

COUNTY ORANGE LODGE

The annual meeting and election of officers of the East Lambton County Orange Lodge was held in Watford, on Tuesday, February 6th, with one of the largest attendance of members in the history of the lodge. Worshipful County Master Paul S. Kingston, presiding. Very encouraging reports were presented from the two districts in the county showing a large increase in membership during the past year and the increased interest taken by the members. In the election of officers for the ensuing year, Bro. Wm. Hill, F.C.M., presided in a very able manner. The following officers were duly installed for the coming year: Wor. County Master—Archie Dewar. Deputy County Master—Geo. Pike. County Chaplain—Rev. Wm. Walker Co. Rec.-Sec.—Bro. Henry O. Lane Co. Treas.—Bro. Foster Smith Co. Fin.-Sec.—Bro. Sidney Barnea. Co. Dir. of C.—Bro. Geo. Smith Co. 1st Lect.—Bro. Elton Freer. Co. 2nd Lect.—Bro. Chas. Jackson After the election short addresses were given by the newly elected officers, and Revs. Hosford and Couzens, after which lunch was served by the members of Watford Lodge.

TELEPHONE USERS AND OWNERS CAN'T AGREE

Parkhill, Feb. 9.—There is a telephone war on in West Williams and the western end of McGillivray.

The Parkhill-Arkona line was purchased about a year ago from the original company and the new company have inaugurated several changes in the financial administration of the line. Calls are collected monthly and phone rent is payable quarterly. To users of the Bell phones this does not appear starting, as they have always been accustomed to paying in this way. But on rural lines the phone users have paid once a year.

The old company sold the line because they were unable to collect even once yearly from some of their customers, consequently their bad debts mounted into the thousands and there were no dividends. The new company in one year has acquired many book debts. The shareholders in the old company were all in some other line of business and they could live without dividends from the telephone line. The members of the new company have no other business and are therefore compelled to look for dividends; also the new company has made a slight increase in prices and strenuous objection is registered against this move.

Meetings have been held and the order have been expounded, with the result that the company and the people are at loggerheads. Over 130 phones have been ordered out. So far the company has not complied with these orders, removing only the batteries from each phone. And so the matter rests, neither side being inclined to meet the other more than half way, and the outcome of the struggle is doubtful.

WARWICK COUNCIL

Warwick, February 5, 1923 The Council met today as per adjournment. Members all present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

The following orders were granted Dept. of Public Highways for cement supplied, \$ 71.59 Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, grant, 10.00 Children's Aid Society, Sarnia, grant, 10.00

Benj. Parker, allowance on Parker drain, 137.00 Jas. Wiley, allowance on Parker drain, 76.00

Chas. Chamber's allowance on Kingston drain, 10.00 W. S. Fuller, 1/2 cost of hall for Court purposes, 12.00

H. F. McDougall, ass. on survey McPherson drain, 21.80 A. Meadows, gravel furnished in 1922, 10.25

W. Marshall, uncollected taxes and postage, 92.42 Wm. Marshall, bal. salary, 23.90

E. O. Herbert, ser. as auditor, 15.00 M. E. Barrett, ditto, 15.00

N. Fair, ref. of percentage on taxes, 4.38 Mun. World, 7 subscriptions, 7.00

Chas. Stewart, 6 in. tile across 6 sidewalk, 1.26 J. Long, cleaning stove pipes, 2.70

N. Herbert, for refund on McChesney drain, 17.30 N. Herbert, ditto, Hall drain, 24.13

Chambers—McLellan, that George Dailey be appointed assessor at a salary of \$100.00, he to call at every place and be responsible for leaving assessment slips and have all names put on roll.—Carried.

Mansfield—McLellan, that Wm. Marshall be appointed collector for 1923 at a salary of \$75.00.—Car.

The council then adjourned to meet on Monday, 12th of March, at one o'clock p.m. for general business. N. Herbert, Clerk.

BORN

In Arkona, on Jan. 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stevenson, a son. In Forest, on Monday, Feb. 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Stonehouse, a daughter.

In Bosanquet, on Monday, Feb. 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dailey, a son.

