

THE GREAT NORTHERN TABLE
THE COMFORTABLE WAY

GOING SOUTH GOING NORTH

8:45 a. m.	Sandstone	8:55 p. m.
9:05	Brook Park	8:35
9:25	Mora	8:15
9:45	Ogilvie	7:55
10:05	Milaca	7:35
10:25	Princeton	7:15
10:45	Long Siding (T)	6:55
11:05	Brickton (T)	6:35
11:25	Princeton	6:15
11:45	Anoka	5:55
12:05 p. m.	Minneapolis	5:35
1:10	St. Paul	5:40

ST. CLOUD TRAINS

GOING WEST GOING EAST

10:05 a. m.	Milaca	6:50 p. m.
10:25	Foreston	6:30
11:15	St. Cloud	5:00

Train No. 42 leaves St. Cloud daily at 8:10 a. m. and Sandstone at 11:20 a. m. where it connects with No. 39 for Duluth.

Train No. 41 leaves Sandstone daily at 12:05 p. m. after arrival of No. 18 from Duluth, arrives at Milaca at 1:05 p. m. and at St. Cloud at 3:30 p. m.

WAY FREIGHT

GOING SOUTH GOING NORTH

Daily, ex. Sun.	Milaca	5:10 p. m.
1:30 a. m.	Milaca	5:10 p. m.
10:30	Princeton	5:10
10:30	Elk River	5:10
8:30	Anoka	5:10

Any information regarding sleeping cars or connections will be furnished at any time by J. W. MOSEMAN, Agent, Princeton, Minn.

New Year's

by Eve Alvah N. Narrington

RIGHT foot forward, left foot back, double shuffle. Zip!

Thus Hal Burton, with boyish animation, with youthful longing, too, as he glanced through the open window commanding a clear view of the river, frozen solid, packed with a gay throng. He could catch the inspiring clang and whistle of the bright flying skates. The fact inspired him to redouble his present efforts, "parlor skating," for a surety, for Hal had been set the task of polishing the parlor floors. He wore a pair of big felt boots and was executing an ungainly dance. When he paused it was to send flying from a bug at his side a sprinkle of wax. Then he resumed his vigorous gyrations, whirling, singing, barely pausing for breath.

"Right foot, left foot, any foot at all. Done! Now for half a glorious day on real skates, just as sister Marcia promised."

"Sister Marcia" entered the apartment as Hal was removing his impromptu skates from his tired feet. She commended his work and told him there were freshly cooked doughnuts in the kitchen, and Hal darted away with a joyous shout.

She was a fair chateleine and lady bountiful, this lovely Marcia Burton. Perhaps a subdued sadness in her eyes, a slight firmness about the lips betrayed hidden emotion, but well under curb. It was two days before New Year's and festive occasions always brought memories of the past, of one special passage in her life where love had flamed for a day to flicker only vaguely, distressingly through the later years.

If she had borne secret disappointment, her gentle winning ways concealed it. There were two Marcia's would miss—her father, who had died during the year; the other one who had dropped out of her life three years ago, mysteriously, with an abruptness to this day inexplicable—Bruce Telford.

At that very hour, in the city one hundred miles distant, this selfsame individual was thinking of her. Perhaps it was some seasonal telepathic influence, perhaps unconsciously his thoughts were always fixed upon Miss Burton.

There was reason why this should be so. Their lives—and loves—had been more intimately commingled in the past than the casual world suspected. Marcia had been a friend of Telford for over a year. Each recognized a closer tie as time went on. One eventful night at a social function he

had been overcome by her rare beauty and kindly consideration. As they parted he had whispered into her ear that he wished to write her something of interest, something that had been in his heart for a long time. The letter was dispatched. One day, two days—no reply. His soul was stricken, not only with bitter disappointment, but with injured pride and chagrin. All womankind forewarned, Bruce Telford had left the town and had plunged into business, cold, exact, systematic, to assuage the sorrow that had crushed his spirit to the ground.

He had prospered beyond his fondest dreams, but at what a sacrifice! He had allowed business to absorb him, fancying he was forgetting the past. This particular afternoon, so close to the end of a year, it seemed as though he reviewed his old life, just as his busy bookkeeper, bent over his desk, was bulking up the twelve months' brokerage operations. So wraths of the far past flitted through Telford's mind, with Marcia ever a lonely though distracting presence. The memory disturbed him. He arose and paced the floor. Then his glance became fixed on old John Graham, his bookkeeper. Working diligently, Graham was humming softly an old familiar tune.

