employed to conceal or lower the visibility of coast fortifications.

What's become of all the stories they used to read to children about mean stepmothers?

Next time you are sick, don't quit work and keep on eating; quit eating and keep on working.

Many a man who would steer clear of a graveyard after dark is not afraid of a park full of spirits.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who was always spotting his waistcoat with egg stains?

There are people who won't pay any more than they have to, but they have to pay for the efficient man.

There should be some method of de-horning all the ideas some persons have of doing harm to others.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.



Ralston
Not Upheld Simply by Reputation.

There's more back of Ralston Shoes than simply an honorable name. Forty years of expert shoe-making have taught the manufacturers how to make good shoes—and, what's more they are making good shoes.

C. A. HUDSON

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
A. L. L. Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

There are more than 200,000 stampers in the United States.

New Mexico has a lizard which is reputed to squirt blood from its eyes.

Usually one makes most friends by letting folks find out things for themselves.

E. J. Plante, of Manchester, N. H., has shot ninety foxes over his hound, Fanny.

Men's appetites cause more business failures than the extravagance of women.

One looks with contempt on the man who whines when he gets caught in his own trap.

The chief objection to a man's unbelief is that he is not willing to keep it to himself.

No person really appreciates the steady business of being made the goat for others.

In the case of many persons the time they spend in sleep is the most helpful to society.

One of the easiest ways to cool an overheated oven is to stand a basin of cold water in it.

The majority of persons is able to get the most satisfaction out of playing a winning game.

Stamp duties on the letters patent creating Sir John French a viscount amounted to \$1,000.

If all good advice were followed, a lot of physicians would put themselves out of business.

Development of water power in Norway has made electricity cheaper than steam in that country.

There are some forms of meanness which only the kick of a mule would seem adequate to punish.

Before running for office the wise man will do well to know what his neighbors know about him.

France is the best foreign patron of the United States patent office, with Great Britain following closely.

There is something radically wrong with the man who enjoys shopping in a department store with a woman.

There seems to be a large number of persons who would rather tell unnecessary truths than be courteous.

Nearly every woman knows how to make up her mind so it can be changed without impairing its usefulness.

There is no reason why a man should disturb the whole neighborhood when his disposition gets out of joint.

An electric elevator has been installed in the stairway which leads to the cupola of St. Peter's cathedral in Rome.

Persons who travel in circles succeed in kicking up considerable dust, but they are not useful as message-bearers.

When a man and woman embark on the sea of matrimony there is the risk that they will rock the boat instead of the cradle.

The man who says hateful things to his wife would probably get what he deserves if he said them to another man's wife.

A simple wire clothespin has been invented to be inserted in sod to prevent articles spread out to bleach from being blown away.

Duplex springs have been invented by a Californian, an auxiliary spring coming into action if the main spring breaks or is overloaded.

When some women cast their bread upon the waters it comes back in the form of a bread pudding.

A man who is connected with the heavy field artillery is no more likely to be killed than one in the employ of a railroad, army officers say.

To give him absolute quiet a Dutch scientist has had three rooms built, one inside the next, and has created vacuums between the walls.

St. Louis is experimenting with surrounding traffic policemen at night with light thrown from searchlights mounted on nearby buildings.

Man prides himself on his superior intelligence, but who ever heard of a woman buying a gold brick.

Paris has established a museum of the horse, presenting a complete history of the animal from the earliest known period to the present day.

BELGRADE AGAIN IN HAPPY MOOD

Conditions Are Bad, But Everybody Wears Flush of Triumph.

PEOPLE RANT THEIR TROUBLES

City Left in Shockingly Dirty Condition by the Bulgars—Few Young Men in Place—Tuberculosis Sweeps Land.

Belgrade—In Belgrade, capital of the new kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, everybody is flushed with triumph, confident of the future, and regards present troubles only as temporary inconveniences.

But Belgrade was left in a shockingly dirty condition by the Bulgars. The courtyards of the houses are filled with refuse. There is no collection of garbage because there are no conveyances in which to collect it. The shortage of water emphasizes the danger. All the doctors, sanitary authorities and officials are holding their breath, fearing an epidemic of some sort.

If the Danube freezes (and it nearly always does freeze) the communication of Belgrade with the outside world will be still further enormously decreased. The possibility of bringing food and wood up the river will be removed, and the present very moderate resources further enormously depleted.

Run One Train Daily. There will remain practically only the one line of railway, that to Fiume, through what was Austria but is now a part of the new kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. On account of lack of fuel one train a day is operating on this line.

Belgrade is practically cut off from the interior of Serbia because of destruction of the railways and the shocking condition of the roads. There are practically no young men in the city. Those who were within two or three years of the military age left with the army in the winter of 1915-16.

They set out to make the retreat down through Serbia and, as it proved, over the mountains into Albania and thence to Corfu. Something like one in seven survived the trip.

There are practically no children under three in Belgrade or elsewhere in Serbia, for that matter. Midwives have been in the unemployed class for the last three years and will be for a year to come, for the Serbian army, what remains of it, is now in the occupied part of what was Austria-Hungary.

Tuberculosis Sweeps Land. For no obvious reason, tuberculosis is the king of terrors in Belgrade. A tuberculosis death rate of 250 per 100,000 is very exceptionally high in America. Before the war the tuberculosis death rate in Belgrade reached 712, and during the Austrian occupation it reached the unheard-of figure of 1,458.

Before the war Belgrade approached a hundred thousand in population. When the Austrians took it, there were 20,000. Another 30,000 soon came back. At the present time perhaps its population may be 60,000 or 65,000. Some of the shops are open, but nobody seems to be buying anything except where food is sold.

The only autos going about the streets are those of the military and a few of the high government officials. These are used very sparingly, for gasoline is almost unobtainable. The water supply comes from wells and has to be distributed by a pumping station.

There are practically no autos, no gasoline, and no horses, and so everybody walks. The electric current is turned on late in the afternoon and turned off at 10 o'clock.

An Ancient Record. Winchester, Ky.—County Clerk H. Clay Skinner received from Ohio recently a request for copies of the wills of Isaac, John and Joshua Baker. The will of Isaac Baker was found to be the oldest official record in Clark county, being dated 1792, and that of John Baker was probated in 1804. The will of Joshua Baker was not found.

Talk that is far fetched usually has become stale on the way.

An agriculturalist is a farmer who fertilizes the soil with brains.

Better keep both eyes on the man who speaks disparagingly of his wife.

Virtue is its own reward, but many persons are trying to put it on the payroll.

A man may have a bad character and still be able to bolster up his reputation.

Unless a man is having his faith tested, how can he be certain that he has any?

The ability of some persons to carry on a conversation is hardly worth encouraging.



Closing Out Sale of Hammocks

We are closing out our entire stock of Hammocks, and to move them quickly are offering them at cost price. There's some rare bargains here and the early purchaser gets the pick.

J. E. REDMON

(FRENCH & REDMON)

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

A GLASSY NEW SUIT



It's Holiday and Vacation Time
"Spruce Up"

We have a fine assortment of beautiful Stylish Suits, suitable for Holiday and Summer Vacation wear.

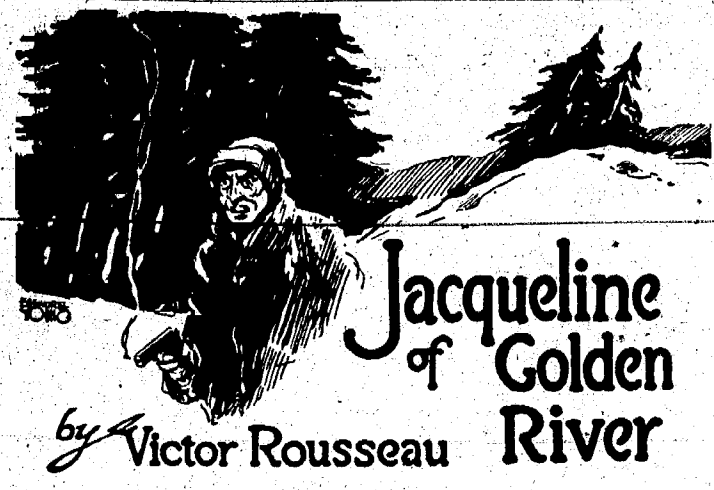
Come in and we'll convince you that material, style, fit and price is right.

