Used by Millions

Calumet Baking Powder

Complies with the Pure Food Laws of every State.

"WATT-DETROIT"

Carburetor Company Meeting With Merited Success—Orders From All Over the Country.

Our fellow townsman, E. J. Kinnisten, is putting in considerable of his time in Detroit these days, since he secured an interest in the carburetor business recently started under the name of The "Watt-Detroit" Carburetor Co. The company owns a new invention

known amongst automobile people as an automatic balanced float carburetor for automobiles and motor boats.

We have obtained a photo of one of them, which appears herewith and shows that the new device is noticably neat and simple on the outside, and it is correspondingly simple and of practical construction inside as well.

The device was invented by F. J. Watt, who designed the well-known "Sta-Rite" spark plug, which has been manufactured in large quantities during the past five years by The R. E. Hardy Co., of 88 Watt Street, New York, of which company Mr. Watt is Vice-President.

Many of our readers who are familiar with the habits of the horseless wagons will recognize the use of the various parts shown in the photo, but for the benefit of those who have not had the opportunity to get acquainted with such things, we will add that the carburetor in an automobile is the part which has to form the explosive mixture of gasoline and air used in the motor cylinders, for the same purpose as steam in a steam engine, the principal difference being that the gasoline motor must make its own gas supply in a very small fraction of time, sometimes as short a period as 1-60th of a second being all the time allowed for making the mixture in the carburetor and getting it into the cylinder, after which it must be burned and the power (often as much as 350 pounds per square inch) gotten out of it in another 60th of a second. This is much faster than a horse driver can say "whoa" or "get up," and if we remember that the motor "puts up" from 30 to 120 such "pushes" per second, it will be readily understood that even a large horse would be "going some" if he tried to pull so fast.

In order to do its part in the process the new carburetor maintains a constant level of gasoline in the lower portion and allows the fluid to be drawn out by suction across to middle and up through center, where it is controlled by the large thumb-screw beneath. A quantity of air is admitted through a passage extending all around under the enlarged cap, and after the mixture is complete it passes out through the top, being controlled by a valve of the butter-fly type, the handle of which is seen at the right.

Considerable interest in the invention is being manifested by automobile and motor-boat trade journals all over the country, many of which have devoted full pages of expensive space to a description of this device for the benefit of their readers, thus recognizing the value of the new device.

Mr. Kinnisten says the company has already received many letters of inquiry from New Orleans in the South, Philpdelphia, New York and Montreal in the East, and Los Angeles and Corono, California, in the West, including many letters from intermediate points, the last bunch of which contained orders from St. Louis, Missouri.

On the outset of the present year the company appropriated for 1908 a little over $1,400 for advertising purposes alone, and the rates with the advertising mediums are never located on the bargain counter.

We have not yet seen Mr. Kinnisten running an automobile, but when we do we will expect it to have a "breath" like new-mown hay or Florida cologne instead of leaving a trail of foul-smelling smoke.

At all events we are satisfied that he will not be selfish about allowing some of the Birmingham people to ride, or at least run behind (and go some), or to sit on the fence and see him go by.

FROM CITY TO FARM

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whisperings of fancy; who pursue with unquestioning credence the phantoms of hope; who dwell in the recesses of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow—attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Author of "Poems of Gun and Rod," "Outdoors," "Poems of the Town," Etc.

(Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Going Down Into "Egypt"

God made the country, and man made the town, and each environment has, in many respects, decided advantages over the other. After a number of strenuous years gyrating around in the whirlpool of politics—cesspool is the proper word—I found myself stranded on the shores of a receding administration. I had already anticipated the occasion and had marked out a certain county in southern Illinois, on the borders of that section of the state commonly known as Egypt, as a sojourning spot for at least a period of two years.

A long time previous to this, while spending a summer vacation with a friend who had been brought up in that part of the country, I had been struck by the beauty and uniqueness of the locality, and had mentally selected it as an abiding place in case I ever decided to live in the country for awhile.

