

STILL ANOTHER CUT

In Men's, Boys', Ladies' and Misses' Russet Shoes and Oxfords. Every pair must be sold. Genuine Clearing Sale of Summer Goods.

Your choice of all Ladies' Tan Shoes. This includes all \$2.50 and special \$2.00 lines. \$1.48 pair. Ladies' \$3.00 Vesting Top Tan Shoes. \$2.50 pair. Ladies' \$2.50 and \$2.00 Tan Shoes. \$2.00 pair. All Men's \$3.00 Tan Shoes. \$2.75 pair. All Men's \$2.50 Tan Shoes. \$2.25 pair.

SPECIAL BARGAIN TABLES.

1 Lot Ladies' Tan Oxfords, narrow widths, regular price \$1.25. Ladies' Oxfords, all sizes, regular price \$1.25 and \$1.50. Boys' and Youths' Tan Shoes. \$1.00 pair. Boys' and Youths' Tennis Oxfords, \$1.00 pair.

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

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—C. S. Ellwood. Drugs, Books and Stationery—Whitehead & Mitchell. Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes—V. Nixon.

Pontiac.

- Boots, Shoes and Rubbers—O. H. Gating. China, Glass and Crockery—W. H. Owen. Coal and Wood—J. W. Hart & Co., 518 East Lawrence st. Clothing, Merchant Tailoring, Men's Furnishings, etc.—Josh W. Bird. Dry Goods & L. Kayser. Millinery—Mrs. A. L. Bird.

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.

Always glad to have you call, whether to look, to visit or to buy. Make this store your headquarters when in the city. Meet your friends here, check your wraps and luggage, write letters, take a rest, eat your dinner. Always cool, comfortable, pleasant, and the handiest place in Detroit to reach from anywhere.

Here's to the Boy, His Clothes, and His Father's Pocket-book

Fall opening this week in our Boys' and Children's Clothing department. Not only the largest stock ever shown in Michigan, but the best. Selected with accurate knowledge of what is good in clothing, and with careful consideration of the demands of every class of trade. Only worthy sorts, from the cheapest to the most expensive, are included in the assortment—clothing of excellent style that can be depended upon for durability.

An elegant line of novelties in Vestee and Sailor Suits, sizes 3 to 12 years, at \$2.50 to \$10. Everyone new this season, and the handsomest fashions ever designed for boys' wear.

In two-piece Suits the newest things are fine basket weave worsteds, serges and imported tweeds. The coats cut in double-breasted style with rounded corners. Lapels faced with silk to match the goods. Sizes 10 to 17. Up to \$10.

Young Men's Suits in blue, serges and latest striped worsteds. Nobby sack coats, blue, brown and blues and long trousers, sizes up to 19, at \$10, \$12.50 and \$15.

Complete new line of Top Coats and Fancy Vests for Boys and Children.

TWO EXTRAORDINARY VALUES--

Boys' 2-piece Suits at \$1.60—A rattling good suit for school wear. Warm, double-breasted coats, well lined and strongly sewed throughout; pants made with double seat and face. We give you the choice of plain blues and black and fancy mixtures and plaids. Sizes 8 to 16.

All Wool Knit Pants at 25c—Not a house in the country sells their equal regularly for less than 30c. They are strictly all wool goods, made in small checks in gray and brown fabrics. Sewed with linen thread—strongest kind of waistbands and pockets—seam reinforced from seam to seam and knees of double thickness. All sizes from 3 to 16 years.

Those who have boys to clothe are invited to inspect our stock whether they wish to make an immediate purchase or not. We're confident of our position to give every customer better satisfaction than any other house, and we know that our prices have no equals as value producers. Mail orders carefully and promptly filled. If the goods are not satisfactory we return the money in exchange for them.

C. A. Shafer, Detroit.

A Double Debut.

"All you need," said Jack Longstreet to Dr. Humford, "is patience." "Patience, you mean my boy," replied that individual. "Yes," said precisely what I mean. "I want to see you a conundrum. I can't stand on the front steps and last into them as they pass along the street. Now you, with your regular salary—"

"Regular salary," echoed Jack scornfully. "Bah, a mere pittance, and what's still worse is that I can't expect to get a raise unless I get a big scoop on the other fellow. It's something in the way of a great sensation, some incident that will completely upset you. You see, my dear fellow, our cases are similar. All you need to establish yourself in a lucrative practice is a case that will attract attention to you. But first, a case, old partner, a case. I feel it in my bones. Some day I'll discover the murder of old Richards and be the lion of the hour. By the way, do you know you resemble the doctor?"

The murder of Sam Richards had been a particularly atrocious one. The aged miser's skull had been literally caved in with some bludgeoning instrument and his wretched hovel riddled of all the hoarded wealth. The assassin had done his work thoroughly, in fact, leisurely, but not a trace was left to establish his identity, which was as much of a mystery as ever. Dr. Humford smiled. The idea to discover the murderer, when the entire police department of Chicago had failed, excited his risibility.