MARRIED

In the Lady of our Mercy Church, Sarnia, on Wednesday, Jan. 31st, Miss Dora Gowdunuck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Gowdunuck, of Forest, to Mr. Alex. Ostabuck, of Sarnia.

In Royal Oak, on Sept. 25th, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Burr of Forest, to Miss Ruth VanTassel of Detroit.

DIED

In Wyoming, on Friday, Feb. 9th, 1923, Samuel Saunders, aged 76 years, 8 months, 14 days.

In Warwick, on Wednesday, Feb. 7th, 1923, Maria Westgate, beloved wife of George Patterson, in her 61st year.

In Watford, on Monday, Feb. 12th, 1923, Hannah Scott, relict of the late John Bodaly, aged 94 years, 1 month, 20 days.

In Forest, on Saturday, Feb. 3rd, James R. Vivian, in his 73rd year.

In Adelaide, on Monday evening, February 5, 1923, Calvin Clayton, youngest son of J. W. and Della Early, aged 6 months, and 15 days.

In Warwick, on Thursday, Jan. 25th, Frank A. E. R. Bryon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bryon of Forest, aged 15 years and 6 months.

In Adelaide Township, on Sunday, Jan. 28, Barbara Agnes Watson, wife of John McNab, aged 44 years, 6 months, 16 days.

In Alvinston, on Tuesday, Feb. 6th, 1923, Elizabeth Ann King, relict of the late Chas. Rundle, in her 75th year.

In Alvinston, on Monday, Feb. 6th, Andrew Shields, in his 57th year.

BOSANQUET COUNCIL

Council met on Monday, the 5th inst. All the members present. Minutes of last meeting confirmed.

The engineer's report for the repair of the Nesbit drain was received and adopted.

J. E. Armstrong asked council to appropriate two pieces of land belonging to B. Stephenson so as to connect Riverside Drive and Poplar Avenue with Parkinson Street at Pt. Franks, and council passed a resolution to take action to have this done.

The reeve was instructed to have the B. concession road opened and graded from the Grant Drain to the 1st concession.

Smith—McBryan, petitioned to have a drain constructed on N 1/2 lot 41, con. L.R.E., under the Municipal Act for the Draining of his land and the Clerk was instructed to notify A. S. Code to make plan, report, etc., for the work.

The following orders were given: Geo. Smith \$2 drawing grant to bridge Decker road; J. G. Elliott \$12 drawing cement to bridge con. 10; Treasurer of Forest \$8.00 rent of hall for Hydro meeting in 1922; W. Bryant \$21.50 for nomination bills and balance due printing December statement; G. W. Davidson \$6.50 for work on drain Decker road and keeping light on bridge; Children's Aid Soc., Sarnia, \$10; Thos. Blunden \$1000.00 for tile for Coultis drain; Jas. Lean \$12 for a sheep worried and George Smith \$2 for inspecting same.

The Auditors presented their report which was received and the auditors paid \$20.00 each. Council adjourned to meet on Monday, the 12th inst at 10 a.m.

SYNOPSIS OF MR. HAGER'S SERMON ON "STEPS UNTO HEAVEN"

As the first step from Earth to Heaven must be taken in the arms of Jesus, the 2nd step must be taken by man hand in hand with God.

For the 2nd step is man's endeavor to walk alone and the discovery that it cannot be done without God's help.

In that tender prayer of the Saviour recorded in Matt. 11, Jesus thanks the Father that the way is revealed to those who find life as children and as a heavy burden and so He calls upon all souls to yoke up with Him and so go on. This state of mind is true Repentance. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." This is believing the gospel and repenting. John says "It is a sin to try and do without Jesus, but that if we confess our sin God is faithful and just to forgive us our sin and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Repentance then is a state of mind caused by our need of help to live as we ought and that turns our hearts to Jesus our Saviour.

The story of the Prodigal Son is the true parable of Repentance. It shows first the conviction of sin in the first discovery of the Prodigal that he cannot do without the Father. It shows the contrition for sin or self-disgust that comes from trying to do so, and at last it brings con-

Webster -Man's Man

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," etc.