Before the retiring of the administration with which I was connected my plans were complete, a farmhouse rented, our household goods and gods duly packed and labeled, all municipal bridges burned behind us, and with every anticipation of the life to come we turned our backs on that particular form of insanity known as "modern flat life" and started for the country.

This remove was no sudden whim on either my part or my wife's. Both of us had builded air castles about such an existence, and had often talked of it in the darkened cells of our expensive flat, with its community back yard, where sullen-eyed servant girls hung out the weekly wash over a miniature Sahara of ashes and barrenness. Our front yard there consisted mainly of a few square feet of dingy sandstone, an iron scraper to remove dirt from shoe soles, a perforated rubber door mat and an electric "ring starter," used to notify the prisoners in the institution of the approach of peddlers, friends or bill collectors.

We had yearned for something different from this. For a tree or two and maybe a patch of green grass, a glimpse of real sky, a white cloud occasionally, something to tell of the change in the seasons; perhaps even the song of a bird—who knows? We had heard and read of these things. "A wish that we scarcely dared to own for something better than we knew."

The last pleasing feature of city life that was characteristic came to us just as the furniture vans were about to drive to the depot with our household belongings. A man hurried up to the director of our carnivan and said: "Pull up, take your horses out; you can't take this stuff away; the strike's on." Here was a lovely situation. This great impending strike of thousands of teamsters, truck drivers, furniture movers, and freight handlers had begun, and my drivers waited with raised whips for the outcome.

In books that show up the perfidy of laboring organizations I would have found relief by bribing the runner for the strikers; but in any well-regulated novel which argued in favor of the laboring class I would have been extricated by the runner recognizing me as a man who had once paid his rent. As a matter of fact, however, I never knew why the runner relented. No money passed, neither did the labor representative fall on my neck after the display of a well-remembered strawberry mark on my right arm. My chief driver argued with the runner most earnestly, and I heard him mention my name. Politically, at that time, I was still supposed to be alive.

Finally, with a parting injunction of, "Well, that's your last load, then, I happen to know the guy," the runner, with a searching look at me, departed. Our caravan lost no time in driving to the depot and unloading the vans. I had never been proud of the appellation "guy" until that day. I wore it proudly, though, on that occasion. As it turned out, it meant the saving of several months' delay, as the strike stretched out almost to the crack of doom before it was settled.

After an interval of dust, dirt, shrieking babies, gruff conductors, railway changes, varnished buns and weak coffee at morgue-like eating stations, we found ourselves at the little station of the village from where we were to take our final departure to the farm. The usual grist of idlers had congregated to see the trains come in, and their listless and vacant features betokened the air of those who habitually follow the brain-destroying custom of "going down to the depot."

Of all existences yet tried by the sons of men, preserve me from living in a country town. You are neither "up" nor "down;" you can neither hope for the vices of the city nor the tranquillity of the fields. You neither dress nor go slouchy; you cannot hear anything, see anything, do anything, be anything, or know anything. Much less feel anything. Life is a slow, sure process of ossification; a deadening of the mental machinery, a purely mechanical round of daily humdrum. People get fairly mad for some excitement, and prey upon each other's affairs with a cannibalism that brooks no denying.

A dog fight is an event; a clothesline law suit fills the columns of the weekly paper; a church scandal rises to the elevation of history. Everybody knows what everybody else does, that soil on it. Deep ravines intersected it in parts, and even in the pastures and more level fields there would be gullies carved in the earth by rain and snow, and the general character of the entire land was rolling to a most billowy degree. I think in many respects it was the most beautiful farm I ever saw. Not from a strictly agricultural standpoint, but from a purely picturesque outlook. Every foot of the land could be and was used for tillage or pasture, and the land was, like all of the land thereabout, reliably fertile soil.

