Zimmerman Bros. & Alger.

Headquarters for Builders' Hardware. Just received a carload of all kinds of

DOORS, SASH AND GLASS

Contractors and Builders can save money and time by purchasing Doors and Sash of

ZIMMERMAN BROS. & ALGER,

42 North Saginaw Street,

Pontiac, Mich.

Rambler Bicycles.

The "White"

RIDDEN by the professional racer, it has proven a winner oftener than any in competition. Ridden by the non-professional, by the "scorcher," for business or pleasure, it has a record second to none. Material used in its construction, pains-taking care in manufacturing details, ease in running, and handsome, symmetrical design are a few of its claims for superiority. Reasonable prices, coupled with high values, are characteristics of the "WHITE." Our long established reputation guarantees the excellence of our product.

Models A and B	$50.00
Model G (30-in. wheel)	60.00
"Special Racer"	65.00
Models E and F (chainless)	75.00

White Sewing Machine Company,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WEAK, NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

250,000 CURED IN 20 YEARS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

$1000 IN GOLD FOR A CASE WE CANNOT CURE OF SELF-ABUSE, EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, CONCEALED DRAINS, STRICTURE GLEET, SYPHILIS, STUNTED PARTS, LOST MANHOOD, IMPOTENCY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, ETC.

A NERVOUS WRECK.

The New Method Treatment is the Greatest Discovery of the Age FOR CURING THESE DISEASES

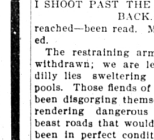
Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY INDISCRETIONS, EXCESSES AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, speaks before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, stunted organs and premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat, etc.

YOU HAVE SEMINAL WEAKNESS!

OUR NEW BLOOD TREATMENT alone can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. *We and care you or no pay.*

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

SYPHILIS is the most prevalent and most serious BLOOD disease. It saps the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will affect the offspring. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD positively cures it for ever.



HEREDITARY BLOOD DISEASE.

YOU ARE OLD, DOLE-ADED MEN—You've had a gay life, or indulged in the follies of youth. Self-abuse or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and sexually you are not the man you used to be or should be. Lustful practices reap rich harvests. Will you heed the Canger signals.

ARE YOU RIGHT Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. Books Free —"Thousands Monitor" illustrated, on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed. Book on "Diseases of Women" Free.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C.O.D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment, FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A resident of Oklahoma has patented a head canopy for protecting the head from the rays of the sun while at work, a light frame being attached to the body by straps to support an adjustable covering of rain and sun-proof material.

To assist artists and writers in drawing fine lines with their instruments a new pencil and pen attachment consists of an elastic finger arranged to rest on the paper under the drawing instrument and receive a portion of the weight of the arm.

A westerner has patented a combined minnow bucket and trap for fishermen's use, consisting of a wire cylinder, with a bale at the top which is placed inside a tin receptacle, two conical entrances being formed in the cylinder, through which the fish are attracted by a bait.

An Iowa woman has invented a lamp attachment for sewing machines, a slotted plate being secured to the rear of the table, in which a screw slide to hold a plate on the upper side o the slot, the plate sliding into convenient position and having spring arms, which hold the lamp.

WISE IDEAS.

A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.—Scotch Proverb.

That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest mind.—Emerson.

Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts.—Sir Philip Sydney.

I could hardly feel much confidence in a man who had never been imposed upon.—Hare.

Nobleness of character is nothing else than steady love of good and steady scorn of evil.—A. Froude.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet yet ceaseless energy.—Ruskin.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it a lodging.—Archbishop Leighton.

Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend.—Emerson.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and by which he is loved and blessed. —Carlyle.

SCORCHING FOR LOVE.

Fury holds me dumb. I stared at her out of murderous eyes. At last, "He never said it!" I gasp out.

"Never a word. I made it all up. I'd thought—believed—that he—No, that isn't true, either; he never gave me any reason! But I couldn't witness your happiness, so I told you—those lies!"

No answer. I feel that speech will choke me. The atmosphere is a-throb with her excited pleadings.

"Forgive me! I deserve your anger and—his scorn. But I've confessed—there's no harm done. Oh! what is the matter? It's not as bad as all that!"

