

Pinckney Dispatch

Vol. XXXII

Pinckney, Livingston County, Michigan, Thursday, June 4, 1914

No. 23

Local News

Anna Brogan of Howell spent Sunday here.

Fr. Coyle was in Northfield one day last week.

Miss Nellie Gardner spent Monday in Detroit.

Special values now in ladies coats at Dancer's. adv.

Jas. Morgan of Detroit spent last Friday here.

Miss Alice Roche is visiting relatives in Detroit.

Will Brogan of Howell called on Pinckney friends Sunday.

Miss Mae Teeple is visiting friends at Haverhill, Mass.

Helen Monks spent last Saturday with friends in Stockbridge.

Fr. Haley of Dexter was a Pinckney visitor one day last week.

M. J. Fitzsimmons and family of Jackson visited relatives here the past week.

Jas. Smith, I. J. Kennedy, Paul Miller attended the races in Ann Arbor Saturday.

Beulah Morton of Bay City spent the past week at the home of Mark Allison.

Geo. Leoffler and family of Ann Arbor were over Sunday guests at the home of J. Bowers.

Kathleen Hachett of Detroit spent the first of the week at the home of John Dinkel.

We might advocate war if we thought some men we know would volunteer and go to the front.

Kirk Van Winkle and family of Lansing spent Decoration Day at the home of C. V. Van Winkle.

Mark Bergin of Howell and Florence Fay of Detroit were Pinckney visitors Sunday after-

Walter and Helen Reason, Mary Lynch and Grace Pierce spent Sunday afternoon at Whitmore Lake.

Adolph Neynaber, wife and daughter of Detroit spent the week end at the home of Will Dunning.

The regular meeting of the O. E. S. occurs Friday evening June 5th at 7:30 sharp. A good attendance is desired.

Ed. Osterhout and daughter and Frank Montreg and son of Deerfield spent Sunday at the home of Ed. Breningstall.

George Green and wife and Mrs. Howard Pratt of Howell were Pinckney callers Thursday afternoon.

Fred Grieves and family of Stockbridge and Clayton Placeway and family of this place were Ypsilanti visitors Sunday.

Edward Van Horn, Harold Swarthout and Claude Kennedy spent Wednesday night and Thursday morning in Howell. Must be that "Peg O' My Heart" is still a drawing card in that town. How about it, boys?

The editor of the Brighton Argus is bragging about the undertaker of that burg having so much work to do, getting three calls inside of ten minutes on one day and another call the next day for his services. The preacher also comes in for some extra work too. What per cent do the doctors get for their share? They should at least have had honorable mention along with the undertaker and the rest. How about it, both?

Leo Coyle of Jackson spent last Thursday here.

Morrice Darrow and wife spent Sunday with relatives in Howell. Maggie Anderson of near Howell visited friends here Monday.

Mrs. H. D. Grieves spent last Saturday with relatives in Stockbridge.

Gov. Ferris has issued a proclamation designating Sunday, June 15th, as Flag Day.

A girl doesn't think any color is pretty unless she has to doctor her complexion in order to make it match.

Stephen Blades of Detroit spent the first of the week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Blades.

Mrs. S. H. Carr and daughters Aggie and Dorothy visited relatives in Detroit, Farmington and Redford the past week.

Mrs. Thos. Howlett, Mrs. Howard Marshall and Miss Mary Howlett of Gregory visited at the home of H. D. Grieves one day last week.

The Board of Review of the Township of Putnam will meet at Town Hall in the village of Pinckney, on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8-9, 1914, for the purpose of reviewing the assessment roll of said township and to transact any other business that may come before the Board. **Jas. M. Harris** Supervisor

Albert B. Green

Albert B. Green was born in Greece, Monroe county, N. Y., May 22, 1828. He was married at Warsaw, N. Y., in August, 1850, to Miss Florilla G. Fargo. About the year 1866 they moved to Michigan and since 1871 have been residents of Pinckney.

Mr. Green was unusually active for a man of his years until the autumn of 1912, since when he has been in failing health. The end came May 28, 1914, just one week after the remains of his beloved companion were laid to rest. He left surviving him, one sister, Mrs. Emily Patric of Newark, Mich., seven children, seven grandchildren and three great grandchildren. Mr. Green was a man of integrity and held in high esteem by a large circle of friends. He was for many years a member of the M. E. church. He has lived a long life of service to others and is now at rest.

The funeral services were held at the late residence Saturday afternoon, conducted by Mr. Green's son-in-law, Rev. E. H. Vail, of Homer, Rev. Ostrander assisting.

CARD OF THANKS

The family wish to express sincere thanks to all friends who rendered assistance and expressed their sympathy in connection with the sickness and death of their parents.

Attention Farmers!

Anyone wishing to procure Marl for soil building purposes can get the same of me at 50c per cubic yard. Why pay \$2.50 for Lime when Marl has proven equal or superior. Chemical analysis on request. adv.

FRED TEEPLE

Write Dancer & Co. for prices on floor coverings. adv.



Well Here I am I will tell you something new every week about my good Drug Store

You may LOOK for me every week right here in this newspaper. You'll SEE me too.

I'm glad to work for my drug store. They give you what you ASK for and fill prescriptions RIGHT.

Read what I have to say. I'll tell you the news every week about my drug store.

We give you what you ASK for.

C. G. MEYER

Pinckney, Mich.

Phone 55r3

Nyal Store of Quality

Face Powder

Every lady wants to know that any face powder she uses is absolutely free from harmful ingredients. When you purchase NYLOTIS you are assured of all that the above implies. To introduce it we are going to give you FREE a face chamois with every box.

All Shades 25c

Toilet Waters

If I were to carry in stock all toilet waters manufactured, I wouldn't have room for anything else. I have selected the most popular of the American and imported toilet waters and am sure I can please you.

25c to \$1.00

Face Cream Soap

If you really want a pure soap, one that is composed of the best vegetable oils obtainable and has only sufficient alkali to be freely soluble in hard water, try a cake of Face Cream Soap. It leaves the face as velvety and healthy as a baby's.

25 the Cake

If I do not have in stock what you want I will be glad to get it for YOU regardless of the cost to me.

Anderson

Geo. Fitzsimmons of Jackson was the guest of his mother over Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Hanes and daughters Margaret and Cynthia spent Friday in Stockbridge.

Clare Ledwidge and Will Roche visited friends in White Oak Saturday and Sunday.

Jas. Eaman of Detroit was a week end visitor at the home of Jas. Marble.

Mrs. C. Brogan of S. Marion visited at the home of R. M. Ledwidge the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Hattie Hoff of Lansing and son Rob of Detroit were week end visitors of Mrs. Alice Hoff.

Andrew Greiner of Jackson was home over Sunday.

Mrs. Max Ledwidge and daughters Justine and Raymonda were

entertained by Miss Ella Black at her home in Pinckney Monday.

Veronica Brogan visited G. M. Greiner's family Monday night.

Phillip Sprout and Ethel Cantrell of Stockbridge were united in marriage at Howell last Tuesday. The happy couple have the congratulations and best wishes of a large circle of friends. They will reside on the E. A. Sprout farm here.

Clare Ledwidge and Veronica Brogan each closed a successful year of school here this week, the former in the Eaman district on Tuesday, the latter in the Sprout on Wednesday.

Ferris Smith of Marion visited Roche McClear the latter part of last week.

Dancer's, Stockbridge, is the place to buy young mens clothes. adv.

WANT COLUMN

Rents, Real Estate, Found Lost, Wanted, Etc.

FOR SALE—No. 1 Timothy Hay 2311* G. W. Clark, Pinckney

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—38 acres on road just north of the Rice farm on Section 7, James A. Gallagher, 1569 West Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich. 191f

FOR SALE—Two family brick veneer flat in a fine neighborhood just off of Woodware Ave., Detroit. Pays 10 per cent. Wm. L. Wood, P. O. box No. 2, Ann Arbor, Mich. 2141*

The Board of Review are at work on the Township Assessment Roll placing all property at what they consider cash value. Anyone wishing to know at what their property has been placed should call at the Town Hall Monday or Tuesday, June 8 and 9 and talk it over with the Board.

MURPHY & JACKSON

HEADQUARTERS FOR Groceries - Dry Goods - Shoes & Furnishings Largest Stock One Price To All Lowest Prices

Our Grocery Specials For Cash

Make it Expensive For You to Trade Elsewhere

Ivory Soap, 7 bars for 25c
Corn Flakes, 6 pkgs. for 25c
Nero Coffee for 25c
25 lbs. H. & E. Sugar \$1.14
8 pounds Rolled Oats for 25c

Bargains in Odds and Ends Throughout Our Shoe Stock

STORSTAD COMES INTO THE HARBOR

COLLIER THAT COLLIDES WITH EMPRESS OF IRELAND UNDER ARREST.

CAPTAIN GIVES HIS STORY

Denies Charges Made By Commander of the Lost Ship—Tried to Locate Empress After Shock But Could Not Do So.

Montreal—With her bow crumpled and twisted around at an acute angle to port, and a gap showing on the port side only a foot or so above the water line, in mute evidence of the tragedy in which she figured, the Norwegian collier Storstad limped into the harbor early Sunday afternoon. A few minutes later a warrant of arrest, taken out by the Canadian Pacific railway, was nailed to her main mast by order of W. Simpson Walker, K. C., registrar of the Quebec admiralty.

The officers and men bore traces of their harrowing experiences. When questioned on the subject of the disaster, they were averse to entering into conversation.

Capt. Anderson declined at first to discuss the disaster, declaring he would make a statement later in the evening. Subsequently, a statement based on Capt. Anderson's report, as well as the reports of other officers, to Messrs. Lange and Griffin, was given out.

According to the captain and officers, contrary to what has been stated by the captain of the Empress of Ireland, the Storstad did not back away after the collision, but steamed ahead in an effort to keep her bow in the hole she had dug into the side of the Empress.

The Empress, however, according to the Storstad's officers, headed away and bent the Storstad's bow over at an acute angle to port. After that the Empress was hidden from the view of the Storstad and, despite the fact that the Storstad kept her whistle blowing, she could not locate the Empress until the cries of some of the victims in the water were heard.

Capt. Anderson absolutely denied he moved a mile or so away from the liner. The Storstad had not moved. It was the Empress which had changed position, he declared.

MEETING OF MAIL CARRIERS

Officers Elected at Convention at West Branch.

West Branch, Mich.—The tenth annual convention of the Northeastern Rural Carriers' association closed a successful convention here Saturday. There were carriers present from Bay City north to the straits. Nearly three times the number of delegates present at any other convention in its history attended. Otto Hazenbuhler, of Detroit, ex-prosecutor; S. E. Hayes, of Standish, and Judge Sharpe, of West Branch, were speakers.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. D. Hammond, Turner; vice-president, Frank Carroll, Omer; secretary-treasurer, M. F. Parker, Standish. Delegates elected to state convention at Detroit: M. F. Parker, Standish; Charles Jones, Sterling and A. W. Colby, of Tawas City.

