

CASS CITY CHRONICLE.

TRI-COUNTY CHRONICLE, Established in 1899 | Consolidated
CASS CITY ENTERPRISE, Established in 1881 | April 30, 1906.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1911.

12 PAGES.

Vol. 6, No. 25

FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

MR. AND MRS. MARVIN MOORE HONORED.

Respected Couple of Grant Township Made Merry With Many Relatives.

(By Our Beauley Correspondent.)
Mr. and Mrs. Marvin W. Moore, residents of Grant township since 1881, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at the home of their youngest daughter, Mrs. Luther J. Carroll, seven miles northeast of Cass City, on Saturday, Sept. 30. Though the day was chilly and damp from the recent rains, the joyousness of the occasion was not lessened by the unfavorable weather conditions.



MR. AND MRS. MARVIN W. MOORE.

Surrounded by a company of warm hearted relatives and friends, the aged couple will ever hold sacred in their hearts this wonderful gathering.

Seventy-five invitations were issued, but several were unable to attend.
Continued on Page Seven.

ALVA NASH RETURNS FROM TRIP IN NORTHWEST

Travels with Ox Team to Go Duck Hunting and Has Novel Experiences.

Alva Nash of Detroit has returned from a trip through Northwestern Canada and has written an account of the same for the Chronicle.

Mr. Nash left Detroit on Aug. 21 in company with his father, F. J. Nash, sr., of this city. They visited at various points in the northwest. The young man returned to Michigan last week, but his father has decided to spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. Fred Topping, at Peerless, Alta.

Mr. Nash, while in Cass City visiting relatives Saturday and Sunday, said that rainy weather had visited the northwest last week and one day an inch of snow covered the ground. The latter, the Canadians thought, would not harm the crops.

Writing of the trip he says:
"As some people of this vicinity may be interested in northwestern Canada, I will endeavor to give a brief account of our recent trip there.
"We left Detroit Monday evening, Aug. 21, arriving in Toronto the next morning and in Winnipeg Thursday evening, Aug. 24, several hours late owing to a few circumstances of no particular interest. On Saturday, Aug. 26, about noon we arrived at our destination, Carlsbad, Alberta, near Medicine Hat. We were met here by a relative, and the next day, Sunday, started a long journey across the prairie, long not in miles which was only 36, but because of the mode
Continued on eighth page.

To Slogan Contestants.

For the information of those who have sent slogans to the Cass City Improvement Association we will say that at the meeting on Oct. 3 a committee was appointed to go over the suggestions received and to report at a later meeting. In case none of those already received are adopted the one suggesting the slogan which is finally adopted will be awarded the prize. N. Bigelow & Sons.

Fresh fish and fresh oysters at Cass City Meat Market. 10-6.

Best line of 10c and 15c canvas gloves at Jones'.

Village lots for sale. Fritz & Parr.

HOW ONE AUTHOR SUCCEEDS.

Sometimes an author proves capable of writing a successful story about scenes, persons or things which he has never seen or known. But James Oliver Curwood, author of "The Danger Trail," believes in getting an intimate actual acquaintance with the localities where his stories are laid and with the people of the particular region.

"The Danger Trail," a new serial which is started in this issue of the Chronicle, is a stirring tale of the Northwest and one of the most engrossing stories of the day. The adventures of Jack Howland are a deep well of entertainment for those who appreciate well written fiction. The mysterious dangers that assail him on all sides and his love of the strangely beautiful girl of forest wilds form a romance that has seldom been surpassed.

BIG DAY AT CASS CITY OCT. 12

BIG PROGRAM OF ENTERTAINMENT AND AMUSEMENT.

Business Men Are Arranging for Ball Game to Add to Day's Program.

John W. Ball was authorized by the business men Tuesday evening to arrange for a ball game at the Columbus Day celebration at Cass City next Thursday, Oct. 12. Provisions were made for a liberal purse and Mr. Ball is now busy in arranging for the event.

He has sent a proposition to the Kingston team. This bunch has been playing exceptionally good ball this season and their admirers say there isn't a team around their equal. Mr. Ball, however, has some players in view that he thinks will make the Kingstons hustle some for first money.

Liberal prizes are attached to the caledonian games. The events are as follows:

Tug of war for married men, purse of \$25.

100 yard dash, \$2 and \$1.

Fat men's race, \$2 and \$1.

Four-man relay race, \$4, \$3 and \$2.

Potato race, \$2 and \$1.

Sack race, \$2 and \$1.

Three-legged race, \$2 and \$1.

Woman's ball throwing contest, \$2, \$1 and 50 cents.

Stone's Famous Band and Stone's Quartette will furnish an abundance of band and vocal music during the day. The members of these organizations come to Cass City Wednesday evening in order to be able to furnish entertainment during the entire day Thursday. This attraction alone is worthy of an entire day's time to lovers of first class music.

The date—Oct. 12.

The place—Cass City.

HARLAND PATTERSON DIES SUDDENLY AT ARGYLE

Visited Cass City on Day Before Death and Was in Usual Health.

On Sunday news came from Argyle of the sudden death of Harland Patterson at his home in that township. Mr. Patterson had been in his usual health and on Saturday was seen by many Cass City friends, having come here that day for the last load of household goods which he moved to his newly purchased farm in Argyle.

On Sunday he ate a hearty dinner and was about the farm. When he came into the house at seven o'clock, Mrs. Patterson noticed for the first time that he seemed ill. Physicians were immediately summoned, but he was beyond help. Paralysis was the cause of death.

Mr. Patterson was born in Norwich township, Canada, on Sept. 8, 1846. In 1867 he was married to Sarah Pettit and to this union five children were born. In 1881 the family moved to Argyle township and there Mr. and Mrs. Patterson lived until two years ago when they moved to Cass City. Just recently they sold their residence here and again purchased a farm in Argyle, two miles from their former home.

Mr. Patterson was a well known and respected citizen and the members of the family keenly feel the loss of a thoughtful and kind husband and father. He was for many years a member of the Baptist church.

Funeral services were held on Wednesday morning at the family residence, Rev. Willerton officiating, and interment was made in Elkland cemetery. Besides the children, Thaddeus of Argyle, Charles of Cass City, Hardy of Logansport, Ind., Mrs. John Austin of Decker-ville and Mrs. Jas. Starr of Argyle, the following relatives, brothers and sisters of the deceased were present at the funeral: Wm. Patterson of Houghton Lake, Mich., Geo. Patterson and Miss Fannie Patterson of Dutton, Ont., and Mrs. Stevenson of Cornell, Ont.

Fall and Winter Millinery.
Call and see my line of fall and winter hats for ladies, misses and children. Everything of the latest. Mrs. M. J. McGillivray. 10-6.

Men Wanted.
Men wanted to husk corn. T. B. Townsends. 10-6-1p.

Buggies at cost to make room for our 5A blankets. G. W. Goff. 10-6.

Great reduction on white waists and summer goods at Mrs. G. W. Goff's.

For Sale.
Shorthorn bull, 14 months old. Perry Wood, Cass City. 9-15.

Wanted—Roomers and boarders. Enquire of Mrs. Robt. Wallace. 9-22.

Crosby & Son's Hard Pan shoes at \$3.00 give satisfaction. Half price because twice the wear.

Whips at 18c, 40c and 70c at Farris' are worth looking after now.

Calf meal at Wood's.

A TOWN MONUMENT.

Below we are reprinting an article entitled "A Suggestive Monument for a Town," taken from the Little Falls, Minn., Herald. It contains so many good points that we consider it worthy of reproduction.

Suggestive Monument for a Town.

Grit
Vim
Push
Boost
Energy
Schools
Morality
Churches
Harmony
Cordiality
Advertising
Talk about it
Write about it
Speak well of it
Healthy location
Help to improve it
Advertise in its papers
Good country tributary
Elect good men to office
Honest competition in prices
Faith exhibited by good works
Try to make the atmosphere healthy.
Fire all croakers, loafers and deadbeats. Let your object be the welfare, growth and promotion of your town and its people. Speak well of public-spirited men, and also be one of them yourself. Be honest with all of your fellowmen.

WOMAN'S STUDY CLUB RECEPTION MONDAY

Members Meet "Mrs. Charles Dickens and Daughters" and Listen to Program.

The reception given by the Woman's Study club at the home of Mrs. D. P. Deming Monday afternoon was a decidedly pleasant affair. The spacious residence afforded a very brilliant setting for the pretty gowns worn by the large company of ladies present.

The guests were welcomed by the hostess for the afternoon, Mrs. A. J. Knapp, who was assisted by "Mrs. Charles Dickens" and her three beautiful daughters, "Agnes, Doris and Elizabeth," impersonated respectively by Mesdames J. H. Hays, M. M. Wickware, Harriett Haviland and E. W. Pinney. Their costumes were "imported" for the occasion. As each guest arrived she was introduced to these illustrious English ladies, who in turn presented the guest of honor, Mrs. Joseph Rankin of Bad Axe.

After introductions, the assembly retired to the spacious parlors where a short program was offered consisting of papers by Mrs. John Schwaderer, Mrs. J. H. Hays, a reading by Mrs. Harriett Haviland, a vocal trio by Mesdames Schenck, Wickware and Pinney, and a talk on "Charles Dickens" by Mrs. Rankin, whose ability as an entertainer was forcibly impressed upon the minds of her listeners. With rapt attention the guests listened to the life story of Dickens. The manner in which Mrs. Rankin told of this illustrious English writer was very graphic, the word pictures drawn by her being excellent, the audience seeming almost to travel with her through the description of the English story teller's career. The program was announced by the president of the club, Mrs. I. B. Auten.

About five o'clock a luncheon was enjoyed by all, the menu consisting of Creamed Chicken Potato Chips Sandwiches Olives Pickles Assorted Cakes Ice Cream Coffee

Loathe to depart, the guests tarried until darkness had settled deep over the town, their only regret being that the time had passed away all too quickly.

Masons, Attention.
Business of importance at the next regular meeting, Oct. 7. Come out. I. A. Fritz, Sec.

Gleaners, Attention!
All members of Elkland Arbor, A. O. U. G., are requested to attend the next meeting of the society on Thursday, Oct. 12. Business of importance. A. E. Boulton, Sec.

Ten pigs, 5 weeks old, for sale. Chas. Cook, Deford. 10-6.

I have the best and biggest line of wool horse blankets that I have ever had and now is your opportunity to buy them away down. W. A. Farris.

Filling doctors' prescriptions is a specialty at Peters Bros.

Plymouth Rock pullets for sale. John Marshall. 10-6.

NO BUSINESS, JUST SOCIAL CALL

DETROIT WHOLESALERS START THUMB TRIP OCT. 10.

Will Travel in Finely Equipped Train Such as Used on Trans-Continental Lines.

The members of the Wholesalers' and Manufacturers' Bureau of the Detroit Board of Commerce will make a three days' trip to the Thumb of Michigan. The object of this visit is the promotion of closer trade relations between the Thumb and Detroit.

The members of the party will start from Detroit on the morning of Oct. 10 via Michigan Central R. R. The New York Central lines will furnish a solid Pullman train for the trip, and it will be pulled by its private engine, which will stay with it through the trip. This train will consist of four of the finest Pullman coaches of which the New York Central lines boast and will also carry two complete up-to-date and well equipped diners. It will also carry its own baggage coach, making in all a train that is not surpassed by any of those travelling on the trans-continental lines. This train will undoubtedly be the finest specimen of railroad equipment that has ever gone to the Thumb.

This visit is of a purely social character. Order books and statements of account will not be carried on this trip. Business is a subject that will not be broached. All of the time that the party is permitted to spend in each town will be devoted to the purpose of getting better acquainted. The members of the Wholesalers' and Manufacturers' Bureau merely wish to meet their friends face to face, shake their hands and assure them that they appreciate the trade courtesies that they have extended in the past.

IMPROVEMENT ASSO. ELECTS OFFICERS

Fifteen Members Were Enrolled Tuesday Evening and Committees Appointed.

The first meeting of the Cass City Improvement Association for the completion of the organization of the society and the election of officers was held Tuesday evening at the council rooms. Fifteen members enrolled and the following officers chosen: President, Dr. J. H. Hays; vice president, J. C. Farrell; secretary, H. L. McDermott; treasurer, H. F. Lenzner.

A committee of three, Edward Pinney, A. H. Higgins and H. F. Lenzner, was appointed to solicit members for the association. Anyone interested in promoting the growth, prosperity and beauty of Cass City and the neighboring territory and desiring to become a member may leave his name with the membership committee or the secretary. The association is broad and embraces farmers, business men, laborers, mechanics, professional men—in fact, all who wish to promote the common good of the community.

F. A. Bigelow announced at the meeting that 50 suggestions for slogans had been submitted in the slogan contest. G. A. Tindale, M. S. Wickware and H. P. Lee were appointed as a committee to look them over and report if a satisfactory one had been proposed.

Cows for Sale at Auction.

Four cows will be offered for sale in addition to the list of household goods advertised in N. McLaren's announcement last week. The sale will be held Saturday afternoon, Oct. 7.

Window shades and curtain poles, a new lot at Peters Bros.

New Box Candy at Peters Bros.

Ladies hats of quality and beauty. The price is in reach of all. Mrs. M. J. McGillivray. 10-6.

Ready for Business.
The quarantine has been lifted from my home and I am again ready for business. Wm. Morris, V. S. 10-6.

Wantde—A cow giving good quantity and quality of milk. F. Lenzner, Phone 91-2r.

Phonographs and Records at Peters Bros.

The best line of Rubber Goods made at Wood's.

WHEN IS THANKSGIVING?

When is Thanksgiving Day this year?

A controversy that bids fair to continue until the issuance of President Taft's annual proclamation has sprung up over the question of the date of Thanksgiving day, 1911. November this year has five Thursdays, a very unusual thing, and one that has led to the strife.

Some of the calendars have November 30—the fifth and last Thursday—marked as a "red letter" day while others have given special lable to the fourth Thursday, November 23, "because according to precedent, the president is expected to proclaim the fourth Thursday as the holiday."

At this early date, however, Thanksgiving day seems a long distance away and few of us, except actor-folk and the bookkeeping agencies, who do work ahead of time have begun to worry about saving pin money with which to buy turkey and cranberries.

THREE AUCTIONS NEXT WEEK

Farm Sales Will Be Held in Greenleaf, Argyle and Novesta Townships.

Drace & Son will sell a farm of 160 acres, 100,000 feet of lumber, 450 cords of wood, horses, cattle, harnesses, etc., at an auction on Tuesday, Oct. 10, at their farm, 2 miles east and 1 1/4 miles north of Deford.

Striffler & McCullough will cry a sale for James Arthur McQueen, 3 miles west of Argyle, on Monday, Oct. 9. Horses, cattle, pigs, farm implements and an automobile are offered for sale.

Alex Sinclair has sold his farm, 1/4 mile west of the Greenleaf store, and will sell horses, cattle, farm implements, etc., at auction on Friday, Oct. 13. Striffler & McCullough, auctioneers.

These sales are advertised on pages eight and nine.

The Bethel M. E. Ladies' Aid will serve a supper Tuesday evening, Oct. 10, at the home of Jas. Day. Good graphophone music will furnish plenty of entertainment for the evening. Supper at 9:30. Price 25 cts. Come one, come all. 10-6-1p.

Found—A black woolen shawl near McConnell schoolhouse, east of Cass City. Owner may have same by calling on Chas. Vogel and paying for this notice. 10-6.

Cream separator, nearly new, for sale. Mrs. Geo. McDonald. 10-6-2p.

Bargains in wall paper at Wood's. Magazines at Peters Bros.

Do not buy your trunk or suit case until you have seen mine and the prices on them. W. A. Farris.

For Sale
Cider mill at Cass City. Enquire of J. A. Caldwell. 9-29.

For Sale.
One Jersey cow, due Nov. 1, also a span of matched colts, coming 3 and 4 yrs. old. Ed. Helwig. 9-29.

Let Jones fill that gasoline can.

Pigs for Sale.
Eight pigs, 5 weeks old, for sale; also some sows in pig. James Walters. 9-15.

Get your winter supply of flour early. Get Diamond Best Flour. Best price. Jones sells it.

Teams Wanted.
Three teams wanted to work on county drain. Enquire of J. D. Tuckey for particulars. 9-29-3.

Cow for sale. Enquire of F. Lenzner. 9-29.

Monuments.
We can furnish you with monument of any style. N. Hill, opposite roller mills, Cass City. 7-28.

For Sale.
20-acre farm, also 7 1/2 acres 4 miles east of Deford, at Novesta Corners. Close to church and good schools. Mrs. James A. McLeish, Deford, R. F. D. 9-29-4p.

Granite Asphalt Roofing—better than shingles. 100 squares for sale. G. L. Hitchcock. 8-18.

Get your suits cleaned and pressed at Ruhl's old stand over Wilsey & Cathcart's.

Cider Mill for Sale.
Enquire of J. A. Caldwell, Cass City. 9-29.

House and 2 lots for sale. Fritz & Parr.

For Sale.
Rhode Island Red cockerels. P. P. Webber. 9-29.

See Wood's line of post cards.

CASS CITY CHRONICLE.

Published Weekly.

The Tri-County Chronicle and Cass City Enterprise consolidated Apr. 20, 1906.

Subscription price—One year, \$1; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second-class matter April 27, 1906, at the postoffice at Cass City, Michigan, under the Act of Congress of Mar. 3, 1879.

H. F. LENZNER, Publisher.

THIS PAPER REPRESENTED FOR FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE

AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

GENERAL OFFICES
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO
BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

PINGREE.

Charles C. Warren and a Mr. Towle, both attorneys of Boston, Massachusetts, passed through this locality to make a sale of land near Novesta the first of the week.

Mrs. Otto Klinkman still remains seriously ill at this writing.

The recent rains are doing some damage to bean crops that have been pulled and still remain in bunches in the fields.

It is claimed Massachusetts is the banner state for raising hogs, but if they can squeal anything like some of our Michigan Red Jerseys, the distance is none too far.

Charles I. Cook made a business trip to Frieburg Saturday.

William Flint has taken a trip to Rodney, Ontario, to visit with friends and attend the fair held at that place. Mrs. Flint accompanied him as far as Detroit to visit her daughter, Mrs. Hunt.

Everly Jones is moving his stock to his farm here.

Samuel Wheaton has the contract for drilling a rock well for Elbert Bearup.

NORTHEAST KINGSTON.

Work on the new schoolhouse in Dist. No. 4, Kingston, is almost completed. The seats are to be installed which will be the last to do. School will begin Oct. 9 with Elsie Jeffrey as teacher.

Frank Terry of Alpena called on old friends here Monday.

Mason Leek made a business trip to Cass City Saturday.

Bean harvesting is the order of the day. Everybody makes an effort to turn them over between showers.

Rev. Horton, the new pastor for Deford circuit, made the rounds on Sunday but owing to the rain there were no services at the Leek point.

Lame back is one of the most common forms of muscular rheumatism. A few applications of Chamberlain's Liniment will give relief. For sale by all dealers.

ELMWOOD.

Mrs. John Fournier is visiting her son, Frank, of Owendale.

Hiram McKellar is remodeling his barn.

The frequent rains are doing considerable damage to the bean crop in this locality.

Mrs. Lucy Youmans is visiting friends in Ellington.

Sam Lozier has sold his house to C. Mosack for \$125.

The Rev. Mr. Haywood has accepted a call as pastor to the Elmwood Baptist church and preached his first sermon Sunday.

Ira Evans, who has been sick with pneumonia, is out again.

GAGETOWN.

M. R. Truesdell and Editor McCarthy drove to Cass City Saturday evening in the former's auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wells of Vassar were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Rogers Saturday and Sunday.

Geo. W. Purdy of South Dakota arrived Friday last to remain for the winter, his wife having preceded him some time ago on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. Geo. Carolan.

Fr. P. J. Dwan left Monday morning for Pontiac on business.

James McCrea is on the sick list with a severe cold.

Myron Karr returned Tuesday from a prospecting tour in the Thumb.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wells of Vassar were the guests of his sister, Mrs. L. S. McEldowney, Friday and the same evening took supper with Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Rogers.

Rev. Sanford Slough and wife left here Saturday morning for Marlette where he is located in charge of the M. P. church.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bixby of Cass City were in town Saturday on business and calling on friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Sugnet are nicely settled in their new commodious residence on State street, but we don't see that they put on any more airs.

