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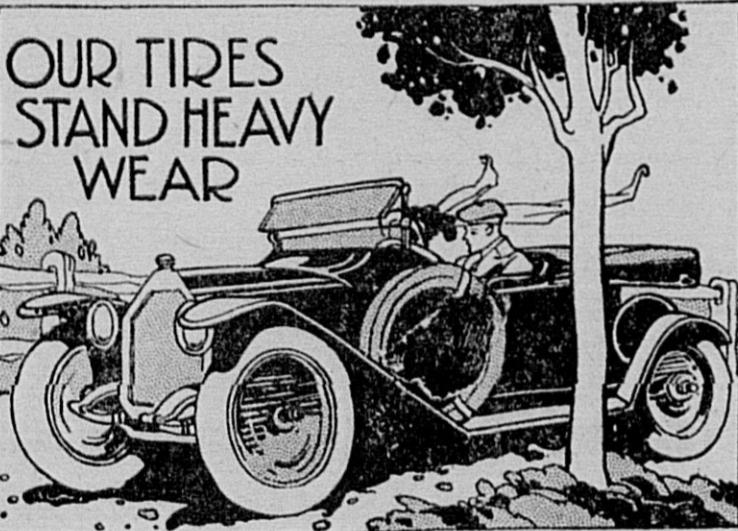
1 full can Alaska Red Salmon.....	20c
1 15c package Dixie Rice Flakes.....	10c
1 13c package Corn Flakes.....	8c
2 bars Kirk's White Flake Soap.....	9c
1 large package Macaroni.....	10c
1 large package Spaghetti.....	10c
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TWO CHELSEA WOMEN HAVE NARROW ESCAPE

Leap From Automobile Just As Speeding M. C. Train Crushes It.

Mrs. R. A. Sanborn and Mrs. H. D. Litteral narrowly escaped a terrible death yesterday afternoon when the former's runabout was struck by a fast Michigan Central passenger train on the "east" Guthrie crossing, 2½ miles west of Chelsea. Only their quick action in abandoning the car saved their lives. The automobile was completely wrecked.

The two women were en route to Mrs. Litteral's old home, the Michael Schenk farm in West Sylvan, at the time of the accident. Mrs. Sanborn slowed the car down as they approached the crossing and both looked for trains and saw none were in sight. They then started to cross the tracks, when suddenly Mrs. Litteral saw an eastbound train approaching. They were then nearly on the eastbound track and the car was under way and moving about five or six miles an hour. Mrs. Litteral jumped from the side of the car and Mrs. Sanborn, who was driving, believes she must have vaulted over the rear of the seat, the top being down. Instantly the car was struck and crumpled into a mass of twisted steel and splintered woodwork.

The train which hit the car is a Grand Rapids—Detroit passenger known as No. 108 and due in Chelsea at 2:17 p. m. The Wolverine follows it six minutes later. Both trains were running several minutes late yesterday.

The locomotive of No. 108 stopped about a half mile east of the crossing, opposite the Cavanaugh lake road fork, where the wrecked automobile was lifted from the pilot. It was necessary to flag westbound train No. 31, as some of the debris overhung the westbound track.

Mrs. Sanborn lost her pocket-book, but it was found by some automobile tourists and returned to her. Her watch, at first reported lost, was later found at her home, West Middle and Grant streets.

GREGORY.

L. M. Harris is spending a few days with his wife here.

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Wright were Gregory visitors, Friday.

Miss Flora Crandall of Howell visited Miss Mary Howlett, Friday.

Frank Howlett started in the Howell high school last week.

Mrs. E. Hill spent the past week with her son Roy, at Rochester.

Howard Howlett is attending the Stockbridge high school again this year.

Miss Lois Worden began teaching last week Tuesday at the Fulmer school.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Griswold of South Lyon were week-end guests at the Placeway home.

Mrs. Mary Phobe and son of Ann Arbor spent the week-end with relatives and friends here.

The Misses Nellie Denton and Ruth Whitehead were guests of Miss Vancie Arnold, Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Notten was a Chelse visitor Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ehler Notten and Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Whitaker motored to Pinckney, Thursday.

Mr. Henry Gieske and Mrs. Dewey, of Chelsea, spent Sunday with Miss Anna Cassidy in Grass Lake.

Miss Sarah Benter left Saturday evening for a visit in Duluth, Minn., and Miss Bertha Benter for a visit in Saginaw.

Miss Dorothy Notten was a Chelse visitor Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Wheeler were in Jackson, Wednesday, attending the Jackson county fair. They report a big attendance and a better fair than the state fair.

Washtenaw county has added another thousand dollar herd of Holstein cows to its tax roll. This time it is A. E. Sutten and S. S. Stoutz of Manchester. These cows were purchased of parties near Howell and taken home last Monday.

William Valentine of Hamburg was at K. H. Wheeler's, Tuesday, to buy a broad sow.

Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Wheeler were in Jackson, Wednesday, attending the Jackson county fair. They report a big attendance and a better fair than the state fair.

Miss Rose Harris, who has been visiting her mother, returned to Pontiac last Friday.

Miss Bernice Harris left for her school at Hamburg, Tuesday, after having spent her vacation with her mother in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ball and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parrel, of Manitou Beach, visited Mrs. Anna Moore for several days last week.

Miss Florence Collins, after spending her vacation with her parents, returned to Pontiac on Monday to resume her school duties there.

Our school opened Tuesday of last week with Mr. Alex LaFerte as principal and Miss Beatrice Lamborn as teacher of the lower grades.

On account of the rain only a few attended the social at Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whitehead's last Friday night, but all had a good time.

Fred Howlett attended the 7th district bankers' meeting at Howell on Monday of last week. About 125 bankers were present from six counties.

Joseph Biner of Detroit spent Sunday of last week at Mrs. Jane Wright's. On his return Mrs. Wright went with him to Detroit to make a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Marlatt are leaving for Lansing, where they will make their future home. On Monday night of last week about 70 friends and neighbors gathered at their home and gave them a farewell surprise. Light refreshments were served and a pleasant evening enjoyed by all. A beautiful library table was presented to them. The best wishes of their friends go with them to their new home.

MRS. L. K. HADLEY.

Mrs. L. K. Hadley died Sunday night about 12 o'clock at the family home in Lyndon. She had been in her usual health and had attended church service in the morning. She suffered a stroke of apoplexy while at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. E. Clark, who lives just across the road from the Hadley home, early in the evening and never regained consciousness.

