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## The Steinway & Sons' Pianos.

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SOLE AGENT FOR THE COPPER COUNTRY.

We also sell the following A1 pianos: Decker & Sons, Sterling, Estey & Co., Camp & Co., and the world-renowned Estey organ.

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Hancock Michigan

THE

Northwestern House

Hancock, Mich.

Is the best hotel, not only in Hancock, but in the Upper Peninsula, is situated on the business street and is steam heated throughout. Rates, \$2 and \$2.50; baths in connection with \$2.50 rooms. 48 transient rooms.

CHARLES LINDER, Prop'r.

R. R. TIME-TABLES.

Passenger Trains on M. R. R. R.

In Effect December 29, 1915.

Time	From	To	Time	From	To
7:15 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	7:15 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
7:45 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	7:45 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
8:15 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	8:15 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
8:45 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	8:45 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
9:15 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	9:15 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
9:45 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	9:45 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
10:15 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	10:15 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
10:45 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	10:45 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
11:15 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	11:15 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
11:45 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	11:45 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock

Passenger Trains on H. & C. R. R.

In Effect December 19, 1915.

Time	From	To	Time	From	To
7:15 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	7:15 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
7:45 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	7:45 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
8:15 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	8:15 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
8:45 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	8:45 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
9:15 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	9:15 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
9:45 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	9:45 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
10:15 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	10:15 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
10:45 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	10:45 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
11:15 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	11:15 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock
11:45 a.m.	Hancock	Marquette	11:45 p.m.	Marquette	Hancock

D. S. S. & A. R. R.

Time Table:

In effect December 15, 1915.

TRAINS LEAVE HOUGHTON

For Detroit and the east.....7:00 a. m.

For Chicago and Marquette.....7:25 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE HOUGHTON

From Marquette and Chicago.....11:35 p. m.

From Detroit and the east.....7:25 p. m.

Daily. Daily except Sunday.

For tickets, time tables and other information apply to J. H. FORD, Ticket Agent, Hancock, Mich.

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CHICAGO

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CHICAGO

## Portage Lake News.

### Semi-Annual Meeting of the Protestant Denominations.

Held at Keweenaw Club House

Outgoing Yacht Club Treasurer Mak's Report-Honorary Members Elected.

The regular semi-annual conference of representatives of the Protestant denominations of the Upper Peninsula was held Wednesday evening at the Keweenaw club house. The object of this conference is to compare notes on the missionary work being done by the different churches and to so arrange and accommodate the plans of each as to make the work of all most effective. When there happens to be two small places close together and one denomination has succeeded in organizing a church in one of them it is believed better to leave the field in both to that church, which may then become quickly self-supporting, rather than for another denomination to go in with the result of having two or more weak, struggling churches.

This plan of conferring together has been found to economize in the matter of appropriations for missionary work and to tend toward the end desired by the more liberal and broad thinking men, the breaking down of denominational barriers.

Dr. Lane, of Houghton, is president of this conference and Mr. E. L. Wright secretary. At the meeting Wednesday evening Presiding Elder Sweet represented the Methodist church, Mr. Wright and Rev. Joel Martin, Upper Peninsula missionaries, the Congregational, Dr. L. L. Hubbard the Episcopal, and Mr. C. A. Stringer the Young Men's Christian Association. Dr. Hubbard presented for Bishop Williams a very complete statement of the missionary work of the diocese.

It was decided that at the next conference representatives from the Finnish churches would be invited to attend.

At the meeting of the Outgoing yacht club, Wednesday evening, Treasurer Tom Dea made the following report. Fifty-five new members were admitted during the year, making 166 members at present, exclusive of honorary members. The initiation fees, dues, and donations amounted to \$21.80. The general expenses of the club were \$896 and \$100 were spent on improvements.

