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Beautiful Bust and Shoulders
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They are the cleanest and most serviceable garments imaginable—come in all materials and styles—Cross Back, Hook Front, Surplice, Bandeau, etc. Bound with "Waiolin", the rustless boning—permitting washing without removal.

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VIVAUDOU'S Peroxide Tooth Paste

At all good stores 25¢

For a generous trial tube of this dentifrice with paste, send 6¢ in stamps and you'll receive a tube in 10 days. Dept. 1, Times Building, New York, N. Y.



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 it makes the scalp itch and the hair fall out. Be wise about your hair, cultivate it, like the women in Paris do. They regularly use

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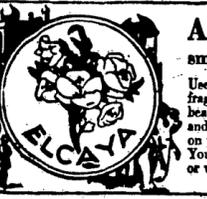
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WHOLESALE 182-184 EAST 24th ST. NEW YORK

HERE'S EGG LORE

How to Test Eggs Before You Break Them.

CLEVER WAY TO BEAT ONE

Every Household Uses Them, but How Many Housewives Know the Simplest Things About These Commonest Ingredients of All Cookery?

Are the eggs for which you pay 40 cents better than those which cost 30¢? Test them to see.

Much handling makes eggs shiny. Those direct from the farm are dull. If an egg is stale some of the water of its composition has evaporated through the porous shell, air has entered, and the egg is light.

To test, put in a deep pan of water. First—If bad it will float.

Second—If stale it will be light enough to slant away from the bottom of the pan or stand on end.

Third—If fresh its weight causes it to sink.

This test will make you wish eggs could always be bought by the pound as in some places, instead of by the dozen.

Because the eggshell is porous and readily absorbs impurities from a dirty shell or the air eggs should always be washed before being put away.

Second test: Hold egg before a candle or gas jet behind which is a dark background.

Around the yolk of an egg is a thin tissue, which holds the yolk together. When decomposition occurs the yolk breaks this membrane and becomes mixed with the white. By holding the egg before a strong light the yolk can easily be seen as a large dark spot.

If bad, the yolk has broken its membrane and this dark spot cannot be noticed.

There is also a tissue around the white of an egg, which, in heating, the whites stiff, must be broken into infinitesimal pieces before the egg will become light and fluffy.

A few grains of salt dropped into the white before heating will at each corner of the water help to cut the membrane.

The whites then "beat up" much sooner than if the salt had not been added.

Table for cooking eggs without keeping time or temperature:

One egg, one-half pint of boiling water. Two or three eggs, a pint of boiling water. Three to five eggs, one and one-half pints of boiling water. Five to eight eggs, a quart.

Put the eggs into the water while it is boiling hard and immediately set the dish away from the fire. Fifteen or twenty minutes will be required to cook the eggs. After that time the water will have reached 140 degrees and will do no more cooking, but will keep the eggs warm a long time.

NEW PICTURESQUENESS.

The Fall Models Resemble Dress Waists in Their Lines.

Wood brown chiffon blouse tucked into this interesting blouse. The foundation is net, and shoulder caps

and cuffs of brown taffeta strike a new note. The vestee, wristlets and collar are creamy satin bound with the taffeta.

Piccolini.

Two gallons of chopped green tomatoes, a gill of salt, three chopped peppers to make piccolini. Put all in a press overnight. In the morning squeeze out the brine and mix in a pound of sugar, an ounce of celery seed and a teaspoonful of grated horseradish. Boil one and a half quarts of vinegar, pour on the mixture and cook until tender. Squeeze overnight through a thin cloth. In the morning chop the cabbage and peppers and add the tomatoes.

Scoones.

Make a soft dough with two table-spoonfuls of butter rubbed into three-pints of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, scant teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, sufficient cold milk to mix. Roll out an inch thick, cut into triangles or squares and cook slowly on moderately hot griddle.

Chic Effect.

Two citizens were jodding up the street one day recently, earnestly engaged in exchanging their experiences with dyspepsia.

