

Special Sale for June

Trunks and Bags.

We offer flat top, painted canvas cover trunks, olive enameled steel binding, hard wood slats, Japanned steel end clamps, malleable iron corner bumpers, strap hinges, center band, brass monitor lock, large bolts, rollers, iron bottom, deep hinged tray, hat box, side compartments separately covered, cloth faced dress tray.

30-inch, \$4.50
32-inch, 5.00
34-inch, 5.50
36-inch, 6.00

Satchels, 35c each and upward.
Now is a good time to travel.
In this department we sell you Lawn Wrappers at 50c.
You can fill your trunk very cheap.

Crockery Department.

Geo. Wyman & Co., will give you a free concert every afternoon at 3 o'clock during June with an Edison Phonograph to advertise their new Crockery Department. We want everyone to know we are in the Crockery business. We offer during June:

100-piece Dinner Sets, decorated Austrian china, at \$12.50.
100-piece Dinner Sets, American semi-porcelain, white, at \$6.30.

Millinery

We are having a clearing sale in Millinery.

Ladies' Fine Dress Hats, choice \$3.00.
Misses' Street Hats, choice \$1.00.

Hosiery Department.

Geo. Wyman & Co., offer men's light blue, balbriggan, silk front, \$1.00 quality Undershirts and drawers, at 50c.

Curtain Department

Lace Curtain sale—novelty net curtains \$2.50 per pair—half price.
Ruffled Mull Curtains, 29c per pair.
Fancy Scrim Curtains, colored stripes, 95c per pair.
Vulgar Poreh Shades \$2.00 to \$5.00 each, that will work.

Dress Goods.

One table full Fancy Silks, 49c a yard.
10c Fancy Lawns, 6 1/2c.
India Linen Remnants, black and colors, 5 cents.

Domestic

Lawn Remnants, 1c per yard.
10c Lawns, 6 1/2c.
Ginghams, 6 1/2c.
Prints, 3 1/2c, 4c and 5c.

GEO. WYMAN & CO.

South Bend, Indiana.

BUSINESS CARDS

D. R. L. E. Peck, Homeopathic Physician, Surgeon, Office and Residence on Main St. Buchanan, Mich.

WILLIAM CURTIS, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, Office over Roe's Hardware. Telephone 33 Buchanan Mich.

Frank A. Stryker, Co. Drain Commissioner, office corner Front and Main Sts., Buchanan, Mich. Belle phone 29.

DR. JOHN O. BUTLER,
DENTIST.
REDDEN BLOCK
Phone 22.

DR. JESSE FILMAR,
DENTIST
OFFICE:—POST-OFFICE BLOCK.
Nitrous Oxide Gas Given in Extracting Teeth
BELL PHONE 95-2 rings.

J. W. EMMONS M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Diseases of Women a Specialty
Office over express office. Office hours 10 a. m. until 4 p. m.; in at all other times except when out in actual practice.
Residence corner Lake and Front streets, formerly the Hubbell residence. Calls promptly attended to day or night.
Phone, Residence and Office 112.

Perroll & Son
Funeral Directors
108-110 Oak Street,
Phone 118. BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN

RICHARDS & EMERSON
UNDERTAKERS,
FRONT ST., BUCHANAN, MICH.

SOUTH BEND FOUNDRY CO.,
SOUTH BEND, IND.
make all kinds of Grey Iron, Building, Street and Machine
CASTINGS
Do Pattern, Blacksmith and Machine Work,
BASH WEIGHTS, ETC.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
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. Patents 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
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Benton Harbor Abstract Co.—A abstracts or titles. Real estate mortgage loans. Of See 104 Water St., Benton Harbor Mich.

GRAND OPENING

Of Buchanan Base Ball Park
Last Friday

VICTORY FOR BUCHANAN

Berrien Springs Defeated by a Score of 6 to 0

The first game of base ball played at the new ball park this season, took place Friday afternoon, the contesting teams being Buchanan and Berrien Springs.

At three o'clock the Buchanan band played a few selections on Front street after which they marched to the ball park. A great amount of interest had been aroused over the game and nearly all of the stores closed in order to let the business men attend.

The Buchanan team made their appearance in new uniforms, maroon in color, with blue stockings, caps and belts. They were very neat and attractive.

The game started off with the visitors at bat and with Richardson in the box for Buchanan. He proved to be many for the Springs men from the very start and the first inning closed without one of their men reaching Brodrick at the initial bag.

Although Buchanan made connection with the ball as thrown by Dunkleberger, the team work of the visitors kept the local team from circumnavigating the diamond.

For six innings both teams played the kind of ball you read about, and the score card showed an open sphere for both sides.

In the third inning Roe and Butler got into a slight mixup over a fly and run together but luckily Roe got under it and held tight.

In the seventh inning Buchanan scored twice and the ex-county seat men got rattled. The case of rattles stayed by them and in the eighth, the locals piled up four more. Berrien Springs failed to score again in the eighth and ninth and the score stood 6 to 0.

The features of the game were a slide on second made by Butler; an exceptionally fine throw by Fuller from left field to third, resulting in a put out; Brodrick's good work at first; an out field running catch by Sylvester, and the pitching of Richardson.

NOTES
The size of the crowd at Friday's game might be mentioned as a special feature, it was a good one, it being estimated that there were somewhere less than a thousand present.

The out field should be given a hair-cut. A team and mowing machine would help it wonderfully.

