





# VERNON

205-207 SO. MICHIGAN ST.  
SOUTH BEND INDIANA.

## A \$6.98 Suit Sale

For the next ten days we will sell Men's and Boys' suits, worth double the money, for \$6.98. We are determined to reduce our mammoth stock of Clothing and have picked out nearly 400 fine worsted suits from our regular stock and you will be surprised when you see them. Handsomely tailored with the Broad Shoulder Effect.

### ADVANCE SPRING STYLES

are commencing to arrive and we will be compelled to have the space used for our winter goods. This is the chief reason why you are buying these suits for \$6.98. You can't afford to miss this sale, even if you don't need the suit until next year.

LOOK IN OUR DISPLAY WINDOWS AND PICK OUT ONE.

# VERNON

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

### BUCHANAN MARKETS

Week ending Feb. 24 Subject to change:

Butter	22c
Lard	8c
Eggs	22c
Apples	40 60c
Honey	12 to 14c
Beef	2 1/2 8
Veal	7c
Pork	5 1/2 6c
Mutton	8c
Chicken	8c
Ducks	8c
Turkeys	12c
Geese	8c

Above quotations are on live weight only.

The Pears-East Grain Co., report the following prices on grain to-day:

Wheat No. 2 Red and White	\$1.12
Rye	75c
Oats	29c
Corn	40c

Wait for the Lady Minstrels.

Mrs. Peter Gosline is reported as being quite ill.

Chas. Laner is very sick at the home of Geo. Batchelor.

Mr. W. A. Palmer was down town today after his recent illness.

Old gold and silver.

W. W. Wood.

Little Richard Pears, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Pears, is very ill with pneumonia.

Mr. J. J. Roe was down town yesterday, the first time in two weeks. He has been having the grip.

Paint brushes, also whitewash brushes, tools, etc.

BINNS' MAGNET STORE

Portz, Keller and The Buchanan Cash Grocery are each advertising specials for Saturday. See their ads.

Diphtheria relieved in twenty minutes. Almost miraculous. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

Miss Maria Samson's Sunday school class, of the M. E. church, held a birthday dinner at the home of Mrs. Minnie Peters, today.

Fred Hubbard is still playing Steve in "My Friend From Arkansas" which will be at Rough's Opera House Wednesday, March 1.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.

F. W. Ravin has taken the agency for a new style kerosene oil lamp, called the Angle lamp. It is a very fine lamp and gives a great amount of light. He will be pleased to have the Buchanan people inspect it at the express office.

A letter was just received by Rev. W. J. Douglass, from Mrs. Jay Godfrey, of Riverside, Cal., in which she states that they have already had twice as much rain as they had all last season, and that 32 degrees above zero is the coldest weather they have had this winter, and that only for two mornings.

Michigan Central railroad will sell round trip tickets to Washington, D. C., March 2 and 3. Good returning March 8, or by depositing tickets with joint agent at Washington not later than March 8 and paying a fee of \$1.00 and extension can be had until March 18. One fare plus 25 cents for the round trip.

M. L. JENKS, Agent.

There is an attractive sight in Burkhard Bros' display window in St. Joseph. It is a fully blossomed branch from a Carmen peach tree which was supposed to have been frozen. The branch was placed in a hot house for one week and is now in full blossom. The tree was from the orchard of Thomas Archer and Mr. Archer took this way to see if the peach trees were all frozen as was reported.

At 7 o'clock Wednesday morning Fred D. Cook, son of Editor and Mrs. F. W. Cook, and Miss Martha Sheridan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Heiser of South Bend, were joined in wedlock by Rev. Father DeGrott at St. Patrick's church, South Bend. At the conclusion of the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served for the bridal party and relatives at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Cook left for a western trip, and upon their return will make their home in Niles, where the groom holds the position of managing editor of the Niles Daily Star.

### PERSONAL.

Rev. J. W. Douglass was a South Bend visitor the first of the week.

Harry Stevens, of Benton Harbor was a Buchanan visitor the first of the week.

Claude Rynearson returned to his work in South Bend, Wednesday, after visiting a few days with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Lewis, returned home Wednesday from Benton Harbor where they have been visiting the past two weeks.

