

GRAND GARDENS SUBDIVISION

AT CLARENCEVILLE

The new plat is now on sale and from all appearances will soon be all closed out as there is nothing along the Grand River road to compare with it in location, quality of soil or general desirability for a home site. Directly on the car line and the new cement road, with stores, school and churches close at hand and located in a desirable neighborhood it has no equal as a place for a home. These lots are cut into

ACRES AND HALF ACRES

and the initial price is so low that they ought to be snapped up quickly. The price will be advanced as the lots are sold and it is advisable to make an early selection on that account. Prices range from

\$250 TO \$400

and the terms are made easy. \$50 gets a contract when the balance can be paid monthly as the buyer desires. A \$10 deposit will secure your choice of lot and when \$50 is paid the contract is issued. Don't make the usual mistake of neglecting this opportunity until the prices advance. Pick your lot now and get the benefit of the advance which is sure to come in a very short time. As an

INVESTMENT

this chance is unequalled for these lots will double in value within two years. Salesmen are at work on this subdivision in Detroit, but people in this locality can make first choice by making early application.

Salesmen will be on the ground Sundays, but plats can be seen at the Enterprise office in Farmington or the Record office in Redford on any day. All information can be had at either place of

C. E. RAMSEY, LOCAL AGENT
or by application to

EDWIN P. WALDRON OR ALBERT G. GRIGGS
Phone Pontiac 1318-J Phone Pontiac 730-J5

Redford

Rev. W. G. Evans was called to Detroit Monday to make an address before a ladies' club.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Graham have moved to Detroit and are located on West Warren avenue.

Men and teams have been at work this week on the streets of the Oak Grove subdivision, leveling and regrading.

Roy Westlake's new house, corner Central and Hartford avenues, is nearing completion and it will be a very neat little home.

A flowing well is reported to have been struck by Mr. Holman, who lives on the Berg road, just north of the Forker place.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Whitney, who had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ramsey left for their home in Traverse City last Saturday.

Miss Carol Ramsey has been home for the past ten days because the public schools at New Baltimore, where she is teaching, were closed on account of a diphtheria scare.

The Tucker farm at Greenfield has been sold to a syndicate named the Tucker Land company and will be platted into half acre lots and put on the market in the early spring.

Owing to the sudden death of their president, the meeting of the Detroit Institute of Science, which was to have been held with E. B. Wilhelm at Grand Lawn last Sunday was postponed.

Mrs. A. S. Wederuff, an old resident of Redford, now residing with her daughter, Mrs. Z. P. Russell of Chicago, Ill., has been quite ill for several weeks, but at present writing is slightly improved.

Mrs. A. L. Lamphere is home again having returned from the hospital last week Friday. She is slowly recovering her strength and her many friends are greatly pleased at the prospect of a complete recovery.

Walter Bosworth, has moved in to his father's house, which is con-

nected with the store, and the house which he vacated has been rented to Mr. Sharp, who is employed at the power house at Farmington Junction.

That old local saying of "Redford against the world" seems to still hold good, for it's the only place in the world where that goodly old custom of "horning" a newly-married couple is still in vogue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bosworth hope to be able to occupy their beautiful new home in about a month. When completed they will have one of the finest homes in this section and one that is also a credit to the builder for in no particular has the work been slighted, but on the contrary everything has received the closest attention regardless of the expense. When the grounds are graded and finished it will add one more to Redford's beautiful homes.

Our friend, Henry Myers, took advantage of the rainy weather last week to "put one over" on the Record man. Without a word he fled himself away to Detroit and got married and never said a word about it. Consequently a good piece of news that should have been given our readers last week is now a week old.

The bride was formerly Miss Ethel I. Freer and the wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the home of her brother, George Freer, on Lycast avenue, Detroit. It was a quiet affair, only the immediate relatives being present.

The happy couple are now at their home in the Becker house. Mr. Myers has only been in Redford a few months, but during that time has demonstrated his business capabilities as manager of the Redford Pharmacy and, what is still better, has made a name for himself in this community as an upright, honorable man and holds the respect and good will of the entire community.

Everyone joins in congratulations to the young man and in the very best wishes for his young wife, who is very cordially wel-

comed to the social circles of the village.

Base Line

Mr. Bulkeley has his new house nearly completed.

Mrs. John Greer entertained Sunday Mrs. John Tucker and daughters, Ellen and Winifred, and Mrs. Hastings and son, Vincent, Miss Whitmer and friend, Miss Pipp, all of Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Skarritt, Miss Grace Burns and Miss Eva Mitchell of Richmond Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Simmons entertained company from Detroit Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Greer spent Friday evening with Miss Ryebeth Greer at her apartments on Woodward avenue, Detroit.

Mr. Morse and family from Northville are having good fun in the farm for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Ruon and wife are spending the winter in Detroit.

