

LADIES' FINE SHOES

Special values at \$1.00 and \$1.50 in all the new lasts. Welt Soles, Hand Turned and Cushion Soles.

- Patent Ostrich Shoes with best Welt, extension, yellow stitching, 3.00
- Black Kid top, Orthopedic last, A to E wide, 3.50
- Bucher cut, new last, dull top, very elegant, 3.50
- Black Kid top, Orthopedic last, A to E wide, 3.50
- Black Kid top, Orthopedic last, A to E wide, 3.50
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- Black Kid top, Orthopedic last, A to E wide, 3.50

We are agents for Pontiac for the **Jensen-Miller Hygienic Shoes** and the **"Cross Shoes"**—they need no bracking in.

H. B. MERRITT, 17 N. Saginaw St. FOUNTIAC.

A BOOM FOR VAUDEVILLE

Wonderland Temple Theater

Finest Theater in the West | Seats can be reserved in advance

LADIES A POINT YOU SHOULD NOT OVERLOOK

All seats on the lower floor are reserved at 45 cents at the Matinee. — SECURE THEM EARLY AND AVOID THE CROWD

Box Office Open from 9:30 A. M. to 10 P. M.

OUR HARDWARE

that really meets the case in the opinion of the people of Birmingham, and they are generally correct.

J. R. BLAKESLEE
Birmingham, Mich.

every time, because it's made of genuine steel, tempered to a degree. That's a peculiarity of our Cutlery. They hold the edge—they hold the public for the same reason.

Our Cutlery has cut its way to universal popularity, and it's the only kind for choppers and cutters. And for that matter there is nothing but

Hoover Potato Digger and Sorter

W. I. McClelland, Birmingham, Mich.

Who is Agent for the Townships of Bloomfield, Troy, Pontiac, Commerce, West Bloomfield, White Lake, Springfield, Waterford, Independence, Holly.

HARPER WHISKY

To the South

Queen of Crescent Route

Excellent Through Service

From Cincinnati to All Important Southern Cities

Gold Medal for High Standard Quality at New Orleans, 1882; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900.

E. C. FISH

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Broom-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

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Notice to Farmers!

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspaper is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great merit as a triumph of the nineteenth century. Dr. Kilmer discovered after years of scientific research by the aid of his own eyes that a certain form of kidney and bladder trouble is wonderfully successful in its cure and that it is a lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everybody, but you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless poor to purchase relief and has proved successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who send for a bottle of Swamp-Root and a book and if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., P. O. Box 608, New York, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and one dollar bottles are sold by all good druggists.

Wanted, For Sale, For Rent.

ROBEY'S STAINLESS STEEL FINISH

For Sale A Shropshire buck—the best and a bargain for one.

For Sale A fine pair of good horses on farm near Birmingham, worth \$2000. Address: J. Edwards, 1264 1/2 Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

For Sale A fine pair of good horses on farm near Birmingham, worth \$2000. Address: J. Edwards, 1264 1/2 Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Wm. E. Williams

48 North Saginaw St. Pontiac, Mich.

I can do you some good when you want anything I sell.

OUR HARDWARE

Whithead & Mitchell

The Finest Medical Uses

Bilious?

Dizzy? Headache? Pain back of your eyes? It's your liver! Use Ayer's Pills.

Buckingham's Dye

1501 N. 1st St., Boston, Mass.

MCKENZIE & SCHULTE

Popular Pontiac Milliners have their full force of help in work room.

We are now ready to wait upon the public.

New Goods Arriving Daily

from Cleveland and Eastern markets.

Ladies invited to call and inspect same.

150 Huron Street West

Patents

Scientific American

Clarence L. Cowles, Architect.

31 and 33 Chase Block, Saginaw, E. S. Mich.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Arrival and Departure of Trains at Birmingham.

See these trains in Birmingham.

No. 13—Morning Express to Detroit 7:45 A.M.
No. 13—Midnight Express to Chicago 10:15 P.M.
No. 11—St. Louis Express to Saginaw 11:30 P.M.
No. 12—St. Louis Express to Saginaw 11:30 P.M.
No. 13—Chicago Express to Detroit and Saginaw 11:30 P.M.
No. 14—Chicago Express to Detroit and Saginaw 11:30 P.M.
No. 15—Chicago Express to Detroit and Saginaw 11:30 P.M.
No. 16—Chicago Express to Detroit and Saginaw 11:30 P.M.
No. 17—Chicago Express to Detroit and Saginaw 11:30 P.M.
No. 18—Chicago Express to Detroit and Saginaw 11:30 P.M.

Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railway

TABLE

Trains connect central standard time.