Ex-Governor Warner and his friend, Mr. Gordon, of Detroit were in town Saturday on their return home, after an inspection of Mr. Warner's cheese plants at Kilmanagh and Owendale.

Niel Burns left Monday morning for a few days' visit at his parental home in Kingston.

Mrs. S. A. Gifford left Wednesday for Detroit to attend the King's Daughters; then to Jackson and Bancroft.

Gifford chapter, O. E. S., will hold their regular meeting next Tuesday. Initiations and after the work a banquet and an elaborate program.

John J. Gore, who has been laid off for several weeks with appendicitis, is able to do some work in the shop.

CUMBER.

Lots of rain just now.

Mrs. Geo. Schiestal is on the sick list.

C. W. Law attended the state fair at Detroit.

M. Schiestal made a business trip to Uby recently.

A pleasant crowd gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Peters on Sept. 29, it being Mrs. Peters' birthday. A good time was had with lots to eat and drink. The children presented their mother with a lovely dresser. They all returned home wishing her many more happy birthdays.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Bridges of Vermont were the guests of D. A. Preston and family the past week. Mr. Bridges is at present pension examiner.

Warren Nugent of Bad Axe helped his father-in-law, J. B. Pettinger, a few days putting in his wheat.

Eva Master of Cass City called at her home here last Sunday.

Miss Anna McKichan is at present clerking for D. A. Preston.

Its Equal Don't Exist.

No one has ever made a salve, ointment or balm to compare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Eczema, Salt Rheum, For Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands or Sprains it's supreme. Unrivalled for its use. Only 25c at L. I. Wood & Co.'s.

WILMOT.

It still continues to rain.

The Salting station closed for this year last Saturday evening.

Mrs. E. N. Hartt returned home from Pontiac Saturday.

N. Kitchen is building a house for O. Tallman.

Miss Alma Brown visited with her parents over Sunday.

Mrs. Jeffrey of Pontiac, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Schell, returned home Wednesday.

A big crowd at the horse sale Saturday.

Our new pastor, Rev. G. Horton, was with us last Sunday.

Walter, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hartt, who has been seriously ill for some time, is slowly recovering.

Merritt Hartt visited near Caro Sunday.

The Misses Nora and Ethel Mosher visited at W. Patch's from Friday to Sunday.

Biliousness is due to a disordered condition of the stomach. Chamberlain's Tablets are essentially a stomach medicine, intended especially to act on that organ; to cleanse it, strengthen it, tone and invigorate it, to regulate the liver and to banish biliousness positively and effectually. For sale by all dealers.

KINGSTON-NOVESTA TOWN LINE

The farmers are very busy these days turning beans between showers.

F. L. Terry of Alpena called on old friends here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Smith of Caro visited with Howard Retherford and family over Sunday.

J. B. Hickie made a business trip to Kingston Monday.

Geo. A. Martin and daughter, Goldie, went to Port Huron Monday. Mr. Martin returned home Tuesday but Miss Goldie remained to visit with friends at Port Huron, Avoca and Yale a few days.

The Leek Ladies Aid society will meet with Mrs. Mudge Thursday, Oct. 12, for dinner. All are invited. Mrs. Mudge resides on the Jesse Cooper farm.

Mrs. Beedon of Forester was a town line caller last Friday.

At the W. C. T. U. meeting held at the home of Mrs. Geo. Martin last week the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Geo. Martin; vice president, Mrs. J. D. Funk; corresponding secretary, Mrs. John Hickie; recording secretary, Mrs. R. McConnell; treasurer, Mrs. Watkins. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. E. Leek on the third Thursday in October at two o'clock.

CANBORO.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Lown were in Owendale on Monday.

Duncan McDonald of Beauley spent Saturday at C. A. McDonald's.

Mrs. Chas. Young has a new piano in her home.

Mrs. Geo. Jarvis is entertaining an aunt, Mrs. Wm. Mills, of Decker-ville.

Miss Hazel Brackenbury has returned from Detroit where she has been undergoing medical treatment. She is feeling much improved in health.

Services will be held every Sunday in the Canboro church, commencing next Sunday evening and the following Sunday in the afternoon and so on during the ensuing year. Rev. W. H. Nicholson will have charge of this appointment.

Thos. Jarvis of Detroit spent a part of last week at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Lown entertained on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Bert Libkuman and Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDonald and families.

R. W. Jarvis was in Bad Axe Friday.

You are not experimenting on yourself when you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a cold as that preparation has won its great reputation and extensive sale by its remarkable cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. It is equally valuable for adults and children and may be given to young children with implicit confidence as it contains no harmful drug. Sold by all dealers.

WICKWARE.

Our new clerk is all O. K.

Under difficulties and between showers the farmers are gathering in their beans. They don't think the weather man is very considerate.

J. Gibbons returned Saturday with Mrs. Gibbons and two children, Ivan and Goldie, who have been visiting in Pontiac for some time.

Mrs. Cridland and daughter, Catherine, returned Thursday from Saskatchewan. Mrs. McPhail stopped off at Detroit on account of the severe illness of her brother, who is in a hospital there.

No preaching last Sunday. Are we going to have a minister or are we sidetracked?

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCauley of near Rescue visited at R. Edgerton's over Sunday.

What is the matter with the telephones? Is the weather too damp for them to work or is central asleep?

Mrs. Pellim and two children of Cadillac are visiting at the home of A. Cuddie.

Mrs. Morris, who has been in Detroit for some time, is home at Gene Hartwick's.

All the boys are leaving for the Caro sugar factory.

Bean threshers are in our vicinity so everybody get busy.

James C. Dahlman, "Cowboy" Mayor of Omaha, "Throws the Lariat."

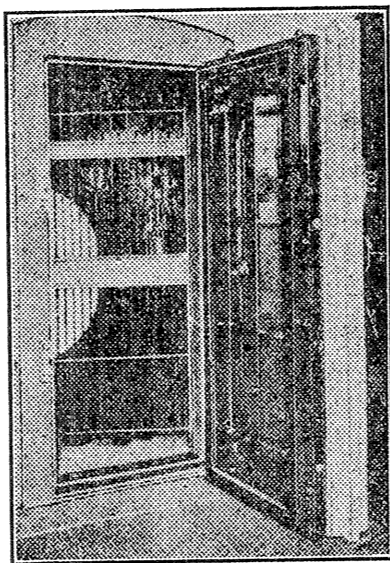
Mayor Jas. C. Dahlman started his career as a cowboy, and is at present Mayor of Omaha, and has the following record. Sheriff of Dawes Co., Neb., three terms; Mayor of Chadron, two terms; Democratic Nat'l Committeeman, eight years; Mayor of Omaha, six years, and in 1910 Candidate for Governor of Nebraska. Writing to Foley & Co., Chicago, he says: "I have taken Foley Kidney Pills and they have given me a great deal of relief so I cheerfully recommend them." Yours truly, (signed) James Dahlman.

Guarding Cathedral's Treasures

THE treasure chest of a great cathedral rivals that of a royal treasury in the magnificence of the jewels it incloses. These are set not in crowns or necklaces, but in altar utensils and in symbols, or sewed upon the priceless vestments which are used only upon special occasions. Like the crown jewels of a nation, these often have a sentimental value as great as their monetary worth, and they must be carefully guarded.

The treasures of St. Patrick's, the largest Roman Catholic cathedral in New York city, are kept in a crypt back of and beneath the altar. Few people know of the location of this chamber. From a room behind the altar a broad marble stairway with velvet handrails leads downward. A long room used for the cleansing of altar vessels and donning of vestments is the first stage of the descent. From a door in one end of this room a narrow flight of stone steps leads into the silent concrete regions below. They twist and turn steeply into a narrow, low celled passageway, which leads to the heavy door of the sub-crypt.

The sacristan opens this door and turns on a blaze of electric light which is reflected from every part of the room. The shelves about the four sides are laden with bright colored vestments. Some of these are of old



DOOR OF VAULT AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, SHOWING THE SACRISTAN HOLDING THE OSTENSORIO.

rose and gold, permitted only to the use of a cathedral and upon very special occasions; others are of red velvet, and all are heavily embroidered. A single garment is valued at \$6,000.

In the corner, locked and bolted, is the door of the safe, and thither the sacristan leads the way. When the door is finally opened the whole interior seems a mass of jewels and gold. But there is a second door of steel bars, and not until this is unlocked are the contents, placed at a safe distance behind it, to be inspected.

Among the altar furnishings are a chalice, the gift of Pope Leo XIII, a cup of solid gold. There is a ciborium, a coffer or case which holds the host, also a gift of the pope. In a long leather box is an archbishop's episcopal cross of gold and silver which with its pedestal stands eight feet high.

But by far the most valuable article is the ostensorium or monstrance, a box in which the host is exposed to receive the veneration of the faithful. In order that this might have a sentimental as well as a real value a former director of the Sacred Heart called upon the congregation to put into the contribution box some article of jewelry which they valued for its associations.

Lead Pencils Spread Diphtheria.

A recent outbreak of diphtheria at Bacup, a small town in Lancashire, England, has been attributed by the medical authorities to the very bad habit the school children there have of moistening their lead pencils with the tongue to make them write more smoothly and legibly. The pencils in themselves



were found to be harmless when clean and new. But in many of the rural English school districts pencils, pens, copybooks and slates are distributed to the children during lessons and collected again when school is dismissed for the day. Consequently no child is sure of getting the same pencil twice in two days.

Johnny Brown gets a nice new pencil today and moistens it frequently in his mouth during the writing lesson because he finds it writes easier when the lead is wet. Tomorrow Mary Hodgkins gets that same pencil. She, too, moistens the lead in her mouth to make it write better. And that is exactly how the dread disease was communicated from one child to another after it once got a start.

In the United States the danger of putting pencils in the mouth has long been recognized, and in all the schools every precaution is taken to prevent the interchange of pencils as well as the moistening of them with the lips. A great many children and even their elders, who ought to know better, persist in putting pencils in their mouths regardless of the risks they run.

If people would look about five years ahead, we could sell twice as many

Favorite Base-burners

"Better be sure than sorry." Will mail you a fine booklet for the asking.

N. Bigelow & Sons

Word to the Public

Feed your horses at Collin's Feed Barn.

Feed yourself at Collin's Restaurant from 12 to 2.

When in town at night call at Collin's Feed Barn.

Formerly McColl's.

ONE NIGHT ONLY Thursday Evening October 12

McWATTERS AND BOLTON PRESENT

The Little Homestead

Fourth Successful Season.
By W. B. Patton, Author, "The Minister's Son"

A scenic production of rural life. Pure in sentiment. A marvelous blending of pathos and comedy. A play of intense heart interest. The most complete dramatic production entour at popular prices.

35 cents and 50 cents

Advance sale at Higgins' Jewelry Store.

S. Champion House Manager.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

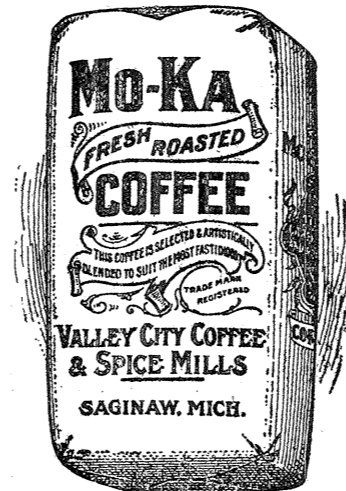
has helped countless thousands of thin, weak, delicate children—made them strong, plump and robust.

It creates an appetite, aids digestion, fills the veins with rich red blood.

After illness or loss of weight from any cause, it brings strength and flesh quicker than anything else.

ALL DRUGGISTS

11-16



Buy Your Coffee in a Package

IT IS CLEAN.

Buy MO-KA

It is Both GOOD and CLEAN

When you want MO-KA insist on having it. Your dealer can easily get it for you if he has not got it in stock.

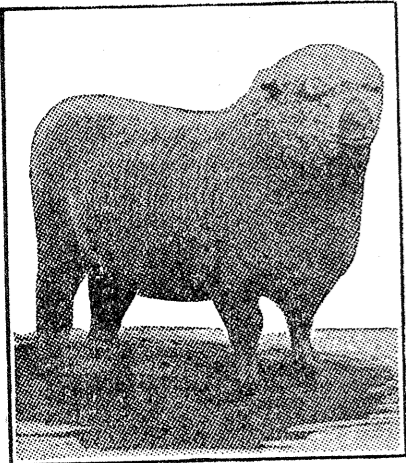
If you don't see what you want Advertise for it.

HANDLING SHEEP FOR BEST PROFITS.

The first requisite in profitable sheep raising is good stock. Poor stock in sheep is a sure money loser and source of disgust and annoyance, writes M. H. Munson of Massachusetts in the New England Homestead.

The second point to be noted is the proper environment, both summer and winter, for the flock. Sheep should have an upland pasture during summer, easy access to pure water and salt and abundant shade, either natural or artificial. If possible to do so it will be found advantageous to change sheep occasionally from one pasture to another. However, if they are allowed a rather large range it is not absolutely essential.

Taking up the third point, proper feed and care, I would say that the winter quarters need not be expensive, but should be light and so arranged with windows and doors that plenty of fresh air can be admitted at will. If lambs come in September and October, when on fall feed on the mow-



Oxford sheep are popular in parts of the west; less known in New England, but a breed worth careful consideration anywhere. The ram here pictured was champion Oxford at the Iowa state fair. He is owned by George McKerron of Wisconsin. The Oxford is a large and handsome sheep, very alert and active on its feet for its size. Taken as a whole, it is a most prolific breed. An Oxford sire is as good as can be found for cross breeding and a fine mutton type. The ewes are very hardy, very prolific, are fine mothers and seldom ever have any trouble in lambing season. They are very quiet and gentle with their lambs, have an immense amount of milk, and the ewes never refuse to own their lambs. The rams at two years of age often weigh 300 pounds.

ing, and get nicely started before coming to barn, the sheep fold may be rather loosely boarded with no detriment to ewes or lambs.

If, however, ewes do not lamb till November, December and January we must have the fold tightly boarded and papered so as to be able if necessary on cold days or nights to keep the temperature from going below freezing. By so doing we save very largely in the number of lambs raised.

Pure water and salt should be kept by the ewes and lambs in winter as well as in summer. If sheep and lambs are properly fed and watered and their feet kept dry we have gone a long way in properly caring for them. There is, however, a true need for a thorough dipping of every sheep each spring and fall to prevent or destroy ticks.

For grain rations I use two parts cracked corn, one oats, one middlings and one of bran for ewes. Begin a couple of days after lambing with one-half pint once a day per sheep and gradually increase to one and one-quarter quarts each, and, in case sheep are extra large, even to two quarts a day. Lambs get grain (one part cracked corn, two parts oil meal or oil cake) in troughs in small pens, where they go at will through small openings. This is put in fresh each morning and night and all grain left from previous feed swept out before any fresh is put in trough. Lambs also have access to clover rowen in their own pens. Ewes get rowen from time they come to barn if we have it for them; if not, then the very best sweet, fine mixed hay, early cut or else clover hay.

Care of the Stallion.

Do not put the stallion in a foul, dark stall. All horses are fond of human companionship, and especially the stallion. The stall should be so arranged that he can see people. Solitary confinement is not good for his disposition. One essential thing is plenty of exercise. If the stallion is not used on the road or in the harness in farm work he should have a large paddock with a strong fence to run in. The horse is made for muscular effort, and it is cruelty to deprive him of it. Screen the stables with wire netting to keep the flies out. Anything that adds to the comfort of the horses is money saved.—Farm Journal.

Paralysis From Overfeeding.

Paralysis in swine most often follows overfeeding of rich nitrogenous foods to animals that are closely confined. Pigs do best when allowed a considerable range and not fed too highly. As this affection, says the Farmers' Digest, involves the spinal cord, it is not only liable to prove fatal, but is not, as a rule, satisfactorily treated. First remove the cause. Cut down the feed and allow plenty of range, and if not fed too liberally they will forage about and get exercise. Young pigs only partially paralyzed will often come right treated as above advised.

COLUMBUS DAY CELEBRATION! OCT. 12 CASS CITY

Bring Your Family and Spend a Gala Day

STONE'S FAMOUS CONCERT BAND

of Detroit will give concerts during the day

Prof. Johnson
Bass Soloist

**Stone's Colored
Quartette**

Cornet and Bass Solos

**A TUG OF
WAR**

Open to teams of 12 married men from any two townships of Tuscola, Huron or Sanilac Counties for a cash

PRIZE OF \$25.00

CALEDONIAN GAMES!

LIBERAL CASH PRIZES

Other Attractions for Jubilee Day

**Come to the Columbus Day Celebration
Every Event Free**

WHAT IS THE SECRET?

John Howland's life, mysteriously threatened on every side by hidden enemies, hangs in the balance, among the icy trails of Upper Canada. Sturdy American engineer that he is, he presses on in spite of warnings. It is not his love for the beautiful, wistful Meleese, strangely held in the Arctic wilds, that bids fair to lure him to a violent end. No. It is a grim, sinister force that imperils him, the great railroad he is to build, and also the pure love of the fair Meleese, the silent heroine of the Barren Lands.

To solve the secret of the unknown menace and to enjoy a story of adventure outstripping in vivid interest some of Jack London's best narratives of Alaskan romance, read

The Danger Trail

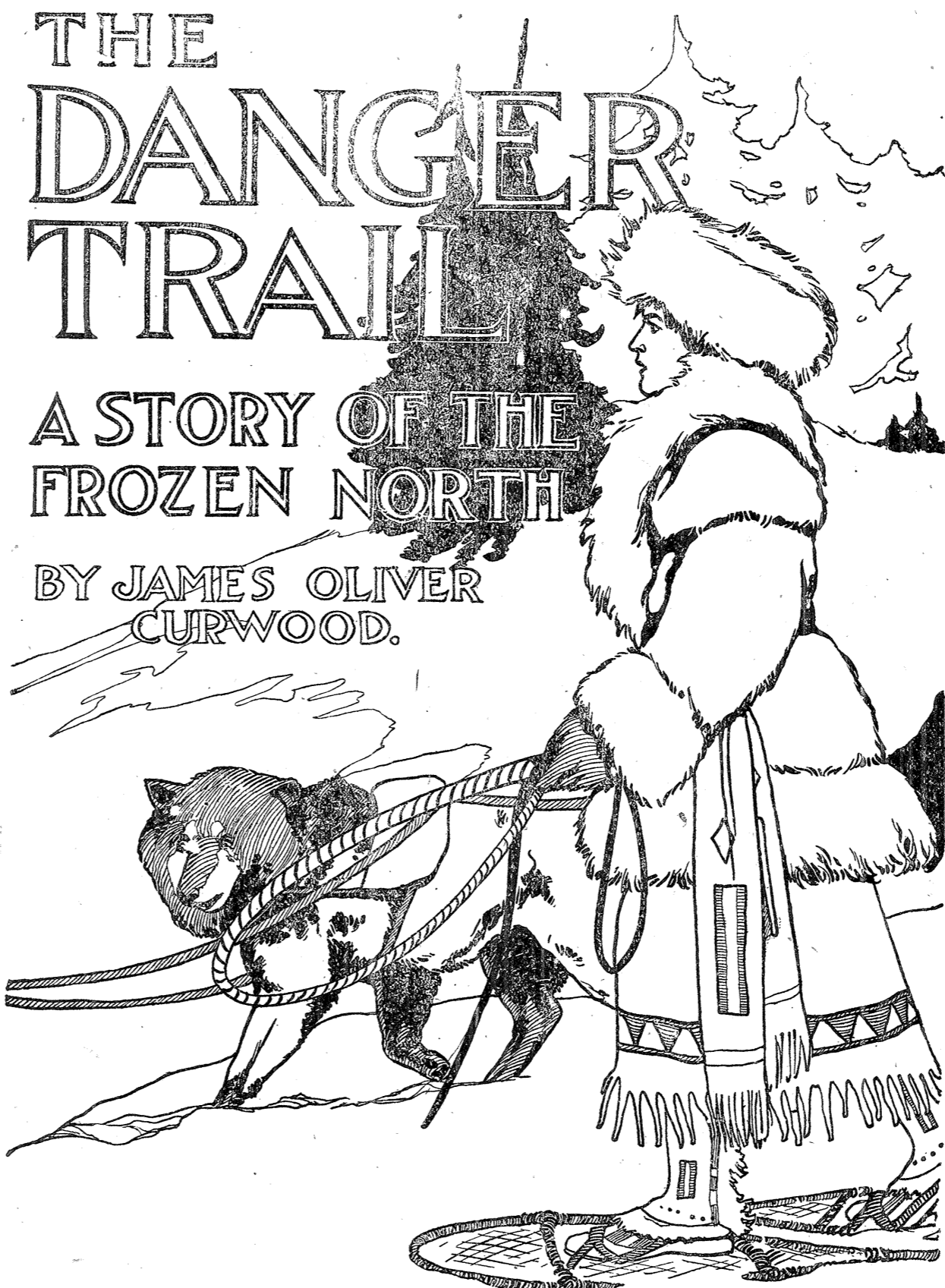
BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of "The Wolf Hunters," "The Courage of Captain Plum," "The Honor of the Snows," Etc.