After batting fouls until he was ashamed to look a chicken in the face Boynton drove out an elegant single between 1st and 2nd.

One beauty about attending a ball game at Buchanan, every one is admitted to the grand stand free.

The new back stop in a fine one.

During the last inning, one of the band boys very appropriately serenaded the visiting team with a cornet solo, "Home Sweet Home."

The next ball game will be between Berrien Center and Buchanan, at the ball park Friday, June 23.

State Items

Archie Bell, a prominent farmer living near Lakeville, was found in an old well on his farm Saturday afternoon, having drowned in six feet of water. His wife died about three weeks ago, and it is thought that brooding over his loss caused him to take his own life. He was 56 years old, and is survived by one married daughter.

The directors of the Pontiac Y. M. C. A. have awarded a contract for the remodeling of the building which they will equip for gymnasium purposes. The work is to be completed in about thirty days, when the installation of the gymnasium will be begun. The contract includes a bridge to run across the second story from the gymnasium to the second story of the Jackson block, which the Y. M. C. A. now occupies. A gymnasium is one of the things the association has worked for years.

Detroit has many more conventions each year than any other city of its class. Last year 45 state, district or national conventions were held there. For this year sixty have already been booked.

Strawberry sundaes and lemon phosphate was the refreshment with which Gov. Warner invited his office staff and some of his other friends to celebrate the wind up of the session of the legislature of 1905. At some other wind ups there have been entertainments where there was more hilarity in the tipples, but Warner was evidently bent on demonstrating that his in a reform administration. At noon Saturday, President Glasgow brought his gavel down on the marble in the senate and declared that body formally adjourned sine die, while Speaker Master went through the same forms in the house. Only two or three members were present.

Through the passage of the Holmes bill by the legislature, the state has taken over the regulation and licensing of automobiles. The act became effective Thursday. All the state has to do is to register names and numbers and provide a seal that is to be attached in some way to the machine. The owner of the auto must provide the tag bearing the number assigned and the abbreviation "Mich." The number tag must be three inches in height. The state department has already received a number of applications. The law makes the driving of an automobile unlawful unless it is licensed within 80 days after June 15. The act displaces all local ordinances, and a license costs \$2.

This town has been the mark for a number of fakirs the past week or two, but the crowning glory of all was the work of one slick gent who was selling a compound good for all the ills that flesh is heir to. He came here from Onaway where he had unloaded all his stock and was of necessity forced to make more. He went to the drug store, bought fifty-four bottles and corks, green wrapping paper, 20 cents' worth of bitter aloes and some burnt sugar. Then aided by a few pails of rainwater he compounded his dope. In two days he sold the whole business at from 25 cents to \$1 a bottle, with the exception of a pailful of the "remedy" which he left in his room at the hotel. We expect to hear of great results from the "medicine."—Presque Isle County News.

GETS SECOND BIG CONTRACT

Townsend Will Construct South Bend-Laporte Interurban

J. McM. Smith, vice president and general manager of the Indiana Railway company, representing the stockholders of the recently organized South Bend Western Railway company, closed a contract about 2:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon with Geo. Townsend, of Indianapolis, for the construction of an electric line from South Bend to Laporte.

WHEN LOOKING FOR OXFORDS

be sure to fish in the right Pond.

Our line of these popular shoes so much admired by dainty women, is complete all sizes, all leathers, and all styles. Speaking of styles let us remind you they are



very handsome this season.

You Will Surely Find Your
Idea of Footwear in our Stock

Carmer & Carmer.
Buchanan, Mich.

We Are Making

A Great Reduction

On All

Farming Tools, Buggies and Wagons.

We are determined to close out this line of goods and they will be sold regardless of cost.

**Adams,
Walker
& Poyser**

The BEST FLOUR is

Ivory Patent

Try a sack on sale at

C. B. Treat & Co.

Work on the line will begin as soon as material can be shipped. Cars will be running between South Bend and Laporte within six months.

Mr. Townsend is building the extension of the South Bend-Niles line to St. Joseph. He is one of the leading railway contractors of the United States.

B. O. B.

The B. O. B.'s held a meeting at the home of Lulu Broceus, Saturday afternoon. Games and music were indulged in, after which strawberry ice and cake was served. Plans were made for a picnic to be held at Clear Lake, Saturday, June 24.

Huge Task

It was a huge task, to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease, as that of C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone, I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache, and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure, and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend this great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver, stomach, guaranteed by all druggists; price 50c.

seems
r head.

Jams
or \$10.00 for
all save your

.00
w Hats

in Split Straws, Senn... ans, Palm and Milan
braid. Large Assortment of Fancy Hat Bands, 50c
Children's Straw Sailors, 25c to \$2

THE
ONE-PRICE
Clothiers
SPIRO'S
The
BIG STORE
119-121 South Mich. St., SOUTH BEND, Ind.

BUCHANAN RECORD.
TWICE A WEEK

MAC C. CHAMBERLIN
PUBLISHER.
O. P. WOODWORTH
EDITOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Buchanan, Mich.
as second-class matter.

TERMS
\$1.00 PER YEAR.

JUNE 20, 1905.

Proclamations in regard to the need
of harvest hands in Kansas read like
a call for more troops to defend the
old flag.

The Russo-Japanese peace commis-
sioners are looking for a meeting
place. Chicago offers the Coliseum
and half the gate receipts.

America proposes to reap all of the
advantages of being a world power
without mixing in any of the troubles
that usually attend such a position.

