WANTS TO HELP OTHER WOMEN

Grateful for Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I am willing to write to any girl or woman who is suffering from the troubles I had before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back always ached, so I could not go about my housework, and I had other troubles from weakness. was this way for years, then my sister-in-law took the Vegetable Compound and recommended it to me. In the time I have been taking it and it has done wonders for me. I keep house and am able to do lots of work besides."—Mrs. HELMI DEVICK, 2711 Thomas St., Chicago, Ill.

Women suffering from female troubles causing backache, irregularities, pains, bearing-down feelings and weakness should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Not only is the worth of this splendid medicine shown by such cases as this, but for nearly fifty years this same sort of experience has been reported by thousands of women.

Mrs. Sevcik is willing to write to any girl or woman suffering from such troubles, and answer any questions they may like to ask.

Vaseline

Pure and healing, a grateful aid on countless occasions

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Consolidated) 1880 Street New York

Vaseline Reg U.S. Pat Off. Yellow or White PETROLEUM JELLY

MADE WAY THROUGH WINDOW

Ex-Secretary Redfield Recalls Happening Which Prominent Personages Might Desire to Forget.

So far as his heavy cares permitted, President Wilson showed keen interest in the progress and development of department work of every kind.

During the war an inventor produced an all-metal airplane of which he expected great things. It was sent to the bureau of standards for examination. The President was asked to see it, and gladly consented, but the only time available was on a Sunday.

Accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, we went out to the bureau of standards, only to find that the custodian had misunderstood his orders and we were locked out. A hasty search found an unfastened window, and this served as a sufficient entrance for the President and his wife.

I have always enjoyed the recollection of the President of the United States and the first lady of the land climbing in through a half-opened window rather than fail to carry out the purpose of their visit.—William C. Redfield, in the Outlook.

Shave With Cuticura Soap

And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Advertisement.

Grant Knew Him.

"Yes," said General Grant, "we are doing pretty well, but Albert Sidney Johnston will be in Chicago in thirty days." This remark he repeated a number of times.

Soon thereafter Grant received a report that the Confederates were retreating. Later he received a report: "General, they are gone."

"No," Grant replied, "Johnson is coming around some other way."

Finally a report came in: "No enemy in sight."

After a pause, Grant said solemnly, and, as it turned out, prophetically: "Albert Sidney Johnston is dead."—New York World.

Ideal Wedding Present.

"What is this?" asked Brown.

"A wedding present," replied Jones.

"What is it good for?" Brown still questions.

"Nothing that I know of. It is just a wedding present."

"I don't understand."

"It's this way," explained the merchant patiently. "You give it to your friend as a wedding present. Pretty soon a friend of his gets married. He passes it on, and so it goes. It is very durable."

One Thing Omitted.

Newberry—John acts as ugly as a bear toward you.

Barbour—Not that bad. A bear will hug.—Michigan Gargoyle.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

The Light of Western Stars

A Romance

By Zane Grey

Copyright by Harper and Brothers

EAST MEETS WEST

SYNOPSIS.—Arriving at the lonely little railroad station at El Cajon, New Mexico, Madeline Hammond, New York society girl, finds no one to meet her. While in the waiting room, a drunken cowboy enters, asks if she is married, and departs, leaving her terrified. He returns with a priest, who goes through some sort of ceremony, and the cowboy forces her to say "Si." Asking her name and learning her identity the cowboy seems dazed. In a shooting scrape outside the room a Mexican is killed. The cowboy lets a girl, Bonita, take his horse and escape, then conducts Madeline to Florence Kingsley, friend of her brother Florence welcomes her, learns her story, and dismisses the cowboy, Gene Stewart. Next day Alfred Hammond, Madeline's brother, takes Stewart to task. Madeline exonerates him of any wrong intent. Alfred, scion of a wealthy family, had been dismissed from his home because of his dissipation. Madeline sees that the West has redeemed him. She meets Stillwell, Al's employer, typical western ranchman. Stillwell tells her how Stewart beat up the sheriff to save her from arrest and then lit out for the border. Danny Maina, one of Stillwell's cowboys, has disappeared, with some of Stillwell's money. His friends link his name with the girl Benita. Madeline gets a glimpse of life on a western ranch. Stewart sends Madeline his horse Majesty. She buys out Stillwell and "Her Majesty's Rancho" becomes famous. She finds her life work under "The Light of Western Stars." Learning Stewart had been hurt in a brawl at Chiricahua, Madeline visits him and persuades him to come to the ranch as the boss of her cowboys. Jim Nels, Nick Steele and "Monty" Price are Madeline's chief riders. They have a feud with Don Carlos' vaqueros, who are really guerrillas. Madeline makes Stewart promise that peace is kept. They raid Don Carlos' ranch for contraband arms. Madeline and Florence, returning home from Alfred's ranch, run into an ambush of vaqueros. Florence decoys them away, and Madeline gets home safely. A raiding guerrilla band carries off Madeline. Stewart follows alone. He releases the girl, arranging for ransom. Returning home with Stewart, Madeline finds herself strangely stirred.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—9—