The author has lived and suffered among the Arctic ice packs, fought their wolves and bears and killed their moose. He has learned to know the ways of the sometimes simple, sometimes treacherous French Canadian guides and trappers of Upper Saskatchewan and the Hudson Bay territory about which he writes.

Here is a story of the clashing of strong men, brave men, cowardly men and wouldbe assassins, a story of a young girl's untarnished love, a story of the conflict between the elemental passions of determined conquerors of the wilderness.

Read the First Two Chapters Today--Pages 10 and 11



Two Spells.
In one of the interior counties of New York state there lives an aged Scotchman who by native shrewdness has made a fortune and has done it without the slightest bit of education. One day he and an acquaintance were talking, when the latter said to old Duncan:
"Say, Duncan, you don't know enough to go in when it rains. Why, you can't even spell bird."
"B-u-r-d," muttered old Duncan.
"I tell you, you don't know anything. Why, if you had to spell to make a living you'd have been dead years ago. I'll bet you a hundred right now you can't spell bird."
"I'll take you," quickly replied Duncan.
After the money was put up Duncan said:
"B-i-r-d."
"That ain't the way you spelled it the first time."
"I wasn't betting then."

Sigsbee and the Burglar.
It was 2 o'clock in the morning of the birthday of young Charlie Sigsbee, son of Admiral Sigsbee. Charlie rushed into the admiral's room, grasped him convulsively by the shoulders and hissed into his ear:
"Wake up! Wake up! There's a man in the house!"
The admiral, true to his martial instincts, leaped out of bed, grasped his deadly marine revolver, batted his eyes in expectancy of a bloody encounter and asked his son:
"Where is he?"
"Here he is," said Charlie, with all the effectiveness of melodrama. "I'm twenty-one today."—Popular Magazine.

Pied the Form.
They were four innocent girls, dressed in snowy white. Each carried a big card, on one side of which was a large letter. As they filed on to the stage of the great Sunday school gathering they held the cards with the lettered side toward themselves, but reversed them one by one as each repeated a verse beginning with the let-

ter of the card which she held in her hands.
When all four had spoken there was to be displayed the word "STAR." But when they had said their verses and turned their letters to the gaze of the audience they were surprised at the unprecedented roar of laughter with which they were greeted instead of the anticipated hum of pleased comment and the clapping of hands.
The trouble was that the tiny actors had come upon the stage from the side opposite to the one they had been in the habit of entering in their practicing and had got reversed. What the audience saw was not "STAR," but "RATS."

HEED THE WARNING
Many Cass City People Have Done So.

When the kidneys are sick they give unmistakable warnings that should not be ignored. By examining the urine and treating the kidneys upon the first sign of disorder, many days of suffering may be saved. Sick kidneys expel a dark, ill-smelling urine, full of "brickdust," sediment and painful in passage. Sluggish kidneys cause a dull pain in the small of the back, headaches, dizzy spells, tired, languid feelings and frequent rheumatic twinges.
Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only. If you suffer from any of the above symptoms you can use no better remedy.
Cass City people recommend Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Agnes Wickware, Main St., Cass City, Mich., says: "I am glad to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as they have been used in my family with good results. A member of the household suffered from disordered kidneys and Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Wood & Co.'s drug store disposed of the trouble. This preparation has also cured me of backache and difficulty with the kidney secretions."
For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Obliging.
At a musical where a clergyman was a guest a young woman with a robust soprano voice did most of the entertaining. She was very proud of her accomplishments and her musical education. She sang songs in German, Italian, French and English. When she appeared to have exhausted her repertory and the company present were wishing for a change in the program the clergyman paid her some compliments and added:
"Why, Miss Jones, I think you could sing ad infinitum."
"I really don't know it," responded the obliging young woman, "but if the music is here I'll try it."

Not Particularly Complimentary.
Ella—My face is my fortune. Stella—You will escape the disgrace of dying rich.—New York Times.

Huxley on Men.
Professor Huxley once wrote to Mrs. W. K. Clifford about men. "They are very queer animals—a mixture of horse, nervousness, ass, stubbornness and camel malice, with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like the apple in the posset, and when they can do exactly as they please they are very hard to drive."

Don't trifle with a cold is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in case of a child. There is nothing better than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs and colds in children. It is safe and sure. For sale by all dealers.

The best plaster. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound on over the affected parts is superior to a plaster and costs only one tenth as much. For sale by all dealers.

PHILOSOPHY VINDICATED.



Dick—Money doesn't always bring happiness and peace of mind.
Bob (anxiously)—You are right; sometimes it tempts you to buy automobiles.

Take Your Common Colds Seriously.
Common colds, severe and frequent, lay the foundation of chronic diseased conditions of the nose and throat, and may develop into bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption. For all coughs and colds in children and in grown persons, take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly.

Gaining a Bit.
At a Philadelphia club a discouraged musician was speaking to a friend concerning his latest work. He was extremely melancholy. "There's no denying it," he muttered; "I can't compose as well as I did five years ago."
"Oh, yes, you can," said the tried and honest friend to whom he made the confession; "it's only that your taste is improving."—Lippincott's.

Foley Kidney Pills
Supply just the ingredients needed to build up, strengthen and restore the natural action of the kidneys and bladder. Specially prepared for backache, headache, nervousness, rheumatism and all kidney, bladder and urinary irregularities.

Not a Landseer.
"Is that a Landseer, Mr. Croesus?" asked a visitor, pausing before a painting of a cow, executed with great skill and fidelity.
"No," replied the host. "Reckon it's a Durham. See how broad it is between the horns and see the color and curl on its forehead. That's a genuine Durham, sure. That ain't no Landseer."—Youth's Companion.

Women and Money.
An expert says that if a woman worries too much about money she cannot be beautiful. There may be men mean enough to call the attention of their wives to this doctrine.—New York Herald.

The Chronicle, one year, \$1.00.

An Englishman's Retort.
He had just arrived from old England, and his friend, a prominent clubman was showing him the city. In our suburbs they noticed a neatly fixed up candy store, which greatly surprised the stranger, and he inquired how that could be made to pay. The clubman remarked in answer:
"Why, I don't believe he can make his salt there."

The Englishman seemed bewildered and, adjusting his monocle, said:
"How strange! Do you expect a man in this country to make salt in a sweet shop?"
Haw, haw!—San Francisco Chronicle.

The road to success is paved with printer's ink.

Royal has no substitute for making delicious home-baked foods

ROYAL

Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NEW FALL GOODS.

We wish to announce to the people that we have a full line of New Fall Goods including:

Underwear

Sweater Coats

Dress Goods of all kinds

Outing Flannels

Blankets

Outing Flannel

Petticoats

Bed Spreads

Dressing Sacques

Head Scarfs

Silk Waists

Pretty New All-overlace

Lace Curtains and Scrim

Handsome new black Underskirts

Ladies' and Children's Hose

A fine line of Fancy Goods Such as Belts, Combs, Barretts, Belt Pins, Lace Collars

Don't forget the place

MRS. PARKER.

Don't forget the place

60 DAY BARGAIN SALE

IS NOW IN FULL SWING

I have sold my building and must close out everything in that time. Every article is cut in price, some more than others. I will just mention a few of the many articles you can find here and a visit will show you there are some genuine bargains. Cut prices marked in red.

Team Harness
Single Harness
One-horse Express Harness

Two Second-hand Light Double harness and some second-hand Singles

Cork Faced Collars and the \$1 kind also.

Collar Pads, Sweat Pads, Deer Hair ones at \$1.10 a pair.

Halters from 18c to \$1.15 each.

Rope goods Chain goods. Axle Grease 1lb can 8c, 3 one-half pound can 20c
Harness oil 40c gallon (bring your jugs).

Wall Trunks, Suit Cases, Bags, Shawl Straps and Telescopes.

Collar, hame and traces for buggy use for muddy weather.

Celluloid rings, loops and all sorts of harness trimmings.

A few summer lap robes, Fly Nets and Sheets, which I will sell at cost.

Also two gross whips all kinds, everyone a bargain from 8c to 70c.

Remember there is no let up until all is closed out.

W. A. Fallis, Cass City

Local Happenings

Miss Nina Willis is ill. Arthur Helwig is on the sick list. Mrs. Oscar Auten is quite ill this week.

J. C. Corkins was in Kingston on Friday.

Wm. Seeger went to Saginaw on Monday.

C. R. Montague was in Pigeon on Monday.

Harry Crandall is in Bad Axe this week.

Alex Marshall is attending the Bad Axe fair.

Miss Mary Zinnecker is numbered with the sick.

Sheriff Knox Hanna of Caro was in town Sunday.

Sam Champion is spending the week in Bad Axe.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Doerr went to Bad Axe Monday by auto.

Wm. Quinn and Delbert Burton of Gagetown were in town Sunday.

Peter P. Webber went to Cassville Saturday and returned Monday.

Mrs. Edward Pinney went to Detroit Tuesday to spend several days.

Miss Madeline Auten went to Detroit Tuesday for a few days' visit.

R. J. Spencer moved into his residence on Woodland Ave. this week.

Mrs. Percy Donnilson of Clifford is visiting with Mrs. Charles Travis this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keys of Marlette were the guests of T. L. Tibbals Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Helwig of Buffalo, N. Y., are visiting with relatives here.

Mrs. Cora Sharker of Wickware is visiting at the home of her brother, Geo. Bartle.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pinney left Tuesday morning for a few days' visit in Detroit.

Lyle Koepfgen left Monday morning for Chatham, Ontario, where he will attend school.

Miss Ethel Gallagher is the new apprentice girl at Mrs. Wm. Kile's dressmaking rooms.

Mrs. Frank Striffler has returned to her home in Crosswell after visiting with relatives here.

Mrs. E. H. Whitney of Detroit is visiting with her daughter, Miss Beulah Whitney, this week.

Mrs. Nancy Lovely and little son, Owen, and Elwin Ward spent Friday and Saturday at Caro.

Miss Alta McArthur left Monday for Comins, Oscoda county, where she will teach the coming year.

Bruce Williams of Lincoln, Nebraska, arrived here Monday and is the guest of Miss Bertha Benkelman.

Rev. S. C. Schlach and Rev. B. Kientviger of Elkton were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Heller Sunday.

Mrs. Earl Ryan returned home from Detroit last Thursday where she had been visiting several weeks.

Miss Nora Wald and mother of Kingston visited with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crandall from Friday to Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Penticoff and little son, Pentice, of Caro attended the S. S. convention here last week.

Mrs. D. J. Aikin and children of Waltham, Mich., are visiting at the home of Mr. Aikin's mother, Mrs. L. A. Holtz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allard went to Caro Sunday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Roy Emmery which was held there on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kaercher and little son, Charles, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kaercher in Elkton.

Mrs. Alex. Graham and little son, Raymond, returned to their home in Detroit Friday after spending five weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Patterson and daughter, Donna, who have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crandall, returned to their home in Rodney, Ontario, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ehlers of Shabbona passed through town last Thursday on their way home from Lansing where Mr. Ehlers was engaged in playing base ball the past season.

A reception was given Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Charter, north of town, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Charter. About thirty-five young people were present. Refreshments were served consisting of sandwiches, pickles, cookies, cake and ice cream, also candy and nuts. Dancing furnished entertainment for the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Charter were the recipients of many pretty gifts, mostly chinaware.

Dr. E. L. Robinson, formerly of this city, came near losing his life near his home in Petersburg, Va., recently. The Indx-Appeal of that city contains the following paragraph regarding the accident: "Dr. E. L. Robinson, the well known veterinary surgeon of Petersburg, had a very narrow escape from being killed or seriously injured a few days ago. He had gone to the saw mill of W. D. Hostrander about thirteen miles from Victoria on the Virginian railway to attend a sick mule and while returning to Victoria on a railway cycle, the cycle jumped the track. On the cycle were Dr. Robinson and Mr. Hostrander. The former was thrown from his seat and struck a railroad tie, receiving severe cuts on his nose and over his eyes. Mr. Hostrander was not injured. Dr. Robinson said yesterday that it was only providential that he was not killed."

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!



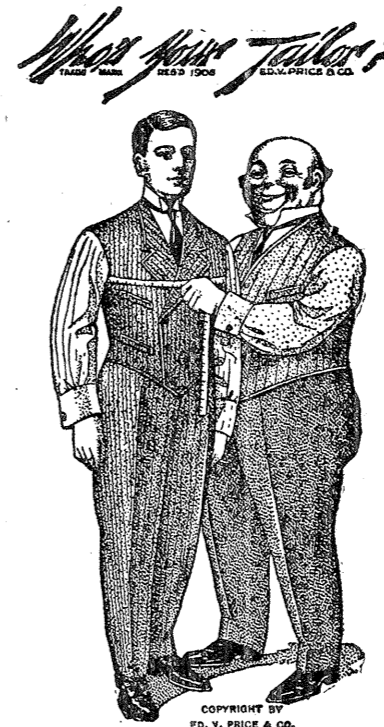
The Girl (on the golf links)—But what does a man do if he should happen to lose the ball?
The Man—I'd hate to tell you.

Untimely Interruption.
Professor McGoozle was deeply absorbed in the effort to take the tangle out of a knotty point in metaphysics.

"Lysander," said his wife, looking up from the paper she had been reading, "what does it cost to have one's name changed?"

"It never cost you anything to have yours changed, Alvira," irritably answered the professor. "I paid all the expenses."

The worm turned at last. "That was no more than you should have done," she snapped, "considering that I changed my name from Vanderpoole to McGoozle."—Chicago Tribune.



Good Custom Tailored Clothes

should cost no more than the average man can afford to pay for them. When we take your correct measure and send your order to our famous Chicago tailors,

Ed. V. Price & Co.

you get the very latest style, pure woolens, unsurpassed workmanship, individuality and the maximum of satisfaction at a moderate cost. We invite you to inspect our 500 exclusive Price woolens now while the line is complete.

J. D. CROSBY & SON,
Cass City's Shoe and Clothing Men

Closing Out

Room Size Rugs and Linoleums

You cannot afford to let this opportunity go by. On account of lack of space, we have decided to close out all Rugs and Linoleums in stock at prices that will please. An unusual offer at this time of year.

Below is a list of sizes and prices:

3 Velvet Rugs 9x12 ft., worth \$18.50, to close \$13.50
1 Velvet Rug 9x12 ft., worth \$20.00, to close \$15.00
1 Axminster Rug 9x12 ft., worth \$22.50, to close \$17.50
1 Axminster Rug 8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in., worth \$22.50 to close \$17.50
1 Tap, Brussels 9x12 ft. worth \$13.50, to close \$10.00
2 Dresden Fibre Rugs 8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. worth \$12.50, to close \$9.50
1 Dresden Fibre Rug 9 x 12 ft., worth \$13.50, to close \$10.
2 Fine Patterns 2 yd. wide Linoleum worth \$1.25 per yard, to close \$1 per yd.
1 Fine Pattern 2 yd. wide Linoleum worth \$1 per yd. to close 95c per yd.

Don't forget to get some of our Towels on special sale Saturday, Oct. 7. SPECIAL PRICES.

A. A. Hitchcock

Opera Block

THE ONLY WAY



Daisy—Do you believe that the meek shall inherit the earth?
Mamie—Well, they never can get it except by inheritance.

An Umbrella Joke.

Gotham town is easy or not, just as Gotham town is in the mood. A practical joker had made for him a property umbrella which wouldn't open or do anything else a well brought up umbrella ought to do, honestly owned or wicked stolen. Then when the rain was coming down heavily one day he set it outside the door of his office in the corridor of a populous skyscraper for somebody to pinch when the office force was to follow the malefactor down the elevator and jeer him as he tried to put it up in the downpour. The umbrella stayed there all day. Not a soul would touch it. Oh, you New York!—New York Press.

The Chronicle, one year, \$1.00.

First Class Picture Framing

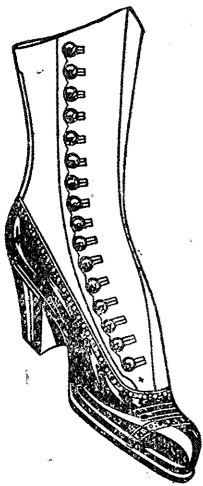
Lenzner's Furniture Store

Clothes For Young Men And Men Who Wish To Appear Young



We are the city's headquarters for the swaggery set, the crowd that demands apparel of distinctive and exclusive style.

Every requisite of the young man's wardrobe may be found right here, correct with the favored fashions of the passing hour.



SUITS AND OVERCOATS \$10 TO \$25

A New Queen Quality Shoe for the Women

16 Button Cadet Shoe, the newest thing in footwear **Price \$4.00**

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

Buckskin gloves for Men **\$1**

J. D. CROSBY & SON

Cass City's Shoe and Clothing Men

Sponges and Chamois Skin

Bleached Sheep's-wool, small, for baby's bath.....10c
Unbleached " " large, for buggy or auto.....25 to 40c
" Grass, large, for general purpose.....10 to 25c
Chamois Skins from.....5c to 75c

Wood's Drug Store

Just Rec'd

Car Load Gold Medal Flour

Car Load Coarse Western Bran

Car Load Huron Cement

Ask For Prices

CASS CITY, THE BANNER TOWN IN MICHIGAN FOR BEANS

171 Car Loads shipped from this station from Sept. 1, 1910 to Aug. 31, 1911. The fact that there is a "Farmers' Elevator" here has brought the price to bring the goods here. Keep them coming. Let us hear from you when you have anything to offer in either Beans, Seeds or Grain of any kind.

Farm Produce Co.

F. E. Kelsey, Manager.

Local Happenings

Mrs. M. Bradshaw returned from Ugly Tuesday.

Mrs. E. A. McGeorge went to Detroit Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Strong are spending the week at Bad Axe.

Mrs. Wm. Collins of Kingston is visiting with Mrs. May Hicks.

Miss Grace Krug visited friends in Brookfield Saturday and Sunday.

Wm. R. Kaiser, Charles Bixby and Hiram Willis were in Pigeon Tuesday.

Mrs. J. M. Rankin of Bad Axe was the guest of Mrs. A. J. Knapp the first of the week.

Phillip McComb has gone to Carsonville where he will be employed the coming winter.

Mrs. F. Klump was in Gilford over Sunday in the interests of the W. C. T. U. at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Reaves of Washington, Pa., are visiting at the home of W. J. M. Jones this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Agar of Caro spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Agar.

Mrs. Wm. Douglas of near Shabbona spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Elias McKim.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd McComb of Gageton visited with Mr. and Mrs. David Gray Tuesday.

James and the Misses Stella, Cecil and Elizabeth Doerr went to Bad Axe Wednesday to attend the fair.

A shadow social will be given at the home of Geo. Clary Friday evening. Everybody is cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Landon visited with Mr. and Mrs. Arch Johnson in Kingston township part of this week.

Mrs. May Hicks returned from Kingston Tuesday where she was engaged as a nurse the past two weeks.

F. L. Terry returned to his home in Alpena Tuesday after visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Isaac Agar, for several days.

Miss Blanche Hewitt returned to her home in Carsonville Friday after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Boulton.

The Misses Jennie McEachen and Kate McLean of Detroit are visiting at the homes of A. J. Knapp and A. A. Hitchcock.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McDermott and son, Allen, are visiting with Mrs. McDermott's mother, Mrs. Jane Amos, at Bad Axe this week.

L. E. Karr returned Tuesday from a ten days' business trip to Detroit and suburban towns. He came home by way of Saginaw and Akron.

