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The conductor will let you off at Shafer's.

C. A. SHAFER,

Campus Martius, Michigan and Woodward Ave., Detroit.

CLAWSON.

Joseph Chase visited at Jack Lawson's Sunday.

Will Perkins is going into the milk selling business.

Ida Addison visited friends at Highland Park Sunday.

Relatives from Detroit visited at David Starr's over Sunday.

Will Ambler, of Northville, called upon Azel Blair's family recently.

Walter Gould fell from a load of hay and sprained his arm Friday.

Jack Lawson raised some of the finest potatoes in this neighborhood.

Johnnie Lawson, of Detroit, spent two days at home hunting this week.

Mrs. Pearsall and Mrs. Gee, of Amy, visited Mrs. Bowers Wednesday.

Merritt Chase and Col. Drew, both of Royal Oak, called upon friends here this week.

Willie Groves and John McMann, of Detroit, spent Sunday at Samuel Groves'.

Mrs. Phillips is at Grosse Pt. helping in the arrangements for her sister Eliza's wedding.

H. J. Bowers went to Rochester Sunday to see the Sugar Beet Factory and Power House.

Reuben Warner and wife of Flint, visited his brother Frank and sister Sarah Blair this week.

Geo. Hendrickson has put in folding doors, painted and improved the interior of his house.

John Robinson, Jr., went up to Sanilac to buy hay. The Robinson Bros are hustlers.

Conductors say there are more passengers from Clawson than any other station between Rochester and Royal Oak.

Elisha Cady, once a resident of this place, died at his home near Washington Wednesday of last week. He leaves three sons and one daughter.

FRANKLIN.

A new coat of paint adorns Frank Evans' house.

Joseph VanEvery and family are welcomed to our village again.

Chas. Sly has sold his farm to a Mr. Perry, of Highland Park and on Wednesday his personal effects were sold at auction.

Each morning Frank German, Clare Cummings and Joe Green may be seen taking their departure for Birmingham High School.

The Ferris lecture will be a grand treat. Prof. Ferris is not a stranger among us and the people here appreciate his able addresses.

Wm. Shuler mourns the death of his valuable white mule. The skin will be preserved and kept by Wm. as a relic and the fortunate owner says he has already refused large sums of money for the same.

Wedding bells have been ringing right merrily in our midst and this time they are for Miss Dora Berger and Daniel McIntyre, who will reside for a time with the bride's parents, Mrs. and Mrs. Otto Berger. Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre have the best wishes of many friends for a long and prosperous life.

SOUTHFIELD.

Jennie Bell is working for Mrs. Pauline Miller.

The family who lived in the Neil house have moved to Tom Cook's house.

Edwin Prince's family is entertaining the corn huskers.

Mrs. N. G. VanDeventer and daughter Lillian visited at Harry Russell's this week.

Elmer Monroe, of Birmingham, is doing the painting and papering at the Presbyterian parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Halsey Stephens are in Detroit this week on account of the illness of Mr. Stephen's mother.

Preaching in the Presbyterian church next Sabbath at 3 p. m. All who are interested in the organization of the Sabbath school are invited to be there at 2 p. m.

The revival meetings in the M. E. church have closed. They were held almost three weeks, conducted by Rev. Minnus of Detroit, assisted by the pastor, Rev. Dickey.

Stealing is still the talk of the day Mr. Zimmerman had all his clothes stolen one day last week, while he was away at his work. Harry Russell and James McBride had their chickens stolen and others.

The next Gleaners' meeting is at Mrs. Joseph Croft's on Wednesday, December 6. They intend holding a Fair at the Town Hall December 14. More particulars will be given later.

ROYAL OAK.

Mrs. L. H. McDowell is very low.

Mrs. L. A. Phelps went to the city Monday on a shopping expedition.

Julius Brown is repairing his walks in life). On that some others would follow his example.

Reuben Russell has been working very hard at the surveying business during the last week in the vicinity of Pontiac.

