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Phone 116. We Deliver

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DRUGS ARE THE BEST DRUGS THAT MONEY CAN BUY!

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Prescriptions a Specialty.

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THE PIONEER MARKET

Herman A. Schroeder, Proprietor

CHOICE MEATS

Fresh Smoked Salted

EGGS BUTTER CHEESE

Everything in OUR LINE at LOWER PRICES

Try our Roasted Coffee—BEST IN TOWN

Finer engineering,
special processes
and special ma-
terials make the
Hupmobile the re-
markable car it is.

W. H. HART

Farmington, Mich.



SHE WAS ONE

He'll be glad to see the old-fash-
ioned girl come back again.

She—You mean Eve?

Defining an Orator.

A negro met an acquaintance of his on the street and was surprised to see that his friend had on a new suit, new hat, new shoes and other evidences of prosperity.

"Hey, boy," he said, "how come you dressed up this way? Is you got a job?"

"I got somethin' better 'nay job," replied the other, "Tse got a profes-
sion."

"What is it?"

"Tse's an orator."

"Don't you know?" replied the re-
splendent one in surprise. "Well, I'll tell you what a orator is. If you was to walk up to a ordinary con and ask him how much was two and two, he'd say 'four,' but if you was to go up to a man of importance, how much was two and two, he'd say, 'When is the date of the next election? It becomes necessary to take do numeral of de second de-
nomination and add it to de figger two. I says unto you, and I say it without fear of contradiction, dat de result will invariably be four.' Tse's an orator."—Judge.

Night Delay the Train.

Mr. and Mrs. Cohen visited London for the first time by excursion train. They had been instrumental in the turn tickets were available only on the train due to leave London at 4:35 P.M.

After visiting the principal places of interest, Cohen suggested that it was time they started for the station.

"Wait a few minutes," said his wife. "It's your hurry."

"We have no time to lose," argued Cohen. "How would we look if we arrived a few minutes late and found the day had to keep a trainload of people waiting just for us? Goodness! You never hear the end of it!"

Making Her Choice

By ELLA SAUNDERS

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"YOU are Mrs. Richards?" The tall, slender little woman with the fair hair entered the apartment of the tall, stately brunnette. For a moment the two women looked at each other silently. The brunnette had the sense of a situation.

"You are—?"

"Mrs. Everett Campbell."

"Yes, if the brunnette recollects. The dainty little woman laughed. "Don't be afraid of me, I haven't got a revolver."

"I'm not afraid. You have come about—?"

"Yes, I have come about my husband," the little woman exclaimed quickly, because she could not bear to hear the other pronounced his name.

"I found a package of letters from you in his pocket."

"He's got your husband's pocketbook," the brunnette snarled.

"We need not discuss that point, I think. I came here to ask you—so, I haven't come to make a scene but humbly to ask you to tell me the secret which you have used to fascinate my husband."

The tall brunnette, feeling more at her ease, smiled in a manner that was meant to be superior, but failed to crush the other woman.

"We?" she said, eying, "perhaps your husband prefers my type."

"He married me."

"We?"

"What can you give him that I can't?"

"What can I give him? Why, I don't give him anything. What do you give him?"

"A happy, comfortable home, and two children whom he adores. I work for him and slave for him."

"Her voice broke.

"I make him wait on me," wailed the brunnette, and the other recoupled at the statement.

"How long has this been going on?"

"About two years."

"He'll have to break off with you, unless he wants a divorce. If he does, he—he can have one." Her voice trembled.

"Why, I shouldn't dream of marrying him," replied the other languidly.

"But—but you are in love with each other. I'm going to give you up to her if it will make him happy," cried the wife desperately.

"But that would spoil everything," said the brunnette. "I am afraid, Mrs. Campbell, you don't understand—oh, quite a lot. You have given your husband—"

"My life—everything!"

"And I've given him nothing."

You see, that's the way of love. It doesn't go with a home or cooking or anything."

The wife was silent. In her mind she was going over the days of long ago when they had been sweethearts. She remembered what they had said: "I shall love you forever." Yes, she had never said: "I shall cook for you forever."

But how had she gone wrong in serving him? And then the children?

"He loves his children."

"Yes, he told me so," answered the other, and the wife winced. So Everett had discussed everything with this woman?

"He sure he ought to be very well satisfied with you," said the brunnette. "You've given him so much."

"But I could have given him love, too." Only he never seemed to want it," the other cried piteously. "Oh, this blind. I don't want to stand in the way of his happiness."

"No, I'm going to send him back to you like a good little boy, Mrs. Campbell," smiled the brunnette. "You'll be pleased."

"But you're going to the Coast to-morrow. You see, I met another man. I'm going with him."

"You mean you—don't care any more?"

"No, I only cared as long as he didn't. Now he's infatuated, and I—well, I've grown cold. That's the way of love. But I wouldn't worry myself about love if I were you, because you're—excuse me—such a kid."

"I think he'll come running back to you—"

But the other had turned away. It was all inexplicable to her. But then she had made her choice of long before. And somehow she felt that she had chosen well—if love was like this.

Needed the Full Count.

"Cuthbert, I really think your love is growing cold."

"Why do you say that, my own?"

"You no longer press me to hasten the wedding day."

"Listen to me, Bluebell. Yesterday you told me you had gone to cooking school and that you had learned to boil a potato."

"All for you."

"Well, we can't live on boiled

potatoes, girl. Go through the course, at least, my precious, and then the wedding bell shall ring."

Time Enough to Sink In.

An ivy-domed chorus girl in a Broadway production had asked the singer for a date. The singer had promised him a good deal, so one day he called her aside and told her that he might be able to grant her request.

"Have a part for you," he explained.

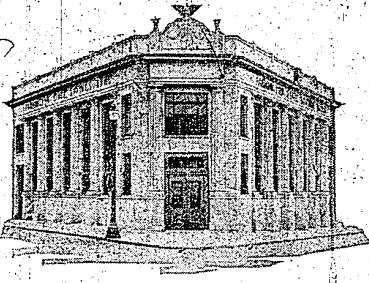
"If you can learn it. In the first act

you say, 'Till the cock-eyed world

gets hungry.' The question is, can you learn the part? We open six weeks

from now in Hartford."

It Adds To Family Happiness--



ECONOMY IN FAMILY FINANCES NEVER DENIES A REAL NEED; IT ADDS TO FAMILY HAPPINESS BY WISE REGULATION OF EXPENDITURES.

A BANK ACCOUNT HERE IS THE RIGHT ECONOMY.

FARMINGTON STATE SAVINGS BANK

Farmington, Michigan

CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE

Historical records tell the story.

Yes, these war films all look much alike to me.

"Bill Inside"

Bill Smith, a country shopkeeper, went to town to buy some goods. They were sent home before him. When the boxes arrived, Mrs. Smith, who was attending to the shop, uttered a scream, seized a hatchet, and began to force off the lid of the largest.

"What's the matter?" asked a bystander.

Pale and faint, Mrs. Smith pointed to an inscription on the lid. It read:

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