Bruce Telford felt ashamed as he considered his own selfish self-centered three years and the man before him. Within six months Graham had lost his wife and child. His brave spirit had not sunk. He had adopted two little orphans, sent for his sister

Ring Out the Old! Ring in the New!

AND now we hear the tolling bell, That sounds the Old Year's dying knell, And safe within the fleeing past Its good and evil will be cast, To oft return, in future hour, Brought by retentive memory's power. And what the New Year, ere its close, May have in store, no mortal knows. But if all men were good and true, And would their Christian duty do, The world would seem to hear again "Sweet peace on earth, good will to men!" Then all could shout, the whole world through, "Ring out the Old! Ring in the New!"

OH, THINK of those bound down by sorrow, Now longing for some glad tomorrow To lighten up the heavy load, That they must bear upon life's road, Who journey on from day to day, Along life's cold and rugged way, Still longing, as they onward tread, For deeds undone or words unsaid, Though friendly smile or kindly hand— Two things at every one's command— Would help to soothe the gnawing pain, Or break the links of sorrow's chain. So, Christian friends, your duty do— Ring out the Old! Ring in the New!

WITHIN a learned land like this Some think that ignorance is bliss, While ruthless hands and scheming fools Make rule or ruin their vicious tools; With no respect for God or man, Destructive methods are their plan; Not using reason for defense, Resort they to fool's violence; Imaginary wrongs they'd right, By senseless torch or dynamite. Oh, rulers of our mighty land, Check this vile scourge with firmer hand! Then tranquil peace will come in lieu— Ring out the Old! Ring in the New!

BEAR this in mind, what e'er befall, The hand Divine rules over all. And when we greet the glad New Year, With all its joy and social cheer, Let each resolve his best to give, That this old world may better live. And as we go but once this way, Let's shed sweet sunshine's golden ray, And bring good cheer to hearts bowed down By adversity's cold, sullen frown. Then when the sands of life are run, We'll hear the welcome, "Well, well done! Come, reap the joys prepared for you!" Ring out the Old! Ring in the New!

—George W. Armstrong.

and was making life radiant for others, despite his sore affliction. Telford followed a quick impulse. He returned to his desk and wrote out a check for one hundred dollars. Then he stepped beside his industrious employee.

"Make a happy New Year's for your folks at home, Graham," he said with assumed lightness of tone. "And by the way, we'll close up for the week. I think I'll take a little run to—down into the country."

Bruce Telford left the city with a well-stored suitcase. The next afternoon saw him ringing the doorbell of the old mansion where he had spent so many happy hours. The servant recognized him with a start and showed him into the parlor.

There were old familiar aspects to the room, and there in the alcove was the special corner always given to dead Mr. Burton. The caller even recognized his desk, his armchair, his favorite books. It looked as though this was a spot sacred to the memory of the beloved parent, preserved as of old and not disturbed. Involuntarily Telford took up one of the volumes. He instantly recognized a classical author from whom Mr. Burton had frequently quoted. Almost unconsciously he turned over the leaves. He smiled in sad retrospect as he noted a line that had been a favorite with the dead man, and following the context, turned over a new leaf—

"No marvel that he started! That volume had probably remained unopened for years. There between the pages lay three letters. They were yellow and faded with time. Each one bore an uncancelled stamp. Undoubtedly given to Mr. Burton to mail, in his absent-mindedness he had placed them temporarily in the book and they had never been mailed.

"Mr. Bruce Telford"—one was addressed to himself. And in Marcia's handwriting! His heart began to beat wildly. Could it be—he was interrupted. He knew not why, but with almost eager haste he closed the book, thrusting the letter into his pocket. Marcia entered the room.

They became almost jolly over the package of presents he had brought for the little ones. They spoke of old friends, of the New Year's eve only a few hours distant. Would he stay to tea and later join her sister and her husband in a skating party?

Bruce Telford sat in a strange glow as later Marcia left him to direct preparations for tea. His hand stole to the letter in his pocket. What might it not contain—her reply to his letter, so cruelly withered through three long, bitter years!