(Copyright, by Peter B. Kynes)

"Captain Benavides," he said bravely, "your cause is lost. If you care to escape aboard the steamer, I will see to it that you are not removed from her before she sails; if you care to surrender to me now, I give you my word of honor you will not be executed."

Benavides might have had, and doubtless did have, his faults, but cowardice was not one of them. And he did have the ghost of a sense of humor. An evil smile flitted over his olive features.

"Without taking into consideration the bayonets at my back," he replied, "it strikes me the odds are even now. And yet you patronize me."

Webster was nettled. "I'd rather do that than kill you, Benavides," he retorted. "Don't be a fool. Run along and sell your papers, and take your pitiful little sandal-footed brigands with you. Beat!"

Benavides' hand, holding his pistol, had been hanging loosely at his side. With his furious glance meeting Webster's unflinching, with the mere movement of his wrist and scarcely without movement of his forearm, he threw up his weapon and fired. Scarcely a fifth of a second had elapsed between the movement of his wrist and the pressure of his finger on the trigger; Webster, gazing steadily into the somber eyes, had noted no hint of the man's intention, and was caught actually off his guard.

The bullet tore through his biceps, momentarily paralyzing him, and his automatic dropped clattering to the sidewalk; as he stooped and recovered it, Benavides fired again, crossing the top of his left shoulder. The Sornbrean took aim for a third and finishing shot, but when he pulled the trigger the hammer fell on a defective cartridge, which gave to John Stuart Webster all the advantage he craved. He planted a bullet in Benavides' abdomen with his first shot, blew out the duelist's brains with his second, and whirled to meet the charge of the little sandal-footed soldados, who, seeing their leader fallen, had without an instant's hesitation and apparently by mutual consent decided to avenge him.

Webster backed dazedly toward the wall, firing as he did so, but he was too dizzy to shoot effectively, and the semicircle of bayonets closed in on his front. He had wounded three men without stopping them; a second more, and their long, eighteen-inch bayonets would have been in his vitals, when into the midst of the melee, from the rear, dashed Don Juan Cafetero, shrieking like a fiend and swinging his rifle, which he held grasped by the barrel.

Webster saw a bayonet lunging toward him. He lifted his leg and caught the point on his boot-heel while with his last cartridge he killed the man behind the bayonet, just as the

latter's next-rank man thrust straight and true in under the American's left arm, while a third man jabbed at his stomach and got the bayonet home in his hip. These two thrusts, delivered almost simultaneously, by their impact carried their victim backward against the wall, against which his head collided with a smart thud. He fell forward on his face; before his assailants could draw back for a finishing thrust, in case the gringo needed it, which they doubted, Don Juan Cafetero had brained them both.

Standing above the man he loved, with the latter's body between his outspread legs, Don Juan Cafetero stood for the final accounting, his but-



Webster Planted a Bullet in Benavides' Abdomen.

ternik eyes gleaming hatred and war-madness, his lips drawn back from his snarling teeth, his breast rising and falling as they closed in around him. For a few seconds he was visible swinging his rifle like a fall, magnificent, untrifled—and then a bayonet slipped in under his guard. It was the end.

With a final great effort that used up the last strength in his drink-corroded muscles he hurled his rifle into the midst of his four remaining enemies, before he swayed and toppled full length on top of Webster, shielding with his poor body the man who had fanned to flame the dying ember of manhood in the wreck that drink and the devil had cast up on the Caribbean coast.

For Don Juan Cafetero it had been a long, joyous, thirsty day, but at last the day was done. And in order to make certain, a soldado jabbed him once more through the vitals before he fled with the other survivors.

For half an hour after Webster left her to assist the great-hearted Mother Jenks in the rough care of the wounded, Dolores, absorbed in her work of mercy, gave all of her thought to the grim task before her. The cries, followed by the sudden, savage outbreak of fire when the guards made their dash from the palace, brought Webster and Don Juan to mind instantly. In a quick access of terror and apprehension she clung, trembling, to stolid old Mother Jenks.

"Somebody's breakin' in or breakin' out," the veteran decided calmly. "Come to the corner, dearie, an' ave a look."