Famous Old Indian Dead.

Marshall, Mich.—With the death of old Chief Phineas Pamptopee, the remnant of the Pottawatomie Indians on the reservation in Athens loses one of its most picturesque figures. Tough 77 years old, to the last he retained his proud, erect bearing and the long hair and earrings of his earlier days. An aristocrat among his people, he had long acted as their chief counselor, and while he was friendly with his white neighbors he did not mingle with them, preferring the companionship of his own race.

MICHIGAN NEWS IN BRIEF

A \$4,000 addition is to be built to the present M. E. church at Caro, which will also be remodeled and extensively improved.

The city of Battle Creek has selected a week in which to learn to swim. An expert, George H. Corsan, of Toledo, will be hired, from funds raised by the school board, sanitarium, Chamber of Commerce, and other subscribers, to teach "all comers"—probably at the sanitarium pools, since the "M" on bathing at Lake Gogewac has not been removed.

EFFICIENCY OF A FIREFLY

Artificial Illuminant Very Poor Second to That of the Natural Organisms.

It is sometimes said that if we could arrive at the secret of the firefly—or of the other organisms which produce physiologic light—we should have reached a great economic discovery, because the light has such an extraordinary high efficiency. In other words, all the energy expended in producing it goes to make light, and not heat. The efficiency has been estimated at 96 per cent by Ives and Coblenz, and even higher by Langley and Very. This is the more remarkable when it is considered that the best artificial illuminant has a luminous efficiency of only 4 per cent, and most of them reach only about 1 per cent, the remaining 99 per cent of the energy going to produce heat or other subordinate effects. But even if we should discover the means by which the firefly produces its light we should scarcely care to use it in our homes. Professor McDermott in a recent study of the subject observes that while the insect has indeed reached the highest possible radiant efficiency it has only accomplished it at a sacrifice of color that makes the light much worse than the mercury vapor arc. Anything not within a very limited range of yellow and green tones would appear black.

Much-Needed Invention.

Mrs. Bacon — The old-fashioned feather duster and the vacuum cleaner have been combined by a Pennsylvania inventor for removing dust from small articles.

Mrs. Egbert—I hope now some one will get busy and invent something that will pick up the pieces and glue 'em together.

Political Prudence.

"You'll have some explaining to do when you get home, won't you?"

"No," replied the member of congress. "I'm not going to explain. I'm going to let my constituents argue matters out among themselves and then take the side that seems to have the most advocates."

Belgian King a Great Smoker.

King Albert of Belgium, who is an ardent lover of tobacco, is an honorary member of a dozen different Belgian pipe smokers' club.

Next month a great pipe-smoking tournament will open simultaneously in Brussels, at Antwerp, at Ghent and at Liege. Prizes, including a magnificent meerschaum pipe, offered by the king, will be competed for, the winners being those who smoke the greatest number of pipes in a given time.

Participation in the contest is subject to one condition—that the tobacco smoked shall be of purely Belgian origin. It must have been grown either in Belgium proper or in the Belgian Congo.

Punishment Fit for the Crime.

Styles—You say they hazed your boy at college?

Myles—I should say so! Why, they got him in a poker game and skinned him alive!

Tough on the Bears.

Some time ago Walter Shaw, known as one of Gardiner's most persistent wags, wrote a letter to the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was deplorable, he said, the way the government men in charge of the Yellowstone park treated the wild animals. Their cruelty was absolutely barbaric. Just to cite one instance, he said, these scoundrels did not give the poor bears anything to eat during the entire winter, when the whole park is blanketed with snow.

The society immediately started an investigation, beginning at the office of the secretary of the interior. Such cruelty must be stopped. It pressed its investigation until some friendly naturalist told them that bears hibernate all winter.

Wrong Guess.

Bill—And so you proposed to her?

Jill—Yes.

"Was her answer in two or three letters?"

"Three."

"Good. Then it was 'yes.'"

"You're wrong; it was 'nix.'"

And most of our tragedies look like comedies to our neighbors.

OF COURSE HE GOT AWAY

Young Man Pulled Off Something Really New, and His Reward Was Adequate.

"Please, Mr. Jones, can I get off Tuesday?" said the young male employe, only more rapidly.

"Which of your relatives is dead?" inquired the boss.

"Not any, sir," replied the lad with a politeness which exists only in fiction.

"Which of your teeth are you going to have pulled?"

"Not any, sir," replied the lad, etc.

"Which of your sisters is getting married?"

"Not any, sir," etc.

"The fact is," continued the youth,

"I would like to go to the ball game, and, my desire being genuine, I would not hazard any chances by trying to pull a rotten old excuse on a foxy business man. Thank you, sir."

Earliest Arc Lights.

A recent historical exhibit of arc lamps and electricity in Cleveland, O., has brought out a bit of interesting history in connection with the pioneer arc lamp system built by C. M. Brush. The first demonstration of these lamps was made in the public square Cleveland during the summer of 1878, and afterward in the fall of the same year the apparatus was set up at the centennial exposition at Philadelphia. The exhibit at Cleveland was extensively advertised in the newspapers, and on the evening the demonstration took place thousands of people assembled, most of whom carried pieces of smoked or colored glass to protect their eyes from the arc lamp's rays, which were expected to rival those of the sun.—Electrical World.

Paying Him a Compliment.

"I heard a woman flattering you yesterday, dear."

"Is that so? What did she say?"

"She was telling another woman that I married you for your money."

When a young man mixes rye with his wild oats he gets a crop!

Terrible to Contemplate.

A distinguished member of the English bar was once sojourning at a farm in the West of Scotland. One morning the farmer asked him to go out and have a shot or two at the rabbits, which were very plentiful. The learned lawyer went, and he blazed away for a whole afternoon, but without singeing the hair of a rabbit. The farmer and the would-be sportsman returned home, the former silent and disappointed. At last an idea struck him.

"Mr. S—," he exclaimed, clapping his companion on the back, "supposin' ane o' thae rabbits had turned on ye, what wud ye hae done?"

Rather Personal.

One day two farm laborers were discussing the wisdom of the present generation. Said the first:

"We are wiser than our fathers was, and they were wiser than their fathers was."

The second one, after pondering a while and gazing at his companion, replied:

"Well, Garge, what a fule thy grandfather must a' been."

Little Danger.

"Do you believe that money has germs on it?"

"It may have."

"What in the world shall we do?"

"Don't worry; it would take a mighty active germ to hop from the money to you during the short time you keep what you get."

Mistaken Raid.

"They fooled some cops the other evening at a tango dance contest."

"How did they fool 'em?"

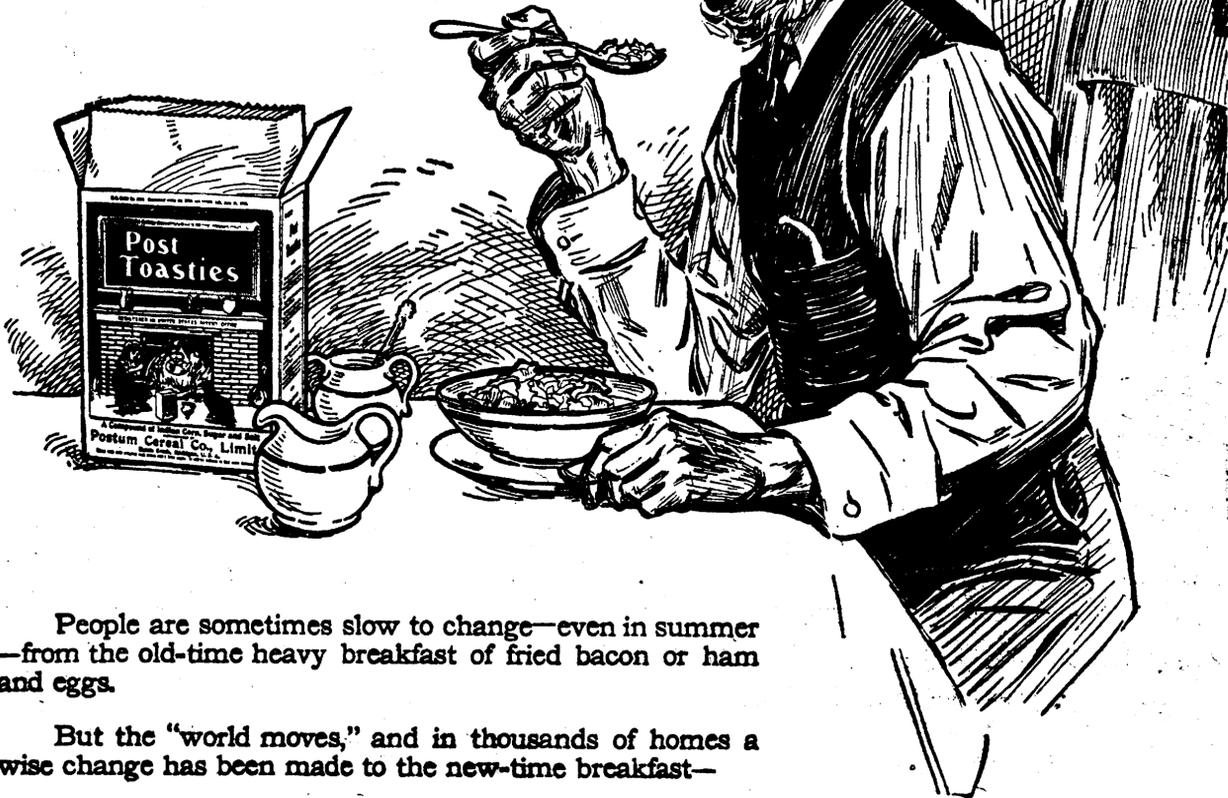
"Told 'em they had better raid the hall as a lot of dips were getting in their work."

Perhaps King David revised his statement that all men were liars after discovering a man who never went fishing.

There's some room at the top of the greased pole.

An egg in the cup is worth half a dozen in cold storage.

"Some Of These New Fangled Foods Are Mighty Good."



People are sometimes slow to change—even in summer—from the old-time heavy breakfast of fried bacon or ham and eggs.

But the "world moves," and in thousands of homes a wise change has been made to the new-time breakfast—

Post Toasties

—with cream.

These sweet flavory flakes of corn, toasted crisp and ready to eat direct from the package, are "mighty good" from every angle. Labor-saving—nourishing—delicious!

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

MRS. LYON'S AGHES AND PAINS

Have All Gone Since Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Terre Hill, Pa.—"Kindly permit me to give you my testimonial in favor of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I first began taking it I was suffering from female troubles for some time and had almost all kinds of aches—pains in lower part of back and in sides, and pressing down pains. I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the aches and pains are all gone and I feel like a new woman. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—Mrs. AUGUSTUS LYON, Terre Hill, Pa.

