

Special Bargains

Reliable Footwear.

Reduced Prices on our entire stock of Gents' Bicycle Shoes.
\$2.50 Shoes at \$1.95. \$1.75 Shoes at \$1.49. \$1.50 Shoes at \$1.25. \$1 Shoes at 90c.

All Misses' and Children's Oxfords at Cut Prices. Ladies' Bicycle Leggings at Half Price.

At 1 lot Men's Oil Grain Foot Shoes.
\$2.00 1 lot Men's Work Shoes, regular price \$1.25.
pair 1 lot Children's and Misses' Shoes, tan or black, reduced from 1.25, 1.50, \$1.75.

H. B. MERRITT, 17 N. Saginaw Street, Pontiac.

Special Sale of Furniture...

5-piece Parlor Suit for \$20, upholstered in silk tapestry.

Combination Book Case for \$8.00.

Fine line of Dining Chairs for \$3.00 a set up.

Nice line of Parlor Table with prices and styles to suit you.

Couches at reduced prices.

Bathroom Mirrors for less than you will buy them at wholesale today.

A few Smyrna Rugs and prices low.

Remember I can save you money on Carpets sold by sample.

New line of Mattings and Mats. Come and see what a little cash will do.

Have you seen the cut prices on Musical Instruments? Better take advantage of it now. Good violin for \$3.00 and Guitar for \$4.

W. A. O'NEAL.



Ladies,

Do You Collect Trading Stamps?

If not, why not? Trading Stamps are as good as gold at our store. You might just as well derive the benefits obtained by collecting Trading Stamps as your neighbor. You buy goods as cheap from the following merchants as elsewhere and by asking for trading stamps you get more than value for your money. Did our canvassers leave you a book? If not ask for one at any store where they give trading stamps. See list below:

Birmingham.

Bakery and Lunch—Mrs. C. Ellenwood.
Dry Goods, Gents' Stationery, Whitehead & Mitchell.
Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes—V. Nixon.

Pontiac.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers—C. H. Going.
China, Glass and Crockery—W. R. Owen.
Coal and Wood—J. W. Hart & Co., 8 East Lawrence St.
Clothing, Merchant Tailors, Men's Furnishings, etc.—J. W. Bird.
Drugs—E. K. Keyser.

W. R. OWEN

is always thrashing at something, and now it is HAMMOCKS, CROQUET, WINDOW POLES, BRASS RODS FOR CURTAINS, GRANITE WARE, and now and then a piece of Crockery. Come and look the stock over and see for yourselves.

Pontiac, - - - Mich.

TEA DUST!

The good old stuff like we had before the war.

Have You Tried It?

The good old price.... 25c per lb.

Call and get a sample, please.

Yours respectfully,

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

TROUBLE IN A KIDNEY

Thousands have it and don't know it. If you want quick results you can get by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-lick, the great Kidney Cure. It is in every drug store and tells you how to find out if you have kidney trouble. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

WILEY-VAN EPPS.

The handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Wiley was the scene of a pretty home wedding Wednesday afternoon, June 14. When the only son of Mr. Wiley was united in marriage with Miss V. Van Epps. Rev. Carlos H. Hanks, of the Congregational church, officiating. The wedding day being also the national flag day, and also in consideration of the death of the father of the bride to Grand Army and all other patriotic measures, as well as in consideration of the prominent place which the Captain himself held in the minds of the citizens of Okoswo during the past year, all combined to make it only natural that the wedding should partake of a more than semi-military character. The parlors were elegantly furnished with fine rugs, stage interwoven with smiles. The stairs were wound with a handsome flag, while the elegant pearl and gold mounted sword presented by Colonel Owsos to the Captain over a year ago, filled a prominent part in the decorations of the parlor. Potted plants and cut flowers also had their part in the decorations. At half past four the bride, charmingly gowned in white organdy, accompanied by the groom, stepped beneath the arch separating the two parlors, where with a handsome American flag Arpoing came fully over them took the vows which made them man and wife, the impressive ceremony being conducted by Rev. C. H. Hanks in his graceful, easy way, simple and unobtrusive, but full of deep solemnity. After the ceremony the bride and groom received the best wishes and congratulations of the assembled guests. In the dining room, to which the wedding party retired after congratulations had been extended by all, the colors were green and white, and an elegant wedding supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Van Epps took the evening train for Albany. We trust they will rest for a few days before returning to make their home at the Wiley residence.