SUMMER STRAWS

are here to top the summer outfit.



East Jordan Lumber Co.



Jacqueline of Golden River

by Victor Rousseau

Copyright W. G. 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, invites 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 premonition 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—Hewlett carries the dead man down the fire escape and leaves him in a little back yard. From the name of the maker, on the dog's collar, he gathered that they came from Quebec and determines to take her there.

CHAPTER IV—After banking her money they visit a store, where Jacqueline makes some purchases necessary for the journey. There Paul meets a man known to him as Simon Leroux, who evidently knows Jacqueline and believes Hewlett does also. Leroux evidently is an enemy of Jacqueline, and Paul evades him and with the girl starts for Quebec.

CHAPTER V—They travel as brother and sister, and reaching Quebec Paul seeks the maker of the dog's collar, hoping through him to learn something of Jacqueline's identity. There he meets a priest, Pere Antoine. The priest tells him Jacqueline is the daughter of Charles Duchaine, a recluse, and is married.

CHAPTER VI—Next day Paul arranges with a Captain Dubois to sail for St. Boniface, from which point they can travel by sleigh to the Duchaine chateau. Leaving Dubois Paul is attacked and left unconscious in the street.

CHAPTER VII—Recovering consciousness Paul goes to the hotel and finds Jacqueline has left with a man who claimed to be a friend. Distracted, he hastens to Dubois' boat, where he finds Jacqueline, whom Dubois had rescued by a clever trick.

(Chapter VII, Continued)

"It is all right, it is all right; excuse me, monsieur," he said. "But what has happened to you, monsieur? You have met with an accident?" Jacqueline cried out and ran for water, and made me sit down, and began bathing my head. I continued to whisper something of what had oc-



Dubois Swore Roundly.

curred during the moments when Jacqueline flitted to and fro. Dubois swore roundly. "It is my fault, monsieur," he said. "I should have known. I should have accompanied you home. But I was anxious to get to the telegraph office to inform M. Danton of your coming. And I suspected something, too, for I knew that Leroux had something more in his mind than simply to convey some of his men to St. Boniface at such expense. Mademoiselle knows nothing of the plot against her, and has been greatly distressed for you. So it shall be understood that you fell down and hurt your head on the ice—eh?"

I agreed to this. "But what did she think?" I asked, as Jacqueline went back for some more water. "That you had sent her to the Sainte-Vierge," he answered, "and that you were to follow her here—as you did, Parbleu!"

"One question of curiosity, monsieur, if it is permissible," he said a little later. "Why does Leroux wish so much to stop your marriage with mademoiselle that he is ready to stoop to assassination and kidnaping?" "Because he is himself in love with her," I said. The captain clenched his fists. "God forbid!" he murmured. "They say his wife died of a broken heart. Ah,

monsieur, swear to me that this shall never come about, that mademoiselle become his wife. Swear it to me, mon ami!"

I swore it, and we shook hands. Five minutes later we had cast off, and the Sainte-Vierge steamed slowly through the drift ice that packed the gulf. There were no lights upon the Claire, and I surmised that the conspirators were keeping quietly hidden in expectation of Jacqueline's arrival, though how Dubois had outwitted them I could not at the time surmise. Then I sought my cabin and fell asleep, dreaming of Jacqueline.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dreams of the Night.

Jacqueline and I were together, the only human beings within a score of miles. We were seated side by side in the sleigh at which the dogs pulled steadily.

The mystery of Jacqueline's rescue by Captain Dubois had been a simple one. The young man with the mustache was a certain Philippe Lacroix, well known to Dubois, a member of a good family but of dissolute habits—just such a one as Leroux found it convenient to attach to his political fortunes by timely financial aid.

There was no doubt that he had been in New York with Leroux, and that they had hatched the plot to kidnap Jacqueline after I had been struck down.

Fortunately for us, Lacroix, ignorant, as was Leroux himself, that the two ships had exchanged roles and duties, took Jacqueline aboard the Sainte-Vierge, where Captain Dubois, who was watching in anticipation of just such a scheme, seized him and marched him at pistol-point to the house on Paul street, in which Lacroix was kept a prisoner by friends of Dubois until the Sainte-Vierge had sailed.

Dubois left us at St. Boniface with a final caution against Leroux, and proceeded along the shore with his bags of mail; but first he had a satisfactory conversation with M. Danton concerning us. Danton, who of course knew Jacqueline, took the opportunity of assuring me that her father, though a recluse and a misanthrope who had not left his seignory for forty years, was said to be a man of heart and would un-

doubtedly forgive us. He was clearly under the impression that we were married, and since Dubois had not enlightened him on this point I did not do so.

M. Danton had his sleigh and eight fine-looking dogs ready for us. I purchased these outright in order to carry no hostages. We took with us several days' supply of food, a little tent, sleeping bags and frozen fish for the animals.

It was a strange situation. It might easily have become an impossible one. But it was sacred comradeship, refined above the love of friend for friend, of lover for lover, by her faith, her helplessness and need.

I think that she liked best to sit beside me in the narrow sleigh and lean against my shoulder, her physical weariness the reflection of her spiritual unrest. She did not want to think, and she wanted me to shield her.

But even in this solitude fear drove me on, for I knew that a relentless enemy followed hard after us, camping where we had camped and reading the miles between us by the smoldering ashes of our old fires.

At nightfall I would pitch the tent for Jacqueline and place her sleeping bag within, and while she slept I would lie by the huge fire near the dogs, and we kept watch over her together.

So passed three days and nights. The fourth short day drew toward its end a little after four o'clock. I remember that we camped late, for the sun had already dipped to the level horizon and was casting black, milong shadows across the snow.

I hammered in the pegs and built a fire with dry boughs, collecting a quantity of wood sufficient to last until morning. Then Jacqueline made tea and we ate our supper and crept into our sleeping bags and lay down.

I could not still my mind. The uncertainty ahead of us, the knowledge of Leroux behind tried me sorely, and only Jacqueline's need sustained my courage.

As I was on the point of dropping asleep I heard a lone wolf howl from afar, and instantly the pack took up the cry. One of the dogs, a great, tawny beast who led them, crept toward me and put his head down by mine, whimpering. The rest roamed ceaselessly about the fire, answering the wolf's challenge with deep, wolf-like baying. I drew my pistols from the pockets of my fur coat. It was pleasant to handle them. They gave me assurance. We were two fugitives in a land

where every man's hand might be against us, but at least I had the means to guard my own.

Jacqueline glided out of the tent and knelt beside me, putting her arms about the dog's neck and her head upon its furry coat. The dogs loved her and she seemed always to understand their needs.

"Paul, there is something wrong with them," she said, her hand still caressing the mane of the great beast, who looked at her with pathetic eyes. "What is wrong with them, Jacqueline?" I asked.

She raised her head and looked sadly at me. "It is I, Paul," she answered.

"You Jacqueline?"

"Yes, it is I!" she cried with sudden, passionate vehemence. "It is I who am wrong and have brought trouble on you. Paul, I do not even know how you came into my life, nor who I am, nor anything that happened to me at any time before you brought me to Quebec, except that my home is there." She pointed northward. "Who am I? Jacqueline, you say. The name means nothing to me. I am a woman without a past or future, a shadow that falls across your life, Paul. And I could perhaps remember, but I know—I know—that I must never remember."

I took her hand in mine. "Dear Jacqueline," I answered, "it is best to forget these things until the time comes to remember them. It will come, Jacqueline. Let us be happy till then. Do you not remember anything about your home, Jacqueline?"

