

ONE WAY OF SAVING A BABY—FREE TO TRY

The mother does not live who would not do all in her power to keep her child healthy, but often she does not know how. So when a doctor of standing points the way all can afford to listen.

It is an accepted fact that nine out of ten of the troubles of infants and children is intestinal. You notice it the fact that the child is constipated, it belches, is peevish and cries. Don't give a remedy that contains an opiate, because the child will get in the habit of needing it, and don't be alarmed and run at once for a doctor.

Try a scientific laxative first. Give a small dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the remedy that is intended for the use of children. It is mild, gentle and non-gripping. The remedy is absolutely pure and is guaranteed in every particular. Mrs. Toomey of Emmingsville, Pa., and Mrs. Fred Crooms of Allentown, Mich., never give their children anything else. These are only a few among thousands of women.

You can buy a fifty-cent or one dollar bottle of any nearby drugstore, for they have all sold it for a generation. But if you want to test it on your child first send your address to Dr. Caldwell and he will cheerfully send you a free sample bottle.

Address him Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 402 Caldwell Building, Monticello, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE

Redford

Mrs. Geo. Robinson has been quite sick this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Schrader of Detroit are visiting at the home of Mrs. Wm. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Green of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lahser.

The board of supervisors have elected Thos. J. Gunn, county commissioner of schools.

Hugo Spaulding is putting the building in repair that he recently purchased of Fred DeNio.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Beardslee of Detroit spent Thursday of last week, with Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Beardslee.

Miss Anna Lahser and little niece, Christine DeNio, were guests at the home of Mrs. Christine Kegal in Detroit last Sunday.

The Branch of the Vine will give a Hallows'even social in the Presbyterian church parlors on Friday evening, October 27. An invitation is extended to all.

The K. O. T. M. M. of Bell Branch will give a dancing party at their hall on Friday evening, Oct. 20. Good music and refreshments. Bill 50c. Everyone come.

David McGiffin, who while engaged at his work in the city last week, was thrown violently to the pavement, when his horse became frightened and ran away, is still suffering considerably from the effects of the fall. He was most severely injured about the head.

The Wayne county state tax will be at the rate of \$3.04 this year on account of the raise given the county by the state board of equalization. This is a raise of 8c. The county can stand the raise if it is only put where it belongs on the big automobile and other factories in Detroit.

Miss Anna Lahser has resigned her position with her brother in the Lahser store and has accepted a position with the Anderson Company of Detroit as stenographer, where she was formerly employed.

Miss Florence Muldrugh, whose cheerful presence in Geo. Woodruff's music store, which was discontinued last week, was being missed by many, is her successor in the Lahser store.

The death of Julius James Carlin occurred Wednesday evening at his home on the Schoolcraft road, four miles from Redford. The funeral will be held at the home Saturday afternoon at two o'clock and will be in charge of R. B. Northrop, the Redford funeral director.

Mr. Carlin came to this country from France and had resided in this section for many years where he was universally respected. A wife and one son are left.

Cook & Co. install the "Underfeed System" for heating. Ask the man.

A large shipment of "Black Cat" hosiery in fall and winter styles just received at Cook & Co.'s.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND LAR
store, the cough and healing agent.

Miss Chittenden's Purse

"Well, of course, something has happened!"

"Yes, papa."

"You've lost your purse again!"

"Yes."

"And \$50 with it!"

"No, papa—only about \$6 this time."

"Only \$6? You lost \$50 to me as if we had thousands to throw away—as if \$6 were only six single nails! Well, this is positively the last time that I trust you with more than half a dollar at once. Seventeen different times in the last two years you have lost your purse!"

That was the home-coming of Miss Gladys Chittenden as she got back to Bridgeport from a run down to the city to do some shopping. Miss Gladys was the daughter of ex-Judge Chittenden, retired from the bench and raising a few chickens and making himself disagreeable to the neighbors on the block where he dwelt. He was a widower, and the girl was his only child.

Miss Gladys had lost her purse—lost it in the usual way. She had been behind time in her shopping and had made a rush for the depot and he train at the last minute. In buying her ticket she had left her purse on the shelf and made a run for the gate.