In reply to the question asked last week a certain gentleman says he thinks Miss Maude Lavery ought to be considered the belle of Royal Oak.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Conner went to the city Friday morning to take leave of their niece, Mrs. A. Basler, who was on her way home to New York.

Quite an improvement is being made at the crossing of the Rochester Electric and the D. G. H. & M. R. R. in this village, to guard against accidents.

A funeral car and several other cars from the city with the remains of a Mr. Lochman and friends of the deceased, was run through our village to the Royal Oak Cemetery on the 8th, inst.

On the 14th, inst., Mr. and Mrs. E. Connor were very agreeably surprised by a number of relatives and old friends from Detroit. With visiting, a pleasant game of pedro and refreshments, time passed altogether too quickly.

THE LIMITLESS LIFE.

We cannot reach the deepest life; each fresh, full outpouring of the Spirit is a pledge of something better, richer and fuller further on; and this is the essence of our peace, that there will never be a point in the upward path where we can say; this is the highest." The life that is God-ward cannot reach maturity, for there degeneration begins; but there is a possibility of growth, broader, stronger and richer, through all time and eternity. There is no limit. There is no superlative. The "deeper" life cannot become "the deepest."

If this is true of the soul in general it is true of its details. This is where our faith staggers. It is so easy to forget that the "widows mite" was not a penny, but all "that she had." It is so easy to say, "I have done all that anyone could expect." As volunteers, we have counted all things "loss for Christ"—Phil. 3:7; we have "suffered the loss of all things"—Phil. 3:8; we have "left all and followed" Him—Luke 18:28; yet it was a volunteer who exclaimed rebelliously, "well, where is the limit? We are but mortal!" Oh there was no limit in Christ's love, in Christ's life, in Christ's sacrifice! When we place bounds upon growth in any line it is Christ's life that we are limiting; for we are dead and it is "Christ that liveth in us"—Gal. 2:20. The talent thought into practical life is harder than to generalize. We are prone to place arbitrary limits upon some of our possibilities; is it because we cannot see the open doors, or will not?

There is no limit in surrender.

Down on our knees in the "morning watch," with Christ touch on our hearts, we say: "Dear Lord, I lean it all in Thy keeping. There is no part of my life which I hold back from Thee, and I know that I am kept"—1 Peter 1-5. And then we go out into the garish day and gather up the burdens one by one, forgetting that Christ has taken them into His keeping, forgetting that our part is,

Just to let the Father do
What He will.
Just to know that He is true,
And be still."

We deign to let God take care of a part of our lives and then we struggle and strain to take care of the rest ourselves. How childish and foolish we are! It is "in the hollow of His hand" that we are held. Picture it! We are "in the hollow of His hand." It is not as if we were clinging with all our feeble might, upholding our own weight by our own strength; we can not fall, for the mighty hand is underneath. Safe within, there is nothing left for us to do. Is it wise to strain our tired muscles trying to uphold ourselves when we are "held?" Why not relax our needless efforts and rest!

There is no limit in sacrifice.

Only Christ's sacrifice can be the measure of our own. "Our religion is worth exactly as much as it costs us;" if it costs us nothing, it is worth nothing—Yes, nothing. It is ignoble to offer our Master only the things whose loss we do not feel. All that we have is His.—1 Chron. 34:14; and yet we dare to be complacent over our pitiful offerings to the Christ who gave Himself for us! "The Lord Jesus did not give a tithe of Himself, nor die for a tithe of the sins of the world;" and yet, are we sure that we give Him even the tenth of our time, our energies, our thoughts, our words and our life? "Out of all your gifts ye shall offer——the best."—Num. 18:29. "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which does cost me nothing"—II. Sam. 24:24. Our gifts grow with our love and our love with our gifts, and the one is limited and measured only by the other. The possibilities of sacrifice are as infinite as the possibilities of love.

There is no limit in communion.