She clasped her hands to her head and gave a little terrified cry. "I—think—so," she murmured. "But I dare not remember, Paul."

"I have dreamed of things," she went on in agitated, rapid tones, "and then I have seemed to remember everything. But when I wake I have forgotten, and it is because I know that I must forget. Paul, I dream of a dead man, and men who hate and are following us. Was there ever a dead man, Paul?" she asked, shuddering.

I placed one arm around her. "Jacqueline, there never was any dead man," I said. "It is not true. Some day I will tell you everything—some day." I caught her in my arms.

"I love you, Jacqueline!" I cried. "And you—you?"

She thrust her hands out and turned her face away. There was an awful fear upon it. "Paul," she cried, "there is—somebody—who—"

"I have known that," she went on in a torrent of wild words. "I have known that always, and it is the most terrible part of all!"

I laid a finger on her lips. "There is nobody, Jacqueline," I said again, trying to control my trembling voice. "There was never anybody but me, and there shall never be. For tomorrow we shall turn back toward St. Boniface again, and we shall take the boat for Quebec—and from there I shall take you to a land where there shall be no more grief, neither—"

But very sweetly she raised her head and spoke to me.

"Paul, dear, if there never was anyone—if it is nothing but a dream—" Here she looked at me with doubtful scrutiny in her eyes, and then hastened to make amends for doubting me. "Of course, Paul, if there had been you could not have known. But though I know my heart is free—if there was nobody—why, let us go forward to my father's home, because there will be no cause there to separate us, my dear. So let us go on."

"Yes, let us go on," I muttered dully. She leaned back against my shoulder and held out her hands to the firelight. She had taken off her left glove, and now again I saw the wedding ring upon her finger.

I raised her in my arms and carried her inside the tent. She did not waken but only stirred and murmured my name drowsily.

CHAPTER IX.

The Fungus and Snow Blindness. My rest was miserable. In a succession of brief dreams I fled with Jacqueline over a wilderness of ice, while in the distance, ever drawing nearer, followed Leroux, Lacroix and Pere Antoine.

I must have fallen sound asleep at last, for when I opened my eyes the sun was shining brightly low down over the Riviere d'Or. The door of the tent stood open and Jacqueline was not inside.

With the remembrance of my dream still confusing reality I ran toward the trees, shouting for her in fear.

"Jacqueline! Jacqueline!" I called. She was coming toward me. She took me by the arm. "Paul!" she began with quivering lips. "Paul!"

She led me into the recesses of the pines. There, in a little open place, clustered together upon the ground, were the bodies of our dogs. All were dead.

Jacqueline sank down upon the ground and sobbed as though her heart would break. I stood there watching, my brain paralyzed by the shock of the discovery.

Then I went back to the sleigh, on the rear of which the frozen fish was piled. I noticed that it had a faint, slightly aromatic odor. I flung the barrels aside and scooped up a powdery substance with my hands.

Mycology had been a hobby of mine, and it was easy to recognize what that substance was.

It was the amanita, the deadliest and most widely distributed of the fungi, and the dread of all vegetable poisons to man and beast alike. The alkaloid which it contains takes effect only some hours after its ingestion, when it has entered the blood streams and begun its disintegrating action

upon the red corpuscles. The dogs must have partaken of it on the preceding afternoon.

I knew this was Leroux's work. He had tricked me again. I was mad with anger. I meant to kill the man now, and without mercy. I would be as unscrupulous as he. He would be in this place by the afternoon; I would wait for him outside the trail. My pistols—

Jacqueline was looking up into my face in terror. The sight of her recalled me to my senses. Leroux afterward—first my duty to her!

"Paul! What is the matter, Paul?" she cried. "I never saw you look like that before."

I calmed myself and led her away, and presently we were standing before the fire again.

"Jacqueline," I said, "it is easier to go on than to turn back now."

She watched me like a lip reader. "Yes, Paul; let us go on," she answered.

So we went on. But our journey was to be very different now. There was no possibility of taking much baggage with us. We took a few things out of our suitcases and disposed them about us as best we could.

We must have covered at least a dozen miles or more, when we stopped for a brief midday meal. I was a little fatigued from carrying the pack and my ankles ached from the snowshoes; but Jacqueline, who had evidently been accustomed to their use, was as fresh as when she started.

Suddenly we emerged from among the trees upon an almost barren plateau, and there again we halted for a breathing spell.

I resolved to take my bearings, accurately, and telling Jacqueline to wait for me a few minutes at the base of a hill and setting down my pack, I began the ascent alone. The climb was longer than I had anticipated. My eyes were aching from the glare of the snow. I had left my colored glasses behind me in the tent and gone on, saying nothing, though I had realized



All Were Dead.

my loss when I was only a mile or so away.

However, I hoped that the night would restore my sight, and so, dismissing the matter from my mind, I struggled up until at last I stood upon the summit of the hill. Far away, like a thin, winding ribbon among the hills, I saw the valley of the Riviere d'Or.

Beneath me I saw Jacqueline waiting, a tiny figure upon the snow. I cast my eyes beyond her toward the mist-wrapped tops of the far Laurentians and the plains.

And a sense of an inevitable fate came over me as I perceived far away a tiny, crawling ant upon the snow—Simon Leroux's dog sleigh.

I went back to the little, patient figure that was waiting for me, and I took up my pack again and told her nothing. She stepped bravely out beside me, frozen, fatigued, but willing because I braze her. She did not ask anything of me.

The sun dipped lower, and far away I heard the howl of the solitary wolf again.

I gripped my pistols as we strode along.

We went on and on. The afternoon was wearing away; the sun was very low now and all strength had gone. "Courage, Jacqueline," I said, patting her arm. "The huts ought to be here."

Her courage was greater than my own. She looked up and smiled at me. The wolf crept nearer, and its howls rang out with piercing stroke across the silence. My eyes ached so that I could hardly discern the darkening land, and the snow came down, not steadily but in swirling eddies blown on fierce gusts of wind.

And suddenly catching my eyes desparingly I saw the huts. There were five of them, and they had not been occupied for at least two seasons, for the blackened timbers were falling apart, and the roofs had been torn off all but one of them, no doubt for fuel. The wind was whirling the snow wildly around them, and it whistled through the broken, rotting walls.

I flung my pack inside the roofed one, and began tearing apart the tatters of another to make a fire.

Jacqueline, opening the pack began the preparation of our meal, which consisted of some biscuits left from the night before, when we had made a quantity on the wood ashes. We made tea over the roaring flames, and sat listening to the wolf's call and the wind that drove our fire in gusts of

smoke and flame.

I scooped out a bed for Jacqueline inside the snow-filled hut and spread it with the big sleigh robe. She lay down in her fur coat, and I wrapped the ends around her. I looked into her sweet face and marveled at its serenity. Her eyes closed wearily.

A dreadful fear held me in its grip: what if she never awoke? Some people died thus in the snow. I raised the sleigh robe and saw that the fur coat stirred softly as she breathed.

At last out of the wild passions that fought within me, decision was born. I would go on, because she had bidden me. And I would be ready for Leroux and let him act as he saw fit. I loaded my pistols. I could do no more than fight for Jacqueline, and with God be the issue.

"Paul!"

I must have been half asleep, for I came back to myself with a start and sprang to my feet. Jacqueline had risen upon her knees; she flung her arms out wildly, and suddenly she caught her breath and screamed, and stood up and ran uncertainly toward me, with hands that groped for me.

She found me; I caught her, and she pushed me from her and shuddered and stared at me in that uncertain doubt that follows dreams.

"I am here, Jacqueline," I said. "With you—always, till you send me away. Remember that even in dreams, Jacqueline."

She knew me now, and she was recalling from me, out through the hut



I Sprang After Her.

door, into the blinding snow. I sprang after her.

"Jacqueline! It is Paul!" I cried. And as I emerged from the huts' shelter a red-hot glare from the east seemed to sear and kill my vision. It was the rising sun. I had thought it night, and it was already day. And I could see nothing through my swollen eyelids except the white light of the shining snow.