The next person to approach the ticket window after Miss Gladys was Mr. Will Anderson, a young architect. He wanted to make some inquiries about trains. He had taken notice of the young lady, and when the purse fell under his eyes he lost a minute in wondering and then hurried after her.

But she was gone. Mr. Anderson pocketed the purse and started for his office. He had the plans of a skyscraper on his desk, but what is a skyscraper compared to a young and handsome and unknown girl? He let the plans lie and took careful note of the contents of the purse; \$6 in cash, a key to a trunk, a bit of red ribbon, a square of card-paper, a tiny little knife—and three or four address cards.

He had the clew. "Miss Gladys Chittenden, Bridgeport, Conn." No street—no number.

Three days later found Mr. Anderson in Bridgeport. It wasn't much of a task to find the family of Chittenden.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Anderson as he halted and presented his card.

"Architect, eh?"

"Architect, yes," answered the judge after putting on his glasses and reading the name. "Well, you can go right on! I was foot enough to have an architect plan this running down cellar instead of upstairs."

"Your daughter, sir—"

"Never you mind my daughter. She doesn't want any chicken coops built."

"She was in the city the other day, and—"

"And it's none of your business if she was!"

Mr. Anderson turned and went back to the depot and took the train for home. He would send the purse by mail. He would send it by express. He would send it by messenger—by a big, husky messenger who would throw the judge over his own gate if he didn't improve his conduct. No, he would do nothing of the kind. He wouldn't be bluffed. He would see Miss Gladys and explain, and then proceed to fall in love with and marry her if his life paid the forfeit.

He worked on those skyscraper plans for three days and then lied him away to Bridgeport again.

The judge was standing right in his open gate again, and he was in even a worse temper than before.

He recognized the architect as he came back, and was ready to cry out at him.

"Didn't I say I did not require your services?"

"I have not offered them," was the calm reply.

"Well, that's all right, but will you look at that mud heap right here on the best street in town!"

"Official laxity, I should say."

"That's it—that's it! We have got a board, sir, that doesn't know enough to pound sand. Why, it doesn't know sand when it sees it!"

"I agree with you, and the members should be strided up."

"You agree, eh? Shake hands. Excuse me if I was a little blunt the other day."

"Your daughter, sir. She was in New York and—"

"Come in—come in. Gladys happens to be home now."

And when they had entered the house and stood before the daughter he continued:

"Gladys, gentleman to see you. He agrees with me perfectly as to the board of public works."

The story of the lost and found purse came out, and was laughed over, and the judge chuckled and slapped his leg, and Miss Gladys blushed as she thanked the finder, and half an hour slipped away very pleasantly.

In telling his daughter Mr. Anderson suggested that the police ought to be shaken up for their duty, and the judge shook hands over that and invited him to call again, and taken him around the board for romance began to appear. There were other trips to Bridgeport, and the plans of the skyscraper were finished, and it was only six months later that the judge said to his daughter one day:

"Glad, but Anderson agrees with me that taxes are twice too high here, and if I ever have a son-in-law—"

But Miss Gladys ran away.

STOVE BUYER WARNINGS

Caution

ASK for the book on "The Only Safe Way to Buy Stoves and Ranges." As a matter of simple justice to the public, we, as agents of the largest makers of stoves and ranges in the world, give here, and in this special book, the facts about mail-order stove buying.

We wish it understood that we are not fighting any Mail-Order Stove Concern. We win our blow at the system, where the buyer takes great chances of getting his money's worth.

Consider carefully the questions involved in the purchase of a stove or range, which must either give years of day-to-day service and satisfaction or prove an absolutely worthless investment.

