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Mortgage Sale.
Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Vernon L. Kacouse and Inez Kacouse of Shiawassee County, Michigan, to Emmett D. Wiltse of Byron, Mich., dated the fourteenth day of May A. D. 1914 and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Shiawassee and State of Michigan, on the sixteenth day of May A. D. 1914 in Liber 138 of mortgages on page 318 on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal and interest, the sum of twenty-nine hundred and sixty-eight and fifty-five one-hundredths (\$29,683.55) dollars, and an attorney's fee of thirty-five dollars, as provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made and provided, on Monday the twentieth day of September, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the undersigned will at the front door of the court house in the City of Corunna in Shiawassee County, a State of Michigan that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee is held, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid, on Monday the twentieth day of September, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the undersigned will at the front door of the court house in the City of Corunna in Shiawassee County, a State of Michigan that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee is held, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid, and all legal costs, together with said attorney's fee, to-wit: The west fifty-three and one-third (53 1/3) acres of the east half of the 5th-east-quarter of section twenty-eight (28) 1/2, and a piece of land containing one acre in more or less, being in the north-east corner of the west half of the south-east quarter of section twenty-eight (28) 1/2, all of the fore-aided descriptions being in township five (5) north of range four (4) east and containing altogether seventy-four and one-third (74 1/3) acres of land more or less.
EMMETT D. WILTSE,
Attorney for Mortgagee,
Business address, Byron, Mich.

THE CUPID EXPRESS

A Comedy of Love

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Trentham people always called the 6:36 train "the Cupid express," because it invariably carried one or more bridal couples.

It was the close of a March day, exactly 6:36 p. m., and the Cupid express had just snorted away cityward with two of Trentham's fair brides and incidentally the newly made husbands.

The Faber twins had just been married. It was a double wedding, and all the town had turned out to send them off with a suitable merrymaking. "Where is Edith?" inquired Mrs. William Blake, craning her neck around the carriage. "Where is Edith?" she repeated sternly as her niece took her place in the surrey.

"Edith is walking home," she said. Mrs. Blake drew a sharp breath. "Walking?" she interrogated. Cora nodded, but her face beneath the white hood of her cloak was serious. "Not alone?" declared Mrs. Blake in the decisive tone of one who knew.

"With Harley Lane," confessed Cora. "Ah!" Mrs. Blake's tone was freezing. She sank back in her seat and was silent. Bitter thoughts crowded her mind.

It was like an unkind fate to decree that her only child, Edith, should fall in love with Judge Lane's son. She had always tried to keep them apart and was openly rude to young Lane. And Harley was disconcertingly polite to her.

"Mrs. Blake would be the jolliest woman in the world if she would only forget her grouch against the world," said her would-be son-in-law to his father one day.

But the judge had frowned and looked very uncomfortable. "I wonder why your mother is so set against me," remarked Harley as he tucked Edith's hand under his arm and marched down the street.

Edith's eyelashes flickered as the surrey passed them at a corner where a street lamp shone brightly.

"I don't believe she really hates you, Harley," she said, "but some one has whispered a bit of ancient history to me. Years ago mother was engaged to marry your father. They quarreled, and neither forgave the other. Both married. There you are, sir!"

"The deuce!" whistled Harley; then he added hastily: "They're both been widowed for fifteen years. Why didn't they marry each other?"

"I don't know," signed Edith. "They couldn't really have cared."
"Dear, do you know I was wishing that you and I had courage to throw conventions to the four winds and elope on the Cupid express some day?"

"They would never forgive us, dear," murmured Edith, "and we couldn't really be happy if they didn't."

"I know it. There's only one thing to do, then—to convert them to our way of thinking."
"How can we do that?"

"I didn't have an idea until you told me that once they had been sweethearts. Listen to this scheme."

Mrs. Blake saw them lingering at the front gate. Her handsome face grew sterner, and her lips straightened into a thin line.

Her hands smote sharply together in a passion of wounded pride. "His son—of all men!" she moaned softly.

One April afternoon Mrs. Blake returned from her euchre club to find the house strangely silent.

"Miss Edith?" repeated Jane, the maid. "Why, Miss Edith left the house an hour ago. She carried a suitcase and—"

"A suitcase?" interrupted Mrs. Blake. "Did she say where she was going?"

"No, ma'am. I wouldn't have known about it only I heard the front door close, and I looked and saw Miss Edith running down the walk. A cab was there. She jumped in and was off."

"Very likely she has been called over to her cousin's in South Trentham. She will telephone to me no doubt."

The clock in the hall chimed the quarter after six, and mingled with it was the sharp, insistent tinkle of the telephone bell.