"No," he said, checking an impulse urged by a rare heart of hope—"later." It was like a dream, the succeeding hour, as he was greeted by the mem-

bers of the family, made to feel at home seated at the table with Marcia, flushed, radiant, kindly as always and more lovingly than ever.

New Year's eve—how royally the old church bells rang! A slide across the safe bound ice of the river, a delicious moment as, all equipped, Marcia's hand rested in his and they glided over the smooth, shining surface as of yore.

Half a mile from the others, in a swift sweep down the river, she stumbled and he caught her in his arms and insisted on her resting on an old log. He seemed in some dream of delicious delight, a magic force impelled him to speak at last.

"Miss Burton—" he began.

"Surely we are old friends, Bruce," she interrupted, with reproachful wistfulness.

"Yes, Marcia," he corrected himself. "I have a letter I found in a book at your home. Was it an answer to my own in that long ago?" and the words that explained all came from his lips, in impetuous rapidity. "See, I have not opened it," he added.

He tendered it to her. Her face had grown colorless, but only from the startling discovery of the delayed



Glided Over the Smooth, Shining Surface.

missive. It fluttered in her clasp for a moment. Then she held it out toward him, her face flushing, her eyes downcast as she almost whispered: "It was yours three years ago; it is yours just the same today."

"Then—then I have come into my own!" he cried in surging hope. "Dare I hope—"

"I have not changed," she said softly. "When you read it—"

Ah! He could read it in her tell-tale face now, in her happy eyes. His arm stole round her. She did not draw back.

"Through all the years—oh, worth the waiting!" he cried.

(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

WYANETT

Miss Alice Christ visited at H. E. Johnson's last Sunday.

The Free Mission Ladies' Aid society met at Albert Anderson's on Wednesday.

Rev. A. Thornwall spent a couple of days in Estes Brook this week.

A big crowd attended the Christmas program in the Free Mission church last Saturday evening.

A program was given in the Wyanett Baptist church last Sunday evening.

Miss Ruth Lind arrived home last Friday from Minneapolis.

Miss Florence Crist left for Cambridge last Monday, where she has been employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Flink and family visited at Oscar Strong's last Sunday.

Miss Viola Rust is sick with smallpox. She is in a hospital in Minneapolis.

SPENCER BROOK

Mrs. Myrtle Smith and daughter, Fern, of Minneapolis came up on Thursday to spend Christmas with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Ed. Rupes and little daughter came up from her home in Spencer, Iowa, on Thursday, to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lilly, for a few weeks.

Miss Clara Somerville went to her home in Duluth on Friday to spend her holiday vacation.

A large crowd attended the Christmas tree and program at the M. E. church last Thursday evening, and all went home feeling they had spent an enjoyable evening. If any one is in doubt about it just ask Mrs. Wellington King.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Furnee came up from Anoka to spend Christmas with A. A. Babb and family.

There was a Christmas tree at the Lutheran church across the river on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Mabel Shurrer and daughter and Miss Zela Prescott are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Prescott, at this place.

A. A. Babb says he is prepared to do all kinds of resoling of shoes and is going to put up his shingle.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Blomquist entertained the families of Andrew Peterson and Guy McKenney on Christmas day.

Miss Jennie Whiting of Minneapolis

(First Pub. Dec. 16-17) IN BANKRUPTCY.

United States District Court, District of Minnesota, Fifth Division.

In the matter of Fred Aldrick and Ira Starkenburg, co-partners doing business as Aldrick Implement Company, and as individuals, bankrupt, and as individuals, To the creditors of Fred Aldrick and Ira Starkenburg, co-partners, doing business as Aldrick Implement Company, and as individuals, of Long Siding and Milaca, in the county of Milne Lacs, and district aforesaid, bankrupts:

Notice is hereby given that on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1920, the said Fred Aldrick and Ira Starkenburg, co-partners doing business as Aldrick Implement Company, and as individuals, were duly adjudged bankrupt, and the first meeting of creditors will be held at the office of the undersigned, 606 Palladio Building, Duluth, Minnesota, on Thursday, the 30th day of December, A. D. 1920, at 11 o'clock a. m., at which time the creditors may attend, prove their claims and elect a trustee, examine the bankrupts and transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated, Duluth, Minnesota, December 13, 1920.

WILLIAM O. PEALER, Referee in Bankruptcy.

(First Pub. Dec. 23-31) NOTICE.