It was horrible, in that wild waste, alone. I tried to gather my scattered senses together.

Eastward, I knew, the river lay, and that blinding brightness came from the east. Southward a little distance was the hill that we had last ascended on the evening before. I could discern the merest outlines of the land, but I fancied that I could see that it sloped upward toward the south.

I set off in the direction of the hill. "Jacqueline! Jacqueline!" I screamed frantically.

No answer came. Once more I called.

A dog barked suddenly, not far away, and through the mist I heard the slide of sleigh runners on snow; and then I knew.

I scrambled down, slipping, and gashing my hands upon the rocks and ice. At the foot of the hill I saw two straight and narrow lines on the soft snow. They were the tracks of sleigh runners.

I followed them, sobbing and catching my breath and screaming: "Jacqueline! Jacqueline!"

Then I heard Simon's voice. "Bonjour, M. Hewlett!" he called mockingly. "This way! This way!"

I turned and rushed blindly in the direction of the cry. I had left my snowshoes behind me in the hut, and at each step my feet broke through the crusty snow, so that I floundered and fell like a drunken man to choruses of taunts and laughter.

It was a horrible blind man's buff, for they had surrounded me, yelling, from every quarter.

"This way, monsieur! This way!" piped a thin voice which I knew to be that of Philippe Lacroix.

A snowball struck me on the chin, and they began pelting me and laughing. I was like a baited bear. I was beside myself with rage and helpless fury. The key balls hit my face a dozen times; one struck me behind the ear and hurled me down half stunned. I pulled my pistols from my pockets and spun round, firing in every direction through that wait of gray, yielding mist that gave me place but never gave me vision.

The clouds had obscured the sky and the snow was falling again. My hands were bare and numb, except where the cold steel of the pistol trigger seared my fingers like molten metal.

A dog barked once more, very far away, and at last I understood their scheme.

(Continued on Next Page)

"BAYER CROSS" ON ASPIRIN

Always Ask for Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"



Only Aspirin Tablets with the safety "Bayer Cross" on them are genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," owned and made by Americans and proved safe by millions of people. Unknown quantities of fraudulent Aspirin Tablets were sold recently by a Brooklyn dealer which proved to be composed mostly of Talcum Powder. "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" should always be asked for. Then look for the safety "Bayer Cross" on the package and on each tablet. Accept nothing else! Proper directions and dosage in each Bayer package. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetionacidester of Salicylicacid.

If it weren't for their wives; most men would be polygamists.

Inheriting money is no sin, and more power to those that are able to do it, but really it doesn't require as much skill as some of the heirs would have you think, judged by their actions.

SHE FEELS YOUNGER AND STRONGER.

Middle-aged and older persons are apt to suffer from overworked or weakened kidneys and bladder. Mrs. Warren Dyer, Arkiport, 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.

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of integral sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.

QUIT MEAT IF YOUR KIDNEYS ACT BADLY

Take tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder bothers—Drink lots of water.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid; but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the sand of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in uric acid, to no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder discomfort.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and causes no injury; makes a delightful after-dinner drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.

JACQUELINE OF GOLDEN RIVER VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Continued from Third Page)

huts at dawn and had discovered us there. He must have been in waiting, but when he saw Jacqueline run from me he changed his plans and sent the sleigh after her.

But Jacqueline— She had tried to escape me. She could not have been playing a part— she was too transcendently sincere.

I stood deep in the snow, a pistol in each hand, waiting. Once I heard the dogs yelp, far up the valley, and then there was only the sighing of the wind and the sting of the driving sleet flakes.

I plunged along—half delirious, I believe, for I began to hear voices on every side of me and to imagine I saw Simon standing, just out of reach, a shadow upon the mist, taunting me.

I was no longer conscious of my progress. The fingers that pressed the triggers of my pistols had no sensation in them, and in my imagination were parts of a monstrous mechanism which I directed.

Somebody was shaking me. "Get up!" he belloved in my ear. "Get up! Do you want to die in the snow?"

CHAPTER X.

The Chateau.

I had an indistinct impression of being carried for what seemed an eternity upon the shoulders of my rescuer, and of clinging there through the delirium that supervened.

When at last I opened my eyes it was late afternoon. Though they pained me, I could now see with tolerable distinctness.

I was lying upon a bed of dried balsam leaves inside a little hut, and through the half-open door I could see the sun just dropping behind the mountains. Upon a wall hung a big crucifix of wood, and under it an old man was standing.

He heard me stir and came toward me. I recognized the massive shoulders and commanding countenance of Pere Antoine, and remembrance came back to me.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"In my cabin, monsieur," answered the priest, standing at my side, an inscrutable calm upon his face. "It is lucky that I found you, monsieur, or assuredly you would soon have been dead. But for your dog—"

"My dog!" I exclaimed.

"Certainly; a dog came to me and brought me a mile out of my route to where you were lying. But, now I come to think of it, it disappeared and has not returned. Perhaps it was sent to me by le bon Dieu."

"Where is Mile. Duchaine?" I burst out.

Father Antoine laid a heavy hand upon my shoulder.

"Be assured, monsieur, that madame is perfectly happy and contented with her friends," he said. "And no doubt she has already regretted her escape. I have to depart at daybreak upon an urgent mission a hundred miles away, which was interrupted by your rescue; but I shall be back within a week, by which time you will doubtless be able to accompany me to the coast."

"I shall not!" I cried weakly. "I am going on to the chateau!"

He looked at me steadily.

"You cannot," he said. "If you attempt it, you will perish by the way."

I burst into an impassioned appeal to him. I told him of Leroux and his conspiracy to obtain possession of the property, of my encounter with Jacqueline, and how I had rescued her, omitting mention, of course, of the murder.

As I went on I could see the look of surprise upon his face gradually change into belief.

When I had ended he was looking at me with a benignity that I had never seen before upon his face.

"M. Hewlett," he answered, "I have

long suspected a part of what you have told me, and therefore I readily accept your statements. I believe now that madame has suffered no wrong from you. But I am a priest, and my care is only that of souls. Madame is married. I married her—"

"To whom?" I cried.

"To M. Louis d'Epernay, nephew of M. Charles Duchaine by marriage, less than two weeks ago, in the chateau here."

The addition of the last word singularly revived my hopes. It had slipped from his lips unconsciously, but it gave me reason to believe that the chateau was near by.

Father Antoine sat down upon the chair beside me.

"M. Duchaine has been a recluse for many years," he said, "and of late his mind has become affected. It is said that he was implicated in the troubles of 1867, and that, fearing arrest, he fled here and built this chateau in this desolate region, where he would be safe from pursuit. Solitude has made a hermit of him and taken him out of touch with the world of today."

"I believe that Leroux has discovered coal on his property, and by threatening him with arrest has gained a complete ascendancy over the weak-minded old man. However, the fact remains that his daughter was married by me to M. d'Epernay some ten or twelve days ago at the chateau."

"My duties took me to Quebec. There I learned that Mme. d'Epernay had fled on the night of her marriage, and that her husband was in pursuit of her. Again it was told me that she was living at the Chateau Frontenac with another man. It was not for me to question whether she loved her husband but to do my duty."

"I appealed to you. You refused to listen to my appeal. You threatened me, monsieur. And you denied my priesthood. I shall not help you in the pursuit of her, M. Hewlett, for you are actuated solely by love for the wife of another man. Is that not so?" he ended, bending over me with a penetrating look in his blue eyes.

"Yes, it is so. But I shall go to the chateau," I answered.

"Pere Antoine rose up.

"You will find food here," he said, "and if you wish to take exercise there are snowshoes. Try to find the chateau—do what you please; but remember that if you lose your way I shall not be here to save you. I shall return from my mission in a week and be ready to conduct you to St. Boniface. And now, monsieur, since we understand each other, I shall prepare the supper."

I swallowed a few mouthfuls of food and fell asleep soon afterward. In the morning when I awoke the cabin was empty.