Dr. Osler's chloroform theory re-
ceives a serious set-back in the fact
that the two leading peace commis-
sioners selected by Japan and Russia
are each over 65 years old.

Within the past week the increase
in drunkenness has been very notice-
able, and has been commented upon
by many of our citizens. It is a man
so degraded that he will fill up on
"booze" and make himself not only
a public nuisance, but a menace to
the society at large, it is about time
that some steps were taken to erad-
icate the evil. Arresting a man for
being drunk and disorderly and
sending him to jail at the expense of
the town, avails but little. A much
more effective method, and one that
will bring some returns, would be to
put them to work on the streets, with
a ball and chain, and make them
work out their fine. This would not
only help to keep our streets in better
condition, but might have a tendency
to obviate such drunken brawls as
the one that took place last Sunday.

The common council has the auth-
ority to amend an ordinance, now in
force, to cover this matter and it is
up to them. The law abiding citi-
zens of the community are demanding
that they do something.

"Summer Vacations"

In planning for your Summer Vaca-
do not overlook the Nineteenth
Annual Niagara Falls Exensrsion, to
be run by the I. I. & I. Ry., on Wed-
nesday, August, 9th, 1905. Through
trains without change from all I. I. &
I. Ry., stations; leave after dinner on
that date, and arrive at the Falls for
breakfast on Thursday morning.

Cheap fares by lake to Thousand
Islands, Alexandria Bay, down the
St. Lawrence River, and other nearby
resorts. You can get more of a ride,
see more and have more real pleasure
for less money, than in any other
known direction.

This advertisement is written for
people who have never made the trip
with this Excursion. Those who
have gone, live, in your own town.
Ask them about it. Call on ticket
agents at home, or write to,

MR. GEO. L. FORESTER,
D. P. A. South Bend, Ind.

Write early for sleeping car reser-
vations.

Hemstreet—because.

Hunt Fruit Solicitor on Warrant For
Fraud

Sheriff Tennant is searching for
Chas. Miller, aged 26, residing with
his parents on Court street, St. Jo-
seph, charging him with obtaining
money under false pretenses from the
Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance com-
pany.

Miller alleged that household furni-
ture was destroyed by fire in a barn.
The insurance company have evidence
that the goods were not damaged.
Miller received \$220 from the com-
pany. He is a fruit solicitor, work-
ing principally in the vicinity of
Stevensville. He disappeared from
this vicinity soon after the transac-
tion with the insurance company.

The officers are also on the trail of
William Maitland, charged with the
theft of goods from a Mr. Decker
near Baroda. He was last heard of
in South Bend but is believed to be
in Granger, Ind.

Maitland has served time in the
county jail. His mother resides at
Buchanan.

William Griffith is wanted on a
warrant charging him with seduction.
He formerly resided at Buchanan but
is now supposed to be in Chicago.—
News Palladium.

A Bad Scare

Some day you will get a bad scare,
when you feel a pain in your bowels,
and fear appendicitis. Safety lies in
Dr. King's New Life Pills, a sure cure
for all bowel and stomach diseases,
such as headache, biliousness, costive-
ness, etc. Guaranteed at every drug
store, only 25c. Try them.

The Annihilation of Distance

How much nearer to each other the
nations of the world seem to be today
and really are today than was the case
a few decades ago! When weeks and
months were required for communi-
cation between the United States and
Europe the countries of the old world
appeared to be a long way off. Now
the circumference of old earth is belted
with telegraph and cable lines in
every possible direction. What
happens today in Europe, Asia, Africa
Australia, South America and the
great islands of the sea is made known
to us tomorrow by great newspapers
like The Chicago Record Herald,
whose foreign correspondents are
located in every important city in
the world outside of the United
States. In addition to its own staff
correspondents The Record Herald
enjoys the foreign news service of the
New York Herald, famous for many
years for the reliability of its foreign
news, the New York World, and also
of that great cooperative newsgather-
ing association, the Associated Press.
No other daily newspaper in America
possesses facilities so varied and ex-
tensive for covering the news of all
nations.

Dying of Famine

is, in its torments, like dying of con-
sumption. The progress of consump-
tion, from the beginning to the very
end, is a long torture, both to victim
and friends. "When I had consump-
tion in its first stage," writes Wm.
Myers of Cearfoss, Md., "after trying
different medicines and a good doc-
tor, in vain I at last took Dr. King's
New Discovery, which quickly and
perfectly cured me." Prompt relief
and sure cure for coughs, colds, sore
throat, bronchitis, etc. Positively
prevents pneumonia. Guaranteed at
any drug store, price 50c and \$1.00.
Trial bottle free.

Fortunate.
Church—And when the automobile
bowed you over, were you uncon-
scious?
Gotham—Yes, fortunately.
"Why fortunately?"
"I couldn't smell the gasoline!"—
Yonkers Statesman.

A Method of Selection.
"Where is your family going to
spend the summer?"
"It isn't decided yet," answered Mr.
Cumrox, wearily. "Mother and the
girls are still writing letters to find
out which hotel charges the most."—
Washington Star.

Popular Chaperon.
"Poor Mrs. De Olde! Her eyesight
is failing so fast, she is of very little
use in society."
"Oh, she is in great demand."
"What for?"
"All the girls want her as chap-
eron."—Tit-Bits.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED.