Mrs. L. Dragoo was suddenly called to her daughter in Kalamazoo on account of the sickness of her granddaughter, Cecil Upham.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Richardson left Buchanan Wednesday for a short visit with their daughter, Mrs. C. L. Bristol, of Battle Creek, and son Jerry of Cassopolis.

Don't miss it. The Lady Minstrels.

Meeting of East Five Tuesday Feb. 28.

Old papers for sale at the Record office, 5 cents per bunch.

A rag bee and dinner was held yesterday at the home of D. D. Pangborn.

Mr. John Alliger, who has been so ill with pneumonia, is slightly improved.

Mr. George Swink, who has been quite ill threatened with pneumonia, is some better.

The Record welcomes Mr. A. Rensdittler to its columns as an advertiser. Read his ad.

You can find any kind of lead pencils that you may desire.

BINNS' MAGNET STORE

Louis Runner was down town Wednesday shaking hands with the boys. This was his first trip down town since his illness.

Frank Thomas, was shaking hands with his friends down town last week. Frank had a hard pull of it but was fortunate to recover.

Messrs. J. P. Beistle, Clarence Weaver and H. S. Horton have recently purchased Mathushek & Son pianos from D. L. Mudgett.

A good wholesome play instructs as well as entertains. "My Friend From Arkansas" is such a play. It will be at Rough's Opera House, March 1.

Ladies' aid society of the Larger Hope church will meet with Mrs. Juliet Baird and Mrs. Marietta Hern, next Wednesday March 1, 2 p. m.

New features have been added to "My Friend From Arkansas" this season. You can see them at Rough's Opera House Wednesday, March 1.

Street Commissioner Chas. Groves is doing some good work these days by getting the gutters cleaned out, so as to be prepared when a big thaw comes.

Scald head is an eczema of the scalp, very severe sometimes, but it can be cured. Doan's Ointment, quick and permanent in its results. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Albert Hess, the little 7 year old son of Mrs. Edith Valentine, died Wednesday-morning from brain fever. The funeral was held from the Methodist church this morning.

John Hershonow has rented the Arthur building on Main street, and will move his tailoring business there next week. The building that he will vacate, will be occupied by John McFallon as a saloon.

Little Maymie Conrad who has been very sick with pneumonia is much better. Mrs. Conrad wishes to express her gratitude to the friends and neighbors who have so kindly assisted in caring for her.

The credit Exchange, of South Bend is all in a muddle and rumors are afloat that its creditors will bring suit to collect their accounts. Last fall representatives of the exchange held a meeting in Buchanan, and tried to induce our merchants to join, but they decided they did not need the benefits (?) of the exchange, so declined.

Agonizing Burns

re instantly relieved, and perfectly healed, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. C. Rivenbark, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., writes: "I burnt my knee dreadfully, that it blistered all over. Bucklen's Arnica Salve stopped the pain, and healed it without a scar." Also heals all wounds and sores. 25c at all drug stores.

# QUALITY

Has given us our reputation and our output enables us to name

## Rock Bottom Prices

If You Want the BEST GOODS for the Least Money

—TRADE AT—

## Buchanan Cash Grocery

Leaders in Low Prices and First-class Goods.

Special Sale for next Saturday, Feb. 25

## Fancy Naval Oranges

### Good Advice...

WHAT?

Come now, bring your dinner and stay all day.

WHY?

Because while you have time, you can plan your rooms, study up the latest styles of coloring and decorating in Wall Paper and learn prices, better than when the rush of Spring work begins.

at W. F. Runner's

Immense line of Samples. Prices that Defy Competition.

## Home Made

and Vienna Bread

Fresh Cakes, Cookies and Pies all the time.

## Cream Puffs Saturday

At The

## The Model Bakery

J. H. Portz, Prop.

## New Cloths

have just received a full line of new cloths for the fall and winter trade. The cloths are right and the price is right. Call and see them.

JOHN HERSHENOW, Merchant Tailor.

## PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Friends taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

### Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$3 a year; four months \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co 361 Broadway, New York  
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## CASTINGS

SOUTH BEND FOUNDRY CO., SOUTH BEND, IND.