The club having decided to purchase the property they occupy, negotiations resulted yesterday in the purchase of twenty acres being arranged for \$600. The twenty acres include all the frontage now in use by the club and back, and including the horse sheds. Among the members there are twenty-one boat owners.

There were three honorary members elected Wednesday evening: T. Henry Mason, of New York city; S. F. Leopold, of Chicago, and W. H. Chrimes, of Boston.

A resolution was offered to admit non-resident Mining School students on the payment of simply annual dues. This year the restriction on visitors will be drawn more closely, for it has been found that the quarters are not more than large enough for the use of members and their families.

Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Miss Lizzie Eyma, of Great Falls, Mont., and Dr. A. B. Simonson, of Calumet, which will take place at Great Falls, on April 6. Mr. and Mrs. Simonson will reside at Calumet.

The Northern Michigan Building and Loan Association has commenced foreclosure against Joseph Betler, of Houghton. The association holds a mortgage of \$11,200 on the Betler block in Houghton.

The contest over the will of Edward Hertton has been transferred to the circuit court on appeal from the probate court.

There will be a caucus at Dollar Bay, Monday evening, to nominate officers of Oscoda township.

Sup't. C. E. Lytle, of the D. S. S. & A., was at this end of the line yesterday.

A. E. Hodgkins, of Marquette, was a Houghton visitor yesterday.

Better Work Every Day. We ought never to be willing to live any year just as we lived the last one. No one is striving after the best things who is not intent on an upward and a forward movement continually. The circular movement is essential, too—the going around and around in the old grooves, daily tasks—yet even in this treadmill round there should be constant progress. We ought to do the same things better each day. Then in the midst of the outward routine our inner life ought to be growing in earnestness, in force, in depth.—J. R. Miller.

When the frightful dynamite explosion at Romeo shook the earth and all the buildings within 50 miles trembled to their foundations, the sleeping commuter rolled over in his Auburn park bed.

"How many times," he mumbled, "do you think you're entitled to collect a passenger's fare on your old milk train? You punched my ticket half an hour ago!"—Chicago Tribune.

Couldn't Find It. "How is it I never see you killing time?" asked an idle person. "I can't find the time," said the busy man in perfect innocence.—Indianapolis Journal.

The man who is brought to chronology by his wife's superior will during the season.

The factories of Indiana furnish employment to 124,849 persons, the output being \$226,825,092.

### AN EASY BET TO WIN.

It Took Only a Short Time to Collect More Than Twenty Feet.

They stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and looked long and earnestly in the direction of the corner of one of the big buildings. Of course under the circumstances the man who had been standing in the doorway felt impelled to join them. He could not see anything extraordinary at the top of the building, but he kept his eyes upturned because they did.

A man who was hurrying along saw the three, and he at once forgot where he was going and what he had to do, and joined them.

"I told you so," said the man who had first cast his eyes in that direction, and he made a motion as if to point out something to his companion.

Four men who were passing saw the gesture and stopped to investigate, and before they had fairly fixed their gaze upon the cornice three others joined them.

"You may be right," returned the companion of the man who had first spoken, "but you said 20, you know."

Six more people, including two women, were now straining their eyes to see what was wrong with the cornice, and a rumor was in circulation that some one had tried to throw a child out of one of the windows. This was promptly denied by the man who knows it all and who is always present on such an occasion. He said that a gang of counterfeiter had been found on the top floor and had taken refuge on the roof, where they were preparing to do battle with the officers who had been sent to arrest them.

Meanwhile the little group at the edge of the sidewalk had swelled to a crowd of over a hundred.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the man who had first stopped.

"Yes," replied his companion. "There are more than 20."

"More than 20 what?" anxiously inquired several of those nearest the two.

"Fools," returned the first speaker promptly, "inspired idiots. You see, we had a dispute as to the number of fools to be seen on the streets of a great city, and I bet him we could gather 20 around us in ten minutes by simply standing out here and looking up at the cornice. Gentlemen, there are more than 20 of you here, and I win."