Persons holding county warrants numbered as follows:

Road and Bridge.	
2300	2231
2400	2401
2420	2415
2422	2423
2424	2425
2426	2427
2428	2429
2430	2431
2432	2433
2434	2435
2436	2437
2438	2439
2440	2441
2442	2443
2444	2445
2446	2447
2448	2449
2450	2451
2452	2453
2454	2455
2456	2457
2458	2459
2460	2461
2462	2463
2464	2465
2466	2467
2468	2469
2470	2471
2472	2473
2474	2475
2476	2477
2478	2479
2480	2481
2482	2483
2484	2485
2486	2487
2488	2489
2490	2491
2492	2493
2494	2495
2496	2497
2498	2499
2500	2501

is visiting a few days at the Ellingwood home.

Wellington King made a business trip on Thursday to Burns and Grand.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Clough entertained their mother, Mrs. Ed. Dexter, and her son, Roy, also Mrs. Myrtle Smith and daughter, Fern, at Christmas dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph House entertained relatives and friends on Christmas day.

Miss Hazel Sealberg went to her home in Princeton on Friday for the holiday vacation.

BUY TIRES NOW!

Save Money

We have a limited number of standard make guaranteed 6000 mile tires which we wish to close out with a view to standardizing on one make of tires.

Below are listed makes and prices which will show a very substantial saving over present reduced prices:

30x3 Republic rib tread	\$13.50
30x3 1-2 Republic rib tread	\$17.50
30x3 1-2 Republic non skid	\$18.50
31x4 Republic non skid	\$24.00
32x3 1-2 Republic rib tread	\$20.50
32x3 1-2 Republic non-skid	\$22.50
33x4 Republic non-skid	\$30.00
30x3 Blackstone rib tread	\$13.50
30x3 1-2 Blackstone non-skid	\$17.50
32x3 1-2 Blackstone non-skid	\$21.50
30x3 1-2 Firestone plain tread	\$14.00
30x3 1-2 Firestone non-skid	\$16.50
32x3 1-2 Firestone non-skid	\$18.50
33x4 Firestone plain tread	\$23.50
33x4 Firestone non-skid	\$27.50

The high grade Brunswick Tires are now reduced to the following low prices. Factory List.

30x3 Brunswick non-skid	\$16.80
30x3 1-2 Brunswick non-skid	\$20.00
32x3 1-2 Brunswick non-skid	\$25.30
31x4 Brunswick non-skid	\$28.00
32x4 Brunswick non-skid	\$33.65
33x4 Brunswick non-skid	\$35.35
34x4 Brunswick non-skid	\$36.10

These prices are subject to excise tax.

We have a few odds and ends of accessories which we wish to realize cash from as follows:

Ford Honeycomb Radiators	\$21.50
Nickel channel bar bumpers (Ford)	\$5.50
Nickel channel bar bumpers (Maxwell)	\$6.50

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MILLE LACS COUNTY

TOWN CLERKS

Borus Brook—A. J. Franzen R. 4. Milaca
Borholm—C. W. Sorenson R. 1. Milaca
Bradbury—W. C. Johnson Onamia
Dalley—Serenio Johnson R. 2. Onamia
East Side—Oscar C. Anderson R. 1. Redtop
Greenbush—Oscar Erickson R. 1. Foreston
Hayland—Nevil E. Hummel R. 3. Milaca
Isle Harbor—Samuel Magaw R. 1. Wahkon
Kathio—Wallace E. Schaumberg Star R. Onamia
Milo—O. B. Kesler R. 1. Foreston
Milaca—H. A. S. Sandholm R. 2. Milaca
Mudgett—L. L. Baker R. 2. Onamia
Onamia—G. H. Carr R. 2. Onamia
Page—Erick Williams R. 3. Milaca
Princeton—Henry Marpe Princeton
South Harbor—Philip Wacker R. 1. Onamia

VILLAGE RECORDERS

Foreston—Earl Delhart Foreston
Isle—A. O. Peterson Isle
Milaca—E. A. Magnuson Milaca
Princeton—Clair Smith Princeton
Onamia—Stacy Orton Onamia
Wahkon—C. M. Halgren Wahkon

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PRINCETON, MINNESOTA

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Lawyer
County Attorney I. O. F. Bk.
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EVAN H. PETERSON
Attorney
(Successor to S. P. Skahan)
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