"I've done the service. Only don't mention pay to me. But there's one thing I'd like you to know, and I find it hard to say. It's prompted, maybe, by what I know you think of me and what I imagine your family and friends would think if they knew. It's not prompted by pride or conceit. And it's this: Such a woman as you should never have come to this Godforsaken country unless she meant to forget herself. But as you did come, and as you were dragged away by those devils, I want you to know that all your wealth and position and influence—all that power behind you—would never have saved you from hell tonight. Only such a man as Nels or Nick Steele or I could have done that."

Madeline Hammond felt the great leveling force of the truth. Whatever the difference between her and Stewart, or whatever the imagined difference set up by false standards of class and culture, the truth was that here on this wild mountain-side she was only a woman and he was simply a man. It was a man that she needed, and if her choice could have been considered in this extremity it would have fallen upon him who had just faced her in quiet, bitter speech. Here was food for thought.

"I reckon we'd better start now," he said, and drew the horse to a large rock. "Come."

Madeline's will greatly exceeded her strength. For the first time she acknowledged to herself that she had been hurt. Still, she did not feel much pain except when she moved her shoulder. Once in the saddle, where Stewart lifted her, she drooped weakly. The way was rough; every step the horse took hurt her; and the slope of the ground threw her forward on the pommel.

"Here is the trail," said Stewart, at length.

Not far from that point Madeline swayed, and but for Stewart's support would have fallen from the saddle. She heard him swear under his breath.

"Here, this won't do," he said. "Throw your leg over the pommel. The other one—there."

Then, mounting, he slipped behind her and lifted and turned her, and then held her with his left arm so that she lay sideways in the saddle and his knees, her head against his shoulder.

As the horse started into a rapid walk Madeline gradually lost all pain and discomfort when she relaxed her muscles. Presently she let herself go and lay inert, greatly to her relief. For a little while she seemed to be half drunk with the gentle swaying of a hammock. Her mind became at once dreamy and active; as if it thoughtfully recorded the slow, soft impressions pouring in from all her senses.

She could not believe the evidence of the day's happenings. Would any of her people, her friends, ever believe it? Could she tell it? She remembered the ghoulish visages of those starved rebels, and marveled at her blessed fortune in escaping them. Stewart's arrival in the glade, the courage with which he had faced the outlawed men, grew as real to her now as the iron arm that clasped her. Had it been an instinct which had importuned her to save this man when he lay ill and hopeless in the shack at Chiricahua? In helping him had she hedged round her forces that had just operated to save her life, or if not that, more than life was to her? She believed so.

A heavy languor, like a blanket, began to steal upon her. She wavered and drifted. With the last half-conscious sense of a muffled throb at her ear, a something intangibly sweet, deep-toned, and strange, like a distant calling bell, she fell asleep with her head on Stewart's breast.

CHAPTER XII

Friends From the East.

Three days after her return to the ranch Madeline could not discover any physical discomfort as a reminder of her adventurous experiences. If it had not been for the quiet and persistent guardianship of her cowboys she might almost have forgotten Don Carlos and the raiders. Madeline was assured of the splendid physical fitness to which this ranch life had developed her, and that she was assimilating something of the Western disregard of danger. A hard ride, an accident, a day in the sun and dust, an adventure with outlaws—these might once have been matters of large import, but now for Madeline they were in order with all the rest of her changed life.

There was never a day that something interesting was not brought to her notice. Stillwell, who had ceaselessly reproached himself for riding away the morning Madeline was captured, grew more like an anxious parent than a faithful superintendent. He was never at ease regarding her unless he was near the ranch or had left Stewart there, or else Nels and Nick Steele. Naturally, he trusted more to Stewart than to any one else.

"Miss Majesty, it's sure amazin' strange about Gene," said the old cattleman, as he tramped into Madeline's office.

"What's the matter now?" she inquired.

