How About That Winter Coat?

You know very well it needs either dyeing, cleaning, or repairing; and you know, too, that I have the best equipment outside of Detroit, and will give you quicker service and the most moderate of prices. Ask me.

CHARLES PECK

Merchant Tailor

Ford Block Birmingham

Fall Cleaning!

Is now due.

Let us take out the dust of summer and put your house in order for the coming winter.

Carpets and Rugs, Furniture and Draperies, Mattresses, Feather Pillows and Beds, Hot-Air Pipes, etc., cleaned at your home or at our works. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GLOBE Housecleaning Co.

DICKINSON & HARRIS,

Phone 137L L. Box 15, Birmingham

Foley's Honey and Tar

Will cure a cough or cold no matter how severe and prevent pneumonia and consumption.

A Guarantee.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

Elmer R. & Charles P. Webster, Attorneys-at-Law, Treadway Block, Pontiac, Mich.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—SUIT PENDING IN the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland, In Chancery.

Paul F. Large and Theresa Large, complainants, vs. Daniel L. Davis, and the unknown heirs of William Papp, Edwin Jerome and James H. Jerome, defendants. Upon due proof by affidavit that William Papp, Edwin Jerome and James H. Jerome are all dead, and that the names, residences and whereabouts of their heirs are unknown, on motion of Elmer R. & Charles P. Webster, solicitors for complainants, it is ordered that said unknown defendants enter their appearance and answer the bill of complaint in said cause within six months and one day from the date of this order, and in default thereof, that said bill be taken as confessed against said unknown defendants; and further, that within twenty days from the date hereof this order be published in the Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed and published in said county, and that said publication be continued once each week for six successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be served on said unknown defendants at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for their appearance.—Dated October 5, 1909. GEORGE W. SMITH, Circuit Judge,

ELMER R. & CHARLES P. WEBSTER, Solicitors for Complainants. Business address: Pontiac, Michigan. oct15-nov26

DROPS

TRADE MARK

A PROMPT, EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF

RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble and Kindred Diseases.

Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while permanent results are being effected by taking it internally, purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. C. L. GATES

Hancock, Minn., writes:—"A little girl here had such a weak back caused by rheumatism and kidney trouble that she could not stand on her feet. The moment I put her down on the floor she would scream with pains. I treated her with "5 DROPS" and today she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe "5 DROPS" for my patients and use it in my practice."

Large Size Bottle "5-DROPS" (300 Doses) $1.00 For Sale by Druggists

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, Dept. 80 174 Lake Street, Chicago

SWANSON PILLS

Act quickly and gently upon the digestive organs, carrying off the disturbing elements and establishing a healthy condition of the liver, stomach and bowels.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION

Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Belching, Liver Trouble, etc.

25 Cents Per Box AT DRUGGISTS

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN NOTES.

Communion service at Troy Sunday at 9:30 a. m. standard. Theme, "Jesus Lifted up on the Cross." John 3:14, 15.

Preparatory services on Friday and Saturday at 1:30 p. m. standard time. Persons desiring to unite with the church by profession of their faith in Christ, are urged to do so in the meeting of the session after Saturday's services. No service on Friday evening.

The theme for sermon Sunday evening is "The Great Invitation." The last chapter of Revelation.

Birmingham theme same as at Troy in the morning.

Young People's Prayer meeting, "Heroes of Missions in the Islands." Isa. 32:1-4, 16-20.

At our communion on last Sunday at which nearly all the congregation were present. There was an addition of one young man, Herbert Moore, to our numbers, on profession of his faith in Jesus. Wm. Lester, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McClure, was baptized.

The pastor's wife expects to go today to her old home at Fair Haven, Ohio, to visit relatives and friends. She expects to be gone two weeks. Fair Haven is 40 miles north west from Cincinnati.

OBITUARY.

MRS. SILAS B. WATTLES.

The deceased, Sister Helen M. Wattles, was the daughter of Clark and Laura Harris, and was born February 20, 1834, on what is now a part of their farm, and her home has been within 100 rods of where she died, during the whole of her life. On January 3, 1855, she was united in marriage to Silas B. Wattles, and they commenced housekeeping in a house standing near where their house now stands, and they have never moved except out of the old house into the new, until she was summoned to that house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. To them was born one son, Harry B. Wattles, who is with us today.

