

What Has Dandruff Got To Do With Baldness?

You see the statement every day that the one cause of baldness is dandruff. But is it? True, dandruff often precedes the departure of the hair...

Sold and Guaranteed by WATFORD DRUGGISTS



One for each everyday ailment

SOCIETIES.



L. O. L. 505, Watford, meets on Friday or before full moon...

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS

Organized and Incorporated 1879 Head Office: Brantford, Ont. NO ORDER EXCELS IT IN Economy of Management...

PROGRESSIVE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS PROTECTION AT MINIMUM COST

RESERVE FUND, DECEMBER 1, 1910 Insurance \$3,254,304.55 Sick and Funeral Ben't 205,436.89 Total \$3,459,741.44 MEMBERSHIP OVER 75,000.

Court Lorne, No. 17, Watford, meets second and fourth Monday in each month. Visiting Brethren Invited. J. E. Collier, F. Sec. J. H. Hume, R. Sec. A. D. Hone, C. Ranger.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

LOT 241, Ontario street, south, will be sold on reasonable terms, and possession given by June 1st next.

FOR SALE.

THAT up-to-date two story brick house on the corner of Huron and McGregor streets, double parlors, large hall and dining-room downstairs...

FARM FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale that desirably situated farm known as the east half lot 26, con. 3, Plympton, consisting of 100 acres.

FARM FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE THAT desirably situated farm known as the east half of Lot 19, Con. 4, S. E. R., Warwick, consisting of 100 acres.

STAGE LINES.

WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES Watford Village every morning except Sun day, reaching Watford at 11:30 a. m.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVE Arkona at 9 a. m. Wisbeach at 10:10 a. m.

THE FOURTH ESSENCE

It Helped Its Owner to Obtain His Object.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Bob Pendleton and I had been friends for years until the inevitable woman stepped in between. For a while we were rivals for Eleanor's love...

Eleanor lived only a few brief years, and I, who was then bereft of both friend and wife, was more alone than I had ever been. My business was of such a nature that I had much leisure...

I became absorbed in the study of Byzantine architecture and thus at the close of our year was lingering in Constantinople.

One night I was sitting in my favorite cafe dreaming over the events of the day when Pendleton's name sounded so distinctly in my ears that I leaped to my feet and looked around.

Bewildered, I sank back in my seat, only to be assailed by the insistent repetition of Pendleton's name. It seemed to be beating against some inner consciousness and was not, as I had at first supposed, an actual vocal demonstration.

Then, forgetting the bitterness he had held against me and remembering only the pleasure of our long friendship, I was impelled to go to him. I felt that he needed me—that somehow, in some way, he was calling me to come to him—and, following some blind instinct, I returned to my house, placed my courier in charge of my belongings, packed a portmanteau and at dawn the next morning had taken steamer for India.

With me constantly was the suggestion that Pendleton called me, and as if guided by this invisible thread of desire, I entered a new country. At Dinaghpore I secured guides and hastened down to the ruins of the ancient city of Gaur.

We reached Gaur at sundown of a breathless day, and my arrival seemed to signal the departure of my fancies concerning Pendleton and his desire to see me. Once more I was the practical, level headed individual who had held Pendleton's childish attitude slightly in contempt. I marveled at the delusion that had brought me thousands of miles to the suburbs of Gaur, yet I was bound to take advantage of the opportunity and investigate the ruins. Then I would return to Constantinople, for India did not interest me at that time.

Perhaps we were a couple of miles distant from any habitable portion of the city, for here the ruins of ancient edifices were surrounded by a thick jungle, and my guide, a low caste Hindu of gigantic stature, told me that the jungle was infested with man-eating tigers.

How To Stop Stubborn Cough

We don't mean just stop the irritation in your throat—but cure the underlying cause.

Cough syrups cannot do this. It takes a constitutional tonic body builder to do the work properly—and cure you to stay cured. Vinol is the remedy you need.

HERE IS PROOF

Mrs. Minnie Osgood, of Glens Falls, N. Y., writes: "After trying several remedies for a bad cough and cold without benefit, I was asked to try Vinol. It worked like magic. It cured my cold and cough and I gained in health and strength. I consider Vinol the most wonderful tonic and invigorator I ever saw."

If we cannot stop that cough with VINOL—our delicious cod liver and iron tonic—which is made without oil—we will not charge you a cent for the medicine you buy. This seems like a pretty fair proposition—and ought to be accepted. Don't you think so? With this understanding we ask you to try a bottle of VINOL.

T. B. TAYLOR & SONS, WATFORD.

SUFFERED FROM VIOLENT CATHARTICS

The Warning of Mr. Geo. C. Fox Is One That Should Be Heeded by All.