Jesus Christ is so near that he is not even near, and the heart that lives close to Him day and hour by hour learns to hear His voice constantly, distinctly, definitely. It is no figure of speech, when we say that we "hear His voice!" Our Master is Jesus Christ, "the living bright reality." He is the beloved Person who is with us always; and the loving words which He speaks to us as often as we turn our hearts to Him are the real voice of our real Lord. "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend"—Ex. 33:2. "Henceforth I call you not servants; but I have called you friends." John 15:15. He loves us so; and the exquisite tenderness of His perfect friendship for us cannot be satisfied unless His great heart of love can bend down in close touch with ours. We are too eager to speak to God; we must and ask many things of Him and hurry away, forgetting that we have talked and not listened. When shall we learn to let our hearts be "quiet" before Him! In the stillness of the heart that is waiting only for this voice, Christ loves to speak; and He does speak, with no uncertain sound. Yet we turn to "circumstances" and read His answer there; we prefer the parable, the object lesson, rather than to listen to the voice of the Lord. "But circumstances are often a good guide." Good? Yes; but not good enough for the "friends" of Jesus Christ. "As a man speaketh unto his friend." Does it not wholly tear down the wall of partition? There is no limit; for if we listen Christ will speak, and His voice grows clearer and clearer as we walk with Him, and our ears are dulled no "more by world sounds. [Do] you see what it implies? As there is no need of words between friend and friend, so the last film of separation between Christ and man is torn away. All doubt, all hesitancy is taken out of life, and there remaineth only the "peace that passeth understanding" for the heart perplexed, looks up to Christ—"What shall I do, my Master?" and the voice of the Lord Jesus answers, clearly, distinctly and definitely—"as a man speaketh unto his friend."

There is no limit in power.

Can we limit God's power? "Is anything too hard for the Lord"—Gen. 18:13. "There is nothing too hard for Thee"—Jer. 33:17. Let us believe that our power is just as measureless, just as infinite as God's; for his words are real and strong and true today: "My power in thee"—Rom. 9:17. To limit our strength is to limit His strength; dare we say, I cannot!" We are sure that His power is infinite; we are sure that His power is ours; we are doubly sure that we "can do all things through Christ."—Phil. 9:23. "With God all things are possible"—"All things are possible to him that believeth."—Mark 9:23. We hold his promise, wherein is no hesitancy, no limitation. "Nothing shall be impossible to you."—Matt. 18:20.

Lastly, there is no limit in responsibility. Because the life is limitless it brings with it a responsibility that is infinite. All God's promises are commandments. When God reveals a higher plane it is no longer possible to stay upon the lower level. He opens to us a door of broader life, richer blessing, greater power, and we must enter in. The possibility of a limitless life is a trust; how are we fulfilling it? Shall we enter into those "Regions Beyond" of our lives and possess them, or shall we wait to hear His sorrowful voice, "Why did ye not?"

—ELEANOR FAIRMAN PRESTON.

What Would You Do?

If you were in our place and had Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for sale and knew it to be a certain cure for all Stomach Derangement, Constipation or Sick Headache? Why, you would keep talking about it, swear it and sell lots of it just as we do. At Whitehead & Mitchell's.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR "THE LIFE AND Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the sailor's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, 8x11 inches; nearly 100 pages half-tone illustrations. Only $1.00. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 84 Floor, Caxton Bldg., Chicago. Nov17

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The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by Whitehead & Mitchell

L. A. Smith & Co

188-170 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

May well be styled the Underwear House of Michigan. In addition to the celebrated Dr. J. Alger's Sanitary Wool and the unequalled Ypsilanti Health Wool, silk, merino and cotton, they carry the best possible values in low and medium priced goods. It seems almost incredible that a heavy fleeced Jersey ribbed Ladies' Garment can be retailed for 25c, however such is the case; also Men's heavy cotton fancy for 39c. Combination garments are growing in favor, prices range from $1 to $25 each. Ladies' Tights come in cotton, silk and wool, a most comfortable and sensible garment, ranging in prices from 50c to $6. Children's Underwear in every conceivable grade and price.

