

—TWO REXALL STORES—
The Smith Pharmacy
Open Every Day and Evening.
"Better Service."
We Deliver
—Special Brick Ice Cream Daily—
"When You See a Blue Package—Think of Us."

CASH STORES!
Beginning January 1st
these Stores will conduct
business on a strictly cash
basis to everyone.

The Central Pharmacy
HAROLD BASNEY, Manager
Prescriptions a Specialty.
Open Every Day and Evening.
"Service with Courtesy."
We Deliver

THE PIONEER MARKET
Herman A. Schroeder, Proprietor
CHOICE MEATS.
Fresh Smoked Salted
EGGS - BUTTER - CHEESE
Everything in OUR LINE at LOWER PRICES
Try our Roasted Coffee—BEST IN TOWN

Remember Our
'BALL BAND' Rubbers
WE CAN FIT YOU
The E. C. Grace Store
FARMINGTON, MICH.

This is a good chance for our
Customers. We will Reline
your Coat or Suit from \$5.00
up, and at the same time get
it Cleaned and Pressed Free
of Charge.
We just charge for re-lining.
CLEANING
PRESSING
REPAIRING
Our Driver will call any time
you call 76-R, Redford.
The O. K. TAILORS
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There is no guess work
related to the perfected
milk that you get under
our label. We have
made every modern
preparation to insure
the production of a
rich, creamy milk that
carries strength-giving
properties in every
pint.
Quality Dairy Products
**Farmington
Dairy**

LINER COLUMN.
CARD OF THANKS
We desire to express our heart-
felt thanks to the friends and
neighbors for their kindness and
assistance, and for the beautiful
flowers, to the singers, and to Rever-
end Mr. Eva, for his comfort-
ing words at the time of the death
and burial of our beloved son and
brother.
Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Austin.
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Austin.
Mr. and Mrs. Lee Walker.
Bake sale by L. O. T. M. Sat-
urday, January 5, from 2 to 4 P.
M. at Farmington Hardware store. 8-1
FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Jer-
sey bull, calf, \$25. Pedigree of
dam and sire on request. Sar-
mento Farm. 8-2
WANTED—Farm help; single
man; steady work. See John
Hess, Warner Farm. 8-2
FARM FOR RENT—175 acres lo-
cated 1/2 mile North and 3/4 mile
West of Elm Station on School-
craft road. Inquire of Fred
Schroeder 535 Starkweather Ave.
Phone 94 R. Plymouth 5-4
FOR SALE—Canaries, about fifty
beautiful singers of many col-
ors; priced from \$5 up. Arthur
Coe, half mile south of Nichols
siding, Plateau stop on D. U. R.
Phone 50-F12, Farmington.
FOR RENT—Three offices and
three flats; ready about April
1st. Enquire Lee Hardware. 7-11
FOR RENT—Modern furnished
home for rent up to April 1st.
Winter coal supply in basement.
Call openings or phone Farm-
ington 57 F12 after 6:30 P. M.
Walter Headerle, Shaw Subdi-
vision, Clarenceville.
FOR SALE—Twenty-five Rhode
Island Red pullets. Call Enter-
prise office. 8-1