It is true that nature and a woman's work has produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known. From the roots and herbs of the field, Lydia E. Pinkham, forty years ago, gave to womankind a remedy for their peculiar ills which has proved more efficacious than any other combination of drugs ever compounded, and today Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is recognized from coast to coast as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health—many of them openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and in some cases that it has saved them from surgical operations.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature



Wentworth

Proved.
"I've quit bettin' fer good!"
"Bet you ain't!"
"Bet I have! Wot'll you bet?"
Ten smiles for a nickel. Always buy Red Cross Ball Blue; have beautiful clear white clothes. Adv.
Naturally.
Sonny—Pa, what is a hazazzar?
Pa—It is a man who has an impediment of his intellect.

Good Cause for Alarm

Deaths from kidney disease have increased 75% in twenty years. People overdo nowadays in so many ways that the constant filtering of poisoned blood weakens the kidneys.
Beware of fatal Bright's disease. When backache or urinary ills suggest weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills, drink water freely and reduce the diet. Avoid coffee, tea and liquor.
Doan's Kidney Pills command confidence, for no other remedy is so widely used or so generally successful.
A Michigan Case
"I am sure that Doan's Kidney Pills were the means of saving my life when I was seriously afflicted with kidney trouble," says Ambrose Hatfield, of Brook St., Easton Rapids, Mich. "Since then I have used Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally whenever I have felt the need of something for my back or kidneys and they have never failed to benefit me. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to other kidney sufferers and I know that they have been benefited in every case. Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly wonderful in curing kidney trouble."
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTALMELBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, at once kills all flies, gnats, mosquitoes, etc. Lasts all season. Made of natural, non-toxic ingredients. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers receive 25c boxes paid for. 50c boxes, 50c. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
WENTWORTH & LYMAN CO., 114, BUFFALO, N. Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA
Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your Druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
WENTWORTH & LYMAN CO., 114, BUFFALO, N. Y.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Live Stock.
DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, 524; stockers, feeders, handy butchers and bulls steady; heavy grades slow; butchers' cows 10@15c lower; best heavy steers, \$8.75@9; best handy weight butcher steers, \$8.21@8.50; mixed steers and heifers, \$7.75@8.25; handy light butchers, \$7.50@8; light butchers, \$7@7.50; best cows, \$6.50@6.85; butcher cows, \$6@6.25; common cows, \$5@5.30; canners, \$3@4.25; best heavy bulls, \$7@7.25; bologna bulls, \$6.50@6.85; stock bulls, \$6.50@6.75; feeders, \$7.25@7.50; stockers, \$6.75@7.50; milkers and springers, \$45@80.
Veal calves—Receipts, 347; market steady; best, \$9@9.50; others, \$7@8.75.
Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 481; market steady; best lambs, \$7.50@8; fair lambs, \$7@7.25; light to common lambs, \$6@6.75; yearlings, \$6.50@6.75; fair to good sheep, \$5@5.75; culls and common, \$3@4.
Hogs—Receipts, 2,612; all grades, \$8.25.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle: receipts, 3,000; market 15@25c higher; prime 1,350 to 1,450-lb steers, \$8.75@9.25; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb steers, \$8.60@8.90; best 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers, \$7.90@8.25; fancy yearlings, baby beef, \$8.50@9; medium to good, \$8@8.25; choice handy steers, 900 to 1,000 lbs., \$8.40@8.75; fair to good, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$8.15@8.40; extra good cows, \$7@7.50; best cows, \$6.75@7; butcher cows, \$5.60@6.25; cutters, \$4.50@5; trimmers, \$3.50@4; best heifers, \$8.25@8.50; medium butcher heifers, \$7.90@8.10; stock heifers, \$6.25@6.75; best feeding steers, \$7.85@8.10; fair to good, \$7.25@7.50; best stock steers, \$7.50@7.75; common light stock steers, \$6.75@7; extra good bulls, \$7@7.50; bologna bulls, \$6.50@6.75; stock bulls, \$5@6; milkers and springers, \$40@90.

Hogs—Receipts, 18,000; market 10@15c lower; heavy mixed and yorkers, \$8.60@8.65; pigs, \$8.65@8.75.
Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 9,000; market strong; top lambs, \$8.25@8.40; yearlings, \$6.50@7.25; wethers, \$6@6.25; ewes, \$5.25@6.
Calves slow; tops, \$10@10.25; fair to good, \$8@9.50; grassers, \$5.50@7.

Grains, Etc.
DETROIT—Wheat—Cash and May No. 2 red, 97c; July opened without change at 87 1-2c, touched 88c and declined to 87 1-2c; September opened at 87 1-2c, advanced 1-2c and declined to 87 1-2c; No. 1 white, 96 1-2c.
Corn—Cash No. 3, 73c; No. 3 yellow, 2 cars at 74 1-2c; No. 4 yellow, 2 cars at 72 1-2c.
Oats—Standard, 1 car at 45c; No. 3 white, 44 1-2c; No. 4 white, 43 1-2c.
Rye—Cash No. 2, 67c.
Beans—Immediate, prompt and May shipment, \$2.05; June, \$2.07; July, \$2.10.
Cloverseed—Prime spot, \$7.75; October, \$8.20; prime alsike, \$10.
Timothy—Prime spot, \$2.35.
Alfalfa—Prime spot, \$8.35.
Hay—Carlo's track Detroit; No. 1 timothy, \$16.50@17; standard, \$15.50@16; No. 1 mixed, \$13.50@15; No. 1 clover, \$13@13.50; heavy clover mixed \$13@13.50; rye straw, \$8@8.50; wheat and oat straw, \$7@7.50 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, \$6.30; second patent, \$4.90; straight, \$4.50; spring patent, \$5.10; rye, \$4.40 per bbl.
Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$28; staidard middlings, \$28; fine middlings, \$32; coarse cornmeal, \$31; cracked corn, \$32; corn and oat chop, \$28.50 per ton.

General Markets.
Onions—Texas Bermudas, yellow \$2.40@2.60 per crate.
Dressed Hogs—Light, 9@10c; heavy 8@8 1-2c per lb.
Cabbage—New, \$2.15@2.25 per crate in bulk, 2 1-2c per lb.
Sweet potatoes—Jersey kiln-dried, \$1@1.10 per hamper.
Tomatoes—Florida, fancy, \$3.25@3.50; choice, \$3 per crate, 70@75c per basket.
Potatoes—In bulk, 68@70c per bu in sacks, 70@73c per bu for carlots.
Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 15@16c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, \$6@7c per lb.
New Potatoes—Florida, \$5.50@5.75 per bbl and \$2 per bu; Bermuda, \$2.50 per bu and \$7 per bbl.
Live Poultry—Broilers, 30@35c per lb; spring chickens, 17 1-2c; heavy hens, 17 1-2c; medium hens, 16@17c; No. 2 hens, 15c; old roosters, 11@12c; ducks, 17@18c; geese, 14@15c; turkeys, 19@20c per lb.
Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan flats, 13 1-2@14c; New York flats, 14@14 1-2c; imported Swiss, 13 1-2@14c; domestic Swiss, 13@13c; long horns, 15@15 1-2c; dairies, 15@15 1-2c per pound.

Let's Have a Porch Party with WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT

It's the ideal offering to guests or family, especially after dinner. It's the hospitality gum—so perfectly packed that it stays perfectly fresh and clean.

It costs almost nothing but people like it better than much more costly things.

It relieves all "over-eaten" feelings—refreshes the mouth—cleanses the teeth beautifully.

Chew it after every meal.

EVERY PACKAGE TIGHTLY SEALED!

Remember—the new seal is airtight and dust-proof! It's the best gum in the best package.

Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S. Look for the spear.

WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT GUM THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

Wm. Wrigley & Co. CHICAGO

Three Flights Up.
"Still living in that antiquated flat you occupied ten years ago, eh?"
"Yes, it's the same old story."

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Just the thing for dancing. Refuse substitutes. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y. Adv.

That's So.
"They say ages go in cycles."
"Then this age is a motorcycle."—Baltimore American.

Millionaires, as Charles Lamb refrained from saying, are capital fellows.

STOP—LOOK—READ
Park's Hair Balm, the sterling silver stickpins, the penknives, the gold filled pens, the gold filled pencils, etc. N. A. Taylor Contact, 66 Wall Street, New York City

PARK'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. See and list of Druggists.

Proof of Value
of the time-tested, world-tried, home remedy—proof of its power to relieve quickly, safely, surely, the headaches, the sour taste, the poor spirits and the fatigue of biliousness—will be found in every dose of

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

If you recommend a man for a position and he acts badly it is doughnuts to fudge that you will be blamed for it all the rest of your days.

Be happy. Use Red Cross Ball Blue; much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.

Consoling.
"Do you believe in long engagements?" "Of course. The longer a man is engaged, the less time he has to be married."

BLACKS OPTICIANS
ESTD. 1850—DETROIT
156 WOODWARD AVE.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN
The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.
As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

35 BUSHELS PER ACRE
was the yield of WHEAT

100 ACRES OF FARMS WESTERN CANADA FREE
on many farms in Western Canada in 1913, some yields being reported as high as 50 bushels per acre. As high as 100 bushels were recorded in some districts for oats. 50 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 lbs. for flax.
J. Keys arrived in the country 5 years ago from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard, is now the owner of 350 acres of land, in 1913 had a crop of 300 acres, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 48 lbs. to the bush and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.
Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.
The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.
Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or
M. V. Molrine, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent

WANTED
100 active house to house agents to sell our window shades and green-tinted curtains. Every house owner needs them to save their eyes. Make one week's salary in one or two days. For particulars write The Crosby Co., 3122 Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

TYPEWRITERS—Great Sale
All makes Visible Office, Smith Corona, Remington, etc. For only \$25.00 or less. See our list of names and prices. Write for it. The Crosby Co., 3122 Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

Pinckney Dispatch

Entered at the Postoffice at Pinckney, Mich., as Second Class Matter

R. W. CAVERLY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Subscription, \$1. Per Year in Advance

Advertising rates made known on application.
Cards of Thanks, fifty cents.
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Local Notices, in Local columns five cent per line per each insertion.
All matter intended to benefit the personal or business interest of any individual will be published at regular advertising rates.
Announcement of entertainments, etc., must be paid for at regular Local Notice rates.
Obituary and marriage notices are published free of charge.
Poetry must be paid for at the rate of five cents per line.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Bernardine Lynch spent the past week in Gregory.

"Colorado women up in arms," says a headline. Whose arms?

J. Shehan and wife of Jackson spent Sunday at the home of T. Shehan.

Miss Mae Smith of Detroit was an over Sunday guest of her sister Mrs. Roger Carr.

Why is that you always have a contempt for the fellow who catches more fish than you do?