Winona Blake's voice shook a little as she lifted the receiver from its hook. "Yes?" she inquired.

It was Edith's voice, speaking in tremulous excitement. "Mother, dear," she quavered, "would you consent to my—my marrying Harley?"

An instant's silence, then the mother's voice, cold and terrible: "No daughter of mine ever will marry him!"

"Mother!" Edith's voice was stricken. "Where are you?" asked Mrs. Blake. "The railroad station."

"Wait until I come!" ordered Mrs. Blake, and, hanging up the receiver, she rushed from the house, still wearing her hat and her most becoming afternoon gown.

"I will go along, too!" she thought. "Edith is a minor, and—"

"Here, madam!" A conductor almost lifted her to the steps, and as she staggered across the platform into the coach a shower of small particles fell stingingly upon her face.

"Rice!" called somebody from the coach behind. "Where's the bridegroom?" some one asked in a loud whisper.

"The old party in the gray overcoat. See the confetti on his hat?"

And at this moment Mrs. Blake collided with some one in the aisle. They grasped each other and swayed with the moving train.

"You?" glared Mrs. Blake. "You?" glared Judge Lane.

A murmur ran through the car. Smiles spread from face to face, for was not this the honeymoon train, and did they not recognize a bridal couple?

They did. There was the handsome middle aged pair in gala attire; there was the confetti, rice. Somewhere in the rear a light headed youth whistled the wedding march from "Lohengrin."

Furiously embarrassed, angry and quite helpless in the face of so many whole hearted strangers, Judge Lane accepted the nearest proffered seat and pushed the equally embarrassed, angry and helpless lady into it.

"We may as well sit down," he snapped. "Yes!" she gasped. "Of course you know why I'm here?"

"I'm on the same errand. I was searching the train when I met you. Harley telephoned me for my blessing before they were married. Bah!"

"Tickets, please!" smiled the conductor. Mrs. Blake suffered a cold chill. Her pocketbook was at home. Could she accept money from John Lane?

She did, for without asking her permission he opened a bulging pocketbook and paid for both tickets.

Grinningly the conductor punched the rebate checks and gave them to the man.

"Congratulations, judge," he said as he moved along. "I knew the Cupid would catch you some day!"

A cold horror settled upon the two in the seat. So they were supposed to be a newly wedded pair!

Both were thinking of one day thirty years ago when they plighted their troth in the apple orchard beneath a snow of blossoms.

It was before the day of the Cupid express, but they had planned a wedding journey, and it had never come to pass.

And now, each one in pursuit of an eloping child, they had met after all these years. People believed they were a honeymoon couple!

"Absurd!" declared Mrs. Blake, and "ridiculous!" huskily agreed the judge.

"Perhaps you had better see if they are on the train," suggested Mrs. Blake after awhile.

"That's a good idea!" and Judge Lane escaped to the rear coaches. After awhile he came back.

"They are not on the train," he said slowly. "How odd!" cried Mrs. Blake. "But, then, Edith didn't say she was married. She only asked permission, and as she was telephoning from the railroad station I concluded they were going to take this train."

"So I inferred from Harley's message," responded the judge stiffly. "I hope they are not married. It is out of the question!" went on Mrs. Blake.

"Out of the question," agreed the judge. A silence fell between them, and then Mrs. Blake felt a blush creeping over her smooth, pale cheek.

Was he looking at her? Slowly her eyes turned toward him, until, through her lashes, she could see his blue eyes regarding her with an odd wistfulness.

"Absurd!" she chided herself sharply. "Whinnie," he whispered suddenly, "you haven't forgotten, after all?"

"I never could, John," she whispered in return. "Then let this be our wedding trip," he urged after awhile.

"But we must return tonight," she cried hastily. "I must be sure about Edith."

"And Harley," he added. "About Edith and Harley," she gently corrected herself.

When the 11:15 train from town drew into Trentham that night it found two anxious young people pacing the platform.

"They will never forgive us for luring them aboard that Cupid train," said Edith nervously. "They might," Harley smiled cryptically. "Here they are, Edith! Together—and looking sheepish! Why, father," he said reproachfully, "I've been worried to death about you! Where have you been?"

KING ASA'S REFORM WORK FOR ISRAEL

Chronicles 13:13.—August 22.
King Solomon's Great-Grandson—Adverse Influence of the Ten-Tribe Kingdom—King Asa's Overthrow of Idolatry—A Great National Revival. Idols of Pen and Ink—The God of the Creeds—Need of Another Solomon League and Covenant—Help Coming Through Messiah's Kingdom.

