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**Episode of a Halloween Party**

By BARBARA PHIPPS

Myrtle wrote me to spend a week with her at their country-place in October. It is said that we women put the most important part of a letter in a postscript, and Myrtle certainly did so in this case, for in a space where she had scarcely room to write them were the words, "Jimmie Atherton will be with us."

Myrtle devoted three pages of her letter in suggesting different costumes from which I might choose one to wear at a fancy dress Halloween party she proposed to give for her guests. She advised me to bring my costume with me, for I could not get one in the country.

I arrived three days before the party and was disappointed to find that Mr. Atherton would not be with us till Halloween. I could scarcely wait for him. He had telephoned me that he expected to meet me at Myrtle's house party and had given me to understand that all would be settled between us during our visit. Of course no one else than I could make out his meaning, though I can't help but consider his saying anything over a phone to convey such a meaning evidence of the impatience of lovers.

The three days I spent waiting for the arrival of my lover, and especially what I expected to hear from him, were the longest of my life. I fear I presented a bad appearance to the other guests moping by myself and, if I joined in their sports, showing plainly that my mind—indeed, my heart—was somewhere else. At any rate, Myrtle knew where my heart was if the others did not.

During the day before the party we were all busy preparing our costumes, some of which must be constructed impromptu. The men were very remiss about this. "What women love to do in a matter of dress is a bore to a man," and several of Myrtle's men guests had come either without a fancy dress or with a simple domino and mask. Myrtle insisted on every one representing some historical character.

At 6 o'clock in the afternoon Myrtle received a telegram from Jimmie—my Jimmie—that he could not get away in time for the Halloween party, but he would do the best he could. When Myrtle told me this my heart sank within me like lead. I dreaded joining in the evening's festivities with such a disappointment upon me. But what could I do? I must make the best of it and not render myself obnoxious by glaring among a troop of merry-makers. I succeeded so poorly that Myrtle felt obliged to come to my rescue. About 10 o'clock when the merry-making was at its height, she said to me:

"Green, go out into the grounds with a hand mirror and see if the man you are to marry does not look over your shoulder."

I was glad of an excuse to get away by myself. I didn't care for a hand mirror, but Myrtle had provided a number of them for the occasion and thrust one into my hand. Several of the girls had already gone forth on an errand similar to mine, each having taken a mirror.

I scrambled out into the darkness. For the moon was near the full, taking my way down the driveway that led from the house to the gate. Presently I stopped and raised the glass. I did this without being conscious of the act, for I knew already the man I would marry and had no idea of seeing his face in the glass. I moved the mirror to take in different places behind me and at last saw something I was not prepared for.

One of our house party—as was evident from her costume—was sitting on a bench in a recess among shrubbery, and beside her sat a man in ordinary business apparel. As I looked he suddenly drew her toward him and gave her a bear hug. During this episode a cloud was passing over the moon, but as soon as it had rolled away there was light enough for me to see that the man in the case was my Jimmie Atherton.

I moved noiselessly away and back to the house and on reaching it went to my room, where I spent half an hour getting myself in a condition to go downstairs. When I descended I found Mr. Atherton, who had not long before come in, having arrived by a late train. He came up to me smiling, but I bowed to him ceremoniously and passed on.

I nerved myself to show great gaiety for the rest of the evening, especially before Mr. Atherton, and was glad when the festivities were over. I could hide my anguish in my room. When all was quiet Myrtle, who had observed that something was wrong with me, came in and asked what it was. When I told her a smile came to her lips, and she asked me what costume the girl—Jimmie had hugged wore. I replied that I could not see it distinctly, but it was crimson. At this she burst into a laugh and said:

"That girl is Johnny Webster. He makes up admirably as a woman. He had gone out to spy on the girls who were consulting their mirrors, hoping to look over some girl's shoulder, and while doing so Jimmie Atherton came up from the station. Johnny halted him, and the two sat down on a bench for a few moments' chat before coming to the house."

The next morning I was as good as pie to Jimmie. He tried hard to find out why I had treated him so coolly the evening before but I kept the secret. When we left Myrtle's home we were engaged.

**BEST MAN AT A WEDDING.**

Time Was When He Used to Assist in Abducting the Bride.

Do you know why the bridegroom's attendant at the wedding is called "best man" and how he happens to be such an important factor at a society wedding? He is supposed to look after the ushers, the carriage, the wedding ring and a host of other things that the fortunate lover could not be expected to concern himself with at such a time. But there was a period in the history of the human family when the best man had other duties than these to perform. It was when there was no church ceremony and when primitive people had come to the conclusion that marriage within the tribe was not good for the race. Then it became the fashion for the young man of marriageable age to go forth in quest of a bride, the daughter of some neighboring tribe.