"Wal, Gene has rustled off into the mountains again. He's sneaked off an' Nels, who was down to the lower trail, saw him meet somebody that looked like Padre Marcos. Wal, I went down to the church, and, sure enough, Padre Marcos is gone. What do you think of that, Miss Majesty?"

"Maybe Stewart is getting religious," laughed Madeline. "Let him take his mysterious trips into the mountains. Here, Stillwell, I have news for you that may give you reason for worry. I have letters from home. And my sister, with a party of friends, is coming out to visit me. They are society folk, and one of them is an English lord. Let me read you a few extracts from my mail."

Madeline took up her sister's letter with a strange sensation of how easily sight of a crested monogram and scent of delicately perfumed paper could recall the brilliant life she had given up. She scanned the pages of beautiful handwriting. Helen seldom wrote letters, and she never read anything, not even popular novels of the day. She was as absolutely ignorant of the West as the Englishman, who she said, expected to hunt buffalo and fight Indians. Moreover, there was a satiric note in the letter that Madeline did not like, and which roused her spirit.

When she finished reading aloud a few paragraphs the old cattleman snorted and his face grew redder.

"Did your sister write that?" he asked. "Does she think we're a lot of wild men from Borneo?"

"Evidently she does. I rather think she is in for a surprise. Now, Stillwell, you are clever and you can see the situation. I want my guests to enjoy their stay here, but I do not want that to be at the expense of the feelings of all of us, or even any one. Helen will bring a lively crowd. They'll crave excitement—the unusual. Let us see that they are not disappointed. You take the boys into your confidence. Tell them what to expect, and tell them how to meet it. I shall help you in that. I want the boys to be on dress-parade when they are off duty. I want them to be on their most elegant behavior. I do not care what they do, what measures they take to protect themselves, what tricks they contrive, so long as they do not overstep the limit of kindness and courtesy. I want them to play their parts seriously; naturally, as if they had lived no other way. My guests expect to have a fun. Let us meet them with fun. Now what do you say?"

Stillwell rose, his great bulk towering, his huge face beaming.

"Wal, I say it's the most amazin' fine idee I ever heerd in my life."

"Indeed, I am glad you like it," went on Madeline. "Come to me again, Stillwell, after you have spoken to the boys. But, now that I have suggested it, I am a little afraid. You know what cowboy fun is. Perhaps—"

"Don't you go back on that idee," interrupted Stillwell. He was assuring and bland, but his hurry to confer with Madeline fore-warned him. "Leave the boys to me. Why, don't they all swear by you, same as the Mexicans do to the Virgin? They won't disgrace you, Miss Majesty. They'll be simply immense. It'll beat any show you ever seen."

"I believe it will," replied Madeline. "Very well, we will consider it settled. My guests will arrive on May ninth. Meanwhile let us get Her Majesty's Rancho in shape for this invasion."

* * *

On the afternoon of the ninth of May, perhaps half an hour after Madeline had received a telephone message from Link Stevens announcing the arrival of her guests at El Cajon, Florence called her out upon the porch. Stillwell was there with his face winked by his wonderful smile and his eagle eyes riveted upon the distant valley. Far away, perhaps twenty miles, a thin streak of white dust rose from the valley floor and slanted skyward.

"Look!" said Florence, excitedly.

"What is that?" asked Madeline.

"Link Stevens and the automobile!"

"Oh no! Why, it's only a few minutes since he telephoned saying the party had just arrived."

"Take a look with the glasses," said Florence.

One glance through the powerful binoculars convinced Madeline that Florence was right. And another glance at Stillwell told her that he was speechless with delight. "Wal, as Nels says, I wouldn't be in that there automobile right now for a million pesos," he remarked.

"Why? Is Stevens driving fast?"

"Good Lord! Fast! Miss Majesty, there hain't ever been anythin' except a streak of lightnin' run so fast in this country. I reckon I'd like to be hyar when Link drives up, but I want to be with the boys down by the bunks. It'll be some fun to see Nels an' Monty when Link comes flyin' along."

"I wish Alfred stayed to meet them," said Madeline.

Her brother had rather hurried a shipment of cattle to California; and it was Madeline's supposition that he had welcomed the opportunity to absent himself from the ranch.

"I am sorry he wouldn't stay," replied Florence. "But Al's all business now. And he's doing finely. It's just as well, perhaps."

"Surely. That was my pride speaking. I would like to have all my family and all my old friends see what a man Al has become. Well, Link Stevens is running like the wind. The car will be here before we know it, Florence, we've only a few moments to dress. But first I want to order many and various and exceedingly cold refreshments for that approaching party."