TRAINS NORTH	STATIONS	NO.	DEPART	ARRIVE	TRAINS SOUTH	STATIONS	NO.	DEPART	ARRIVE
1	Pontiac	1	6:30 A.M.	Oxford 6:50, N. Mich. 7:10, Fostoria 7:30, Detroit 8:00	2	Oxford	2	7:30 A.M.	Pontiac 8:00
3	Pontiac	3	8:00 A.M.	Oxford 8:20, N. Mich. 8:40, Fostoria 9:00, Detroit 9:30	4	Oxford	4	9:00 A.M.	Pontiac 9:30
5	Pontiac	5	9:30 A.M.	Oxford 9:50, N. Mich. 10:10, Fostoria 10:30, Detroit 11:00	6	Oxford	6	10:30 A.M.	Pontiac 11:00
7	Pontiac	7	11:00 A.M.	Oxford 11:20, N. Mich. 11:40, Fostoria 12:00, Detroit 12:30	8	Oxford	8	12:00 P.M.	Pontiac 12:30
9	Pontiac	9	12:30 P.M.	Oxford 12:50, N. Mich. 1:10, Fostoria 1:30, Detroit 2:00	10	Oxford	10	1:30 P.M.	Pontiac 2:00
11	Pontiac	11	2:00 P.M.	Oxford 2:20, N. Mich. 2:40, Fostoria 3:00, Detroit 3:30	12	Oxford	12	3:00 P.M.	Pontiac 3:30
13	Pontiac	13	3:30 P.M.	Oxford 3:50, N. Mich. 4:10, Fostoria 4:30, Detroit 5:00	14	Oxford	14	4:00 P.M.	Pontiac 4:30
15	Pontiac	15	4:00 P.M.	Oxford 4:20, N. Mich. 4:40, Fostoria 5:00, Detroit 5:30	16	Oxford	16	5:00 P.M.	Pontiac 5:30
17	Pontiac	17	5:00 P.M.	Oxford 5:20, N. Mich. 5:40, Fostoria 6:00, Detroit 6:30	18	Oxford	18	6:00 P.M.	Pontiac 6:30
19	Pontiac	19	6:00 P.M.	Oxford 6:20, N. Mich. 6:40, Fostoria 7:00, Detroit 7:30	20	Oxford	20	7:00 P.M.	Pontiac 7:30
21	Pontiac	21	7:00 P.M.	Oxford 7:20, N. Mich. 7:40, Fostoria 8:00, Detroit 8:30	22	Oxford	22	8:00 P.M.	Pontiac 8:30
23	Pontiac	23	8:00 P.M.	Oxford 8:20, N. Mich. 8:40, Fostoria 9:00, Detroit 9:30	24	Oxford	24	9:00 P.M.	Pontiac 9:30
25	Pontiac	25	9:00 P.M.	Oxford 9:20, N. Mich. 9:40, Fostoria 10:00, Detroit 10:30	26	Oxford	26	10:00 P.M.	Pontiac 10:30
27	Pontiac	27	10:00 P.M.	Oxford 10:20, N. Mich. 10:40, Fostoria 11:00, Detroit 11:30	28	Oxford	28	11:00 P.M.	Pontiac 11:30
29	Pontiac	29	11:00 P.M.	Oxford 11:20, N. Mich. 11:40, Fostoria 12:00, Detroit 12:30	30	Oxford	30	12:00 P.M.	Pontiac 12:30

DETROIT UNITED RAILWAY

(Operates all Detroit City Lines.)

Time Table—Pontiac Division.

In Effect April 2, 1902.

Subject to Change Without Notice.

Particular Men

GUARANTEED LINEN

The only collar made with a hoavy 5 ply seam.

REPAIR TWO FOR A QUARTER AND EQUAL ANY TWENTY FIVE CENT COLLAR MADE.

Sold by H.V. up-to-date merchants every where. Write for sample collars sent by mail, 10 cent post for 25 cent collar.

Van Troy, Jacobs & Co. Troy, N. Y.

A Popular Collar

Monogram 2 1/2 inches. Special inducements to Dealers.

D. M. DOTY

DEALER IN Marble and Granite Monuments

Birmingham, Mich.

Parties contemplating purchasing a monument or tombstone will save money by consulting with me before placing their order.

D. M. DOTY.

D. M. Doty

The signature is on every log of the genuine Laxative Broom-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

Oh, days of youth, of love and truth, of labor in the mine, these days that seem so dim, these days of Forty-Nine! How I burn in memory turns to those, when I look back, a farthest band, when they seem to be far off, when they seem to be far off.

From the solemn snow-covered Rockies, from the hills of Santa Fe, from the mountains of the West, every hill and dale bears witness of the men and women of that time.

Robert M. Mearns, in Success.

On the Waves of Chance.

By F. H. LANCASTER.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The literary woman was playing the oracle to the man of means. He liked her well enough. She was honest, though she did have a penchant for putting her thoughts into periods. They never agreed; but then it is not always exhilarating to converse with a woman who says only "yes" and "very certain."

To-night the bone of contention was the "self" of a woman who was the "self" of a man.

