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## When Margaret Ran Away

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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"Lower twelve, right hand side," said the Pullman conductor as he pocketed the money and handed Merivale the punched ticket.

Vance Merivale picked up his suitcase and made his way to his seat. It had been foolish not to have made a reservation in advance, but somehow he had not liked to. He wanted to wait the chances of fate until the last moment—and fate had been unkind.

Instead of the hoped for reconciliation with Margaret Ripley there had been a quarrel even more bitter than those which had gone before, and he had left her tearfully protesting that she would leave town and give up her career rather than suffer from her scorns.

Merivale wanted her to give up her career because he had thought she could not find time for love and business in her busy life, and he thought he needed her love more than she needed a career.

He had made his last appeal, and now he was on his way to Chicago to make a fresh start. He would leave the city to her, since he could not live there without her.

He dropped his bag into the seat and threw himself down. The car was crowded, and for a moment he did not recognize Margaret. Then his glance wandered across the aisle and encountered those blue eyes which had made such havoc with his heart.

Now, instead of being melting they were scornful, and something in her expression held him as he half rose to cross to her.

He made a violent pretense of reading, but it was pretense only, for across the pages as he turned them there flitted those angry eyes, and instead of sensing the words his brain rang with the echo of her last words to him: "I will leave town since I am not permitted to have peace here."

The dusk was falling before he had a chance to speak. The dining car had been put on and Margaret was among

the passengers.

Merivale read, "I HAD TO SAY YES,"

those who answered the first call. Vance, strolling after her, met her in the vestibule between the two cars.

"Margie," he cried, "won't you let me speak to you?"

"Speak to me? Why should I let you speak to me when you have done this despicable thing?"

"What do you mean?" he gasped. "Characterized as despicable?"

"Following me in this fashion!"

"Why, Margie, I made up my mind a week ago to this step. I wrote out to Chicago for a position, and I came to see you last night to say goodbye."

"Really?" she asked wistfully.

He drew a letter from his pocket and showed her the postmark four days old. "Here is Grigg's letter," he said simply, "in answer to mine."

She glanced at the opening line, "In reply to yours of last week," and handed it back with shining eyes.

"I thought," she said softly, "that you had found out that I was running away, and had followed me."

"And I was merely trying to give you the whole of New York," he laughed. "I think it was fate that brought us together."

"There are good and bad fates," she replied. "One of the latter will cause you to lose your dinner."

"What do I care for dinner?" he cried impatiently.

She stopped her ears with her tiny fingers. "I shan't listen to a word until you have come back from dinner," she declared.

"For one moment he clasped her hand in his and passed through to the dining car, with a better appetite than he had felt for a week.

He was at her side again in twenty minutes. "Now that I am fed and clothed in my right mind," he said, "do you mind explaining why you are running away from me?"

"I am not," she protested. "I was trying to run away from you."

"Rather ridiculous," he laughed, "to be running away from each other together. I prefer to believe that we are running away together."

"No," she said decidedly. "I am going to run away."

"Why?" he begged. "Here we are, both headed for Chicago. Cannot you

read the handwriting of fate in the adventure?"

"No," she said. "I cannot marry you, Vance. I admit that I love you, but we are always quarreling, and our married life would be short and miserable."

"Sweetheart," he pleaded, "cannot you understand that the quarrels have all been on the one topic? Remove the cause and we should be happy, dear."

"Happy," she scoffed—"happy when you demand that I shall give up all my hopes of a career to sink to the level of a commonplace kitchen drudge?"

"Not that," he corrected. "I simply ask you to give up your work on the paper and in your leisure do better and more ambitious work."

"I must begin at the bottom of the ladder," she defended.

"In the four years I have known you," he reminded, "you have been sitting on that same bottom rung, which in this case happens to be the woman's desk on the Home Topics. You are grinding your life away at better things nor even the time to be nice to the man you admit you love."

"But I must water," she cried. "Certainly," he conceded, "but work to some effect. Don't dudge and grind until all life becomes a matter of copying recipes out of an old cookbook and heading them 'Dainty New Dishes For the Home.' That is what I object to."

"Vance," she said, "I have been unkind, haven't I?"

"Very," he said cheerfully.

"And if I say yes you will let me write?"

"Stories and things-at-home," he agreed hopefully.

"I'll think about it," she said. "Now go and smoke."

Her eyes compelled him, and he went, leaving her to think.

When he returned, her berth had been made down, and a great wave of disappointment swept over Merivale. Had she sent him away merely to escape him—to be rid of him?

As he threw himself desolately into his seat the porter approached. "Lady in lower 'leven done asked me to call you 'tention to dis beach note," he said, pointing to a small white envelope tucked down between the plush cushions.

