

MAKE NO MISTAKE HELP THE POOR A FEW ANSWERS SHOOTING MATCH

Library vs. Sewer. We are Being Congratulated on All Sides. Will we make a Mistake.

Most of your exchanges seem to think that Birmingham will make the mistake of its life, if for one-half mill tax, it refuses to accept the \$5000.00 worth of property on the corner. Such an offer will never come again. Its acceptance need not hinder the sewer question one bit. Besides, that offer came to us first, and it puts us in the light of raising the sewer question, to defeat the library. I would say to the voters of Birmingham, do not fail to accept this offer, which will mark this as a progressive town.

A Valuable Lesson.

"Six years ago I learned a valuable lesson," writes John Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. "I then began taking Dr. King's New Life Pills, and longer take them the better I find them. They please everybody. Guaranteed at Whitehead & Mitchell's and Colb & Cobb's drug stores. 25c."

WHEN HER SHOE CAME UNTIED.

When her shoe came untied, what could I do but stoop? And fumble the strings till I'd fashioned a loop. That would serve for a bow—and then I'd get it tight. The while she was blushing, confused and red-faced. I saw, the scamp, might his darts have shot wide. Had I not stooped when her shoe came untied.

For after the knot I'd adjusted, it seemed her eyes with a spirit of roguishness beamed. And, of course, bending down on my knee, I well might ask something I long had deferred. So I said a few words, and she something replied. That sounded like "Yes" when her shoe came untied!—Roy Barrett Greene, in Judge.

A Good Chance for Birmingham People, Charitably Inclined, to Help the Worthy Poor.

The attention of our readers is called to the pitiful condition of Charles Patchett and family, of Fremont Street. About four months ago a little stranger came to make its permanent home with them, they already having two, and ever since Mrs. Patchett has been confined to her bed. They have been kept from actual starvation by our worthy supervisor, Andrew Porter, but Mr. Porter has no authority to give them money and that is what they need more than anything else. Mr. Patchett informs us that with a little money he could get his mother to come and take care of the sick wife and three little babies, and that would permit him to go to work and support his family as he says he has a position waiting for him. Now good people of Birmingham, your whose charities are so well known, come to the front and help these poor people and get your name on the roll of honor, which will be published in this paper.

Contributions received and acknowledged at this office. At this writing over \$5 has been contributed.

La Grippe and Pneumonia.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures la grippe coughs and prevents pneumonia. Refuse any but genuine in the yellow package. All druggists.

Two Failures.

Honely Mrs. Elsie married for beauty; Sarsacite Man—You remind me of a friend of mine who married for money. —Honely Man—How's that? —Sarsacite Man—He didn't get it.—Chicago Daily News.

THE FARTHER THE BETTER



Reggy—Now, Miss Quick, I'm going to show you one of my bursts of race speed. Miss Quick—How nice! And oh, make it a long one, please, race, do!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Delicate Reasoning.

"You surely would not take an umbrella that does not belong to you," said the horrified friend. "No," answered the man with the elastic conscience; "but I have lost so many thousands of them in my lifetime that I'm never positive that any umbrella I see doesn't belong to me."—Washington Star.

A Case for Delicate Treatment.

"What do those ladies want?" asked the proprietor. "They say they want to look at some of our waxes," said the salesman. "Then what are you trying to sell them one of those 99 cent flower pots for?" Folks like that are awfully up to G. Here, I'll wait on 'em myself!—Chicago Tribune.

The Hotel of 2023.

Clerk—Mike, are you about through moving those trunks? Porter—Yes, sir, in a few minutes. Clerk—Well, when you've finished stretch the life-net over the front pavement. Mrs. Highup has just telephoned from the top floor that her husband has fallen out of the window.—Judge.

Eucledated.

"What does this report mean by saying that the shorts were caught in a corner and squeezed?" "Why, it means that they sold what they didn't have to buyers whom they had to get it back from at a higher price in order to deliver it to them."—Judge.

Cause for Rejoicing.

Bystander (at a fire)—Who is that spinning luscious dancing a jig in front of that burning house? Policeman—It is the man who owns the furniture, and it is insured for nearly its full value. He expected to have to move to-morrow.—N. Y. Weekly.

How the Trouble Started.

"He is so very deferential whenever I speak that I believe I have made an impression." "No, he's one of those old-fashioned men who were raised to show respect for their elders."—Houston Post.

To Many of the Objections Raised by "Big Tax Payer," "Watch-Dog of the Treasury" Etc. Etc.

The purely selfish arguments of a "Big Tax Payer," that appeared in one of your former issues, seem really too ridiculous to answer; yet, no doubt, the writer is not the only one who figures that "you and I can't afford to pay for the sake of helpin' other folks."