"There isn't such a thing," she declared. "Let me show you how this self-manufacturing business appears when you get the eyes of a woman who really has not much say about what we are going to do and what we are not going to do. We are washed on shore by the waves of chance and because we were furnished here with roots predestinated to strike in the soil, and because the soil happens to suit the roots, and stick where we are tossed, make a goodly growth and cry out to all beholders that this is the 'self' of a woman." "If the soil doesn't happen to suit our roots, we shrivel instead of flourishing; we tap each other on the shoulder and whisper to him that this is the 'self' of a man."

He interrupted her with an impatient movement and the woman laughed loudly.

"Not very flattering, eh?" "It is not true."

"Very enough, and growing truer every day. Take this terribly important question of matrimony. How many men and women out of a hundred couple do you suppose sought each other deliberately? They just happened to meet and happened to fall in love and happened to marry. If the marriage turns out well, what is their doing; if they drift into the divorce court, the Lord gets the credit for the whole of it—'Mysterious Providence.'"

She laughed at his disgusted frown.

"You are like all the other women of today," he remarked, "even when you stand before the altar you have the divorce court in clear perspective."

"I am not standing before the altar," she cut in dryly, "and don't expect to be for one long, sweet while. 'What is money to the woman who is divorcing the divorce court aren't the women of yesterday and last year. The sight of our freedom has made them feel their fetters.'"

"Do you honestly believe that?" "That the unmarried woman has a better showing in life than the married woman?" "If you are divorcing the divorce court you are divorcing the man."

"That proves nothing. Breach of promise suits are also brought by women who are divorcing the man."

The literary woman shrugged her shoulders.

"It is a human nature to know when it is well off."

"Then what about divorce?" "Just so; better to be a dog and sleep on the doormat than a divorced woman. But you and I know that there are horribly unhappy married women out of them."

"There are unhappy women in all walks of life."

"Granted. But when the weather is too foul for the single woman she can blow out her light. The mother must live for her children."

The man of means got up and kicked the smoldering log in gloomy abstraction.

"You claim in all sincerity that the self-sustaining woman is the happiest on the average?" "You have said."

"That even if she loved the man who had her, she would be unwise to marry?" "Oh, if she loves him she had better marry him. Not because it will be the best thing for her, but because if she doesn't, she will go through life convinced that she has missed the biggest thing in life. If she is married to a man who is not worth anything, she is better off than if she is not married."

Looked down angrily into her smiling face.

But I do not know. Fate doomed me too early and my grip is still on my throat. Where I see others leap and stand upright, here is for me only spasmodic, ineffectual efforts to get upon my feet. Still, being on the level is not such an uncomforable position and a grip never negates unless one struggles against it—and I do not struggle against it.

The man of means turned upon her eagerly.

"Who wrote that letter?" "The woman who wrote that letter?" "Inasmuch as you please. Business women do not betray confidence. Where I see others leap and stand upright, here is for me only spasmodic, ineffectual efforts to get upon my feet. Still, being on the level is not such an uncomforable position and a grip never negates unless one struggles against it—and I do not struggle against it."

He stood up and looked down angrily into her smiling face.

"You write that letter for me now and henceforth depended upon seeing that signature, would you show it to me?" "I am afraid I could scarcely credit such a rash statement."

"Oh, you can believe it. It is true enough."

She faced around and stared at the fire. When he spoke again his tones betrayed intense disgust.

"I don't give thirty cents for the heart and soul of all the business women in the world put together!" "I didn't know it was up to you, as you commented."

He turned upon her savagely.

"Once more, will you tell me who wrote that letter?" "Oh, I am sorry you will you so!" "Listen to me," he thundered. "Sitting there in your lame imbecility you are holding the happiness of two lives in your hands!" "I shall try to hold them tight," she murmured.

"You will not show me that signature?" "No."

"Then I will go to her without seeing her. Don't you suppose that if I know there is but one woman in the world strong enough to pen such words as this, that she is the one woman I should go to?" "The literary woman laughed as the door banged violently."

"And to think that this was one of my last letters that I wrote!" "Well, I dare say she is anxious to see it."

The literary woman laughed as the door banged violently.

"And to think that this was one of my last letters that I wrote!" "Well, I dare say she is anxious to see it."

The literary woman laughed as the door banged violently.

Guarding Russell Sage.

Ever since Laidlaw tried to blow Russell Sage up in his office the venerable financier has been carefully guarded while there. In an ante room in the faithful guardianship of Mr. Sage, the creature that wrote the letter was Mr. Mearns, the woman whom the old man must be reached. Mr. Mearns is protected by a particular high, thin lattice work top with iron spikes reaching to the ceiling. It would be impossible for a man to climb over these spikes or to throw over the fence them. Mr. Sage is not always accompanied in the street or in traveling between his home and office by a body guard or detective. Frequently he goes about entirely alone and seemingly is without fear except when in his office.