"It's as bad as it can be. We've parted. I've written him a letter—a hateful letter. He'll never forgive me. And I don't want him to!"

"But he can't have got it yet."

Her words fell on unheeding years. "I can never face him again—never! Oh! go away—leave me!"

"Listen, listen! It's not three hours since I told you. If had to be written and posted; it can't have reached. Go to him—at once—stop it, prevent his reading it. Now—now—don't waste time!" She shook me wildly in her excitement.

"How? I should never be in time!"

"You can ride like the wind!"

"Ride!" At the very word dead hope throbs to life again. Would it be possible? Is there still a chance? At any rate, it's worth trying, and anything would be better than this frenzied inaction. "The machine's in there. Pump my tires up while I put my hat on." How my hands shake! Now, quick, my gloves!"

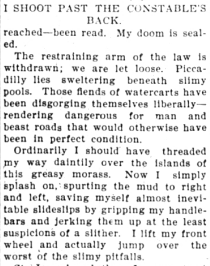
"Come, it's ready!"

I spring into the saddle and am off. "If I succeed I'll forgive you!" I shout back. And "Succeed! Succeed!" follows me and spurs me on. Men have oft-times ridden for their lives. Life! What is life to me today? I ride for love. If I lose—well, may I lose both life and love together? Kensington High street is busy, but I squirm in and out of the traffic without a pause, and reach the open road of Kensington Gore, where I fairly let fly.

Shouts and remonstrances follow me unheeded. The first block occurs at Albert Gate, where the main traffic is closed by carriages pouring into the park. I shoot past the constable's back, dive beneath the heads of a pair of prancing grays, circle round others and pursue my flying course to Hyde Park corner.

Another stoppage! Fury, despair! This time the policeman faces me. I catch his eye. Mine implores immunity. He winks a kindly "All right, missy, on you go."

Alas! not for long. The stream of traffic pouring out of Park Lane into Piccadilly shuts out all hope from my desperate gaze. I crawl up, jerk my front wheel to an angle of forty-five and come to a standstill without dismounting. But all hope is over. Nothing can avail me now. The letter has



I SHOOT PAST THE CONSTABLE'S BACK.

reached—been read. My doom is sealed.

The restraining arm of the law is withdrawn; we are let loose. Piccadilly lies sweltering beneath slimy pools. Those fiends of watercarts have been disgorging themselves liberally—rendering dangerous for man and beast roads that would otherwise have been in perfect condition.

Ordinarily I should have threaded my way daintily over the islands of this greasy morass. Now I simply splash on, spurting the mud to right and left, saving myself almost inevitable sideslips by gripping my handlebars and jerking them up at the least suspicions of a slither. I lift my front wheel and actually jump over the worst of the slimy pitfalls.

St. James' and then Jermyn street save me delay at the Circus. Waterloo place—Pall Mall—dashing down Suffolk street an empty landau; meeting it from Trafalgar Square, a groom on a mettlesome young mare. I am close on them, but they must have passed each other in time to leave me room. Neither observes the other, both keep to the middle of the road; result—collision! The most lightning-like dismounts would simply dash me into the melee; to steer aside is equally impossible. In a flash I realize my only course.

"Hold up, my man!" I shout to the horseman on my right. He and the coachman tumble to the situation instantaneously. Both positively drag their horses off the ground, and three pairs of forelegs paw the air above my head and form a living triumphal arch, 'neath which I shoot. Defrauded, the jaws of death snap to behind me, in the clash with which they all reach earth. My heart leaps into my mouth and chokes me—a mist swims before my eyes. I sway in the saddle and almost fall.

The Strand reached, by impotence maddens me. Crowds of horses, men, vehicles—I scarce know what—surround me and hem me in on every side. In a blind frenzy of haste a path betwixt the narrow lines of traffic, barely conscious of the shouts, warnings, oaths and execrations that pursue me. The same mad course down Fleet street! Rarely, if ever, do I ring my bell, but steer in and out, avoiding every impediment in my path as if by magic. I see the surging life around me as Chaistian saw temptations—merely obstacles to be overcome. Now my destination is in sight, and a flying leap from my machine while still at full pace, lands me at the very door. Flinging my mount into the hands of an astounded onlooker I tear upstairs.

