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AUTO TIRES

We are the largest slightly used, factory adjusted tire concern in Michigan. Nowhere will you find such an assortment of various makes, such as Pias, Kents, Koonces, Clingens and many others at these remarkable prices.

We have a prompt service department for mail orders and you may be sure to get our best attention.

We also have the best in new tires. Firestone, Goodyear, Goodrich and all Cordes Superior "Claret Leaf" tires.

30x3	Non-Skid	.....	\$12.75
30x3 1/2	Non-Skid	.....	12.75
32x3 1/2	Non-Skid	.....	12.75
34x3 1/2	Non-Skid	.....	12.75
36x3 1/2	Non-Skid	.....	12.75
38x3 1/2	Non-Skid	.....	12.75

## Standard Made Tires

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## SUPERIOR TIRE CO.

82 Broadway

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

## C. LEIDICH

International Travel Bureau

69 W. Fort St., Detroit

## STEAMSHIP TICKETS

Any Lake or Ocean Steamer

Lakes, St. Lawrence River, St. Adria de Beaupre.

Money Forwarded All Parts of the World.

## ATTENTION, BOYS!

Just arrived a carload of new bicycles on which we have you from \$20.00 to \$50.00.

30 Bicycles for \$20.00

30 Bicycles for \$25.00

30 Bicycles for \$30.00

30 Bicycles for \$35.00

30 Bicycles for \$40.00

30 Bicycles for \$45.00

30 Bicycles for \$50.00

Central Cycle and Hdw. Co.

241 Grand St., Detroit, Michigan.

## STORE FIXTURES

Floor Display and Clear Cases, Counters, Shelves, Tobacco Wall, Glass Cases, Wire Chairs, Tables, All Glass Cases and Cabinets, Soda Fountains. We pay cash for store fixtures.

## GLUNZ

502 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Mich.

## CASH FOR DIAMONDS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

No matter how large or how small we pay the highest prices. Largest firm of its kind in Detroit. Established since 1899.

## WM. H. BELF CO.

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## AS A MANUFACTURER

We are able to pay the highest prices for all kinds of gold, silver, platinum and diamonds. Any amount of money on hand at all times. We also buy complete jewelry stocks.

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87-89 Grand River, 510 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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Buy, sell, rent, repair and exchange. Prices consistent with lowest cost. Good quality. Carbon paper and ribbons. Any color machine.

## American Office Appliance Co.

45 Washington Bldg., Detroit.

## CRESCENT AUTO PARTS

Wrecked and junk cars bought. Parts for all makes of cars sold; also tires, batteries, motors, magneto, generators, and starters cheap.

441 Grand River, Detroit, Mich.

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Repaired and recovered. Top dust covers seat covers and cushions made to order. Holidays by appointment. Call or write.

## Sam's Auto Top Repair Shop

36 Clifford, Detroit, Mich.

## Now is the time to have your furs remodeled and repaired.

Put your summer furs and coats now on display.

## JAMES M. FARRELL

FURRIER

24 Henry St., Detroit, Mich.

## GORDON &amp; ANSHUTZ

Tops and auto curtains repaired and recovered. Auto painting is our specialty. Comfort cushions make your Ford ride like an automobile.

517 Grand Ave., Detroit, Mich.

## Square Deal Pet Shop

24 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Chickens, parrots, cats, dogs, ferrets and Angora cats. Guinea pigs, all kind of birds. Gold fish, rabbits, aquarium. Poultry food and all kind of medicines.

Also if you have a good lot of singing canaries for sale.

## Jacqueline of Golden River

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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## BLIND-MAN'S BUFE.

Paul Hewlett, lettering at night in Madison square, New York, is approached by an Eskimo dog. He follows the dog to a gambling house and meets the animal's mistress coming out with a large sum of money. She is beautiful and in distress and he follows her, after protecting her from two assassins. He takes her in charge, and puts her in his own room for the rest of the night. He returns later to find a murdered man in his room and a woman who, with her memory gone. He decides to protect Jacqueline, gets rid of the body and prepares to leave for Quebec in a search for her home. Simon Leroux, seeing Jacqueline for some friendly purpose, finds them, but Hewlett evades him. Hewlett calls the girl his sister. In Quebec he learns that she is the daughter of a recluse in the wilds. Charles Duchene, "Pere Antoine" tells Hewlett Jacqueline is a mad girl and tries to take her away. Jacqueline is spirited away and Hewlett is knocked out. With a knife and a gun he takes her. On their sled journey to the Chateau Duchene their dogs are poisoned and Hewlett leaves behind his snow shoes.

## CHAPTER IX—Continued.

However, I hoped that the night would restore my sight, and so, dismounting the matter from my mind, I struggled up until last I stood upon the summit of the hill. Far away, like a thin, widening ribbon among the hills, I saw the valley of the Riviere d'Or.

Beneath me I saw Jacqueline waiting, a tiny figure among the snow. I cast my eyes beyond her toward the mist-wrapped tops of the far Laurentians and the plains.