The Wide Awakes met at the home of Mrs. E. B. Landon on Friday evening. Tea was served and a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

Mrs. Daniel McKillop and daughter, who have been visiting at the Tennant residence, returned to their home in Walkerville, Ontario, Friday.

The Wide Awakes met with Mrs. Sheridan on Monday evening and gave a farewell party for Mrs. Landon. A six o'clock dinner was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Mattoon and child of Lapeer, who have been visiting Mr. Mattoon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mattoon, have returned home.

Mrs. Wm. Skinner, who underwent an operation at her home, northeast of town Tuesday, is doing very nicely. Mrs. Edward Beebeheyser is the nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith, who have been visiting the past week at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. W. A. Foe, returned to their home in Flint Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Landon spent a few days this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Foe in Greenleaf township before their departure for their new home in Oregon.

Word was received here Tuesday of the marriage of Miss Flossie McCall of Sand Pt., Idaho, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCall, to Mr. Vickere of Spirit Lake, Idaho, on Sept. 17.

John Donnelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Donnelly, west of town, and Miss Henrietta Carpenter of Holland were united in marriage Sept. 27 in Detroit. The young couple arrived here Wednesday evening to spend a week with the groom's parents. They will make their home in Durand where Mr. Donnelly is employed.

The Standard Bearer society of the M. E. church met at the parsonage Monday evening and re-organized. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Bryant; vice president, Carrie Keating; recording secretary, Ethel Carson; corresponding secretary, Zella Weaver; treasurer, Ruth Fritz. Twenty-six members are now enrolled, and the society will make a study of China the coming year.

"The Danger Trail."

Miss Diantha Rogers is quite ill. N. Hill left for Onaway Monday. Columbus Day Celebration at Cass City Oct. 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wilsey went to Detroit Wednesday.

Thos. Cross, who has been quite ill, is slowly improving.

Don't miss it—the Columbus Day Celebration at Cass City Oct. 12.

Bradley Mattoon of Millersburg is visiting at his parental home here.

C. H. Mellon and J. A. Benkelman are attending the Armada fair this week.

Lester Bailey is in Bad Axe this week assisting in a barber shop there.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jaus left Friday afternoon for their new home in Cleveland.

Miss Bertha Benkelman and Bruce Williams attended the Bad Axe fair Thursday.

Mrs. H. Nienstead of Owendale visited with Mrs. M. L. Moore on Wednesday.

Services will be held in the Presbyterian church Sunday, Oct. 8, both morning and evening.

Rev. Horace Donnigan of Shabbona visited at the home of E. W. Jones from Monday to Thursday.

Chas. Geno, who has been visiting relatives in Detroit the past two weeks, returned home Monday evening.

Mrs. O. C. Wood and Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Tanner and daughter leave for LaGrande, Oregon, this morning.

The ladies of the Baptist church will serve a chicken supper in the wing of the church next Wednesday, Oct. 11. Price, 25 cents.

Old People's Day will be celebrated at the Evangelical church Sunday morning and a suitable program is being prepared for the occasion.

Bring your family to Cass City next Thursday, Oct. 12, and hear Stone's Famous Band and Stone's Quartette of Detroit and take in the caledonian games and ball game.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watts and Mr. and Mrs. Bell of Shelbourne, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shipp of Chatham, Ont., and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moore of Southold, Ont., were guests of Mrs. Eliza J. McKenzie last week.

The next regular meeting of the Woman's Study club will be held next Monday, Oct. 9, with Mrs. H. P. Lee as hostess. The lesson will be taken from chapter III. The following is the program: Artists of the English School, Mrs. J. L. Cathcart; National Gallery, Mrs. Jas. Tennant; Royal Academy of Arts, Mrs. John McLarty.

A farewell party was given by members of the M. E. church Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. N. McLaren who will leave for Bishop, California, next Tuesday. The event was a complete surprise to them. Refreshments of cocoa and cookies were served. Mr. and Mrs. McLaren will be accompanied by their son, Harry, and Miss Edith Withey.

Barred Plymouth Rocks are slow to mature, but Mrs. W. H. Murphy has a bird of this breed which has made a good record. The chick was hatched in the latter part of March, has been an active member of the egg producing portion of the flock for four weeks and on Sept. 21 hatched 11 chickens from 13 eggs in a stolen nest.

On Tuesday evening a reception was given in the Baptist church parlors in honor of the new pastor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Haywood. In spite of the rainy weather a large number were present. A program was enjoyed, Chas. Travis acting as chairman. Rev. J. A. Schweitzer spoke the words of welcome to the new pastor which were followed by a short address by Rev. W. B. Weaver. Among the musical numbers was a quartette by Lloyd Yakes, Guy Landon and the Misses Nora Jones and Agnes Gardner and a trio by Lloyd Yakes, Guy Landon and Ray Yakes. Refreshments of sandwiches, assorted cakes and coffee were served to the guests.

More locals on fifth page.

For Real Estate.

Call on Fritz & Parr, Cass City, Mich. 4-14.

Wanted

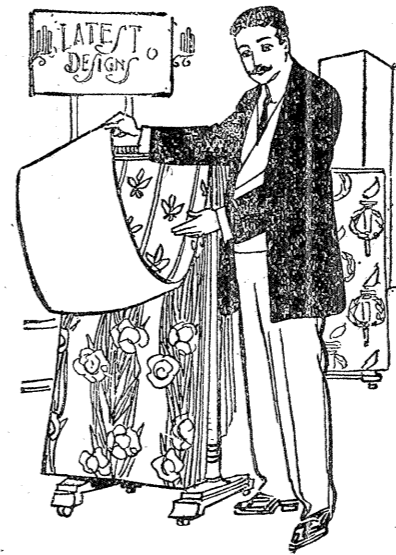
I would like to buy a good driving horse, one that will stand lots of roading, weight about eleven hundred. Dr. H. S. Karr, Akron or L. E. Karr, Cass City. 10-6

The best chance of the year is now to buy goods cheap at W. A. Fallis' Harness Shop. 10-6-1

Horse for Sale.

Weight about 1,100, good worker, good wind, good driver. Enquire on Saturdays of A. D. Mead. 929-

Wall Paper



EVERY year more and more papering is done in the fall. We are well prepared to satisfy every one, and are saving our patrons considerable, as our prices are very low.

It costs you nothing, and we will save you money, to see our line.

You are welcome to use our time.

Post Cards

We carry a very large line of Post Cards at 1c each, and up. They are easy to see at our store.

Peters Bros.

Telephone 38 2s

IF IT RAINED

Spectacles



You would not be any better off. You couldn't fit yourself; you would not know how. Why pay your money to someone who doesn't know how?

LET US FIT YOU PROPERLY

A. H. HIGGINS,
Jeweler and Optometrist
Cass City

This store will be closed on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 6:30

CAROLINE FENN-BIGELOW

TEACHER OF VOICE AND PIANO

TERMS—30 Minutes 50 cents; 45 Minutes 75 cents.

Latest methods in Pianoforte Playing for advanced or junior students. Outline of study arranged from the modern conservatory course.

Studio at residence, E. Main St.

Citizens Phone 30.

If You Are About to Make A Sale This Fall

I will appreciate a call from you. My ability as a salesman and demonstrator is unquestionable. Phone, Independent, 105 2-s

Col. J. McKenzie, Cass City

Try the Chronicle Liner--it works day and night



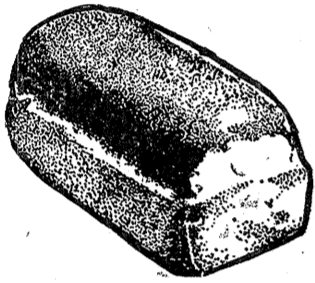
Good Bread

Good bread is one of the necessary articles of household use to help along in providing a proper degree of happiness and contentment in every home, and the way to be absolutely sure of having good bread is to buy good flour. If you buy the White Lily or the White Foam brands manufactured at our Mills, you will always have a double and twisted grip on good bread.

Look for the Coupons found in White Lily and White Foam Flour--Each Sack has a Coupon

The Coupon tells how to get the Dishes.

Cass City Milling Company
C. W. HELLER, Manager.



THE FAMILY CRY--- FRESH BREAD

In folks freshness is a fault; in bread it is a virtue. Try our bread and test its virtue. Also our Cakes, Cookies, Pies, etc.

Dairy Lunches At All Times

DROP IN AND TRY ONE

JOHN SCHWADERER.



Builders

The Best Is None
To Good For You

If you have made up your mind about building a Shed, Barn or a House, remember we carry all kinds of material that is best suited for same. Give us a call, our prices are the best. Estimates gladly figured.

**Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Mouldings,
Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hard
Coal, and Soft Coal.**

Anketell Lumber & Coal Co.
Cass City, Michigan.

**First Class Picture Framing
Lenzner's Furniture Store**

FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Continued from first page.

be present because of advanced age and the great distance from the scene of the celebration. Covers were laid for 54 guests and all partook heartily of the feast of good things prepared for the occasion.

Among the interesting numbers of the day's program were several readings given by Erwin Peacock and Miss Seva Withey. The bride and groom of 50 years also contributed a number on the program, singing as a duet, "The Beautiful City of Gold." Photographer Bingham took a four generation picture, a group picture and photos of the brothers and sisters of the bridal couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore were the recipients of many beautiful gifts, among them being \$40 in gold, a gold watch for the groom from his brother and a gold mantle clock for the bride.

Mr. Moore's twin and only sister celebrated her golden wedding three years ago and when she made the statement that the same number of guests—54—were present as at the gathering Saturday, it caused considerable comment. Another interesting incident of the day was the appearance of Mrs. John Kipp of Lexington in the same silk dress that she wore at her wedding 43 years ago.

The guests from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore of Clearville, Ont., the former the groom's brother; Mr. and Mrs. R. Watts of Shelbourne, Ont., the latter the groom's only sister; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shipp of Palmyra, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moore of Southwold, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bell of Toronto, Ont., Mrs. E. Bigelow of Vassar, Mrs. Walls and Miss N. Walls of East Dayton and Mr. and Mrs. John Kipp of Lexington.

Family History.

The Moore family emigrated from York state to Canada 110 years ago and Marvin W. Moore was one of a family of nine sons. He was born in Dumfries on Dec. 3, 1840. Mary Jennings was born in Summersetshire, England, on the last day in December, 1843. In 1861, they were married by Rev. Downey in the county and township of Waterloo, Canada, and in the spring of 1881, Mr. and Mrs. Moore and family moved to Grant township. Here they have lived ever since, winning the respect and good will of the community in which they reside. May they live to enjoy many more happy and joyous occasions.

Money to Loan.

The loan business heretofore done by Laing & Jones for outside parties has been put into my hands for care and attention. Call on me only. L. I. Wood 1-27.

For Sale.

One four year old brown Hermie filly, one three year old bay Honor Bright colt, one six year old bay Standard Bred mare, one six year old Chestnut horse. W. H. Anderson. 9-23.

Sanitary paper drinking cups, 25 for 10c at Mrs. Parker's.

Horses bought, sold and exchanged. L. E. Dickinson.

80-Acre Farm for Sale.

80 acres, 2 1/2 miles from depot; soil, gravel loam; will raise all kinds of crops; well fenced and every acre under cultivation. Good ten-room house. Must sell at once. Enquire at Chronicle office for further particulars.

Dry Wood for Sale.

Enquire of Andrew Schmidt. Delivered to any part of the city. 8-11.

Horse, buggy and harness will be sold for \$65 if taken at once. Enquire at Chronicle office. 8-18.

Go to Ruhl's for up-to-date tailoring. Over Wilsey & Cathcart's.

Always something new in bargains at Mrs. Parker's.

200 squares of roofing and roofing paint. Geo. L. Hitchcock. 9-15.

Good till the last crumb is gone. That's Morton's bread at Jones'.

For a good clean, fresh stock of groceries call at Mrs. G. W. Goff's. 5-5.

Mrs. Jos. Brown wishes orders given early on Saturdays. 9-23.

Something new in oil burning cook stoves. It burns 10-cent oil, equal to gasoline. No smoke; no odor; can be operated at 1/2 expense of any other oil, gasoline or wood stove. G. L. Hitchcock. 6-16.

Lots of good binder twine at Geo. L. Hitchcock's. 9-15.

Don't freeze your hands these cold mornings. Buy canvas gloves at Jones'.

Try a pair of Hoosier school shoes at Crosby & Son's at \$1.75, \$2.00 or \$2.50. Made from plump kid shoes. Heavy soles. They look good and wear. 9-29.

P., O. & N. R. R Time Table.

Trains leave Cass City
Going north, 11:35 a. m. and 7:58 p. m.
Going south, 7:45 a. m. and 3:29 p. m.

More Free Spoons

BEING GIVEN AWAY AT REX THEATRE



Samples of these beautiful spoons on display, front of Theatre.

**200 Valuable Silver Teaspoons Given Free to Patrons
Last Week**

To Our Patrons—A great many were only able to get one or two nights of spoon offer (after supply was exhausted) none at all. After listening to the many expressions of regret, both from those who arrived late and those who desired to fill out set of six, have made arrangements whereby we can make it possible for every person in-

terested to secure a complete set of these valuable spoons.

With each adult admission ticket bought we are issuing without charge, a coupon or punch ticket explaining our plan in detail. If you haven't one already, be sure and get one. Impossible to get set without one. The possession of one of these tickets entitles the holder to a

COMPLETE SET OF 6 SILVER TEASPOONS

Don't fail to see our regular week end feature

"VERCINGETORIX"

To-night and To-morrow Night

Beautifully Hand Colored. Correct and authentic reproduction of the Roman-Gaullic War. Ancient Roman history. Time, B. C. 52.

Don't fail to see the Siege of Aleisia by army of Julius Caesar.

The Tragic Surrender and March of Captives.

The Surrender of Vercingetrix to Caesar.

The Thrilling Chariot Race.

Julius Caesar's Great Triumph.

This picture is wonderfully instructive and we urge everyone to show their appreciation of our efforts to secure pictures of this nature by coming.

When Columbus Discovered America



CHIEF DOE-WAH-JACK.

He found the Indian Chief Doe-Wah-Jack with nothing doing in the Stove and Furnace business. Had he called in 1911 he would have found Doe-Wah-Jack Up-to-date. Nothing but the best for him.

Have just received a

Solid Carload of Doe-Wah-Jack Round Oaks

Why not make Columbus Day Celebration complete by buying a Round Oak that suits your needs?

Sold only by

J. B. COOTES

Round Oak Corner.

ARGYLE.

Mrs. A. A. Hitchcock will conduct her annual coat and fur sale at Mrs. J. W. Humphrey's Oct. 9 and 10.

For sale—5-passenger touring car in good running order for \$350. Frank Nettleton.

Umbrella Lost.

Umbrella with initials "L. T." on handle lost between Chas. Hall's and John Tewksbury's residences. Please return to Lena Tewksbury. 9-29-2p.

As a Sort of Light Training. Upgardson—Your cousin is a practicing physician, isn't he? Atom—He has discovered one or two specifics for cancer, I believe, but he hasn't settled down to regular practice yet.—Exchange.

The Sparrow.

In the United States the sparrow has six broods a year, in Britain seldom more than three.

FORECLOSURE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of money due on and secured by a certain mortgage bearing date the 14th day of May A. D. 1906, made and executed by Mortimer D. Mills and Mary L. Mills, his wife, jointly and as husband and wife, to Isaac B. Auten and recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Tuscola County, Michigan, in Liber 118 of Mortgages on page 223 on the 15th day of May A. D. 1906, which said mortgage was assigned by said Isaac B. Auten to The First Commercial Bank of Pontiac, Michigan, on the 14th day of October A. D. 1907, the assignment thereof being recorded in the Register's Office aforesaid in Liber 110 of Mortgages on page 305, which said mortgage

was afterwards and on the 16th day of September A. D. 1911 again duly assigned by the said The First Commercial Bank of Pontiac, Mich., to Isaac B. Auten, the assignment thereof being recorded in Liber 116 of Mortgages on page 114 in the Register of Deeds Office aforesaid. That there is claimed to be due upon said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of Eight hundred twenty-four dollars and ninety-eight cents, and that by reason of said default the whole sum secured by said mortgage has become due and payable.

Now therefore notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House in the village of Caro, Tuscola County, Michigan, on the 30th day of December 1911, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

The said mortgaged premises are described in said mortgage substantially as follows: Commencing at the southeast corner stake of the south-east quarter (1/4) of section twenty-five (25), township number thirteen (13), north range eleven (11) east, and running thence south twenty-three and one-half rods (23 1/2); thence west twenty (20) rods; thence north twenty-three and one-half rods (23 1/2); thence east twenty (20) rods to the place of beginning, in the Township of Novesta, County of Tuscola and State of Michigan, which said premises will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage and the costs of foreclosure and subject to the claim of another certain mortgage made by the said Minard D. Mills and Mary L. Mills, his wife, to The First Commercial Bank of Pontiac, Michigan, upon which last mentioned mortgage there is unpaid the sum of Three hundred dollars (\$300) principal, and interest at the rate of seven per

cent per annum, payable annually from the 16th day of March A. D. 1911, and is recorded in Liber 124, of mortgages on page 402 in said Register of Deeds' Office aforesaid. Dated this 5th day of October A. D. 1911.

ISAAC B. AUTEN,

Mortgagee.

BOOKER & CORKINS,

Attorneys for Mortgagee.

Business Address, Cass City, Mich. 10-6-13

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION.

Probate of Will. State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Tuscola. At a session of said court, held at the Probate office in the village of Caro in said county, on the 25th day of September A. D. 1911. Present: Hon. D. Healy Clark, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Eli Leek, Deceased.

Mason Leek, having filed in said court a petition praying that a certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, now on file in said court be admitted to probate and that the administration of said estate be granted to Mason Leek or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the 23rd day of October A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition;

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

D. HEALY CLARK,

Judge of Probate. A true copy. Probate seal. 9-29-4

An Escape

By SUSAN YOUNG PORTER

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Our family has occupied the same house in London for several centuries, and the upper stories are crowded with heirlooms and old papers. This continued residence is remarkable, for there has never been a political disturbance in the kingdom in which at least one of my race did not take part. In nosing over an old letter written by one of my quarrelsome ancestors to his mother I found the following story:

Heaven keep you, my dear mother, and may the joy of getting this letter and the news contained in it not be too much for you, seeing that your son is out of reach of harm in this pleasant land of France, a land that I shall always love, since its grapes or, rather, the wine made from their juice is at the bottom of my escape. Had it not been for an idea put in my head by the wine I had in the cellar of the Tower I would now be without a head, like the duke (of Monmouth) in whose stupid effort to take the throne from his uncle, King James, I was much mixed.

You know that, being a man of rank, yet not a leader in the rebellion, I was accorded the privileges usually granted to such persons, being lodged with the lieutenant of the Tower himself and as fine a fellow as ever served his sovereign. From the first I felt sure I would keep my head on my shoulders, and if I didn't I was bound to enjoy what little time was left me. The lieutenant and I were kindred spirits, and many were the cups of October ale we drank together, he always giving the toast, "May your head never roll into a basket, but may you meet the death of a nobleman, falling before a pike or a sword."

I had the wine you sent me down in the cellar under the Tower in which are the lieutenant's quarters, and one day while drinking with my jailer, we getting tired of ale, I told him that I had some fine French wine in the cellar and if he would let me send my man for it I would open a bottle. He gave the permission and the cellar key, and, calling Jacob, I gave him the key and told him to go for a bottle. I also tipped him a knowing look.

It was only a look, and I never dreamed that a look and a key would tell him what I wished to say to him, but couldn't speak for the presence of the lieutenant. But when a man is waiting to have his head lopped off he will cling to any straw of hope, and so did I. Jacob was gone a long while, but in time came to the door and instead of handing in a bottle stood without, his clothes hanging on his arm. I knew what this meant, and quick as a flash I moved the key of the door from the inside to the outside and locked it, shutting in the lieutenant.

I began at once putting on Jacob's clothes, and he began putting on mine. While he was doing so he told me why he had been so long. He had told the man on guard that he had the key to the cellar where the wine was kept and if he would come with him he might have all he wished to drink. When Jacob got the guard in the cellar he opened a bottle of the wine and told him to drink quick because I was waiting for him to come with wine and he couldn't be too long. The man drank two bottles as fast as he could pour their contents down, then fell on the floor. Jacob locked him in.