"Draw nigh unto Me, and I will draw nigh unto you."—James 4:8.
WHEN the ten-tribe kingdom, called Israel, revolted from King Rehoboam and went into idolatry, the influence affected the kingdom of Judah to some extent. Images of Baal and groves for the practise of the licentious works of his worship multiplied in Judah, until the time of Asa, King Solomon's great-grandson. As a reformer, he set about the overthrow of idolatrous worship and the substitution of the true worship of Jehovah.

We know not the influences that operated upon Asa to take a course so different from that of his father and his grandfather. Perhaps he was learning from his people's experiences. His first endeavors to obliterate idolatry seem to have been only partially effective. He next turned his attention to the fortifying of his own country. Then came a war with the Egyptian invader, Zerah, with an immense host, one million strong, with three hundred iron chariots. They came upon Judah, seeking for spoils; and their numbers made them a terror.

Under these circumstances God's message to King Asa, through Azariah the Prophet, was especially encouraging. The Prophet pointed out the adversities of the ten-tribe kingdom as being because they were without the true God, without the Law, without the teaching priests. They had gotten into an anarchic condition, with no peace to anybody. Yet the Lord had helped them whenever they turned to Him. God had always shown willingness to bless those who desired to be in harmony with Him.

This message encouraged the king to put away further the idolatries and to renew the altar of the Lord's House. Consequently he had the support of the most godly of his own land; and many came from the ten-tribe kingdom who still respected God and His promises. They were glad to get to a place where Jehovah was worshipped.

God blessed King Asa and his people in their repulse of the Egyptian invasion. The spirit of reverence for God was greatly increased. There was a great national awakening along religious lines. The people entered into a covenant with the Lord that all opposed to God should be put to death.

The Lesson's Import to Us.
Everywhere we see people in idolatry—not only the heathen who worship before bronze, wood and stone, but also the more civilized who have set up creed idols equally repulsive with the idols of heathendom. Our creeds represent God as a great monster, who deliberately created mankind with the foreknowledge and intention that nearly all of them should spend eternity in fiery torture.

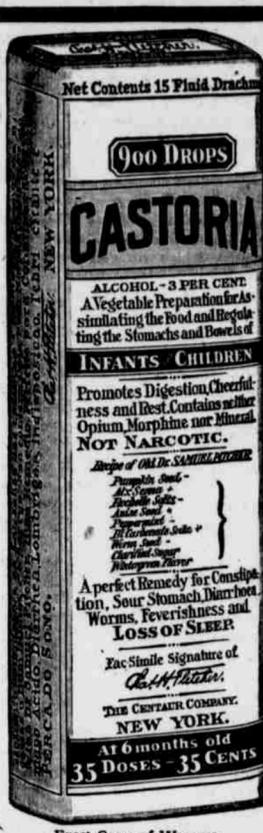
We need an Asa to arise and, encouraged by God's promises, to shatter Christendom's great creed idols and to liberate the people from bondage to them. He should have the support of all God-fearing people, as King Asa had. Not by physical force, nor by cruelty, nor by literal axes, would these creed idols be destroyed, but by the presentation of God's Word. In proportion as the Bible is rightly understood, the follies and unscripturalness of the creeds are recognized.

True Covenanters, All of Us.
The account of how Judah and Benjamin, the most religious people of that time, bound themselves to God with an oath, or covenant, reminds us of a similar religious movement in Scotland, in which some of God's people swore allegiance to Him and signed the covenant with their own blood. The day has come for other covenanters to come forward to enter into a covenant with God to be loyal to Him and His Word and to put away the creed idols. We have greater knowledge than had the Covenanters of Scotland; but Christian people need the spirit of full consecration to God. We have much more knowledge than had the people of Judah; but we need their spirit of loyalty.

Many forget that in joining any church its creed is publicly endorsed, and that a private denial does not annul their obligations. Many say, "We do not believe the creeds; but they are popular, and we will support them." They do this because to do otherwise would be to antagonize the wise, rich and great who, although not believing the creeds themselves, seem interested in maintaining them as shackles upon the masses. Under these conditions we are not to expect any reform until Messiah's Kingdom is fully set up. Then it will overthrow the entire system of creeds, which has bound mankind with shackles of ignorance and superstition, and has kept them from God.

But the bride and bridegroom, walking ahead, were so absorbed in each other that they never answered the question. But, as Harley told his sweetheart, it was one of those questions that answered themselves.

King Asa.



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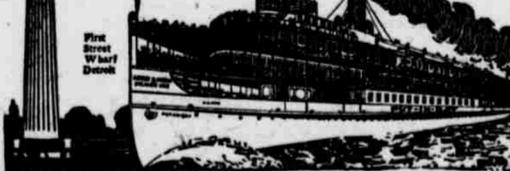
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