Mrs. Geehaw—Yew offer hev took th'
umbrell, Hiram. The almanack sed it
wuz goin' ter rain.
Geehaw—Yaas, an' so did Bassler. I
never know'd both uv 'em tew be right
afore, by grass!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Contrasts.
Home from the club he comes—the hour is
late—
And finds his wife awaiting, stern as fate.
How true to him the poet's words appear:
"From gay to grave, from lively to severe."
—The Smiler.

His Dig.
"John, do you think this man Atkin-
son is right, and that a woman should
be able to dress on \$65 a year?"
"I certainly do."
"Well, can you let me have my \$65
now?"—Houston Post.

His First Attack.
She (toying with the ring)—And am
I the first woman you ever loved?
He—No, indeed. At the early age of
seven I thought seriously of eloping
with my teacher.—Chicago News.

Fired Himself.
She—Kerosene oil has been known to
rid a house of nuisances.
He—Yes; we got rid of our cook
through it's agency.—Yonkers States-
man.

Matrimonial Speculation.
Wyld—I understand Dyer has lost half
his fortune.
Ryer—Well, he has been married six
months.—Town Topics.

The City Restaurant.

Buchanan,

Mrs. Nettie Lister, Proprietor.

**First-class Meals and
First-class Service**

**Pleasant and Comfortable
Rooms.**

Your Patronage Solicited.

NO CIRCUS PARADE.
Barnum & Bailey Have Concluded To
Abandon The Street Procession.

The management of the Barnum &
Bailey Greatest Show on Earth have
announced that they will this season
abandon the parade and relegate it to
the "things passe" of the circus.
The tremendous expense that is in-
curred by the transportation of so
great an enterprise in carrying the
immense paraphernalia of the show
itself has handicapped this wonderful
show to such an extent that it has
been fully decided to withdraw the
old-time, "always late" parade, and
place all efforts, energies and time in
the sole entertainment for the people
by giving them the marvelous acts of
the present age, the greatest and most
wonderful that money and brains can
procure. In these advanced days of
circusism, programs as offered by the
Barnum & Bailey Show, the stupen-
dous acts presented are of such mag-
nitude and remarkable mechanism
that the time taken to place them for
the exhibitions is of such value, the
hurrying out of the parade would in
every way interfere with the arrange-
ments that are necessary for these
unapproachable feature offerings.
This new innovation by the big show
will be the presentation of the most
sensational, startling and stupendous
free acts obtainable in the world—
acts with international reputations—
to entertain the people on the circus
grounds before the show opens for the
matinee; and these extraordinary ex-
hibitions of unequalled excellence are
to be given absolutely free, and thus
it is the new idea, "No Parade" yet
something entertaining and in keep-
ing with the greatness of the Barnum
& Bailey Show which is to exhibit at
South Bend on June 30.

LOST—June 10, About 7:30 p. m.
in the main road between Niles and
Buchanan a new light top coat. The
finder will be liberally rewarded upon
leaving same at the office of The Peas-
East Grain Co.
J. 16

WALTER J. EAST.

**A POPULAR WEDDING
TRIP.**

Is to Take a D. and B. Line Steamer
Across Lake Erie.

If you want a delightful wedding
trip, take one of the new palatial
steamers Eastern States or Western
States, which run daily between De-
troit and Buffalo. Staterooms and
parlors reserved in advance. Send
two-cent stamp for illustrated book-
let. Address
D. & B. STEAMBOAT CO.
Detroit, Mich.,

First publication June 9, 1905.
Estate of Christian Swartz, Deceased.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court for
the County of Berrien.
In the matter of the estate of Christian Swartz
deceased.
Having been appointed commissioners to re-
ceive, examine and adjust all claims and demands
of all persons against said deceased, we do hereby
give notice that four months from the 6th day
of June A. D. 1905 were allowed by said court
for creditors to present their claims to us for ex-
amination and adjustment, and we that will
meet at the office of John G. Dick, village of Bu-
chanan, in said county, on the 7th day of Aug-
ust A. D. 1905, and on the 7th day of October
A. D. 1905, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of
each of said days, for the purpose of examining
and adjusting said claims.
Dated June 8th A. D. 1905.
JOHN GRAHAM,
J. W. BEISTLE,
Commissioners

Last publication June 23, 1905.

VEGETABLES

A fresh supply received every day. Home grown Rad-
ishes, Cucumbers, etc.