**The Colonel's
Narrow Escape**
By EDITH OLIVER


(Ed. Doubleday, Page & Co.)
THE honeymoon still shone clear and bright in its second evening at the Pine Gap hotel. When Dorothy said she would play bridge if Tom would bring it would be their first separation.
He walked to the elevator with her and thought for the ten thousandth time what an adorable little thing she was and how wonderful that she should have married an old chap like him! As the elevator was approach-
ing the floor he snatched a kiss and ran down the back stairs, for his fish-
ing logs were despatched. He had always been a man of many moods.
The bridge game was protracted, but after the last rubber was ended Dorothy went out onto the porch where she could see the River Road. Tom was late; it was too bad of him on their first parting.
Dorothy was a spoiled child, and it humiliated her bitterly to feel that on her honeymoon she had been for-
gotten—by her husband. Too well she knew what Alice would say: "Poor dear old Tommyrot; must be having the time of his life." Cat! A little hot spark of anger began to burn in her heart.
They were both well known and popular; the whole house was roused. Guests, waiters, musicians, elevator boys, bellhops, gathered to talk about it, and the whole assembly could only suggest that he was lost. The poor little bride collapsed entirely as the four men appeared, struggling into sweaters over their dinner clothes and carrying lanterns and long things which an officious nurse announced to be a stretcher. The search party apparently favored the worst.
Desk and lobby were deserted; elevators stood idle and empty; one bell tux on the indicator after vagrantly frantically for twenty minutes fell off at Sam's feet. He picked it up—350.
Mr. Blake's room. Good old sport, Mr. Blake—great friend of the col-
onel's!—if he was upstairs he would not know of the accident; he would be good for a tip if Sam told him. Sam ran upstairs and knocked, breath-
less, full of his news.
An angry chorus of voices bade him enter, but he stopped in the doorway with open eyes and mouth for there, in his shirt-sleeves, a big clear in his mouth, a goodly pile of blues before him and an expression of serene con-
tent on his face sat—the colonel!
The explanation was simple. He had met Blake on the back stairs and zone back with him to play for an hour and promptly forgotten every-
thing else. Sam's stammering "Yo-
wife said—" brought a derisive reminder that he was already a henpecked husband. But when Sam had re-
covered himself, and closing the door, came in and told the story of things downstairs, laying special stress on the search party; the jolly faces grew very sober. The colonel held his head on his arms and fairly sobbed.
"She'll never forgive me, boys—she couldn't understand—no woman could on our honeymoon!"
It was true, but what was to be done? The men suggested all sorts of wild and impractical things, but the colonel only moaned that he would not make his wife a laughing stock. It was a deadlock until Sam came forward, and with rolling eyes and im-
mense importance, announced:
"I got it—you see de on'y way de kum' kin cum back onerable is on dat stretcher—"
"Shut up," said Blake in a tremble-
ing roar.
"Wait," Sam went on. "Dey ain't no time ter lose. He got ter cum back onerable—an' de on'y way he kin is downed, cos dat's easier dan bel'n' him. Let him climb out de window and git ter Baker's Eddy, quick befo' dat party, an' sh'll go down and tell em nh kin find him."
It was a ghastly climb down the fire escape; light flashed out in the room below, but he wriggled past; once he hung in midair as the fishing basket caught on a hook; his trem-
bling steps slipped and tumbled on the interminable ladder, but at last he was down and grasping those cursed fishing things he ran as he had not run for twenty years.
He knew every step of the way, but pole baskets, and belt can caught on every branch; got between his legs; seemed to entangle him with deliber-
ate intent, and he dared not leave them.
He stumbled on, his heart pounding, a roaring dizziness swimming before him, his breath coming in painful gasps, but with never a thought of quit-
ting for one word filled heart and brain and lay ever on his lips—"Dorothy! Let him only save her from humili-
ation; let him only hold out for that."
In a delirium of exhaustion he stum-
bled—clutched at the bushes—re-
slipped and fell headlong down a steep bank at Baker's Eddy to lie on a little pebbly beach, his troubles for-
gotten in blessed oblivion.
Everyone gathered around as the four men carried in the stretcher and deposited it on the floor of the lobby; Dorothy held his hand and looked up at the doctor with her heart in her eyes while he made a careful exami-
nation. He was a kindly old man. He patted her head and said very ten-
derly:
"All right, my dear, nothing really the matter—but he's had a narrow escape."
The colonel looked up into Dorothy's eyes and pressed her hand. He felt that he had.

