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I can sell choice lots in the very best locations from \$100 up and can make very easy terms to those who desire them.

Those who want to build and need money should see me and people looking for investment will be shown some opportunities that will net them a big profit in a very short time.

C. E. RAMSEY

LOCAL AGENT FOR

Oak Grove, The Redford Improvement Co.'s, Hart Bros.,
Fair Plains and Willmarth Subdivisions

REDFORD

and

FARMINGTON

RIVALS THE PANAMA CANAL

Some Surprising Facts About Great Waterway Being Constructed Across New York State.

Comparatively few persons have given serious attention to the fact that a great barge canal, at an estimated total cost of \$101,000,000, is being constructed across central and western New York state. This great walled-up waterway, with its locks, water gates, spillways and highway bridges, winds across the state from the Hudson to Tonawanda, giving access to the old Erie canal, Oswego canal, Lake Champlain, St. Lawrence and Great lakes, opening a grand highway from the seaboard and the first city of the Union. When one considers that the canal extends as the crow flies, 353.5 miles across the state, and with the branches to Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario has a total length of 463.5 miles, it will be recognized as one of the largest engineering feats in canal construction, ranking second only to the Panama canal. There has been no end of difficulties met with, such as quicksands and floods; and frequently bridges had to be built to make the work possible.—Amanda Smith Grain, in Leslie's.

TRACES ORIGIN OF CANCER

Discovery by European Scientist Marks Important Step in Treatment of Dread Disease.

The results of experiments to find the origin of cancer have been published by Prof. Johannes Fibiger, director of the Pathological institute at Copenhagen.

His researches show that cancerous growths in the esophagus and stomachs of rodents were due to the presence in the alimentary canal of minute worms, an indeterminate number of which are from the common cockroach. Professor Fibiger succeeded in producing cancer by feeding eggs of cockroaches to rats.

The experiments are considered of great importance to doctors for a cure of cancer, as they form the first experimental production of the disease.

TYPICAL AMERICAN BOY

An exciting experiment was recently conducted in Washington.

where it was desired to procure a likeness of the features of a typical American boy. Photographs were taken by the hundreds and were received from all parts of the country from city and town alike, all types appeared. Finally a scientific study was inaugurated as the judges settled down to work. There was nothing on the photographs to furnish a clue as to names, no data as to the residence, for the purpose was to get the purest type of American boy. Now the theories of the ethnologists are shaken, for the face chosen was that of a Russian Jew's son, born across the water. This indicates that the "melting pot" of Israel Zangwill began work early. The face has every characteristic looked for in the general conception of a keen, alert and altogether typical American boy.—"Affairs at Washington," by Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine.

PANCAKES IN ENGLAND.

We still eat pancakes, but their preparation is no longer heralded by ringing the church bells. The "pancake bell," however, was formerly sounded at 11 o'clock on Shrove Tuesday, and its effects have been described by Taylor, the Water poet: "As the clock strikes 11 there is a bell rung, called the pancake bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted and forgetful of manners and humanity. Then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice and other magical, magical enchantments, and then do put into a frying pan of boiling suet, until it is transformed into a flip-jack, called a pancake, which ominous incantation the common people do devour greedily."—London Chronicle.

TRAINING FOR OFFICE.

"How did your boy, Henry, come out at college?"

"Why, I thought everybody in the village knew. He was graduated at the head of his political economy class."

"Has he gone to work yet?"

"Not yet. I'm making him take a two years' business course at the commercial school here. After he gets through with the Civic club is going to run him for mayor."—St. Louis Republic.

THREE RULES FOR HAPPINESS

Celebrated Neurologist Tells Students to "Play Ball, Get Busy and Saw Wood."

Dr. George L. Walton, the neurologist, lectured recently at the Harvard Medical school on how to live through a life of happiness rather than one of fret and fears.

He said the present time was a less emotional period than that of fifty years ago, but that there was still much nervousness. If there were less of argument, swearing and fretting, and more willingness to listen to criticism in a sane manner, there would be few cases of nervous prostration, he said.

The workman should come home each day tired and happy, instead of tired and cross. Dr. Walton declared. He thought that the pooling of enormous wealth was a forerunner of the doom of civilization. The child of today, he said, after crawling in its crib, has discarded the "Now I lay me down to sleep" in favor of "Don't mention death to me or I will lie awake all night."

Three rules for happiness laid down by the doctor were: "Don't harbor a grudge," "Don't live in the past" and "Don't play the martyr." His favored rules for a life of almost unalloyed bliss are: "Play ball, get busy and saw wood."