Sister Wattles found Christ as her personal Savior in 1860, and united with the M. E. Church, in which she has been an acceptable member up to the time of her death, which occurred at their home October 20, 1909.

For many years Sister Wattles was very active in the church and Sabbath school; but for the past few years, on account of the infirmities of age and sickness in her family she has been deprived of the privilege of often meeting her brothers and sisters in the church. But at her home she has been able to hold communion with her God.

Sister Wattles was a kind wife and a loving mother and friend, and ever stood with open hand to help the needy. But her work on earth is done, and she has entered into her reward. We cannot—no, would not call her back again. Where she is we soon may go.

THE PASSING OF JOHN ERWIN.

John Erwin one of Southfield's oldest pioneers, died at New Lothrop, Mich. where he has been making his home the past few years, with his daughter, Mrs. Virginia Beattie. His remains were buried in the family lot in Southfield cemetery last Thursday week.

A CURIOUS HAPPENING.

A few days ago, while walking along one of the pretty residence streets of the city of Pontiac, my friend and I were attracted by seeing a grey squirrel running along carrying in its mouth, something apparently heavy.

It looked from a distance, as though in was a large walnut with the green bark still on. We hurried, thinking we might overtake the little creature and ascertain what it's burden might be. Suddenly it stopped, flopped its burden flat upon the sidewalk and rolled and punched it, and by the squeals emitted, we determined it must be something alive. Our curiousity being apparent to the squirrel, it rolled the creature up like a ball and again started on. We were indeed curious now, and running we were in time to see the squirrel ascend a telephone pole, near the top of which was a telephone box, reaching this the squirrel endeavored to thrust its burden, which we now decided was a young squirrel, through a hole about four and one half inches in diameter. It held it up with its mouth and with its two fore feet endeavored to thrust the roll through the opening, which was too small. After two or three such attempts, the little creature fell to the ground. Scrambling to its feet again, it started up the pole, its mother coming to meet it, but when near the top it again fell, but unwilling to give up, a second and third attempt was made, it tumbling to the ground each time.

As it was time for us to be in our respective offices, we reluctantly left the place. By this time I presume the lady of the house has all her children moved in and the house straightened and in order, and perhaps her winter provisions in.

Let us take a lesson from this happy squirrel family.

YOUR PRINTING.

How about your printed matter? Are you nearly out of stationary? Do you need letter heads, note heads, statements, envelopes, bill heads, cards, tickets or anything in the printing line? The ECCENTRIC will do your work quickly and neatly. We guaraatee satisfaction and our prices, while they may not be the lowest, are guaranteed to be as low as possible on the same quality of work. nov12

Stop Pains almost instantly—Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. No bad after-effects.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

Sermon themes: Sunday morning, "Redeeming the Five;" evening, "The Rich Young Man."

B. Y. P. U. prayer meeting topic, "Heroes of Missions in the Islands." Leader, Mrs. Brown.

The Mission Circle will meet on Friday in the evening instead of the afternoon as usual, and the meeting will be for the general public. A review of the year's work will be a feature of the evening and a special program is being arranged. Light refreshments will be served for which no charge will be made.

Our Sunday school was well represented at the Oakland county Sunday school convention, there being 12 who attended some session. The pastor was honored by being elected president for the coming year.

The attendance at the Sunday school was the largest Sunday morning that it has been for a long time.

An Eclipse.

For quick and certain action Renne's Pain-Killing Oil eclipses any and all remedies ever offered to the public. It drives away pain. Just the thing for cramps, colic or diarrhoea. Cures rheumatism, sprains, stiff joints, sores and bruises. It is not a new remedy, but a very old and reliable one, over 70 years on the market. Price 25c, 50c and $1 per bottle. Sold by James W. Cobb.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in Birmingham postoffice on Oct. 23, 1909:

Douglass Harris, care of the Harris Farm; Avery Harris, Allan J. Small (2), Mrs. Belle Hadley, Mrs. Jane Lawson, Mrs. E. Nunn, Mrs. G. S. Williams, R. 2, Bx. 77.

JOHN HANNA, P. M.

317

Fruit and Poultry Farm of 28 acres—11 acres full-bearing grapes; berries, currants, peaches, plums, apples, cherries, etc., in abundance. Flowing well supplies an abundance of water for the house and six other buildings; on line of electric about 20 miles from Detroit; steam heat in house and large green house; farm newly-equipped with woven-wire fences, and all buildings in excellent repair. Price and list of other property on application.