Mrs. Hadley was born in Livingston county, her maiden name being Sarah J. Buhl, January 5, 1847, and was 70 years, seven months and 15 days of age. She was united in marriage with Lyman K. Hadley in 1869. For a number of years Mr. and Mrs. Hadley resided in Tuscola township, Livingston county, but had resided in Lyndon since 1884.

She is survived by her husband and three children, Mrs. L. E. Clark of Lyndon, and Mrs. Charles Hartshorn and Emmett Hadley, of Unadilla; also by one sister, Mrs. Harriet Smith of Corona, California, and one brother, George Buhl of Unadilla.

The funeral was held yesterday afternoon at one o'clock from the house, Rev. Ellis conducting the service. Interment at Unadilla.

FRANCISCO.

Miss Ricka Kalmbach has been visiting relatives in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Bertie Orthring spent the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. Elsa Felt in Schultz.

Rev. Geo. C. Nothdurft spent the last week at conference which was held at Bina, Ohio.

The Epworth league of the German E. M. church will hold its usual business and social meeting at the home of Almarine Whitaker, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schweinfurth, Albert Schweinfurth, Robert Farhner and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Schweinfurth, of Jackson, motored to Eaton Rapids, Sunday, and spent the day with Floyd Schweinfurth.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bentler of Jackson are spending some time at the home of Henry Notten.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Dancer and family, of Chelsea, Charlie Meyers and Mrs. Mary Havens were Sunday visitors at the home of Henry Notten.

Mrs. Manfred Hoppe gave a shower Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Ethel Kilmer. About forty guests were present. A bounteous supper was enjoyed by all. They presented Miss Kilmer with ten dollars.

The L. A. S. will meet Wednesday afternoon at the home of Emma Youngs.

Mrs. Caroline Hauer spent a few days last week at the home of Lima Whitaker.

Mrs. Lillian Nothdurft and son Milton spent Sunday with her parents in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Dancer, Nade and Donald Dancer and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Notten spent Sunday at the Jackson fair.

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Experience the Best Teacher.

It is generally admitted that experience is the best teacher, but should we not make use of the experience of others as well as our own? The experience of a thousand persons is more to be depended upon than that of one individual. Many thousands of persons have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs and colds with the best results, which shows it to be a thoroughly reliable preparation for those diseases. Try it. It is prompt and effectual and pleasant to take.

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DRAFTED MAN HID FIVE WEEKS IN STRAW STACK

Found Near Webberville, Sunday, in Pitiable Condition and Died Next Day.

Just five weeks after he disappeared from sight Frank Milette of Genoa township, Livingston county, was found in a straw stack near Webberville, Sunday morning in a helpless condition, more dead than alive. He was found by a man passing through the field and taken to the McPherson farm and given nourishment and medical attention, but pneumonia set in and he died Monday night about ten o'clock. He was 26 years of age.

Five weeks ago Frank Milette of Genoa township was drafted and called to Howell to be examined. He put his horse in the ten cent barn and reported at Dr. Brown's office and as his number had not yet been reached he was asked to come back about eleven o'clock. He went away and that was the last heard of him until Sunday morning when he was found almost famished in the straw stack at Webberville.

After taking a little nourishment he came to and talked with his mother, Mrs. John Milette, and that conversation revealed something as to his mental condition.

The straw stack was about twenty rods from Grand River road and near by was a wind mill. He told his mother that he got all the water he wanted but the last time he was at the well he could not connect the windmill as he was too weak. He said he did not suffer so much from hunger after the first few days, that he got some fruit and that he bought a bologna. When asked why he did not come home, he said he tried to but could not walk, and he did not dare to ask any one to bring him as the officers might get him, and besides he was ashamed to return after doing as he had done.

It appears that he went up the top of the stack where he hid and he probably went out for water after dark as no one seems to have seen him. The last few days he made his bed beside the stack as he was too weak to climb the ladder, and that is where he was found. The money that he had when he went away was on his person when found.

BURGLARS IN PINCKNEY.

The stores of Murphy & Jackson, Chas. Ingwersen and the Teeple Hdwy. Co. were broken into Wednesday night, but nothing of any great value taken. The store of Mr. Ingwersen was entered through the cellar way, where \$4.00 in cash was taken and a large quantity of

THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD

By
Mary Roberts Rinehart

BORODAY, THE RUSSIAN,
HAS AN UNCOMFORTABLE INTERVIEW WITH
THE POLICE CHIEF.

Synopsis.—For years old Hilary Kingston lived with his daughter, Elinor, in a beautiful home on a hill in the suburban village of Woffington. The neighbors knew nothing about the establishment, except that the father was quite wealthy, and the daughter very good looking and gentle. In reality Kingston was head of an anarchist band, composed of *Huff*, Boroday, Talbot and Lethbridge, that robbed the rich and gave to the poor and oppressed. One day Old Hilary was shot dead, and the course of life changed abruptly for his daughter. The Rev. Mr. Ward, a young bachelor, began to take an uncommon interest in Elinor.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

—3—

Ward had risen. He towered far above Elinor. Because of his heavy shoulders, he never looked *his* full height. Boroday, in the corridor, stole a moment from his anxieties to find the young clergyman every inch of a man, and to throw him the grudging admiration of defeated middle-age for youth and vibrant life.

"Then I shall not send for the rector?"

"Please, no."

"Is there anything at all that I can do?"

"Do the—the police know about this?"

"Surely, I suppose you have been told what happened."

"They will tell me nothing."

There was a car coming up the hill. That would be it. Boroday eased his aching arm. He did not dare a sling, but the hand was thrust in the pocket of his coat. If only the hemorrhage did not start again! He braced himself and watched.

"It was a robbery, you know that?" said Ward, in the library. He picked his words carefully. "As I got the story, a taxicab on its way to the bank was held up near the Record office. Your father had stepped to the curb to hail the taxi, and—it happened then, a—stray bullet from one of the bandits' guns."

Boroday, eyes on the car, heard the statement, and, with the chief coming up the steps from the road to the garden, took the time to repudiate it.

"Pardon!" he said. "It was not a weapon in the hands of the bandits. It was the revolver of the bank messenger."

Ward turned in surprise. Boroday's eyes were fixed on Elinor's, with reassurance in their depths. The assistant rector was not subtle, but he had a curious feeling of something behind all this. He was uncomfortable.