Mrs. Lawrence Clark of Detroit was a guest at the home of her aunt, Mrs. C. V. VanWinkle, one day last week.

The Misses Ella Clare Fitch and Clella Fish were week guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Isham of Plainfield.

Mrs. J. A. Fick was in Pittsburgh, Pa., helping care for her grandson, Ferris B. Jr., born May 26, 1914. Both mother and child are doing well.

Walter and Clare Reason, Paul Miller, Francis Harris, Ed. VanHorn, Claude Kennedy and Percy Daley attended the dance in Dexter last Friday evening.

C. G. Meyer has started a new series of advs. which will appear in each week's issue of the Dispatch. The cartoonist who prepares these advs. is the identical \$1000 a week man who has made himself famous depicting "Buster Brown" and his antics. It will be interesting as well as profitable for our subscribers to watch and read this drug store adv. in each issue.

The farmer's bulletin No. 513 is quite largely devoted to "Fifty common birds of farm and orchard" and contains very interesting reading, in which it tells us that in just one year the despised little sparrow saved the country \$90,000,000 by eating the seed of the weeds. They are certainly little pests in many ways, but if they save that amount of hard cash every year we ought to be able to put up with them without complaint.

Talk about the way Howell put it over Pinckney last week Wednesday, it was simply nothing to the way the Gregory ball team defeated the Howell boys at Howell, Decoration Day, by a score of 30 to 4. Guy Kuhn, the twirler for Gregory, had the Howell boys completely at his mercy and their feeble attempts in trying to get a hit was really amusing. Guy also made a home run thus adding another laurel to the wreath which Gregory heroes wore. The mistake which Roche McClear is coxing to grow upon his handsome physiognomy in no wise interfered with his playing ball. Howell may boast a good team but Gregory outshines them all.

Geo. Roche of Fowlerville was in town last Friday.

Norbert Lavey spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents here.

Florence Reason spent a few days the past week at Whitmore Lake.

Geo. Sykes of Detroit is spending several days with relatives in this vicinity.

This indeed is a sad world for those who take life so seriously in May and June.

Mrs. Julia Sigler of Detroit was a guest at the home of Dr. H. F. Sigler Sunday.

A. K. Pierce and wife of South Lyon called on Pinckney friends Sunday afternoon.

Claude Monks of Detroit was an over Sunday guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Monks.

LaRue Moran of Howell was a guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. Fred Teeple Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Merrill of Hamburg were guests at the home of her mother, Mrs. Nettie Vaughn Sunday.

Stephen Jeffreys of Detroit was a week end guest at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Jeffreys.

Fred Swarthout, Miss Sadie Harris and Miss Lila Chubb attended the Decoration Day exercises at Howell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Meyer of Ann Arbor were over Sunday guests at the home of their nephew, Carl Meyer and wife.

Will Burdick of Fliht and Miss Florence Gardner of Howell spent the first of the week with Pinckney relatives and friends.

Hugh Hoyt of Clinton visited at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Hoyt and his brother, E. E. Hoyt the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Deveaux are the proud parents of a baby boy born Sunday, May 31. No wonder "Bob" wears a broad smile.

H. A. Fick received word that his brother, D. W. Fick, after enduring great suffering, passed away at his home in Los Angeles, Cal., May 24.

Andrew Roche a former Livingston county boy, who has been working on the traffic squad at Detroit, has been promoted to the position of city detective.—Fowlerville Review.

Ross Read, W. E. Murphy, Rex Read, Marion Reason and Frank Atkinson, of Chicago, a guest of Rex Read, report an excellent automobile trip and fine time generally at the auto races at Indianapolis. The trip was over 500 miles long. The party left here last Thursday morning and returned Sunday afternoon.

Remember the chickens to keep them wholly fenced in, lest they get into thy neighbor's garden and scratch out all his newly planted seeds. If thou doest this thou wilt be honored and respected unto the end of thy time, and, likewise, thy neighbor will not kill any of thy fowls and have chicken pie at thine expense.—Ex.

It has been called to the attention of the state tax commission that certain individuals representing themselves as employes of the tax commission are going about the state gathering information which the commissioners and certain counties intend to use when the state board of equalization meets in Lansing in August. The tax commissioners say their field men are equipped with proper credentials and that people should ask for the credentials before giving up information which private parties have no right to demand.

HELLO CENTRAL!

GIVE ME NO. 38

This is the call used by the wise customer who wishes

- Staple and Fancy Groceries
- Connor's World Best Ice Cream
- A Work Shirt A Pair of Overalls
- A Nice Dress Hat or Cap
- A New Suit of Clothes
- A Pair of Gloves
- Or Anything in the Gents Furnishing Line

"And Don't You Forget," that we are ever anxious and willing to fill your wants for anything in our line.

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The Pinckney Exchange Bank

Does a Conservative Banking Business. :: ::

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Pinckney - Mich.

G. W. TEEPLE Prop



Perhaps this picture may recall some pleasant occasion—a party and the becoming costume you wore.

Any event worth remembering suggests a picture. Make an appointment today.

Daisie B. Chapell
Stockbridge, Michigan

Finds Cure for Epilepsy After Years of Suffering

"My daughter was afflicted with epileptic fits for three years, the attacks coming every few weeks. We employed several doctors but they did her no good. About a year ago we heard of Dr. Miles' Nervine, and it certainly has proved a blessing to our little girl. She is now apparently cured and is enjoying the best of health. It is over a year since she has had a fit. We cannot speak too highly of Dr. Miles' Nervine."

MRS. FRANK ANDERSON, Comfrey, Minn.

Thousands of children in the United States who are suffering from attacks of epilepsy are a burden and sorrow to their parents, who would give anything to restore health to the sufferers.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

is one of the best remedies known for this affliction. It has proven beneficial in thousands of cases and those who have used it have the greatest faith in it. It is not a "cure-all" but a reliable remedy for nervous diseases. You need not hesitate to give it a trial.

Sold by all Druggists. If the first bottle fails to benefit your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.



SWAT THE FLY!
BETTER STILL
KEEP HIM OUT.

Prepare Now For Fly Time

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Wire and Cloth Netting And Frames

We carry a FULL LINE of WIRE NETTING for window and door screens. Galvanized and copper wire for those who demand the kind that lasts longest. We CUT any SIZE you want. You can PHONE.

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"Butcher, Here's A New Customer"

"I BROUGHT Mrs. Jones with me today," said Mrs. Satisfied Customer. "She wants to try your meat. I've told her what fine cuts you give me and how nice the meat is." That has happened more than once with us. We'll try to PLEASE you, too, if you give us the CHANCE. You'll find us SQUARE.

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PINCKNEY, MICH.

Don't Take It For Granted

that just because you are in business, everybody is aware of the fact. Your goods may be the finest in the market but they will remain on your shelves unless the people are told about them.

ADVERTISE

if you want to move your merchandise. Reach the buyers in their homes through the columns of THIS PAPER and on every dollar expended you'll reap a handsome dividend.

England's Great Little River.
One could hardly fancy an England without the Thames. It is the source, the inspiration, the participant, in so much that distinguishes England's sylvan beauty. In the centuries that have lived upon its banks it has been a potent factor in the civilization of this island kingdom. It cuts in twain and leaves the burliest city in all the world, a dark mass of human structure impenetrably profound. It rides a vast commerce from London to the sea, and along its tuffing wharves nights are often made darker with its tragedies. Years ago kings and princes and the fairest women in the land rode upon its tide in functions of state or in the idle pose of pleasure. Those were the days of the garlanded barge or the hooded galley foist, which, gliding stealthily beneath the Tower portcullis, lost another noble to the world of politics and intrigue.—From "In Thamesland."

Clement Moore's One Poem.

Just one poem was written by Clement Clarke Moore, whose grave is in Trinity churchyard, at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, Washington heights. "Twas the Night Before Christmas" lives because it touches now and has always touched human hearts. It was put into an autograph album in 1822 and published a couple of years later without the consent of the author, who was professor of Greek and Hebrew at Columbia college and did not think it comported with his dignity to write children's verse. Dr. Moore died in 1863 at the ripe age of eighty-four. His fame as a scholar is lost. His fame as the author of that one real poem will live while the English language is spoken and read anywhere on earth.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Notwithstanding.

A teacher had been at great trouble to explain to her class the meaning of the word "notwithstanding" and, on asking for a sentence in which the word occurred, was somewhat nonplused to receive the following effort from a blushing maiden of some eight summers and winters:
"Please, miss, my little brother has a hole in the seat of his trousers, and it's notwithstanding."—London Mail.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. K. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Mullingers and the Hapsburgs.
The Mullingers are one of those old Swiss families concerning whom my friend Dr. Curti, distinguished Swiss national historian and director of the Frankfurter Zeitung, recently told me the following amusing incident, writes a correspondent.

Years ago a Mullinger was one of the staff of the Swiss legation at Vienna. On being presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph he bluntly expressed his pleasure at making the acquaintance of his majesty, which pleasure, he added, was all the greater since "in times gone by the Hapsburgs were mere retainers of the Mullingers."

"In that case," the emperor is said to have replied, "I think you will admit that my family has got on better in the world (hat es weiter gebracht) than yours."—London Chronicle.

Try It on the Dog.

The farmer looked at the stranger and shook his head.

"What d'ye call yourself?" he asked. "The Orpheus of the barnyard," replied the caller.

"What'n Tophet is that?" demanded the agriculturist.

The stranger smiled. "A college professor has declared that hens will not lay at certain seasons unless they are amused. I'm the man who sits on a barnyard fence and amuses them. See, here is my mouth organ, and here is my tambourine. I play and sing and crack jokes until the hens roll over in sheer delight—and all for 50 cents an hour."

The farmer eyed him moodily. "I wonder," he said, "how your talents would impress the dog? Here, Rover!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Always Lead to Better Health

Serious sicknesses start in disorder of the stomach, liver and kidneys. The best corrective and preventive is Dr. King's New Life Pills. They Purify the Blood—Prevent Constipation; keep Liver, Kidneys and Bowels in healthy condition. Give you better health by ridding the system of fermenting and gassy foods. Effective and mild. 25c. Recommended by C. G. Meyer, the druggist.

SPECIALS

FOR

Saturday, June 6th, 1914

A nice line of Ladies Muslin Underwear at Wholesale Prices

All Wool Dress Goods at Cost

All Ladies Oxfords at Cost

6 bars of any white soap..... 25c

8 bars Lenox Soap..... 25c

Best Can Peas..... 10c

Best Can Corn..... 9c

Will meet all prices on sugar

ALL SALES CASH

W. W. BARNARD

Do You Want Ice ?

We are prepared to furnish everyone with ice the coming season at right prices. Will deliver same to your ice box.