I spent the next two days recovering my strength, and on the third found myself able to leave the hut for a short tramp.

I found one of the pistols in the hut, and in the pocket of my fur coat were a couple of cartridges which I had overlooked. The rest I had fired away in my delirium.

The cabin was situated in a valley around which high hills clustered. Strapping on the snowshoes I set to work to climb a lofty peak which stood at no great distance.

I must have turned off at a slight angle which took me some distance out of my course, for my progress was suddenly arrested by a mighty wall of rock, a sheer precipice that seemed to descend perpendicularly into the valley underneath. Somewhere a torrent was roaring like a miniature Niagara.

I stopped to stare in admiration. Far below me the narrow valley had widened into a smooth, snow-coated surface of a lake.

And on a point of land projecting from the bottom of that mighty wall I saw the chateau!

It could have been nothing else. It was a splendid building—not larger than the house of a country gentleman, perhaps, and made of brown logs; but the rude splendor of it against that icy, rocky background transfixed me with wonder.

On each side of the chateau a cataract plunged, veiling itself in an opacity of mist, tinted with all the spectral hues by the rays of the westerling sun.

Why, that position was impregnable! Behind it the sheer precipice, up which not even a bird could walk; the impassable lake before it, and the torrent on either side!

But—how had M. Charles Duchaine gained entrance there?

There seemed to be no entrance. And yet the chateau stood before my

When a man visits his old home town after an absence of years he cannot understand why all his friends look so old while he is as young as ever.

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH

Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, mucous discharge, headache, dryness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone.

Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid!

eyes, no dream but very real indeed. Before I reached the hut again I had formulated my plan. I would start at dawn, or earlier, and work around



I Saw the Chateau.

these mountains, a circuit of perhaps twenty miles, approaching the chateau by the edge of the lake. I concluded that there must exist a ridge of narrow beach between the whirlpool and the castle, though it was invisible from above, and that the entrance would disclose itself to me in the course of my journey.

Although the sun was well above the horizon when I awoke I started out on the fourth morning eager to achieve the entrance to the chateau.

First I plodded back to the two mountains which guarded the approach to the valley, then worked round along the flank of the ridge of peaks, searching for an entrance. The further I went, however, the higher and more precipitous became the mountains.

There was no visible entrance to that mountain lake on any side, and to descend that sheer, ice-coated precipice was an impossibility.

It was long after midnight when I reached the cabin again, exhausted and dispirited.

I awoke too late on the fifth morning, and I was too stiff to make much of a journey. I climbed to the edge of the glacier once again in the hope of discovering an approach. I examined every foot of the ground with meticulous care.

But wherever I approached the edge the same wall of rock ran down vertically for some three hundred feet, veneered with ice and wrapped in a perpetual blinding spray.

I was within three hundred feet of Jacqueline's home and yet as far away as though leagues divided us. I looked down at the chateau and ground my teeth and swore that I would win to her. But all the rest of that day went in fruitless searching.

This was to be my last night in the cabin. I could not return, not though I were perishing in the snows.

Happily my eyes were now entirely well, and my hands, though chapped and roughened from the frostitides, had suffered no permanent injury. So I started out with grim resolution on the sixth morning, when the dawn was only a red streak on the horizon and the stars still lit my way.

As I stood, rather weary, balancing myself upon my snowshoes, I heard a wolf's howl quite near to me. Raising my head I saw no wolf but an Eskimo dog—the very dog I had encountered in New York—Jacqueline's dog!

CHAPTER XI.

Under the Mountains.

The dog was standing on a rock at the base of the hill immediately before me—and calling. I almost thought that it was calling me.

I took a few steps toward it, and it disappeared immediately, as though alarmed—apparently into the heart of the mountain.

When I reached the spot where it had been I was nowhere to be seen. And the pig-prints ran toward a tiny hole no bigger than the entrance to a fox's lair—and ended there.

At this spot an enormous howler lay, almost concealing the burrow. I put my shoulder against it—in the hope of dislodging it sufficiently to enable me to see into the cavity. To my astonishment, at the first touch it rolled into a new position, disclosing a wide natural tunnel in the mountain-side, through which a sleigh might have passed easily!

I saw at once the explanation. The howler was a rocking stone. It must have fallen at some time from the top of the arch, and happened to be so poised that at a touch it could be swung into one of two positions, alternately disclosing and concealing the tunnel in the cliff wall.

I stepped within, and, striking a match, perceived that I was standing inside a vast cave—a vaulted chamber that ran apparently straight into the heart of the mountains.

The interior was completely dark. At intervals I struck matches from the box which I had brought with me, but the road always ran clear and straight ahead, and I could even guide myself by the cuts in the ground.

I advanced cautiously until the light grew quite bright; I saw the tunnel end in front of me, and emerged into an open space in the heart of the hills.

I glanced at my watch. It seemed that I had been traveling for an interminable time, but it was barely eleven o'clock. I felt drowsy, and somehow, before I was aware of any fatigue, I was asleep.

It was three o'clock when I awoke, and at first, as always since my journey began, I could not remember where I was. And, as always, it was the thought of Jacqueline that recalled me to my surroundings.

I sprang to my feet and made hasty preparations to resume my journey.

In the first cave that I explored I found a stock of provisions—flour and canned meats and matches—snugly stored away safe from the damp and snow. Near by were picks and shovels and three very reputable blankets, with a miscellany of materials suggestive of the camping party's outfit.

I might have been more surprised than I was, but my thoughts were all centered on Jacqueline, and the waning of the light showed me that the sun must be well down in the sky. I must go on at once if I were to reach the chateau that night.

As I proceeded I kept looking to the left to endeavor to locate the narrow passage into which I had strayed, but it must have been the merest opening in the wall, so small that only a miracle of chance had led me into it, for I saw nothing but the straight passage before me.

Presently I began to hear a murmur of water in the distance and then a faint flicker of light.

The thunder of the cataracts filled my ears. A fine spray, like a garment of filmy silk, obscured my clearer vision; but through and beyond it, between two torrents that sailed above like crystal bows, I saw the chateau before me.

CHAPTER XII.

The Roulette Wheel.

The building stood far back beneath the overhanging ledge and seemed to be secured against the flying rock. It was evident that there was no other approach except the tunnel through which I had come, for all round the land that turbulent whirlpool raved where the two cataracts contended for the mastery of the waters.

It was almost dark now and growing bitterly cold. I felt in my pocket for my pistol and loaded it with the two cartridges that alone remained of the lot I had brought with me. Then I advanced stealthily until I stood beneath the cataract; and here I found the spray no longer drenched me. I came upon a door in the dark wing and, turning the handle noiselessly, found myself inside the chateau. And at once my ears were filled with yells and coarse laughter in men's and women's voices.

As my eyes became accustomed to my surroundings I perceived that I was standing near the foot of an uncarpeted wooden stairway. There was a dark room with an open door immediately in front of me, and another at the farther end of the passage, from beneath which a glimmer of light issued, and it was from this room that the sounds of laughter and music came.

I turned to the left, and advancing I suddenly found myself face to face with Philippe Lacroix.

He was seated at a table in a room writing, and I came right upon the door before I was aware of it. I saw his thin face with the little upturned mustache and the cold sneer about the mouth; and I think I should have shot him if he had looked up. But he neither heard nor saw me but wrote steadily, and I crept back from the door.

I turned back and followed the corridor to the right and came to a little hall toward the rear of the building. Beyond me was an open door, and behind it I saw the dull glow of a stove and felt its heat.

I approached cautiously and looked in.

Facing me, above a cracked and ancient mirror, were two rusty broadswords, and in the mirror I saw a large oaken table reflected. Seated at it, clothed in a threadbare coat of very ancient fashion, was an old man with long, snow-white hair and a white, forked beard. He was busily transferring a stack of gold pieces from his right to his left side; and then he began scribbling on a sheet of paper. He paid me not the smallest attention as I entered.