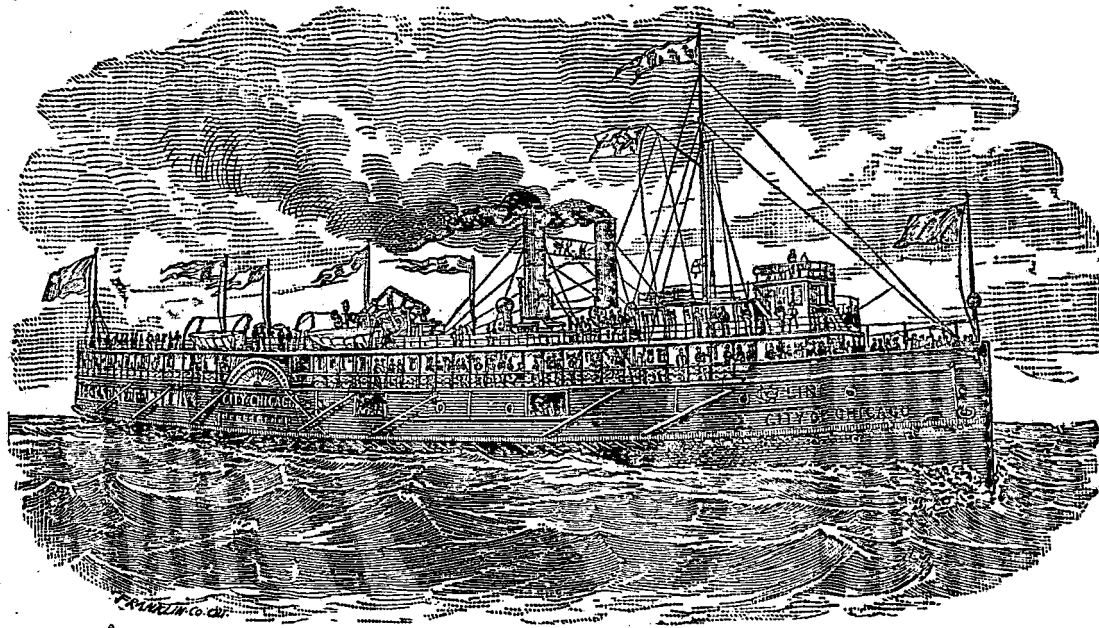
Flour has taken a drop. We can supply your wants.
Gerbelle flour always makes good bread.

W. H. KELLER

Phone 27.

Buchanan, Mich.

Graham & Morton Line



St. Joseph Division

Leave St. Joseph daily 5 P. M. and 10 P. M.
Leave Chicago daily 9:30 A. M. and 10 P. M. Close
connections are made at St. Joseph with the P. M. trains.
Fare each way on day Steamers, 50c.
Fare each way on night Steamers, \$1.00.
Fare round trip on night Steamers, \$1.50.
Berth rates: upper berth 75c; lower \$1.00; state room \$1.75.
Free transfer of baggage.

The right is reserved to change this schedule without notice

J. S. MORTON Sec'y & Treas. J. H. GRAHAM Pres & Gen. Mgr.
Chicago Dock, foot of Wabash Ave. Phone 2162 Central

**Record
Office
Book
Bindery**



Bring in your books that have
loose covers and have them re-
bound or repaired, and put in
as good shape as new at a

Reasonable Cost

ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD

Newman's 123 South **Williams**
Cloaks-Suits Michigan Street Millinery

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

END OF SEASON SALE

fine clearing of broken sizes and lots

Silk shirtwaist suits and tailored cloth suits

\$10.00 Silk Shirtwaist Suit now	\$6.75	\$10.00 Tailored cloth suit now	\$5.00
12.00 " " " "	7.50	15.00 " " " "	8.75
17.50 " " " "	9.75	20.00 " " " "	11.75
20.00 " " " "	11.75	25.00 " " " "	14.75

NOTE—As an inducement to interurban visitors, we pay the round trip car fare from Niles to purchasers of
\$10.00 or more.

VERNON

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

New Spring Goods

You will want a new Spring suit, hat or top overcoat, perhaps all of them, within the next few weeks and we want to show you through our mammoth stock and convince you how far a little money will go in our store. We have but one price and that's the right price. Finest Line of Neckware and Gents. Furnishings in the City.

FRESH FISH EVERY THURSDAY and FRIDAY

AT

Mutchler's Meat Market

PERE MARQUETTE

TIME TABLE—Dec. 4, 1904.

Trains leave Buchanan as follows: For Hartford, Holland, Muskegon, Grand Rapids, Saginaw, Bay City, and the north; also New Buffalo, Michigan City, Porter, Chicago and the south and west, at 8:55 A. M. and 5:00 P. M.

Close connections at Benton Harbor with Main Line trains north and south.

J. E. EYER. H. F. MOELLER.
Agent. Gen'l. Pass. Agent

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The new time card that went into effect on the Michigan Central gives Buchanan the following service.

West	East
No. 15-7:40 a. m.	No. 6-12:42 a. m.
No. 43-10:48 a. m.	No. 40-5:11 a. m.
No. 45-2:38 p. m.	No. 2-10:10 a. m.
No. 5-3:05 p. m.	No. 14-5:19 p. m.
No. 47-5:27 p. m.	No. 22-5:39 p. m.

Benton Harbor—St. Joseph Division

Effective April 15, and until further notice the trains of the Benton Harbor—St. Joe division will be operated on the following schedule:

STATIONS	
a. m.	p. m.
7:30	1:00
7:35	1:05
7:40	1:10
7:45	1:15
7:50	1:20
7:55	1:25
8:00	1:30
8:05	1:35
8:10	1:40
8:15	1:45
8:20	1:50
8:25	1:55
8:30	2:00
8:35	2:05
8:40	2:10
8:45	2:15
8:50	2:20
8:55	2:25
9:00	2:30
9:05	2:35
9:10	2:40
9:15	2:45
9:20	2:50
9:25	2:55
9:30	3:00
9:35	3:05
9:40	3:10
9:45	3:15
9:50	3:20
9:55	3:25
10:00	3:30
10:05	3:35
10:10	3:40
10:15	3:45
10:20	3:50
10:25	3:55
10:30	4:00
10:35	4:05
10:40	4:10
10:45	4:15
10:50	4:20
10:55	4:25
11:00	4:30
11:05	4:35
11:10	4:40
11:15	4:45
11:20	4:50
11:25	4:55
11:30	5:00
11:35	5:05
11:40	5:10
11:45	5:15
11:50	5:20
11:55	5:25
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FOR THADDY'S SAKE

By Marshall Saunders

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He was a young dog, but he looked like an old one. Wearily shuffling along the street, he stared hungrily at the grocers' tempting windows. Oh for a taste—not of the hams and the tongues, but of the salted herring, the creamy codfish, the glistening-heaps of smelts in their wicker baskets!

