

**Redford**  
Wanted—Woman to do family washing, who can take it home. Enquire of Mrs. C. E. Ransley, Redford.

Redford needs half hour service on the D. U. R. At present about half the passengers are obliged to stand on the greater portion of the cars.

Housecleaning generally reveals the wornout mattress and springs. Large assortment of new ones to select from at Northrop's.

Come in and see those new adjustable curtain stretchers at Northrop's Furniture Store.

What do you think of that dandy new Bed Daventry in Northrop's window. Come in and let us show it to you.

The Ladies Aid society of Du-boisville met with Mrs. Jas. Mack Thursday afternoon. Supper was served.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Union will be held in the church parlors Wednesday afternoon, May 10. A cordial invitation is extended.

Regular meeting of Victoria chapter, No. 290, O. E. S., on Thursday evening, May 11. Members take notice.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Lahser of Detroit, visited last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Hamer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Newman left Thursday for the west.

J. M. Cort of the Redford hotel has added to the equipment of his hostelry an electric washing machine and wringing machine.

### Wooden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. David McCaffu were the recipients of many tokens of good will on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of their wedding, which was celebrated with eclat recently. Numerous friends came from the city and the calls from Redford friends were quite numerous. May we join in the congratulations and wish them many returns of the day amongst us, continuing to take the same keen in-

terest in all pertaining to the welfare of the village they have all ways hitherto done.

### Departed From This Life.

Mrs. Angelina Mettetal, aged 94, the last of the original Redford pioneers, and a resident of the township for 71 years, died Thursday night of last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Richard Smith, Redford, from a paralytic stroke suffered a week before.

Mrs. Mettetal was born at Petite Cote, Ont. Her father was brought to Detroit by Indians and sold to Mrs. Parks for a sack of flour. At the time of her marriage in 1841, Mrs. Mettetal came to live in Redford, and has since resided here. She is survived by six children.

Miss Eliza Boden, who spent the winter in Florida with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Anscumb of Detroit, has returned home. A sad feature of the homecoming was the death of Mr. Anscumb a few hours after they reached Detroit. Mr. Anscumb was born in Redford 66 years ago, but moved to Detroit in 1874. He was engaged in the grocery business at Grand River and Trumbull avenues.

The funeral was held Thursday and the interment was made in Southfield cemetery.

### Mexican Rurales

The corps of Mexican rurales was created in the time of President Benito Juarez. The law which created the rurales fixed the number of seven battalions of 125 men each and a company to be located at Matamoros. The pay of each of the rural police was fixed at \$112 per day, each to furnish his horse and equipment with no classification as to the character of the mount or the arms which each man was to bear. As a result they were decidedly a body of irregulars with some five per cent. wearing the uniform of the cavalry of that day. Each battalion was divided into two companies, one of seventy and the other of sixty-five men. Their commanders and other officers held the same rating that they do today. Just as at the present time, the rurales were attached to the interior department, but at the same time they were at the disposition of the department of war for service in campaigns.

## SHE MEANT WELL

"I've got a beautiful surprise for you, Tommy," said the three-months bride to her husband one morning at breakfast.

"Something to eat?" asked Tom, passing by the plate of forlorn-looking biscuits and helping himself to a piece of toast.

"Piggy-wig!" responded the three-months' bride, contemptuously. "Yes, it is something to eat, but you're not going to get it until Sunday morning. It's waffles." The three months' bride folded her small hands in her lap and beamed proudly upon her recent acquisition in the matrimonial line.

"Whew!" whistled Tom, who was always properly appreciative. "Did you ever make any, Pudge?"

"No," said the three months' bride. "But I have a perfectly lovely set of waffle irons that one of the girls gave me at my kitchen shower, and I'm just crazy to use them."

The young wife rose half an hour earlier than usual the next Sunday morning. She spread out the cook book on the table.

"Two eggs," she chanted to herself. "It doesn't say whether to beat them separately or not, but I want these to be the finest waffles that ever were, so I'll beat them separately."

She broke the eggs into two dishes, humming a little song as she did so. Then she leaned again over her culinary guide, philosopher and friend.

"One cup of sour milk," she read. "Now, there's your sour milk. (Half a teaspoonful of salt. There's your salt. Flour to make a good batter."

Oh, dear, I do hate recipes that don't tell exactly how much to put in. Half a teaspoonful of soda. I'm always afraid to use soda, so I'll just use baking powder instead, for it's so much safer. It doesn't say which thing to put in first, so I'll just put them all in at once.

Have the waffle irons sizzling hot as soon as your batter is ready? Why, the batter's all ready and I haven't begun to beat the irons.

She bustled around and presented an odor of well-cooked freeware began to fill the room. The young wife dampened a finger and applied it daintily to the outside of the waffle-iron.

"Pest!" the waffle iron remarked. "I guess you're hot enough," said the young wife, happily. "This batter looks rather queer and bubbly, but I suppose it's all right. Now, here goes."

She carefully opened the irons and deposited a spoonful of batter in each receptacle. Then she closed them

and waited a few minutes. An odor of neatly browning waffles and very faintly wafted perfume to her nostrils and gradually filled the room. A worried crease began to show on her smooth forehead.