Make all kinds of Grey Iron, Building, Street and Machine

Do Patterns, Blacksmith and Machine Work, SAND WEIGHTS, ETC.

## W. W. WOOD

Expert

Watch and Jewelry Repairing

Old Gold and Silver Bought.

Buchanan, Mich.

## NEW LIVERY

Having rented the Front Street Livery Barn and put in a full line of first class rigs, I am prepared to accommodate the public with the best Livery service at all times at reasonable prices. A specialty made of feeding.

Geo. Batchelor, Buchanan

For

An attractive meal of well-prepared food, go to

## The City Restaurant

Pleasant and Comfortable Rooms.

Mrs. Nettie Lister, Proprietor

## REDUCED RATES IN LIVERY

Having secured the work with the funeral car I have added a fine hack to my stock and other new rigs suitable for the business. I will make funeral work a specialty and will make special rates in all livery and will send a driver in case they are wanted without extra charge.

## W. D. House

THOS. S. SPRACUE & SON, PATENTS  
Wayne County Bank Bldg., DETROIT

## Home Sugar Cured Hams

AT

## Mutchler's Meat Market

HIGH GRADE COFFEE

20-25-30-35 and 40c

Egg-O-See	10c
2 Pkg Roseine	5c
Korn Krisp	10c

A lot of Plates while they last each 2c

Special Sale Saturday on Bowls.

## W. H. KELLER,

'Phone 27

## MODEL Steam Laundry

We will Call for and Deliver Your Laundry. Let Us Hear from You

E. B. Weaver

Buy

## MORLEY'S New Troy Mills CHOICE BUCKWHEAT FLOUR

Guaranteed Pure.

For sale by C. D. Kent, C. B. Treat & Co. and B. T. Morley.

## NOTICE

To all who trap, I will pay the highest market price for Fur and Hides of all kinds. Also will pay highest market price for Old Iron, Rags, rubbers and Paper Stock and metal of all kinds.

I will pay 45c per 100 for Old Iron delivered in Niles.

## Myer Franklin

NILES, MICH.

THOS. S. SPRACUE & SON, PATENTS  
Wayne County Bank Bldg., DETROIT

## R. E. S. Dodd & Son

Druggist & Booksellers

thank the people of Buchanan and vicinity for their patronage and ask for its continuance

We are Agents For

Fleck's Stock Food, Poultry Powder and Lice Killer.

We have all the PATENT MEDICINES called for in this market. We sell PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP, besides always

Dodd's Cough Balsam  
Dodd's Liver Pills  
Dodd's Sarsaparilla

75c per bottle.

### LOCAL NOTES

The Lady Minstrels are coming.

Clocks called for and delivered.

W. W. Wood.

Mrs. Myron Mead is quite ill at her home on Day's avenue.

Julia Long, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Long, is critically ill.

Edgar Ham has been compelled to stay at home the past week, on account of the grip.

Your home is your palace. Decorate your rooms, we can help you.

BINNS' MAGNET STORE

Robert Sherman and a first-class company in "My Friend From Arkansas" at Rough's Opera House, Mar. 1

Too late to cure a cold after consumption has fastened its deadly grip on the lungs. Take Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup while yet there is time.

The Colonial Dames were entertained Monday evening by Mrs. Jack Bishop. Refreshments were served and the club adjourned to meet with Mrs. Blake next Monday.

AUCTION SALE—I will sell at Public Auction at my residence in the bend of the river, on Wednesday March 15, 1905, beginning at 10 o'clock the following: 12 horses, 3 cows, 10 brood sows, 2 binders, 2 corn planters and many other farm implements.

M. 15. Wm. B. Hoag.

# Under the Rose

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,  
Author of "The Strollers"

Copyright, 1903, by the Bowen-Merrill Company

"From whence did you conjure them, gentle mistress?" asked the fool.

"Some one I knew placed them there."

"But why two horses, good Jacqueline?"

"Because I am minded to show you the path through the wood," she replied. "You might mistake it, and then my purpose would not be served. Give me your hand, sir. I am wont to have my own way." And as he reluctantly extended his palm she placed her foot upon it, springing lightly to the saddle. "Tis but a canter through the forest. The day is glorious, and 'twill be rare sport."