All winter he had supported himself in the most miserable of ways. Now spring was coming, and he was tired, out—so very, very tired.

The dogs of this Canadian city knew that he was a stranger and had fought him continuously. There were certain streets, the best streets for pickings, that he dared not enter. The shopping streets were not good ones for scrap boxes and barrels of rubbish, and he had become hungry—very hungry—and, stopping short, he sat down on the frosty pavement and looked disconsolately about him.

No home, no master—and he had been brought up like a baby! These well-dressed persons contemptuously avoided the place where he sat. He was dirty, and there were some spots on him where he had been bitten. Ladies drew their skirts aside; children started back in fright from his lean and shaggy form. One little girl called him a sheep. Another said, "Look, mamma, at the funny wolf!"

Poor, sad-eyed dog! He was almost at the end of his power of endurance, but he did not know it. He thought he would just lie down here on the hard pavement in sight of the delicious morsels in the windows, and when he was rested he would move on, on in his endless quest for food.

He curled himself up in a ball, his tired eyes were just closing—closing in a sleep which if begun would never have ended—when he was roused by an exclamation: "Hello, dog! You look beat out!"

He raised his head. A tall lad was standing over him, an overgrown lad with twinkling eyes, a thin jacket and bare hands thrust into his pockets to keep them warm.

The dog attempted to get on his feet. This was the first kind word he had heard for many a day, but, strangely enough, his legs doubled under him whenever he tried to stand on them.

"Blest if he isn't played out," pursued the boy. "Can't you stand up, dog? Come, try again."

The animal did try again; his lip curled back in a feeble dog smile, but the strength was all gone out of his limbs, and, gazing up helplessly into the lad's face, he seemed to say, "It's of no use—better let me alone."

"Cricky!" observed the boy. "Isn't he queer looking? I believe he's an Indian dog. Some old Micmac from the camps has brought him into the city and deserted him. They often do when food is scarce out there. Poor brute! He hasn't been able to pick up much of a living in the streets, and he's starving to death. How much of the needful have I about me?" And he drew one red hand from his pocket. "Three cents—not a fortune; still enough to buy sodas. I say, mister," and he entered a nearby grocery, "give me 3 cents' worth of crackers."

The grocer tossed the boy a bag, and he slipped out to the dog.

"Here, old man, eat some."

The dog put out his pink tongue and licked feebly at the crackers. What was the matter with him? He wanted to eat them, yet he could not.

"I'll tell you what, dog," said the boy briskly. "You're most at the end of your tether. You want hot stuff inside you. Come on home with me. If you stay here it's all up with you. A policeman will catch you; then it's a shot in that wolfy head of yours and the bottom of the harbor. I'll help you."

The dog was absolutely unable to move, and the boy bent over him.

and to every one he hung a saucy answer. In their hearts, he knew, they were sympathizing, and if it had not been close upon mealtime he would have had a following of approving scoffers.

When he reached the outskirts of the city he began to talk to the dog.

"Do you see that little cottage yonder, with the yard about as big as a pocket handkerchief? That's where I live. Once we used to have a larger house, but, like you, I've come down in the world. Father's dead—only step-ma and me left, dog. If it weren't for her I'd take you right in the back yard, but it wouldn't do, dog; it wouldn't do."

The dog, of course, made no response. In a weary heap he lay over the boy's shoulder. He was in good hands, and he was content.

"I'm going to take you to the dumps, dog," said the boy, "and in case you're a stranger and don't know what the dumps are I'll just explain that it's the common where the ashes from the city are dumped. I'll find you a nice warm heap and cover something over you. Here we are; don't make a noise." And, cautiously skirting the yard of the cottage, he made his way over the soft, yielding heaps of ashes to a spot some distance from his home.

"There"—and he gently laid the dog down—"that's a nice bed for you! Now for a roof to keep out the rain," and he looked anxiously about. "Cricky, there's a packing case!" And, springing up, he ran like a deer to the place where a large wooden box was protruding from a heap of rubbish.

"And some sheets of tin," he went on joyfully—"just the thing to keep the rain out—and an old barrel for a front hall, by which you can enter your mansion, dog," and, dragging his spoils after him, he came back to the place where the starving animal lay.

"Cold, eh?" and he laid his hand on the dog's back. "No, you're not shivering. You must be an Indian dog—think I'll call you Koojemook. That's all the Micmac I know, and it means 'Get out!' I guess that's what people have been saying to you all winter. Now, isn't that snug?" And, carefully toppling the box over the dog, he pulled out a couple of loose boards, fitted the barrel in the aperture, propped a coal hod and some battered tin cans beside it, and finally had a rain proof if not very elegant, kennel.

The dog made no show of pleasure, except that his brown eyes followed the boy wherever he went. The look in those eyes was enough. The boy understood him.

"Now, Koojemook," said the lad at last, "I must run over to the house, but I'll be back just as soon as I can pull the wool over step-ma's eyes. She's pretty cute, and it isn't easy to fool her, but I'll make a try. So long." And, with a farewell tap on the box, he started off for the cottage.

"Is that you, Thaddy?" called a metallic voice as he was stamping his feet in the little back porch.