She took a hasty peep at the cook book, but it was unaccountably silent on the subject. An odor of burning drew her back to the stove. She took hold of the handle of the iron on the northeast corner and tried gently to raise it. It refused to move. Then she gave it a little jerk. Still there was no response. She gave it a still more decided jerk and the iron opened with a suddenness that can be ascribed only to the total depravity of inanimate things.

It opened its jaws with a violent pop and then shut them again with a clap that made the young wife dance away from the stove and cover both eyes with her hands under the impression that they were full of red hot batter. In the rebound she came up against the post of batter and it fell to the floor with a crash. By this time the room was filled with the pungent smell of burning waffles.

With the one flea in her mind of avoiding the catastrophe of having her living room curtains permeated with the awful odor, the young wife seized the hot iron with her bare hand.

At this crucial moment the little demons that preside over such annoying affairs moved Tom, the large and innocent, to open the door. Ignorant that the stuffiness was explosive in a high degree, he called, jovially:

"Breakfast ready, Pudge?"

Driven to frenzy by the sight of the immaculate and self-satisfied looking masculine thing, the young wife gave a wild, unhuman howl. Then she deliberately kicked the offending waffle iron to the other side of the room.

In terrible crises we sometimes have almost preternatural intuitions. Tom's behavior upon this occasion was almost unhuman in its intelligence.

He spoke no word, he made no offer of resistance, he bent a hasty retreat, but the once happy bride flung furious words after him.

"I hate you," she cried, "and I hate and loathe being married. I despise you and everything in this house and I wish I had died before I saw you!"

Then with a final little squall she threw the spoon which she held in her hand at Tom's retreating back, but it merely crashed into the wall and fell under the floor with a clatter.

She gave it a parting kick which sent it under the sink, then she fled out of the kitchen into her own room and slammed and locked the door.

Tom, like the really lovely creature that he was, soon returned to the kitchen, cleaned it up after his own peculiar though nice fashion, made himself some toast, and an hour later was furnishing a stalwart shoulder for a repentant young wife to shed tears copiously upon.

We Carry a complete line of "Snappy" "Up to Date"

## MEN'S SHOES WOMEN'S



We solicit your inspection and comparison with other Shoes as to styles, quality and service. Perfect fitting. "Classy Shoes."

FRANK J. MOORE,  
Formerly With Economy Shoe Store

## REID-MOORE CO.

200-202 GRISWOLD ST.

### Time to Paint a Ship.

The latest thing in ship painting is to apply no paint at all—not until they have been at sea for some months at any rate. The constant re-pointing of armored ships and ships with steel hulls involves an enormous cost, and since it has been found that when a vessel is allowed to go un-painted for several months the steel scales, which usually come loose under the paint and afford an opportunity for rust to attack the surface, wear off, the British government is experimenting with unpainted craft.

The training ship *Essex* was the first one tried. It was given two months at sea with no paint and then seven four-coats in dry dock. At the end of five years there was scarcely a trace of wear except at the water line, and the bottom was in perfect condition. The idea was first suggested by A. C. Holzapfel, who had made a study of the *Essex*, and now the steel ships are all put out to sea before being painted.

### Oxen in Lumber Camps.

After nearly fifty years' retirement from active service the ox has again come into recognition as a motive power in the lumbering industry of northern Minnesota, northern Wisconsin and among the frontier settlers of these states. The reason is the high price of feed for horses.

There is little or no expense for the "keep" of oxen as compared with that of horses. It is estimated that there are now in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota 2,000 yoke of oxen used in hauling logs which have replaced high-priced horses. This is nearly double the number employed a year ago. So satisfactory are these animals proving in the utilization of land from which the timber has been cut that it is likely their use will become general and remain so for many years.

### Evident Misunderstanding.

"How is the flora of your neighborhood?" asked the city man.

"Flora?" replied the suburbanite. "I don't think she was ever better in her whole life!"

"What are you talking about, anyway?" I said the flora of your neighborhood."

"Sure, I heard you. Flora—she's my wife!"—Yonkers Statesman.

### Our Doctors.

"The late Count Tolstol loathed physicians," said, at a dinner in Washington, a Russian diplomat.

"You remember how Tolstol ridiculed physicians in 'War and Peace'? Well, I heard him ridicule three of them at their faces over a vegetarian dinner at Yasanya Polyana.

# Real Estate & Insurance

Having opened an office in Farmington and Redford for the handling of Farm and Village property we desire to list every farm, village lot, house and lot or other property that is for sale in this section of the state.

Having superior advertising facilities and an original plan of our own for reaching outside buyers we confidentially believe that we can serve our clients more advantageously than those whose time is divided and whose efforts are spread over a large city with the country for a side issue. If a buyer is looking for farm or village property he naturally will go into the country to look for it.

Our commissions are low and no charge is made unless a sale is effected. We shall also undertake the sale of personal property on very liberal terms and under the same conditions. List your property with your home dealer.

We also write fire insurance in reliable companies and solicit this class of business.

## Ramsey Realty Company

FARMINGTON

REDFORD