"And did you ever try the hot water cure?" asked the thin one.

"Did I?" repeated the melancholy one, who had also something of the saving grace of humor in his makeup as many melancholy men have. "I should say I did. Why, man, I've been married fifteen years."

All For the Best.

"Why do the roses fade so slowly away?" she inquired poetically.

"Well," replied the baldheaded young man, "when you think it over it's all for the best. It's more comfortable to have them fade slowly away than to go off all of a sudden, like a torpedo."

A Method of Division.

L., who was full of pranks, was taken ill. "We must be careful," said his doctor. "I will send you a nurse of not less than fifty years of age."

"Rather," replied L., "send me two each twenty-five years old."—Gelede de la Medicine.

Ambitious.

"Are your men ambitious?" "Oh, very. Every man around the place is willing to do anybody's work but his own."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Little things are little things, but to do little things faithfully is a great thing.

LITERARY HOBBIES:

Even Railway Time Tables May Make Interesting Reading.

Rudyard Kipling finds both pleasure and profit in reading the dictionary, and this habit largely accounts for his wonderful knowledge of words, his rich vocabulary and his newness in the use of words. He does not confine himself to the ordinary dictionary. He likes to look at a slang edition or a dictionary of a dialect.

There is a certain noble lord who loves nothing better than turning over the pages of Bradshaw, spying out all the ways to anywhere, all the branch lines and noting the railway stations with queer names. He is an adept in all railway lore and is often referred to by his brother peers when a moot point is raised about the iron roads of the world, for his knowledge extends from Charing Cross to New York via Yokohama.

By probably the queerest literary hobby was a certain doctor's predilection for reading an old file of the London Times. He said it made him better contented with things at present to see how things were muddled up twenty years ago. He found politicians just as quarrelsome and the comments just as caustic, and yet he concluded: "Here we are, much as usual!"—London Answers.

HIS FATE A MYSTERY.

No One Knows Just How the Youngest of the "Signers" Died.

By a strange trick of fate Thomas Lynch, the youngest "signer" of the Declaration of Independence, was also the first one of these men to die.

Lynch was born in Prince George parish, S. C., Aug. 5, 1749. He was only twenty-six when the congress declared the independence of the colonies. Ill health compelled him to leave congress soon afterward, and near the close of 1779 he embarked on a vessel, intending to go to Europe for the benefit of his health.

The ship on which he sailed was never heard of afterward, and the fate of the youngest of the "signers" remains a mystery. It is supposed, of course, that the ship sank and that Lynch and all on board were drowned, but there were rumors that it was blown out of its course by a storm, wrecked on a lonely island of the West Indies and that some of the passengers were saved.

Thomas Lynch was educated in England and was the son of a wealthy South Carolina planter.—New York World.

The Trade Winds.

The constancy of trade winds is due to the "permanence" of the conditions which rule them. As the heated air at the equator ascends surface winds set in from north and south and, meeting, ascend in their turn and flow off in opposite directions. As the velocity of the earth's revolution from east to west is much greater at the equator than at the poles, wind blowing along its surface to the equator is constantly arriving at places which have a higher rate of rotation than itself, hence it is retarded and must lag behind, and under the influence of two opposing forces it is compelled to take an intermediate direction so that what was originally a westerly wind is deflected and moves southwest, while what started as a southerly wind becomes northwesterly. From the great service these reliable winds are called trade winds.

Willie's Fervent Wish.

Papa was sitting by the table reading his evening paper. Generally, when he came across an item of interest, he read it aloud to mamma. Little Willie, a typical "little pitcher" with big ears, as a rule was not in the least concerned about the items his father read aloud. But the other evening he was suddenly interested.

"I see, ma," said papa, "that the fishermen around Cape Cod have gone off of the whaling business and—"

"I spoke William promptly.

"Gee whiz, papa, I wish you was a Cape Cod fisherman!"—Chicago Journal.

In Hot Water.