Then a hundred or more solemn looking men, and a few women, went on about their business, and they all felt kicking themselves without intermission for a period of not less than two hours.—Chicago Post.

The Wheel and England. Take the Great North road. Except upon market days, one might have traveled any 50 miles along it between Highgate and York without meeting 50 people. Towns which literally lived by the road had drifted into a helplessly somnolent condition, from which no apparent human agency could awaken them, and as if he had been a highlander or an Ironsides in full warpaint. The highway itself, being of no particular value to anybody since the Great Northern railway began to whirl the old patrons of the road along at 45 miles an hour, was allowed to decay, and in wet seasons or snowy weather was well nigh impassable.

The rage for wheeling has produced a rapid transformation. Station yourself at any point you like, and try to count the machines which pass on a fine Saturday afternoon during the course of an hour, and you will soon abandon the task as hopeless. Then, consider that every rider of every machine spends something during his trip, even if it be but the cost of a temperance drink. Consider that a very large number of Saturday riders sleep out and make good meals during their journey; that they are constantly spending something over and above their actual traveling expenses; that the wonderful extension of our acquaintance with our own country resulting from these peaceful invasions of it by the inhabitants, not merely of the metropolis, but of every city and considerable town in the land, has led to the refurbishing up of such local lions as the castle, or the abbey, or the great Somebody's birthplace, or the waterfall, or the view (the inspection of all of which means the expenditure of money); and an approximate idea may be gained of the influence upon national trade which this pastime alone exercises.—Chambers' Journal.

Superstitions about the Weather. Popular superstitions about the weather linger long, and in spite of the teachings of science people persist in believing that seaweed hung up in a backyard will become damp at the approach of rain, or that a similar indication is to be found in the fact that a pig is seen chewing straw. Mr. Richard Lawford, the president of the Meteorological society, is of the opinion that there is no belief whatever in such methods of prophecy, but that the belief that it rains on St. Swithin's day it will rain for 40 days; "An unadulterated fallacy," such is what Mr. Inwards calls it, yet in spite of the evidence accumulated upon the subject by the Meteorological office, people go on putting faith in it as though there were no such thing as experience. They, again, it is said that a full moon will clear away clouds, and that a change of moon on a Saturday or a Sunday is an indication of floods, although not a little evidence in favor of either belief has ever been adduced.—London News.

No More Managers. There are no more managers in the theatrical business—at least, if there they are back numbers. Nowadays we have only directors. It is Modjeska, direction of Frank L. Perley; John Hare, direction of Clarence Fleming; James O'Neil, direction of William F. Connor; Stuart Robson, direction of William Hayden. It is only the man with a diamond globe in his shirt front and a hollower sized cigar between his fingers that "manages."—Theatrical Tidings.

A List That Might Be Extended. Shakespeare was never laureate, nor Milton, nor Pope, nor Crabbe, nor Burns, nor Byron, nor Shelley, nor Coleridge, nor Keats.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The most graceful of domestic animals is the cat, while the most awkward bird is the duck, but it won't do to use these facts for a basis if you want to call a woman pet names.

The factories of Indiana furnish employment to 124,849 persons, the output being \$226,825,092.

### THE WINE OF LIFE.

He best can drink the wine of life

Who sweetly crush the grapes of fate  
Who shuts the James door of strife  
And finds an olive on his gate.

Who needs no victor to whom  
The record of his triumphs bear;  
Contentment is his coronation  
On which he builds his arch of power.

So with this hour of push and puff,  
Where no might unworldly seem to last,  
Vex not thy miserable self,  
But search the fountains of the past.

A broad cup brimmed with mighty red  
Thee shalt drink years to thy soul;  
From old European vineyards send  
The Roman sends the Tuscan wine.

Old fawns have breathed against the grapes,  
Old winds arouse about the low-  
Still music of forgotten shapes,  
Dine palaces of a pagan soul.

