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#### TOBACCO IN GREAT BRITAIN

Restriction in Force Since Time of Charles II. Makes Growing of Plant Unprofitable.

Although the tobacco plant has been grown in Kent, Norfolk and other parts of England with sufficient success to show its commercial possibilities, no relaxation from fiscal burdens has been given to encourage its cultivation. Since the reign of Charles II, the restrictions have been such as practically to prohibit enterprise in that direction, these having been originally enacted to give protect the colonists of Virginia.

Apart from payment of duty, it is necessary to take out an annual license for curing and smoking the plant, to have the crop officially weighed, and to give two days' notice of the intention either to cut or cure the tobacco. The grower is expected to give all kinds of help to the excise officer, must have his land and buildings examined officially, and must keep a diary for recording the dates of sowing, the particular variety which he cultivates and his transactions with other growers. Special permission must be obtained before cultivators enter into dealings with one another as to exchange or transfer of stock. The only help vouchsafed by a paternal government is the pamphlet containing these and many other regulations. And all this lest England should compete with Virginia—London Standard.

#### LITTLE MISTAKES OF SPEECH

Common Errors That Creep Into Everyday Conversation of Even the Most Cultured.

If some were to tell you that your language was crude, uncultivated, slovenly, inaccurate, your pride would be wounded and you would challenge the truth of the statement. But marshal the army of words and phrases with which you fought your battles of yesterday; pass them in review; do you recognize any of the following as having been in your service? Did your child "behave himself"? Did your friend live "on" Maple street? Did you have your "photo" taken? Was the play "a success"? Did you do "like" some one else did? Were

you "real" happy? Was your friend "lovely" strong? Did you see five "fish" in the brook, sit "side of" some one, or find "those" kind of books at Martin's? Or, worse than this, did you "put your foot in it"? Were your friends "awfully jolly"? Did you "give yourself away," have a "cinch," "jump on" the "girl," or "lay her out in great shape"? Were you "up against it"?—Harper's Bazar.

#### SUPERSTITION IN HUNGARY.

A terrible instance of superstition was brought to light, recently, in Buda Pesth, Hungary. A boy of fourteen died some time ago in a small village. A farmer, in whose employment the boy had been, thought that the ghost of the latter appeared to him every night. In order to put a stop to these supposed visitations the farmer, accompanied by some friends, went to the cemetery one night, disinterred the body, stuffed three pieces of garlic and three stones in the mouth, and thrust a stake through the corpse, fixing it to the ground. This was to deliver themselves from the evil spirit, as the credulous farmer and his friends stated, when they were arrested.

#### BUYING A HORSE.

A Yorkshire squire, short of money but badly in want of a horse, found one to suit him at the price of 25 pounds.

"I'll give you fifteen pounds down," said he to the dealer, "and I'll owe you the rest."

"It's a bargain, sir," said the dealer. "The horse is yours."

Some time after the dealer went to collect his ten pounds. "Oh, no, my friend," said the squire. "We must stick to our bargain. You agreed, didn't you, that I should owe you the rest? If I pay you I shan't owe it to you, shall I?"—London Tit-Bits.

#### REALIZATION.

"I wonder if your sister realizes, Johnny, that during the last three months I have spent many dollars in sweets on her?"

"I'm sure she does, Mr. Sweetly; that's why she's not letting on she's engaged to Mr. Bigger."

#### STOPPING PLACES FOR BIRDS

Project Approved by Certain Wealthy Sportsmen Rouses the Bored of One Writer.

Immense preserves in which migratory birds may rest without fear of interruption in their flights to the southward in the early winter and to the north with the return of spring are within the scope of plans suggested by the National Audubon society and approved by certain wealthy sportsmen.

Just how these philanthropic individuals and organizations expect to notify the mallards and wild geese where to make their stop-overs in their long flights in search of congenial climate has not yet been disclosed in the publication of the plans, though without some such general understanding with the birds the scheme, which contemplates the expenditure of several millions of dollars for lands, possibly might prove a failure.

It is a beautiful sentiment that leads these men, some of whom are known to have amassed their fortunes by working poor men, women and children to the limit of their strength and endurance and for the irreducible minimum of wage, to spend large sums of money to promote the happiness of didappers and the poule d'eau—but it is just such that is giving socialism its start in the world.—Birmingham News.