"I trust," he said earnestly, "that these various outrages will be at an end now. Surely the police—"

"Possibly." The anarchist's gaze wandered to the garden, where even then the chief was making his way toward the house. "Of course, these bandits are trained men of unusual intelligence. If the police were of intelligence to cope with them—"

"They would not be on the force, at meager salaries and petty graft. They would be—he shrugged his shoulders—"bandits themselves, very possibly."

Ward left after that—left with an uncomfortable feeling of having gotten nowhere. He was convinced of one thing, death, which for him was an open gateway, was for this girl a closed and fastened door. And he knew something else. No other woman had ever so profoundly impressed him as this girl who without hope in her grief met it with a high head and courageous eyes.

He felt a certain comfort in one thing. Elinor had made a concession, and Hilary Kingston, lavish giver to the parish poor, was to be buried from Saint Jude's.

The chief met Mr. Ward on the terrace and took off his hat. Boroday, in the dim hall, felt a certain sense of content. Nothing could have been more auspicious, could have set his stage better for his little drama; than the presence of the young clergyman. The whole scene gained tone, decorum.

The chief's visit was short. They had followed the bandits' car and lost it, and finding himself in the neighborhood—

"Be assured," he said to Elinor, in his best manner, "that we'll rest until this thing is cleared up. The community"—he cleared his throat—"the community will not lose one of its best citizens without a violent protest."

With the coroner he went up the

stairs and into old Hilary's room. The chief glanced about while the hasty examination was being made.

"Nice room," he said. "But a jolly lot of good it does the old gentleman now! Nice little girl downstairs, too. I've seen that chap in the hall somewhere."

The coroner drew the sheet over old Hilary's peaceful face.

"The preacher? They all look alike. It's the vest and the collar."

"The other man, with the accent, German, I take it, or—Russian?"

Boroday was waiting for them at the foot of the staircase. In the library was a tray, with drinks and sandwiches. The shades had been lowered.

The chief ate and drank. And as often as he raised his glass he looked at the Russian over it. At last:

"Haven't we met somewhere, Mr. —"

"Boroday. I rather think not."

"You remind me of someone—I'll place you, or the person you resemble, pretty soon. I have a slow mind. It's like an Alredale dog; it's a long time getting started, but when it begins it hangs on like the devil."

The drinks were cold, and the house cool. The prospect of starting out in the heat and dust did not allure the two men. Sitting there at his ease, the chief ran over the points of the outrage.

"In several ways," he observed comfortably, the affair resembles one that happened in St. Louis several years ago. There's the same quality of audacity—and there are other things."

Quite suddenly a light came into his eyes.

"Ah!" he said, bending forward toward Boroday. "I told you I'd get it. It was in St. Louis I saw you!"

Their glances clashed, the chief's intent, the Russian's cool, amused.

"The dog," said Boroday, "holds on well, but—to the wrong throat."

"You have never been in St. Louis?"

"Never."

CHAPTER IV.

Elinor lived alone after the funeral of Henriette, who had now a chance to practice her favorite vice of thrift, was for sending away the other servants.

"I can manage," she said. "For all you eat—"

But Elinor protested.

"I shall want to keep up the Saturday dinners. Let things stay as they are for a time."

It had been old Hilary's custom to have such members of the band as



You Have Never Been in St. Louis?" were available dime with him of a Saturday.

Henriette raised her hands.

"Things are changed," she cried. "You are alone here now. To have those four men—"

"That is better than having one man, Henriette."

So Elinor had her way. The Saturday dinners were resumed early in September, Boroday coming with infinite caution from his cheap boarding house in the South side, Talbot and Lethbridge from the bachelor apartments they rented together. Walter Huff was late.

"I had to be careful," he told Boroday, aside. "They've got wind of something. I don't know what. My room was searched today."

Boroday swore through his beard. "Then why did you come here?" he demanded. Young Huff laughed, glanced at Elinor, and back impudently at the Russian.

"You know why I came," he said, in high good humor. "But I was careful. It's all right."

Old Hilary's chair had been placed by Elinor's order. She had borne up well the last month, was rather more slender, certainly more appealing. The quality of wistfulness was more apparent than ever around her mouth. Huff, sitting across, hardly took his eyes from her. He was young, and women had had no place until now in his active, unscrupulous life. But Elinor held him in the palm of her small hand.

They missed old Hilary, his saturnine humor, his beetling gray brows. And inaction was tiring on them. They were growing restive. Boroday, advising caution in view of what he knew, felt the disaffection among the younger men.

It was Lethbridge, who, waiting until the servants had withdrawn, rose and glanced around the table.

"It seems to me," he began, "that we have a lot to decide tonight. I've been

thinking about it ever since—for some time. The first thing, of course, is whether we are going to hang together or not."

Talbot had rather a weird sense of humor. He suggested that the word "hang" be changed to "remain."

"We've been doing well. We'll do all right again, too, as soon as this thing blows over. It was unlucky, but we've been pretty fortunate. Now we can do one of two things. For Elinor's sake, I suggest the first."

"And that is—" Elinor's voice was unsteady.

"Send Boroday to Paris to dispose of your jewels. Then get a conservative lawyer to invest the money."

"And after that?"

"Forget you ever knew any of us."

Huff, across the table from her, went white, but said nothing.

"You said there was an alternative?"

Elinor was white, too. The room was profoundly still.

"To keep on as we are at present, with you, Elinor, acting in your father's stead, receiving and transmitting messages, and—keeping the vault in charge?"

Boroday was on his feet in a moment, protesting. He would take the jewels and send them abroad. It was risky, but it could be done. But this outrageous arrangement that had been suggested—

"What we are, we are by choice," he finished. "You have never had a choice, and now it is given to you. For God's sake, child, go away now, while you may."

Elinor's reply, when it came, was unanswerable.

"Where could I go? I know in all the world only you four, and old Henriette, and a governess of mine who has gone into a convent in France. I shall stay here with you all."

So it was settled.

That was an eventful evening, with Elinor misty-eyed, moving into her father's chair at the table, and the band swearing the simple oath of allegiance which held them together. And when they had moved from the dining room, Walter Huff, following Elinor out onto the terrace, told her he loved her.

The starlight above, and those near stars that outlined the streets below, threw a soft radiance over her. She was dressed in white; old Hilary had disliked mourning garments. Elinor was looking down into the village. The great spire of Saint Jude's towered above the town. Huff, young and ardent, thrilled to the girl's presence close beside him.

"You are very aloof tonight," he said. She smiled up at him.

