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In addition, of course, you will find in this national weekly the usual wealth of fact articles, which have made it unquestionably first among farmers' business papers.
For example, I'd like to tell you of an article coming in next week's issue, "Look Out for Foreign Clover Seed," by J. Sidney Cates. You may soon be buying Mr. Cates' points out that, though the cost of seed may be the smallest item in your budget, the quality of the seed and its adaptability to your soil and climate will determine, very largely, whether you win or lose on the year's operations. Can you afford to be without *THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN* this coming season? One C. G. tip may save or make you many times the subscription price.
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Enterprise Liners Bring Results—Try One

MOVIES
TUESDAY — 7:30 P. M.
D. W. Griffith's Masterpiece
"THE BIRTH OF A NATION"
Methodist Community Hall

Local News
Mrs. John Melow is ill with the grippe this week.
The Vincent children are all ill with the measles.
Mrs. Clyde Adams was a Detroit visitor Friday last.
Mr. and Mrs. Asa Kahr were Pontiac visitors Saturday.
Miss Helen Bradley was a Detroit visitor on Friday last.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Loren on Sunday, January 27, a baby boy.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Polasky on Tuesday, January 24, a baby boy.
Master Leon Marsh has been absent from school the past week on account of illness.
Mary Jane Schroeder, who has been ill the past week with bronchitis, is much better.
Mr. and Mrs. Mooney of Detroit spent Sunday with her son, Mike Hornbrook and family.
John Powers received a pleasant visit Sunday from his son Percy and brother, Fred of Detroit.
The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Eisenberg who has been ill the past week with croup is better.
Mr. and Mrs. George Watson of Pontiac, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Richardson Sunday.
Mrs. Don Button spent couple of days last week visiting her sister, brother and mother in Detroit.
Miss Evangeline Bradley of Detroit, spent Monday evening with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradley.
The regular monthly business meeting of the W. H. M. S. will be held next Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Sherlock.
Clyde Alvord of Charlevoix, visited Kenneth Lord and family Friday night. Mr. Alvord was formerly of Farmington.
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Nichols and son Sherwood, of Detroit, took Sunday dinner with his brother, Floyd Nichols and family.
Clifford Kennedy of Detroit, accompanied Carleton Allyn home to spend Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allyn.
Mrs. W. R. Banks, was a guest of Mrs. H. N. McLean at the Apts and Crafts Club luncheon in Detroit, last week Wednesday.
Mrs. L. McArthur and grand daughter, Hope Perkins, of Detroit, spent a few days this week with Mrs. Emil Roos and family.
Mrs. Peterson of Kalamazoo, left Sunday for her home after spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. Milo Hornbrook and family.
Tobogganing on McGee hill was the big sport of the early part of the week. With an icy bottom the light covering made fine slipping.
Harold Kaercher of Detroit, spent Sunday with his brother Stanley and wife, who are spending the winter in the Minnie Wilber house.
Mrs. Sam Lock entertained the Great State Past Deputy and Great State Pocahontas and 12 members of the Pocahontas at a luncheon Saturday afternoon.
Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Weaver entertained several friends Saturday evening at a fish dinner. The fish were lake trout, sent from Charlevoix, their old home.
The Epworth League party held at the Methodist church on Monday was well attended. The program of games provided an evening of pleasure which closed with refreshments.
Mrs. A. C. Walling came from Hamburg Monday evening, where she has been spending some time with her daughter, to stay the remainder of the winter with her son Charles and family.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDonald and daughter Agnes, and his father, D. D. McDonald of Royal Oak, and Miss Maggie Burley of Detroit, visited Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Soldan and family Sunday.
As Mrs. S. D. Harger started for the school house Monday to attend a P. T. A. meeting she slipped and fell on the icy sidewalk in front of the Frank Parsons home, striking on the back of her head. She sustained a severe bump but it thought no serious results will follow.
Try A Liner—They Bring Results

The Casting Vote
By JUSTIN WENTWOOD
© 1913 Western Newspaper Union
"MUMMY, won't daddy ever come back?"
"Never again, dear."
"But he's not dead, mummy?"
Clara sighed. How was it possible to make little Jim understand that his father was dead to them for ever?
Clara had often put it to herself what she should do if Henry begged her to take him back. Her pride would never permit it. No, everything was at an end.
But little Jim couldn't understand. He was always crying for his father, who used to carry him on his back. The worst man showed the best side of his nature to a child. And, after all, there were good points to Henry.
However, in a few weeks she would be free. She would go away somewhere with the child, and there he would learn to forget.
Still, it was all very embarrassing, and little Jim very miserable, longed for his father. He would wake up with a start in the middle of the night and cry for him. That was the hardest thing to bear—the boy's thinking that his father had come home.
And then there came a wonderful day for Jim. It was on his way home from school, and there, standing outside the candy shop, was his father! He could hardly believe that he was real, until he had run to him and hugged him. Then he knew that he was real.
Such a kiss and a hug, and they two walking hand in hand, men together, as in the old days.
"But you mustn't tell mother, or she'll let you get out and see," his father had insisted. "If you tell her you'll never see me again."
And little Jim, wondering very much, had given his promise.
It was so hard to keep. But two or three times a week he found his father outside the candy shop. Then there came a day when Henry, haunting the place for a sight of the little son whom he loved so dearly, failed to meet him coming home from school. And the next day it was the same, and the next and the next.
He dared not go to the house, though he knew where it was! That was for Clara's sake. But he stood far off and looked at it, and saw the doctor's car drive up and drive away again. And then he knew.
Inside the house the child, stricken with diphtheria, raved and tossed on his cot.
"He keeps crying for his father," said the nurse.
The mother felt a lump rise in her throat. The memory persisted through everything.
"No possibility of getting the father?" asked the doctor, who knew all about the domestic tragedy.
"No one knows where he is."
"He's standing in front of the candy shop—in front of the candy shop on the way to school. With a bag of candy in his hand. Don't you see him, mummy?"
"Something must be done," said the doctor, shaking his head.
"Daddy, I want you to come to me. I love you. Come daddy!"
Distressed, Clara fled from the room. There was only the slightest chance that there was anything in the child's story. But she ran into the darkening street, and to the candy shop.
And Henry was standing there, but there was no bag of candy in his hand.
"He's calling for you. You must come!"
Henry, silently accompanied his wife back to the house. The child was teasing on his bed and crying.
"Here I am, Jim," said Henry, kneeling down at the bedside.
And the child knew his father's voice, and stretched out his little hands and smiled.
After that came the long days of convalescence. Little Jim was very glad.
"The doctor says you've saved his life, Henry," said Clara.
"And now," he gulped, "I'll have to be going, I suppose. I know you won't have me here, although I wish it were possible for me to stay and try to atone for the past."
"But Jim wants you, Henry," answered Clara. "Suppose we let him have the casting vote?"
Needed the Combination.
A couple of visitors to the Hotelides tumbled out early on the morning of their arrival and began to fish in a nearby loch. After the passing of an hour or two their lack of success led them into a discussion about the pronunciation of the word "loch".
"Is it 'low' or is it 'lock'?" asked one.
"I understand it is 'low'," said the other, "and I sincerely hope that it is true."
"Why?"
"Because if this is a 'loch' we haven't the combination."
Little Bluebelle.
"Mr. Mr., but these judges are particular."
"What now, Bluebelle?"
"I see a judge threw a man's cast out of court because he did not come into court with clean hands."
She Ought to Know.
Maid—A gentleman to see you, madam.
Her Mistress—How do you know he's a gentleman?
Maid—Because he said, "Beg pardon" before he kissed me.—Kipling's Comedies, London.

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