Already had she gathered in the reins and turned her horse, galloping down a road that swept through a grove of poplar and birch, and he after a moment's hesitation rode after her. Like one born to the chase she kept her seat, her lithe figure swaying to the movements of the steed. Soon the brighter green of her gown fluttered amid the somber tinted pines and elms as the younger forest growth merged into a stern array of primeval monarchs. Here reigned an austere silence, a stillness that now became the more startlingly broken.

"You ride farther, Jacqueline?" said the fool.

"A little farther."

"It will be far to return," he protested.

"I have no fear," she answered tranquilly.

Again he let her have her way as one would yield to a willful child. On and on they sped, past the place where the deer run crossed the broader path, through an ever varying forest, now on one side a rocky basin overrun with trees and shrubs; again, on the other hand, a great gorge in whose depths flowed a whispering stream. Yonder appeared the gray walls of an ancient monastery, one part only of which was habitable; a turn in the road swallowed it up as though abruptly to complete the demolition time was slowly to bring about. On and on, until the way became wilder and the wood more overgrown with bushes and tangled shrubbery, when she suddenly stopped her horse.

He understood. At last they were to part. And, remembering what he owed to her, the jester suddenly found himself regretting that here their

paths separated forever. Swiftly his mind flew back to their first meeting, when she had flouted him in Fools' hall. A perverse, capricious maid—how she had ever crossed him, and yet nursed him!

Attentively he regarded her. The customary pallor of her face had given way to a faint tint; her eyes were luminous, dewy bright; beneath the little cap the curling tresses would have been the despair of those later day reformers, the successors of Calvinists and Lutherans.

"A will o' the wisp," he thought. "A man might follow and never grasp her."

Did she read what he felt, that mingled gratitude and perplexity? Her clear eyes certainly seemed to have a peculiar mastery over the thoughts of others. Now they expressed only mockery.

"The greater danger is over," she said quietly. "From now on there is less fear of your being taken."

"Thanks to you!" he answered, searching her with his glance.

Here he doubted not she would make known the quest of which she had spoken. Whatever it might be, he would faithfully require her, even to making his own purpose subservient to it.

"It is now time," she said demurely, "to acquaint you with the mission. Of course you will accept it?"

"Can you ask?" he answered earnestly.

"You promise?"

"To serve you with my life."

"Then we had better go on," she continued.

"But, mademoiselle, I thought—"

"That we were to part here? Not at all. I am not yet ready to leave you. In fact, good Master Jester, I am going with you. I am the quest; I am the mission. Are you sorry you promised?"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**S**HE the quest, the mission! With growing amazement he gazed at her, but she returned his look as though enjoying his surprise.

"You do not seem overpleased with the prospect of my company?" she observed. "Or perhaps you fear I may inebriate you?" with mock irony. "Confess, the service is more onerous than you expected?"

Beneath her flushed yet smiling face lay a nervous earnestness he could divine, but not fathom.

"Different, certainly," he answered brusquely.

Her eyes flashed. "How complimentary you are!"

"For your own sake!"

"My sake!" she exclaimed passionately. Her little hand closed fiercely; proudly her eyes burned into his.

"Think you I have taken this step idly? That it is but the caprice of a moment?"

Oh, no, no! It was necessary to flee from the court. But to whom could a woman turn? Not to any of the court—tools of the king. One person only was there; he whose life was as good as forfeited. Do you understand?"

"That my life belongs to you? Yes. But that you should leave the court—where you have influence, friends—"

"Influence! Friends!"

He was startled by the bitterness of her voice.

"Tell me, Jacqueline—why do you wish to go?" he said wonderingly.

"Because I wish to," she returned briefly and stroked the shining neck of her horse.

Indeed, how could she apprise him of events which were now the talk of the court—how Francis, evincing a sudden interest as strong as it was unexpected, had exchanged Triboulet for herself, and the princess, at the king's request, had taken the buffoon with her and left the girl behind; the jester's welcome to the household of the queen of Navarre, a subsequent bewildering shower of gifts, the complacent, although respectful, attentions of the king; how she had endured these advances until no course remained save the one she had taken! No, she could not tell the duke's fool all this.