(To Be Continued)

We speak of "the glorious past," but probabilities are the present is more so. No real boy is expected to be an angel and he never disappoints you by being one.

Many a man is brave enough to look into a cannon's mouth who is afraid to allow a dentist to look into his mouth.

An investigation pretty often finds that the chivalrous man who does not wish his wife to come in contact with the wrong kind of women at the polls, does not object to her coming in contact with them in the business world when she is supporting him.

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.

RECITAL ST. JOSEPH SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND EXPRESSION Temple Theatre, Wednesday Evening, June 18th PROGRAM Away to the Greenwood, Violins and Pianos, Walter H. Aiken, Keler-Bela, etc.

Your grouch hurts you worse than it hurts those about you. The promise you make when you're over-enthusiased always comes home to roost. Two things than all others are more pitiful. One is the desperation with which a bald man clings to the last few remnants of his hair and the other the determination with which a woman goes about to erase the first wrinkle.

Girls Wanted! In our yarn, knitting and finishing departments. Steady employment and good wages. Those between 13 and 45 preferred. Experience not necessary. Western Knitting Mills, Rochester, Mich.

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." Includes image of a National Biscuit box.

Briefs of the Week

George Walker and family moved here this week from Bellaire.

The Steamer Odd Fellow is now giving Boyne City a daily (except Sunday) passenger and freight boat service between that city and Charlevoix.

All persons having books—in good condition—to donate to our new Public Library are requested to turn these in at once, as the work of classifying and cataloging is now in progress.

Mrs. Frank A. Foster and Mrs. Fred Fallis with son, Charles, arrived here Wednesday for a visit with relatives and old-time neighbors. Mrs. Fallis with son resides at Ontario, (Cal.) and is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. A. Brabant. Mrs. Foster resides at Los Angeles and is here for a visit with her brother, W. A. Pickard.

John A. Brown of near Central Lake, and Miss Anna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Murray of Echo township, were united in marriage Thursday, June 12th, at the Methodist parsonage in this city. The pastor, Rev. M. E. Hoyt, officiated. The groom recently returned from overseas service, having served there some eighteen months.

About thirty of East Jordan's Odd-fellows, and Rebekahs journeyed by auto to Charlevoix, Tuesday evening to attend the annual meeting of the lodges in the county. There were over two hundred members of the two organizations present. Fraternal addresses were given by Grand Master George Harlan of Detroit and Grand Secretary Fred A. Rogers of Lansing.

The body of Mrs. George Ross, who was drowned at Charlevoix, May 4th, when the auto in which she was riding plunged into the open draw on Bridge street, was found floating in Round Lake Thursday, June 5th. The body was in a badly decomposed state, having been in the water over thirty days. Funeral services were held that afternoon.

Miss Jessie Barkley, a former resident of East Jordan and daughter of Mrs. Maggie Barkley of this city, was united in marriage to John W. Shaw at the home of the groom's mother in Marion township last Saturday evening. The ceremony was performed by Elder A. G. Pontious. They will make their home at 207 Clinton Street, Charlevoix.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle E. Fenner arrived in our city Saturday last from Detroit for a visit at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Claude S. Wood. Mrs. Fenner, whose maiden name was Ruth M. Wood, was united in marriage to Mr. Fenner at Detroit, June 1st. Elder Cotton of the Seventh Day Adventist church officiating. The bride is an East Jordan girl who grew to womanhood in our city and for the past two years has been in training for nurse. The groom was recently discharged from army service. The young couple have known each other since childhood.

The county normal graduates who received their diplomas and certificates June 11th were Pearl Snyder, Signa Thorsen, Alida Hutton and Josie Hammond of East Jordan; Hilda Carlisle and Mary Groenink of Central Lake and Olive Nixon of Charlevoix. The graduates are to teach in the following schools of the county the coming year: Pearl Snyder, Evangeline No. 4; Signa Thorsen, Marion Center No. 9; Alida Hutton, South Arm No. 7; Josie Hammond, Chandler No. 2; Hilda Carlisle, primary room, Ironton; Olive Nixon, Bay No. 3; Mary Groenink, not definitely located.

Temple Theatre

WHERE EVERYBODY GOES.

PROGRAM

From June 17th to June 22d.

TUESDAY, June 17th.

Wm. Duncan in "A Fight for Millions," a Western, "Son of a Hun," a good comedy, Ford Educational.

10c and 15c

WEDNESDAY

Musical Entertainment given by the Catholic School.

THURSDAY

Bert Lytell in "The Lone Wolf." All the thrills of a whole serial in one picture.

10c and 15c

FRIDAY

Great Special Attraction—"THE MIDNIGHT PATROL," something new. Children 15c Adults 30c

SATURDAY, June 21st.

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

10c and 15c

SUNDAY, June 22d.

Peggy Hyland in "Caught in the Act." 10c and 15c

COMING—Ruth Roland in "The Tiger's Trail."

Edward Stanke returned home Tuesday from Detroit.

F. J. Gruber was a Charlevoix business visitor, Tuesday.

Miss Gladys Johnson is guest of Fredrick friends this week.

Miss Francis Bugai of Cedar is visiting Miss Agnes Swoboda.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burney were guest of Charlevoix friends, Monday.

Miss Bertha Nabeck of Detroit is guest at the home of Edward Stanke.

Mrs. George Heileman was guest of her brother at Bellaire the past week.

Mrs. C. L. Wells of Flint is guest at the home of her brother, H. J. Walker.

Mrs. A. M. Hayward returned from a visit with relatives at Detroit, Thursday.

Messrs D. H. and C. L. Hinkley were here from Petoskey, Thursday, on business.

J. G. Booth and daughter, Miss Pearl were guest of Charlevoix friends, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Price left Friday for an extended visit with relatives at Lansing.

Mrs. Walter Hess of Detroit is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Houghton.

Mrs. N. D. Brezina left Thursday for a visit with her daughter, Miss Rose, at Traverse City.

Att'y D. L. Wilson and Stanley Risk were Muskegon and Manistee business visitors this week.

Private John Hawley who was in overseas service, returned to his home here, Wednesday.

Miss Hildred Liskum left Wednesday for Petoskey where she has employment for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Persons left Wednesday for a few days visit with relatives at Rapid City.

Mrs. Ray Ashcroft, who has been visiting Mrs. E. Hayner, returned to her home at Wilmont, Friday.

Miss Lillian Thorne and nephew, Carrol Driggett, are spending the week end with Charlevoix relatives.

Regular meeting of Pythian Sisters at the K. of P. Hall Tuesday evening, June 17th. All members please attend.

George Ramsey, Aura McDonald and Lewis Ellis left Friday on a business trip to Lansing, Flint, Toledo and other points.

E. Flagg returned to his home at Detroit, Thursday. His daughter, Miss Theresa, accompanied him and plans to spend the summer there.

Miss Lenneh Box who has been here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Box, left Thursday to resume her studies at Hollywood, Cal.

Special Communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 379, F. & A. M., Saturday evening, June 14th. Work in E. A. degree.—W. H. SLOAN, W. M.

Mrs. Carl P. Berg with son of Grand Rapids was guest at the home of Robert McBride, Wednesday. She left Thursday to visit her mother at Deward.

Rev. C. E. Taggart, pastor of the Congregational church at Charlevoix the past seven years has resigned to accept a call from the Almont, Mich., church.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Suffern were at Alma this week by the auto route. Their daughter, Miss Fay, who was attending college there, accompanied them home.

Mrs. Susan M. Flagg has completed her term of school at Barnard, and, with her son, Robert, now occupies her residence—recently purchased—on the West Side. She returns to Barnard this fall.

Misses Blanche Stohlman and Ethel Brintnall left Wednesday for a visit with the former's sister, Mrs. Carl Heinzelman, at Midland. Miss Brintnall goes from there to Grove City, Pa. for a visit with friends.

Myrtle Kiser of Boyne City, who was convicted some time ago in circuit court as accessory to a statutory offense, was sentenced by Judge Mayne last week to serve from one to ten years in the Detroit House of Correction.