THE FEMININE OBSERVER.

The best friendship says the least about it.

There is no great man so large that he doesn't seem small when you know him well.

If you only do right, hoping for the praise it will bring, you might just as well do wrong.

The great joy of travel lies in the memory of a journey, according to the Philadelphia Times.

Slow and sure was all right as a motto in days gone by, but how about quick and sure in this era of competition?

It is noticeable that the chronic borrower never asks the loan of a cat. Its feline propensity to return is too well known.

Some persons actually believe that those under them would never do good work if they were given one single word of praise.

When a woman writes under a man's name is she ashamed of what she has to say or does she think it will be considered better said?

Men always bring their wives home oysters when they have been out late because they know they will be in a stew when they get there.

Many persons are credited with being original who only have sense enough to tell old jokes where they have never been heard before.

It is prosaic, but true, that bread kneading is a much more beneficial exercise than golf, tennis, rowing or any other fashionable outdoor sport.

Some girls think that the fiances of other girls have more taste in the selection of an engagement ring than in their selection of a person to wear it.

How much time many of us waste in trying to think what we put a ring on a certain finger to remind us of—though this rarely applies to the woman and her wedding circlet.

The theatrical season is once again with us, and we will be treated to the same old vision of the woman in the same old gown, despite the fact that ten years have been supposed to elapse between the time she first appeared in it and its second wearing. This is carrying realism too far, being, in fact, an exemplification of the statement that everything comes into style again each decade.

AS TRUE AS GOSPEL.

Find a way or make one. Everything is either pusher or pushed.

Truth is the offspring of unbroken meditations and of thoughts often revised and corrected.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting days; who deserves well, needs not another's praise.

We are generally too slow in our aims, more anxious for safety than sanctity, for place than purity.

Mushrooms, in their resolute growth, will lift up large slabs of stone—such is the force of parvenus in the vegetable world.

We should no more let past misdeeds hinder the growth of our future than the forest lets the shed leaves hinder the spring grass from growing.

What a new face courage puts on everything! A determined man by his very attitude, and the tone of his voice puts a stop to defeat, and begins to conquer. "For they can conquer who believe they can."

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

America has 1,043,800 Hebrews; New York 400,000.

A cat in a Strand tavern in London has become intemperate through drinking wine spilled by waiters.

GET AT THE CAUSE

Of Backaches and Headaches, and Remove It by Using

DR. A. W. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

The error of the day in medical treatment is the "doctoring" of effects instead of getting at the cause. A powder for headache, a tablet for indigestion, and a plaster for backache. These may afford slight temporary relief, but next day the old trouble is back again. Besides, think of the effect of a drug strong enough to stop headaches almost immediately.

Backache is kidney ache. A sure indication that the kidneys are badly diseased. Backache is nature's signal of alarm to warn people that the kidneys are no longer able to perform their duty of filtering the blood. And this means that the foul impurities which would otherwise be carried off by the kidneys remain in the blood, and find their way to every part of the body, where they act as deadly poisons.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the world's greatest kidney cure, because they act directly on the kidneys and restore them to health, strength and vigor. They remove the cause of headaches, backaches and an endless chain of most fatal and complicated diseases.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are purely vegetable, and act pleasantly and naturally. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A TERRIFIED CREW.

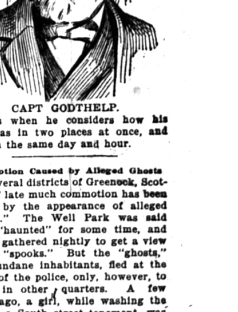
SACK PLAYS PART OF FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Explained by Mirage at the Time the Original of the Phantom Vessel Was Over Four Hundred Miles from Hampton.