I was but a few minutes getting on Jacob's breeches and doublet and, putting on his hat, pulled it down over my face. Then, pretending to be drunk with liquor, I staggered out into the courtyard, and, passing over the spot where two of King Harry's wives were beheaded, I walked past the sentry at the postern, those I met laughing at me for a sot. I was obliged to pass over Tower hill, where stood a scaffold that had for weeks been used for beheading such rebels as I and, tottering down into the frequented streets, lost myself in the crowd.

Luck helped me, for no one saw me to know me, though I saw some I knew. I thought of going home to hide, but knew I would be sought there and pushed on, moving by the outskirts till I reached the east side of the town, when I pushed off through the country toward the coast.

But I did not go directly east, for I wished to see my sweetheart at Link-born manor and give her a kiss before putting the sea between her and me, besides relieving her mind as to the chance of still keeping my head and body together. It was evening when I came to the manor, and Margaret was walking among the flowers. She was languid and drooping, for she had been told that I would be brought to the block in a few days. When she saw me coming in Jacob's clothes she knew his doublet and gave a cry, thinking he was bringing her news of me. Staggering toward me, she fell fainting in my arms. I kissed her back to life, and when she opened her eyes she was looking into mine.

But there was little time, for I knew they would seek me where she was, and I begged her to get me some food in a napkin while I went to the stable and got out a horse. When one was saddled I rode out, met her with the victuals, bent down and kissed her, then, giving the horse the spurs, galloped away.

And here I am in France, dear mother, ready to put my head in jeopardy again.

HORSE NOTES.

Growing colts need plenty of exercise.

Never hurry a team when heavily loaded.

It is a serious loss to let a colt run down at weaning time.

Protection from stormy and inclement weather will make feed go further.

When you again train a young horse do it with mingled firmness and goodness.

Keeping the skin of the horse clean enables it to sweat freely, and this is essential to health.

A little patience in reaching the horse to be gentle and obedient may add many dollars to his value.

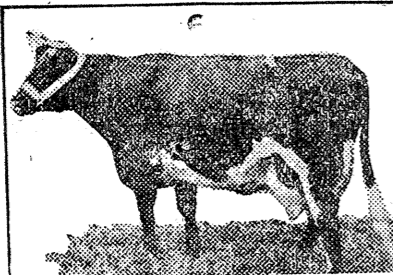
DAIRY SHORTHORNS.

An Appreciation of This Much Discussed Breed.

In a communication to the Breeder's Gazette extolling the virtues of the dairy Shorthorn H. W. Avery says:

I am a farmer in central New York and make cattle the main issue. Milk from the herd brings money every day in the year, and every week or so the butcher hands me a nice check for a beef animal. I am entirely satisfied with the returns from the herd. It brought me over \$3,000 last year, more than half of which was net profit. I imagine they would be called dual purpose cows, the kind of cows that will not down, notwithstanding the insistent didactic statements of the self-styled "special purpose" men to the contrary. Ninety-nine per cent of cows are kept because their owners make money out of them or hope to. A cow that brings her owner a profit is really a special purpose cow kept especially for that purpose, whether it be from beef alone, from milk alone or from milk and beef combined.

Six years ago I decided that the dairy Shorthorn was the best money maker for me in the cow line, and the results have not disappointed me. Last winter I visited England to look over the dairy Shorthorns. It was not hard to find many splendid cows of the type that will give lots of milk and make good beef when required. The English records for a day's production are in excess of ours, but the



The dairy Shorthorn cow Amy V., here illustrated, owned by Samuel Sanday, Cheshire, England, is a good example of this type of cattle. She gave over sixty pounds of milk in a day at the London dairy show last October. Amy V. is a handsome cow with dairy conformation, a capacious, well placed udder and a frame that carries lots of meat.

yearly production is not so great, owing to the desire of the English breeder to have his cow dry and produce a calf every year. Darlington Cranford V. of Lord Rothschild's herd has given in ten years a total of 101,746 pounds of milk, or an average of 10,174.6 pounds per annum, and she produced eleven calves, once twins. It was interesting to note that the milk as produced by this herd and weighed for each cow made a total of 504,880 pounds for 1910, and the weight of the same milk sold was 503,715 pounds, or a shortage of less than fifteen pounds per cow for the year.

Experiments With Horses.

During the years 1909-10 experiments were conducted on four Danish farms for the purpose of determining the relative value of oats and Indian corn, of oats and mangels or rutabagas and of whole and cut straw in feeding work horses of the Jutland breed. The main experiment period lasted, as a rule, from two to three months.

By substituting corn for oats two pounds of corn was found equal to two pounds of oats in the grain ration, and some straw was saved by making this change. When about four pounds of oats was replaced by roots in a ration of from twenty to twenty-four pounds of oats two pounds of dry matter in the roots proved equal to two pounds of dry matter in the oats. Such a change in the ration did not apparently produce any injurious effects on the health or working capacity of the horses.

No Profit In Scrubs.

Do not try to make money with a cow that does not pay for her feed; it is a very uphill job. If you have three such cows sell them and put the money into one good one and you will be surprised at the result, which will be some profit and much less work. Read your farm papers and try to get out of the rut of milking old Brindle just because your father used her and her mother, but cross her with a good dairy bred bull and keep at it if you cannot afford to kill her and buy a better one.—Rural New Yorker.

Ideal Milk Storage.

The ideal place to store milk and cream is in a little tank between the pump and the stock tank. All the water that goes to the cattle must flow through here, and naturally the milk is kept cool.

ALVA NASH RETURNS FROM TRIP IN NORTHWEST

Continued from first page.

of travel—a team of oxen. Oxen, as you know perhaps, like to take their time, but slow as they were, we arrived at our relative's homestead at 11:00 p. m. the same night.

"I was much impressed by the country we passed over. The crops are all very heavy this year. Wheat fields that looked as though they would contain 15 acres at first sight, we found were 40 acre fields instead. Alberta, north and west of Medicine Hat, has just nicely started raising grain, some of this land having been used for grazing the past few years. It is just being settled and will soon be growing good wheat.

"Through Saskatchewan you see nothing but wheat, oats and barley for miles. The wheat looks good for a yield of from 25 to 40 bushels per acre, while the oats will turn out 50 to 100 bushels. One field of oats near Calgary, Alberta, has been reported as yielding 100 bushels to the acre.

"Well, to get back to another part of our trip. Three of us started out one cool morning with the ox team for a duck hunt. We proceeded north several miles to some lakes and there camped for the night, my first experience sleeping in a tent. We shot several ducks at these lakes that afternoon and enjoyed eating them for breakfast the next morning. We saw one coyote on the way and two of us shot at him with a rifle. He bounded high in the air at each shot but did not stop. A little farther along several antelope appeared and started away at high speed. We did not shoot at these as the season was not yet open for hunting them.

"The second day of this trip, we came to the Red Deer river and camped there that evening, sleeping to the tune of the voices of many coyotes. It was quite cold while we were at the river, so cold that the fish would not bite, so we returned without them. The third day, on our return, we saw many thousand ducks (wild ones, of course) but could not reach any of them with the shot guns and could not shoot straight enough with the rifle. Now right here let me tell you, who decide to go duck hunting in Alberta, take long range guns and hip boots and lots of ammunition, the you will have the time of your life.

"The next part of our trip consisted of another train ride to Calgary, the largest city of Alberta, about 60,000 population. From here you can see the Rocky mountains with their snow capped peaks about 70 miles away. We remained here about 15 hours and started north again and stopped off at Red Deer. This is a town of about 3,000 and will be 10,000 or more in a few years unless I am badly mistaken. It has one railroad at present, the C. P. R., and two more are being built. A few miles away coal has been discovered in large quantities. After one day here we went on to Edmonton, the capital of Alberta. It was a great surprise to see so large and so beautiful a city in this far north country. The population of this place is about 35,000. It has many large modern business blocks. You ought to see the numerous banks. What a lot of money these people must have!

"On leaving here we went south about 100 miles to the small but lively town of Innisfail. Here we staid two weeks on a farm in a log house, where the coyotes could be heard every night. With some of my cousins, I went hunting a number of times and we usually brought home game enough to last one or two days each time. While here I also helped with the harvest which is not finished yet at this date, Sept. 26. The crops are said to be about three weeks late on account of the wet season."

JUST ON THE QUIET.



Wickson—Bronson's wife is a great advocate of woman suffrage. Dickson—I understand he holds some views on that subject himself. Wickson—Yes; what views he has he holds all right. He doesn't even dare let them out for exercise.

The road to success is paved with printer's ink.

AUCTION

The undersigned will sell the following property on their farm 4½ miles south and 1 mile east of Cass City or 2 miles east and 1½ miles north of Deford, on

Tuesday, October 10

AT ONE O'CLOCK SHARP:

Farm of 160 acres

100,000 feet of black ash and maple lumber, all kinds

450 cords ash and maple wood

Span strawberry roan geldings 4 and 5 yrs old, wt 2900

Kentucky bred chestnut horse 12 yrs old, has trotted a mile in 2:10

28 head of cattle

New single rubber trimmed light driving harness

Heavy single brass trimmed dray or truck harness

New rubber trimmed light double harness

2 single harnesses

New heavy double harness

Heavy double harness

Saddle New lumber wagon

Set of trucks

Wagon used two years

New set sleighs Set sleighs

Cutter Road Cart

New Concord buggy

Log bunks, Chains and lumbermen's supplies

TERMS:

All sums of \$5 and under, Cash; over that amount 12 months' time on good approved endorsed notes bearing 7 per cent. interest.

DRACE & SON, Proprietors.

Amusement

REX THEATRE.

Patrons at the Rex Theatre were presented with an unusually good program Saturday evening. A departure from the usual animated productions was made when beautiful colored pictures were thrown on the screen. The subjects were the Magic Mirror and the Good Fairy. Each film showed delicate colorings and all the scenes were elaborately staged. They were very attractive. The Beattie pictures were also in colors but those who expected to view gruesome scenes were disappointed as there was not anything offensive in their production.

Views of workmen making pottery were both entertaining and instructive, while the misfortunes of a novice at motor cycling proved to be very amusing and drew many a laugh from the most sober onlookers.

The music at the Rex is of high merit and is so varied that the selections played are well adapted to the scenes portrayed.

For tonight and Saturday night a reproduction of the Roman-Gaulic War will be given depicting the siege of Aleisia by Julius Caesar, the surrender of Vercingetrix to Caesar, a thrilling chariot race and other instructive Roman history.

"The Little Homestead."

"The Little Homestead," the production at the opera house next Thursday, Oct. 12, tells a touching story of human interest, a story with a moral forcibly told and beautiful in its pathos. It appeals to the fine sensibilities, raises the emotions of indignation, sorrow, pity and applauds righteousness triumphant. It is a story which makes one better for the knowing, yet a tale of such dramatic force and virility that interest is heightened by every word, every situation.

The quaint Indiana setting is a fitting atmosphere with which to surround the characters. It is home-like, simple, real play. One feels at home by that fireside with the devoted young husband and handsome wife; shudders at the entrance of the villain who crosses the happy threshold and strikes at its sanctity; sorrows at the inconsistency of the wife who, to cover her sister's shame, sacrifices her home and the confidence of her husband; weeps

with the disconsolate husband and finds hope in the little ill-shapen cripple to whom the wife has been kind and who knows that his deformed being was created for a purpose.

Then out of the blinding blizzard comes the unhappy wife to the little homestead. The ruddy blaze of the fireside lights upon her face. She hears her husband call her "wife", and in her little homestead again finds happiness.

With its realistic settings and capable interpretation by an unusually talented company, the story of "The Little Homestead" goes straight to the heart.

GETTING BACK AT HIM



Hewitt—Why do you give me short weight when you sell me coal? Jewett—I try to make up for your long wait in paying for it.

Well, Rather!

Uncle Jackson (showing city boy the farm)—With all your city education, sonny, I'll warrant you don't know which side you milk the cow from? The Boy—Sure, I do! It's the under side!—Puck.

Averts Awful Tragedy.

Timely advice given Mrs. C. Wiloughby, of Marengo, Wis., (R. No. 1) prevented a dreadful tragedy and saved two lives. Doctors had said her frightful cough was a "consumption" cough and could do little to help her. After many remedies failed, her aunt urged her to take Dr. King's New Discovery. "I have been using it for some time," she wrote "and the awful cough has almost gone. It also saved my little boy when taken with a severe bronchial trouble." This matchless medicine has no equal for throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by L. I. Wood & Co.

It Beats the World to cure Rheumatism

Aching and enfeebled muscles should remind you of slowness of tissue repair. Eruptions of the skin and catarrh of the mucous membranes show diminished nerve power in the tissues.

In health or disease there is need of an internal bath. This is best obtained by drinking a glass of pure water with one or two teaspoonfuls of San-Jak 30 to 60 minutes before breakfast, washing the blood. This passes quickly from the stomach and stimulates the bowels to increased peristalsis, overcoming constipation and its attendant ills. It is quickly absorbed and entering the blood stream bathes the cells of the liver and heart, then passes to the brain and washes out the cobwebs and awakens to new life every cell in the body.

San-Jak dilutes theropy secretions and dissolves all abnormal crystalline substances that may be in the blood and urine. SAN-JAK greatly promotes elimination, creates downward peristalsis, stimulates a flow of digestive juices. It dissolves the sticky mucous in the mouth and throat, allowing the membranes to be bathed in their natural secretions. San-Jak is the great medium of exchange in the body, by enabling the kidneys to absorb and eliminate alkaline sulphates which are the products of intestinal decomposition and in renal weakness or the real cause of Bright's disease.

Man does not wear out like a piece of machinery by constant intergration for he is self renewing. When he loses his ability to self renewal or falls in process of making young blood, the nerve tissue is not sufficiently nourished and his strength and health fail.

SAN-JAK is the only medicine which will enable you to keep a perfect balance between elimination and renewal of the body. Decay of the body at any time of life is unnatural. Permanent under of the system can be avoided by the use of SAN-JAK. Rheumatism, catarrh and bladder trouble, the source of trouble to humanity, is due to a too high or low specific gravity which may be regulated to normal by taking SAN-JAK. Swelling under the eyes, gravis white or waxy color of the skin denotes granular disease of the kidneys. The cure is SAN-JAK.

Sold By

Peters Bros., Cass City, Mich.

WHO IS RELIABLE AND WILL RETURN THE PRICE OF ONE BOTTLE IF SAN-JAK FAILS TO DO GOOD.

SAN-JAK MEDICAL CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

AUCTION

STRIFFLER & McCULLOUGH, Auctioneers

Having sold my farm 4 miles east and 5 miles north of Cass City, or 1/4 mile west of Greenleaf store I will sell the following property at auction, on

Friday, October 13

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK SHARP:

HORSES
Bay mare 10 years old supposed to be in foal
Black mare 11 yrs old in foal
Three year old driver
Black yearling colt
Bay yearling colt

CATTLE
Spotted cow 10 yrs old due Apr. 8
Red cow 10 yrs old due March 13
Red cow 5 yrs old due Apr. 22
Black Jersey 5 yrs old due Apr. 28
Brown heifer 3 yrs old due June 7
Jersey " 3 " " " June 7
Red heifer 2 yrs old
Spotted heifer 3 yrs old, Fresh
Three two-year-olds
6 yearlings 4 spring calves
50 Chickens

FARM IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
Osborne binder
McCormick mower

Champion mower and Pea puller
Empire seed drill Disc harrow
Set spring tooth harrows
" Spike " "
Gale riding plow
Walking plow
One 2-horse cultivator
One-horse cultivator
Land roller Horse rake
Harrison wagon and hay rack
New buggy Road cart
Cutter, new Set heavy harness
Set single harness Feed cooker
Set single harness, new
Set Harrison sleighs, No. 2
Empire Cream Separator
160 feet of rope, car and Pulleys
Quantity of Hay, Straw and Bean
Fodder. About 150 bus of Oats
Three-horse Whiffletrees, Neck-yokes, Wheelbarrow and other articles

TERMS—All sums of \$5 and under, cash; over that amount, 12 months' time on good-approved endorsed notes at 7 per cent. interest.

ALEX. SINCLAIR, Prop.
ANGUS McLEOD, Clerk.

PUBLIC SALE!

Striffler & McCullough, Auctioneers

I have rented my farm and will sell my property at Auction, 3 miles west of Argyle or 3 miles east and 2 miles north of Shabbona, on

MONDAY, OCT. 9

AT ONE O'CLOCK SHARP:

Bay mare 10 yrs old, wt 1000
Black mare 14 yrs old, wt "
Brown " 12 " " " 1400
Bay " 10 " " " 1000 with foal
Gray cow 8 yrs old
Black cow 3 yrs old due Dec. 27
White cow 6 yrs old, due Apr. 16
Red cow 8 yrs old due in Apr.
" " 4 " " " "
Holstein cow 10 yrs old giving milk
Black and white heifer due Apr. 21
Gray heifer due Apr. 18
Holstein heifer 1 yr old
Steer 2 yrs old 2 yearlings
8 Calves Brood sow and 10 pigs
McCormick binder, new
American 2-horse cultivator and
Bean Puller combined

Deering mower, new
Narrow tyre wagon
Harrison truck wagon
New one-horse cultivator
Hay and stock rack combined
Set of lever spring tooth harrows
Set of wooden frame spring tooth harrows Set spring tooth harrows
4-horse Air Motor engine
Appliance feed grinder
American disc harrows
Michigan Clipper plow
Syracuse plow No. 73
Caldron kettle 16 qt. pail
Iowa cream separator, new
Cutting box Side scraper
Automobile Democrat
Top buggy Set double harness

Other Articles too Numerous to Mention

TERMS:

All sums of \$5 and under, Cash; over that amount 12 months' time on good approved endorsed notes bearing 7 per cent. interest.

James Arthur McQueen,
Proprietor.



THE HEAVEN KISSING HILLS.

Text. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Psalm cxxi. 1.

God's world and God's word are full of mountains. Every continent has its great range. Every Bible book is crowded with towering peaks. What a book "Influence of Hills in History" would be! Mountains used to divide nations, but not ours. Eastern Pennsylvania is not divided from western by Alleghenies. The Adirondacks do not make northeastern New York hostile to the rest of the state. The White mountains of New Hampshire, Green mountains of Vermont, Blue mountains of Pennsylvania, Red mountains of New Mexico, Black Hills of Dakota, do not make inhabitants of opposite sides enemies.

Healing in the Hills.
The psalmist was right—there's strength in the hills. They've always nourished brave souls and love of liberty. You can't enslave mountain people. In city life man loses his strength. The food he eats, the water he drinks, the air he breathes, even the constant touch of his fellows, tends to degenerate. There's healing in the hills. They lift up their heads to kiss the heavens and catch the breath of the clouds. There the woods are full of birds' nests. There, deep in the heart of the forest, among ferns rare and delicate, where beast and bird quench their thirst, the mighty river is born. There it trickles and gurgles and gets a song in its heart and thanks God. After awhile it nears the sea and floats ships of war and commerce on its bosom, but it still remembers, like a soul estranged from God, its mountain home, and the birds, and the squirrel, and the wild fawn, and the flash of the speckled trout in its waters, sweet and clear. The sea mocks its lost children and lets them die crazed with thirst. The mountains give them berries red, and honey sweet, and waters cool. The mountains are the world's great sanitariums, the earth's free tonic. Says the physician to the pale faced mother: "Lung trouble. You for the mountains. Up where the trees are full of healing, the pine and the balsam fir, get your lungs full of bracing breezes. It's better than pills and powder. It's God's own medicine for tired men and weary women." Mother smiles bravely. Visions of hilltops rugged and strong, dark green with cedar, fill her mind, and the Bible promise, "The strength of the hills is his also," assures her soul.

Sinai, the mount of the law. There in the wilderness, mid rough rocks and towering crags, God spoke to the hosts of Israel, led by pillar of cloud and fire. As a mirror reveals marks of mud, soil of soot, blotch of blood, so the law reveals mark and soil and blotch of sin upon the soul. The mirror cannot wash the face. It points us to the basin for cleansing. The law leads us from dark clouds of Sinai to sunny slopes of Calvary.