And a sense of an inevitable fate came over me as I perceived far away a tiny, crawling and snoring figure—Simon Leroux's dog sled.

I went back to the little, patient figure that was waiting for me, and I took up my pack again and told her nothing. She stepped bravely out beside me, frozen, fatigued, but willing because I bade her. She did not ask anything of me.

The sun slipped lower, and far away I heard the howl of the solitary wolf again.

I gripped my pistols as we strode along.

We went on and on. The afternoon was wearing away; the sun was very low now and all its strength had gone.

"Courage, Jacqueline," I said to her arm. "The huts ought to be here."

Her courage was greater than my own. She looked up and smiled at me.

The wolf crier nearer, and its howls rang out with piercing strokes across the silence. My eyes closed, and I could hardly discern the darkening land, and the snow came down, not steadily but in swirling eddies blown on fierce gusts of wind.

I suddenly falling my eyes despairingly I saw the huts. There were five of them, and they had not been occupied for at least two seasons; for the blackened timbers were falling apart, and the roofs had been torn off all but one of them, no doubt for fuel. The wind was whirling the snow wildly around them, and it whistled through the broken, rotting walls.

I flung my pack inside the roofed one, and began tearing apart the timbers of another to make a fire.

Jacqueline, opening the pack, began the preparation of our meal, which consisted of some biscuits left from the night before, when we had made a quantity on the wood stove. We made tea over the roaring flames, and sat listening to the wolf's call and the wind that drove our hair in gusts of smoke and flame.

I scooped out a bed for Jacqueline inside the snow-belled hut and spread it with the big sleigh robe. She lay down in the fur coat, and I wrapped the ends around her. I looked into her sweet face and marvelled at its serenity. Her eyes closed readily.

A dreadful fear held me in its grip: what if she never awoke? Some people died this in the snow. I raised the sleigh robe and saw that the fur coat stirred softly as she breathed.

At last, out of the wild passions that fought within me, decision was born. I would go on, because she had hidden from me, and I would be ready for Leroux and let him eat as he saw fit. I loaded my pistols. I could do no more than fight for Jacqueline, and with God be the issue.

I must have been half asleep, for I came back to myself with a start and sprang to my feet. Jacqueline had risen upon her knees; she flung her arms out wildly and screamed, and caught her breath and screamed, and stood up and ran uncertainly toward me, with hands that groped for me.

She found me; I caught her, and she pushed me from her and shuddered and gasped, and in a flash I understood that follows dreams.

"I am here, Jacqueline," I said, "With you—always. I'll send me away. Remember that even in dreams, Jacqueline."

She knew me now, and she was retreating from me, out through the but-

door, into the blinding snow. I sprang after her.

"Jacqueline! Is it Paul!" I cried.

And as I emerged from the hut's shelter a red-hot glare from the east seemed to sear and kill my vision. It was the rising sun. I had thought it night, and it was already day. And I could see nothing through my swollen eyelids except the white light of the shining snow.

It was horrible, in that wild waste, alone. I tried to gather my scattered senses together.

Eastward, I knew, the river lay, and that blinding brightness came from the east. Southward a little distance was the hill that we had just descended on the evening before. I could discern the merest outlines of the land, but I fancied that I could see that it sloped upward toward the south.

I set off in the direction of the hill. "Jacqueline! Jacqueline!" I screamed frantically.

No answer came. Once more I called.

A dog barked suddenly, not far away, and through the mist I heard the side of sleigh runners on snow, and then I knew.

I scrambled down, slipping, and gashing my hands upon the rocks and loam at the foot of the hill. I saw two straight and narrow lines on the soft snow. They were the tracks of sleigh runners.

I followed them, sobbing and catching my breath and screaming:

"Jacqueline! Jacqueline!"

Then I heard Simon's voice, "Bonjour, M. Hewlett!" he called mockingly. "This way! This way!"

I turned and rushed blindly in the direction of the cry. I had left my snowshoes behind me in the hut and at each step my foot broke through the crusty snow, so that I floundered and fell like a drunken man to chores of taunts and laughter.

It was a horrible blind man's buff, for they had surrounded me, yelling, from every quarter.

"This way, monsieur! This way!" cried the voice which I knew to be that of Philippe Leroux.

A snowball struck me on the chin, and they began pelting me and laughing. I was like a baited bear. I was

that storm-wet wilderness, and there was no sun to guide me.

I plunged along—half delirious. I believe, for I began to hear voices on every side of me and to imagine I saw Simon standing, just out of reach, a shadow upon the mist, taunting me. I followed him at an undeviating distance, firing, reloading and firing again.

I was no longer conscious of my progress. The fingers that pressed the triggers of my pistols had no sensation in them, and in my imagination were parts of a monstrous mechanism which I directed. My legs, too, felt like stiles that somebody had strapped to my body, and instead of cold, a warm glow seemed to possess me.

Somebody was shaking me. "Get up!" he belovied in my ear. "Get up! Do you want to die in the snow?"

I closed my eyes and sank back to a lethargic sleep.

## CHAPTER X.

The Chateau.