Stoves Stored FOR THE SUMMER

Call on or phone No. 53r3

S. H. CARR, Pinckney, Mich.

Notice of Meeting

To whom it may concern:—
Be it known that on the 23rd day of May, A. D. 1914, application was filed with John McGivney, County Drain Commissioner of the County of Livingston, for the locating and establishing of a certain Drain which said Drain was described as follows: Commencing on s e 1/4 of s e 1/4 of section number five about 30 rods north and 40 rods west of s e corner of said section thence in an easterly direction crossing section four entering section ten at n w corner thence in a southeasterly direction about 80 rods thence northeasterly on to section three about 40 rods thence east about 100 rods or thereabouts thence south to Morgan Lake and there ending in said lake on a e 1/4 of section ten.
The directions and distances above mentioned are as near as can be determined at this time without an actual survey.
The said Drain will traverse the said Township of Unadilla.

Be it further known that on the 12th day of June, A. D. 1914, at the residence of Elmer N. Braley in the Township of Unadilla at one o'clock in the afternoon there will be held a meeting of the Township Board for the purpose of determining whether or not the said drain is necessary and conducive to the public health, convenience and welfare; at which meeting all persons owning lands liable to assessment for benefit or whose lands will be crossed by said drain may appear for or against said drain proceedings.
Given under my hand this 26th day of May, A. D. 1914.

HOWARD E MARSHALL,
Township Clerk of the Township of Unadilla

Equal to the Occasion.

Testy Traveler—Say, you act as if you own this car. Porter (blandly)—Much 'bliged to' de compliment, sub. If I does say it mahself I tries to treat de passengers as if dey wuz mah own guests, sub.—Judge.

Very Close.

They were discussing certain acquaintances when Flint inquired: "Saunders and Harris are close friends, aren't they?" "Yes; neither can borrow a cent from the other," came the reply.

Cures Stabbers, Itchy Skin Troubles

"I could scratch myself to pieces" is often heard from sufferers of Eczema, Tetter, Itch and similar Skin Eruptions. Don't Scratch—Stop the Itching at once with Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Its first application starts healing; the Red, Rough Scaly, Itching Skin is soothed by the Healing and Cooling Medicines. Mrs. C. A. Einfeldt, Rock Island, Ill., after using Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment, writes: "This is the first time in nine years I have been free from the dreadful tetter." Guaranteed. 50c. Recommended by C. G. Meyer, the druggist.

Striking an Average.

"How much money do you think he's worth?" "I don't know, but it's probably some what less than he claims and more than his neighbors admit." — Detroit Free Press.

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To Newspaper Publishers and Printers

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Old Column Rules refaced and made good as new at a small cost.

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If you are contemplating getting a monument, marker, or anything for the cemetery, see or write

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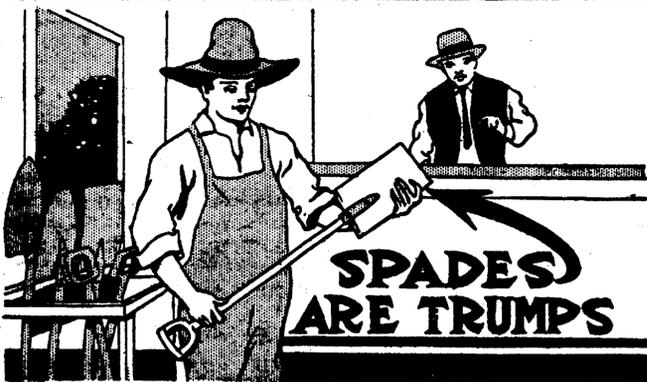
If you're doing the hardest part of your work by hand, you are wasting time that you might use for some other job or in getting acquainted with your family every day. Get a Rumely-Olds Engine and hook it up to every power requirement on the place.

Give your wife a rest, too; let a Rumely-Olds Engine run the washing machine, the cream separator and the butter machine. You have no idea what a lot of help and small expense a Rumely-Olds Engine really is until you try it. You'll live longer and happier if you're not "dead-tired" every night.

If you can't find time to come and see us, let us know and we will come and see you or send you a catalog of Rumely-Olds Engines.

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Spring Stock Is Big

Hundreds of SATISFIED persons in this community have bought garden and farm implements, such as hoes, rakes, spades, scythes, etc., from us. WHY NOT YOU? This is the time.

Dinkel & Dunbar

Sale Bills Printed at the Dispatch Office at Right Prices.

934 BURIED BENEATH WAVES

Go Down With Steamship Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence River.

Rimouski, Que., May 30.—Nine hundred and thirty-four persons lost their lives when the great Canadian Pacific twin screw liner Empress of Ireland was rammed amidships in a thick fog off Father Point in the St. Lawrence and sunk by the Norwegian collier Storstad.

Four hundred and three survivors were picked up from floating wreckage and two lifeboats.

And only 13 of the saved are women.

Gathered piecemeal from survivors the horror of this wreck grows with the telling.

The doomed ones had little time even to pray. They were engulfed by the onrushing waters that swallowed the big ship inside of 19 minutes from the time she was struck.

The wireless operators on the Empress, sticking to their posts to the last, had time only to send a few "S. O. S." calls for help when the rising waters silence their instruments. That silence told the rescuers miles away more potently than a bugle that doom had overtaken the ship.

Only six hours before this fateful collision the passengers sang as a good-night hymn "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," played by the Salvation army band on board.

The members of that band and most of the 165 Salvationists were among the lost.

Survivors Tell of Fog.

It was foggy, according to survivors, when the Empress of Ireland, a steel-hulled, steel-bulkheaded ship of more than 8,000 tons, left Montreal at 4:30 in the afternoon in command of H. G. Kendall of the Royal Naval reserve, one of the most skilled of transatlantic navigators.

Forest fires also obscured the atmosphere and the big ship in charge of a pilot, proceeded slowly on her way to sea. At midnight the pilot aid left near Father Point, shouting a merry "Bon Voyage" as he went down their ladder to his waiting boat.

The darkness at this time was intense and the ship under the slowest speed possible with steerageway held her course. Her decks were deserted. The passengers had all sought their berths with no thought of impending death.

Out of the darkness, on the port side, soon after 2:30 in the morning there loomed the little Norwegian collier, not half the size of the Empress, but fated to be her destroyer.

Not until the collier was almost abeam of the big liner was the danger known on either ship. The fog had blotted out the lights as well as the port and starboard lights of both ships.

Quick orders trumpeted on both vessels were heard. But they came all too late.

Strikes Ship Amidship.

The steel-pointed prow of the Storstad struck the liner amidships and then forged aft, ripping and tearing its way through the Empress of Ireland.

Clear to the stern of the Empress of Ireland was this great steel shaving cut from her side, from the top of the hull far below the water line. Into that rent the water poured with force of a Niagara.

The bow of the Storstad smashed its way through berths on that side of the ship, killing passengers sleeping in their berths and grinding bodies to pieces.

Reaching the stern of the big liner, the Storstad staggered off in the darkness, her bow crumpled by the impact. Her commander was ready a few minutes later, when he found his ship would float, to aid the crippled and sinking Empress, but he was too late to save the majority of those on board.

Carried to Bottom.

The Empress of Ireland recoiled almost on her starboard beam ends from the blow of the collier and passengers were flung from their berths against the walls of their staterooms.

Many were stunned and before they had time to recover were carried to the bottom with the ship.

The vast torrents pouring into the great gash on the port side, filled the corridors and flooded every stateroom about the midship section inside of four minutes.

There was never a chance for the helpless ones in the after cabins and stateroom of the liner. With her port side laid open for half its length from the midship section to the stern, a swim had more chance to float than the Empress of Ireland, and the trapped passengers in that after section were doomed from the moment the Storstad struck.

Reeling from the blow the ship be-

gan to settle almost immediately as the water rushed into the big rent.

From the forward cabin, however, men and women in night attire stumbled along the corridors and up the companion way to the promenade deck—the deck below, the one on which the boats rested.

Swarm to Deck.

Up they swarmed on deck in their night clothing to find the ship heeling away to port and the deck slanting at a degree that made it almost impossible to stand even clinging to railings.

Men and women, shrieking, praying, crying for aid that was fated to arrive too late, fell over one another in that last struggle for life on board the doomed Empress of Ireland.

Frenzied mothers leaped overboard with their babies in their arms. Others knelt on deck and tried to pray in the few moments left to them. Some were flung overboard by the heeling of the sinking ship and some broke their legs or arms in trying to reach the lifeboats.

Above the din of the struggle on the great promenade deck could be heard Captain Kendall shouting commands for the launching of the lifeboats. Several were launched in the 19 minutes that the ship floated.

There was no time to observe the rule "Women first" in this disaster, for those nearest the boats scrambled to places in them.

But even as they were being launched, while the wireless still was calling "S. O. S." there came a terrific explosion that almost rent the ship in twain.

Ship's Boilers Explode.

It was the explosion of the boilers struck by the cold water. A geyser of water shot upward from the midship section, mingled with fragments of wreckage, that showered down upon the passengers still clinging to the rails forward and upon those struggling in the water.

The explosion destroyed the last hope of the ship's floating until succor could arrive, for the shock had smashed the forward steel bulkhead walls that had up to then shut out the torrents invading the after part. The water rushed forward and the Empress of Ireland went swiftly to her doom, carrying down with her hundreds of passengers who stood on her slanting deck, their arms stretched upward and their last cries choked in the engulfing waters.

Intense darkness covered the waters when the Empress of Ireland made that final plunge, but the fog lifted a few minutes later and then came the first faint streaks of dawn.

It lighted waters strewn with wreckage and struggling passengers, who strove to keep afloat.

The crippled Storstad, which had wrought this tragedy of the waters, had lifeboats out picking up as many survivors as possible.

The gray dawn revealed the government steamers Lady Evelyn and Eureka near the scene of the disaster and hastening to aid.

Some of those in the water tried to swim to the Eureka as she neared the point where the Empress had gone down. One woman, wearing only an undervest, swam to the Lady Evelyn, and was helped on board, but died of exhaustion soon afterwards.

The Work of Rescue.

The work of rescue still was going on when the sun arose in a cloudless sky.

Men and women were clinging to spars and bits of broken planks. Many of the survivors were injured. Some had broken legs, others fractured arms, and still others had been injured internally in that mad rush to get away from the sinking liner.

Women clinging with one hand to little ones, while with the other they tried to keep clutch on pieces of wreckage, were picked up by the lifeboats and carried on board the rescuing vessels.

Captain Kendall, dazed and unable to give any coherent account of the loss of his ship, was found clinging to a broken spar.

The Empress of Ireland was a twin screw steamer of 8,208 tons burden. She was 458 feet long and equipped with modern apparatus not only for wireless work but for submarine signalling. The liner was built in 1906 and three years later set a record on a run from Quebec to Liverpool.

The steamer was one of the most popular vessels in the service of the Canadian Pacific railway and always carried a large number of passengers. She has plied for several years between St. John and Quebec and Liverpool.

