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SHORTHORN CATTLE AND LINCOLN SHEEP

The Standard Bred Stallion, "Old Prohibition" will be at home this season. For terms, etc., address

ED. DE GEX.

KERWOOD P.O.

The new post office to be built at Essex will be a two storey, pressed brick, on stone foundation with basement. The main part of the building is to be 42 feet 5 in. by 41 feet 7 inches with an annex 26 feet by 27 feet 4 in. The ground floor plan shows a vestibule, a public lobby, a hall and a space of 28 feet by 26 feet for the postoffice.

A big flow of gas was struck on the farm of Alexander Wilkinson, con. 10, of Plympton last week. Newton and Baldry were drilling for water. Their first effort proved a failure. They moved the drill a few rods and struck gas at the same distance at which they abandoned the first well. The drill was moved a second time a few rods and a fine flowing well of water was struck at a depth of 85 feet, the depth of all three wells.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

If you trade in Watford you go home satisfied.

The Green Lamp

A Story For St. Patrick's Day

By Clarissa Mackie

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Daniel Delavan sat on the edge of his bed and clicked his heels in monotonous rhythm. Beside him on the counterpane there curled three one-dollar bills. The wavy mirror above the bureau reflected a handsome face with worried lines around eyes and lips. At last he sighed heavily.

"It's the devil's own luck," he muttered bitterly, with a contemptuous glance toward the money on the bed. "Tomorrow's the 17th of March and Nellie's birthday, and me with nothing but a measly three bucks for her gift when I was planning to get that ring with the fine green stone and ask her—What's the use?"

He humped his broad shoulders more disconsolately as he recollected how he had so carefully planned months ago to buy the emerald ring for pretty Nellie Burns, who might be persuaded to wear it in token of their engagement, provided she gave him a favorable answer to the question that trembled on his lips.

He had selected the ring last October in a jewelry store and paid a small deposit on it, but shortly afterward there had come an appeal for help from a relative in the old country, and a goodly share of Daniel's wages had gone across the water to ease the last days of the aged uncle and finally to furnish decent burial when the days were numbered.

"She must have something for the day," decided Daniel, recovering his usual buoyancy. "It's only a box of candy or the biggest pot of shamrock I can find, and maybe the one or the other will open the way to say what's got to be said, ring or no ring."

Daniel shrugged himself into an overcoat and left the boarding house determined to seek the lower part of the city, where in the vicinity of the big



warehouse where he worked as shipping clerk there was a florist who offered tempting bargains.

It was down on Fourth avenue that he saw the auctioneer's flag fluttering in the doorway of an antique shop. The window showed an array of brass and copper work, oriental goods of every description, among which were several delicate fans with sticks of carved ivory. One of these beauties might be purchased with the \$3, and Nellie could carry the dainty toy to the ball on St. Patrick's night. He decided to ask the auctioneer to put up the one with green silken cord and tassels.

To Daniel's dismay the price on the fan went up and up. Several keen faced men who examined the fan with knowing eyes contemptuously overbid the young Irishman's \$3, and at last it was sold for \$15.

He turned away, disappointed, and was elbowing his way toward the door when the words of the auctioneer brought him to a stop. His imagination was fired and his soul was filled with a riot of speculation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," vociferated the auctioneer, "I now offer you a wonderful bargain. You see before you what? A little battered vessel of brass so covered with verdigris that it is as green as the fellow who misses buying this bargain at his own price! What is it? A lamp, an ancient brass lamp—see, here is the place for the wick—which was found in a junkshop in the city of Bagdad, Turkey. You all remember the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp? Well, this is said to be the veritable lamp of Aladdin! He beamed down upon the skeptical upturned faces of the crowd.

"No, sir! This is not a gray boat. It is nothing less than the lamp of

Aladdin, and whosoever rubs it hard will be attended by those—those mystical beings who granted every wish that young Aladdin desired.

"Why don't you rub it yourself?" inquired one skeptic.

The auctioneer grinned impudently. "The reason I don't summon the spirit of this lamp is because I'm afraid he'll realize the value of the bargain and run off with it as well as the whole shop. Now, gentlemen, who will give me a bid on Aladdin's lamp?"