Thank heaven, he's out!

"I'll go in and wait."

"Very well, miss; in here please."

Is that my letter lying on the top of an unopened pile? Ah, surely!

A voice outside—his voice.

"My little woman, how dear of you to come, but what—what?"

I release my hands, totter past him, snatch the letter from the desk, and wave it wildly above my head.

"Jim, I wrote it—I don't want you to read it—I—I—" Sobs choks my utterance.

Smiling, he takes it from my trembling fingers. I sink down and watch him helplessly with terror-fascinated eyes. The torn tiny fragments flutter slowly from his fingers into the official waste paper basket. I have a dim sense of strong, dear arms supporting me, as I close my eyes to shut out the view of walls and furniture, which will sway to and fro in the most bewildering manner imaginable.

CASTS OF ESQUIMAUX.

A New York Sculptor Secures Two of Them.

Two little brown statues, bare-legged and bare-armed, alive only in the black eyes that mutely questioned those about, sat in the sculptor's studio at the Museum of Natural History the other morning, says the New York World. They were Zaksriner and Artmarhoke, the Eskimo twins, ready for the ordeal of being "cast." Caspar Meyer, the sculptor, and his assistant, first mixed the plaster in a great bowl, "Like ice cream," whispered the interested Zaksriner, spreading her hands and arms on the molding-board. Over them streamed the thick mixture, smoothed and patted into place by the trowel. While the plaster hardened not a muscle moved. A touch told the sculptor that the moment had come. Then the knife was applied to the edges, and half the cast was removed, revealing the straight little arm and curious small hand to its owner once again. She gave a sigh of relief and smiled up at Miner Bruce, her adopted father. "I'm coming out again," she said triumphantly. A cast of her legs was then taken. Artmarhoke, watching the operation, exchanged gleeful criticisms with her sister in their native tongue. On an excursion round the studio as a rest they ran upon the bust of Meul, the last of the Peary Eskimo importations, and now a member of the family of Superintendent Wallace of the museum. "Ah!" cried Artmarhoke, putting a caressing hand upon the cheek, "look, it is my brother!" The casting of the head was a more delicate task. The hair was bound back tightly with a cloth to escape the plaster. The face was then carefully rubbed with olive oil and the paste applied less generously than to the arms and legs. Even the ears were covered. The entire cast came off flawless. Zaksriner's astonishment at the completed reproduction of her features was not the least pleasing part of the picture. She gazed into the cast and softly repeated, "My eyes, my nose—all mine!" The twins are regarded as splendid specimens, and are being made the subject of much artistic as well as scientific study.

OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGNS.

Apt Answer of a Child to a Question of Church Doctrines.

The priest at St. Augustine's has been devoting a great deal of time lately to instructing his juvenile parishioners in the catechism, says the Washington Post. The sacraments of the church formed the subject of a recent discourse before one class. The good father explained their number and their meaning, and the inward state of grace of which they are the outward and visible signs.

"And now," said he, after he had gone over it all very thoroughly, "what is the outward and visible sign of the sacrament of baptism?"

Then he waited, expecting somebody to give the answer about the pouring of the water on the head of the person to be baptized. Nobody spoke. The priest repeated his question.

"What is the outward and visible sign of the sacrament of baptism?" he asked.

A shrill little voice piped up eagerly in answer.

"I know, sir. It's the baby."

The African Pigmies.

The latest information about the tribe of pigmies discovered by Mr. Stanley inhabiting a forest-covered region in Central Africa comes from an English traveler, Mr. Albert B. Lloyd. He traversed the forest and saw many of the little men and women who inhabit it. He met none exceeding four feet in height. They are timid and "cannot look a stranger in the face, their eyes constantly shifting as in the case of monkeys." They are perfectly formed and fairly intelligent. They never leave the forest, and have no settled habitations. Their shelters at night are huts two or three feet in height. Their arms are bows and arrows and spears.

A Remarkable Home Sail.