Our lease did not include the farm, but we were at liberty to all the scenery lying around loose, and I had the added right to hunt, which was one of my most valued perquisites. The garden plot was ours, all the fruit we could use from the orchard, except peaches, a little strip of ground next to a blackberry patch in the orchard for potatoes, and the blackberry patch. On the question of all the blackberries my landlord and I once clashed, but settled it by an equal division, he taking one-third of the patch and I two-thirds. As this was his own proposition, I cheerfully acquiesced.

All this, gentle reader, or ungentle, to give an idea of where we were making our home. It may be trite, but to us it was vitally interesting. The house inside was a more than usually commodiously built farm house, with an immense fireplace and a cistern pump in the kitchen, a bricked and well-ventilated cellar, two side porches roofed over, a small, front porch, many closets, plenty of windows, a good pantry, and an attic. There were three rooms downstairs and two bedrooms above. Just about the right sized domicile for

"Kitty, the baby and I."

Outside was the smokehouse, a shed for wood and one for coal. There was in an outside enclosure a substantial chicken house, destined to remain chickenless during our stay. We made several mistakes in our two years' stay, and one of these was in not raising chickens. Only at the last we had a pair of pet bantams that raised a brood of pet bantams for us. These lively little fowls made quite a stir in the neighborhood of the yard and did not need any more feeding than table scraps and what they picked up elsewhere. They were no trouble, and added a certain sort of tone to the yard, as being strictly appertaining to the establishment. They were also very delicious, fried. As finicky and particular as my sense of taste is supposed to be, I could not distinguish between the taste of fried pet bantam and any other chicken.

This, then, was where we pitched camp. The yard was an ideal place for the baby to tumble around in; the surrounding acres was delightfully picturesque, and we were situated on a high plateau a mile from the Illinois river bottom, and away from any danger of fever and ague. At the east side porch was a fine well, when the water was not roily, covered by a well-curb and furniture to suit out with the old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket, the iron-bound bucket that hung in the well.

It took us perhaps a week to accustom ourselves to the newness of things. The baby, Lenore, was like a wheat-straw when we got there, a mere child of a year, and from flat life, with little appetite and hardly any strength or animation. Life in the open changed things for us all, and for her in particular. She was like a flower that had been robbed of sunlight when in the city; here she blossomed rapidly, gained in strength, almost miraculously staying in the open air all day, eating ravenously, drinking milk like a thirsty pussy cat, and growing and flourishing like a green bay tree.

Remember that all these details were part of the life down there. In subsequent chapters, when we get to where we were finally settled in the house, these details of domesticity will be less intrusive. At the little side porch to the west we would gather as the sun went down and look over many a mile of hill and hollow, valley and slope, and watch the never-ending wonder of the sun's downward flight. It was all ours for the asking, whoever held the title to the land. I found myself more than once quoting smilingly—

"Unto hath a million acres,
And I have I"—

as we looked westward in the track of a dying sunset.

ERNEST McGAFFEY.

A TYPICAL FAMILY.

Put Your Money In a New Country

The Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway now under construction, opens to the settler thousands of acres of excellent agricultural land. The new country in Adams, Hettinger, and Bowman Counties, North Dakota, and Butte County, South Dakota, is now reached by the new track. The soil is a dark loam with clay subsoil, and produces in abundance wheat, oats, barley, spels, flax, corn and potatoes. The land is well adapted to farming, good water is found at a depth of from twenty to fifty feet, and the whole country is underlaid with lignite coal that outcrops along the streams, and in most cases can be had for the digging.

The climate is healthful, the air is dry and invigorating, and the percentage of sunshiny days is high. Outdoor work can be done almost every day in the year. Rainfall is amply sufficient to raise the crops. Regular mail service has been established, the roads are good, rural telephone lines traverse the country, and automobiles are in common use. The deeded land in this district sells for from $10 to $18 per acre. There are many instances this year where the crop equalled in value the cost of the land.