BOY TICKLED CONAN DOYLE

Is Rewarded for Instance of Sherlock Holmes Talent and Then Pulls Newspaper.

The following story is told by the French weekly, L'Opinion:

"As Sir Conan Doyle was entering the Carlton hotel a boy said to him:

"The chalk dust on your clothes shows you have been playing billiards; the fact of its not having been removed shows you were tired after a long game; your frown shows that you lost; one of your boots is stained with Soho mud; yet you do not bend your legs in walking like billiard professionals."

"Therefore, I conclude that you disputed the amateur billiards championship at the Orme rooms this afternoon, and that you lost."

"The novelist," continues the French paper, "was so pleased with this instance of Sherlock Holmes tal-

ent that he gave the boy a sovereign. Thereupon the youngster pulled out of his pocket a copy of an evening paper giving Sir Arthur's photograph and a full description of the match."

HAS COFFIN FOR SALE.

A mistake of a word has caused a Kilkenny (Ireland) philanthropist to find himself with a coffin on his hands. He ordered it at the earnest request of the relatives of a poor old body reported to have died in the workhouse, to save her the indignity of a pauper's burial. When it was taken to the workhouse, however, the supposed corpse was found smoking a pipe and quite convalescent. The doctor, it seems, had written "acids" after the old woman's name for the guidance of the nurse, and the nearest the workhouse master could come to deciphering the professional calligraphy was "dead." Hence the notification of the grave, and the other funeral arrangements—all of which were countermanded except the coffin.

PUZZLED BOY.

Willie—Pa, what are ancestors?
Father—Well, I am one of yours.
Your grandpa is another.
Willie—Oh! Then why is it that folks brag about them?—London Opinion.

STATUS QUO.

Maud—Does Kitty love Jack well enough to marry him?
Marie—Oh, yes; but Jack believes in letting well enough alone.

COULD BUT DID NOT WANT TO.

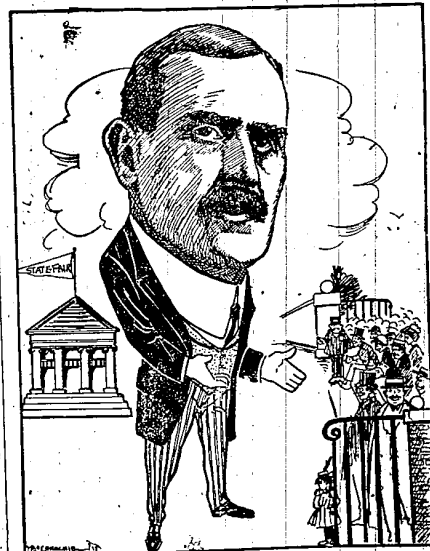
"Tired? And you said you could die dancing!"
"I could. And I would, if I danced with you much longer."

DRAWBACK.

"I have, alas! a sunny lot."
"Why do you reprove about that?"
"Because most suburbanites want shady ones."

THE RIVALS.

"What will the horse say now to the cry that the auto is king?"
"I think his say is likely to be neigh, neigh."



G. W. Dickinson, General Manager of the Michigan State Fair.

ABOUT thirty-one years ago the shrill warning shriek of No. 6 as she rounded the bend caused a robust, overmiled boy who had been engaged in the occupation of trailing Old Dobbin up and down endless rows of evergreen to desist in his exciting task until the steel steed galloped around the curve.

As this was a bit too early for the advent of the Empire theater, with its new and exclusive wild west film approved by the national board of censorship—last five rows reserved for ladies who do not wish to remove their bath—there was nothing for the boy to do that night except to become uneasy and dissatisfied with his lot. Before he took the candle up to bed he had decided on his course. He would be a railroad man. He hadn't quite made up his mind whether he wanted to be a superintendent or general manager, but that could be decided on later.

Seven years have passed, and that boy, now a young man, is an expert telegraph operator. He is directing the course of those steel fiends he used to so fondly view from the cornfield.

He soon got so he knew the business so thoroughly that a Michigan rail-road corporation thought he would make a crackerjack superintendent of its road. He did.

When Governor Warner was casting around for a competent state railroad commissioner he hit upon a practical man for the job—George W. Dickinson.

He justified the governor's confidence.

Recently the Michigan State Agricultural Society concluded that it wanted a man at the head of the Michigan State Fair who was able to substitute a little efficiency for haphazard management. The Fair needed an expert business doctor. One of its directors and an ardent enthusiast, George W. Dickinson, was prevailed upon to accept the thankless job.

Those same forceful methods which enabled George Dickinson to rise out of the obscurity of a Sanilac county farm to emphatic success in the business world are already manifesting themselves in the general management of the Michigan State Fair.