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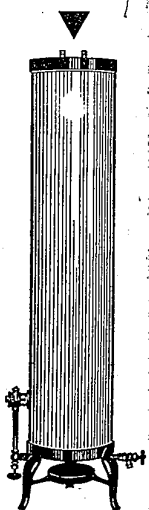
Farmington

Michigan



Helpful Hot Water

Hot water is a willing and useful helper for summer housework. And now, with this remarkable new heater, hot water is always ready without fuss and bother of heating it in kettles or running down stairs to light the heater. Then when work is over, the fatigue, the aches and drudgery are washed away and forgotten in the comforting relaxation of a hot bath, ready at your convenience. Install one of these new heaters!



Consumers
Special Gas Water Heater

We will buy your wasteful furnace coil. Get rid of this money-eater. We will give you a liberal allowance for your old coil or heater to apply on the purchase of this new low-cost Gas Water Heater. FREE TRIAL—Put one in on free trial. See why thousands are pleased. If not satisfied, we'll remove it without charge. Let us explain how easy it is to have this wonderful heater installed on easy payments.

\$5.00 Down

COME IN OR PHONE

CONSUMERS POWER COMPANY

Savior-Wife of Their Son

By BROWNLEY JONES

(Copyright.)

"IF ONLY you had one saving imperfection!" Dorothy said placidly with her most fetching glance. Her sole auditor, J. Hubert King, Esq., accepted the tribute at face value, though he made a pretense of deprecation with, "That's just your awfully too-kindness."

"Impossible," said Miss Dorothy, with accent deserving italics. "I've watched and studied you ever since you came, trying to pick a flaw. Tell me—is there anything—anything at all—you really can't do?"

"That remains to be seen," J. Hubert answered with a significant look. Dorothy dropped her eyes, murmuring delicately: "When you see—won't you please tell me?"

"If you promise not to sympathize," from J. H., essaying the subtle. She clapped her hands crying joyously: "Instead I shall felicitate you. It must be dreadfully lonesome—this being in a class by yourself."

She was, you perceive, wholly devoid of conscience—at least where the male of her species, oozing fatness, conceit and wealth, was concerned. J. Hubert was truly as perfect a specimen of the gentleman strictly hand-made as was ever turned out by tutors, tailors, masters of each social grace, as ever admired himself in the finest French plate mirrors. He was indeed the supreme achievement of his worthy parents—plus the millions thriftily accumulated in the cloak and suit trade. They had tolled early, married late—after the money began rolling up, came this crowning mercy, a son to inherit it. So nothing had been spared, much less scantied, toward his perfecting. It spoke well for his native fiber.

Dorothy, in the rashness of youth, did not see that the supercilious masked a real man. His conceit offended her, also amused her—she felt it rather the part of womanly duty to abate it. Therefore she played with o' the wisp, letting him approach within arms' length, then dancing, glancing, beyond reach or comprehension. Now and then unkindly, she treated herself to flustering him to the top of his head. He purred under it so naively, it was worth while. Besides she truly owed him something for the orchids, motor parties, candy and so on wherewith he had staved her path since he dawned upon the scene.

Six hours later Dorothy came to a crucial, vital moment she never forgot. She bent to hear a feeble voice say from swathing bandages: "Please marry me! At once—they will come too late—I want to leave them—something in my place."

It was King who implored. He had saved a child from death under a lumbering motor truck and been crushed in doing it—fatally crushed, said the surgeons. Struggling back to consciousness he had asked for her—his people were a thousand miles away. Twelve hours of life remained to him by the word of wisdom. Dorothy alone dared to galsay it. She caught his one free hand in both her own, saying clearly: "Listen! It will be harder to live than die—but better worth while. You must not talk of marriage nor think of dying. I shall stay here to prevent it. A hero does not shrink from anything."

"You—you mean you won't be my wife?" the weak voice but robust.

"Not now. Weed's wouldn't in the least become me," Dorothy flushed back. "Get well. Give your whole mind to it, then we'll talk further about it. I can't let you think so ill of me as that I would make a death-bed bargain."

"Will you promise?" King began. She cut him short with: "Only to stay with you until I can tell your mother you are going to live—to be the man she has given the world. You have no right to sulk, because you are suffering tortures. Fighting is a man's job. I know you can do it—and you must."