Few men on the road are better known than genial George Fox whose friends throughout the West are legion. In the following letter he expresses gratitude for signal services rendered by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. He goes on to say: "Until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills and experienced their wonderful mildness and curative power, I estimated the value of every pill by its activity. Talking about this to a well-known physician I met on the train the other day, he explained there are different kinds of drugs that act upon the bowels, the most active being known as drastic. Except in extreme cases where the life of the patient depends upon speedy evacuation of the bowels, pills should never be drastic. Purgatives cause catarrh of the bowels and inflammation; their dose must be increased, causing even more harm. With such a clear explanation I could see why Dr. Hamilton's Pills are curative and not irritating, why they are mild, yet most searching.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation

Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills; sold for 25c. all dealers, or The Cattarhoxone Co., Kingston, Ont.

My men were well armed, and as we had made camp in the crumbling upper story of what had once been a beautiful tiled temple we felt secure from marauding beasts.

Before the swift dusk fell and while my men were preparing the evening meal I picked my way down the broken ramp that led from the second story and wandered curiously among the ruins.

There was little to be learned there, for most of the traces of that once beautiful medieval city were either overgrown with vines and shrubs or else lay at this hour in deep shadow. Rounding a high wall, I found myself in a small temple.

A tall Brahman priest bent above a stone altar, and at the sound of my footsteps he turned and without feigning surprise at my intrusion calmly advanced and slid into place a slab of stone that served as a door, thus cutting off my retreat.

"Open that door, please," I commanded sharply. I had spoken in English, and to my surprise he answered in the same tongue, and his voice was vaguely familiar.

"It is too late. I have sent for you, and you have come. Do you not recognize me, Brayton?" He lighted a resinous torch and, sticking it in the wall, held it aloft and stared again.

I looked and stared and stared again, incredulous at first and then convinced that it was Bob Pendleton himself. His skin was burned to the color of mahogany; his hair was concealed under a folded white cloth; his eyebrows were shaven, and his black orb rolled fiercely in their deep sockets.

Handsome he was, as he ever had been, but wretchedly worn and emaciated and so changed from the handsome, buoyant fellow I had known that I might not have recognized him save for the deep bell notes of his voice. His fierce unfriendliness as expressed by the malignant glitter of his eyes brought forcibly to my mind our strained relations.

"Bob Pendleton! My God, man, what are you doing here?" I gasped at last, with an odd laugh.

"Waiting for you, Brayton," he said, with an odd laugh.

"Waiting for me?" I repeated stupidly. "Why, that is why I came, of course. You needed me."

"Wanted you—I don't need you," he sneered. "But I called you, didn't I—across five seas and the empire of India?"

"By some superhuman power you did summon me. I am here. If you do not need me I will go. Bob, do you still hold that grudge against me? It was a fair fight and"—

He held up a long, thin hand. "Be still," he said harshly. "Do hold the grudge. I have nurtured it these years past, and now my turn has come. She did not come with you, Brayton? No? Strange. I sent her a most appealing call, and time was when she was not entirely indifferent to me."

Glowering down at me from his tall height, he smiled cynically and turned to the altar, which held nothing save a small square box of some rare wood. I suspected he was insane, and yet there was a certain deadly purpose about everything he did and said that impressed me with a degree of fear that he might not be mad.

The silence of the little shrine hurried deep in the heart of this ancient ruined city, the roar of a tiger from the jungle outside, the very thought of my utter isolation from all mankind, my only companion this half mad enemy.

"My men will be looking for me, Pendleton. Just open this door, win you, please?" I asked in a matter of fact tone.

He turned, snarling: "My men, Brayton. I paid them to meet you at Dinaghpore and offer their services. Now they are miles back on the road. You are quite alone with me, entirely in my power, and when I am through—there are the jackals and vultures, you know!" He bent over the table once more.

"If one of us must die I believe I have the advantage, Bob." I leveled my revolvers at him, and, though my head was cool, my hands trembled slightly, for Pendleton had once been my friend.

"They are empty, fool," he said bitterly. "My men removed the charges en route." He fung this over his shoulder, still busied over the little box.

It was true. The cartridges had been removed, but if the worst came to pass, as it undoubtedly would from Pendleton's attitude toward me, I could use them as clubs.

Suddenly he faced about and spoke rapidly, with many gesticulations of his thin hands.

"Years ago, Phil Brayton, you won out in a certain game. I swallowed my disappointment and went away. I have gone up and down the world looking for peace of mind and body, and there is none. I loved Eleanor Neal as no woman was ever loved before, as no woman will be loved again, and I still love her. I have been in every country on the globe; I have had experiences; I have seen mysteries that you never dreamed of; I have become what no white man on God's earth dared hope to attain; I am— But I will not tell you that!

"Here, in one of the dead cities of the world, isolated as one may hope to be, I have waited for you to come and take your medicine. You have loved her for years. I have been banished. Fate shall decide this night between us as Eleanor once chose. On this altar you see these four tiny crystal cups. The first contains the essence of supreme happiness, the second the essence of perfect love, the third the essence of immeasurable content. The fourth essence is—never mind; it shall be unnamed.