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Running A Gantlet

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

A number of Britishers were recently talking about the question of England's maintaining a supremacy over the Suez canal when one of them said: "They may be able to take it away from us by force of arms, but they can't do it by process of law."

"How so?" asked one of the party.

"I was a member of the British embassy at Berlin when the ambassador received a cipher telegram from London saying that a big block of stock of the Suez canal had been offered for sale at Cairo. He was directed to send some one there to make the purchase at any price. He called me into his private office, showed me the dispatch and told me to leave at once to do the job. He said further that every large power would be glad to control the canal in this way, and if it were known to the others there would be a race as to who would get there first to make the purchase. The Germans would be sure to get it. If it were known that I was going to Cairo I might be watched by the German secret service. I considered this highly probable, and instead of leaving Berlin in my own proper person I stole out after dark.

"The route I chose was by rail to Genoa, thence by sea to Cairo. On the train in the same compartment with me was a lady who from her cast of features, her dark eyes and hair I set down as being Turkish. She was certainly of an oriental type and a very beautiful woman. It is quite a journey from Berlin to Genoa, and the lady and I were in the same compartment together for a long while. Smoking was not allowed in the compartment, but when at a certain time all had left but she and I she took out a box of cigarettes and asked me in French to be the medium between different nationalities on the continent—if I objected to her smoking. I said no, and she offered me the box. I declined the offer, although she took out a cigarette and began to smoke.

"My suspicions were aroused by seeing her every few moments apply her handkerchief to her mouth and nose, I fancying that she did so to inhale something on it that would counteract an effect. My suspicions were confirmed by a peculiar odor in the smoke and a jaugner stealing over me. I attempted to lower a window beside me, but was already so numbened that I couldn't get it down. I had just enough command of my forces to smash the glass with my fist. The fresh air revived me, and when I turned again to the Turkish lady she, in well affected surprise, said: "Monsieur is sensitive to tobacco smoke?"

"Very," I replied.

"I was satisfied that she had been sent to delay me and since by my manner I indicated that I was on my guard she made no further attempt to interfere with me. When we left the train at the border to take another I kept my eye on her and saw her heading for a telegraph office. I did not doubt that she would send a message to announce her failure, and some one else who stood ready would take up her work where she had left off.

"The first night out from Genoa I was walking the deck, taking my usual smoke before turning in. It was quite late, and there were but a few persons still up. I was near the stern of the vessel when a gentleman came from the taffrail and as he reached me stopped and said in French with an Italian accent: "The phosphorous illumination in the wake of the ship is very beautiful."

"Without forethought I went the few yards between me and the taffrail and was looking over when the man who had followed me seized me and lifted me to throw me over. Luckily for me I had been an athlete at home, being fond of cricket, rowing and especially wrestling. My own was very strong, but I withstood his efforts.

"The next morning—" "Hold on. What did you do with the other fellow?" asked one of the listeners.

"When I tell a story," replied the narrator, "I tell the story as I wish to tell it, and I don't feel obliged to answer questions."

"Oh, go on!"

"The next morning and all the rest of the time that I was on the ship I kept my room. I had become satisfied that some power—mind you, I don't say it was German—had let loose its bloodhounds to tear me to pieces if necessary to keep me from Cairo, and I didn't care to give any more of them an opportunity.

"I reached Cairo at night and, going to a hotel, went to bed thankful that I was not tossed about a corpse in Mediterranean waters. I would have enjoyed a good sleep had I not feared some spy with murderous intent was under my bed. As it was, I merely dozed and the next morning after breakfast went out to get a conveyance to take me to my destination. A Jehu drove up, but before committing myself to his care I scrutinized him. In a twinkling I saw that he wore a wig and a false beard.

"Thanks, no," I said to him. "I've met several of your friends already and have no desire to hobnob with any of you."

"I walked to the place I wished to go and before I left if the British government owned that block of stock when I made the return journey I clout all the way. No one was interested in me."

THE LADY ON THE LINKS.

Enjoying a Game of Golf With the Wife of Your Friend.