Contributions made by corporations are not deductible from gross income. Regulations to this effect are sustained by opinion of the attorney general dated May 19th. Accordingly this item is not subject to bona fide claim for abatement. Such claims will be automatically rejected and penalty of five per cent of the deficiency imposed. Corporations knowingly deducting contributions in violation of the regulations may also incur penalty of fifty per cent of the tax for filing false or fraudulent returns.—Emanuel J. Doyle, collector of internal revenue.

Louis Gass returned to his work at Detroit, Saturday last.

Harry Gregory visited friends at White Cloud this week.

John Woods of Deward was in the city on business over Sunday.

Thomas Whiteford is home from Detroit for a visit with his family.

Mrs. Geo. Watton and son visited relatives at Bellaire, Saturday last.

Mrs. R. F. Rugg of Kalkaska is guest at the home of her son, Ray Rugg.

Mrs. M. Sedgman is here from Flint for a visit with friends and relatives.

Mrs. Charles Beebe was guest of her sister at Chestonia a few days this week.

Ole and Ingwald Olson left Monday for Detroit, where they have employment.

Miss Margaret Coleman of Kewadin arrived here Monday and has employment here.

Ronald Smith, who has been attending high school here, went to his home at Bellaire, Tuesday.

Mrs. Rose Mowbray was here, from Detroit last week guest at the home of her son, H. A. Kimball.

Miss Gladys McGowan, who has been attending school here, left Saturday for her home at Lawrence.

Com'r May L. Stewart was at the Beaver Islands on school work from Thursday to Monday last.

Mrs. Chas. Malpass and children left Monday for a visit with relatives at Grand Rapids and Detroit.

Miss Pearl Thomas who has been employed in this city, returned to her home at Kent City, Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Havens and daughter, Miss Rhea, are visiting relatives at Charlevoix and Central Lake.

Mrs. Hiley Ensign returned from Ann Arbor, Sunday, where she underwent treatment at the hospital there.

Private John MacMillan left Saturday for Fort Sheridan, Ill., to receive treatment at the hospital there for wounds received in overseas service.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Richardson, with children arrived home last Sunday evening. They have been spending the winter at San Antonio, Texas, and made the round trip by auto.

Mrs. E. Hayner and son, Elmer, returned home last Friday, from a visit with relatives at Wilmot, Mich.—Her sister, Mrs. Roy Ashcraft, accompanied her here from Wilmot for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stewart received a telegram, Tuesday, announcing the safe arrival in New York, from overseas, of their son, Sergeant Harrison Stewart. He goes from there to Camp Mills.

Miss Dorothy Sweet, who has been staying with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington, and attending school here, left Saturday last for Ludington, where she will make her home with her mother, Mrs. Nellie Sweet.

Wm. E. Moore arrived here first of the week for a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Gidley and renewing former acquaintances. Mr. Moore was in overseas service, serving as private with Co. A, 108 Field Signal Bn., and received his discharge at Camp Custer last week.

With the closing of our Public Schools there has been an exodus of teachers during the past week. On Saturday, Miss Edith McLaughlin left for Mt. Pleasant, Miss Nena Randall to Mesick, Mrs. Walter Fowler to Bath, Miss Margaret McMasters to Ludington, Miss Mary Hendrick to Grand Ledge, Miss Opal Bigelow to East Lansing. On Monday Miss Sarah Shearer left for Hope, Miss Ruth Weston to Sault Ste Marie, Miss Pauline Munson to Benzonia, and Mrs. Henrietta Stiff to Big Rapids, where she attends Ferris Institute.

A Mr. Denno of East Jordan was picked up Tuesday night about 7:30 on Boyne Avenue, by Chief of police Billington, and taken before Justice Hammond charged with driving his Ford car faster than was permissible and for being without a car license. On account of the gentlemanly conduct of the young man and because this was the first arrest for such an offense in the city this year, the culprit was let off with a five dollar fine. It is hoped this will be a warning to others as the police department has no desire to be aggressive in such matters, but the law must be complied with.—Boyne City Journal.

Two Russians are in jail at Mt. Pleasant charged with receiving money under false pretenses in connection with the agitation of labor disorders among beet field workers in Isabella county. With the season at hand for weeding and blocking beets many of the workers have quit, some claiming their lives were threatened unless they join an alleged bolshevist strike for \$3 an acre increase. Nick Shmeil and Andrew Haltsky, the men under arrest, are alleged to have been the leaders. The two are charged with accepting advance pay and refusing to go to work, according to a Mt. Pleasant news item.

Ed. Price was here over Sunday from Midland.

Mrs. Chas. Cox and daughter were at Bellaire, Monday.

Mrs. Chas. Nowland visited relatives at Cadillac over Sunday.

James Marvin was a Traverse City visitor first of the week.

Miss Beattie Tausch went to Petoskey, Monday, where she has employment.

Mrs. Samuel Ramsey left Monday for Milwaukee, Wis., where she will visit her daughter.

Miss Irene Salchow of Central Lake, arrived here Monday and has employment in our city.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Nachazel and daughter left Monday for a visit with relatives at Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Wm. Roberts of Central Lake was guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Carl Stroebel, over Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Bowen and grandson, Bernard Bowen, left Monday for a visit with relatives at Sheboygan, Wis.

Mrs. Delbert Smeltzer with children were called to Thompsonville, Monday, by the serious illness of her father.

Mrs. H. Vanunen returned to her home at Zeeland, Monday, after a visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Cox.

Prvt. Will Gleason arrived home Monday from overseas service. He served with Co. G, 125th Inf., 32nd Division.

Ragnar Olson returned to Grand Haven, Monday, after a week's visit here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Olson.

Mrs. Olive Cheney and daughter, who have been guests at the farm home of her brother, Jos. E. Perry, left Monday for her home at DePere, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ashley, their son, Charles, and daughter Florence, and Conard Hughes left first of the week on an auto trip for Gladwin, Pontiac and other points.

With three competitors bidding for a contract to furnish the cement to be used in building the new concrete road—now in course of construction, north of Charlevoix, the Argo Milling Company was awarded the contract last Monday. Other bidders were The Universal, Huron and Newaygo Portland Cement Companies, all making bids for exactly the same price. The Argo Milling Company through Dr. Swinton submitted a bid slightly lower than their competitors but in so doing forego the pleasure of deriving any profit from the transaction, owing to the fact that the material furnished was priced low enough to absorb the profit usually made on cement product. Eighteen thousand barrels of cement, it is estimated, will be used on the road now being built, hence the Argo people have taken on a lot of extra work and annoyance, regardless of financial compensation, and have at the same time saved the county some hundreds of dollars on this job.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

The Steamer Neff came into port Wednesday on her first trip of the season with a cargo of ore for the Iron Furnace.

Lieut. Bruce Dickie left Friday for Camp Custer and Chicago, where he expects to receive his discharge from the service.

Capt. W. C. Spring was at Camp Custer this week where he received his official release from Uncle Sam's services, and is again wearing civies.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Plank of Luther are spending a few days in our city guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Estella Sherman, and renewing former acquaintances.

Lieut. Jos. Cummins was at Camp Custer this week where he received his discharge from service. He returned home, Thursday, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Russell Harrington of Flint.

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

BATTERY SERVICE at the S. O. S. Tire Repair Shop. Hobart Bros. ten battery machine.—A. K. HILL, Prop'r.

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

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

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.

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.

The waves are said to be unusually wild this spring. Maybe somebody has been talking to them about freedom of the seas.

Discussing the league of nations is an interesting pursuit in Congress at present. Over in France they only speak of it now in the past tense.

When you think of Burleson, Col. House and the rest of the Wilson boys you wonder how they ever came to call Texas the Lone Star state.

If Congress doesn't mind President Wilson after July 1 we will have to follow the Nebraska custom of putting yeast in our grape juice.

IT IS ALL GONE NOW.