WANTS POLICE TO HAVE COMFORTABLE UNIFORMS



DR. KATHERINE DAVIS.

New York.—If New York's woman official, Dr. Katherine Bement Davis, commissioner of corrections, has her way the police of New York will be seen in white duck uniforms, with very low cut collars. Miss Davis thinks it "a crying shame that the policemen be compelled to wear standing collars, and 'V' necks would be very much appreciated by the men."

AGRICULTURE TO BE TAUGHT

Forty Michigan High Schools Will Have Courses by Specially Trained Teachers in Farming.

East Lansing, Mich.—When the school year opens next September, about 40 high schools in Michigan will offer regular courses in agriculture, taught by specially trained teachers. This number includes 10 schools which will take up the new work for the first time. According to Prof. W. H. French, of M. A. C., progress in the agricultural work among the high schools has been most encouraging, considering the fact that it has been accomplished without state aid or state bonus of any kind. This extension, it is said, has been brought about solely through the interest of school superintendents, farmers and others.

The introduction of agriculture as a subject of study into high school courses was begun in the fall of 1908, with one high school experimenting as to the development of the course of study, its scope, arrangement as related to other high school work and probable aims for future development. The result of the experiment was very satisfactory, and the development of agriculture in the public high schools has become a part of the extension service of the agricultural college.

Twenty-six Fatalities in May.

Lansing, Mich.—The state industrial accident board received reports of 1,020 accidents during May. Nine hundred and forty-nine of these were temporary disability, 45 permanent disability, and 26 fatal. Of the fatal accidents two occurred in the iron mining industry; five in copper mines; seven on railroads and three by lumbering operations. The remaining fatalities were distributed among various industries.

No Coal Strike in Michigan.

Saginaw, Mich.—There will be no strike of 3,000 soft coal miners in Michigan in the next two years. After a month of deliberation the committees representing miners and operators, called together to bring about a working scale for 1914-16, concluded its work Friday afternoon. The scale 1912-14 is reaffirmed, with one exception, that being an arbitration clause which is made stronger.

To Build Fine Building.

Saginaw, Mich.—Saginaw is to have a fine home for its board of trade. The building will be from 10 to 15 stories high and be located at the corner of Washington avenue and Genesee avenue, the best corner in the east side business district. The campaign to secure funds has been launched.

ITEMS OF STATE INTEREST

Invitations have been issued for a banquet to be given in honor of former Governor Chase S. Osborn at the Hotel Downey at Lansing, June 10. About 300 will be invited.

Authority has been received from Washington for the establishment of a branch local postoffice at Huronia Beach, near Port Huron for the accommodation of summer resorters.

A Man's Drink—
A Woman's Drink—
Everybody's Drink



Coca-Cola

Vigorously good—and keenly delicious. Thirst-quenching and refreshing.

The national beverage—and yours.

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.



Smooth-Faced Wisdom. President Wilson is the first "bare-faced" occupant of the White House since President McKinley. Indeed, these have been the only smooth-faced presidents since the Civil war. The faces of the most conspicuous members of the cabinet are whiskerless, as is the mobile countenance of the speaker of the house. The sensible fashion is especially noticeable in the medical profession, owing to the fact that formerly its members regarded whiskers as an indispensable part of their equipment, on a par with the stethoscope and clinical thermometer and odor of carbolic acid. The idea then was, of course, to look old. Now they try to appear young. Other business and professional men are following the example of the doctors, much to the gratification of the barbers and razor manufacturers. It is not likely that we shall soon again see the day when whiskers cover a multitude of china.

SCALP ITCHED AND BURNED

833 South Scioto St., Circleville, Ohio.—"My little girl's trouble first started on her head in a bunch of little pimples full of yellow-looking matter and they would spread in large places. In a short time they would open. Her scalp was awfully red and inflamed and the burning and itching were so intense that she would scratch and rub till it would leave ugly sores. The sores also appeared on her body, and her clothing irritated them so that I had to put real soft cloth next to her body. She would lie awake of nights and was very wretched. At times she was tortured with itching and burning.

"I tried different remedies with no benefit for months. I had given up all hope of her ever getting rid of it, then I concluded to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The second application gave relief. In a short time she was entirely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Alice Kirin, Nov. 4, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

The New Cook.

Senator John Sharp Williams, arguing against suffrage at a tea in Washington, said, with a smile:

"These feminists know less about the nature of woman than the new cook knew about cooking. 'Martha,' said the mistress to the new cook: 'I thought I told you we'd have curried chicken for dinner.' 'Yes'm,' the new cook answered, 'but the hostler was busy and I ain't no hand with a currycomb.'"

Couldn't Let It Pass.

First Scot—What about some liquid refreshments?
Second Scot—No. Ah'm an abstainer. But Ah'll to the money or a cigar!—Glasgow Herald.

It is easier for the average man to stand adversity than prosperity, and much more common.

For Rust Stains. For removing ink stains and iron rust from wash goods, cream of tartar is excellent. Dampen with solution and put in the sun.

SUCCEEDS IN CANADA

An interesting and successful American farmer, Lew Palmer, of Staveley, Alta., passed through the city today. Mr. Palmer came from Duluth, Minn., just ten years ago, and brought with him four cows and three horses—and that was his all. He homesteaded in the Staveley district, and today has 480 acres of land, \$3,000 worth of implements, 34 Percheron horses, made \$1,000 out of hogs last year, raised 7,000 bushels of wheat, 6,000 bushels of oats, 12 acres of potatoes, and 18 tons of onions. His farm and stock is worth \$30,000, and he made it all in ten years.—Exchange.—Advertisement.

His Brand of Religion.

"Brother Philander," said I to our head deacon the other day, "I have been watching Brother Sly for a while and I am free to confess that I can't quite understand his brand of religion. He seems different some days than others." "Yes," replied Old Philander with one of his knowing smiles, "I know what you mean. I will tell you about Sly and his religion. Now, on Sunday he doesn't allow the neighbors to interfere with his devotions. On week days he doesn't allow his devotions or his religion to interfere in his dealings with his neighbors. I might put it a little plainer. The Lord is safe all the time. The neighbors are safe only on Sunday." Philander's knowledge of church history is so fine that it keeps down all dissension, and we regularly re-elect him unanimously as treasurer and boss deacon.—Kansas City Star.

Of Course.

The Lady Judge—I'm getting tired of these requests for postponements. What's your latest excuse?

The Lady Lawyer—Why, your honor, we only ask you to give us another week. The fact is, my client's dressmaker is ill and can't get her going-to-court gown finished until that date.

The Lady Judge—Granted. Next case.—Stray Stories.

Cubist Art.

"What are you painting from a soap box?"

"I am using a soap box as a model," answered the cubist with dignity, "but the subject of the painting is a young girl standing by a brook."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of J. C. Fitcher.

Some Exceptions. "A fair exchange is no robbery." "You evidently have not been going to fair lately."

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

Copyright, 1911 (Publication Rights Reserved) by David Belasco.

SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless miner to a millionaire and becomes a power in the political and business world. He has his eye on the governor's chair. His simple, home-loving wife fails to rise to the new conditions. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. Wesley Merritt, editor of a local paper, threatens to fight Slade through the columns of his paper and Slade defies him.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Suddenly Slade's eyes lighted with the fire of decision. His mouth became a firm, straight line of determination. There was something implacable and grim in his very attitude as the resolve to win Katherine Strickland became fixed in his mind. He longed to hurry after her—to tell her of his decision to fight, if not with, then for her. He was eager to show her just how much they two together could make out of life, a big, fine fight for position and power.

Even the thought of being governor was left in the distance as plan after plan raced through his mind, of greater conquests and bigger achievements, possible only with a woman like Katherine Strickland for his wife. So absorbed and intense were his thoughts of the future with her for the moment he forgot completely the woman who for 30 years had kept her place as his wife. In all his dealings he had never considered obstacles, except to sweep them from his path. As he remembered the present and Mary, he never hesitated or faltered from his newly made resolution.

Mary could go it alone. He would see that she had everything that money could buy. He would make her comfortable and take care of her. That she should be further considered never entered his mind. Always ruthless in his methods, he was equally cruel even when the obstacle to his advancement was a fragile little woman who had given him the best of her love and years and who would gladly have laid down her life to save his.

It was not as if a sudden flame of intensive, overwhelming love for Katherine Strickland had surged through his heart. It was nothing as decent or as fine or as blameless as that. His whole attitude toward the girl was one of cold-blooded acquisition. He had determined to have her just as he had determined only last week to outbid every other man at the rug auction. He wanted her to take a place in his life because he knew what her name would be to him. He wanted her beauty, her brain, her savoir faire, as so many stepping stones by which to mount higher and higher in the affairs of the state and the nation.

In spite of the fact that he criticized his wife's lack of social graces, he was wise enough to know that he was far from a finished product himself. In spite of himself, traces of the parvenu occasionally showed through the veneer of bluff and arrogance. With a wife like Katherine he would soon come to know all the fine points of the social game. A wife like Katherine would cover up a multitude of his little sins of commission and omission.

CHAPTER IV.

Slade wanted Katherine Strickland for his wife much the same as he would have desired a wealthy, clever, influential man for a partner. It was to be a union of ambition. There was no tenderness in his thoughts of her. He was actuated purely and simply by the lust for power and the greed of glory. All the softer, better things in the man's nature were swamped by this torrent of craving for worldly success that was sweeping him on to commit the most dastardly act in his long career of trampling over the heads and hearts of adversaries and opponents.

Even when he was a boy Dan Slade had always set his teeth at "You can't do it," or "It can't be done." The very difficulty of a thing strengthened his determination to do. All his life long his success had been punctuated by the ruin of other men. He had not advanced so far without pushing other men back. Now that a woman instead of a man stood in the way, the result was the same. His methods might be quieter, more merciful, but the answer would be the same. Mary's sterling worth, her long years of devotion and sweet tenderness counted for nothing once he became convinced that Mary's goodness, her standpat policy and her arrested development were stop-gaps in his own opportunity for progression. He ignored the fact that the little brown-eyed, patient woman was as much a part of him as were his eyes

or his arms or any other very essential part of his being.

It was at just this point in Slade's pitiless reasoning that Mary, peering over the baluster and seeing him alone, hurried down the stairs.

"Thank goodness, they've gone," she declared as she came into the room. Then seeing the numerous side lights burning she hastened to turn one after the other down to a glimmer. "I'm so glad you're not going out," she went on, coming over to him and rubbing her cheek against his sleeve. The little movement was a pathetically mute appeal for some caress. "What'd they say?" she asked, suddenly, as she realized that her tender, yearning met with no response.

But her husband was in no communicative frame of mind.

"You're not mad with me, are yer?" she questioned, wistfully, very much like an eager child who has been repressed.

"No," Slade replied, briefly and without much interest.