"Do you know," he said to Longstreet, "my office might do you a little good. I use the same practice and take up some branch of science, physics and chemistry for instance, for all of which I feel a great predilection." "Chuck practice you haven't got, that's a good joke," and Jack laughed long and heartily. "This he said and he walked out."

Dr. Humford's countenance also wore an amused expression, but when his friend was gone he went down into the laboratory of his residence. Being an instrument maker, he was stocked with apparatus of all kinds, principally electrical.

One day nearly a year later, just as Longstreet was hunched over his desk writing a report, with the city editor at his elbow waiting impatiently for copy, Dr. Humford called to the editorial room, and disengaged the ruffled feeling and temporary indignation of the city editor, he proceeded to tell them of his good fortune. It seemed he had made a scientific discovery of tremendous importance. The journalist could hardly get him to postpone his conversation until the work had in hand was concluded. The doctor paced restlessly up and down the room until they were done and then he told them a story of human achievement that seemed almost incredible and invited them to witness the success of his experiments. But, before he left, the city editor called in the managing editor and requested the doctor to repeat his narrative. The chief of the newspaper was keenly alive to the importance of the intelligence conveyed by the physician. In fact, it was worth an extra edition, especially to a newspaper that publishes its mornings and evenings. Ay, true! But the great editor did not, as others might have done, discredit the doctor's information with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile. On the contrary he swore Hamford to secrecy, made arrangements to invite some of the most prominent residents of the city to be present and detailed Longstreet, at his own urgent request, to write up the affair.

Jack was the first to arrive at the doctor's office and was surprised to note that there was nothing unusual in its appearance. Seeing him look puzzled, Humford ruffled his hair.

"The bulk of the apparatus, dear friend," he remarked, "is in the basement. This black box here is all I need to prove the truth of my assertion. You can see for yourself this evening. I am going to produce spiritual phenomena that will startle the world. Of course, as I told you this morning, there is nothing supernatural about it. Science accounts for the whole business. In fact, my boy, since you're to write up this matter, I might as well tell you all about it. That black box contains the Crooks tube or bulb in which Crooks rays are generated by means of an electric battery. That battery is below stairs and therefore is inaudible. Long ago I discovered that anything beamed with a solution of tungstate of calcium would become phosphorescent in the presence of the Crooks rays. This is the principle upon which my mystification is based. It works like a charm. My face, for instance, is coated at the present time with a solution of the tungstate and I have washed my hands in it. You can scrutinize me all you please; the evidence of the presence of the Crooks rays cannot be discovered until the gas is turned on. Ah, here are some of the guests."

He walked toward a group of gentlemen just being ushered by a servant and bade them welcome. Gradually the office was filled by the elite of the big city, mostly men of brains or capital, who were all eager to witness the demonstration of the new scientific discovery, although some did not take pains to hide their incredulity. Among the latter was Mr. Bascome, a devotee of a prominent Presbyterian church, a man of more than ordinary height, broad-shouldered, in the prime of life, with a full beard and a receding brown hair, but a shifting eye. Once he saw his friend come into an inheritance left him by a relative in England, and was now supposed to be quite well-to-do. He smiled good naturedly as he paced the doctor upon the back.

NEW YORK'S MONKEY GOLF PLAYER.

There is a monkey over in New York City who can play a game of golf with the skill and judgment of a veteran. The fashionable sportsmen seem to come naturally to an animal whose ancestors have been swinging carried the heavy club with less effort than the ordinary caddy, for he is considerably stronger than the average boy at the caddy age. The banker was reached without any open rebellion.



CADDY MAKING A LONG DRIVE.

Mr. Rubbe counted on Caddy's natural ability to pick up the game, and so the training for several days merely consisted in playing good golf in full sight of the curious public. Caddy's interest in the game with the keenest interest. The intricacies of the rules were, of course, beyond him, but the swinging of the club with the driver seemed to please him immensely and his keen eye would follow the passage of the ball until it landed with eager interest. The only difficulty was that Caddy became at times so excited in the progress of the ball that he would let drop the bundle of clubs and bound entirely forgetting the necessary goal.

CHILDREN OF OUR WAR SECRETARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Root have for many years resided in a large and very handsome house in West sixty-ninth street, near Central park, and while their social position is, as is well known, excellent, they have never been known to taking sensational plunges into the social whirl. They have led a quiet "home life" rather than an ultra-fashionable one, very much devoted to family dinners and seeking comfort in their real pleasures in close association with their children—Edy, the just out her "teens," Ethel, Jr., a lad of seven-



ington holds up his hands in horror—have personally and intimately concerned themselves with the education of Edy, Ethel and Edward, who have been educated at home by tutors and governesses or at various day schools, as the case of the boys, Edy and Edward, a young fellow fourteen years old, Mr. Root's education shows his New England training in many ways and most of his carry them along across away-to-school matrons of the fashionable world of today may be considered a bit old-fashioned. Mrs. Root and her husband don't consider the Expression in the breath of love, withdraw it and love soon dies.