Glady's Morse is employed in the office of Henry Ruon in Detroit.

Mrs. A. T. Rice spent the first of the week at her home in Novi. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rice entertained L. B. Rice and family from Detroit Sunday.

H. Thayer lost his old family horse last week.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, LaSalle County.

Frank J. Cheney declares that he is a partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that said firm has paid to him the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH CURE, sold by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1904.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the food and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for information.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

For Sale—Good oak and ash wood. John Wedow, telephone 40 L5.

For Sale—A brick store building in Redford. Low price and easy terms. C. E. Ramsey.

CHEVALIER AND KAISER.

The Chevalier Pont is engaged in exploring the foundations of the palace of the Caesars. He is considered somewhat "smooth." Some time ago the emperor of Germany, who prides himself on his archæology as on his paintings, music and theology, devoted one of his journeys to a visit to the excavations in the Forum. Pickax in hand, M. Pont attended him. He gave the unsuit to William II. and pointing out a place in the ground, said: "If your majesty will deign to scratch here I have hope of something." The emperor scratched and under the pickax immediately discovered an inscription to the glory of Caesar, which the Chevalier Pont deciphered without looking at it. He had buried it there the evening before.—Le Cri de Paris.

MAN ON SUBJECT OF SKIRTS.

In the Woman's Home Companion a man giving his impression of some of the present feminine fashions writes in part:

"If the law decreed that woman should be compelled to wear the fashionable skirt of today as a punishment, the whole world would rise against the barbaric cruelty of it. Leg shackles are an unpeppable relic of dark ages; but make the anklets and chain of gold instead of iron and 'be shackle becomes an ornament; let them become fashionable and they become almost universal among women. Not only will the feminine adapt herself to them, but she will manage to walk in them gracefully, just as she does in the sausage-casing skirt. It is a manifestation of what Arthur calls their 'dramatic sense for striking effect.'"

PRETTY ENGAGEMENT GIFT.

A very pretty engagement gift is a stack of sachets made of satin ribbon two inches wide. The sachets are cut in squares, padded, sprinkled with sachet and the edges overcast. A dozen of these are stacked one on top of the other, tied together with a baby ribbon like a package and the bow on top finished with a tiny bunch of five roses. The recipient of the gift unties the sachets and scatters them among her clothes. Leaves for these roses may be made from a piece of green satin

ribbon two inches long and a half inch wide. The raw edges are gathered and the ribbon folded twice, so that the completed leaf is a triangle gathered on one side. A little experimenting will soon teach you the knack.—Woman's World.

COW NOT ALWAYS LADYLIKE

One Editor Who Will Not Follow the Wisconsin Dairymen's Advice.

"Treat the cow as a lady," is the advice of a distinguished Wisconsin dairymen, the Kansas City Star remarks. Elmer Peterson, editor of the Cimarron Jacksonian, replies: "We own a cow, so this advice is very interesting. When we go to water her she lunge at the bucket and worries it all over the lot. When we bring her dainty repast of corn chop and bran, it takes expert manipulation to get by and shove the feed into the manger without being trampled to death or kicked through the side of her boudoir. When we milk in the summer she seems to have the idea that all the flies are on our face and obligingly tries to switch them off. In the winter, when there are no flies, she awakes us in the eye from force of habit. Every once in a while she gracefully sidesteps and stands on our foot. If the gentleman from Wisconsin means people should not be cruel to the cow, we are with him, but we maintain that no true lady will act like a cow, and as long as our cow acts like she does we'll be blamed if we'll treat her like a lady."

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 conversant. The doctor, it seems, had written "acids" after the old woman's name for the guidance of 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.

BOUND TO WIN IN THE END

Inez Withstrand Confident of Victory for British Suffragettes, and Points Moral With Story.

"You think the militants won't win in England? You think governmental repression will put them down? Well, then, you haven't digested the story of the satrap." The speaker was Miss Inez Withstrand, the beautiful suffragist of New York. She continued:

"A certain satrap had a favorite wife. She was walking in the palace gardens one day, and had not been long gone when a servant entered, crying:

"O, master, your wife is drowned. She was walking, as usual, beside the swift stream that flows through the head copse, and, stumbling over an exposed root, she fell into the water! Not once did she rise. We have not yet recovered her body."

"The satrap, a man of few words, quickly ordered that a strong horse be saddled, and, mounting the animal, he proceeded to feed his way upstream.

"He had not gone more than a mile beyond his own domain when an official respectfully asked him his errand.

"My wife," the satrap replied, "was drowned in this river, and I am searching for her body."

"But, sire," cried the official, "you are going against the stream. You'll never find her that way!"

"Ah," said the satrap, "you didn't know my wife."

INGRATITUDE



"I wouldn't mind him better off than I give him that banana."