The nurse tried to check her, the surgeon looked gravely concerned. But his young assistant murmured half under breath: "Good work!" He looked at Dorothy covertly—there seemed to him a halo about her golden head. "I believe she'll keep him here until the old folks come," he whispered to the surgeon as together they left the room. "If she does it will be a miracle," was all the elder man said. Miracles are still possible. King woke from three hours' sleep, distinctly better. Throughout the hours Dorothy had sat holding his hand, willing him with all the ardor, the contrition of her impetuous soul, to make the man fight she knew lay ahead. All night she stuck to her post. And in the gray morning she had her reward—the sick man seeing her against the dawn-glow, murmured: "I am coming up—from hell—by help of—an angel."

In a month he was well enough to be moved—there was hope that in a year he might walk freely, though full strength was too much to hope for. His father and mother brought Dorothy to go home with them—the savior-wife of their son, for whom all the world was a sufficient reward. But the son himself had learned wisdom—he had seen the faces of Dorothy and the young doctor answer each other across his sick bed. She had given him back life—he would give her happiness. So at last, pale but illumined of face, he joined their hands firmly, saying as he smiled at them: "You are to let me play fairy godfather, for being a good patient."

FARMINGTON ACRES

Mrs. H. A. McIntyre

Mrs. Albert Koss had the misfortune to suffer a very dangerous fall last week in her home on Base Line road, south of Farmington.

Archie Shotwell of Houston, Tex., was a visitor at B. G. McIntyre's last Friday. He was on his way to visit his mother, Mrs. Edyth Shotwell of Augres, Mich.

Mrs. H. A. McIntyre and children were visitors in Berkley Thursday. Little Miss Margaret Singer returned home with them for a visit.

Miss Mary Bavender is suffering from a bad case of ivy poisoning.

Miss Amanda Markham and a friend, Alfred Deno, spent Sunday at Silver Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McIntyre and family and a guest, Margaret Singer, were at Lower Straits Lake Sunday.

Mrs. B. G. McIntyre and niece, Gertrude McIntyre were shoppers in Detroit Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Schultes and Mrs. Stinetz were shopping in Detroit Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dann of Flint spent Sunday with their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dann.

Mrs. Samuel Walker of Capac was a week end guest of her daughter, Mrs. Seebaldt.

Little Patsy Taylor of Detroit, who has been spending several weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Seebaldt, returned to her home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Singer and children of Berkley were visitors at the H. A. McIntyre home Wednesday. Miss Margaret returned home with them after spending several days as guest of Grace McIntyre.

Palms are regarded by the people of Egypt as symbols of peace and rest and are held sacred.

Will B. Narrin

Candidate for
Republican Nomination

for
COUNTY TREASURER

Oakland County

PRIMARY ELECTION

TUES., SEPT. 14, 1928

Your Support Will Be
Appreciated



John A. ADAMS

Republican Candidate for

COUNTY ROAD
COMMISSIONER

OAKLAND COUNTY

Primary Election

Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1928

Your Support Will Be
Greatly Appreciated

A New Economy Center

OPENING SALE

The Hinkle Co.

SEVEN-MILE and GRAND RIVER

SATURDAY, AUG. 11th

We Invite You to Visit Our New
5c to \$5.00 Store

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS
THAT WE OFFER ON OUR OPENING DAY:

FREE --- Souvenirs For All --- FREE

36x36 TABLE CLOTHS, each	\$.35
MEN'S PARIS GARTERS, pair	.19
GEM ALARM CLOCKS, each	.89
DARK BROWN SUIT CASES, each	.98
RAYON BED SPREADS, each	1.95
LADIES' HOUSE DRESSES, each	1.00
LADIES' SILK DRESSES, each	4.95
WHITE CUPS and SAUCERS, set	.10
5 YARD BOLT CHEESE CLOTH, bolt	.29
22x24 FANCY BATH TOWELS, each	.25
LADIES' FANCY GARTERS, pair	.19
LADIES' FULL FASHIONED SILK HOSE, pr	1.39
LADIES' PECO TOP RAYON HOSE, pair	.49
LADIES' BANDEAU BRASSIERES	.19
5-PIECE COLORED GLASS KITCHEN SET	.98
SILK FRINGE MARQUETTE PANELS, ea.	.59

THE HINKLE CO.

GRAND RIVER and SEVEN-MILE ROAD