"Oh, all right, George," he said. The porter grinned knowingly.

Merivale tore open the envelope and read: "I had to say yes. This is an elopement; not an escape."

"Yasss," said Merivale.

"Here," And Merivale thrust the most substantial tip into the porter's hand that individual had received for months.

English House Gardens.

American children learn that London is the center of trade, with a dense population, and they grow up with the idea that it is a mart perpetually overflowing with fog and smoke. To have a private residence in New York city is a luxury possible only to the rich, and none but a multimillionaire could live in a house with a garden.

When the American girl therefore went to have tea with some friends in moderate circumstances she was astonished to find them living in a large house, with a little garden in front and a spacious one in the rear. Tea was served in the garden.

Her mind reverted to a suburban house at home that had about as much land as this English one. The back yard was used as a drying place for clothes. The front yard was a smooth, clipped, flower bedded lawn kept for show, so open to the street that it was of no use to the family.

"No; it is not like home," said the American girl, wondering if every one in London had a garden or a terrace or a park.—London Telegraph.

A Patent Lawyer.

A lawyer who makes a specialty of patent business, no matter just where his office is located, was called to the farther west in a case involving a mortgage on a farm. The preliminary hearing was before an old fashioned justice of the peace, who had no high regard for the ways of men from the city. At some point in the case the magistrate put in a few remarks, and the visiting lawyer collided with him. The discussion grew warm, and at last the magistrate, forgetting his dignity and his position, became personal.

"Who are you anyway?" he blurted out.

"Well," replied the lawyer, "I'm an attorney."

"Praps you are, but I never heard one talk like you do. What kind of a one are you?"

"I'm a patent attorney."

The magistrate rubbed his chin for thought.

"Well, all I've got to say is," he said slowly, "that when the patent expires I don't believe you can ever get it renewed again."

They Said "Guilty."

Of the queer notions sometimes entertained by the twelve "good men and true" in the jury box the following amusing story, recently told on the authority of the counsel who defended in a case of larceny, is, let us hope, a unique example. Recognizing in one of the jurymen the nephew of the prisoner, counsel thought "the old man" was safe to secure a verdict of acquittal, more particularly as the prosecution were only able to present an extremely weak case against him.

The judge summed up in the prisoner's favor, but the jury said "Guilty." Meeting the nephew in the street next morning, the lawyer rallied him upon giving a verdict against his uncle, especially as from the evidence it did not appear that he was guilty. "Well, no, sir; we didn't think as he was guilty, but we thought as 'ow a little imprisonment wouldn't do the old man no harm!"—London Standard.

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Price 25c. Purely Vegetable, Non-Habit Forming.

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Ready For Haunted Room.

When Lord Gramis comes of age in a few days the secret of the haunted room at his ancestral home, Gramis Castle, in Forfarshire, will be communicated to him by his father, the Earl of Strathmore. At least that is locally understood to have been invariably the practice on such occasions from time immemorial.

What the secret of the haunted room conceals is supposed to be passed on to every heir as he attains his majority. Thus its precise nature is in possession of never more than two persons at the same time.

Conjecture and tradition say, however, that in the long ago when the Lindays and Ogilvies were at feud a number of ladies of the clan were imprisoned and died in that particular chamber.

That the room has some uncanny peculiarities appears to be beyond doubt, for the late Lord Strathmore had it walled up after visiting the apartment one night to determine the origin of certain weird noises. These, it is said, had for a long time disturbed and puzzled him. The earl opened the door with the key, and then dropped back in a dead swoon into the arms of his companions, nor could he ever be induced to open his lips on the subject afterwards.

Needed a Haircut.

Prof. Blackie used to form a very picturesque feature in the Edinburgh streets. He was a cheery old patriarch, with handsome features and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders. No one who had seen him could possibly forget him.

One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack, with his "Shine your boots, sir?"

Blackie was impressed with the filthiness of the boy's face.

"I don't want a shine on my face," said he. "But if you go and wash your face I'll give you a shilling."

"A right, sir," was the lad's reply. Then he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hand for the money.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your shilling. Here it is."

"I dinna want it, sould chap," returned the boy, with a lordly air. "Ye can keep it and get yer hair cut."—Tit-Bits.

The wigmaker has the key to a good many false locks.

It is not always evidence of cowardice when a man runs away from a conflict.

YANTRY FAIR

"It has always been considered woman's privilege as well as duty to consider her looks, her gowns, and to study what best becomes her," said one of the beauties of our social four hundred. "We should therefore, as a matter of duty, avail ourselves of all nature's means of enhancing our looks, benefiting our face or figure, whenever we can. Pierce's Favorite Tonic is a matter of duty, without resorting to paint or other unnatural means."