Moriah, where Abram came to offer Isaac. On Calvary God gives himself to us. On Moriah we give ourselves to him. Abram's heart was Isaac centered, instead of God centered. Is there some Isaac, some idol, between you and your God? To Moriah, out with your knife!

Pisgah, the mount of vision, where the Lord took Moses and showed him the land of promise—the mount that makes us homesick for heaven.

Could I but climb where Moses stood And view the landscape o'er Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Could fright me from that shore.

Quarantania, mount of temptation. Testing time—oak strong and sound or poplar brittle and rotten? Joseph to stand or Judas to fall? This is the most beautiful mountain in Palestine, green topped, golden sloped. Mounts of temptation are not bleak and cold, but sunny and honey laden. The devil does not strew thorns, but flowers. The beauty of Quarantania is its danger. Christ escaped by prayer. To your knees!

Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees.

Hermon, mount of Christ's transfiguration. His face did shine as the sun. His common carpenter's coat looked like luster of lilies. Have you lost the music from your soul, the laughter from your heart, the glory from your face? Up to Mount Hermon! Transfiguration changes all. The kitchen becomes a kingdom, kettles coronets, drudgery divine.

Calvary, mount of crucifixion. Mount Everest is the highest mountain in the world. Off with your hat in the presence of the king mountain of the world! No; we correct ourselves. Not Everest, but Calvary, is the highest mount. Everest gives you a view of the Himalayas, Calvary a vision of God. Everest shows an earthly landscape, Calvary a heavenly. Everest offers scenery, Calvary salvation. Everest reveals wonders of creation, Calvary wonders of re-creation. Not Sinai, whispering "Thou shalt die," but Calvary, assuring "I am come that ye might have life."

Oh yet, the mount of Christ's ascension. All the weary way from manger to throne, now he stops with hands extended in blessing. Now he ascends. From this mount Stephen rose, Paul ascended. Here your mother stood one glorious morning. Here may you stand, world worn, earth weary pilgrim, when—

Heaven's morning breaks And earth's dark shadows flee.

A HIGHER AUTHORITY.

Why Sam Failed to Carry Out His Employer's Orders.

The venerable rector of St. Luke's has a saintly and apostolic appearance. He also has decided opinions of his own on most matters and is not averse to expressing them. Recently, unknown to him, the vestry decided to have the next supply of coal for the church put in a different cellar from the one commonly used. When the coal was delivered, the rector, seeing the drayman making what he thought was a mistake in its disposal, interposed and in no uncertain terms bade the darky place the coal in the cellar always used for that purpose.

The senior warden, several days later, was much annoyed to discover that his orders had been disregarded and that the coal was in the same old cellar. With wrath in his eye he complained to the coal dealer. The latter declared that he had carefully explained to the drayman where to put the coal, so to settle the matter the darky was called in.

"Sam, you black rascal," thundered the coal man, "didn't I tell you to put that coal for St. Luke's in the cellar opening on Fourth street?"

"Yassah."

"Mr. Smith tells me you didn't do it. Why can't you carry out my orders?"

The darky grinned sheepishly, hesitated, scratched his head. "Well, boss, you see, I done started to put dat coal when you tole me—yassah. I done started—an' ole St. Luke hisself he come out and gimme fits about it."—Harper's Magazine.

Gives Aid to Strikers.
Sometimes liver, kidneys and bowels seem to go on a strike and refuse to work right. Then you need those pleasant little strike-breakers—Dr. King's New Life Pills—to give them natural aid and gently compel proper action. Excellent health soon follows. Try them. 25c at L. I. Wood & Co.'s.

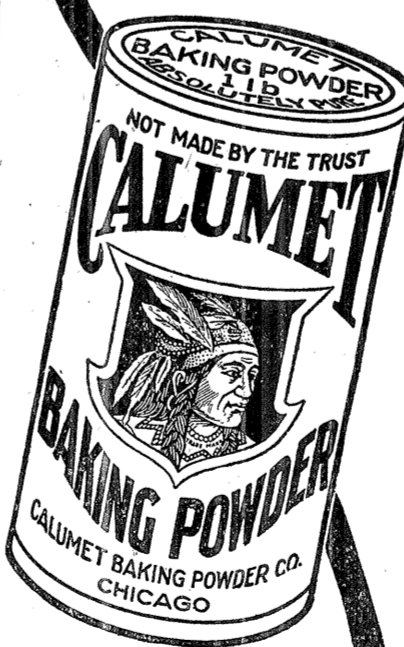
The Matrimonial Game.
"Politics is like marriage, and you know what the pretty widow said about marriage at the seashore." The speaker smiled and continued:

"A somewhat passe summer girl, at the end of a season that had left her further off than ever from the matrimonial harbor, looked sadly seaward and said:

"Well, marriage is a lottery." "But a fair young widow whose engagement to a millionaire of fifty-two summers had just been announced—this fair young widow with a toss of the head retorted: "Don't you believe it. It's a game of skill."—Exchange.

Is the World Growing Better?
Many things go to prove that it is. The way thousands are trying to help others is proof. Among them is Mrs. W. W. Gould, of Pittsfield, N. H. Finding good health by taking Electric Bitters, she now advises other sufferers, everywhere, to take them. "For years I suffered with stomach and kidney trouble," she writes. "Every medicine I used failed till I took Electric Bitters. But this great remedy helped me wonderfully." They'll help any woman. They're the best tonic and finest liver and kidney remedy that's made. Try them. You'll see. 50c at L. I. Wood & Co.'s.

Always
Makes
Good



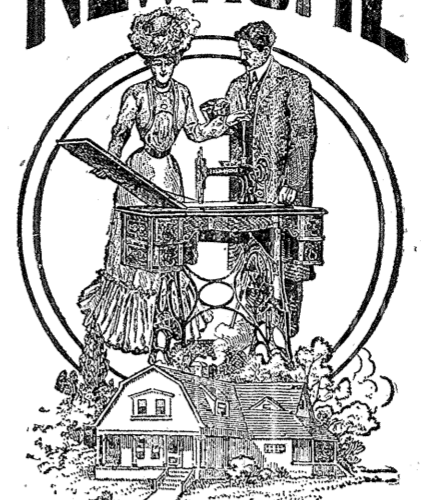
You'll be delighted with the results of Calumet Baking Powder. No disappointments—no flat, heavy, soggy biscuits, cake, or pastry.

Just the lightest, daintiest, most uniformly raised and most delicious food you ever ate.

Received highest award World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEWING MACHINE

LIGHT RUNNING
NEWHOME



If you want either a Vibrating Shuttle, Rotary Shuttle or a Single Thread (Chain Stitch) Sewing Machine write to

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
Orange, Mass.

Many sewing machines are made to sell regardless of quality, but the New Home is made to wear. Our guaranty never runs out.

Sold by authorized dealers only.

FOR SALE BY

C. D. STRIFFLER, AGENT,

CASS CITY, MICH.

A FREE Prescription ADVICE

From a physician of 52 years' experience in colleges, sanatoriums and general practice. Weak, nervous men, regain your strength and vigor. So great was my sympathy for weak men in the early years of my experience that I have made it a special study, and formulated two prescriptions, one for men under 50 and one for men over 50 years of age. In my declining years, I want every man to have the benefit of my long years of careful study, research and long experience. I am now 73 years old and as strong and vigorous as at 40 and the rest of my life will be spent in aiding suffering mankind. I realize that my time is short, but will do all in my power to aid men and women who are helpless and seeking relief. I know there has been a great many disappointed when they thought relief in their grasp, but let me send you my free prescription and booklet of private lectures to men which is the result of study since I began lecturing in a plain sealed envelope that you can use in your own home. I am confident that you will thank me every day in your life after you have tested it for yourself.

YOU NEED AID. Let me help you to regain your former standing among men. In short, let me assist you to be yourself once more.

If you are suffering from falling memory, lame back or weakened manhood or nervous difficulties, LET ME SEND YOU A RECIPE in a plain sealed envelope that you can use in your own home. I am confident that you will thank me every day in your life after you have tested it for yourself.

Take advantage of this offer NOW before it is too late. Address me personally.

DR. ANDREW E. SPINNEY,

4 W. Adams Ave., Detroit, Mich.

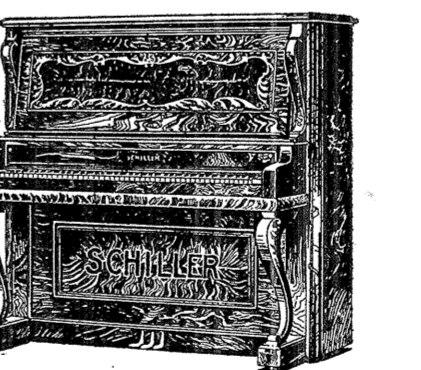
Come to Benton Co. Central Eastern Minnesota

The soil is a rich, warm timber and leaf loam, with good clay sub-soil, no stumps or stone, rivers and lakes in abundance, good hunting and fishing, water of delicious coolness and absolute purity easily obtained. Corn and small grains yield heavily; clover, timothy and other tame grasses are at home here. Stockraising and dairy ing; Minnesota creamery butter received highest awards at Pan-American and St. Louis expositions. Every vegetable and root crop does well; great small fruit country, apples do well. Fuel is cheap. Country is well settled; rural mail delivery and telephone lines. Improved farms from \$3 to \$50 per acre, wild land \$15 up. We have a few improved farms that must be sold at once. Write for list and prices of our farms.

For Sale—240 acre farm in Benton Co., Minn. Good buildings, telephone and R. F. D. Must be sold at once, easy terms, \$30 per acre. Write for description of our other lands.

The Benton County Real Estate Co.

SAUK RAPIDS, MINN. 11-17



SCHILLER PIANOS

Are High Quality Instruments.

Lenzner's Furniture Store.

Electric Bitters

Made A New Man Of Him.
"I was suffering from pain in my stomach, head and back," writes H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., "and my liver and kidneys did not work right, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." PRICE 50 CTS. AT ALL DRUG STORES.

The DANGER

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

PROLOGUE . . .

A face, beautiful and clear cut as a cameo, seen in the shimmering starlight—a face alluring and half pleading—is the magnet that draws Jack Howland, engineer, into a series of thrilling, absorbing and interest gripping adventures in arctic wilds, where beneath the light of the aurora borealis a strange vengeance is planned, where mysterious plotters encompass him, where assassins lie in wait along the danger trail.

CHAPTER I.

THE GIRL OF THE SNOWS.

OK perhaps the first time in his life Howland felt the spirit of romance, of adventure, of sympathy for the picturesque and the unknown surging through his veins. A billion stars glowed like yellow, passionless eyes in the polar cold of the skies. Behind him, white in his sinuous, twisting through the snow smothered wilderness, lay the icy Saskatchewan, with a few scattered lights visible where Prince Albert, the last outpost of civilization, came down to the river half a mile away.

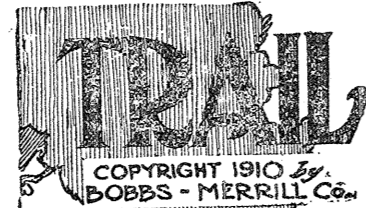
But it was into the north that Howland looked. From the top of the great ridge which he had climbed he gazed steadily into the white gloom which reached for a thousand miles from where he stood to the Arctic sea. Faintly in the grim silence of the winter night there came to his ears the soft hissing sound of the aurora borealis as it played in its age old song over the dome of the earth, and as he watched the cold flashes shooting like pale arrows through the distant sky and listened to its whispering music of unending loneliness and mystery there came on him a strange feeling that it was beckoning to him and calling to him, telling him that up there very near to the end of the earth lay all that he had dreamed of and hoped for since he had grown old enough to begin the shaping of a destiny of his own.

He shivered as the cold nipped at his blood and lighted a fresh cigar, half turning to shield himself from a wind that was growing out of the east. As the match flared in the cup of his hands for an instant there came from the black gloom of the balsam and spruce at his feet a wailing, hungry cry that brought a startled breath from his lips. It was a cry such as Indian dogs make about the tepees of masters who are newly dead. He had never heard such a cry before, and yet he knew that it was a wolf's. It impressed him with an awe which was new to him, and he stood as motionless as the trees about him until from out the gray night gloom to the west there came an answering cry and then from far to the north still another.

"Sounds as though I'd better go back to town," he said to himself, speaking aloud. "By George, but it's lonely!"

Jack Howland was a Chicago man. For fifteen of his thirty-one years he had been hustling. Since he could easily remember he had possessed to a large measure but one ambition and one hope. With a persistence which had left him peculiarly a stranger to the more frivolous and human sides of life he had worked toward the achievement of this ambition, and tonight because that achievement was very near at hand he was happy. He had never been happier. There flashed across his mental vision a swiftly moving picture of the fight he had made for success. It had been a magnificent fight. Without vanity he was proud of it, for fate had handicapped him at the beginning, and still he had won out. He saw himself again, the homeless little farmer boy setting out from his Illinois village to take up life in a great city. As though it had all happened but yesterday he remembered how for days and weeks he had nearly starved, how he had sold papers at first and then by lucky chance became errand boy in a big drafting establishment. It was there that the ambition was born in him. He saw great engineers come and go—men who were greater than presidents to him and who sought out the ends of the earth in the following of their vocation. He made a slave of himself in the nurturing and strengthening of his ambition to become one of them—to be a builder of railroads and bridges, a tumbler of mountains, a creator of new things in new lands. Voluntarily he had kept himself in bondage, fighting ceaselessly the obstacles in his way, triumphing over his handicaps as few other men had triumphed, rising slowly, steadily, resistlessly, until now—He flung back his head and the pulse of his heart quickened as he heard again the words of Van Horn, president of the greatest engineering company on the continent.

"Howland, we've decided to put you in charge of the building of the Hudson Bay railroad. It's one of the widest jobs we've ever had, and Gregson and Thorne don't seem to catch on. They're bridge builders and not wilderness men. We've got to lay a single line of steel through 300 miles of the wildest country in North America, and from this hour your motto is 'Do it or bust!' You can report at Le Pas as soon as you get your traps together."



for sleep. Often he had called himself a night bird, but seldom had he been more wakeful than on this night. The elation of his triumph, of his success, had not yet worn itself down to a normal and reasoning satisfaction, and his chief longing was for the day, and the day after that, and the next day, when he would take the place of Gregson and Thorne. Every muscle in his body was vibrant in its desire for action. He looked at his watch. It was only 10 o'clock. Since supper he had smoked almost ceaselessly. Now he lighted another cigar and stood up close to one of the windows.

Those words had broken the slavedom for Howland. He had been fighting for an opportunity, and now that the opportunity had come he was sure that he would succeed. Swiftly, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, he walked down the one main street of Prince Albert, puffing out odoriferous clouds of smoke from his cigar, every fiber in him tingling with the new joy that had come into his life. Another night would see him in Le Pas, the little outpost sixty miles farther east on the Saskatchewan. Then a hundred miles by dog sledge and he would be in the big wilderness camp where 300 men were already at work clearing a way to the great bay to the north. What a glorious achievement that road would be! It would remain for all times as a cenotaph to his ability, his courage and indomitable persistence.

It was past 9 o'clock when Howland entered the little old Winsor hotel. The big room, through the windows of which he could look out on the street and across the frozen Saskatchewan, was almost empty. In one corner, partly shrouded in gloom, sat a half breed trapper who had come in that day from the Lac la Ronge country, and at his feet crouched one of his wolfish sledge dogs. Both were wide awake and stared curiously at Howland as he came in. In front of the two large windows sat half a dozen men as silent as the half breed, clad in moosehide and thick caribou skin coats.

Feeling in his pocket for a cigar, Howland seated himself before one of the windows and proffered it to one of the men.

"You smoke?" he asked companionably.

"I was born in a wigwam," said the man slowly, taking the cigar. "Thank you."

"The clerk tells me you are from Lac Bain. That's a good distance north, isn't it?"

"Four hundred miles," replied the man with quiet terseness. "We're on the edge of the Barren lands."

"Whew!" Howland shrugged his shoulders. Then he volunteered, "I'm going north myself tomorrow."

"Post man?"

"No; engineer. I'm putting through the Hudson Bay railroad."

He spoke the words quite clearly, and as they fell from his lips the half breed, partly concealed in the gloom behind him, straightened with the alert quickness of a cat. He leaned forward eagerly, his black eyes gleaming, and then rose softly from his seat. His moosehide feet made no sound as he came up behind Howland. For a moment the upturned eyes of the young engineer met those of the half breed.

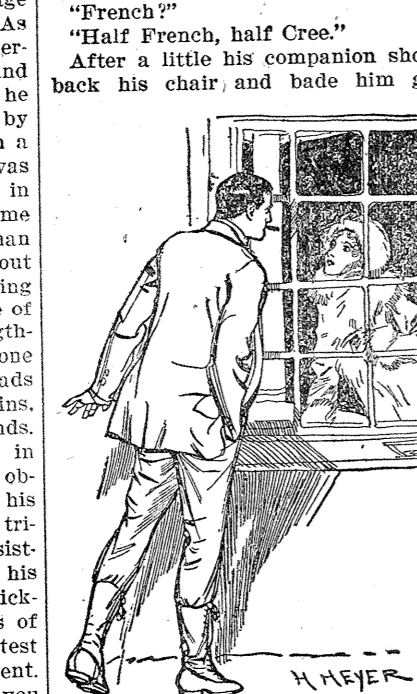
Not until the half breed had turned and was walking swiftly away did Howland realize that he wanted to speak to him, to grip him by the hand to know him by name. He watched the slender form of the northerner, as lithe and as graceful in its movement as a wild thing of the forests, until it passed from the door out into the night.

"Who was that?" he asked, turning to the man with whom he had spoken. "His name is Croisset. He comes from the Wholedaia country, beyond Lac la Ronge."

"French?"

"Half French, half Cree."

After a little his companion shoved back his chair, and bade him good



ALL THAT HE SAW WAS THE FACE.

night. The others followed him, and a few minutes later the engineer was left alone before the windows.

"Mighty funny people," he said half aloud. "Wonder if they ever talk!"

He leaned forward, elbows on knees, his face resting in his hands, and stared to catch a sign of moving life outside. In him there was no desire

for sleep. Often he had called himself a night bird, but seldom had he been more wakeful than on this night. The elation of his triumph, of his success, had not yet worn itself down to a normal and reasoning satisfaction, and his chief longing was for the day, and the day after that, and the next day, when he would take the place of Gregson and Thorne. Every muscle in his body was vibrant in its desire for action. He looked at his watch. It was only 10 o'clock. Since supper he had smoked almost ceaselessly. Now he lighted another cigar and stood up close to one of the windows.

Faintly he caught the sound of a step on the board walk outside. It was a light, quick step, and for an instant it hesitated, just out of his vision. Then it approached, and suddenly the figure of a woman stopped in front of the window. How she was dressed Howland could not have told a moment later. All that he saw was the face, white in the white night—a face on which the shimmering starlight fell as it was lifted to his gaze, beautiful, as clear cut as a cameo, with eyes that looked up at him half pleadingly, half luringly, and lips parted, as if about to speak to him. He stared, motionless in his astonishment, and in another breath the face was gone.

"The deuce, but she was pretty!" Howland said to himself. "And those eyes!"

Suddenly he checked himself. There had been more than the eyes, more than the pretty face. Why had the girl paused in front of the window? Why had she looked at him so intently as though on the point of speech? The smile and the flush left his face as these questions came to him, and he wondered if he had failed to comprehend something which she had meant him to understand. After all, might it not have been a case of mistaken identity? For a moment she had believed that she recognized him; then, seeing her mistake, had passed swiftly down the street.

He walked casually to the door. At the end of the street, a quarter of a mile distant, a red light burned feebly over the front of a Chinese restaurant, and in a mechanical fashion his footsteps led him in that direction.

"I'll drop in and have a cup of tea," he assured himself.

He stopped and turned his eyes again into the north. He wondered as he still stood gazing into the Saskatchewan if romance was really quite dead in him. Always he had laughed at romance, of brain fighting brain, of cleverness pitted against other men's cleverness—had almost brought him to the point of regarding romance in life as a peculiar illusion of fools—and women. But he was fair in his concessions, and tonight he acknowledged that he had enjoyed the romance of what he had seen and heard. And, most of all, his blood had been stirred by the beautiful face that had looked at him from out of the night.

He passed through the low door of the restaurant and entered a large room filled with tables and chairs and pregnant with strange odors.