In northeastern Labrador Mr. A. P. Low has found a fresh-water lake, 800 feet above sea-level and 100 miles from salt-water, which is inhabited by seals. He thinks the ancestors of these seals were imprisoned in a bay when the general surface of Labrador rose after the Glacial epoch. Being thus cut off from the sea, the water gradually became fresh, while its inhabitants accustomed themselves to their new conditions of life.

Proving a Proverb.

Mrs. Latehours (addressing her husband returning at 3 a. m.)—Nice hour to be coming home! Nice company you've been in, no doubt. Latehours (nonchalantly)—Honi soit qui mal y pense. Mrs. Latehours—Yes, that's right! Come home and use bad language to your wife.—Tit-Bits.

man is as inch or so greater.

At Harvard and Columbia universal-

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell, at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

LIST No. 2.

No. 23.

Feed Mill at Royal Oak, Mich. Four lots, 3-story and basement mill with 20-horse power and steam engine. Ypsilanti feed roller process. Building alone worth $1,000, to say nothing of the lots. Good farming country, no competition. Will establish good business with excellent run of custom. Satisfactory reasons for selling made known to customer.

No. 24.

House and two lots, Nos. 88 and 90, Merrill Plat, Birmingham, on north side of Merrill St. Comfortable, cozy little home for some one who cannot afford a brown stone front on Fifth Avenue, but is willing to take solid comfort at a moderate price. Place is owned by Chas. M. Hunt, who has removed from this locality and wants to dispose of this place. The price shows that he is in earnest about selling, for he will take 1,200, and the terms will be all right.

No. 25.

The Toynton place, a nice little farm of 70 acres, with four acres of good orchard and buildings as good as anybody's. One mile west of Bloomfield Centre (Acme postoffice), five minute's walk from Long Lake. Basement barn which cost nearly $1,000. House has seven rooms and woodshed, cellar, cistern, well, tool house, chicken house, pig pens, corn crib. A never failing stream runs through the farm. This farm is on the line of the proposed Bloomfield and Orchard Lake Electric Railway, from Bloomfield Centre to Orchard Lake. The price which was $65 per acre before the new electric road was thought of, remains the same, although all the farms in the neighborhood have gone "kiting."

GRAND ∴ TRUNK ∴ RAILWAY ∴ SYSTEM

Time Table in effect February 6, 1899.
D., G. H. & M. DIVISION.

WEST BOUND—FROM BIRMINGHAM.

No. 21	Morning Express to Grand Haven	7.42 a m
No. 13	Mail and Chicago Express to Grand Haven	12.05 p m
No. 17	Grand Rapids Express to Grand Rapids and G. R. and I.	4.50 p m
No. 23	Chicago Express for Chicago, with sleeper	9.23 p m
Nos. 21, 13, 17 and 23 daily, except Sunday.		
No. 35 daily		7.00 a m

EAST BOUND.

No. 12	Chicago Express to Detroit and south	6.39 a m
No. 14	Detroit Express to Detroit and east	11.05 a m
No. 6	Mail to Detroit	2.30 p m
No. 22	Evening Express to Detroit and east	8.33 p m
Nos. 16, 6 and 22 daily, except Sunday.		
No. 12 daily.		

E. H. HUGHES, A. G. P. & T. Agent, Chicago, Ill.
GEORGE L. ALDERIC, Agent, Birmingham.

PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Trains Run on Central Standard Time

GOING NORTH. Ft'gt Pass. Mixt No. 5 No. 3 No. 1	STATIONS.	GOING SOUTH Mix'd Pass. Ft'gt No. 2 No. 4 No. 6
A M. P. M. A. M. D. G. H. & M. 4 05 6 55 M	Pontiac	P. M. A. M. A. M. 9 25 11 50
Wich Cent.		
5 45 7 15	Lt. Pontiac	8 05 10 40 4 00
5 50 7 20	Sta. Pontiac	8 00 10 35 3 50
6 00 9 12	Oxford	Arr 7 50 10 05 3 50
6 10 9 22	Oxford	Dep 7 25 3 00
6 30 9 25 12 35	Lapeer	6 45 6 45 6 15
6 40 p. m. p. m.	Imlay City	6 30 p. m. a. m. p. m.