Perhaps the girls were not entirely unwilling to be captured, but no girl either ancient or modern, would admit for a moment that she had wandered away from the protection of her male relatives for the actual purpose of being abducted. Even if there was no brother at hand the girl was likely to put up a same fight, and the prospective bridegroom had need of the assistance of a strong muscled friend to aid him in subduing her. There was very little to the ceremony once the girl had been taken to the home of her future lord, but the "best man" was always a honored guest in her home, especially if the marriage turned out well. In many mountainous parts of the civilized world where old customs obtain the "best man" still pretends to assist in abducting the bride.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

**A Girl Called Davy**

By ELEANOR MARSH

Mandy Carpenter, daughter of Deacon Carpenter, who owned a fine farm on the Hilton road, was noted for her ability to bring in his knees any young man upon whom she chose to apply her powers of fascination. Mandy claimed that she did not exercise any such powers, but this must be taken with a grain of salt, for it is the most natural thing in the world for any one possessing a gift to exercise it.

There is, certainly no doubt that she made an offensive campaign against Josh Miller. Josh was the only man in the county who refused to bend the knee to Mandy, and it was his rebellion against her authority as universal conquerress that spurred her on to conquer him. Josh was distinctly a man's man and would have nothing to do with girls. During the day he attended to his farm duties, and in the evening he studied, for Josh was ambitious to make something of himself more exalted than an ordinary farm hand. And it is likely that this was an additional inducement for Mandy to bring him down.

Josh first saw the enemy approach when he was plowing. Mandy, tricked out in her best finery, came fluttering across the fields, the colors of her garments lighted by the morning sun and resembling the star spangled banner. She was carrying a tin plow and cup, and when she reached Josh she said:

"I kind o' thought, Mr. Miller, that you must be thirsty drivin' the plow all the mornin' and I just drew some cider and have brought it to you."

"Much obliged, Miss Carpenter, and I'm sorry you've had so much trouble for nothin'. I never drink cider. It doesn't set well on my stomach."

"Oh, you don't!" looking very disappointed. "I'll leave it here under this tree, and maybe you'll change your mind later on. I wonder if I could set that seat without fallin' off."

"No, you couldn't. Besides, I'm seein' then you can afford to walk and off he walked."

A day or two afterward the taller called again. Our way was not at his will and, so, turning to his credit, he said:

"Are you in debt to anybody?"

"Yes, sir, I am sorry to say I am."

"Well, why don't you pay?"

"I haven't got the money," replied the taller, with a woeful countenance.

"That's just my case, my dear sir. I am glad to perceive that you can appreciate my position. I always respected your judgment, sir. Give me your hand, sir."—London Mail.

**EATING TO LIVE.**

Rules by Which Good Health May Be Gained and Retained.

Herewith I give a few general suggestions for those who desire health, writes Edward B. Warner, A. M., in the Nauticus.

No one can have health who eats too much.

No one can have health who eats too often.

No one can have health who eats too many kinds of food at the same meal.

No one can have health who eats when tired, hurried, worried, anxious or excited.

No one can have health who rises late, gulps down a hearty breakfast and then sprints for the car.

When you have eaten do not wonder if it will agree with you. When you get to wonder trouble begins. Say goodbye to it, not expecting to hear from it again. If you fear it do not eat it, if you eat it do not fear it.

Be cheerful at your meals. A sour countenance will give you a sour stomach.

Praise your wife cooking—if you can consent to it.

If you go home with a grouse leave it out of doors, where the dog will get it, then shoot the dog.

The majority of people do not know how to live with they are ready to die, and then they are not ready to die because they have not rightly lived.

**Genesis of the Playhouse.**

Fluents in 534 B. C. acted his play in a wagon. In 499 B. C., during the time of Aeschylus, creator of drama, the performances took place upon a temporary wooden scaffold, one of which, having collapsed during a representation, the Athenians were induced to build the great theater of Dionysus, calling it the Lencon, which was the first permanent stone structure of its kind. It required 100 years to erect it. There was no scenery, but the scene was decorated so as to represent the locality in which the action was going on. It was his structure, but around the building were porticoes, to which the people retreated during rainstorms. Sometimes awnings were used to ward off the sun's heat.

**Card Playing.**

Card playing began in India in the ninth century. It was introduced into Europe by orientals some time prior to the thirteenth century. Saracens popularized the amusement in Spain and Italy. The taste for the game afterward spread to Germany, where it commenced to be indulged in about 1275. Its appearance in France was mentioned in the records of that country in 1303. Heraldic cards were first known in England in 1600.

**Genuinely Dry.**

Antofagasta, a seaport of Chile, on Morena bay, a great shipper of metal ores, borax and nitrate, is obliged to pipe its drinking water several hundred miles from the Andes. The city is one of the driest spots in the world, though a deep water port. Beyond it lies the great Atacama desert.—Argonaut.