#### AT THE TRYST



The Lover—Gee! Toothache and raining. Ah! what won't a slob do for love?

#### SEEMINGLY ALL RIGHT.

The other day a dairy company's complaint clerk was called to the telephone. A woman's voice was heard. "This is Mrs. Mixin," said she. "I want to know if your cows are contented?" "Wha-a-at?" asked the amazed complaint clerk. She repeated her question. "I see that your rivals advertise that their cows are all contented," said she. "I will begin to take their milk unless I am assured that your cows are all happy." The complaint clerk begged her to hold the phone a moment. Then he went away and gnawed a corner off his desk. When he got his voice under control he returned to the phone. "I've just been looking up the books, mum," said he, "and I am happy to say that we have not received a complaint from a single cow."

#### FIRED.

"Jones," said his employer. "I'll give that vacancy on the staff to your twin brother. Run and fetch him."

"Twin brother, sir?" echoed Jones, who is a "britherless bairn," and was therefore naturally astonished.

"Yes, your twin brother," replied his employer, with grim humor. "I saw him playing football yesterday afternoon while you were attending your grandfather's funeral. A sad young dog, he must be, I'm afraid, to play football while his brother is attending his grandfather's funeral, eh? Nevertheless, he shall have the vacancy."

"Run home and fetch him, and mind you, don't return without him!"

#### UPLIFT?

"What are you doing for the uplift, Maude?"

"I am teaching poor girls the rudiments of bridge whist. And you?"

"Oh, I am collecting cast-off automobiles to distribute among worthy persons."

#### THEORY ONLY.

She—I know, Alfred, I have my faults.

He—Oh, certainly.

She—Indeed? Perhaps you'll tell me what they are?—Pathfinder.

#### PLAYING CARDS FOR TREATY

Hew Labouchere and the British Minister Modified the American Secretary of State.

Years ago I was in America and went down with the English minister to the United States to a small inn in Virginia, where we were to meet Mr. Marcy, the then United States secretary of state, and a reciprocity between Canada and the United States was to be quietly discussed. Mr. Marcy, the most genial of men, was as cross as a bear. He would agree to nothing. "What on earth is the matter with your chief?" I said to a secretary who accompanied him. "He does not have his rubber of whist," answered the secretary. After this every night the minister and I played at whist with Mr. Marcy and his secretary, and every night we lost. The stakes were very trifling, but Mr. Marcy felt flattered by beating the Britishers at what he called their own game. His good humor returned, and every morning when the details of the treaty were being discussed we had our revenge and scored a few points for Canada.—Henry Labouchere, in London Truth.

#### HE KNEW



She (at the art exhibition)—This painting is called a study in still life.

He—I guess that's why there's so much moonshine in the picture.

#### "TIME TO READ."

On the prairie one had time to read. I heard Arthur's mother say that there was so little time for children to read when they were going

to school, and I wondered. I didn't see how there could be such a thing as not having time to read. You don't think about taking time to read—you just read. The only occasion when we thought of time was when we were hurrying through one book to get to another waiting, and holding out fascinating promise that hastened our progress toward it. And then it was so quiet on the prairie. The general whooping of life was so far away that it did not call us from books with the insistence of its noise. Its activity became history or romance before it reached us.—Margaret Lyman, in the Atlantic.

#### ENEMY OF MANKIND.

The latest addition to the list of human diseases which are spread through the instrumentality of biting insects is, according to the Lancet, kala-azar, or black fever. The disease is found most often in India, and there, under the direction of European scientists, war is being made on the bug. "This incrimination of the bedbug," says an English army surgeon, "affords another instance of the importance of cleanliness in dwellings and the need of waging constant warfare against biting insects, more particularly on those which rely upon man for sustenance."

#### MEANT AS A REFLECTION.

A ball game between two semi-pro teams, one colored, was played on the North side and attracted a numerous following of negroes who went a long way to root for their team. They occupied a section by themselves.

A foul ball went in among them and did not come back, causing a red-haired contender to go to that part of the stand and yell: "Throw that ball back. What do you think it is—a chicken?"—Chicago Post.

#### MARKED IMPROVEMENT.

"Do you think my daughter sings any better than she did when she began receiving instructions from you?"

"Oh, yes, much better. I am often able to listen to her for ten or fifteen minutes at a time now."