Stop That Cold

To check early colds or Grippe with "Preventics" means sure defeat for Pneumonia. To stop a cold with Preventics is safer than to let it run and be obliged to cure it afterwards. To be sure, Preventics will cure even a deeply seated cold, but taken early—at the sneeze stage—they break, or head off these early colds. That's surely better. That's why they are called Preventics.

Preventics are little Candy Cold Cures. No Quinine, no physic, nothing sickening. Nice for the children—small thoroughly safe too. If you feel chilly, if you sneeze, if you ache all over, think of Preventics. Promptness may also save half your usual sickness. And don't forget your child. If there is feverishness, night or day, Hermin probably ties Preventics' greatest efficiency. Sold in 5c boxes for the pocket, also in 25c boxes of 48 Preventics. Insist on your druggists giving you

Preventics

CHARLES J. SHAIN.

Detroit United Lines

Birmingham Time Table

Cars leave Birmingham for Detroit at 5:15 a. m. and every half hour thereafter until 5:55 p. m.; then hourly until 10:55 p. m. This last car connects at Royal Oak with north-bound Flint Division car for Rochester.

Cars leave Birmingham for Pontiac at 5:57 a. m., 7:03 a. m. and half-hourly thereafter until 8:03 p. m., then hourly until 12:03 a. m.

Cars leave Detroit for Birmingham at 6:30 a. m. and every half hour thereafter until 7:00 p. m.; then hourly until midnight.

On Sundays the first car out of Detroit is 7:00 a. m.

For Flint Division change at Royal Oak.

NOTE.—EXTRA SERVICE SATURDAY AFTERNOONS and EVENINGS, and ALL SUNDAY.

Father and Mother

Pictures to look on in future years.

Do You Know

My expenses are low? my location is complete? That's where

You're Money Ahead

Cameras and Stereoscope Views for sale. Outside work, too. Call Phone 68 J.

T. ALGER

Photographer

ROYAL OAK

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE

it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

Cupid's Assistant

By FRANCIS A. COREY

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

A guffaw went round the dinner table as a waiter deposited an oblong pasteboard box at Ralph Harding's elbow.

"Flowers!" sniffed Tom Carrol. "Fifth box this week—by actual count. All for the same lucky dog, that fascinating Mr. Harding.'"

Ralph's first angry impulse was to toss the unwelcome offering into the fire. Why did his lady admirers persist in sending such truck to his club? Rising deliberately, he got into his overcoat and took the box ostentatiously under his arm.

"Oh-ho! Somebody particular?" Carrol chaffed.

"The queen of Sheba," Harding growled.

As he let himself out, a gust of icy wind, freighted with snow and sleet, struck his face smartingly. Turning up the fur collar of his coat, he was about to plunge into the storm when something bumped against his feet. Ten sharp claws were thrust into his trousers leg, and there was a piteous mew.

The clinging atom was a kitten, its fur coat crusted over with sleet.

"Poor little beggar!" Harding said, stooping to stroke the shivering creature. "Hard lines—to be lost or turned adrift on a night like this."

The vagrant rubbed coaxingly against the friendly hand with a feeble purr. Harding glanced about him. The storm was increasing. The kitten, left to its fate, would be dead before morning; and he had a soft spot in his heart.

"The club cook hates cats—I can't turn the beggar over to him," he muttered. "I've got to take him home with me."

He stood deliberating for a moment, then suddenly remembered the pasteboard box. "One very fitting." As he tore off the wrappings hastily, a familiar fragrance arose. Violets—Edith Loring's favorite flower! The discovery made him hesitate. But Edith was the last person to send flowers to his

He Deposited the Kitten on the Improvised Cushion.

club address. And had they not quarreled and broken their engagement the evening before? So, ruthlessly tossing the violets into the street, he laid his folded handkerchief in the bottom of the box and deposited the kitten on the improvised cushion, after having brushed the frozen particles from its furry coat.

The car he took was pretty well filled. At the next crossing it stopped for a passenger—a young lady muffled in furs. Harding straightened with a gasp. Edith herself!

Miss Loring was half way down the aisle before she saw him. She stopped involuntarily, and her head, too, went back. But when she saw the box gingerly balanced on his knees a smile broke about her lips and her cheeks grew pink.