Take all the good, generous impulses out of the world to-day, and what would it be? would any one want such a world? Another very candid writer, says, "that we have a bonded indebtedness, that must be met in a few years." True, but we all know, that the greater part, and no doubt the whole of it, will be met with a renewal of the bonds, and we know, too, that the one-half mill for the library, and municipal home of our village, will not hinder the coming of the sewer, one year, or even one month. Far be it for me to disparage our Sunday school libraries, but is there a father or mother, who would want to educate the boy or girl on the literature to be found there? Do they contain the books that have made us a literature? Do you find there Macaulay, Emerson, DeQuincy, Gibbon and Hugo? English men of letters, and volume after volume of biography and history, that are of bound in the library offer to you, and do you regret that the library will be closed if not accepted by the village.

There is an old adage, "Don't cross the bridge till you get to it." The bridge right before us is the one that leads us to a valuable property and a building to be owned by our people; to a municipal home; to a library in which we may preserve the thousands of good standard books this society offers you, and to which we may add from time to time the books of reference, that the public school pupils need every day.

This bridge leads you to, to a reading room where papers and magazines, (the very best of them), may call our boys from the street, and give them some profit as well as pleasure. No doubt we need sewers, and no doubt they will come in good time, but let us not lose this opportunity, which will NEVER come to us again, because some time in the future, we may want to get some other improvement, and let the taxpayers of any town undertake a half-mill for something, that will add value to every foot of land in the town. Just think of it.

READER.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures the most obstinate cough and expels the cold from the system, as it is mildly laxative. It is guaranteed. The genuine is in the yellow package. All druggists.

HER MAIDENLY INDOSTRY.

The first time they met, she was breezily free with him, because, as she afterwards explained, she never expected to see him again. He kissed her at parting, and she was not offended.

But when they had become friends, do you imagine she would suffer him to kiss her? Not she.

And now that they have fallen in love with each other, and are engaged to be married, she is afraid to meet him, except in the presence of a third person, lest she be compromised. For she is a modest girl.—Puck.

Changed Her Mind.

She—And will you quit teasing me for a kiss if I give you one? He—Yes. She—Then I won't. He—But after I get the first one I'll be too busy to tease you. She—Then I will.—Chicago Daily News.

Strange Birds.

"The kiwi, an Australian bird, has no wings at all." "We've got lots of 'em at our boarding house." "Lots of kiwis?" "Yes, but we call 'em bedbugs."—Home Magazine.

Too Much.

Captain of Limer (to natteredly): "Waiting for the moon to come up, eh?" Sufferer—Oh, dear me! Has that got to come up, too?—Home Magazine.

A Polite Term for it.

"Papa, what do you call it?" "It's the polite word for hell, my son." "And, papa, is there any polite word for heaven?"—Judge.

Beyond His Capacity.

Her—Do you speak any language other than that the mother tongue? Him—No. And I never expect to be able to talk like mother can.—Chicago Daily News.

Brute.

Mrs. Fussy—Oh, John, last night I dreamed I was in heaven. Fussy—Well, why didn't you say so?—Chicago Daily News.

Jottery.

"Jennings has sororship his suit." "I know it. In it he lives and moves and has his being."—Judge.

John M. Beddow, of Beddow, with His good wife Entertain. The Boys all Made Happy.

Hurray for John Beddow, of Beddow, Hip! Hip!! Hurrah!!! The Southfield members of the Bloomfield, Troy and Southfield Hunting Club, were most hospitably cared for, last Thursday, February 21st, by Mr. and Mrs. Beddow, who invited the boys down, for a good time all the afternoon and evening. During the afternoon, blue rock and rifle shooting were indulged in. At 5:30 p. m. Minnie Beddow, [blank] the horn, calling the boys to the house to get warm. On assembling inside, what a repast was spread before them. The tables fairly groaned beneath their weight. After supper, music and pedro reigned supreme. At pedro, Alfred Johnston won first prize.—N.Y. Judge from the way Bert Peabody smashed blue rocks, it was very plain to see that his trigger finger had not yet got used to Michigan climate. Just at 12 o'clock midnight, when all were ready for the start home, Mrs. Beddow saw a "just a minute, gentlemen, have a cup of hot coffee before you go." The boys ate again would drive a Cadillac chief crazy. It is wonderful Frank Smith took this after cooking two weeks for the Club in the north woods. Now, if you ever get an invitation to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Beddow's do not fail to go, because for hot, and because they can be had ready for the start home, when all are ready for the start home, when all are ready for the start home.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM HORACE WALSTEAD. William Horace Walstead, son of William and Francis Walstead, was born in Farmington township, August 12th, 1856, and died at his home, within one mile of his birthplace, Thursday, February 21st, 1907, aged 50 years, 6 months and 9 days. On Jan. last 1879 he was united in marriage, to Hannah C. Carey. He is survived by his wife, one son, William O., and one daughter, Grace L., also an aged mother, step-father and one sister, Mrs. Omar Conroy. Deceased was well known, and highly respected in the community, and had hosts of friends, who will sincerely mourn his loss.

The funeral was held at his late home Sunday, Feb. 24th, at 1 o'clock, p. m. Interment in Franklin cemetery.