Risks of Mail-Order Stove Buying

- 1—Quality!**
No stove, however attractive, no price, however low, can justify the purchase of a stove or range that lacks the vital element of quality. Experience, skill, science and the use of the best materials and workmanship must be brought into the stove or range before it has the quality that will stand the test of time.
- 2—Guarantee!**
Your guarantee of quality, when you buy a stove or range, is based on forty years of stove building and the satisfaction of thousands of Garlands in over 40,000 homes.
- 3—Bargains!**
Beware of ranges sold by mail in (see page) the "greatest bargain" ever offered. There's magic in the word "bargain" and the mail-order stove seller is one of the biggest purveyors of the mail-order stove.
- 4—Delays!**
In buying a stove or range by mail, the buyer is subject to the delays of the mail-order stove seller. The buyer is subject to the delays of the mail-order stove seller. The buyer is subject to the delays of the mail-order stove seller.
- 5—"Knock-Down" Stoves!**
No mail-order stove is shipped at a knock-down price. The buyer is subject to the delays of the mail-order stove seller. The buyer is subject to the delays of the mail-order stove seller.
- 6—"Money Back!"**
We do not guarantee the mail-order stove seller. We do not guarantee the mail-order stove seller.

Ask for the Garland Book on "The Only Safe Way to Buy Stoves and Ranges"

FRED L. COOK & CO. HARDWARE

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Foley Kidney Pills

supply just the ingredients needed to build up, strengthen and restore the natural action of the kidneys and bladder. Specially prepared for backache, headache, nervousness, rheumatism and all kidney, bladder and urinary irregularities. Sold by T. H. McGee.

PROTECT
The Health of Yourself and Family

Pope's Herb is prepared to provide a dependable household remedy, based upon the principle of purity of blood, insuring freedom from disease. It is a potent for ailments such as Rheumatism, Liver Complaints, Constipation, Fever and Ague, Female Disorders, Indigestion, Lumbago, Kidney Derangements, Catarrh, Sick and Nervous Headaches, loss of Appetite and all ailments arising from inactivity of the Liver and Kidneys.

It is a purely Herbs, Barks and Roots Compound. It is put up in Chocolate coated Tablets pleasing and easy to take; (or can be dissolved in water.)

James C. Dahlman, "Cowboy" Mayor of Omaha, "Throws the Lariat"

Mayor Jas. C. Dahlman started his career as a cowboy and is at present mayor of Omaha, and has the following record: Sheriff of Dawes Co., Neb., three terms; mayor of Chadron, two terms; Democratic National committee-man, eight years; mayor of Omaha six years, and in 1910 candidate for governor of Nebraska. Writing to Foley & Co., Chicago, he says: "I have taken Foley Kidney Pills, and they have given me a great deal of relief so I cheerfully recommend them." Yours truly, (Signed) JAMES C. DAHLMAN. Sold by T. H. McGee.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—In the Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 30th day of September, A. D. 1911.

Present: Hon. Kleber P. Rockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of **Francis A. McClure** deceased.

Ethel A. Grantham, administratrix of said estate having filed in said court a petition praying for the confirmation and allowance of her final account, determining the heirs at law of said deceased, distributing the assets of said estate and discharging said administratrix.

It is ordered, that the 28th day of October, A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

KLEBER P. ROCKWELL, (A true copy.) Judge of Probate.

E. B. CAVELL, VETERINARIAN
Ontario College, now has his office in residence, corner of Cady and Center streets. Calls attended day or night. Both Phones, Northville, Mich.

Oakland County Savings Bank
Pontiac, Mich.

Capital, \$50,000, Surplus and Profits, \$10,000

4 per cent interest paid on Savings Accounts and Certificates of Deposit. Interest on savings accounts compounded semi-annually.

Money to Loan on First Real Estate Mortgages.

The Pontiac Savings Bank
Pontiac, Mich.

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$32,000

4 per cent interest paid on deposits. Loans made on Real Estate Mortgages approved by the State Banking Department, guaranteeing to depositors the best security. All business matters handled in a safe and conservative manner.

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They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism. Prevent Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and restore health and strength. Refuse substitutes. Sold by T. H. McGee.

Farmington Postoffice.
MAIL SERVICE.
M. B. Pierce, Postmaster

Mails arrive at 8:05 a. m. and 5:05 p. m. Depart at 7:50 a. m. and 3:50 p. m.

Rural Route No. 1—Will Sprague
Rural Route No. 2—Clyde Adams
Rural Route No. 3—Lynan Sprague
Rural carriers leave the P. O. at 8:30 a. m. B. PIERCE, P. M.

A. H. PHELPS & SON, AUCTIONEERS.

Call at J. E. PHELPS' Store
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