I had an indistinct impression of being carried for what seemed an eternity upon the shoulders of my rescuer, and of clinging there through the delirium that supervened.

When at last I opened my eyes it was late afternoon. Though they pained me, I could now see with tolerable distinctness.

I was lying under a had of dried balsam leaves inside a little hut; and through the half-open door I could see the sun just dropping behind the mountains. Upon a wall hung a big crucifix of wood, and under it an old man was standing.

He heard me stir and came toward me. I recognized the massive shoulders and compelling countenance of Pere Antoine, and remembrance came back to me.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"In my cabin, monsieur," answered the priest, standing at my side, an inscrutable calm upon his face. "It is lucky that I found you, monsieur, or else you would soon have been dead. But for your dog—"

"My dog?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly," he came to me and brought me a mile out of my route to where you were lying. But now I come to think of it, it disappeared and has not returned. Perhaps it was sent by the le bon Dieu."

"Where is Mlle. Duchene?" I burst out.

"Father Antoine laid a heavy hand upon my shoulder.

"Be assured, monsieur, that madame is perfectly happy and contented with her situation," he said. "I am sure she has already regretted her escape. I have to depart at daylight upon an urgent mission a hundred miles away, which was interrupted by your rescue, but I shall be back in a week, by which time you will doubtless be able to accompany me to the coast."

"I shall not!" I cried weakly. "I am going on to the chateau."

He looked at me steadily.

"You cannot," he said. "If you attempt it you will perish by the way."

I burst into an impassioned appeal to him. I told him of Leroux and his conspiracy to obtain possession of the property of my encounter with Jacqueline, and how I had rescued her, omitting mention, of course, of the murder.

As I went on I could see the look of surprise upon his face gradually change to belief.

When I had ended he was looking at me with a benignancy that I had never seen before upon his face.

"M. Hewlett," he answered, "I have long suspected a part of what you have told me, and therefore I readily accept your statements. I believe now that you are telling me the truth."

From you, M. Hewlett, and my care is only that of the world. Madame is married, I understand."

"To whom?" I asked.

"To M. Charles Duchene, a nephew of M. Charles Duchene by marriage, less than two weeks ago in the chateau here."

The addition of the last word singularly revived me. I began to wonder from his lips unconsciously, but I gave me reason to believe that the chateau was near by.

Father Antoine sat down upon the chair beside me.

He had tried to escape me. She could not have been playing a part. She was too transcendently sincere. Something must have occurred—some dream which had momentarily crazed her; and she had confounded me with her persecutor.

I stood deep in the snow, a pistol in each hand, waiting. Once I heard the dogs yelp, far up the valley, and then there was only the sighing of the wind, and the wind of the driving snow. And the gray mist had closed in all about me. I was alone in

that storm-wet wilderness, and there was no sun to guide me.

I plunged along—half delirious. I believe, for I began to hear voices on every side of me and to imagine I saw Simon standing, just out of reach, a shadow upon the mist, taunting me. I followed him at an undeviating distance, firing, reloading and firing again.

I was no longer conscious of my progress. The fingers that pressed the triggers of my pistols had no sensation in them, and in my imagination were parts of a monstrous mechanism which I directed. My legs, too, felt like stiles that somebody had strapped to my body, and instead of cold, a warm glow seemed to possess me.

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## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. P. H. A. ZWARTER, D. D.,  
Teacher, English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.  
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## LESSON FOR JUNE 29

## REVIEW: RESPONSE TO GOD'S LOVE.

## SELECTION FOR READING—Phil. 1.

GOLDEN TEXT—I will praise thee, O my God, with my whole heart, Ps. 133:1.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Showing Our Love for Heavenly Father—John 13:34.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Some Things We Have Learned About God—John 3:16.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—The Marks of a Christian.

SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Some Fundamentals of Faith and Practice.

The method of review will largely be determined by the grade of the school. The primary teacher can use the material which shows love to the Heavenly Father; the junior teacher, that which teaches about God; the intermediate teacher, the marks of a Christian; the senior and adult teacher, the fundamentals of faith and practice. As illustrative of the method for the senior and adult, note the following:

Lesson I. God who was before all things is the cause of all things. The converse came into being by the will and act of the divine personality. Man himself is a creation of God, not an evolution. All things continue to be by the preserving power of God. This great being is the Father of all who believe on Jesus Christ. We should give Him our undivided affection and trust Him for food and raiment.

Lesson II. Jesus, the Son of God and Isaac's Messiah, is the lamb who bore our sins. Out of God's love he was given, and whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Lesson III. Jesus Christ rose from the dead. His resurrection guarantees: 1. The integrity of the Scriptures (1 Cor. 15:20).

2. The reality of the divine person (Rom. 1:4).

3. The fulfillment of Christ's atoning sacrifice (Rom. 4:25).

4. Life and immortality of the believer (1 Cor. 15:20).

Lesson IV. On the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the disciples, inspiring them into the best of what the Lord has done. The gift of the Spirit peculiarly qualified the disciples to be his witnesses.

Lesson V. God created man in his likeness and image and placed him at the head of creation.