"Not that surely. I was only thinking."

"Of what?"

"Oh, of different things—of the people down there in their houses—their lives, the things they believe; we think they are narrow, but I wonder, after all, if you and I, who believe none of those things, are not the narrow ones."

Huff was not subtle. Possibly he would not have understood, had not the Saint Jude's chimes rung just then.

"Symbols like that seem to mean so much to them," said Elinor, and fell silent.

In the warm silence, Huff felt for and found her hand.

"All this time, when I couldn't see you," he said unsteadily, "I've been thinking of you here alone, and in trouble. Sometimes I thought I couldn't stand it, that I'd have to come out and see you, if only for five minutes."

"I have always been more or less lonely. Sometimes I think if I had been sent away to school, had known other girls, it would have been better. I have never had any friends—except you, and the others."

Huff released her hand and faced her.

"I don't want to be your friend, Elinor. I want to be much more."

She was rather shocked at first. She stood, looking up at him, her lips slightly parted.

"I? You—you—want—"

"I love you. I want you to marry me, dear."

There was no doubt of the boy's sincerity. It rang true. He stood with his arms out, and after a moment she went into them. Except for the father who was gone, this was the first love that had come into her life. She took it hungrily. In the starlight she held up her lips like a child for his kiss....

Elinor, the Beautiful, finds solace in an ardent love affair, but her life is complicated by circumstances of appalling proportions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

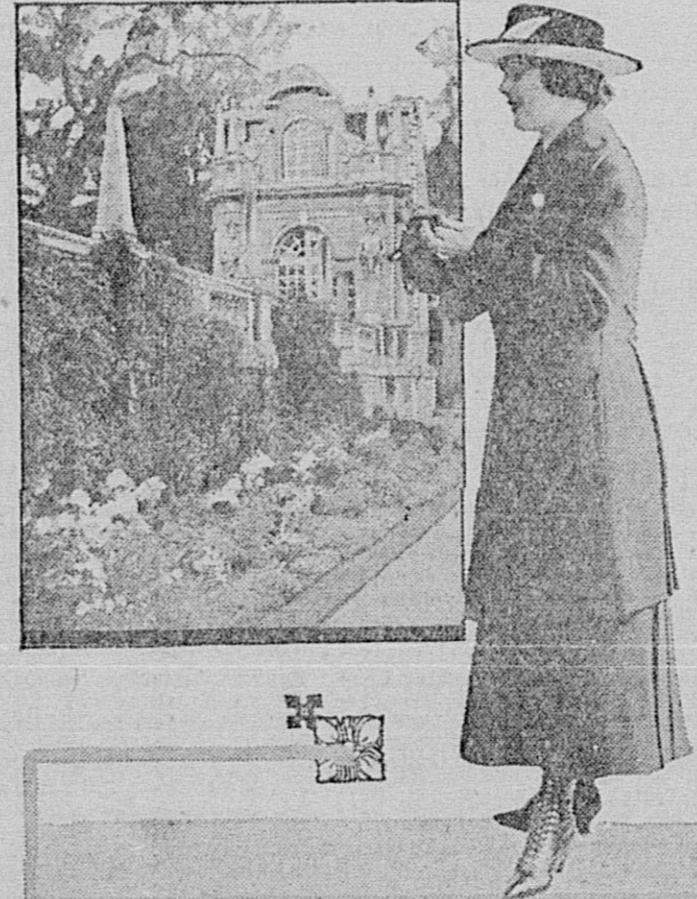
Aerial Postal Service.

Plans are now on foot in Europe to utilize for postal service, after the war, a great number of the airplanes which the various nations have acquired for military purposes, as well as the services of the many skilled aviators who have been trained since the war began. In France, a large civilian committee, of which M. d'Aubigny of the chamber of deputies is chairman, has had this subject under consideration since the first of the year. Similar plans are being discussed in Spain, and the Spanish minister of posts has begun negotiations with a view to securing some of the surplus aircraft of France for use in the Spanish post-service—Scientific American.

Dutiful.

Our idea of a dutiful daughter crystallized into definite form yesterday when we saw a blooming young matron of this neighborhood stand by with an air of quiet resignation and exemplary patience while her mother did undoubtedly kindly intended things to the baby.—Columbus (O.) Journal

Fine Example of Tailored Suit



In the styles so far presented for fall and winter there are no radical departures from those of the passing season. Usually when the time comes to buy new clothes, the attention of the feminine public is almost wholly centered on incoming styles. But just now other absorbing interests are taking so much time that women are best suited with conservative ideas in dress. They are readjusting their lives in order to become helpful in time of war.

The most noticeable difference between the tailored suit for fall and those of last spring is in the length of coats. In coat suits the coats are longer. But a plain three-quarter length even if it did service last year, will find itself much at home among the plain suits just turned out. Besides added length the fall coats present a new feature in placing of trimmings. In many of them decoration appears only at the sides of the coat, where short bands of fur or braid or stitching find a place.

Soft surfaces, like wool velvets, and quiet colors, are characteristic of the season. Colors most popular are those classed as "fur colors" including tanpe, gray, brown, castor, beige. Dark wine and the shades of amethyst in the richest tones relieve a range that would otherwise be too grave. Dark blue is good as always.

One of the new fall suits is shown in the picture and is a model which looks well in any of the popular wool materials. The skirt has a panel with two plaited at each side down the back, which correspond to plaited in the coat. It is otherwise plain.

The coat is semi-fitting with two straps at the waistline. Below these is a straight panel like that in the skirt. A panel finished with three rows of braid at the bottom is set in at each side below a long side body which fastens over it with a button.

The pointed muffler collar is a new development of this admirable and popular style in collars. From every standpoint this is a fine example among well-tailored suits.



The performance of the Canadian soldiers in the great war will reflect glory on their country and race, as long as history lasts. But their record is matched by that of the women of Canada who have thrown themselves heart and soul into war work of all kinds. They have shown energy and endurance and bravery equal to that of their men. There is no calculating the value of the services they have given and the sacrifices they have made.

The same disposition to help shows itself among women all over this country. There are few among us so dense as to fail to see that it is disgraceful to be a slacker in times like these.

The government cannot do all the work that must be done for the soldiers and for those he leaves when he goes out to war. The soldier must be provided with clothing, socks, underwear, shirts, sweaters, mufflers and mitts, when on duty. These things wear out and must be replaced. Hospitals must be supplied with sleeping garments, slippers, bandages, dressings, and an endless stream of surgical supplies must flow into them, besides sheets, pillow cases and other things that are made by women. Comfort kits are to be furnished for every fighting man, and every one is entitled to messages from someone back home, whether he has relatives and friends there or not.