Samuel I. Kramer, Box 95, Sellersville, Pa., writes: "I had kidney trouble for two years and had a terrible backache. That is all gone now after using Foley Kidney Pills and I feel well again." Foley Kidney Pills get results quickly and are tonic in their healing and soothing effect.—Hite's Drug Store.

BOARD OF ARBITRATION

Met Here Saturday to Adjust Accident Claim.

(From The Charlevoix Sentinel.)

A meeting of an Arbitration Board selected to investigate and report on the death of William Robinson, an employee of the East Jordan Lumber Company, was held at the Court House here last Saturday.

Robinson for some years was an employee of the East Jordan Lumber Company, where he worked as a scaler inspector of lumber and it is claimed that while thus employed he met with an injury of minor importance a mere scratch, and so considered by himself. A few days later blood poisoning developed and a few hours later Mr. Robinson died.

The board members appointed in this case are Thomas B. Gloster, of Detroit, member of the State Industrial board, Christa C. Potter of Bellaire and Dwight L. Wilson of East Jordan. But little progress was made by the board at this meeting and another meeting will be held soon.

The plaintiff is represented by Attorney Dwight H. Fitch and the defendant by the firm of Clink and Williams, of East Jordan.

Wonder if a fellow will have to acquire a southern accent before he can get a job on the league of nations?

DWELLING FOR SALE!

The residence known as the Foster property, on Main-st opposite Whittington's store, is offered at the sacrifice price of

\$1200 cash

or \$1500 in terms of \$500 cash the balance in terms to suit the purchaser.

Mrs. F. A. Foster

at Wm. Pickard's residence.

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

A NEW SUPPLY OF

Millet Seed

at **\$5.00** per hundred pounds

ORDER NOW!

ARGO MILLING CO.

CHARLEVOIX EAST JORDAN CENTRAL LAKE

DR. TONIGHT - Tomorrow Alright
GIDLEY & MAC, Druggists.
 You may be as good as anybody else but if that's all you have to brag about, you're a lame duck.

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. 222

GRAY HAIR BECOMES DARK AND BEAUTIFUL
 Try Grandmother's Old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.
 Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.
 Nowadays we simply ask at any drugstore for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients, at very little cost. Everybody uses this preparation now, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

NOW PLAN EMPLOYMENT FLAG
 Clevelanders Begin Movement in Support of the Returned Soldiers.
 Cleveland, O.—A movement has been started among employment managers for adoption of a uniform soldier employment flag showing the number of men reinstated in their positions. The managers have asked their national association to indorse the movement, which is expected to encourage employment of soldiers.
 Several large concerns have worked out their own flag designs, while others are awaiting adoption of a uniform emblem.
 "Cleveland now is a poor place for an outsider to come seeking work," said a member of the chamber of commerce committee investigating unemployment here. C. F. Arndt, United States employment commissioner, said possibly half of the soldiers unable to find work here were not employed in Cleveland before entering military service.
 Estimates of unemployment here run from 20,000 to 70,000. Cleveland manufacturers are reported to be trying to lower the production cost through labor saving machinery and other means rather than by a reduction of wages.

Picked Wrong Street.
 Kansas City, Mo.—Earl Cadgus, Toppick Indian, got on the warpath. In court he admitted saying he could "lick anybody on Main street." "Picked too long a street," commented the judge, assessing \$25.
 Few persons are willing to admit that they are prejudiced in politics and religion.
 A common mistake of some men is to think they can be mean without being found out.
 It is easy for a man to be ashamed of his actions without being sorry because of them.
 The successful employer is the one who is as prompt to commend as he is quick to criticize.
 You can not lose the friendship of a doctor by overworking him so long as you pay him.
 A lazy man has no trouble in experiencing ailments which the doctors are unable to find.
 There would be lots more activity of a variety of kinds if every man would live up to his talk.
 A man's age depends considerably on what he is doing with time he should be sleeping.
 There may be vanity in riches, but most persons naturally want to try it out for themselves.

MORTGAGE SALE.
 Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 31st day of October, 1908, executed by Lemuel Henderson, Jacob Henderson, Cora Henderson and Priscilla Henderson of Wilson Township, County of Charlevoix, Michigan, to George S. Bridge of Chicago, 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 66, 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 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 1/2 line of said Section twenty-six (26) Thence West on said 1/2 line to the 1/4 line running north and south through said section; Thence South on said 1/4 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.

PROBATE ORDER
 State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
 At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the city of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 12th day of June A. D. 1919.
 Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.
 In the Matter of the Estate of Peter K. Winters, Deceased.
 LeRoy Sherman having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.
 It is Ordered, That the 8th day of July A. D. 1919, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.
 It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in The Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
 SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
 Judge of Probate.
 A true copy.
 SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
 Judge of Probate.

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 220, PETER BLOCK and ELLEN 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 (S 1/2) of the north-east quarter (NE 1/4), and the southeast quarter (SE 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.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS
 Sealed proposals will be received by J. H. Porter, Secretary of the Board of Directors of School District No. 2, Boyne Valley Township, Boyne Falls, Michigan, until 12 o'clock noon, Thursday, June 26th, 1919, for the construction of a new school building for said district in accordance with drawings and specifications prepared therefor by Averton E. Munger, architect, Bay City, Michigan.
 A certified check for three (3 per cent) per cent of the amount of the proposal must accompany same, payable to the Secretary, and in case of failure of the contractor to execute a contract and bonds as required within one week after the acceptance of his proposal the check shall be forfeited to the School District.
 The contractor to whom the work shall be awarded shall furnish a satisfactory indemnity bond for fifty (50 per cent) percent of the amount of the contract to cover liability for labor and material, and one for twenty five per cent (25 per cent) to cover maintenance for one year after the completion of the work.
 Drawings and specifications may be obtained from the Secretary, Boyne Falls, Michigan, or from the architect, such drawings and specifications to be returned within certain time as required.
 All proposals shall be made upon blank forms furnished by the architects—shall be delivered sealed, and within the time limits above stated.
 The owners reserve the right to accept any, or to reject all proposals.
 (signed) J. H. PORTER,
 Secy. Board of Trustees.
 Note.—Drawings and specifications may be seen between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. at the bank.
 Why worry whether you are getting thin or fat? It's all a matter of form.
 Another good thing about the movies is that when they give close-ups of the great men we find them just like other men, if not more so.
 The things you do and say when angry to injure another seldom injure him seriously but they'll hurt you all the way from days to years.

THE MIDNIGHT PATROL
 Produced by THOS. H. INCE
 (M.P.I.C.)

THE MIDNIGHT PATROL
 The most sensational story of Chinese underworld life ever shown on the screen.
 IT MOVES FASTER THAN THE ACTION OF A MACHINE GUN.
 "THE MIDNIGHT PATROL" HAD A RUN OF THREE MONTHS IN ONE THEATRE IN DETROIT.
 Don't Miss It! Be Sure and See It!
 Children, 15c Adults, 30c
 Temple Theatre - - - Friday, June 20th

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

Temple Theatre, Friday, June 20th



BIG SPECIAL FEATURE ATTRACTION!

'The Midnight Patrol'
 The most sensational story of Chinese underworld life ever shown on the screen.
 IT MOVES FASTER THAN THE ACTION OF A MACHINE GUN.
 "THE MIDNIGHT PATROL" HAD A RUN OF THREE MONTHS IN ONE THEATRE IN DETROIT.
 Don't Miss It! Be Sure and See It!
 Children, 15c Adults, 30c
 Temple Theatre - - - Friday, June 20th

Economy is something that the other members of the family never practice.
 You can't believe everything that is told you but you can believe a lot of things that nobody says, because everybody is afraid to say them.
 "Facts are stubborn things," as you have been informed, but lies are stubborn if they're well told, since nobody hesitates to believe a lie if it reflects upon another and few like to admit any facts except those which are to their liking.

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

Women are different from other fur-bearing animals. The others shed theirs in summer.
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.