CONNECTIONS: Pontiac with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Ry., and Michigan Air Line Division of Grand Trunk Ry. Oxford with Flint City Division Michigan Central Ry. Imlay City with Saginaw & Grand Trunk Ry. Clifford with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry. Pigeon with Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron Ry.

W. C. SANFORD, Gen. Supt.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac, on the 6th day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of HENRY J. REYNOLDS, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Lucina A. Reynolds, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Harlan J. Reynolds or some other suitable person.

It is ordered that Tuesday, the 4th day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON,
A true copy. Judge of Probate.
Mar10-Ap7

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac, on the 6th day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of HUGH WOODLIFFE, deceased.

On application of Amie Woodburn, the executrix named in said deceased's last will and testament, for a final account and settlement of the estate.

It is ordered that Tuesday, the 11th day of April next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said application and the examination and allowance of said final account. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON,
Mar17-Ap7 Judge of Probate.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

REV. EUGENE C. ALLEN, PASTOR.

Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 p. m. All are invited.

BAPTIST CHURCH

REV. I. L. CHURCH, PASTOR.

SERVICES AT 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. C. E. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. All are welcome.

BIRMINGHAM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. H. S. JUSTEMA, PASTOR

Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting Sabbath evening at 6:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

All who are not identified with other churches are invited to come with us.

ST. JAMES PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

(Corner Maple avenue and Chester street.)

Morning prayer and sermon next Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 o'clock. Evening prayer and sermon at 7 o'clock. All are welcome.

The Sure La Grippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, you have no appetite; no life or ambition, have a bad cold in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at Whitehead & Mitchell's drug store. Only 50 cents per bottle.

JOHN POUND, Near Court House, Pontiac.

ONE WOMAN IN SEVEN

in this county has seen the advertisement of the famous R. & G. Corset in The Ladies' Home Journal, Munsey's, Delineator or some other March magazine, ask knows, therefore, some of the important facts about "the corset that does not stretch." We have in stock a good line of

R & G CORSETS

and will be pleased to show them to the "one woman in seven"—and to the other six women also. The new R & G number 101—the waist proper corset, is one of our most popular styles, and sells at the popular one dollar price, and we keep it in white, black and grey and a full line of sizes.

JOHN POUND, Near Court House, Pontiac.

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suit Dept.

If you would see what modern manufacturing can do come to our store. SUITS, JACKETS, SKIRTS and WAISTS in the newest ideas of patterns and styles. The development of the Tailoring Art has made it possible to guarantee a perfect fit. This saves all the bother and expense of a dressmaker, for these garments are offered at about what the material would cost and no dressmaker can approach the perfection of these garments. Alterations made without charge; fit and satisfaction guaranteed.

Suits $7.50, $10, $12.50, $15, $17.50, $20, $25 and $30.
Jackets $5, $6.50, $7.50, $10, $12.50 and $15.
Silk Waists $3.95 and $5. Cotton Shirt Waists 50c, 75c to $1.50.

Waite Bros. Robertson & Co., Pontiac

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST

Family Newspaper

In Oakland County

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

Birmingham Eccentric.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The Favorite Amusement Place

Wonderland.

Performances—Afternoon and Evenings.

Entire Change of Attractions Every Week.

78 and 80 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

Whitney Opera House.

Evening and Sunday Matinee, 10c-20c-30c. | *Matinees daily except Wednesdays 10c-15c-25c.*

Ott Bros. in their funny conceit,

ALL ABOARD.

Next Week—HUMAN HEARTS.

Lyceum

Reserved Seats 25-50 and 75c

25c Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Ralph E. Cummings and his stock company,

Lady Windermere's Fan.

Next Week—HAZEL KIRKE.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL,

Druggists and Grocers and General Merchandise.

DEALERS IN -

For pastry cooking we offer the celebrated Washburn-Crosby

"GOLD MEDAL"

Spring Wheat Flour.

For Bread Biscuits, etc., we have all the home mills' flour, Erity & Nixon, McClellan & Satterlee and A. H. Phelps. Try a sack. We deliver it or anything else you purchase, anywhere in town, promptly, and will be pleased to have any differences pointed out, as we guarantee satisfaction to all.

Whitehead & Mitchell.