Both the bride and groom are very well known in Okoswo, the bride having been prominent in church and social circles since a small girl, while the groom is best known as the captain of Company C, 3d M. G. and M. V. in which company he has held the commission of captain since October 1903, at which time he was one of the youngest captains in the Michigan National Guard, and met at the outbreak of the war one of the senior captains of his regiment. Since the muster out of the 3rd regiment he has resumed his former work with the Okoswo & Corunna Electric Co. The popularity of both bride and groom was shown by the splendid list of presents.

Among the out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Howe and Wm. Howe, of Linden; Chas. Ziefe, of Ann Arbor; Warren Stuart, of Toledo; Mrs. L. D. Wiley, of Albion; Mrs. Ophelia E. Wiley, of Mason, of Detroit; Miss Iva McFarley, of Lansing; and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Stockwell, of Pontiac—Owsos Times.

THE PREACHER'S MEMORY.

We faint in the Detroit Evening News.

An Okoswo county widow, whose husband had been killed in the war, has been unable to get a pension because the lost her marriage certificate, and the witnesses of the ceremony are all dead. Not long ago the minister who officiated at the ceremony was mentioned in an local paper in the following manner: "Every husband who speaks of and your name sounds strange to me. I have marveled scores of people in different parts of the state and have no recollection whatever of your case."

"Don't you remember that I had a called card, and my maid was with him and red chop whiskers?"

"Twenty percent of the man that I have married had either red hair or whiskers."

"But don't you remember that my John wore his muddy boots on his feet, and he wore his cleaned them, and your wife didn't look a bit pleased to see puddles of mud on her new grain carpet?"

"A minister's wife often sees much to displease her, but I don't recollect this particular worry you speak of," said the minister, with a sad, far-away look.

"Don't you remember that my husband looked as out of place in a white shirt as a cow would, and the awkward fellow suffered the whole afternoon in his carriage emergency, blundered his feet, and a swingin' lamp and knocked half the bangles off from it?"

The minister replied that most men were awkward when they were getting married for the first time, but he had known cases where these clumsy fellows became quite easy in their manners when they brought their third and fourth brides to the altar. Could the sister name other circumstances in connection with the event? The widow hesitated a moment, then, with some confusion said:

"I suppose I must tell you this, but awfully hate to. I know that you, must surely remember this. My husband forgot his pocketbook at home his excellent suit 'bout gettin' married. He promised to send you \$3 when he threatened. It was a rubber when we started for home, you lent us an umbrella and my husband's waterproof proof coat—you must surely remember that?"

"Yes, yes, I recollect that part of it all right. I haven't seen either umbrella, oil cloth, coat, or the \$3 yet."

The widow got her pension, and the minister received, shortly afterwards a new silk umbrella and waterproof coat, along with a \$5 bill to keep them company.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE WORLD.

Right and admitted of the nation's best. Biggest and best. Over 500 pages, 100 illustrations, nearly 100 pages of new illustrations. Only \$1.00. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Quick. The Dominion Company, 3100, Cass St. Chicago.

Her View of It.

It is said "this world is only a foretaste of what our eternal life is to be." Then I wonder how milkmen are going to answer in the last day of judgment. If you draw milk on the Sabbath you are certainly not serving God, but on the other hand you are breaking God's commandment openly before every eye. If you drop your milk can at the depot and wend your way to church, whom are you serving? Can you, in your best imaginative powers imagine yourselves drawing milk or selling milk on the Sabbath in heaven? Can any professed Christian, then, go on Sabbath morning with a milk can in his buggy and then go to church with a clear conscience, feeling that he has done right, and is now ready to come into close communion with the holy and just God?