**Lucky Youth.**

"Young Scadds is an absolute nin compoop. He doesn't know enough to come in when it rains."

"He doesn't need to. With all his money he can afford a new umbrella every day in the week and also a man to carry it for him."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

**Her Jewels.**

Mrs. Subbans. I wonder where little Willie and Davy are. Did you see anything of my jewels as you came along, Mr. Nezdore? Nezdore: Yes, I did, ma'am. Your jewels are in sock. I saw them swimming in the river. Boston Transcript.

Those who are readiest to criticize are often the least able to appreciate.—Toulbert.

**Beauty of Pennsylvania.**

In one respect only Pennsylvania is unchanged and unchangeable. Men have dealt harshly and shamefully by her, but nature has crowned her with beauty. Her founder, knowing nothing of his broad facts, gave that they were forest lands, gave to the new province the pretty name of Sylvania. Charles II., always a pastmaster in words, prefixed the Penn, for which pleasant conceit every son and daughter of the state owes him a grateful thought. Thus the word Pennsylvania perpetuates history, honors a noble name and symbolizes the loveliness of the land, a land of woods and waters, hills and valleys, fat farms and rocky solitudes. The shrieking engine that drags its trainload of passengers through the valley of the Juniata, across ridge after ridge of the Alleghenies, past the Tuscarora gap and the succession of narrows—Long Narrows, Jack's Narrows, Picketts Narrows—has traversed a country so widely and nobly beautiful that in Europe, it would attract the tourists of the world.—Agnes Repplier in American Magazine.

**Sitting on a Tack.**

A thing is trifle or humorous according to the point of view. The man who sits on a tack does not share the onlookers' amusement. In fact, he is likely only pained at his own misfortune, but he is pained because he occasioned some one else to find a degree of pleasure in his unseemly plight. Now, it is perfectly safe to make this positive statement in this connection—the person who witnessed the other's unfortunate encounter with the tack never deliberately sits on the same tack himself. Indeed, he is particularly cautious about sitting down anywhere soon thereafter without looking for a tack.

Nor is this an indictment of tacks. Tacks serve a very real and useful purpose in this world, but they have their place, which is not in localities where they may be set upon.—William O. Lengel in Hogsgon Magazine.

**Caught Him Both Ways.**

"I ask you to pay me this bill," said a tailor to a wealthy debtor.

"Do you owe anybody anything?" asked the wag.

"No, sir," replied the tailor.

"Then you can afford to pay me and off he walked."

A day or two afterward the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his will and, so, turning to his credit, he said:

"Are you in debt to anybody?"

"Yes, sir, I am sorry to say I am."

"Well, why don't you pay?"

"I haven't got the money," replied the taller, with a woeful countenance.

"That's just my case, my dear sir. I am glad to perceive that you can appreciate my position. I always respected your judgment, sir. Give me your hand, sir."—London Mail.

**Some Geographical Doubles.**

Accidental doubles of geography are very curious. There are the two totally unconnected Galicia, the one in Austria-Hungary and the one in Spain. As to the Carpathians, the doubling occurs between the ancient and the modern atlases. On the map of the ancients we find a people named Carpi in the north of what is now Hungary and north of them the Carpatian mountains. But "Carpathian" in Vergil, Horace and Ovid means something quite different. The Carpathian sea was the sea between Rhodes and Crete, from the island of Carpathus, now Scarpanto, and the "Carpathian old man" was Proteus, who lived and no doubt practiced his quick change tricks there.—London Spectator.

**Ferocious His Subjects.**

King Ericus of Sweden publicly confessed that he was a sorcerer and magician. He was the owner of an enchanted cap, which he pretended enabled him to control the spirits and change the direction of the winds at pleasure. So firmly did his subjects believe in the supernatural powers of their ruler that when a storm arose they would exclaim, "Ah, the king is again wearing the magic cap!"

**What She Misses.**

"I suppose you miss your husband terribly?"

"No; I can't say that I do. I was a golf widow for years before he died, but it does seem strange not to have him phone that he is going to be late for dinner."—Detroit Free Press.

**Practical Health Hint.**

Proper Sleep.

To the average individual in the modern civilized community, and with its various opportunities and limitations, there is good reason to believe that a proper amount of sleep is the chief health server. All about us life, both animate and inanimate, obeys the laws of nature and passes into some form resembling sleep, usually while the sun is beneath the horizon.

Authorities on health and hygiene point out more and more the need of securing at least eight consecutive hours of sleep. Where this cannot be done as a routine, day after day, they advise that the proper amount of sleep be made up some time during the twenty-four hours. The universal practice of this policy, no doubt would do more than any other single factor to insure more health and prevent disease.