**The
Scrap Book**

**Plan to Make London
City Built on Stilts**
Much has been said and written re-
specting the problems in our great cities, particularly with re-
gard to the congestion of the London streets.
Among the many remedies that have been suggested one of the most inter-
esting, and perhaps the most drastic, is that advocated by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and published in London Answers.
His scheme is that overhead roads, of all existing streets and houses, should be built in London. Such overhead roads might run from London docks to the neighborhood of Edgeware road, from the Surrey docks to Wandsworth and from the Crystal Palace to Tottenham or Highbury. The roadways would be 60 feet wide, sufficient for six lines of traffic, and would be supported on giant piles, some of which would be placed as lifts for raising vehicles up and down and while others would be let as residen-
tial flats.
It is estimated that the cost of con-
structing those overhead roads would be less than that of widening existing streets or of building new tubas. So the idea may one day materialize. If it does other cities will doubtless follow London's example and the city on stilts may be a commonplace of the town planning of the future.
**Lost Ring Restored
Through Black Magic**
Black magic recovered a lost ring in Natal, South Africa. The wife of a farmer living at Mool River missed a very valuable diamond ring. A de-
tective called in could discover no clues leading to its recovery. The farmer then went to see a well-known Zulu witch-doctor, or "Isangoma," as the natives called him. The witch-
doctor said: "You have come about the ring. Sit down, and I will call the spirits." A short while later a scratch-
ing noise was heard in the roof of the kraal, and the witch-doctor spoke: "Listen," he said, "the spirit talks. He is saying that as you have already gone to the police he will not help you. However, you may rest assured the ring will come back." A month later the farmer and his wife were at the Theatre Royal, Durban. They went out during the interval, and by some curious chance, the lady left her bag behind. When she returned and opened it, there lay the ring! The bag was quite new and had been pur-
chased a few days previously.
Heroic Frenchwoman
A solitary woman passenger was travelling in the Paris-Constantinople air express when the machine caught fire. If the flames had reached the fuel tank the airplane would have been blown to pieces. The passenger, a Frenchwoman, prevented it.
She rammed a hole in the tank and let the petrol out. The pilot stopped his engine and glided 1,200 feet down to an island in the Danube, near Budapest.
The machine was burned to ashes, but the mails were saved, and neither pilot nor passenger was injured. The next day they went on in another plane.
WHAT WILL THEY DO?

Minister—Remember, the meek shall inherit the earth!
One of the Flocks—What do you think of their chances of managing it when they get it?
Sandals Caused Scandals
Several amusing incidents have oc-
curred since the recently discovered mummies at the Chapter house, West-
minster, England, were opened to the public. At first visitors had to remove their shoes and assume sandals. One absent-minded man walked into the street still wearing his sandals; while another visitor found a dilapidated pair of shoes left in place of his perfectly sound pair. Such mistakes are now obliterated by the sandals being placed over the footweers.
After Many Days
A man left his umbrella in a car-
riage on an English railroad some months ago. The other week, while travelling on another line he came across it from the rack of the carriage in which he was travelling.
Sisters' Triple Wedding
Three orphan sisters—the Misses Mary, Lily, and Teresa Joyce—were all married at the same time at St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Black-
burn, England.
Uninvited Guest
A live kingfisher was found recently in Lord Rosebery's bedroom in his house at Epsom, Surrey.

OBITUARY
Charles Teagan
Charles Teagan was born in De-
troit, May 11, 1875 and at the age of 10 years moved with his par-
ents to a farm on the Seven Mile road, one and one-half miles west of Five Points, where he resided for about twenty-two years. June 21, 1906 he was united in marriage to Gladys Cook. To them were born six children. A son, Alger, was laid to rest December 24, 1911.
Mr. Teagan has lived at Clar-
enceville for the past seventeen years having just recently moved to Redford. He had been ill for about four weeks, the last two weeks having been at Harper Hos-
pital, where he passed away De-
cember 20. Besides his wife and five children, four daughters and a son, who deeply mourn the loss of a devoted husband and a kind and loving father, he leaves two broth-
ers, William C. Teagan and Rob-
ert S. Teagan and a sister, Mrs. John Myers, all of Detroit; also a host of friends who mourn with the family.
Funeral services were held at the home, 18978 Mill road, Wed-
nesday, December 24. Rev. F. C. Walters of Saginaw and Rev. Kuhlman of Redford officiating. Interment at Grand Lawn ceme-
tery.
CARD OF THANKS
I wish through the home paper to extend my thanks to all those who so kindly remembered me Christmas time, and to extend to them my heartfelt greetings for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.
Oliver Sprague.
CARD OF THANKS
We wish to extend our sincerest thanks to all our friends and neighbors for their many kind-
nesses and floral offerings during the illness of husband and father. All others who assisted us and especially Rev. Walters and Rev. Kuhlman.
Mrs. Chas. Teagan and Family.

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many state boundaries
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**The
New Year**
WILL PROBABLY DAWN CLEAR
COLD. IS THERE THE NECES-
SARY NUMBER OF HEAT UNITS
TO A POUND OF YOUR COAL
TO GIVE YOU THE FIRE YOU
NEED, WITHOUT BURNING
MORE COAL THAN YOU
SHOULD? WE HAVE A COAL
THAT IS PARTICULARLY HIGH
IN HEAT UNITS. IT SAVES
MONEY FOR YOU, AND GIVES
MORE HEAT PER POUND.
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C. G. HOGLE, Manager
Phone 20.