Please remember that when you joined the church you promised to do God's will as far as was in your power. Are you doing it, or are you forgetting? or are you drifting into sin carelessly, worldly manner? Forgetting that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I sometimes think that this generation forget to think if they are right before starting to do their work. A dear old lady whom I knew never started any work without going to God and asking for help, and she would do it just as if she would have to do it. Heavily with each and every one of us could live in close contact with just such a lady.

I wish that I could go to each one of those milk-men and talk with them; I don't care whether they draw the milk by their wives or their help. I wish you say that to be drawn on Sabbath just as well as any other day. It is not so. It is there was no milk sold on Sabbath there would be no milk peddlers. If there were no milk peddlers there would be no one who drew milk on Sabbath, which is a sin in the first place. I would say a true Christian should buy his milk Saturday night.

Therefore, in my estimation, it is not any worse to run a milk depot than it is to sell milk on the Sabbath. It is not any worse to steal than it is to aid a man in stealing. Then I do beseech of you, milk men, Christians or not (you all belong to God) to stop selling milk on Sabbath.

AN OLD LADY'S COUNTY LINE.

Chas. Gamble, of Detroit is in town. Mrs. Jas. Henkley has been very sick. Mrs. Marston reports another daughter. Mrs. L. Schlof is going to build a new house at Warren.

Mrs. Laura Bradley and daughter are visiting at M. H. Bent's.

Warren Flynn and Will Kenney graduated at Utesa school lately.

John Preisel is placing new foundations under his house and making other improvements.

Mrs. Nicholas Berger was buried at Warren Saturday last. Deceased was over 60 years of age.

G. W. Hoard has the cellar dug for his new store and the masons commence the brick work this week.

BEDDOU.

Hannah for the 4th of July.

Miss S. J. Brooks returned home from Ypsilanti last week.

Jerry Russell and family spent last Tuesday at the lake.

Mrs. Henry Miller and Miss Mary spent last Monday at Pontiac.

The Misses Flora and Clidia Angstman are visiting in Birmingham this week.

Investigating Foreign Horse Trade.

Charles J. Curtis, the director of the experimental station in Iowa and agricultural agent of the department of agriculture, has been in Europe for six weeks investigating the market for American horses, live stock, and dressed meats. In the course of an interview with an American newspaper correspondent Curtis said: "My special mission concerns horses. It is a good opportunity for draft and carriage horses and hunters. I shall make the breeding of hunter, Ireland as to the breed of hunter, and the market of practical monopoly now. American breeders have good blood for breeding and there is no limit to the price. A good hunter. Already in the Dublin horse show an American has captured the first prize for an American. The first prize is constantly improving in Berlin. In high favor," says Curtis, "American horses are being imported to meet the wants of the markets, and to get their horses into the right hands."

Birds as Plant Protectors.

A French ecologist states it as his belief, resulting from his investigations, that if the world were to become birdless, man could not inhabit it after nine years' time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. He shows that birds eat hundreds of insects daily, and that such examinations show that all the insect eating birds are continually decreasing in large numbers, most of them harmful to agriculture. There are more the farmer's friend than he realizes.

Does the Baby Thrive

If not, something must be wrong with its food. If the mother's milk doesn't nourish it, she needs SCOTT'S EMULSION. It supplies the elements of fat required for the baby. If baby is not nourished by its artificial food, then it requires Scott's Emulsion.

Half a teaspoonful three or four times a day in its bottle will have the desired effect. It seems to have a magical effect upon babies and children. A fifty-cent bottle will prove the truth of our statements.

Should be taken in summer as well as winter.

SCOTT'S EMULSION, York.

Balaam's ass called the master's attention to the bad roads and has forced the sentiments of thousands of American spavined, wind-broken and foundered in dragging their heavy loads to market.