Between folle and fugitive fell a mutual reserve. Did he divine some portion of the truth? Are there moments when the mind, tuned to a tension, may almost feel what another experiences? Why had the girl not gone with her mistress? He remembered she had evaded this question when he had asked it. Looking at her, for the first time it crossed his mind she would be held beautiful, an odd, strange beauty, imperious, yet girlish, and the conviction crept over him there might be more than a shadow of excuse for her mad flight.

Beneath his scrutiny her face grew cold, disdainful. "Like all men," she said sharply, as though to stay the trend of his thoughts, "you are prodigal in promises, but chary in fulfillment."

"Where is it your pleasure to go?" he asked quietly.

"That we shall speak of hereafter," she answered laughingly.

"Forward, then."

"I can ride on alone," she demurred, "if—"

"Nay; 'tis I who crave the quest," he returned gravely.

Her face broke into smiles. "What a devoted cavalier!" she exclaimed.

"Come, then. Let us ride out into the world. At least it is bright and shining today. Do you fear to follow me, sir, or do you believe with the hunchback that I am an enchantress and cast over whom I will the spell of diablerie?"

"You may be an enchantress, mistress, but the spell you cast is not diablerie," he answered in the same tone.

"The woman," she said mockingly.

"But it remains to be seen into what a world I am going to lead you," and rode on.

Now the road so narrowed he fell behind. The character of the country had changed. Some time ago they had passed out of the wild forest and had begun to traverse a great, level plain, broken with stubble. As far as the eye could reach no other human figures were visible; the land outstretched apparently without end; no habitations dotted the landscape and the sole signs of life, wheeling birds of prey, languidly floated in the air. At length she glanced around. Was it to reassure herself the jester rode near, that she had not, unattended, entered that forbidding territory? Then she paused abruptly and the fool approached.

"By this time the turnkey should be relieved," she said.

"But not released," he answered, holding up the keys which he yet wore at his girdle. "They will have to come a long distance to find them," he continued, and threw the keys far away upon the sward.

"They may not think of following on this road at all," she returned. "It is the old castle thoroughfare, long since disused."

"And leads where?"

"Southward, to the main road."

"How came you to know it?" he asked quickly.

"How? Because I lived in the castle before the king built the palace and the new thoroughfare," she answered slowly.

"You lived in the castle, then, when it was the residence of the proud constable of Dubrois? You must have been but a child," he added reflectively.

"Yes, but children may have long memories."

"In your case, certainly. How well you knew all the passages and corridors of the castle!"

She responded carelessly and changed the conversation. The thoroughfare broadening, for the remainder of the day they pressed forward side by side. But a single human figure during all those hours they encountered, and that when the afternoon had fairly worn away. For some time they had pursued their journey silently, when at a turn in the road the horse of the jester shied and started back.

At the same time an unclean, offensive looking monk in Franciscan attire arose suddenly out of the stubble by the wayside. In his hand he held a heavy staff, newly cut from the forest, a stock which in his brawny arms seemed better adapted for a weapon than as a prop for his sturdy frame. From the rope girdle about his waist depended a rosary whose great beads would have served the fingers of Cyclops and a most diminutive, leathern bound prayer book. At the appearance of the fool and his companion he opened an enormous mouth and in a voice proportionately large began to whine right vigorously:

"Charity, good people, for the mother church! Charity in the name of the Holy Mother! In the name of the saints, the apostles and the evangelists, St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul—then broke off suddenly, staring stupidly at the jester.

"The duke's fool!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here? A plague upon it! You have as many lives as a monk."

"Call you yourself a monk, rascal?" asked the jester contemptuously.

"At times, Charity, good fool!" the canting rogue again began to whine, edging nearer. "Charity, mistress, for the sake of the prophets and the disciples, the seven sacraments, the Feast of the Pentecost and the Passover! In the name of the holy fathers, St. Sebastian, St. Michael, St.—"

But the fugitives had already sped on, and the unregenerate knave turned his pious eloquence into an unhalting channel of oaths, waving his staff menacingly after them.