Prisoners and the men in hospitals are to be remembered with letters and provisions, when possible. And besides all this, for the soldiers, there is the work of looking after the welfare of the poorer families left at home.

Helps Keep Shape.

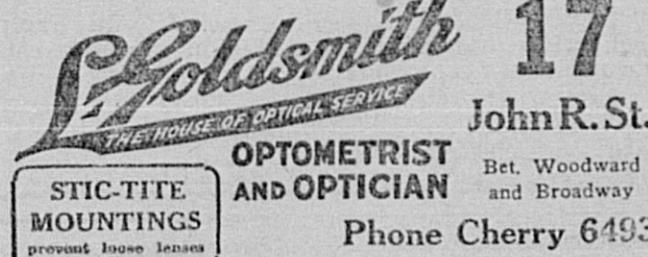
One of the striking midsummer suits of raffia silk shows a four-inch fringe of silk about the bottom of the coat. It not only is attractive to look at, but it is quite useful,

NOTE NEW LOCATION

When you see my advertisement in the newspaper you immediately think of—"Goldsmith, Optician at Hudson's." That was the case for 17 years, but I've moved—had to in order to get enough space to take care of my steadily growing business. Now I am at 17 John R. Street in a finely equipped, modern and complete optical establishment. Better facilities than ever before to give SERVICE to patrons. Come here with confidence that you will receive the most satisfactory results it is possible to obtain in having your eyes fitted. My reputation is your guarantee of professional skill and fair treatment. You will get the Glasses you ought to wear—and at the right price.

Use My Quick Repair Service!

Everything in the Optical line, such as Reading Glasses, Eye Shades, Opera Glasses, Automobile Goggles, Sun Glasses, Eye Glass Chains and Holders, Lorgnettes, etc.



Young Women Are Needed

in the business offices of all the larger cities of America to take the places of young men who have been called for military service.

You Can Do Your Bit

most effectively by training for high grade office employment. If we win the war, the work of the nation must continue. Business must go on even more efficiently than usual.

Women have demonstrated their ability to do many kinds of work as well as men.

And nowhere can women if thoroughly trained do better than in office work.

Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting

and the other special subjects we teach are all of great value to the young lady who considers office employment.

The Business Institute

Largest and best equipped business school in Michigan. Affiliated with the Michigan State Normal College.

Institute Bldg., 163-169 Cass Ave., Detroit.
Institute Bldg., 54 North Ave., Mt. Clemens.
Howland Bldg., Pontiac.

Write for attractive, illustrated booklet of information.

SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

DETROIT

Independent and progressive. Thorough training in Drawing and Painting from Life; Illustration; Composition; Commercial Limited Student's List. Illustrated catalog sent upon request.

FALL TERM OCTOBER 8.

JOHN P. WICKER, Director

Fine Arts Building Detroit, Michigan.

Don't guess, when you invest secure permanent representation in your dealings in Detroit Real Estate. It will make you money and insure safety.

Webster-Oliver-Streeter Co., Inc.

Detroit.

1956-58-60-62 Penobscot Bldg.,

CHOOSE---

From More Than Fifty High Grade

USED CARS

If you are in the market for a used car of dependability. You will find always a worthy selection to choose from here. We may have just the car you are looking for. Write the

PACKARD MOTOR

Used Car Department, Detroit.

Choice Bargains- Oh! That Grand and Glorious Feeling!!

Farms, Homes, Two-Family Flats, Apartments. We specialize in high class improved property. If you have a good farm to exchange for city property write us. Bank references.

Maloney-Campbell Realty Co., (Inc.)

504 Free Press Bldg., Detroit

WANTED

Woman for sewing on furs wanted. Experience on coats preferred.

S. S. MARX

FURRIER

5001 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

TURKISH BATH at the ORIENTAL

And you rub off cool and dry again—it sure is a grand and glorious feeling.

Try One This Week!

Oriental Hotel
Library Ave. Detroit

"MURDER ROOM" NOW IS BRIDAL CHAMBER

Man Acquitted of Killing Wife Returns With New Bride and Occupies House.

St. Joseph, Mo.—The room in which Mrs. Harriet Moss McDaniel was murdered a year ago became a bridal chamber last week.

Oscar D. McDaniel, former prosecuting attorney of Buchanan county, who was arrested and later acquitted of the charge of murdering his wife, returned this week from a honeymoon trip through the East with his new bride and occupied the house in which Mrs. McDaniel was murdered.

The marriage of McDaniel and Miss Zora Cook, twenty-one, one of the leading society girls of the city, last week, furnished another link in one

KILLED MOSQUITO, BROKE HIS NOSE

Ole Bergstrom Has Prospered in Alaska Despite His Many Disasters.

OFFERS NO COMPLAINT

Thinks All Accidents Are Work of Providence—Seward Physician Only Surprised When He Shows Up Intact.

Seward, Alaska—Ole Bergstrom is an intensely religious homesteader who has lived in Alaska for twenty years or more and prospered both financially and spiritually despite the fact that the misfortunes he has endured make Job's numerous troubles trivial and inconsequential by comparison.

The whole period of Ole's residence in Alaska is plastered over with a network of overlapping and interlocking ills such as cloudbursts, destructive windstorms, stock diseases, depredations of wild animals and other disastrous incidents which would drive the ordinary man to distraction, but which Ole accepts without complaint and in the firm conviction that they are visitations from Providence in punishment for sins of commission or omission; although if Ole ever committed a really wrongful act in his life it is unknown to his neighbors.

Recently a mosquito perched unexpectedly on Ole's nose, whereupon a well-directed blow from his ham-like palm effectually disembodied the spirit of the mosquito, but unfortunately broke Ole's nose. Dr. J. H. Romig, the physician in attendance, says that Ole will be about his business again in a few days, but with a nose robbed of its original symmetry and a firm conviction that the peculiar misfortune was a direct rebuke from Providence for his avarice—Ole having been tempted by the sinfully high prices, prevailing and prospective, to plant 20 acres of potatoes, a previously unheard-of acreage in Alaska.

Bear Upon Him.