A good road is not only a good investment, but will pay a hundred percent every year on its cost, raises the value of every acre, shortens distance, saves time, wages, horse flesh and harness, increases the load and lessens the burden, and makes it possible to haul tons of material with the same power that now hauls a ton stuck in the mire. Good roads also save us money together, makes farmers more profitable, discounts every farm mortgage and brings joy and contentment to every community. Imagine a man knee-deep in the mud trying to load cheerful.

Reverend shame to the man who tries to dodge the road tax and still to the community who neglects upon his pledge for better roads, and fails to his promise, and rides rough shod over the wishes of the people.

Road tax is the tribute which savagery pays to civilization, the entrance to community life, and by which the wonderful lateral development of a country is brought about.

There is really but one argument on good roads and that is in their favor. We all know we have never had good going that our country roads are about as bad as country roads could possibly be, that they are full of holes, wet and soft and soggy in spring and fall, dry and dusty in summer and rough the year round.

As farmers, let us admit that these roads are bad (and every honest man will admit it), that they keep us from town, and from each other. That we can't get to market when prices are good, that we are hauling scant loads, over our horses, killing our horses, and rasing our tempers, that they keep our wives shut up like cattle in a pen, increase our solitude, keep our children out of school and send our young men to the cities with solemn oaths on their lips that they will never till the soil.

Think of our harvests, think of the money invested in farm implements, and in horses and mules to drag your soil, and then think of the loss of time, and labor, and dwarfed and shriveled values of our farms, of the slack supply and good prices when roads are impassable, and the loss of time and process of farm to town, and then think of the market in the first day of dry weather, and think of the paltry prices they get when every body is trying to sell to the overstocked merchant.

How do you account for the gain in to the city, and why as against the fall falling off in farm values? My answer is—poor roads.

Give us good, paved roads and every acre of our farm land will double in value, our boys will till the soil, instead of seeking employment in the cities, the unemployed will go out into the country, while the cities themselves will thrive and flourish, drawing life and health and wealth from all the wasted and idle wealth from all that blossom like a rose.—A Farmer in I. A. W. Bulletin.

CENETERY NOTES.

Every "Rose of Sharon" in the grounds was killed last winter, while the hydrangeas and some others stood the winter well.

If persons whose dues are not paid for the season of 1909 will kindly attend to it at once it will save much trouble to those whose time is given to this work without the slightest compensation.

In spite of protests and requests through papers and personal appeals from the sexton, many persons persist in allowing dogs to follow them into the grounds. Some lot owners are annoyed by them that they have threatened to prosecute the owners.

Cosacnic, N. Y., has just opened a new cemetery called "The Dellwood," consisting of 110 acres. It is to be devoted to the interment of valued animals and birds. Price of lots ranges from one to three dollars per square foot.

The cosmos borer, so destructive to cosmos, dahlias and asters, can be destroyed by pouring around the base of the stalk of each grave, a quart of Paris green or red one teaspoonful of water, so as to soak the ground two to three inches deep. Use till plants are grown.

The secretary of our Cemetery Society is often asked if head stones are necessary. He replies, as a record of the exact location of each grave, it is kept by the location of the stone; so if one is destroyed by accident the other remains. If a monument is placed in the center of a lot the lot can be made far better without being encumbered with head stones. The marble dealer who would course tell you otherwise, as he sees no beauty in the landscape and wants to sell all he can, but any cemetery superintendent will say 'put up a headstone without a headstone."

TROY.

Paul Clark has a new building.

Mrs. E. M. Clark is visiting at Grosse Pointe.

Cy Ferris is entertaining his uncle, A. Fay.

Carmen Skinner was out from Detroit over Sunday.

Mrs. Hadzell is entertaining friends from Ypsilanti.

Sprague Niles is spending his vacation with Grandmamma Niles.

The electric road is progressing finely, rails being laid to Clawson.

Hurrah for the 4th. Fireworks at Troy in the evening. Rochester will celebrate.

Mrs. Burrows and son have returned from Toledo. Miss Clara Burrows left for Detroit Monday.