"Yes, ma'am," he said vigorously. "You're late," went on the voice. "You've kept tea waiting."

"No, I'm not," said Thaddy, still stamping, "and I haven't—mustn't give up contradicting her," he went on under his breath, "or she'd down me."

"You're getting careless," went on the voice, and, stepping into the kitchen, Thaddy found himself confronted by a small sized, black-eyed young woman, who held a toasting fork in her hand.

"If you won't run me through, step-ma, I'll give you a kiss," said the boy, with an extra twinkle in his eye.

The little woman lowered her fork. She had a sharp tongue, but she loved to be petted.

The boy's eyes were running approvingly around the room. "Good fire! Nice tea! Step-ma, how long has that fire been lighted? It looks fresh, and, upon my word, there is hardly a mite of ashes."

Before the woman could prevent him he had opened the stove door. "Now, step-ma, you've been sitting in this cold house without a speck of fire."

"I wasn't cold," she said stoutly. "I was by the window in the sun, and I had my big shawl on."

The dog did hear and understood. He curled himself up on his bed, and, hastily replacing his shelter, the boy

"That's what my Latin grammar calls a fraus pla," remarked Thaddy,



"I think I'll call you Koojemook," sitting down at the table. "The end of your little nose is as red as a beet. Just you wait, though, till I get to be a man. I'll build fires big enough to roast you to death."

"Thank you," said the woman smartly. Thaddy jumped up from the table.

"Oh, have manners, boy!" he said roughly to himself. "Here you are sitting down to the table before your step-mother. You're losing all your politeness, and if you haven't politeness you'll never get on in the world." And he shook himself vigorously.

"You're a queer fellow, Thaddy," said his step-mother, spearing a piece of toast in the oven.

Thaddy bent his tall, ungainly form in an ungraceful bow. "Just what I think about you, step-ma."

The woman laughed. "Oh, well, we get on—you and I."

"Do I smell hot muffins?" asked Thaddy, working his nose.

"Yes, boy," said his step-mother, "and lots of 'em. I got reckless because we're so near the end of the flour barrel."

"Wouldn't that be a good time to get careful?" remarked Thaddy cautiously. "The best of times," snapped the woman. "But, lackadaisy, I get tired sometimes of being careful and just feel I must do something desperate. Here they are. They're only warmed over; they were baked this morning." And she emptied a small panful of smoking hot muffins in a plate on the table.

"Just wait till I get to be a man," said Thaddy, moistening his lips. "You shall sit eating hot bread from morning till night."

"And die of indigestion," said Mrs. Timbs dryly. "Sit down, Thaddy. I'm just going to light myself."

"Will you say grace, blackbird, or shall I?" asked the boy gravely.

"You do it this evening, Thaddy," said the woman wearily. "I'm too ugly to thank the Lord for anything."

"For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful," murmured the boy reverently.

"Here's a bowl of soup for you," said Mrs. Timbs, getting up and going to the oven. "I most forgot it."

"Where's yours?" asked Thaddy, peering over at her.

She smiled in a tired way and, leaning back in her chair, played with her piece of toast.

"I'm not hungry," she said at last. "If you'll excuse me, I'll run over to Mrs. Goldman's. She said she knew a woman who would give me fine sewing, and she was going to find out the address."

As soon as Mrs. Timbs left the room the boy tiptoed to the window. He watched her enter a cottage a short distance down the street; then, rapidly emptying the plate of muffins into his bowl of soup, he darted from the house in the direction of the famishing dog.

"Here, dog," he said, pushing in the bowl to the sick animal, who lay luxuriously on his bed of ashes; "I wish you were a few sizes smaller, but this will help to fill up."

It was dark inside the box, but the boy could hear the pleased and hurried lapping of the starving animal.

Sitting back on his heels, he stared across the dumps in a kind of comical dismay. "He's going to live, and now I've got two wolves to feed—one inside of me and the other inside of that dog—and step-ma's nose getting sharper and sharper from denying herself. I believe I ought to have this dog put out of the world. I'll tell a policeman tomorrow. Hello, boy, have you finished?"

The sound of lapping had ceased and there was a scratching inside the box. When the boy stretched out his hand for the bowl he found the dog had partly raised himself and was weakly pawing the air.

"Blest if he isn't trying to shake hands," muttered the boy. "Some one's taught him that. Very well, old fellow; you're powerful dirty, still I'll not refuse to shake a paw. Yes, it's all right. I'll not give you up to the police—not after that paw shake. Guess I wouldn't like any one to shoot the life out of me. Good night, now, but before I go listen to me and take another look at that brown cottage I pointed out to you. Don't you go near it. There's a lady in it with double barreled eyes and an awful mouth full of swords and ears that can hear a mile off. You're a goner if you venture near her. D'ye hear?"

The dog did hear and understood. He curled himself up on his bed, and, hastily replacing his shelter, the boy

ran back to the house.

When his step-mother returned he was at the sink, whistling cheerfully and washing his soup bowl.

"Was it nice, Thaddy?" asked Mrs. Timbs.

"Lovely, step-ma," replied Thaddy. "I guess if you just knew how that soup was appreciated you'd think you were the best cook in creation."

"I thought you weren't very fond of soup, Thaddy," she said suspiciously, "but I just had to make that because I had the bones."

"Step-ma," said Thaddy solemnly, "can't you believe me when I tell you that that soup went right to the spot?"