"A pot of tea," ordered Howland.

He sipped his tea leisurely, listening with all the eagerness of the new sense of freedom which had taken possession of him. The Chinaman had scarcely disappeared when he heard footsteps on the stair. In another instant a low word of surprise almost leaped from his lips. Hesitating for a moment in the doorway, her face staring straight into his own, was the girl whom he had seen through the hotel window.

For perhaps no more than five seconds their eyes met. Yet in that time there was painted on his memory a picture that Howland knew he would never forget. His was a nature because of the ambition imposed on it that had never taken more than a casual interest in the form and features of women. He had looked on beautiful faces and had admired them in a cool, dispassionate way, judging them, when he judged at all, as he might have judged the more material workmanship of his own hands. But this face that was framed for a few brief moments in the door reached out to him and stirred an interest within him which was as new as it was pleasurable. It was a beautiful face. He knew that in a fraction of the first second.

The girl turned from his gaze and seated herself at a table so that he caught only her profile. The change delighted him. From the flush in her cheeks his eyes traveled critically to the rich glow of the light in her shining brown hair, which swept half over her ears in thick, soft waves, caught in a heavy coil low on her neck. Then for the first time he noticed her dress. It puzzled him. Her turban and muff were of deep gray lynx fur. Around her shoulders was a collar of the same material. Her hands were immaculately gloved. In every feature of her lovely face, in every point of her dress, she bore the indisputable mark of refinement. The quizzical smile left his lips. The thoughts which at first had filled his mind as quickly disappeared. Who was she? Why was she here?

With catlike quietness the young Chinaman entered between the screens and stood beside her. On a small table which Howland had not before ob-

served she wrote her order. It was for tea.

He poured his last half cup of tea and when he lifted his eyes he was surprised to find that the girl was looking at him. For a brief interval her gaze was steady and clear, then the flush deepened in her cheeks, her long lashes drooped as the cold gray of Howland's eyes met hers in unflinching challenge, and she turned to her tea. Howland noted that the hand which lifted the little Japanese pot was trembling slightly. He leaned forward and, as if impelled by the movement, the girl turned her face to him again, the tea urn poised above her cup. In her dark eyes was an expression which half brought him to his feet, a wistful glow, a pathetic and yet half frightened appeal to him. He rose and she nodded to the opposite side of her table.

"I beg your pardon," he said, seating himself. "May I give you my card?"

The girl read his name, smiled across the table at him and, with a pretty gesture, motioned him to bring his cup and share her tea with her. He returned to his table, and when he came back with the cup in his hand she was writing on one of the pages of the tablet, which she passed across to him.

"You must pardon me for not talking," he read. "I can hear you very well, but I, unfortunately, am a mute."

"I saw you from the hotel window tonight," he began, "and something in your face led me to believe that you were in trouble. That is why I have ventured to be so bold. I am the engineer in charge of the new Hudson Bay railroad, just on my way to Le Pas from Chicago. I'm a stranger in town. I've never been in this—this place before. It's a very nice tearoom, an admirable blind for the optimum stalls behind those walls."

The girl's eyes traveled swiftly about her.

"I didn't know," she wrote quickly and hesitated. "I am a stranger, too," she added. "I have never been in this place before. I came because—"

She stopped, and the catching breath in her throat was almost a sob as she looked at Howland.

"I came because you came."

"Why?" he asked. "Tell me—why?"

He read her words as she wrote them, leaning half across the table in his eagerness.

"I am a stranger," she repeated. "I want some one to help me. Accidentally I learned who you were and made

up my mind to see you at the hotel, but when I got there I was afraid to go in. Then I saw you in the window. After a little you came out and I saw you enter here. I didn't know what kind of place it was and I followed you. Won't you please go with me to where I am staying, and I will tell you."

She left the sentence unfinished, her eyes pleading with him. Without a word he rose and seized his hat.

"I will go, Miss?"

He laughed frankly into her face, inviting her to write her name. For a moment she smiled back at him, the color brightening her cheeks. Then she turned and hurried down the stair.

Outside Howland gave her his arm.

"It's a glorious night!" he exclaimed.

The girl nodded, and smiled up at him. Her face was very near to his shoulder, ever more beautiful in the white light of the stars.

They did not look behind them. Neither heard the quiet fall of moosehide feet a dozen yards away. Neither saw the gleaming eyes and the thin, dark face of Jean Croisset, the half-breed, as they walked swiftly in the direction of the Saskatchewan.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERIOUS ATTACK.

HOWLAND was glad for a time there was an excuse for his silence. It began to dawn on him that this was an extraordinary adventure for a man on whose shoulders rested the responsibilities of one of the greatest engineering tasks on the continent and who was due to take a train for the seat of his operations at 8 o'clock in the morning.

He looked down at his companion, saw the sheen of her hair as it rippled out from under her fur turban, studied the soft contour of her cheek and chin without himself being observed and noticed incidentally that the top of the bewitching head beside him came just about to a level with the cigar which he was smoking. He wondered if he were making a fool of himself.

Where the river ferry was half drawn up on the shore, its stern frozen in the ice, he paused and looked down at the girl in quiet surprise. She nodded, smiling, and motioned across the river.

"I was over there once tonight," said Howland aloud. "Didn't see any houses and heard nothing but wolves. Is that where we're going?"

Her white teeth gleamed at him, and

he was conscious of a warm pressure against his arm as the girl signified that they were to cross. His perplexity increased. On the farther shore the forest came down to the river's edge in a black wall of spruce and balsam. Beyond that edge of the wilderness he knew that no part of Prince Albert intruded. It was possible that across from them was a squatter's cabin, and yet if this were so and the girl was going to it why had she told him that she was a stranger in the town? And why had she come to him for the assistance she promised to request of him instead of seeking it of those whom she knew?

"You told me you were a stranger," he said. "You seem pretty well acquainted over here. Where are we going?"

"This time she responded with an emphatic negative shake of her head, at the same time pointing with her free hand to the well defined trail that wound up from the ferry landing into the forest. Earlier in the day Howland had been told that this was the Great North trail that led into the vast wildernesses beyond the Saskatchewan. Two days before the factor from Lac Bain, the Chippewyan and the Crees had come in over it. Its hard crust bore the marks of the sledges of Jean Croisset and the men from the Lac la Ronge country. Since the big snow, which had fallen four feet deep ten days before, a forest man had now and then used this trail on his way down to the edge of civilization, but none from Prince Albert had traveled it in the other direction. Howland had been told this at the hotel, and he shrugged his shoulders in candid bewilderment as he stared down into the girl's face. She seemed to understand his thoughts, and again her mouth rounded itself into that bewitching red O, which gave to her face an expression of tender entreaty, of pathetic grief that the soft lips were powerless to voice the words which she wished to speak. Then suddenly she darted a few steps from Howland and with the toe of her shoe formed a single word in the surface of the snow. She rested her hand lightly on Howland's shoulder as he bent over to make it out in the elusive starlight.

"Camp!" he cried, straightening himself. "Do you mean to say you're camping out here?"

She nodded again and again, delighted that he understood her. There was something so childishly sweet in her face, in the gladness of her eyes, that Howland stretched out both his hands to her, laughing aloud. "You!" he exclaimed. "You, camping out here!"

With a quick little movement she came to him, still laughing with her eyes and lips, and for an instant he held both her hands tight in his own. Her lovely face was dangerously near to him. He felt the touch of her breath on his face; for an instant caught the sweet scent of her hair. Never had he seen eyes like those that glowed up at him softly, filled with the gentle starlight; never in his life had he dreamed of a face like this, so near to him that it sent the blood leaping through his veins in strange excitement. He held the hands tighter, and the movement drew the girl closer to him until for no more than a breath he felt her against his breast. In that moment he forgot all sense of time and place; forgot his old self—Jack Howland—practical, unromantic, master builder of railroads; forgot everything but this presence of the girl, the warm pressure against his breast, the lure of the great brown eyes that had come so unexpectedly into his life. In another moment he had recovered himself. He drew a step back, freeing the girl's hands.

"I beg your pardon," he said softly. His cheeks burned hotly at what he had done, and, turning squarely about, he strode up the trail. He had not taken a dozen paces when far ahead of him he saw the red glow of a fire. Then a hand caught his arm, clutching it at almost fiercely, and he turned to meet the girl's face, white now with a strange terror.

"What is it?" he cried. "Tell me!"

He caught her hands again, startled by the look in her eyes. Quickly she pulled herself away. A dozen feet behind her in the thick shadows of the forest trees something took shape and movement. In a flash Howland saw a huge form leap from the gloom and caught the gleam of an uplifted knife. There was no time for him to leap aside, no time for him to reach for the revolver which he carried in his pocket. In such a crisis one's actions are involuntary, machine-like, as if life, hovering by a thread, preserves itself in its own manner and without thought or reasoning on the part of the creature it animates.

For an instant Howland neither thought nor reasoned. Had he done so he would probably have met his mysterious assailant, pitting his naked fists against the knife. But the very mainspring of his existence, which is self preservation, called on him to do otherwise. Before the startled cry on his lips found utterance he flung himself face downward in the snow. The move saved him, and as the other stumbled over his body, pitching headlong into the trail, he snatched forth his revolver. Before he could fire there came a roar like that of a beast from behind and a terrific blow fell on his head. Under the weight of a second assailant he was crushed to the snow, his pistol slipped from his grasp and two great hands choked a despairing cry from his throat. He saw a face over him, distorted with passion, a huge neck, eyes that flamed like angry garnets. He struggled to free his pinioned arms, to wrench off the death grip at his throat, but his efforts were like those of a child against a giant. In a last terrible attempt he drew up his knees inch by inch under the

weight of his enemy. It was his only chance, his only hope. Even as he felt the fingers about his throat sinking like hot iron into his flesh and the breath slipping from his body, he remembered this murderous knee punch taught to him by the rough fighters of the inland seas, and with all the life that remained in him he sent it crashing into the other's abdomen.

It was a moment before he knew that it had been successful, before the film cleared from his eyes and he saw his assailant groveling in the snow. He rose to his feet, dazed and staggering from the effect of the blow on his head and the murderous grip at his throat. Half a pistol shot down the trail he saw indistinctly the twist-



HIS EFFORTS WERE LIKE THOSE OF A CHILD AGAINST A GIANT.

ing of black objects in the snow, and as he stared one of the objects came toward him.

"Do not fire, M'sieur Howland," he heard a voice call. "It is I—Jean Croisset, a friend! Blessed saints, that was—what you call heem—close call!"

The half breed's thin dark face came up smiling out of the white gloom. For a moment Howland did not see him—scarcely heard his word. Wildly he looked about him for the girl. She was gone.

"I happened here—just in time—with a club," continued Croisset. "Come, we must go."

The smile had gone from his face and there was a commanding firmness in the grip that fell on the young engineer's arm. Howland was conscious that things were twisting about him and that there was a strange weakness in his limbs. Dumbly he raised his hands to his head, which hurt him until he felt as if he must cry out in his pain.

"The girl!"—he gasped weakly.

Croisset's arm tightened about his waist.

"She's gone!" Howland heard him say, and there was something in the half breed's low voice that caused him to turn unquestioningly and stagger along beside him in the direction of Prince Albert.

And yet as he went, only half conscious of what he was doing and leaning more and more heavily on his companion, he knew that it was more than the girl's disappearance that he wanted to understand, for as the blow had fallen on his head he was sure that he had heard a woman's scream, and as he lay in the snow, dazed and choking, spending his last effort in his struggle for life, there had come to him as if from an infinite distance a woman's voice, and the words that it had uttered pounded in his tortured brain now as his head dropped weakly against Croisset's shoulder.

"Mon Dieu, you are killing him—killing him!"

"I must carry you, M'sieur Howland," Jean said. And as he staggered out on the ice with his inanimate burden he spoke softly to himself, "The saints preserve me, but what would the sweet Meleese say if she knew that Jean Croisset had come so near to losing the life of this m'sieur le engineer?"

In only a subconscious sort of way was Howland cognizant of anything more that happened that night. When he came back into a full sense of his existence he found himself in his bed at the hotel. There was a dull, aching pain in his head and neck, and when he raised an inquiring hand it came in contact with a thick bandage.

Soon there came a sound at the door, and he twisted his head, grimacing with the pain it caused him. Jean was looking in at him.

"Ah, m'sieur awakes!" he said.

"Is it bad, Croisset?"

"So bad that you will be in bed for a day or so, m'sieur. That is all."

"Impossible!" cried the young engineer. "I must take the 8 o'clock train in the morning. I must be in Le Pas!"

"It is 5 o'clock now," interrupted Jean softly. "Do you feel like going?"

Howland straightened himself and fell back suddenly with a sharp cry.

"The devil!" he exclaimed. After a moment he added, "There will be no other train for two days." As he raised a hand to his aching head his eyes closed tightly about Jean's lithe brown fingers. "I want to thank you for what you did, Croisset. I don't know what happened. I don't know who they were or why they tried to kill me. There was a girl. I was going with her."

He dropped his hand in time to see the strange fire that had leaped into the half breed's eyes. In astonishment he half lifted himself again, his white face questioning Croisset.

"Do you know?" he whispered eagerly. "Who was she? Why did she lead me into that ambush? Why did they attempt to kill me?"

With a quick movement the half breed drew away his hand and moved

toward the door. Halfway he paused and turned.

"M'seur, I have come to you with a warning. Do not go to Le Pas. Do not go to the big railroad camp on the Wekusko. Return into the south. Perhaps you will understand when I tell you this warning is sent to you by the little Meleese."

Before Howland could recover from his surprise Croisset had passed swiftly through the door. For a long time he lay with his eyes closed trying to clear for himself the mystery of the preceding night. The one thought which obsessed him was that he had been duped. His lovely acquaintance of the preceding evening had ensnared him completely with her gentle smile and her winsome mouth, and he gritted his teeth grimly as he reflected how easy he had been. Deliberately she had lured him into the ambush which would have proved fatal for him had it not been for Jean Croisset. And she was not a mute! He had heard her voice. When that death grip was tightest about his throat there had come to him that terrified cry. "Mon dieu, you are killing him—killing him!"

His breath came a little faster as he whispered the words to himself. They appealed to him now with a significance which he had not understood at first. He was sure that in that cry there had been real terror; almost, he fancied, as he lay with his eyes shut tight that he could still hear the shrill note of despair in the voice. If the girl had calmly led him into the ambush why in the last moment when success seemed about to crown her duplicity had she cried out in that agony of terror?

Was it possible that face and eyes like those could have led him into a death trap? Despite the evidence of what had happened he found himself filled with doubt. And yet, after all, she had lied to him, for she was not a mute.

Vainly as he watched and waited he racked his mind to find some reason for the murderous attack on himself. Who was "the little Meleese," whom Croisset declared had sent the warning? So far as he could remember he had never known a person by that name. And yet the half breed had uttered it as though it would carry a vital meaning to him. "Perhaps you will understand," he had said.

The first light of the day was falling faintly through the window when foot-steps sounded outside the door again. It was not Croisset who appeared this time, but the proprietor himself, bearing with him a tray on which there was toast and a steaming pot of coffee.

"Bad fall you had," he greeted, drawing a small table close beside the bed. "Good thing Croisset was with you!"

"Yes—it—was—a—bad—fall," he replied at last, looking sharply at the other. "Where is Croisset?"

"Gone. He left an hour ago with his dogs. Funny fellow, that Croisset! Came in yesterday from the Lac la Ronge country a hundred miles north; goes back today. No apparent reason for his coming, none for his going that I can see."

"Do you know anything about him?" asked Howland a little eagerly.

"No. He comes in about once or twice a year."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Directory.

J. H. HAYS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office days: Wednesdays, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturdays, 1 to 5 p. m.

DR. M. M. WICKWARE,
Physician and Surgeon. Office over Wright's Grocery. Residence two blocks south of Cootes' hardware store on Seeger street, east side. Special attention paid to midwifery and diseases of women.

DR. A. N. TREADGOLD,
Office and residence on Seeger St. Office on ground floor of building across from Hospital. Special care given to diseases of women and children. City phone.

DENTISTRY.
I. A. Fritz, Resident Dentist.
Office over E. Ryan's drug store. We solicit your patronage when in need of dental work.

P. A. Schenck, D. D. S.
Dentist.
Graduate University of Michigan. Office hours 7:30 a. m. to 12 m. and 1:30 to 5:30 p. m. Office in Fritz Block, Cass City, Michigan.

H. P. LEE, Undertaker
and Funeral Director, Cass City, Mich. Calls answered day or night. Phone No. 15. Mrs. H. P. Lee, License No. 1351.

A. J. Knapp, Funeral Director
and Licensed Embalmer. Mrs. Knapp, Lady Assistant with License. Night and day calls receive prompt attention. Both phones.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Thumb Notes

State Treasurer Sleeper recently assumed control of his 28th bank in the state when he took over \$14,000 stock in the Commercial Savings Bank of Reed City. The balance of the \$25,000 is held by Reed City parties.

The Brown City Banner has been sold by L. H. House, who has owned and published the paper for 20 years, to John Cawood of Marlette, who for the past two years has been superintendent of the Brown City schools. Mr. Cawood takes possession of the property Nov. 1.

L. B. Aldrich, who lives just south of town, is exhibiting some extra fine home grown sweet potatoes. They are the only sweet potatoes we know of that were ever grown here and Mr. Aldrich has had excellent luck with them. They are what is known as the Yellow Jersey variety, and Mr. Aldrich harvested about seven bushels of them. Next year he expects to raise quite an extensive crop.—Sebewaing Blade.

The village of Uby is going after the "drunks" hard. A village ordinance has been passed whereby a drunk or disorderly may be fined up to \$75 and costs of prosecution, or jailed up to 90 days or both. A section of the same ordinance orders the marshal to arrest all such "joy-hunters" and if they are too drunk to stand trial, to jail them until they are sober enough to go through the ordeal.

F. W. Hubbard & Co. broke the ground Tuesday for the erection of a modern bank building in Elkton. It will be of stone and brick, 32x 65 feet, basement and two stories. C. L. Cowels of Saginaw is the architect, and has planned one of the prettiest banking houses in the entire Thumb territory. The upper story will be fitted up especially as a Masonic temple, for the local members of that order who have applied for a charter. When completed, Cashier Rogers and his able staff will have a mighty fine business home.—Elkton Review.

The Vassar Farmers' Elevator Company, which has been in process of promotion here during the past few weeks, was formally organized at a meeting of the stockholders held at the opera house last Saturday, by the election of officers. The new company is capitalized at \$85,000, nearly all of the stock of which has been subscribed for by farmers living in this immediate vicinity. The corporation is a very strong one, and includes many of our most prominent and influential farmers. It is possible the new company may take over the elevator plant and store-houses of the Vassar Hay & Produce Co., although this is a matter to be determined later. At any rate they will be in the field and in readiness to handle business by the time crops are ready for market.—Vassar Pioneer.

AVIATION COSTUME.
One of the Ladies in "The Little Homestead" Will Wear This Unusual Dress.

With the invention of the aeroplane and the subsequent determination of the gentler sex to share the honors of aerial exploration, dame fashion was confronted by the demand for a costume suitable for the new recreation. This was no easy task, in view of the great departure such a style must deviate from the conventional dress. But it has been most appropriately designed by Bernard and Company of Paris, France. And for the benefit of aerial aspirants we submit the following description in the exact words of the designers:

Pantaloons model with button-over front, adjustable for walking or flying; designed with double-breasted blouse and snug-fitting military collar, set off with wide patent leather belt; full sleeves and tailored yoke; body silk lined. The material is an extra quality vicuna cloth in a rich mode shade; beautifully trimmed with half round silver buttons. The head covering is of leather and is skull fitting, with chin strap and open ear shields, lined with serge and cloth.

The style was initiated in actual flight by Mlle. Moisant, sister of the famous aviator who lost his life in a flight at New Orleans, and has been adopted by all women aerialists throughout Europe. One of these unusual costumes will be worn in the play "The Little Homestead" which comes to the opera house at Cass City Oct. 12.

GRATITUDE.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom that springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none so fragrant, while its opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed, not only poisonous in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fetid vapors.

COOK'S CORNER.

The farmers are all busy hauling beets, but the roads are in poor condition.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Forshsee, a boy, Thursday.