"I have arranged them, and you may rearrange them as you please. You see they all contain a colorless liquid, and there is no outward distinction between them. Then you may choose one and shall drink it, and according to its contents so shall your fate be."

He leaned carelessly against the altar, smiling down at my perplexed face. "And you—what are you to do?" I breathed quickly.

"Why, Brayton, I believe I shall have my day, my share of happiness. If you should happen to choose the fourth essence—why, Eleanor will be a widow and I may console her. Do you doubt my power?"

"Why not murder me outright? I questioned calmly. "Your essences are a fool's trickery, Bob. Supreme happiness, perfect love and immeasurable content are all attained by drinking the fourth essence, and that is—"

"What?" he demanded fiercely. "Death."

He bowed his head sullenly. "Yet you must drink or die—die anyway, that I may live and have my share of happiness," he said doggedly.

Slowly I unbuttoned my coat and drew forth from a hidden pocket a leather case. In the front of the case was a miniature of my wife, Eleanor. Slipped in the back of the case was a newspaper clipping of her death. Without a word I gave the paper into his unwilling hand. He held it to the light, devoured it with lightning glance, and a look of poignant suffering came into his face for a brief moment.

Then, tossing it back to me, he broke into a joyful laugh. "Ah, Phil, I win at last." He snatched at one of the cups, drained it, and, while I struggled to detain him, he drank the others one at a time.

When the first hot red rays of the morning sun broke through the slit of window they fell on his dead face. All the anger and bitterness had fled. He looked young and beautiful, as if he had attained to supreme happiness, perfect love and immeasurable content—these the gift of the fourth essence, the key to the spirit world.

THIN HAIR ON TOP.

If Parisian Sage, the hair grower that T. B. Taylor & Sons guarantee, will not cause hair to grow where the hair is thinning out, nothing on this earth will.

And we say to everybody, you can have your money back if Parisian Sage isn't the best hair grower, hair saver, hair beautifier and dandruff cure on the market to-day.

It stops itching scalp and falling hair and makes hair grow thick and abundantly, or money back, 50 cents for a large bottle. Parisian Sage makes the hair soft and brilliant and promotes growth.

SOUTH END BAKERY AND Parlor Restaurant.

The finest lines of Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, and Tropical Fruits.

We carry a well assorted stock of choice Confectionery sold by the pound or barrel. Pic-nic parties supplied at lowest rates.

Delicious Ice Cream and Summer Drinks of all kinds.

Our Wedding Cakes are the finest in the land.

JAMES C. PEARCE, SOUTH END BAKERY.

J. H. HUME.

AGENT FOR FIRE, ACCIDENT AND SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES. REPRESENTING Five Old and Reliable Fire Insurance Companies.

If you want your property insured please call on J. H. HUME and get his rates.

ALSO AGENT FOR C. E. R. Telegraph and Canada Permanent Loan and Saving Co.

Ticket Agent For C. P. R.—Tickets sold to all points in Manitoba, Northwest and British Columbia.

THE LAMBTON Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

J. W. KINGSTON, President.

THOS. STEADMAN, Vice-Pres. JAMES ARMSTRONG, Director. A. G. MINIELLY, Director. D. SUTHERLAND, Director. JAMES SMITH, Director.

W. G. WILLOUGHBY, (MANAGER AND SEC. TREAS. J. F. ELLIOT, FIRE INSPECTOR. D. S. ROBERTSON, AUDITOR. ALEX. JAMIESON, AUDITOR. PETER McPHERDRAN, Waukegan, P. Q. AGENT, for Warwick and Plympton.

NORTH END BAKERY AND ICE CREAM PARLOR

OUR Bread, Cakes, etc., are noted for being strictly first class.

FRUITS of all kinds in season, Imported and Domestic.

CANNED FRUITS, full line, fresh and reliable.

ICE CREAM, cream soda and summer drinks.

OUR choice cigars are preferred by smokers.

WEDDING CAKES in the very best of style.

S. E. THOMPSON, NORTH END BAKERY.

BELL Pianos and Organs

H. SCHLEMMER Sole Agent For Watford and Vicinity.

Read the Following NOTICE is hereby given, that Mr. H. Schlemmer, of Watford, is the sole agent for Bell Pianos and Organs for Watford and vicinity, and the only person authorized to quote prices, and the only person to whom the company supplies their instruments for sale.

All intending purchasers are warned against paying any attention to the representations of others, who are not in any sense authorized by the company to quote prices, or offer their goods for sale, and whose representations the Company will not be responsible for.—THE BELL PIANO & ORGAN CO., LIMITED, Guelph, Ont., February 16th, 1910.

No One Can Under Sell Us In Sewing Machines.