Mary breathed a quick sigh of relief. "Ah, then, we'll have a nice, quiet, pleasant evening," she declared, adding coaxingly: "Let's go upstairs and have a game of euchre. We haven't played for ever so long."

Slade looked at her, his eyes drawn into a deep frown. It was true he wasn't angry with her, but he was



"Such Didoes; You Kiss Me."

angry at the thwarting circumstances that were hemming him in. Her very manner irritated him now—her quiet contentment, her calm acceptance of her failure to meet his guests and fill her place as mistress of his home maddened him. He was all the more determined to fight for something else—to begin his campaign for a governorship and another woman that moment.

"You can amuse yourself after I'm gone," he answered over his shoulder. "Then you are going out?" Mary's voice echoed the disappointment she felt.

"Yes," Slade continued to be monosyllabic. "But I want to have a talk with you. Mary—we've got to come to some understanding."

"Why, what—?" Mary began, and then stopped. For the first time she noticed his changed manner and his averted eyes. She started to fumble with her workbasket.

"I can't put it off any longer, I—er—" Slade stopped short. He was finding this attempt at an "understanding" much more difficult than he had anticipated.

"What is it you're trying to say, Dan?" Mary's voice was firmer than his. "What's in your mind? You keep hinting at something lately and you never finish it. What is it?"

"You're a rich woman in your own name, Mary. Are you satisfied with what I've settled on you?"

"Why, yes," came the quick response, as Mary's puzzled eyes searched his for a reason for the strange question. Then she added: "You've been mighty good to me, Dan."

"How would you like to go and live in the country, Mary?"

Glad surprise filled the woman's eyes. Her thin cheeks flushed as she clasped her hands excitedly.

"Oh, Dan, you know I'd like it. You're awfully good, father. I knew you'd back down and give in. This is no place for us."

"You leave me out of the question." And to his credit the man became shamefaced.

"I can't leave you out of the question," she protested quickly, not an inkling of her husband's real meaning having entered her head. In her perfect love and loyalty she was impervious to any hint of neglect or disloyalty from him. Had she known his thoughts her first care would have been to soothe him as one whose brain, overtaxed with affairs beyond her understanding, had suddenly clouded.

For an instant the man was silent. His face was turned from hers and he was looking out the doorway through which the stately figure of Katherine Strickland had just passed and through which he hoped to walk some day—governor.

"I—I wouldn't go with you, Mary," he finally turned and looked her squarely in the eyes.

"Why—where would you be? Where would you live? Where would you?" She stopped and then finished, "Pshaw. That's all foolishness, Dan."

"Mary," Slade was firmer now. His voice had a ring of finality, but Mary didn't understand. "I can't go on apologizing for you eternally! You can't have a headache every night! I must either have a wife who can be the head of my household or none."

Into the woman's heart there leaped a sharp fear, followed by the childish idea that perhaps, because she wouldn't go to the opera, she was to be punished—sent away alone—until she was forgiven.

"You're tired of me," she suggested. "If that were true and you filled the bill, we could put up with each other," he returned brutally, "but it isn't so."

"Don't you love me?" she half-breathed the question timidly. For a brief instant something caught at Slade's heart and tugged and tugged. He turned with a look of infinite tenderness and said, simply: "Yes, Mary, I do." His tone was genuine and sincere.

Mary laughed a little, happy laugh. At the sound Slade's mood changed like a flash. It grated on his already overwrought nerves. It seemed to dismiss the controversy, to end the argument, to ring the death-knell of the dream that had come to him. The careless way in which she apparently dropped the discussion of going away nettled him. Prompted by a sudden impulse, he snatched her workbasket from her lap and flung it the full length of the room. "D—n that basket!" he exclaimed. "Can't I ever see you without it?"

"Dan!" Mary's gasp of amazement was the only sound in the room. It was the first time he had ever been harsh with her. She shrank back hurt and frightened. "Why, good Lord, Dan, you never did that before."

Then, with quiet dignity, she began to pick up the basket, the hated darning cotton, the needles and scissors, and the little worn thimble. Slade, watching her slight, stooping figure, ought to have been ashamed, but his anger was flaming hot and he didn't as much as offer to help.

Mary's mood changed, too. "I believe you're doing it to get your own way," she sputtered, "but you ain't going to get it. I've got as much right to my life as you've got to yours."

As she came up to him, he stood grim and silent, suddenly determined that if she wouldn't go he would. If she refused his offer of a home in the country, then she could have this great house to herself and he would live at the club.

"There ain't anything you could ask of me I wouldn't do—except—" Mary's troubled face was looking into his.

"Except what I ask," he finished, sarcastically, and hurried from the room, curtly ordered his dressing bag packed and then, hat in hand, his overcoat on his arm, came back into the room.

"Did it ever occur to you, Mary, that you're a mule?" he asked. "You're sweet and good tempered and amiable but you'd have given the mule that came out of Noah's ark points on how to be stubborn."

"How often have I failed you in these years, Dan?"

"You're failing me now. You won't look at things with my eyes."

"We're not one person, we're two, Dan," she reminded him, quietly.

"Well, that's the trouble, we ought to be one. That's just what I'm getting at. We ought to be of one mind."

"Whose? Yours?" and Mary's sweet mouth puckered into a very little smile.

"I'm done," Slade decided, hopelessly.

"I can remember the time when you would have thought that was cunning," she reproached him.

"I'm going to my club, Mary," he announced, disregarding her playful attempt to smooth things over.

Mary gazed at him, bewildered by his swift changes of mood, hurt by his attitude, almost angry because he was so unreasonable.

Then love came rushing up into her heart. After all he was her Dan. What did this crossness or his nervousness matter? She went up to him, pulled his scarf a bit closer round his throat and as he turned away with a muttered word, waited patiently. Then, laying her hand on his arm—such a thin little hand, with his wedding ring hanging loosely on it—asked: "Shall I wait up for you?"

Slade's face worked convulsively.

She didn't understand, poor little soul. He was going away for good, for all time, and she was asking if she would wait up for him. More than once before she had asked that question of him, the question that from a wife's lips, carrier with it unspoken, tender pleading. For a space he was torn with emotions he could not define, had hardly expected himself to feel. Something bade him turn back upon ambition and pride and clasp into his arms this little woman who had worked for him, with him, who had had faith in him when he was poor, and who had struggled and cooked and slaved for him that he might rise to his present position.

But he struggled against the feeling, fought it back and conquered.

"No, don't wait up for me." "All right," Mary agreed. "I won't, if you don't want me to," and then, with a roguish smile, "but I will wait up for you all the same."

Slade was touched, but he stiffened his shoulders. Wealth he had won, honors he meant to have—and Katherine Strickland.

"Good-night, Mary," he called, coldly, as he hurried out of the room.

Left alone, Mary stood watching him, a forlorn little figure.

"Why, he didn't kiss me." She hurried to the door. "Dan, you forgot something, Dan!"

Slade, hastening to the door, halted, hesitated, turned back.

"You come right back here and kiss me," Mary demanded, affectionately. "Such dideoes; You kiss me." She raised her face for the kiss she thought was "good-night" and which he meant as "good-by." Slade stooped and laid his lips on hers, gently, reverently, then hurried out, almost as if he were afraid to stay a minute longer.

"Such dideoes," Mary laughed to herself. She looked around the great empty room. It suddenly struck her that she had never really been happy in this room. Riches had proved a burden rather than a pleasure. They had robbed her of Dan's devotion, his confidence, his gaiety. She hastened to turn out the lights, shuddering as she did so. She grabbed her workbasket from the table and suddenly overcome with fright in the great silent shadowy room, fled to the lighted hall, calling: "Susie, Susie—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM DOCTRINE OF GALEN

Use of Term "Man of Spirit," Etc., May Be Traced Back to the Second Century.

"Few persons even stop to consider when they speak of 'a man of spirit' that they are unwittingly employing the language of the days of Galen," says the Journal of the American Medical Association. "Yet this is evidently the survival of the old doctrine of spirits. We may believe that Galen had a conception of the nerve trunks as conductors of something—he called it spirits—to and from the brain and spinal cord."

"The natural spirits were that undefined property which gave to blood the capacity of nourishing the tissues of the body. The vital spirits were acquired in the heart, and when at last the blood with its vital spirits went to the brain and experienced a sort of refinement for the last time, the animal spirits were separated from it and carried to the body by the nerve trunks."

Such was the idea of the vital functions in the second century. Today, after 1,800 years, we know that there are no "spirits" in our blood or nerves, but we still speak of being in "high spirits" or "low spirits," of being full of "animal spirits," of a "spirited answer" or a "spirited horse."

Applied Advice.

Some time ago an Alabama lady kindly undertook to advise one of her negro maids as to certain rules of propriety that always should be observed by young women to whom attentions are paid by gentlemen friends. One evening the lady, wondering whether her seeds of advice had fallen upon rocky ground, stationed herself in a rocker near the kitchen door, where she was entertained by the following dialogue: "Look here, don't you try to get fresh wit me! Mah name's Miss Smith—not Mary. Ah don't 'low mah best an' most pat'ic'lar friends to call me Mary."

"Ah beg your pardon, Miss Smith. But say, Miss Smith, would yo' jes' soon shift to de oder knee? This yere one's tired."

Trade Secret.

"Now the first thing to learn about the shoe trade is this. As soon as a customer comes in take off his shoes and hide 'em."

"What's that for?" "Then you can wait on 'em at your convenience, my boy. They can't walk out."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Man and His Age.

After a man reaches the age of fifty he begins to see insults in the newspapers to the effect that he is an old man.—Topeka Capital.

The first use of asbestos was in the manufacture of crematory robes for the ancient Romans.

PROBLEM FOR THE MAIDENS

In Hot Weather Will They Have to Come to Costume Something Resembling Eve's?

Jerome S. McWade, the wealthy Duluth connoisseur, said at a recent dinner:

"I spent the winter on the Riviera. The winter fashions were really shocking—shocking, that is to Comstock minds. Nothing shocks me."

"But in the evening at the Nice Country club dances young girls would wear sleeveless gowns that left the back quite bare from the waist up. They could say truly—ha, ha, ha!—that they hadn't a stitch on their backs, eh? And in the afternoon at the dansants young girls would wear gowns that were either slashed to the knee, or else that were—a still subtler device—transparent to the knees, permitting the slim and silken limb to gleam through a panel of lace or tulle."

"A western millionaire at the Negresco, in Nice, on seeing his three daughters in gowns of this radical type, gave a loud laugh one day last winter and said:

"By jingo, girls, what will you leave off when the hot weather comes?"—New York Tribune.

Against Advertising!

"Why don't you advertise?" asked the editor of the home paper. "Don't you believe in advertising?"

"I'm agin advertising," replied the proprietor of the Hayville Racket store.

"But why are you against it?" asked the editor.

"It keeps a feller too darn busy," replied the proprietor. "I advertised in a newspaper one time about ten years ago, and I never even got time to go fishing."

