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## When a Maid Laughs

By BERTHA R. McDONALD

(Copyright, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
 When John Lawrence left his home on the outskirts of town and took the little path along the railroad he walked as though he were treading on air. His heart was in tune with all the world and the autumn sun, just setting, seemed a great pot of gold, at the end of his day's rainbow, beckoning him on toward everlasting happiness. Lillith had given him to understand that afternoon that she really cared—Lillith, who had coquetted with him ever since she began going away to school. There could be no mistake about her attitude this time, her open encouragement permitting but one interpretation.

"May I come—tonight?" he had whispered as he was leaving her.

"Try and see," she answered coyly, waiting him a butterfly kiss from the tips of her fingers. And he was going to her now. He had determined to settle the future that very evening, come what may, and he was thinking with honest pride, as he walked along, of the comfortable nestegg in the savings bank which he could offer Lillith. When he was almost in front of the house he heard a sound of laughter and merrymaking from within, like a discordant note in the song his heart was singing.

"Bother take it!" he muttered. "Why couldn't she have been alone tonight, of all times?"

"Here he is!" shouted Lillith gayly, answering his ring; "let's make him stir the fudge."

He was dragged playfully into the living room, divested of outer garments and adorned with a huge gingham apron, which Lillith tied under his arms.

"Domestic roles are very becoming," she whispered with a blushing smile which set his heart to beating a brisk tattoo. "Here's the spoon, and don't you dare stop beating until I give you permission."

She closed his fingers over the spoon with an affectionate pat, turned the blaze a trifle higher under the chafing dish, and then left him to play a duet with Hugh Birch. Still John had not thought save that of being in Lillith's home for just one purpose, which he meant to accomplish in spite of visitors.

"Why all the hilarity here this evening?" he inquired casually of Nell Blakeley, who had taken a place beside him at the table.

"Nothing special that I know of. Lillith just telephoned late this afternoon that she thought a chafing-dish party would be fun, so we all came over."

Lillith Anderson had resorted to her old trick of playing with fire once too often. John was confident she must have known what he was coming for and, with the courage born of desperation, he decided there was no time like the present.

"Lillith, come here," he called.

The new note of determination in his sudden command startled the girl into obeying at once, a thing she was not in the habit of doing.

"At your service, captain," she mocked, saluting, soldier fashion, as she slipped into the chair vacated by Nell. "Fudge ready?"

"I don't know a thing about it, and neither do I care a rap!" he answered doggedly. "I came here to see you alone and you deliberately planned this—"

"Love is like the red, red rose," she sang, interrupting him, while she took the spoon from his hand, turned out the blaze and began beating the steaming mass as though her very life depended upon it. "Now, fellow citizens," she called out, "we'll soon have something delectable to please your sweet teeth, if John will carry it out to cool."

She poured the fudge upon a platter and held it out to him in such a half-frightened, pleading way that, as usual, he fell before the spell of her wonderful eyes and found himself carrying the candy obediently to the back porch. But a dash of the bracing night air re-established his determination and he tore off the apron as he strode angrily into the hall. "Must you go, John?" Lillith asked timidly, with a faint note of concern in her voice.

"I shall not stay here and have you mock me for one more second! You knew—you must have known—I was coming here tonight to ask you to be my wife, and you've played with me just as long as you're going to! What's your answer?"

He led her into the vestibule and shut the door, just as the rest of the party adjourned to the back porch to examine the candy, so they were alone.

"Will you marry me?" he went on, taking her face between his hands and

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raising her eyes to the level of his own. "Answer me—will you?"

A peal of hysterical, mocking laughter was her only reply, and John Lawrence left her, going out without another word. As he walked along the railroad track, taking the short cut home, his heart was heavy. Lillith had deliberately laughed in his face after boldly encouraging him to speak. There was only one other thought in his mind, and that was to get away from her as far and as fast as he could.

He was dimly conscious that the whistle of the night express had sounded around the curve the other side of the bridge, but he was too deeply occupied with his own thoughts to notice the misplaced rail in the track toward which the heavy train was whirling with increasing speed from the down grade behind. He had just time enough to jump aside when the engine crashed through one end of the little bridge and derailed the two or three cars behind it.

Almost instantly the night air was filled with cries of hysterical women, frightened children and the moans of the injured, and John Lawrence, forgetting himself and his troubles completely, rushed forward to offer assistance. In an incredibly short time most of the town had flocked to the scene of the wreck. John worked hard, pulling away pieces of wreckage, putting out fires which started in many places and carrying the injured to places of safety.

With a little child in his arms he was passing beneath the glare of a brakeman's lantern when two hands grasped his arm and a frightened voice cried out:

"Thank God, you are safe! I watched you start home this way and I was afraid you might have been killed."

He placed the child upon a heap of nearby blankets and gathered the sobbing girl in his arms.

"Would you have cared, Lillith?"

"I—should—have—died—too!" she whispered. "And, John, dear, I'll never try to tease you again."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action while fully effective, is mild.

Kesson Bros. have purchased fifty acres being the north east quarter lot 9, in the 6th concession of Enniskillen from the McPhee estate. The price is said to be \$2500.

W. S. Stamps give you a stake in Canada. It is estimated that there will be a thousand acres of tobacco planted this season in the Ridgeway section. The plants are reported backward in that locality.

Petrol's assessment this year is \$1,937,653, an increase of about 23 per cent. over last year.

Like a Grip at the Throat. For a disease that is not classed as fatal there is probably none which causes more terrible suffering than asthma. Sleep is impossible, the sufferer becomes exhausted and finally, though the attack passes, is left in unceasing dread of its return. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is a wonderful curative agent. It immediately relieves the restricted air passages as thousands can testify.

### Fall Fair Dates—1919

Strathroy—Sept. 15, 16, 17.  
 Petrolia—Sept. 18, 19, 20.  
 Sarnia—Sept. 22, 23, 24.  
 Wyoming—Sept. 25, 26.  
 Wilkesport—Sept. 25, 26.  
 Clarence—Sept. 25, 26.  
 Bridgen—Sept. 29, 30.  
 Forest—Oct. 1, 2.  
 Florence—Oct. 2, 3.  
 Alvinston—Oct. 7, 8.  
 Watford—Oct. 9, 10.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**  
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are pleased to inform the public that owing to the Government removing the restrictions on many lines of drugs and medicines that their stock is now very full and complete and customers may look for a gradual lowering of prices on many articles—especially European products—in the near future, and as we have SEVEN BUSY STORES to buy for our stock is naturally kept fresh and strong from the quick turnover.

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S-W FLAT-TONE preserves your walls, while offering the finest artistic possibilities. The colors are soft in tone, very durable, and your walls are so easy to clean. 24 Beautiful shades for walls and ceilings.

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By all means, varnish furniture that is showing signs of wear or hard knocks. Remember the name SCAR-NOT. It is the special S-W Varnish for this purpose. SCAR-NOT is not affected by hot or cold water.

### REXPAR

S-W REXPAR will not turn white. Use this varnish for your outside doors, canoes, store fronts, and any woodwork on boats. An absolutely waterproof varnish for exterior use.

### MAR-NOT

For your floors, use MAR-NOT. Until MAR-NOT was produced, it was very difficult to get a varnish for floors that would stand much walking and dancing and shifting furniture. S-W MAR-NOT ensures a tough, durable, water-proof finish that anyone can apply successfully.

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