The benefit of sunlight to the skin and hair cannot be overestimated.

Wrinkles are caused by shrinking of the tissues just under the skin.

American houses are kept too hot—the skin is dried by the hot air. If one women went out doors more, accustoming themselves to the cold air of winter, their blood would react quicker and their skin keep fresher.

\$500 reward for women who cannot be cured. Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Tonic now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Prolapse, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure, and which is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"About two years ago I was troubled with enlargement of liver and was unable to do my work," writes Marietta Decker, of Versailles, Darke Co., Ohio. "I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Tonic, and was cured. I can say that these medicines have done me more good than any home physician was able to do. My weight before taking the medicine was about one hundred and fifteen pounds; it is now one hundred and twenty-four pounds. I feel that God may bless you in all your undertakings."

If women want to know how to take care of their health they should always consult Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, biliousness and headache.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Some men love their neighbor as themselves, but the trouble is that they also love their neighbor's dollar better.

If you wait too long for a good chance, when it happens again you will be so rusty in the hinges that you can't nab it before some one else does.



When a boy doesn't know what else to do, he proceeds to hand out nervous prostration to the other members of the family.

A sharp speech punctures many an inflated gab bag.

The beauty of much present day preaching and political spouting is that no one is expected to take it seriously.

It is easier to climb on to a pedestal than it is to stay there.

It is a dog in the manger that won't do what he can do because he can't do what he wants to.

The more familiar you become with some people the less you understand them.

The ingenuity of a boy is not taxed to its utmost until he has had a quarrel with his sweetheart.

Autumnal.

When the gleams of red and yellow In the somber orchard show, Then the apples ripe and mellow Through the colder faucet flow; Sweet potatoes then are growing; Watermelons tempting lie; Grapes upon the vines are glowing, Hiding mid their green leaves, shy.

In the woods the leaves are turning; Some are rustling to the ground; Smoother crimson deep is burning Down beside the river's bed. Underneath the ripples flashing Silvery fins are waving free; Where the waters white are dashing To the rocky shoals below.

Squirrels now are busy stocking Up on acorns and the like, And the hired man is shocking In the cornfield down the pike. Spanish needles by the hundred Wait to sting you to the quick; When into them you have blundered Out you come on double quick.

Ragweed thrifty sets you sneezing With the passing of the breeze; Wild fall asters keep you wheezing— What a pest are all of these! Comfort for you isn't coming Till the frost has banished all; So no song you will be humming Of the beauties of the fall.

Not Temporarily.

"Her great-grandfather was keeper of the king's jewels."

"Did he run a pawn shop?"

Always Feels That Way.

"Oh, hold me, old man, hold me!"

"What on earth's the matter?"

"Hold me tight, I say."

"I'm gripping you, but what ails you?"

"There, I feel better now. She has passed."

"What's the matter with you, I say?"

"Didn't you see that summer girl pass along here just now? I knew that I'd get engaged to her in less than nine minutes, unless you prevented me, and it's so fatiguing, don't you know?"

General Rejoicing.

The last great gun is laid away. The cannons' thunders cease, And now the Japs will cultivate The gentle arts of peace. The maidens of Japan are glad The cruel war is o'er, And men who stocked up on their bonds Are not the least bit sore.

Apt Pupil.

"He has learned to love another."

"Learned? Was it hard for him?"

"No. He picked it up in a short evening course of private instruction."

Obvious.

"But what makes you think that he is a gentleman?"

"Well, I can't see that he is good for anything else."

When He Got Mad.

The argument so timely, So trifling, did appear, He hadn't a leg to stand on, And so he stood on his ear.

Hacks Away.

"Jones shaves himself!"

"Trying to cheat the barber?"

"No, the butcher I should judge to look at him."

Effect of Dyspepsia.

"I fear there is a spey in our midst."

"Cheer up! It is only a pie in your midst."

Mean of Him.

She—She's a horrid flirt.

He—Attractive girls usually are.

## A Doctor's Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is not a simple cough syrup. It is a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. It cures hard cases, severe and desperate cases. Especially good in bronchitis, pleurisy, consumption. Ask your doctor all about this. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines. Lowell, Mass.

## STAGE TRICKS.

How Some of the Seemingly Difficult Feats Are Performed.

When you see a man come out on the stage and shoot the ashes off a cigar which is being smoked by an assistant don't believe all you see. A hatpin is run through the cigar, the point just reaching the ash. The assistant just pushes the knob at the other end, and down falls the ash to great applause. Of course only blank cartridges are used.

Breaking two glass balls with two pistols is almost as simple. One of the pistols only is loaded and with shot. The other has a blank cartridge. The loaded pistol is aimed between the two balls, and the shot scattered, breaking them both. That's the trick.