She—Would you mind teeing up my ball? Thank you. Perhaps a little higher. John says I ought to have my toes lower, but somehow I never dare try. Shall I go? (She drives and goes about twenty feet.) How dreadful!

He (cheerfully)—That's nothing! One never expects to play for the first three holes. (He drives and goes about twenty-two feet.) You see!

She—Never mind. What club would you use here?

He—The grass is pretty long, I think under the conditions I should use an iron.

She (calmly taking out her brassie)—Yes, I suppose I should, but one can always go so much farther with a brassie. (She tops the ball, which goes about ten feet.) How dreadful!

He—Never mind. (Savagely driving his ball with his iron out of the grass near a hundred yards.)

She—Wonderful! John says you play such a consistent game.

He—The last time I played with John it cost me \$10.

She—What? You don't play for money, do you? John says—

He—Oh, never! I broke four clubs (At the end of the eighteenth hole her score is 198. He has a bad 110).

She—It was awfully good of you to put up with me.

He—Good! The pleasure is mine. After all, it isn't your score that counts. It's the exercise.

She—Thank you so much. (Later to John.) He told me I played some simply wonderful shots and said I was developing a great game. There!

He—Of course you are dear. (Later to him.) Say, old man, how do you like lying to another man's wife—instead of your own?—Life.

QUEER HUMAN NATURE.

How the Significance of Words May Change With the Years.

How the same word may have a different significance for the same man at different stages of his life is given in the following from the New York Post, as adapted and expanded from the French in the Paris Figaro.

Life.—At twenty: Days that are counted.

The Heart.—At twenty: An organ whose frequent palpitations are due to strong emotion. At fifty: An organ whose frequent palpitations are due to indigestion.

The Truth.—At twenty: Something to be haunted in the face of the whole world. At fifty: Something it is not always polite to tell.

Poetry.—At twenty: Something you read with eagerness and enthusiasm. At fifty: Something to quote.

Time.—At twenty: You imagine you never have enough of it. Therefore are always in a hurry. At fifty: You know you never have enough of it. Therefore never hurry.

A Muffler.—At twenty: A protection for one's dress shirt. At fifty: A protection for what is under one's dress shirt.

The Hair.—At twenty: You shake it back off your forehead. At fifty: Comb it carefully down across your forehead.

Key.—At twenty: A contrivance used to open things with. At fifty: A contrivance used to shut things with.

Wouldn't Need It.

Ethel was going to a party at a neighbor's house where she had already caught tantalizing glimpses of unlimited quantities of cake, fruit and ice. At the last mother-in-lawly hold her back for final instructions.

"Now, remember, darling, to say 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you!'"

"Oh, yes, mother," Ethel said. "I shall always say 'Yes, please,' but I don't think I shall have to say 'No, thank you!'"—New York Times.

Woman.

A woman may be a fool—a sleepy fool, an agitated fool, a too awfully noxious fool—and she may even be simply stupid. But she is never female. She's never made of wood through and through, as some men are. There's a woman, always somewhere, a spirit. Whatever men don't know about women (and it may be a lot or it may be very little), men and even fathers do know that much. And that is why so many men are afraid of them.—Caraid.

Nothing is.

If any man thinks that he can conceive well enough how things should be, nothing, I will engage that what he means by nothing is as much something as anything that he ever thought of in his life, and I believe that if he knew what nothing was it would be intuitively evident to him that it could not be. Absolute nothing is the aggregate of all the contradictions in the world.—Jonathan Edwards.

From General to Particular.

"Has Miss Oldgirl lost any of her animosity for man?"

"None at all. She has merely transferred it from the sea to the individual."

"What do you mean?"

"She is going to be married."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Puzzler.

"If you want to improve your mind," said the sage, "associate only with persons who know more than you do."

"But if they follow the same rule," said one of those who were hearing wisdom at his feet, "what are we to do?"—Chicago Tribune.

Depends on the Point of View.

"Does your husband do foolish things with his money?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that. He gives it all to me."—Detroit Free Press.