There are those dark and glimmering lands,  
From altars wreathed with ivy trail,  
Old Flaccus reaches out his hands  
And bids the mild barbarian hail.

—Lord Byron

### UNDER FIRE.

"What class, sir?"

"Third—not a smoking carriage."

The porter deposited my gun and cartridge cases on the rack and my dressing bag on the seat in the corner and accepted his sixpence with the nonchalance of a man who, on a Saturday afternoon in holiday time, can make plenty more of them.

From Charing Cross to Cannon street I had my compartment to myself. Having reached that point, it was invaded by a horde of the type generally referred to as one's "fellow creatures." The aristocrat of the party was a clerk on his way to Ramsgate for a week. He proceeded to fill and light a briar wood pipe. As he was sitting at the other end of the carriage and was smoking a fragrant tobacco from far Virginia, I neither felt nor made any objection to his doing so. It was a different matter when a gentleman of an obliging familiarity of manner joined us at London bridge, carrying a clay pipe charged with the bluest and most pungent of shags.

Now the close proximity of a smoker of shag is a very annoying thing, and it was for the sake of avoiding it on a journey of some three hours' duration that I had resolved to forego the companionship of my own pipe for that length of time and had sought the seclusion of a nonsmoking carriage, where a possible baby would be my sole annoyance. Consequently, when my neighbor, after a decent interval, rammed a horny forefinger into the bowl of his pipe, and, producing a dirty wad match from his waistcoat pocket, proceeded to light up, I addressed a polite and carefully worded remonstrance to him.

"I'm afraid this isn't a smoking carriage," I said. He looked at me. "Oh, isn't it?" he said.

"No."

"Do you object then?"

"I don't object to it on the other side of the carriage," I said, "but I do object as you are sitting next to me."

"And you want to sit next to me, ugly?" he inquired, with rising asperity. "You ain't a female, are yer, to object to a little bit of tobacco? It's a pity yer didn't get into a first class carriage."

"It's a pity you didn't get into a smoking carriage if you wanted to smoke," I retorted. "At any rate you're not going to smoke here."

"I'll assure yer, my lord," he said, with laborious civility, "I'd not want to sit next to yer. I'd be sorry to contaminate my morals by such a conventional, and he moved over to the opposite seat in the middle of the carriage.

"I'll tell yer wot I'll do," he pursued. "I'll put my pipe, so there now." He did so and restored it to his pocket with the air of a man who has secured heavily. Then he leaned toward me with his elbows on his knees and took me in with a withering glance from head to foot.

"Hand may I harsh wot yer persiction in life may be?" he inquired. "Here yer a socialist or a nunning, or wot are yer? Pr'raps yer'd like a glass of milk?" The note of deprecating respectability of the employment suggested by his scorn ripened. "Wot d'yer want to put in yer pipe for? I tell yer wot yer oughter done. Yer oughter taken a special train, yer ought. That's ter say," he added, with great deliberation and intense disdain, "if yer could afford it, yer know. I don't suppose they pays yer 'igh in the establishment wot commands yer services." He was quite right. They do not.

At this point, perceiving that I was in for a protracted harangue, I took up my Pall Mall Gazette and feigned an absorbing interest in its contents. I did it rather well. I ran my eye along the lines. I turned over a page, and even allowed a smile to curl my lips at an entirely imaginary joke.

"That's right," commented my assailant, "I am glad they taught yer to read at the boarding school. Yer go on and yer'll be able to read the St. James Gazette soon." The point of this latter sarcasm is not yet plain to me, but the fact of my so ostentatiously ignoring his conversation proved quite as irritating as I had hoped. He gathered himself together for a fresh attack, and addressed me for about the space of a quarter of an hour in a manner not at all abusive, but quite unflinching by any reticence of criticism. He took in all my weak points and unadmitted on them carefully but freely.