Less than a half-hour later Madeline went again to the porch and found Florence there.

"Oh, you look just lovely!" exclaimed Florence, impulsively, as she gazed wide-eyed up at Madeline. "And somehow so different!"

Madeline smiled a little sadly. Perhaps when she had put on that exquisite white gown something had come to her of the manner which befitted the wearing of it. She could not resist the desire to look fair once more in the eyes of these hypercritical friends. The sad smile had been for the days that were gone. For she knew that what society had once been pleased to call her beauty had trebled since it had last been seen in a drawing-room. Madeline wore no jewels, but at her waist she had pinned two great crimson roses. Against the dead white they had the life and fire and freshness of the desert.

"Link's hit the old round-up trail," said Florence, "and oh, isn't he riding that car!"

With Florence, as with most of the cowboys, the car was never driven but ridden.

A white spot with a long trail of dust showed low down in the valley. It was now time for almost any minute for the ranch. Madeline watched it growing larger moment by moment, and her pleasurable emotion grew accordingly. Then the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs caused her to turn.

Stewart was riding in on his black horse. He had been absent on an important mission, and his duty had taken him to the international boundary line. His presence home long before he was expected was particularly gratifying to Madeline, for it meant that his mission had been brought to a successful issue. Once more, for the hundredth time, the man's reliability struck Madeline. He was a doer of things.

Madeline advanced to the porch steps. And Stewart, after taking a parcel of papers from a saddle-bag, turned toward her.

And Now, Conscious of Her Sudden Color, a Genuine Blush Flamed on Her Face.

"Stewart, you are the best of couriers," she said. "I am pleased."

Dust streamed from his sombrero as he doffed it. His dark face seemed to rise as he straightened weary shoulders.

"Here are the reports, Miss Hammond," he replied.

As he looked up to see her standing there, dressed to receive her eastern guests, he checked his advance with a violent action which recalled to Madeline the one he had made on the night she had met him, when she disclosed her identity. A man struck by a bullet might have had an instant jerk of muscular control such as convulsed Stewart. In that instant, as her keen gaze searched his dust-caked face, she met the full, free look of his eyes. Her own did not fall, though she felt a warmth steal to her cheeks. Madeline very seldom blushed. And now, conscious of her sudden color, a genuine blush flamed on her face. It was irritating because it was incomprehensible. She received the papers from Stewart and thanked him. He bowed, then let the black down the path toward the corrals.

Madeline watched the weary horse and rider limp down the path. What had made her thoughtful? Mostly it was something new or sudden or inexplicable that stirred her mind to quick analysis. In this instance the thing that had struck Madeline was Stewart's glance. He had looked at her, and the old burning, inscrutable fire, the darkness, had left his eyes. Suddenly they had been beautiful. The look had not been one of surprise or admiration; nor had it been a glance of love. She was familiar, too familiar with all these, and it had not been a glance of passion, for there was nothing beautiful in that. Madeline pondered. And presently she realized that Stewart's eyes had expressed a strange joy of pride. That expression Madeline had never before encountered in the look of any man. Probably its strangeness had made her notice it and account for her blushing. The longer she lived among these outdoor men the more they surprised her. Particularly, how incomprehensible was this cowboy Stewart! Why should he have pride or joy at sight of her?

The approaching automobile was on the slope now, some miles down the long gradual slant, its velocity astounding. Long, gray veils, like pennants, streamed in the wind. A low rushing sound became perceptible, and it grew louder, became a roar. The car shot like an arrow past the alfalfa field, by the bunk-houses, where the cowboys waved and cheered. The horses and burros in the corrals began to snort and tramp and race in fright. At the base of the long slope of the foothill Link cut the speed more than half. Yet the car roared up, rolling the dust, flying capes and veils and ulsters, and crashed and cracked to a halt in the yard before the porch.

Madeline descried a gray, disheveled mass of humanity packed inside the car. Besides the driver there were seven occupants, and for a moment they appeared to be coming to life, moving and exclaiming under the veils and wraps and dust-shields.

Link Stevens stepped out and, removing helmet and goggles, coolly looked at his watch.

"An hour an' a quarter, Miss Hammond," he said. "It's sixty-three miles by the valley road, an' you know there's a couple of bad hills. I reckon we made fair time, considerin' you wanted me to drive slow an' safe."

From the mass of dusty veiled humanity in the car came low exclamations and plaintive feminine wails.

Madeline stepped to the front of the porch. Then the deep voices of men and softer voices of women united in one glad outburst, as much a thanksgiving as a greeting, "Majesty!"