Five years ago while returning to his ranch from a trading visit to Seward Ole unexpectedly came upon a brown bear and her cub at a turn of the trail on Resurrection River and, being wise to the general habits of brown bears, knew it was folly to run, particularly as he had a heavy pack upon his back. As something just had to happen to Ole it shows lack of both understanding and imagination on the part of those neighbors who criticize his action in hurling at the mother

Mrs. McDaniel Was Murdered a Year Ago.

of the most mysterious murder cases in the history of the country.

Beginning with the murder of Mrs. McDaniel a year ago, continuing with the trial and acquittal of her husband, then adding more tragedy when John E. Krucker shot and killed his wife and committed suicide, the case now takes a new turn with the marriage of the principal figure.

Mrs. Krucker had been called "the woman in the case." Miss Cook is the daughter of C. A. Cook, manager of the Bell Telephone company here. He was one of the two men arriving first at the McDaniel home after the murder.

Miss Cook gave testimony for McDaniel. Following the trial rumors that the pair were to be married were persistently denied by both. Miss Cook is a graduate of St. Joseph Central High School and is noted for her beauty and musical accomplishments.

Directly across a narrow hall from McDaniel's office is the office of Bart M. Lockwood—the man who as special prosecutor caused McDaniel's arrest on the murder charge.

Miss Cook gave testimony for McDaniel. Following the trial rumors that the pair were to be married were persistently denied by both. Miss Cook is a graduate of St. Joseph Central High School and is noted for her beauty and musical accomplishments.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Abe Brown is a most accommodating man; he handcuffed himself and made his arrest a simple matter.

Brown had visited the home of James Fleming frequently. Several articles were missed and suspicion pointed to him. He gathered with the family one evening for a friendly chat and proudly exhibited a pair of handcuffs he had purchased. "Show us how they work," said Mrs. Fleming.

"Simple, just like this," said Brown, and he accidentally locked them.

"We'll call the police to unlock them for you," said Mrs. Fleming.

"Fine, thanks," answered Brown, jovially.

And when the police came, Mrs. Fleming told the police not to unlock them until she had put a charge of larceny against Brown.

SHOT SELF WHILE ASLEEP

Girl Believed to Have Been Dreaming When She Placed Revolver Against Head and Fired.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Miss May Wilson, twenty-five years old, is believed to have been asleep when she placed a revolver against her head and fired a fatal shot. She had often told how she was moved by dreams, and her friends declare she must have been having a nightmare when she fired the shot.

Miss Wilson lived with her father, James R. Wilson, and always kept a revolver under her pillow. She was found on her bed with the revolver laying beside her. Only one shot had been fired and no one heard it.

The girl was of a sunny disposition, had perfect health and no trouble. The stress of a dream is the only possible explanation of the tragedy.

Women's Footwear Eclipses Past Efforts Of Shoe Trade

Wonderful lines, shapes and coloring Characterize New Fall Offerings.

Those of our readers who have had occasion to visit Detroit recently, and respond to the invitation of the Walk-Over Shoe company, will be inspired by their store displays have behold some thing well worth going far to see.

Especially is this true of the women, who, as a rule, are more interested in style and variety of footwear than are men.

"The New Styles First" is the policy and practice of the Walk-Over stores, and never before have women's new creations in Fall footwear been more beautified than now—in the Walk-Over shops.

The styles themselves are alluring—fascinating—striking. The designers have evidently put forth extra efforts to develop something new—from shapes to colors.

The lines of the new fall Walk-Over boots are what is known as "flowing."

From tip to toe the new lines proclaim "naturalness." The new designs in colors, forms, seasons' efforts in this direction have been completely outdone. There seems no limit to the variety of pretty shades, colors and combinations of colors in solids and stripes, dots and checks.

It would be hard for one employing a appreciable beauty in footwear to disregard the offerings of the Walk-Over stores.

And in addition to the known, deservedly popular, universally respected, the Walk-Over product—men's, women's and children's shoes.

A further feature of interest to our readers is the fact that the Walk-Over stores prepare parcel post on mail orders to any point in Michigan, and guarantee satisfaction.

NEW ADAMS THEATRE.

Romance of the sweetest Southern quality is presented in "Bonnie," a new play by Maravene Thompson, which Vangian Glaser has brought to Detroit for his second week at the Adams theatre.

"Bonnie" does not pretend to be anything but a lighthearted comedy, which means it more than fulfills expectations. It is pitched in a pretty Southern atmosphere.

A young Northern man, who has been injured in an automobile accident and is convalescing in a hospital which includes Adair, a southern belle, becomes infatuated with Bonnie, and to be near her constantly he feels to have suffered a brain disturbance in the accident which makes it impossible for him to speak or show any emotion. But he always wears the name of "Dearest." Bonnie has been engaged for four years to Alvin Collins and is preparing for her wedding journey to California. She is anxious to take her relatives with her and that affliction on the estate and open Alice's drawers, she suddenly comes to the conclusion that she doesn't love him and returns his ring. Then is the time for "Dearest" to end his bluff and declare his love.

Mr. Glaser has the part of Roy MacQueen, "Dearest," and Miss Courtney, of course, is Bonnie.

DETROIT.

"Turn to the Right," the reigning success of New York and Chicago is to be presented at the Detroit Opera house next week by one of the original companies exactly as it has been played in those two great theatrical centers during the last year. The play is in a prologue and three acts and the stage settings are of exceptional beauty.

CARRICK.

Alice Nielsen returns in light opera at the Carrick theatre Monday, September 17, in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Miss Nielsen is supported by an exceptional cast of musical players. Among them are Pauline Hall, Weston, Elsie, Minnie, Doris, Ruth, Edward Stevens, Frank Weller, John Phillips, Jackson Hines, Ten Eyck Clay, George Callahan, William Reid and others.

MADISON.

Mae Marsh stars in "Polly of the Circus" a screen presentation of Margaret Mayo's drama of circus life, the first of the much discussed Goldwyn productions, will be the feature attraction at the Madison theatre for this week. Mae Marsh is the star.

WASHINGTON.

"The Bar Sinister" Heads This Week's Attractions.

Another dramatic photoplay has a week's engagement at the Washington theatre this week, when "The Barbecue" story of the modern south, is presented.

LIBRARY PARK HOTEL.

Cor. Gratiot & Library. Rates \$1.00 and up.

Moonday Lunch.....40s

Sunday Dinner.....50s

ROMAINE WENDELL

VOCAL TEACHER
(Asst. to Harold Jarvis.)
Talent Furnished for Entertainments

106 Broadway, Detroit, Michigan

Sara A. Smith

Accordion Playing and Buttons Covered to Order.