It went up to 50 cents and stayed there while the auctioneer delivered another long argument concerning the value of the ancient lamp. The story of Aladdin was repeated to Daniel's

interested ears. He had never heard it before, although some of the people there seemed familiar with the story and joked about it.

"Is that straight?" asked Daniel of his neighbor.

"Of course," returned the other, grinning.

"I'll take a chance on it, then," said Daniel grimly, and presently the lamp was sold to him for the sum of \$150. As he walked out of the shop with the bundle under his arm a single word floated out after him.

"Stung!"

But Daniel did not hear it and walked downtown with a pleasant sense of possessing something that was wrapped in mystery. All his life he had dwelt among the most practical people, and the hard knocks he had received as he made his way in the new country had vanquished all the pretty romantic fancies that attend every man, woman and child born on Erin's isle.

A block away the elevated trains rattled and thundered along. All around him was the busy hum of traffic, and, unseeing, unhearing, Daniel Delavan walked along in a dream of fairies and friendly giants, who combined to hasten his wooing of Nellie Burns and bring it to a happy termination.

At the florist shop he awoke long enough to buy a pot of shamrock tied up in green crepe paper, and from thence he proceeded to a confectioner's, where he found a large box of candy tied with an emerald green ribbon and adorned with shamrock leaves. That finished the \$3.

The rest of the afternoon he spent in accumulating some of the necessary cleansing materials with which to brighten the lamp of Aladdin. He decided to wait until he was with Nellie Burns before he touched the verdigris. If there was anything in the story the man had told—of course there wasn't anything in it, but Daniel had heard some mighty queer stories that bore a grain of truth—the most he hoped for, was a stroke of good luck to attend his asking of the question.

The next afternoon was a half holiday for him, and he went up to Harlem, with his packages under either arm. He had telephoned Nellie of his coming, and she greeted him at the door. He thought she had never looked so charming as she appeared in her white dress with a green ribbon twisted around the heavy coil of her black hair.

"And whatever have you got in there, Danny?" she cried when she had examined over the shamrock and the box of candy.

"It's Aladdin's lamp," said Daniel solemnly, slowly unfurling the string and exposing the lamp. "I suppose you've heard all about this Aladdin fellow, eh?"

"Of course," laughed Nellie, examining the lamp with interest, "but that all happened hundreds of years ago, so you can't joke me like that, Danny Delavan. Sure, I won't believe your old fairy stories."

"There might be something in it," returned Daniel doggedly.

"Smells like oil," sniffed Nellie, with her pretty nose at the aperture.

"I mean something in the story. The fellow said you had to rub, rub hard, and the genius or whatever you call it would come out and grant every wish."

"Do you believe that, Danny?" asked Nellie seriously, her soft black eyes meeting his for a confused moment.

"I'd like to believe it," said Daniel promptly, with a wistful glance at the lamp.

"Why?"

"Because I want to make some wishes."

"They will come just as true without the lamp," suggested Nellie skeptically. "You needn't try to fool me, Danny Delavan! You bought that lamp because it was green and because today is my birthday as well as St. Patrick's, and you know very well you don't believe that rubbing it will do the least bit of good—so there!"

Daniel smiled sheepishly. "It might be something like that, Nellie, but I was all carried away with the story and so beset by hopes I was fool enough to buy the lamp. I thought I'd go home and rub it and wish on it. I'm a fool!"

"You are not!" flared Nellie. "I like you for having fancies like that, Daniel. I'll admit I have a sneaking belief in fairies myself. Now, let us rub the lamp and make wishes. Who knows what will happen?"

She opened the box of paste he had bought and found a piece of flannel. They sat together on the sofa while

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For House Cleaning Supplies.

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Muresco.....	40c.	Curtain Stretchers.....	\$1.35
Varnish.....	10c.	Wash Boards.....	25c.-50c.
Stovepipe Enamel.....	10c. to 25c.	Mops.....	10c. to 40c.
Linoleum Varnish, pint.....	35c.	Galvanized Tubs.....	60c. - \$1.00
Aluminum.....	25c.	Ladies' Canvas Gloves.....	10c.
Liquid Veneer.....	25c.	Gillett's Live.....	10c.
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Sherwin-Williams Paints for All Purposes.
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MURESCO, the New Wall Finish, will not rub off or show the brush marks. Anyone can make an Artistic Job. 40 cents a package to cover from 350 to 400 square feet.