* * *

Helen Hammond was three years younger than Madeline, and a slender, pretty girl. Having recovered her breath soon after Madeline took her to her room, she began to talk.

"Majesty, old girl, I'm sore; but you can't be I would never have gotten here if I had known about that ride from the railroad. You never wrote that you had a car. I thought this was out West—stage-coach, and all that sort of thing. Such a tremendous car! And the road! What kind of a chauffeur is he?"

"He's a cowboy. He was crippled by falling under his horse, so I had him instructed for running the car. He can drive, don't you think?"

"Drive? Good gracious! He scared us to death, except Castleton. Nothing could scare that cold-blooded little Englishman. I am dizzy yet. Do you know, Majesty, I was delighted when I saw the car. Then your cowboy driver met us at the conductor's. What a queer-looking individual! He had a big pistol strapped to those leather trousers. That made me nervous. When he pulled us all in with our grips, he put me in the seat beside him, whether I liked it or not. I was cool enough to tell him I loved to travel fast. What do you think he said? Well, he eyed me in a rather cool and speculative way and said, with a smile, 'Miss, I reckon anything you love any want bad will be coming to you right here!' I didn't know whether it was delightful cynicism or impudence. Then he said to all of us, 'Shore you had better wrap up in the veils an' dusters.' It's a long, slow, hot, dusty ride to the ranch, an' Miss Hammond's order was 'to drive safe.' He got our baggage checks and gave them to a man with a huge wagon and a four-horse team. Then he cranked the car, jumped in, raised his hat, and with a round the wheel and sank down low in the seat. There was a crack, a jerk, a kind of flash around us, and that dirty little town was somewhere on the map behind. For about five minutes I had a lovely time. Then the wind began to tear me to pieces. I couldn't hear anything but the roar of wind and roar of the car. I could see only straight ahead. What a road!. I never saw a road in my life till today. Miles and miles and miles ahead, with not even a post or tree. That big car seemed to leap at the miles. It hummed and sang. I was fascinated, then terrified. We went so fast I could not catch my breath. The wind went through me, and I expected to be disrobed by it any minute. I was afraid I couldn't hold any clothes on. Presently all I could see was a flashing, gray wall with a white line in the middle. Then my eyes blurred. My face burned. My ears grew full of a hurrying thousand howling devils. I was about ready to die when the car stopped. I looked and looked, and when I could see, there you stood!"

"Helen, I thought you were fond of speeding," said Madeline, with a laugh.

"Fond of speed! But I never was before was in a fast car; I never met a driver."

"Perhaps I may have a few surprises for you out here in the wild and woolly West."

Helen's hazel eyes showed a sister's memory of possibilities.

"You've started well," she said, "I am simply stunned. I expected to find you old and dowdy, Majesty, you're the handsomest thing I ever laid eyes on. You're so splendid and strong, and your skin is like white gold. What's happened to you? What's changed you? This beautiful room, these glorious roses out there, the cool, dark sweetness of this wonderful house! I know you, Majesty, and, though you never wrote it, I believe you have made a home out here. That's the most stunning surprise of all. Come, confess. I know I've always been selfish and not much of a sister; but if you are happy out here I am glad. You were not happy at home. Tell me about yourself and about Alfred. Then I shall give you all the messages and news from the East."

It afforded Madeline exceeding pleasure to have from one and all of her guests varied encomiums of her beautiful home, and a real and warm interest in what promised to be a delightful and memorable visit.

Of them all Castleton was the only one who failed to show surprise. He greeted her precisely as he had when he had last seen her in London. Madeline rather felt astonishment, found meeting him again pleasurable. She discovered she liked this imperturbable Englishman. Manifestly her capacity for liking, any one had immeasurably enlarged. Quite unexpectedly her old girlish love for her younger sister sprang into life, and with it interest in these half-forgotten friends, and a warm regard for Edith Wayne, a chum of college days.

"There's a gang of bandits riding on the ranch!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For a Little While She Seemed to Be Half Drunk With the Gentle Swaying of a Hammock.

A LAND OF BEAUTY AND RICHES

Arctic Alaska Well Worth a Visit by the Tourist Tired of Ordinary Travel.

Great, wind-swept tundras. Far away in lonely grandeur, sharp peaks of snow-crowned mountains. Silent lakes among the hills.

Ptarmigan flying like snow, drifting clouds. Fox and hare with soundless steps among the bushes. Reindeer browsing on silver-gray moss. Fish darting like shadows in the streams. Squat figures of solitary Eskimos against the sky line. The throb of surf upon a desolate beach.