Hemstitching.

Room 53 Truett Schmidt Bldg.

Formerly Valpey Bldg.

213 Woodward Ave., Detroit

Detroit

LIBRARY PARK HOTEL

Cor. Gratiot & Library.

Rates \$1.00 and up

Moonday Lunch.....40s

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SPRUNK

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Artists and Engravers.

700 Marquette Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Engraving Dept.; Open Day and Night

HOTEL CHARLEVOIX

DETROIT

European Plan—Absolutely Fireproof

Rates—\$1.50 and upward with bath

Special Noontime Luncheon, 60c

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Quick service at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed. Phone Grand 321.

Michigan Radiator & Fender Repair Co.,

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

EXPERT RADIATOR AND FENDER REPAIRING

Quick service at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed. Phone Grand

Every Farmer in Michigan Should Read This

Michigan Must Produce 20% More Winter Wheat for 1918

Now is the Time to "Do Your Bit"

The Michigan farm-business man is now being put to the test.

To meet the most serious food situation the world has ever faced, our Secretary of Agriculture has announced that this Nation must produce one billion bushels of wheat in 1918. An eighty-three million bushel rye crop is also part of the war agricultural program.

To do his utmost toward making this enormous yield a reality is the patriotic duty of every wheat and rye grower in the United States;

a task imposed not upon our Nation as a whole—but an obligation resting upon every owner of wheat producing soil in the land.

Are you planning to do your share? Are you making a sincere effort to plant and raise more wheat—and better wheat—than your acres have ever yielded before?

If so, your reward will not be limited to the thought of a duty done in a big national undertaking—for, the government guarantee of a minimum price of \$2.00 per bushel for the 1918 harvest will also make your profits proportionately satisfactory. Never before have the combined incentives—Patriotism and Profits—been more harmoniously blended, or more generously repaid.

But if you have not yet realized the task ahead, the time is not too late. The course of action is plainly marked—divided into two broad aims:

First, can you put more acreage under cultivation? There must be 20 per cent more land sown to winter wheat in

Michigan this Fall if the Billion Bushel program be accomplished. Make every acre do its duty! The "fence corners", the "left over" spots—all should be productive.

Second, use nothing but the best of seed which has been cleaned and treated. The government two-dollar-a-bushel guarantee enables you to do this. Furthermore, good seed not only produces more abundantly, but it also weathers the winter better.

Also, labor shortage—the growing lack of man-power on our farms—makes necessary the utilization of every tractor, horse, or piece of farm machinery. Farm resources must be mobilized on the productive fields at home before our fighting men can "do their bit" on the battle fields abroad.

We suggest a friendly inter-county rivalry. Find out the high mark of production for our county—and the ones next to us. "Hitch your wagon" to a figure 20 per cent still greater—and see if our county can't do even better!

The Michigan Agricultural College and other agricultural institutions are working for and with you. Both your banker and the millers have volunteered to help you get special seed wheat if you apply for it.

The market is assured—the demand cannot be over-reached no matter what the out-put.

A hungry world is knocking at our door—eager to pay a price which means good profits.

Your part is strictly up to you.

Do your share! Now!

WM. BACON-HOLMES COMPANY
Chelsea, Michigan

LOCAL BREVIETES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Louis Faber was in Jackson, Tuesday.

John Martin spent Tuesday afternoon in Jackson.

Adam Traub visited in Cleveland, Ohio, Wednesday and Thursday.

Archie Keusch and Vern Evans were Jackson visitors Tuesday.

Guy Lighthall of Boston, Mass., visited Chelsea friends Tuesday.

Bert McClain is home from Cleveland, Ohio, for a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. E. L. Negus is visiting her daughter in South Lyon for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vogel have been in New York this week on business.

Miss Nina May Shrimpton of Detroit is the guest of Miss Nellie Lowry.

E. P. Steiner is having his residence, 111 Dewey avenue, wired for electric lights.

Special meeting Olive Lodge No. 156 F. & A. M., Tuesday evening, September 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hauser are the parents of a son, born Sunday, September 9, 1917.

Mrs. J. C. Taylor went to Detroit today to spend the week-end with her sons and families.

N. J. Dunn of Saginaw is spending a few days at the home of his niece, Mrs. E. P. Steiner.

Henry Merker has enlisted in Co. M. Michigan cavalry and is in training camp near Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Wood have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Roy Bliss of Holt, this week.

The Oddfellows are arranging to give a dance Friday evening, September 28th, in Macabees hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Lesser attended the wedding of his cousin, John Lesser, in Saline, Wednesday.

Mrs. Carrie Coe of Seattle, Washington, is visiting her father, Jay Everett, and sister, Miss Jessie Everett.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Werner of Ann Arbor are the parents of a daughter, born Thursday, September 6, 1917.

Rev. and Mrs. C. R. Osborn left Monday for Rochester, New York, where the former will continue his theological studies.

The Parent-Teachers association will meet Tuesday afternoon, September 18th, at 3:30 o'clock in the high school building.

Dr. T. M. Izen of Ann Arbor will speak at the North Lake church Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock on "The Religion of Scientists."

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Musbach of West Sylvan entertained Mrs. Carrie Staebler and Mrs. Henry Yonker, of Lansing, over the weekend.

Regular meeting of the Pythian Sisters will be held Thursday evening, September 20th. All members please attend and hear the report of the grand temple session.

Mrs. A. J. Fallen and children, of Martins Ferry, Ohio, who have been visiting with their aunt, Miss Nellie Young of Lyndon, returned to their home in the Ohio valley, Wednesday.

The National Process Fuel company is nearly ready to put its plant near the D. J. & C. depot into operation. The big power press is ready but it has been very difficult to get the dies for making briquettes and that has hindered the work considerably.

John Maier sustained painful burns on his right hand Tuesday noon at the plant of the Michigan Portland Cement company when a knife-switch connected with a small electric motor "arced." He was off duty Wednesday, but went out to the plant again yesterday.

One hundred and three men will be sent to Camp Custer, Battle Creek, next Wednesday. Those from this vicinity include the following: LeRoy Wilsey, Chelsea; Stephen J. Chartrand, Sharon; Elmer E. Schiller, Sharon; John Stallone, Chelsea; Gregory Degterick, Chelsea; Peter F. Young, Chelsea; Oscar A. Bahnmiller, Freedom; Conrad J. Willy, Dexter; Elmer J. Troz, Sharon; Julius J. Eisele, Freedom; Walter J. Schittenhelm, Sylvan; George A. Lindauer, Lima; Sol Anisel, Lyndon; Thomas J. Wortley, Sylvan; William G. Kolb, Chelsea.