"I fear me," said the jester when they had put a goodly distance between themselves and the solitary figure, "yonder brother craves alms giving with his voice and enforces the bounty with his staff. Woe betide the good Samaritan who falls within reach of his pilgrim's prop."

"You knew him?" she asked.

"I had the doubtful pleasure," he answered. "He was hired to kill me."

"Why?" in surprise.

"Because the duke wanted me out of the way."

She asked no further questions, although he could see by her brow she was thinking deeply. Was the duke, then, no better than a common assassin? She frowned, then gave an impatient exclamation.

"It is inexplicable," she said, and rode the faster.

The jester, too, was silent, but his mind dwelt upon the future and its hazards. He little liked their meeting with the false monk. Why was the Franciscan traveling in their direction? In the fading light fool and jester drew rein and, moved by the same purpose, looked about them. On the one hand was the deserted, desolate plain, over which lay a sullen, gathering mist; on the other, the somber obscurity of the wood. Everywhere an ominous silence and overhead the crescent glowing in luster.

"Do you see any sign of house or inn?" said the girl, peering afar down the road, which soon lost itself in the general monotony of the landscape.

"None, mistress. The country seems alike barren of farmhouse and tavern."

"What shall we do? I am full weary," she confessed.

"The forest offers the best protection," he reluctantly suggested. Little as he favored delay, he realized the wisdom of sparing their horses. Moreover, her appeal was irresistible.

She gazed half dubiously into that

# AMERICA'S BEST Coffee

## BELL'S MOCHA AND JAVA

Packed in One-Pound Dust-Proof Cartons



This Coffee is a special blend of the best South American Mocha and Java and is selected by our special agent from private growth plantations. It is superior to any offered heretofore at a moderate price and is

**GUARANTEED TO PLEASE THE MOST FASTIDIOUS TASTE.**

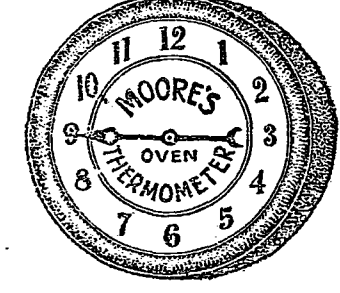
**BEST for the Money Ever Offered in This Country.**

We Control the ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF THESE COFFEES.


**J. H. BELL & CO.**  
62 & 64 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Buchanan Cash Grocery Distributors

## Moore's Stoves Always Please



Is She Guessing?



No! Moore's Oven Thermometer shows exactly the heat of the oven. Its use does away with guessing, and makes baking a sure thing. It takes 240 degrees to bake sponge cake. Ten degrees either way and the cake is spoiled. Can you always guess it close enough? *Moore's Thermometer* tells in plain figures. Saves a lot of uncertainty and never makes a mistake. A pleasure to show it to you. Also the Hinged Top, Controller Damper and the many other points in which Moore's Ranges excell all others.

FOR SALE BY

**Adams, Walker & Poyser**

BUCHANAN, MICH.

### EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

Low Rates to The West

One way, second class colonist fares to the west, northwest and California. On March 1, 1905, extremely low rates will be offered to the west northwest and to California. Tickets will be on sale every day through the month of March. Ask Pere Marquette ticket agents for particulars or write H. J. Gray D. P. A., Grand Rapids.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A.  
m3 Detroit.

Low Rates to The South

Mardi Gras at New Orleans March 6, 7 and 8, 1905. On account of the Mardi Gras festival at New Orleans on above date the Pere Marquette will sell tickets at a rate of one fare for the round trip plus \$2.25. Good going March 1 to 6 inclusive, good returning not later than March 11, 1905. Return limit will be extended on certain conditions. Ask agents for full information. H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A.  
f24

THOS. S. SPRAGUE & SON, PATENTS.  
Wayne County Bank Bldg., DETROIT.

# Mac C. Chamberlin

## MANUFACTURING STATIONER

Buchanan, Michigan.

Automatic and Transfer Binders  
Aluminum and Veneer Sheet Holders  
Files, Clips and Indexes  
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We can Print Anything

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