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Specialist in Hand Painted Decorations.

The Best Work at Reasonable Prices. Estimates Furnished.

A COMPLETE LINE OF

Samples of WALL PAPER on Hand.

When you have work in his line let him figure on it.

Nellie solemnly rubbed the paste on the coat of verdigris. The spot she rubbed grew brighter and brighter.

"Now wish!" she said suddenly.

Daniel grew red and nodded his head affirmatively. Nellie was thoughtful for a moment and then bent seriously to her task.

Nothing happened.

Suddenly Daniel snatched the lamp from her hands and flung it aside. "I'm a big fool," he said bitterly. "I'm too tongue-tied ever to get anything in this world."

Nellie blushed beautifully and stood beside him. "What did you wish, Danny?" she asked softly.

"That you'd marry me," flashed Danny, whirling around. "What did you wish, Nellie?"

"That you'd ask me—why, Danny?" Her radiant face was buried on his shoulder.

"It came as easy as could be," he whispered to her after he had related his doubts and fears and the loss of the emerald ring.

"It's all that blessed old lamp," sighed Nellie. "We will always have that on the parlor mantelpiece, and we will always believe in fairies and giants, won't we, Danny?"

"Sure! Because if it hadn't been for the lamp of Aladdin I might not have been engaged to you this moment," said that happy young man.

Kaiser and Cafetier.

The Kaiser possesses the property at Corfu known as the Achilleion, which was once the villa of the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth of Austria. It is an enchanting spot and has been beautifully, in every way which German art can suggest, yet a disturbing element has arisen. On the summit of the hill which dominates the Achilleion an enterprising native cafetier has set up a little rustic cafe. Its locus is an ideal spot, so tourists select it for a birdseye view of Corfu. When the Kaiser wishes a little change from his strenuous work and takes a stroll in the ground he is overlooked by tourists. Negotiations were opened to acquire the cafe, but the proprietor demanded £12,000 for his enterprise. The Kaiser said it was too much, but the cafetier replied that the cafe was to him what Prussia is to the king. The matter now has passed into the domain of diplomacy, we learn from a Paris contemporary.—London Globe.

Too Much Experience.

"Shall we advertise for a man with experience?"

"Well, I don't know. The last man had so much experience that we couldn't teach him anything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TESTED BY TIME.—In his justly-celebrated Pills Dr. Parmelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alterative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

Covered With Eczema

CURED BY TWO BOTTLES OF D. D. D.

On March 21st, 1910, Mr. Angus McMillan, of Port Hood, N. S., wrote us:

"My little boy three years old was covered from head to foot with eczema. I tried over twenty different kinds of salves and washes but could not see any improvement—in fact it seemed to be getting worse. I was about discouraged, and had lost faith in all kinds of so-called eczema cures, when I saw an advertisement about D. D. D. Prescription. I sent for sample bottle and the third application convinced me that I had at last got a sure cure. Two bottles effected a complete cure."

What D. D. D. did for this little boy it will do for any skin sufferer. A mild, soothing liquid made up of Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol, Glycerine and other ingredients, it penetrates to the root of the trouble and washes the disease germs out.

Why not get relief? Simply write today to the D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. "W. G.", 49 Colborne St., Toronto, and they will send you a free trial bottle.

"The Taylor Drug Co."

THE WESTERN FAIR

London, Sept. 8th-16th.

The management of the Western Fair, London, Ontario, are putting forth every effort this year, and expect, if favored with good weather, to surpass all previous Exhibitions. A large amount of money is being expended on the Grounds and Buildings, and they are being put in excellent condition for the coming Exhibition. The interior of the large Horticultural building is entirely changed for the large fruit and flower exhibit expected, while the interior of the Main Building is being changed to suit the convenience of Exhibitors and visitors alike.

The swine pen floors have been relaid, and considerable money spent on the other stock buildings. The entrances to the Grand Trunk are being changed, making it very much more convenient for the public. The Cat Show this year will be held in a building instead of a tent as in former years. The track has been relaid and put in excellent condition, while the interior of the ring has been levelled, making a great improvement for showing the harness horses.

Prize lists, entry forms and all information on application to the Secretary, A. M. Hunt, London, Ontario.

Many a man who boasts of his genealogical tree can't even spell it without the aid of a dictionary.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.