Zion church, Rogers Corners, will celebrate its 50th anniversary, Sunday, with three special services. The new organ will be dedicated during morning service. Dr. Richter of Clinton, Iowa, will be the speaker.

Afternoon service at 2:30 p.m. Rev. Ide of Detroit and Rev. Lemster of Blissfield will be the speakers.

Evening service at 7:30 p.m. Rev. Otto of Detroit and Rev. Sodt of Berea, Ohio, will be the speakers.

The church building was considerably damaged by the tornado on June 6th and the repairs have just been completed at a cost of about \$3,000. The pipe organ had been installed in May, but fortunately escaped injury from the tornado.

The market is assured—the demand cannot be over-reached no matter what the out-put.

A hungry world is knocking at our door—eager to pay a price which means good profits.

Your part is strictly up to you.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years,

and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Adv.

Mrs. J. H. Runciman is visiting at the home of her son, C. H. Runciman, of Lowell.

E. L. Negus is ill with jaundice and is taking treatment at an Ann Arbor hospital.

L. G. Palmer, John and Ed. Frymuth and Fred Gentner were in Detroit yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Benjamin of Perry are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Ford Axtell, today.

Robert Buchanan, formerly of Lima, died at midnight Wednesday at his home in Dexter. He was 86 years of age.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Lane have moved from B. Steinbach's house, West Middle street, to John Bush's residence, North Main street.

The Crescent Hotel cafe and lunch room will open October first. John Austin of "The Farm," Wampeter lake, will be in charge.

Mrs. A. B. Shutes and son Leon returned Wednesday from a motorcar trip to Grayling, where they visited Glenn Shutes, who is a member of the signal corps.

Mr. and Mrs. William Laverock have rented their residence, 246 Park street, to Glenn Barbour and will move to their recently completed home on McKinley street.

H. O. Knickerbocker is harvesting 1,000 bushels of potatoes, which he will store in pits for the winter market. He was in Detroit yesterday looking up another motor truck which he intends to purchase.

Francis W. Kelsey, of Ann Arbor, et al., have filed an order in the circuit court asking that an injunction be issued against Eugene Smith and wife of Sylvan restraining them from obstructing a certain right of way at Cavanaugh Lake grounds. The hearing is set for next Monday.

Three Chelsea women (names suppressed by censor) are deriving considerable healthful pleasure from a series of early morning walks. Each morning finds them on the road at 6:30 o'clock and enjoying an hour's "hike" in the nearby country, the walks averaging three to four miles. Their footprints in the roadside dust today may mean freedom from ill-health and the ravages of time in future years.

The Michigan Central railroad has completed a new siding to the plant of the Chelsea Steel Ball company and it is now possible to unload machinery and material directly into the recently erected new building. Equipment is being received daily and much of the machinery is already set up and ready to be put into operation. A new boiler room and coal storage bunker is now being erected just west of the main building and will be ready for use before cold weather sets in.

IN THE CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL

P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.

Morning worship at ten o'clock with sermon by the pastor. Subject, "Sunshine."

Sunday school at 11:15. Class for men led by pastor.

At the evening service we will have the Chelsea school board and the public school teachers as our guests. Following the service an informal reception will be given the school teachers. The public is invited. Miss Nina May Shrimpton of Detroit will sing both morning and evening.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL

G. H. Whitney, Pastor.

Morning worship at 10 o'clock.

Sunday School at 11:15 a.m.

Epworth League at 6:00 p.m.

Union Evening Service at 7 o'clock at the Baptist church.

Prayer meeting Thursday 7:00 p.m.

BAPTIST

Morning service at 9:30. Rev. E. O. Jessup of Toledo, Ohio, will preach.

Sunday school at 10:30 a.m.

Prayer meeting 7 o'clock Thursday evening at the church.

ST. PAUL'S

A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

German service Sunday at 9:30 a.m.

Topic, Religious Instructions.

Members of the next confirmation class and their parents are especially invited.

Sunday school 10:30 a.m.

The Sunday school increase campaign will begin this Sunday.

At 7 o'clock in the evening the pastor will give a stereoptican lecture in English on "Luther and the Reformation." Subject, "The Training of Luther."

SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH

Geo. C. Nothdurft, Pastor.

Sunday school 9:30 a.m.

German worship 10:30 a.m.

Epworth League 7:00 p.m.

English worship 8:00 p.m.

CATHOLIC

Rev. W. P. Considine, Rector.

Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Sunday services.

Holy communion 6:30 a.m.

High Mass 7:30 a.m.

Low Mass 10:30 a.m.

Catechism 11:00 a.m.

Baptisms at 3:00 p.m.

Mass on week days at 7:00 a.m.

The Children of Mary and the Boni Mors societies will receive holy communion next Sunday.

The annual collection for the orphans of the diocese will be taken up next Sunday.

CARD OF THANKS

The undersigned wish in this manner to express their appreciation for kindness shown to them in their recent bereavement. Special thanks to Mrs. Haab and to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Huile.

Mr. and Mrs. William Foster, Elmer and Frank Foster, Mrs. Elvyn Kalmbach, Miss Emma Foster.

"I have been selling Chamberlain's Tablets for about two years and heard such good reports from my customers that I concluded to give them a trial myself, and can say that I do not believe there is another preparation of the kind equal to them," writes G. A. McBride, Headford, Ont. If you are troubled with indigestion or constipation give them a trial. They will do you good.—Adv.

THE L.H. FIELD CO.

JACKSON, Mich.

THE MILLERS

THE MILLERS have been in this style creating work for twenty years, visiting every city of importance, returning to the same stores again and again.

Miller and Miller will cut and fit to your measure any fabric or material, bought in this store for \$1.00 a yard or more, absolutely without charge to you.

They measure, cut, fit and pin the materials so that the sewing is simple. Each piece of material even to trimming and buttons is pinned in the proper place, ready for sewing. Instructions are given for finishing the garment.

In addition to the cutting service, Madame Miller will gladly answer any questions as to styles, fabrics, trimmings. She will originate designs or copy any style shown in Fashion magazines.

Special attention is given to the hard to fit. The personal