Blow to Romance.

"A prosaic age we live in."

"How now?"

"I see some king the other day, having no sword handy, knighted a man with an umbrella."—Kansas City Journal.

A Surprise.

"Why are you so surprised to see me? Did not the maid tell you who it was that had called?"

"No," she only said: 'A gentleman.'"

Not Angels.

"Do you have any trouble keeping a servant?"

"Of course. We're just human beings."

To Be Expected.

"How is your new polish business progressing?"

"It is quite a shining success."

A girl will forgive you for thinking she has no brains if you only think she is pretty.

It's easy for women to get excited over a thing they can't understand.

But a girl doesn't mind having red hair unless nature so endowed her.

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW

Proved a Wise, Good Friend.

A young woman out in Ia. found a wise, good friend in her mother-in-law, jokes notwithstanding. She writes:

"I was greatly troubled with my stomach, complexion was blotchy and yellow. After meals I often suffered sharp pains and would have to lie down. My mother often told me it was the coffee I drank at meals. But when I'd quit coffee I'd have a severe headache."

"While visiting my mother-in-law I remarked that she always made such good coffee, and asked her to tell me how. She laughed and told me it was easy to make good 'coffee' when you use Postum."

"I began to use Postum as soon as I got home, and now we have the same good 'coffee' (Postum) every day, and I have no more trouble. Indigestion is a thing of the past, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully."

"My grandmother suffered a great deal with her stomach. Her doctor told her to leave off coffee. She then took tea but that was just as bad."

"She finally was induced to try Postum which she has used for over a year. She traveled during the winter over the greater part of Iowa, visiting, something she had not been able to do for years. She says she owes her present good health to Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 25c and 50c tins.

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

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

Say, You!



HOW about that printing job you're in need of?

Come in and see us about it at your first opportunity. Don't wait until the very last moment but give us a little time and we'll show you what high grade work we can turn out.

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The Best Remedy For all forms of Rheumatism

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Grand Trunk Time Table

For the convenience of our readers
Trains East Trains West
No. 46—8:39 a. m. No. 45—10:23 a. m.
No. 48—4:49 p. m. No. 47—7:12 p. m.

Advertise

- IF YOU
- Want a Cook
- Want a Clerk
- Want a Partner
- Want a Situation
- Want a Servant Girl
- Want to Sell a Piano
- Want to Sell a Carriage
- Want to Sell Town Property
- Want to Sell Your Groceries
- Want to Sell Your Hardware
- Want Customers for Anything
- Advertising Weekly in This Paper.
- Advertising is the Way to Success
- Advertising Brings Customers
- Advertising Keeps Customers
- Advertising Insures Success
- Advertising Shows Energy
- Advertising Shows Pleasure
- Advertising is "Big"
- Advertiser or Best
- Advertiser Long
- Advertiser Well
- ADVERTISE
- At Once

In This Paper

Dinkel-Allison

Wednesday afternoon, June 3rd, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Allison was the scene of one of the prettiest weddings of the season, when their daughter Kitsey became the wife of Mr. Albert E. Dinkel, Rev. W. G. Stephens of Stockbridge, officiating.

The parlor of the residence was tastefully decorated in green and white. Promptly at three o'clock the bridal party took their appointed places as Miss Fern Hendee played a beautiful wedding march. The impressive ring ceremony was performed, Marjorie Allison, sister of the bride, acting as ring bearer. The bridal gown was of embroidered voile and shadow lace, the bouquet was of white roses. Her attendant, Miss Beulah Morton also wore a gown of embroidered voile and shadow lace and carried pink roses. The groom and best man, Alger Hall, were attired in black.

A dainty buffet luncheon was served to about sixty guests immediately following the ceremony by six young lady friends of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Dinkel have gone to New York City on their wedding trip. The bride's traveling gown was a blue crepe demeter.

Miss Allison is a well known and popular young lady who will be a welcome member to the society of this village where they will make their future home. Mr. Dinkel is a partner of Mr. Dunbar in the hardware firm of Dinkel & Dunbar and is one of Pinckney's progressive young business men. The well wishes of their many friends go with them along life's journey.

Unadilla

Clarence Cranna was quite seriously injured last Thursday when he was kicked by a horse and as a result received a broken hip. At present he is doing nicely.

School closed last Friday with a banner picnic at Joelyn Lake. In the early evening the parents and patrons of the school witnessed the winding of the May pole which proved a very pleasant feature and reflected much credit upon the teacher and pupils. Miss Coates has been engaged for the coming year at an increase in salary.

Arthur May and family entertained a company of Jackson friends Sunday.

Frank May and family of Jackson spent the last of the week here.

Francis Coates and wife of Detroit are spending a few days with his parents here.

Mrs. Otis Webb visited Miss Adel Fulmer one day last week.

Noble Morrison and family who have been spending several weeks with his parents here returned to their home in Chicago last week.

L. E. Clark and S. G. Parmler and families spent Decoration day in Stockbridge.

W. T. Barnum and son Clare were in Chelsea Thursday.

Mesdames Jno. and Otis Webb spent Thursday at C. Webb's.

L. K. Hadley and wife will entertain the L. A. S. Wednesday for supper.

Coughs and Colds Weaken the System

Continued Coughs, Colds and Bronchial troubles are depressing and weaken the system. Lost weight and appetite generally follow. Get a 50c bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery to-day. It will stop your cough. The first dose helps. The best medicine for Stubborn Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Mr. O. H. Brown, Muscatine, Ala., writes: "My wife was sick during the hot summer months and I honestly believe Dr. King's New Discovery saved her life." Good for children. 50c and \$1.00 Recommended by C. G. Meyer, the druggist. adv.

Early Day Railroad Travel.

On Nov. 26, 1833, a car made the first trip over the Portage railroad. This was the most remarkable engineering undertaking of the time. The railroad was thirty-six miles long, extending across the Allegheny mountains from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown. There were ten inclined planes, five on each side of the mountains. Engines at the top of each plane pulled up four cars at a time. The ascent on the east side measured 1,398 feet. Then there was a tunnel of 870 feet and a descent of 1,172 feet on the western side. Passengers on canal boats entered the cars at Hollidaysburg and were carried over the mountains, embarking in other boats on the western side and thus continuing their journey to Pittsburgh. Later boats were built so that they could be taken apart into three or four sections and placed on a car for the trip over the mountains. The construction of the Portage railroad cost \$1,500,000.—Philadelphia Record.

Sorting Bottles by Touch.

One of London's queer trades is that of empty bottle sorting at the London bottle exchange, off Blackfriars road. These bottles have been salvaged from dust bins, cellars, the holds of ships and wherever bottles go astray. Every year at least 2,000,000 bottles, after many wanderings, find their way to the bottle exchange. They are sorted and returned to their rightful owners, who pay an annual subscription as well as a few shillings a gross for returned bottles. Reared on the bottle, as it were, a sorter at the exchange must be a man of keen eye and delicate touch. All that he has to guide him in thousands of cases is the embossed name on the glass, and swiftly, unerringly and with almost uncanny deftness he picks out a bottle which has wandered from Glasgow and puts it in the case bound for the north.—New York Sun.

Sixteenth Century Beef Pye.

A quaint publication is "The Booke of Cokery," printed in the sixteenth century. The full title of the book is: A proper newe Booke of Cokery, declaring what maner of meates be best in season, for all times in the yere, and how they ought to be dressed, and served at the table, bothe for fleshe dayes and fyshe dayes. With a newe addition, verry necessarye for all them that deliyghteth in Cokerye.

One of the recipes in the book is the following:
Pyes of mutton or beef must be fyne mynced and seasoned wyth pepper and saite, and a lyttle saffron to colour it, suet or marrow a good quantite, a lytle vnyeger, prunes, greate raysins and dates, take the fattest of the broathe of powdred beyte, and yf you wyll have past royall, take butter and yolkes of egges and so tempr the dowre to make the paeste.

English Greetings.

Erasmus, coming to England in Henry VIII's time, was struck with the deep heartiness of our wishes—good, aye, and bad, too, but he most admired the good ones. Other nations ask in their greetings how a man carries himself, or how doth he stand with the world, or how doth he find himself. But the English greet with a pious wish that God may give one a good morning or a good evening, good day or "god'een," as the old writers have it, and when we part we wish that "God may be with you," though we now clip it into "Goodby."—Friswell.

His Foolish Father.

"I suppose you keep hard at work these days?"
"No. I'm not doing anything just now."
"I thought your father had given you a position in his bank?"
"He did. But he wanted me to earn my salary."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Polish.

"You have a bright look, my boy," said the visitor at the school.
"Yes, sir," replied the candid youth.
"That's because I forgot to rinse the soap off my face good."

Giving Her Away.

"Uncle, we want you to give the bride away."
"Very well. I'll announce to the gathered assembly that she's thirty-two."—Boston Transcript.

Two Ways.

There are two ways of learning the value of anything we want. One is to get it, the other to lose it. — R. W. Kaufman.

If a man is square it is easy to put up with his sharp corners.

Hot Weather Tonic and Health Builder

Are you run down—Nervous—Tired? Is everything you do an effort? You are not lazy—you are sick! Your Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and whole system needs a Tonic. A Tonic and Health Builder to drive out the waste matter—build you up and renew your strength. Nothing better than Electric Bitters. Start to-day. Mrs. James Dudcan, Haynesville, Me., writes: "Completely cured me after several doctors gave me up." 50c. and \$1.00. Recommended by C. G. Meyer, the druggist.

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We have taken unusual care in our selection this Spring and are showing a very large variety of Norfolks in strictly all wool worsteds, chevots and tweeds for all ages 3 to 17. Splendid patterns in blue, brown and gray mixtures; the most stylish and durable suits you'll find.

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Legal Advertising

STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court for the County of Livingston,
At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the Village of Howell in said County, on the 18th day of May, A. D. 1914.
Present, Hon. Eugene A. Stowe, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of ELIZABETH SPEARS, Deceased.
John Spears having died in said court his final account as administrator of said estate and his petition praying for the allowance thereof is Ordered, That the 13th day of June, A. D. 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account.
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 Pinckney Dispatch a newspaper printed and circulated in said county. 2113
EUGENE A. STOWE
Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court for the County of Livingston, Estate of CAROLINE J. FOSTER, Deceased
The undersigned having been appointed, by the Judge of Probate of said County, Commissioner on Claims in the matter of said estate, and four months from the 18th day of May, A. D. 1914 having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate in which to present their claims to us for examination and adjustment:
Notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 30th day of July, A. D. 1914, and on the 19th day of September, A. D. 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. of each day, at the home of E. W. Caskey in Unadilla in said County, to receive and examine such claims.
Deted, Howell, May 16th, A. D. 1914.
Edwin Chipman } Commissioners
R. W. Caskey } on Claims 2113

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