Flowers like jewels among the grasses. Soft, green mosses starred with tinest blossoms. Glowing red vines clinging closely to Mother Earth. Blue berries hanging fairy bells on low bushes. Wild cranberries scattering red beauty for bird and beast. Tawny grasses and whispering willows waving in the wind. A tapestry of rich color in wild solitudes. A fainting of delicate perfume on soundless air.

Gleam of gold, soft tint of copper, sparkle of silver, dull thread of lead, glint of tin, glow of garnet—the bosom of Mother Earth bursting with riches.

Lovely, remote unknown, an empire, superb in tundra and towering mountain, tonic in purity of crystal clear air, royal in wealth of exhaustless possessions.—Christian Science Monitor.

A Boy's Ambition.

David with a number of other boys attended a father and son banquet. To start off the program some one suggested that each boy be asked to give his name and age and what he most desired to be when he grew up.

It happened that David's father owned a department store in the town and was known among other things for his ability to take a joke. David, therefore, was instructed what to say when it came his time to tell what he wished to be when he became older.

The boys were called on, and the men were enjoying listening to the youngsters. When it came David's turn, he told his name and age, who his father was, and said he guessed he'd like to be a gambler.

In the Lowest Depths.

A benedict never realizes how complete is his fall until he is sent to match a piece of silk.—San Francisco Chronicle.

—the Big Butt Shingle

Winthrop Tapered Asphalt Shingles

WINTHROPS snuggle down close, which makes them as ideal for going on over old roofs as for new jobs.

Three beautiful colors—single or by combinations—add a lasting beauty to any building.

Winthrops are fire resisting. They can not rot, rust, split nor crack. They are as distinctive in quality as they are exclusive in their tapered shape.

Made in Michigan for Michigan weather, they are sold all over Michigan by retail lumbermen. See them at your local yard or write us for sample today.

Beckman-Dawson Roofing Company

14217 Monnier Road

Detroit - - Michigan

WANTED

Bookkeepers, Stenographers Typists, Accountants, Secretaries

D/B/U graduates are in demand. Our placement bureau is swamped with calls for B/U graduates. Take a short course at the D/B/U and the position will hunt for you.

Send for Bulletin B2

Opportunities to work for board and room while attending.

"Take a school in a place in Detroit in your position."

DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

411 W. GRAND RIVER AVENUE

Corner Park Place

"Oldest and Best Known Business School in Michigan"

Opportunity Calls from CANADA

Visit Canada this summer—see for yourself the opportunities which Canada offers for both labor and capital which, for the virgin prairie land, near railways and towns, at $15 to $20 an acre—today for sale if desired. What a country! Wheat, oats, barley, rye, timber, dairying and hogs pay well; mixed farming rapidly increasing.

Homeseekers' Rates on Canadian Railroads

If you wish to look over the country with a view to taking up land settler offer from the nearest Canadian Government agent (see below) will win the Canadian railroads. Make the year round trip, cutting the Canada welcome tourists—no passports required—have a great time and see with your own eyes the opportunities that await you.

For full information, with free booklets and maps, write

J. M. MacLachlan, Dept. N

10 Jefferson Ave., East Detroit, Mich.

Authorized Canadian Gov't Agt.

Premier Baldwin's Son a Radical.

It may not be so generally known that Mr. Baldwin's domestic associations are literary and also that he has a radical member in his own household. Rudyard Kipling and Professor Mackall are his first cousins and favorite companions. One of his sons, Oliver Baldwin, is a proved Socialist, though a violent opponent of Bolshevism, on account of his experiences with the Bolshevik in Armenia.—From the Living Age.

Too Far.

"There is such a thing as carrying a love for the beautiful too dummed far," said old Timrod Earps. "Yesterday afternoon my niece, Clementhine, mounted a stepladder to hang up a picture of her Aunt Hiram, who had a fairly flourishing set of whiskers, and in order to fully appreciate it she stepped back on the ladder and fell off, wrenching her shoulder and nearly breaking a cat's back."—Kansas City Star.

Attack Spiritualism.

Spiritualistic Sunday schools are making a certain amount of progress in England, says the Scientific American. About 13,000 attend such services. Efforts are being made to influence some of them to become mediums. This has resulted in severe attacks backed by well-known persons.

There is nothing a woman admires so much in a man as the way he can open a telegram without fainting.

If coffee disagrees drink Postum

There's a Reason