The Dutch bark Burgemeister Jonkheer Coenen, from far-away Pachollango, Java, is now at the Delaware breakwater, with a story as queer as her long name. Capt. Godthelp of the Coenen spins a yarn which makes that of the ancient mariner pale into insignificance. The most singular feature of the entire incident, however, is that the captain fully believes what he relates. Stranger than all, the crew substantiates the story. Skippers from across the lonely Indian ocean ever refer to those waters with sentiments akin to fear. It may be that they are appalled at the vastness of that long stretch of sea from the Sunda straits to the Cape of Good Hope, or perhaps they think of the weird legend of old Vanderdecken and his phantom ship, one of the first tales poured into their childish ears in their own Holland so far away.

Vanderdecken sailed over that lonely ocean waste, but his voyage terminated abruptly at the fatal cape. Vastly different was the experience of this latter-day ghost ship during her voyage through those same waters. Capt. Godthelp and his crew saw no mystic craft, but they found themselves on one which had involuntarily assumed that role. It will be remembered that a few months ago the old phantom ship story was revived in Cape Town. Some half dozen captains of craft which touched there while bound for the Delaware breakwater told of a Dutch-built vessel met with in a fearful sea while around them was calm. Capt. Dawes of the Hampton made affidavit that this specter craft had been sighted on May 12 and described everything which had taken place on her deck. He remembered particularly that one of the topmasts of the supposed phantom had broken off in a sudden squall and came crashing to the deck before his eyes. The marvelous spectacle had a depressing effect on the Hampton's crew. They deserted their ship in a body and the vessel was tied up there for lack of men for months. In the meantime, on May 19, the Burgemeister Jonkheer Coenen happened into Cape Town harbor. She had broken a spar and wanted it repaired. The work required two days, and during that time the bark was observed by Capt. Dawes of the Hampton. To his horror he recognized in her Dutch lines the mysterious apparition which had crossed the path of his ship a week before. There she was, the same make-up, the same faces, and the same topmast gone. The captains met and compared notes. Capt. Godthelp told how, on the night of May 12, he had been in a storm and became partly dismasted. The spar had fallen to the neck, narrowly missing two men who were in the rigging. Everything corresponded with what Capt. Dawes had seen, but the mystery deepened. It was evident from the logs of the two crafts that they were 400 miles apart. Capt. Dawes commenced to think that the Dutchman was a phantom after all.

The explanation, however, was simple, and one readily assimilated by the master of the Hampton, but no explanation so peculiar could convince Capt. Godthelp. It was demonstrated that the phantom ship had been a reproduction of the bark by means of a mirage which reflected her and her surroundings a distance of 400 miles. Thus the mystery was cleared up. But Capt. Godthelp, however, still shakes his head and mutters strange German



CAPT GODTHELP.

prayers when he considers how his ship was in two places at once, and that on the same day and hour.

Commotion Caused by Alleged Ghosts

In several districts of Greenock, Scotland, of late much commotion has been caused by the appearance of alleged "ghosts." The Well Park was said to be "haunted" for some time, and crowds gathered nightly to get a view of the "spooks." But the "ghosts," like mundane inhabitants, fled at the march of the police, only, however, to appear in other quarters. A few nights ago, a girl, while washing the stair in a South street tenement, was considerably alarmed to see bending over her a huge white object with outstretched arms. She ran into the house shrieking, and returned with her father. The latter waited for some time, but no "ghosts" making their appearance, he entered the house, but had scarcely done so when he heard his daughter again shouting for him. On the disappearance of the father the figure in white had again appeared, but the girl, with great presence of mind, was ready for him; and tenaciously clung on to the sheet. The "spook," who appeared to be a young man, only escaped by leaving the sheet in the girl's grasp.

Mistook Poison for Candy.

Believing she was giving the child candy, Mrs. Louis F. Rideli, of New Brunswick, N. J., recently gave her 8-year-old daughter Annie ten grains of poison. Louis Eastburn, a druggist, who found the child was suffering from stomach trouble, prescribed some medicine in the shape of lozenges, with instructions to give the child only one three times a day. When the child cried for more candy the mother, supposing the bag of medicine was candy, gave it to her. An hour later she found the child lying on the