"Good evening, Mr. Harding," she said with surprising cordiality, considering the manner of their parting.

He began to beam—then grew suddenly frigid. What if, through untoward accident, she discovered the contents of the box? A grown man lugging home a disreputable stray kitten! She was a woman of the world—she would see only the ridiculous side of the situation.

She had taken the seat opposite. At first she had an expectant air; but he sat like a post, and the smile left her lips. Slowly the color ebbed from her cheeks and her eyes flashed.

Presently as the car stopped to leave a passenger, a sound arose in the sudden silence that brought Harding's heart into his throat—a prolonged, piteous wail!

"Good gracious! What's that?" cried a nervous-looking woman beside him.

His face was scarlet. A slight stirring in the box showed that the kitten, warmed and rested, was waxing rebellious in its cramped quarters. The cover lifted the fraction of an inch, affording a fleeting glimpse of two black and white paws. Then again came that plaintive cry.

"Me-ow!"

"Mercy! It's a cat!" the woman exclaimed. "Where can it be hiding?"

Everybody looked around. If that dismal wail was repeated, the kitten would be located. They were approaching the residence of Harding's best friend. Rising hastily he signalled the conductor.

On alighting he suddenly became aware that Miss Loring was close behind him. Instinctively he offered his disengaged hand, but she haughtily declined it. Her frigid look as she stepped down from the car was more chilling than the piercing wind. Forced to leave her to shift for herself, Harding pushed his way through the storm to the big carved door that marked the abode of the Mortons.

He hang the bell and glanced behind him—just in time to see Miss Loring pause uncertainly on the lower step.

"Why, Edith! Are you calling here, too?" he was surprised into exclaiming.

"I have an appointment with Mrs. Morton," she responded coldly.

Harding gasped. Retreat was out of the question. The door had swung open—Morton and his charming wife stood on the threshold.

The next few moments were like a confused dream. In the warm, fragrant drawing room, Miss Loring fell into a careless pose before the fire. Harding stared from his corner with worshipping eyes. How remote she seemed in her cold proud beauty! Confess to this regal creature that a soft-hearted fool he was? Never!

He had left the box on the hall table on his way in. But there was no counting on the imprisoned creature. He must invent an excuse for the impromptu call and get away quickly—or court disaster.

He noted from where he sat the perilous nearness of the box to the edge of the table. Suddenly it began to sway slightly, and before he could rush to the rescue, fell to the floor. There was a distressed mew—more appalling than a thunderbolt. When he reached the spot the kitten was "spitting" angrily, in an energetic struggle to extricate itself.

"Funny little beast! Where the dickens did it come from?" Morton exclaimed, close at his heels. Then he stopped and looked hard into Harding's face.

"Why, old chap, you had that box under your arm, I remember—"

"Yes, the box is mine," Harding said stiffly, lifting the kitten against his hot cheek. "And I'll have to own up to this little beggar, too. I—picked him up—in the street. He was wet and cold and miserable. I couldn't let him freeze, you know. I'm—taking him—home with me."

Morton stared, gasped, then, as the situation dawned upon him, broke into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! So you go about adopting stray cats? This little beast is to be quartered comfortably in your bachelor abode? Oh, shades of the society with the long name! Tom Carrol and the boys shall hear of this."

The flush on Harding's cheek deepened. He turned blindly, holding the kitten close to him. He wanted to get away. The one thing he could not do was to meet Miss Loring's scornful eyes.

But there was a rustle, a quick step. She had slipped between him and the door.

"It's a nasty night—of course you couldn't leave the poor creature to perish, Ralph," she said, in a voice singularly gentle and sweet. "It would have been cruel." Then she smiled a queer smile, and added with sudden irrelevancy: "But there were flowers in that box! What has become of them?"

"I threw them away—"

"Oh, you did? You sacrificed my flowers for a vagrant cat?"

Harding felt the room go round. "Yours, Edith?" he echoed feebly. "They were sent to the club. I didn't know—I never dreamed—that they came from you."

"Of course not. They should have gone to your apartment—as usual. The messenger blundered."

"I'm sorry," he began, and stopped; for two bejeweled hands fell suddenly on his deep shoulders.

"Didn't you see that the flowers were violets, Ralph?" she whispered. "I thought you'd understand, when you opened the box, that I—was sorry—for last night—and wanted to be friends again."