He began with my personal appearance. My best friends have never called me good looking, although they have never told me that I was positively repulsive. He did. He went further. He said it made him sick to look at me, illustrating his point with an embarrassing realism. He said that they had lately missed a chimpanzee from the zoological gardens and expressed his intention of giving information at the next session that he had found it and claimed the reward. My ears are rather prominent. He called them "antlers" with my own. My nose is not quite Grecian in outline. He thought it must have been put on hot and run over my face. My mouth is rather large. He asked if it buttoned behind.

Having disposed of my face and figure, he passed on to my clothes. Of my serge suit he had not much to say. In deed it did me, for I had addressed a few deprecatory remarks to my tailor on the subject a few days before. My gloves he suggested I should wear on my feet and hoped they would fit bet-

### Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ter than my shoes did. His strictures were well grounded, for, wanting a pair of shoes for bicycling some weeks ago, I bought some ready made ones of brown calf and had been ill advised enough to wear them on this occasion. They did not fit me well and were fast wearing out. I should have liked the man who sold them to me for 14s. 6d. to have heard my critic's remarks upon them. From the technicalities he employed I rather think he must have been "interested" in shoe leather.

Otherwise, from the general tone of his criticisms, I feel sure he would have attributed some of their deficiencies of appearance to the feet inside them. My shirt did not please him. It was of blue striped flannel. He asked me how much I gave for it, but I did not tell him, because he would not have believed me. He pointed out that he himself was man enough to wear white shirts, and indeed it was quite conceivable that the one he had on might have been white a week ago, and, given a large expenditure of soap and labor, might some day be white again.

He wanted to know why I, who called myself a toff (I never have), couldn't afford anything better than flannel. He said he was ashamed of me. He had said that before, and he said it often afterwards. I felt rather apprehensive about the treatment my white would undergo, and when its time came it was very fully dealt with. It certainly was rather gaudy. It was made of Indian cotton, in a pattern of yellows and greens and reds.

After its cheapness of appearance, the thing that seemed to strike him most was its inadequacy as a protection against cold. As it was only rather a narrow bow, this deficiency was perhaps not quite so remarkable as he was inclined to make out. He said if I would make him a present of it he would give it to his missus for a pair of garters, but I did not offer to do so.

He offered me half a crown for my long, sixpence for my stick, ninepence for my umbrella and various sundries ranging from 3 farthings up to nearly a shilling and amounting in the aggregate to about four and sixpence, for all my clothes as I stood. There was no question for myself—in fact, he said he had seen better men made out of tea leaves.

My gun and cartridges he did not identify as belonging to me, but a carpet bag which was over my head ruled the market at one and sixpence, because he said it would be useful for his old cat to kitten in.

This mistake proved his downfall and my salvation. The lady to whom it belonged, a virtuous female who was conveying two children and a husband to the seaside, was very much offended at this allusion to her property. She said she was a respectable married woman, which was obvious; that she had left home that morning with a headache and fixed on a nonsmoking carriage for the curious reason that she didn't want to travel in a smoking one.

She rebuked my astounded aggressor in no measured language for his treatment of me, whom she was kind enough to refer to as a "very civil spoken gentleman," and took me under her wing generally. I was very grateful. My assailant, who had hitherto been under the impression that his victimisms were much appreciated by a large and admiring gallery, dried up completely and only recovered his spirits after a nap, from which he awoke only in time to alight at his destination. He then said "Good evening" quite politely, and added that if I were to step out of the train he would give me in charge for abusive language.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Modest Philosopher. John Stuart Mill was an unassuming philosopher. He strove to give his wife the credit of his works, and he was never pretensions in claiming precedence among men. Miss Cobbe, in her "Life," relates this anecdote of Mr. Mill's modesty:

She was talking to him one day about the difficulty of doing mental work when disturbed by the music of street bands and instanced the case of a gentleman who was thrown into a frenzy by their noise.

"It does not interfere with my work," said Mr. Mill.