"Yes, I believe you, Thaddy. You've never told me a lie yet," she returned kindly.

Thaddy at once became dejected and stifled a heavy sigh as he put his bowl on the dresser and went to a cupboard for his schoolbooks.

"Isn't it too soon to work after eating?" asked his step-mother.

"No," said Thaddy soberly, "it isn't." "I should think you'd want to rest awhile if you've disposed of all those muffins," continued Mrs. Timbs, with a gesture toward the empty plate on the table.

The boy's eyes twinkled. "Strange to say, they make me feel more like work. I'm just crazy to get education enough to start in business."

"You'll get on, Thaddy," said the woman proudly, "if you keep up your steady ways."

"I'm going to get on," said the boy doggedly. "Work doesn't scare me. Fact is, I love it. Now, what has my brain got to get outside of tonight? Algebra, geometry, modern history and geography." And he piled his books up in front of his seat at the table.

His step-mother pushed the lamp nearer to him, and the boy, sitting down, was soon absorbed in his tasks.

Presently she heard him snickering. "What's the matter, boy?" she asked, looking up from her darning.

"I'm reading about the Eskimos, step-ma. They're awful eaters. Two Eskimos will easily dispose of a seal at a sitting, and a man will lie on his back and allow his wife to feed him tidbits of blubber and flesh until he is unable to move."

"Pigs!" said Mrs. Timbs shortly. "And the other evening," continued Thaddy, "I was reading that in some parts of India there is such a scarcity of food that many natives never know what it is to have a full meal. They do not starve to death, but they are always mildly hungry."

"I guess some white people know that feeling," observed Mrs. Timbs calmly.

Thaddy looked at her sharply; then his face flushed, and, abruptly closing his book, he laid his head down on his arm. "Oh, Lord, it's hard to be so poor!"

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," said Mrs. Timbs calmly.

The boy flung up his head. "But what about women? Does the Bible say anything about yokes being good for young women who marry men older than themselves who die and leave a big boy to bring up?"

His step-mother smiled. "I guess I'd be lonely without you, Thaddy."

The boy pounded on the table with his fist. "You daisy—just you wait until I'm twenty-one. I'll take that yoke off your neck pretty quick. What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing much—just the notion of a daisy with a yoke on."

The boy laughed, too—laughed from pure youthfulness and light heartedness.

Finally he sobered himself. "I guess we can have a little fun if we are poor."

The woman smiled shrewdly at him; then, taking up his old sock, already a mass of darns, she added another to it.

After a time she heard him giggling again. "What's the matter now, Thaddy?"

"I'm reading about a fat king," he snickered. "Step-ma, when I get in business I'm going to fatten you up to 300 pounds."

"What has sent your thoughts to food this evening?" she asked curiously.

"You seem bewitched."

"Oh, nothing," he replied, and, closing his books, he got up and went to the window.

"I think I'll go to bed," he said, drawing the curtain aside and looking earnestly out.

"What is there outside?" she asked, getting up and going to him.

"The moon and the ashes," said Thaddy calmly, "and the usual blue haze yonder where the men are burning rubbish. What a lovely smell it makes! If we were rich people the city wouldn't dare to burn old bones and rags behind our mansion. Good night, step-ma." And he abruptly ascended the small back stairway.

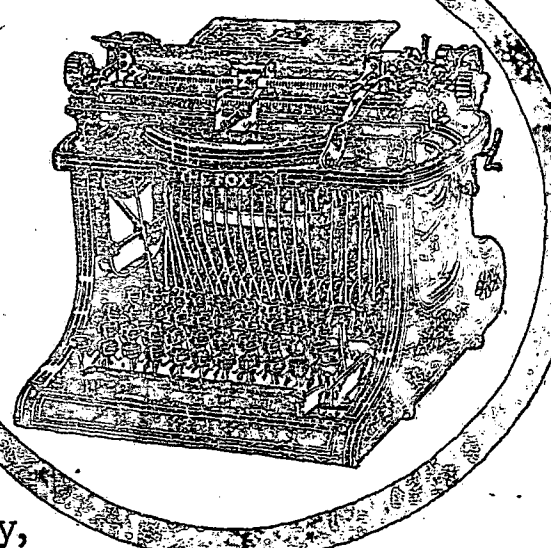
After he left Mrs. Timbs drew aside the curtain again. "There's a new heap of trash there," she said; "looks like a hut. Upon my word, I believe that boy has got another sick animal!" And she despairingly dropped into a chair.

"Have I got to starve myself again?" she went on. "First it was a lame cat, then a sick hen, then a blind rabbit. Dearly me, I've got enough to bear without feeding another month! But if I don't do it, he'll die. He's as obstinate as a mule about a sick thing, and he's a growing boy and needs his food, while I've got my growth. Oh, dear, dear; I've got to do it, and I hate animals so!" And, with tears in her eyes, she locked the door, put out the light and went upstairs.

The starving dog, up-betimes the next morning, had his eye at a large crack in the box, watching for the boy when he saw the yard gate of the cottage open and a woman come out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FOX TYPEWRITER



Some of the largest and most critical users of typewriters in this country, use Fox Typewriters exclusively. Here are a few of them:

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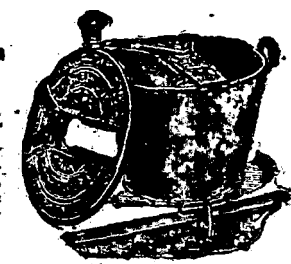
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