Latest Cotton Plant Pest

Among the new enemies of the cotton crop in some sections of this state is a striped bug, about half an inch long, and which is believed to belong to the lightning bug family. By some he is called the "sharpshooter," his mission seeming to be to sting the youngest bolls he can find and from the effects of which the boll withers and dies in three or four days. Samples of this bug have been sent here for identification, but nobody ever saw one of them before and little satisfaction has been given the anxious inquirers.

So numerous and so destructive have these bugs become that State Entomologist Harned of the Agricultural and Mechanical college, Director Fox of the Delta experiment farm and an expert entomologist from Washington are even now in Claiborne county studying his habits and watching his operations, so as to be able to determine just what he is and what damage he is responsible for.—Jackson Correspondence Mobile Register

Poor Place for Steam.

On the Robert Fulton a small boy stood watching the moving machinery. Alert and inquisitive, he did not shrink from asking questions.

"What makes them things go up and down?" said he to the engineer.

"Steam, sonny" the man replied kindly.

"Steam? Huh! I don't seen no steam. Where is it?"

"In the pipes and boilers."

"Pipes and boilers?" cried the boy in contempt. "That's no place to have steam. My father works in a factory that has lots of steam puffing from the roof all day long. That's the place to have steam. Put it where a feller can see it, not in pipes and boilers."

But the man was responding to the pilot's bell and made no reply.

Beech and Maple Slab Wood Smith Bros.

ABOUT ADVERTISING—NO. 9

The Doctor Whose Patients Hang On

By Herbert Kaufman.

Out in China all things are *not* topsy turvy. *Physicians are paid for keeping people well* and when their patients fall ill their weekly salary check is stopped. The Chinese judge a medical man not by the number of years *he* lives, but by the length of time his clients survive.

An advertising medium must be judged in the same way. The fact that it has *age* to its credit isn't so important as the *age of its advertising patronage*. Whenever a newspaper continues to display the store talk of the same establishment year after year, it's a pretty sure sign that the merchant has *made money* out of that newspaper, because no publication can continue to be a losing investment to its customers over a stretch of time without the fact being discovered. And when a newspaper is able to boast of an honor roll of stores that have continued to appear in its pages for a stretch of decades it has *proven its superiority* as plainly as a mountain peak which rises above its fellows.

The combination of *stability and progress* is the strongest virtue that a newspaper can possess. *Only the fit survive*—reputation is a *difficult* thing to *get* and a harder thing to *hold*—it takes *merit* to *earn* it and *character* to *maintain* it. There is a vast difference between *fame* and *notoriety*, and just as much difference between a *famous newspaper* and a *notorious one*.

Just as a manufacturer is always eager to install his choicest stocks in a store which has earned the respect of the community, just so a retailer should be anxious to insert his name in a newspaper which has *earned the respect of its readers*. The manufacturer feels that he will receive a square deal from a store which has age to its credit. He can expect as much from a newspaper which is a credit to its age!

The newspaper which outlives the rest does so because it was *best fitted to*—it had to *earn* the confidence of its readers—and *keep it*. It had to be a *better* newspaper than any other, and *better* newspapers go to the homes of *better* buyers. Every bit of its circulation has the element of *quality and staying power*. And it is the *respectable, home-loving* element of every community—not the touts and the gamblers—toward which the merchant must look for his business *vertebrae*—he cannot find buyers unless he uses the *newspaper* that enters their homes. And when *he does* enter their homes he must not confuse the sheet that comes in the back gate with the newspaper that is delivered at the front door.

(Copyright, 1908, by Tribune Company, Chicago.)

3 Specialties 3

On which we have built a large trade, proving clearly that merit wins

Shain's Chap Cure

Cures the worst case of chapped, cracked hands in one night, and will not grease the finest fabric. 10c, 20c.

Shain's Cough Remedy

First dose checks cough and starts you on the "Road to Wellville." 25c a bottle.

Shain's Instant Relief Toothache Cure

Works like magic. Safe and sure. Second dose can be taken in 20 minutes if necessary; rarely needed, though. 10c and 25c.

SHAIN'S BRONCHIAL LOZENGES, the king of all cough drops; palatable, yet effective—a candy, yet a medicine. 10c box.

Charles J. Shain

DRUGS AND GROCERIES