Wm. A. Dennison gave a return compliment, "at home," at his residence Saturday evening, to the ten young ladies who visited him last winter. Each lady received a sovereign silver spoon, duly dedicated, each to the surgeon as well as delight of all.

Shafer's

"SHAFFER'S good goods." "Shafer's—fair treatment." "Shafer's—your money's worth or more!" All over the State those thoughts are instantly associated with the name.

"SHAFFER'S—easy to teach!" This store is central, easiest and quickest to everybody coming to the city by rail, boat or road.

SHAFFER'S—the complete department store! No need of going to a dozen different places to supply your shopping list. SHAFFER'S HAS EVERYTHING that's wanted—much greater selections in each line than any exclusive stores can give you—and the lowest prices in Michigan.

"SHAFFER'S—the comfortable store!" Large, roomy and delightfully cool. Restaurant and lunch rooms where you can satisfy your hunger. Parcel offices where you can check your wraps and baggage. Wash rooms where you can refresh yourself after a dusty trip. Sitting rooms where you can rest when you are tired.

MEN'S SUITS AT \$7.50.

An item that deserves special mention. Of the five manufacturer's stocks brought this season there were about 1,000 Suits remaining at the \$7.50 lot. All most again as many have already been sold. Seventy-five is just a fair WHOLESALE price for them.

At retail they're worth \$12.50, and we know of no house that will sell you one for less today. New and handsome suits in brown frocks, blue serges, plaid and checked cassimeres, mixed and striped tweeds, plaids and fancy effects in worsteds. Cut in the latest styles and to fit accurately. The making is excellent throughout and no fault can be found with their wearing qualities.

In fact, they will give you better return for your money than you have ever known in a suit of clothes brought for \$7.50. We have all sizes. Mail orders promptly filled; sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. If you don't like the goods you needn't keep them.

C. A. Shafer, Detroit.

BIG BEAVER.

C. S. Travis took in Detroit Monday. Dell Smith finished picking strawberries Monday.

Miss Dora Lamb spent Saturday and Sunday in Birmingham with her sister.

Rev. A. Smith, of Warren, called on his many friends here Monday after noon.

Mrs. Park Cutting, of Troy, spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. Dell Smith.

Mrs. Frank Bliss, of Grand Rapids, visited Mr. and Mrs. Byron Newman over Sunday.

Miss Clara Erb, of Royal Oak, is spending the week with her friend, Miss Grace Houghton.

Miss Grace Houghton, who has been teaching school in Detroit the past year came home Saturday for her summer vacation.

Miss Jennie Lyon, of Chicago, niece of C. S. Travis, arrived here last Saturday afternoon to spend her summer vacation. Her many friends here all welcome her back.

ROYAL OAK.

The Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. Doye Wednesday of this week.

J. Hutchins and wife, of Detroit, visited friends in this place Sunday.

The young ladies of the Baptist church next Sunday afternoon at 3:30.

Wm. Heizinger's well is now finished, but it proved to be a mineral instead of a gas well.

Little Clarence Baum met with a painful accident recently, a horse kicked him on the head. We are glad to say he is some better.

Mrs. R. E. Wendell and daughter, Louisa, and Miss R. Medbury, of London, spent Thursday with Mrs. L. H. McDowell.

THE STAGE.

AT THE LYCEUM.

"Young Mrs. Winthrop," Bronson Howard's beautiful story, is the bill this week at the Lyceum. It serves to bring the country company back into the dress suit atmosphere. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" belongs to that class of plays which became identified with the famous old Madison Square theater, and it took a pretty heart story that is both instructive and entertaining. Harry Glavin's leading role in this production, that of Clarence Winthrop, the young husband who is drifting away from his wife, and Grace Atwell plays Mrs. Winthrop. Ralph Cummings is again seen in one of those peculiar character roles that seem to suit him so well.

For Sale!

Several well bred young horses from two to six years old. All are better than some that have been bought to harness. Enquire of H. McLaughlin at the Hendrie farm near Royal Oak. The care stop at the crossing by the seven mile-house.