In Butte County, South Dakota, there is considerable government land open for homestead entry. Government land offices are maintained at Lemmon, Hettinger and Bowman, where filings and final proofs may be made. All of these towns are on the new line of the

Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

In Montana, the new railroad traverses good farming land. It has been demonstrated that big crops of grain may be raised. Along the Yellowstone and Musselshell rivers, the water is used for irrigation, and phenomenal yields of alfalfa, sugar beets, and grain, are always certain. In the Judith Basin near Lewistown, Montana, is one of the most remarkable sections to be found on the new line. Under natural rainfall, the famous bench lands produced this year an average of 35 bushels of hard wheat to the acre, and the price was 94 cents per bushel. The basin contains about 1500 square miles and is sparsely settled. Some government land still remains open for settlement. A government land office is maintained at Lewistown. In Fergus County, outside the Judith Basin, is one of the greatest stock countries in the world, and good ranches can be purchased at a reasonable figure.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has established an immigration department for the purpose of assisting in the settlement and development of the new lands now being opened. Pamphlets descriptive of its resources will be forwarded free on request

F. A. MILLER
General Passenger Agent,
CHICAGO

GEO. B. HAYNES
Immigration Agent,
95 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO

Special Announcement Regarding the National Pure Food and Drug Law.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar, for coughs, colds and lung troubles, is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug Law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. All druggists.

Awful.

Her—Yes, I am very proud of my ancestry. Do you come of an old family, Mr. Slicker?

Him—Lord, yes! My grandfather and grandmother both lived to be over 90.—Cleveland Leader.

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Everything home-made and palatable.
Parcels checked free.
Birmingham people specially invited to come to this restaurant and be at home.

O. O. FENWICK.

ECZEMA

Cured in less than four weeks.

Those who have had experience with this stubborn disease can hardly believe at first that Wonderful Dream Salve can and does cure Eczema.

There is no doubt about the matter whatever. A great many letters are on file in our office from grateful patients, telling of the quick and easy way in which Wonderful Dream Salve has removed all traces of this torturing skin affliction.

Mr. John T. Kealey, a well-known business man, located in the Stevens Bldg., Detroit, Mich., was recently cured of a bad case of Eczema of fourteen years' standing. After treating with many doctors and taking many remedies without relief, Mr. Kealey was induced to try Wonderful Dream Salve, and in four weeks was entirely cured. He says:

"I certainly consider this a remarkable cure, inasmuch as I have spent hundreds of dollars in the fourteen years of annoyance with this troublesome itching skin ailment. I have since the cure of my case heard of other cures, some of them even more remarkable than mine, which go toward demonstrating the value of Wonderful Dream Salve as a great skin healer."

If you have Eczema, why not try a box of Wonderful Dream Salve. If it fails, your druggist will refund your money. Isn't that fair enough? Keep it in your home for Chilblains, Chapped hands, Piles, Cuts, Burns, Frost-bites, Boils and Sores of any kind. You will never use anything else. 25c a box at your druggist or mailed prepaid direct.

Write for Free Sample and Dream Book containing 300 Dreams and their meaning. 4

WONDERFUL DREAM SALVE CO., Detroit, Mich.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of Edward L. Beardsley, deceased. The undersigned having been appointed by the Honorable Joseph R. Stockwell, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Oakland, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims against said estate, and four months from the 27th day of January, A. D. 1908, having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate in which to present them to us for examination and adjustment, notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 27th day of March, 1908, and on the 27th day of May, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each day, at the Exchange Bank, in the Village of Birmingham, in said county, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting said claims.

A. WHITEHEAD,
D. M. JOHNSTON,
Commissioners.

31jan-feb3

HEARING CLAIMS BEFORE COURT.

State of Michigan, County of Oakland, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Oakland, made on the 6th day of January, A. D. 1908, four months from that date were allowed creditors to present their claims against the

Estate of John H. Snow,

late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac for examination and allowance, on or before the 6th day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Wednesday, the 6th day of May next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.—Dated January 6, A. D. 1908.

JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL,
(A true copy.) Judge of Probate.
ROSS STOCKWELL, Probate Clerk. 16jan-7feb

Grand Trunk Railway System

West-bound from Birmingham

No. 19—Grand Rapids Local.....† 7 47 a. m
No. 13—Grand Haven Local.....†12 28 p. m
No. 11—Grand Rapids Local.....† 5 57 p. m

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No. 16—Detroit Local.....† 7 47 a. m
No. 12—Detroit Local.....†11 28 a. m
No. 18—Detroit Local.....†7 29 p. m

Solid wide vestibule trains of coaches and sleeping cars are operated, to New York (and Philadelphia) via Niagara Falls by the Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley Route.

*Daily †Daily except Sunday.
‡ Stops on signal.

M. T. CRANE, Agent.

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ALL SIZES

Except 3s. We have 4, 5, 6 and 8-inch Tile. Call at the yard, near southerly limits of Birmingham.

BURR BROS.

THE WORLDS GREATEST SEWING MACHINE
LIGHT RUNNING
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If you want either a Vibrating Shuttle, Rotary Shuttle or a Single Thread (Chain Stitch) Sewing Machine write to

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
Orange, Mass.

Many sewing machines are made to sell regardless of quality, but the New Home is made to wear.

Our guaranty never runs out.

Sold by authorized dealers only.

FOR SALE BY

R. A. WHITEHEAD
Attorney for Mortgagees, Birmingham, Mich.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made for more than thirty days in the conditions of a mortgage made by Frank Neff and Elizabeth Neff, his wife, to Almon Whitehead and George H. Mitchell, a copartnership doing a general banking business at Birmingham, Oakland county, Michigan, under the firm name of Whitehead & Mitchell, dated the 1st day of April, A. D. 1903, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Oakland, State of Michigan, on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1903, in Liber 161 of Mortgages, on pages 262 and 263, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of Five Thousand Eighty-five Dollars and Twenty-eight Cents ($5,085.28), principal and interest, and an attorney fee of Twenty-five Dollars ($25.00) provided for in the said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage or any part thereof; now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in the said mortgage, and the statute in such cases made and provided, notice is hereby given that the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises hereinafter described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said amount due, and the interest and costs of the sale, together with the said attorney's fee, at public auction to the highest bidder, at the east entrance of the Court House in the City of Pontiac, Oakland county, Michigan, that being the building wherein is held the Circuit Court in and for the County of Oakland, on the 7th day of **March, A. D. 1908,** at one o'clock in the afternoon of the said day. The premises to be sold are described in said mortgage substantially as follows: The East one-half (½) of the northwest one-quarter (¼) of section eleven (11), town two (2) north, range ten (10) east, in Michigan.

Dated December 12, 1907.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL,
Mortgagees.

R. A. WHITEHEAD, Attorney for Mortgagees, Birmingham, Michigan. 14dec-janw

HOMER H. COLVIN
Attorney for Mortgagee, Pontiac, Michigan.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of payment in a certain mortgage made by Charles F. Worden and wife to Sarah J. Nicholson, dated October 14, 1904, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Oakland county, Michigan, on the 19th day of October, 1904, in Liber 167 of Mortgages, at pages 39 and 27, to which said mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of and 96-100 dollars, together with an attorney fee of thirty-five dollars, authorized by statute and provided for in said mortgage. That no suit or proceeding at law or in equity has been instituted to recover any of the moneys secured by said mortgage; now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front or Saginaw Street, entrance of the Court House in the City of Pontiac, Oakland county, Michigan (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland is holden), the premises described in said mortgage, viz: The southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section eighteen in township three north, range eight east, Oakland county, State of Michigan. Dated this 23rd day of **April, A. D. 1908,** at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day. Said sale will be made subject