The Misses Tillie nad Madeline Grapparr have returned from Pontiac where they visited their sister. Mrs. Curbey of Caro visited with friends here last Sunday.

Mrs. F. Bishopp returned to her home in Bay City after spending the summer here with her family.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boshaley returned from a visit in Detroit.

The dancing party at the new hall in Ashmore was a success. All report a fine time.

Mrs. Will Fournier, Mrs. A. Rochelau and Mrs. U. Rochelau visited friends near Caro last week.

Miss Nina Boshaley is working for Mrs. A. Forshee.

Miss Katie Bepp returned to her home here after working for some time in Owendale.

Quite a number attended the musical entertainment at Karr Crossing Saturday evening.

Bert Longeway spent Sunday with friends here.

His Lost Opportunity.

An Irishman once dreamed that he was visiting the late Queen Victoria. "Will you have a drink?" the queen said to him.

"I will," said the Irishman—"a drop of Irish, av course, hot by preference, your majesty."

So the queen put on the kettle, but when the water boiled the noise awoke the dreamer. "Holy St. Patrick!" said he. "I'll take it cold next time."

Just Wrath.

They were an elderly couple. The old man looked as though he might have been a gay boy in his time, and the old lady was prim, grim and watchful. They were strolling along the avenue when a young lady at some



RAISED HER UP.

distance slipped and fell. The old man rushed along, raised her up and, lifting his hat, offered to assist her in any way. Meanwhile his wife, following on and witnessing his devotion to the strange lady, shook her fist at him.

"It's all right, dear," he whispered. "All right! Here's a strange woman hurts her toe and you go tearing along and smother her with kindness. When I fell down the stairs last week you laughed and wanted to know if I was training for a circus."

Charles Lamb's Grace.

On one occasion when Edmund Clarence Stedman was visiting in New England he was called upon by the head of the house while at dinner to invoke the divine blessing. "I was rather surprised and for half a minute sorely tempted," said Mr. Stedman in relating the incident. "Then I rose to the occasion and asked a grace which I remembered." "But, Mr. Stedman," demanded a young woman of the party eagerly, "to what were you sorely tempted?" "To do as Charles Lamb did under similar circumstances." "And that was?" "He looked about the board and asked in surprise, 'Is there no clergyman present?' The host shook his head. Then Lamb prayed, 'For this and all other mercies, O Lord, make us truly thankful!'"

His Precaution.

When Amos J. Cummings was a member of the house of representatives he went on a hunting expedition with his friend, Captain Howard F. Kennedy. One day when they were rather hungry they approached a farmhouse, the door of which was wide open, but no member of the family was at home. A big bulldog welcomed them kindly, and Captain Kennedy started up the stairs leading to the portico when the dog quit wagging his tail, showed his teeth and growled ominously. Cummins stepped outside the gate and called, "Go ahead, Howard, and if he bites you we'll run."

Starred Tortoise.

The Indian starred tortoise has yellow starlike markings all over its shell.

Deford Items

Some rainy weather.

Miss Phebe Roy visited her father here over Sunday.

J. Striffler was a business caller in our community Friday.

Miss Edna Hack visited last week with her sister, Mrs. E. Cooper.

Miss Della Vincent visited with Mary Sargent a few days last week.

A large crowd was in attendance at church Sunday evening to listen to our new minister, Rev. G. Horton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCain have gone to Hartford, Mich., to spend the winter with the former's brother.

Miss Pearl Nutt is through with the household duties at D. Croop's and will be employed at the Hotel Daugherty in the near future.

J. B. Hickie has a new driver.

Agents are more than plenty.

Mrs. Howard Retherford is improving.

The town line suffers with heavy loads.

Sugar beet harvest has commenced.

"Cupe" season is over for this year.

Sugar up in G because it can't come in free.

The frame of McCracken Bros.' new house is up.

Ladies Aid met at J. Soles' on Thursday, Sept. 28.

Material is being placed on the ground for the new plant.

Beans are badly injured but the pickers will be benefited.

Cement walk from Hack's hotel door to Croop's brick store.

Proprietor of the town hall rakes in the cash from large and small.

Our mail carrier will be out in two weeks more if no drawback occurs.

He's an "Irish Bye" from Tallymore that furnishes the kids with dancing galore.

Forsaken buzz machines may be seen anywhere on the side of the highway. Time has the same effect on them as on the Maccabees.

"Somebody blundered." Canadian and United States farmers both declared they would be ruined at their individual door if reciprocity carried.

We hear that Wells township will furnish the wintergreen berries and Wilmot the pickles inviting in the populace 'round about for lunch when the Handy train toots the first whistle at the latter burg.

On the town line between Kingston and Novesta situated on the northwest corner of section 2, there a schoolhouse stands where preaching has been heard for the past five years, twice monthly. First, the Christian minister of Central Novesta administered to the people. Next, the M. E. spiritual adviser of Deford fed them. The work of calling the preachers to this point has been done by the good women of the locality, the men merely "chipping in" to settle the accounts when the Ladies' Aid were short of funds. But now that a single man has been sent to Deford, let the youthful maidens of the town line secure his labor at the cross roads and the older heads will drop in their "mite" as cheerfully as in days of yore.

MAKE

as much as you may, when you get old you have nothing unless you save. Did you ever notice how

YOUR

debts grow if you let them alone? Savings grow the same way. If you had put away five cents a day for the past 21 years how much

MONEY

do you suppose you would have now? Over \$500, counting the interest added every January and July. Your money begins to

WORK

the first of the next month after you deposit it. A bank account is as good as an insurance policy. Better than some.

FOR

you can't always get your money on a policy when you need it. If the shop shuts down, if the folks get sick, if you want to buy a home, if you want to take a vacation, there's nothing like a good bank account.

NOW IS THE TIME. HERE IS THE PLACE, AND

YOU ARE THE PERSON.

Deford Bank

of A. Frutchey & Sons

J. FRUTCHEY, Cashier

H. W. YOUNG, Asst. Cashier



Whose Fault Is It?

When ever we see the "Sheriff's Sale" sign go up and a man and his family turned out of their home, we always wonder, "whose fault is it?" In nine cases out of ten you'll find it due to the man's carelessness. You'll find expensive machinery that is, probably, not all paid for, standing out in the field; his stock poorly housed and everything about the place indicating slipshod methods.

If YOU need a new building, for goodness sake don't put it off. It's a lot cheaper to go ahead and get things in shape right now. Let us quote you on the material.

Deford Grain and Lumber Co.

Deford, Michigan

Shook.
Molly—You say you shook all over when you proposed to her?
Cholly—Yes, I did.
Molly—And how about the girl?
Cholly—Oh, she only shook her head.
—London Modern Society.

No More Romance.
"Oh, for a drink from the old oaken bucket!" exclaimed the early summer boarder. "Where is it?"
"The old oaken bucket was insubstantial," replied the farmer. "We have supplied individual drinking cups instead."—Pittsburg Post.

Who Governs England?
Who governs England? Colonial opinion dominates in politics, American millionaires are all powerful in the country, American women lead "society," American journalists guide the public, French dressmakers set the fashions, foreign painters and musicians direct our taste, American prices rule the financial market, French chefs dictate what we shall eat and American collectors fix the value of our art treasures. It appears that between them they have very effectively taken John Bull by the horns.—London Truth.

Facts for Weak Women

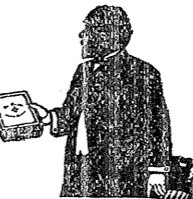
Nine-tenths of all the sickness of women is due to some derangement or disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Such sickness can be cured—is cured every day by

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

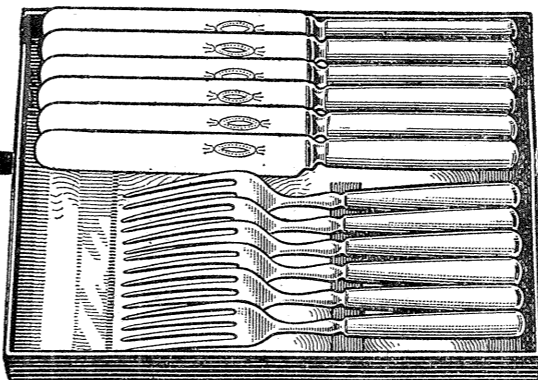
It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

It acts directly on the organs affected and is at the same time a general restorative tonic for the whole system. It cures female complaint right in the privacy of home. It makes unnecessary the disagreeable questioning, examinations and local treatment so universally insisted upon by doctors, and so abhorrent to every modest woman.

We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of positive cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only; or, in cloth binding for 31 stamps.
Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



"Silver Plate that Wears"



Since 1847, the year Rogers Bros. originated electro-silver plating, silverware bearing the trade mark "1847 ROGERS BROS." has been renowned for quality, wearability and beauty.

1847 ROGERS BROS. X S
TRIPLE

stamped on forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces is a guarantee of heaviest plating, perfect workmanship and exquisite design, assuring long and satisfying service. Any article of silverware marked "1847 ROGERS BROS." may be selected without further investigation.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "C-L" showing all patterns.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successors)

The Family Cry

Is for good bread. You can get it as well as other baked goods from the new and modern plant of the A. C. Heid Baking Co. of Saginaw. The popular brands of

FIGOLA, A 5 CENT LOAF
HOLSUM, A 10 CENT LOAF

Are received fresh every morning by

B. F. Benkelman and Mellon's
Fruit and Candy Store

Try this bread and test its virtue.

The butcher boy says

"LISTEN TO THIS"



We've got some extra good cuts of beef. We intended this to be on the Q. T., but we know where we can get some more just like it, so decided to let you in on the secret too. If you'd always listen to us you'd never have any poor meat.

Phone No. 16.

Harry Young
Cass City Meat Market.

HAY!

**See Us
Before
You Sell**

**Cass City
Grain Co.**

**Why Buy Your
Jewelry at Home**

1st—We have the goods here in stock for your inspection and no freight or express charges to pay. In fact we engrave goods free.

2nd—We buy from old established houses whom we know as jewelers to put out reliable goods, and we stand back of and guarantee them as well.

3rd—Remember there are 2 kinds of jewelry on the market. Reliable jewelry, which you see advertised by us, and cheap imitations.

4th—We are compelled to sell only the best, for we are directly responsible to you personally, and the people of this community.

5th—Our prices are just as reasonable, as good, honest, reliable, and consistent business will allow.

Let Us Do Some Repairing For You.

T. L. TIBBALS,
Jeweler and Optometrist.

BIG SALE

MONTAGUE'S STORE

**Commencing Saturday, Oct. 7, and
continuing until Oct. 21**

Ladies' \$18 and \$20 Suits	\$7.98 and \$9.98
Ladies' Shirt Waists	48c to \$1.48
Ladies' Dresses	\$1.00 to \$4.50
Children's Bearcloth Coats	\$1.48 to \$1.98
Children's Wool Caps	19c
Men's Heavy Fleece 50c Underwear	35c
Ladies' Heavy Fleece 50c Underwear	35c
Children's 25c Underwear	19c
Men's and Boys' Caps	30% off
Men's Wool Shirts	79c
All Shoes	30% off
Sweaters	19c to 60c
All Prints	5c
Paint per gallon	85c
Carbonate machine oil	per gal. 35c
Lard oil	8c lb
Linoleum	41c per sq. yd.

This store will be open every evening until 10 o'clock.
All purchases over \$10 3 per cent discount.

CASS CITY WINS FROM CARO AT 5 TO 0 SCORE

On Friday, Sept. 29, the Cass City high school foot ball team journeyed to Caro to take part in the first game of the season. The game was played in a rain storm, which made it very unpleasant but the local team won the game by hard work. Cass City had the county seat boys outplayed in the first half, but Caro came hard at it the last half and did good work.

Alex Miller got the touch-down in the second quarter by a hard fight to gain the goal. The game went off very well without much wrangling on either side.

Will pay highest market price for poultry. Will receive same on Monday and Wednesday of each week. O. Auten. 6-24

Card of Thanks.
We wish to thank our friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us during the recent sickness and death of our beloved mother, Mrs. Duncan McLean; also the choir who furnished the music.

THE FAMILY.

A bank account

4% ON TIME Deposits.
Will compound every six months. Start an account with One Dollar or upwards. Add to it—even a little at a time. Results will surprise you. Don't delay. The habit acquired leads on to fortune.

Call at

EXCHANGE BANK
of E. H. Pinney & Son

FOR SALE

MORRIS CHAIR
ROCKING CHAIR
BOOK CASE
PLATE RACK
LARGE CUPBOARD
CENTER TABLE
IRON BED, SPRINGS, MATTRESS
2 HIGH FOOT STOOLS
LARGE RUG, 9x12
4 MEDIUM SIZED RUGS
A NUMBER OF CHOICE PICTURES
BAY GELDING
2 SINGLE HARNESSSES
2 TOP BUGGIES
50 POTATO CRATES
OFFICE DESK
2 LARGE MERCHANDISE TABLES

A. A. Hitchcock,

LIVELY DISCUSSIONS AT SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY

Workers Listened to Instructive Talks and Derive Much Benefit from Them.

The Sunday School Rally of Elkland and Novesta townships held in the Evangelical church Friday was well attended considering the unfavorable weather conditions. W. B. Brownlie of Caro acted as chairman of the convention.

The first number on the program for the afternoon was an address by Fred Washburn, state superintendent of the rural department, who chose for his subject "Forward Movements in Sunday School Work." He encouraged all workers greatly by telling of the forward strides made in this branch of Christian work, giving figures to prove his statements. He also gave very practical and helpful suggestions for the betterment of the Sunday School.

Mrs. A. J. Knapp followed with an excellent paper on "Why Do I Attend Sunday School?" Among the reasons given by Mrs. Knapp and by others during the lively discussion which followed were: Because I love the Sunday school; because God's word is taught there; because my mother taught me to go; because it is the open door to opportunity.

Rev. B. Jarman of Millington gave an interesting talk, his theme being "Teacher Training." This was followed by a business session during which the following officers were elected:

President, F. A. Bigelow.
Vice President, H. P. Lenzner.
Secretary, Miss Bertha McKenzie.
Treasurer, Chas. Travis.
Elementary Supt., Mrs. A. J. Knapp.
Home Dept. Supt., E. W. Keating.
Teacher Training Supt., Mrs. Gekeler.
Purity Dept. Supt., Elmer Bruce.
House to House Visitation Supt., Mrs. A. A. Ricker.
Temperance Dept. Supt., Wallace Boughton.
A. B. C. Supt., Mrs. Dora Fritz.
Missionary Dept. Supt., A. A. Livingston.
Supt. of Rural Dept., Mrs. Arthur Bruce.

Rev. O. C. Penticoff of Caro then conducted a "Round Table Conference" during which many important points in Sunday school work were discussed. Much benefit was derived from the interchange of thoughts and ideas.

The evening's session was opened by devotional services conducted by Dr. I. A. Fritz and a song service lead by F. A. Bigelow. The address was delivered by Rev. McBirney of the Presbyterian church at Millington. The speaker presented practical truths in a forcible manner and held the close attention of the audience.

EARLY CLOSING.

We, the undersigned business men of Cass City hereby agree to close our places of business on each Tuesday and Thursday at 6:30 p. m. from this date until December 1, 1911.

Dated October 7, 1911.
A. A. Hitchcock.
A. H. Higgins.
E. W. Jones.
The Model.
D. Losey.
Mrs. G. W. Goff.
G. W. Goff.
W. A. Fallis.
B. F. Benkelman.
Anna A. Parker.
Frank Bliss.
T. L. Tibbals.
James Tennant.
J. D. Rosby & Son.
Wilsey & Cathcart.
Harry Young.
L. E. Wright.
Geo. L. Hitchcock.
H. P. Lee.
A. J. Knapp.
L. I. Wood & Co.
Peters Bros.
C. O. Lenzner.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The seniors are thinking of having a gold medal contest in recitation room No. 3. They will award a prize to the person who can give proposition XVII, case II, correctly. James Townsend has been entertaining the mumps a few days.

High school callers last week were Mae Little, Flossie Durkee, Edw. Gallagher, Floyd Reid and Hugh Gardner.

We wonder what makes some of the senior boys so sleepy. They do not set very good examples.

Wanted—Enough fly paper to stick E. W. and A. S. to their seats in rhetoric.

A certain senior boy is very hilarious over his high marks this month. "Can't be he's used to 'em, eh?"

Our janitor says that the freshmen and sophomores are greatly improved in their behavior during the noon hour.

The German XI class had to ask Miss Pell whether F meant fair or failed.

Miss Bertha McKenzie visited in

**Our Slogan: "Never Satisfied Only When
We Satisfy You."**

We are looking for the people who are not satisfied with past conditions.

Our \$15 Worsted Suit is the best value ever offered.

Our Overcoats and Rain Coats are new and up to date.

Our Boys' Suits are the best made in the United States for the money.

Our 50 cent Fleece Underwear for men is better than any other fleeced garment on the market. It's High Rock.

Other Underwear at as good values.

New patterns and new ideas in Fancy Shirts.



Bostonian Shoes
For Fine Wear

are not to be confused with shoes usually sold at \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50. Step in and try on a pair. We will continue to look pleasant if you don't buy that day.

Women's, Boys' and Girls' Shoes selected with a view to high quality, good workmanship, lowest price.

We back up every pair of 1st quality rubbers we sell. We shall show no mercy to the manufacturer of rubbers.

McGregory & Farrell
The MODEL.

**Make Your Headquarters
At WRIGHT'S
ON COLUMBUS DAY**

From October 12 to 14 there are some real bargains waiting for you in Groceries and Glassware.

1,000 lbs. 50c JAPAN TEA . 38c
999 lbs. 30c JAPAN TEA . . . 23c
1 Case 35c JAPAN TEA . . . 28c
25c SALADA TEA 23c
8c LAMP CHIMNEYS 7c
7c LAMP CHIMNEYS 5c
15c LAMP CHIMNEYS 12c
12c LAMP CHIMNEYS 10c
7 Bars QUEEN ANNE SOAP . . 25c
8 Bars NAPHTHA SOAP . . . 30c
3 Bars any 10c TOILET SOAP . 25c

3 Cans SEWING MACHINE OIL 25c
12 Bars RUB-NO-MORE SOAP . 50c
12 Boxes RUB-NO MORE
POWDER 50c
7 Bars ACME SOAP 25c
7 Bars JAXON SOAP 25c
ALL 10c, 15c and 20c BACK AND
SIDE COMBS 10c
20c BELTING 10c
Cuff Buttons, Pearl Buttons, Razors, Brushes of all kinds at your own price.

Phonographs Given Away

I have the agency for the Standard Phonograph or Talking Machine. They are all durable machines; regular price \$25. I will give them away free to anyone who buys \$35 worth of anything in the store--meat, groceries or notions--or will sell a few at \$4.98 cash to introduce them. We will have tickets for you in a few days.

L. E. Wright,
Central Meat and Grocery.

the second and third grades last week.

All grades open to visitors at any time.

No freshmen notes this week. Leo had better get busy.

We wonder how A. B. likes the front seat.

Another senior is expected soon. Skipping classes will soon play out.

Gladys Howard is a new pupil in the fourth grade.

Mrs. Levi Bardwell was a caller in the sixth grade room last week. Mrs. Roy Hallock was a visitor in the fourth and fifth grades last week. Debates are still continuing in the physics class.

Harmonicas, a new selection at Peters Bros.

HUNTERS MAY USE DOGS AFTER BIRDS

Game Warden Oates Makes Ruling That Will Bring Joy to Sportsmen.

Major W. R. Oates, state game warden, has issued a ruling relative to hunting birds with dogs during the open season which will cause happiness among sportsmen, all over the state.

In amending the game laws, the legislature changed the provision preventing the hunting of deer with hounds so that it prevented taking dogs into the woods during the deer hunting season. As the deer and bird

hunting seasons cover the same period, many bird hunters feared they were to be prohibited from their usual fall outing.

There are other provisions of the act, however, in which there is an implied permission to use dogs for hunting birds, and after a careful investigation of the matter Major Oates rules that "during the deer hunting season the presence of a dog in the woods, unaccompanied by a person who is exclusively hunting birds or any dog found in any hunting camp, logging or clubhouse during such season where each or any of the occupants have a license for hunting deer, is expressly forbidden, but dogs used by hunters who are legitimately and exclusively hunting birds are entitled to protection under the law."