MRS. HENRY REYNOLDS.

The deceased was the daughter of Elisha and Adelia Hill. She was born in New York, the 23rd day of July 1841. Soon after she came to Michigan with her parents, and in 1867, was married to Henry Reynolds. One child was born to which she died at the age of three years. After living at Royal Oak and Pontiac, they settled on the farm where she died. She survived her husband one year and three months, from which time, she has been gradually failing in health, until death came, after a short illness, February 14th, 1907. She was 65 years 6 months and 22 days old.

She leaves one son, one brother three sisters, besides other relatives, and many friends to mourn her loss.

She was a highly respected neighbor, and a true friend to many in this vicinity. Her funeral was held from her late home, conducted by Rev. W. A. Kishpaugh. Interment at Royal Oak cemetery.

Rising from the Grave.

A prominent manufacturer, Wm. A. Fertilow, of Lucania, N. C., relates a most remarkable experience. He says: "After taking less than three bottles of Electric Bitters, I felt like one rising from the grave. My trouble is Bright's disease, in the diabetes stage. I fully believe Electric Bitters will cure me permanently, by which means I shall be the liver and bladder complications which have troubled me for years." Guaranteed by Whitehead & Mitchell, and Colb & Cobb, druggists. Price only 25c.

Regulate the Liver.

Laxative Iron-Ox Tablets
TONE and STRENGTHEN the muscular and nervous system, stimulate the secretions of the liver. One natural easy movement of the bowels each day will keep the body drainage open, and prevent constipation, biliousness, stomach trouble, headache, backache, colds and rheumatism.
I suffered for years with Constipation but found relief in the use of Laxative Iron-Ox Tablets and am thankful for my complete recovery.
Laxative Iron-Ox Tablets, the best for children's bowels. Chocolate coated tablets, easy to take, and have no taste. Price, 25c. and \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
Solely by
Regulate the Liver
For Sale by H. B. MERRITT, Birmingham

We Are Closing Out

10-4 Blankets at 50c pair.
1 lot Ladies' Rubbers at 39c.
1 lot Ladies' Overshoes at 75c.
1 lot Men's Overshoes at 80c.
1 lot Men's Pants at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.25 pair.
New line of Embroideries and Insertions at 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c and 25c per yard.

F. Blakeslee

Birmingham

Winter Goods at a Sacrifice

Rather than carry them over we will suffer a loss in disposing of some Winter Goods. Note following prices:

1 set BOB-SLEIGHS, regular price \$22.00, will sell at	\$18.00
1 TANK HEATER, regular \$6.00, for	\$5.50
4 HORSE BLANKETS at 25 per cent discount.	
A good HANDED AX, only	\$1.00
A 6 ft. X-CUT SAW, now	\$2.75

I. LEE TRUAX

Everything in Hardware

CAN'T USE COFFEE

Then the thing to do is this: Get a package of Bush's Cereal Coffee

Manufactured in Pontiac, Mich., and guaranteed to fill the place of real coffee in everything save harmful effects. Come and get a pound for 15c and be convinced.

THE UP-TO-DATE DRUG STORE

Whitehead & Mitchell

CHARLES J. SHAIN, Manager.

New Spring Styles in MEN'S FINE SHOES

"Beacon" \$3 Welt Shoes
Patent Colt, Vici Kid, Velour, Box Calf and Gun-Metal Calf
Made in Button, Lace or Blucher

Ralston Health Shoes, \$4
New Lasts New Styles
Patent Corona Colt, Demi-Glazed Calf, Velour Calf, Glazed Kangaroo and Gun-Metal Calf
Made in Button, Lace or Blucher
Sold only by

H. B. MERRITT, Pontiac

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BREEDERS OF
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Manufactured. Will do custom grinding for everybody. Bring on your green bones and do your chickens good.

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THE DIAGNOSIS AND THE BILL.

Daughter—Odd! Why do you ask your patients what they eat? Does it assist your diagnosis? Doctor—Yes, my child. When I know what they have for dinner, I can form some estimate what to charge.

With an Eye to the Future Sheridan was about to start on his 20-mile ride to Winchester. "I could do it quicker in an automobile, of course," he said, "but that would knock the poem into the middle of the next war."

Pausing just long enough to permit the young man with the camera to take a snap shot of him, he dashed the rowels into his steed, and was off like an arrow.—Chicago Tribune.

Accepted For.

"Your wife doesn't worry about you when you are sick nearly so much now as she did when you were first married?" "Nope."

"Hard to account for woman's vanity, isn't it?" "Not in this case. I have my hair insured now and I did not then."—Houston Post.

Its Advantages.

Maud—There is one thing I like especially about this fat of woman's fencing. Jack—What is that? Maud—None of you horrid men can say to a girl "How like a woman!" when she faints.—Baltimore American.

This May Interest You.

No one is immune from kidney trouble so just remember that Foley's Kidney Cure will stop the 97 varieties and cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. All drug g's.