She half dragged Dolores to the corner, from which they had an unobstructed view down the cross-street to its intersection three blocks distant with the Calle San Rosario; consequently they saw the dozen or more survivors of that ill-fated dash for the north gate of the palace flash for a second across their line of vision. Mother Jenks croaked dismally, like a disreputable old raven; she was trying to cheer.

"The rats are leavin' the sinking ship," she wheezed. "Come an' see them tyke the devils as killed my sainted 'Enery." She broke eagerly from Dolores' detaining grasp and ran down the street. Dolores hesitated a moment; then, reasoning that her duty lay in pursuing Mother Jenks and preventing her from rushing headlong into the conflict, she followed.

Evidently the fleeing guards had scurried around a corner into a cross-street shortly after Dolores and Mother Jenks had seen them gallop past, for the firing down the Calle San Rosario had ceased entirely by the time they reached it. They stood a moment at the corner, gazing up the street at the dead-man and beast—with the wounded crawling out of the shambles to the sidewalk.

Mother Jenks nodded approvingly as triumphant shouts from the north gate told her the Rucy men were pouring into the palace; with their arms about each other the two women watched and waited—and presently the pat-

al flag on the pance came fluttering down from its staff, to be raised again with the red banner of revolution fluttering above it, the insignia of a nation reborn.

"My lamb," Mother Jenks said softly to Dolores, "the war is over. Won't the matter with you? In the south gate an' wylin' on the palace steps for the provisional president to make his grand untray? If we 'estitate five minutes they'll have a bloomin' guard on both gates, arkin' us 'oo we are an' 'vot we want."

"But Mr. Webster will come back to that back street looking for me; I must go back and wait there for him."

"Wyle, nothink!" Mother Jenks overruled the girl's protest roughly. "Ef'it 'ave gone into the palace with the crowd for a look-see; we'll meet 'im there an' syve 'im the trouble o' 'untin' for us. Come!" And she half dragged the shrinking girl toward the gate, a block distant, where only a few minutes before Webster and Don Juan Cafetero had made their ineffectual stand.

"Don't look at the blighters, honey," Mother Jenks warned Dolores when, in approaching the gate, she caught sight of the bodies strewn in front of it. "My word! Regular bally mess—an' all spiggoties! Cawn't be. Must 'ave been some white meat on 'er bird, as my sainted 'Enery uester s'y. Hah! Thought so! There's a red-headed 'un! Gawd's truth! An' 'e done all that—Gor' strike me plak! It's Don Juan Cafetero."

Mother Jenks stepped over the gory corpses ringed around Don Juan and knelt beside him. "Don Juan!" she cried. "You bally, interferin' blighter, you've gone an' got it!"

She ran her strong old arms under his dripping body, lifted him and laid his red head on her knee, while with her free hand she drew a small flask of brandy from her dress pocket.

Don Juan opened his buttermilk eyes and gazed up at her with slowly dawning wonder, then closed them again, drowsily, like a tired child. Mother Jenks pressed the flask to his blue lips; as the brandy bit his tongue he rolled his aery head in feeble protest and weakly set his teeth against the lip of the flask. Wondering, Mother Jenks withdrew it—and then Don Juan spoke.

"Have ye the mather's permission, allanah? I give him me wordd ay honor—not to drink—thil—he give—permission. He—was good—to me—troth he was—God—love—me—bess—"

His jaw dropped loosely; his head rolled sideways; but ere his spirit fled, Don Juan Cafetero had justified the faith of his master. He had kept his word of honor. He had made good on his brag to die for John Stuart Webster and welcome the chance! Mother Jenks held his body a little while, gazing into the face no longer rubicund; then gently she eased it to the ground and for the first time was aware that Dolores knelt in the dirt opposite to her striving to lift the body upon which Don Juan had been lying.

The strength of Dolores was unequal to the task; so Mother Jenks, hardened, courageous, calm as her sainted 'Enery at his inglorious finish, rose and stepped around to her side to help her. She could see this other was a white man, too; coolly she stooped and wiped his gory face with the hem of her apron. And then she recognized him!

"Lift him up! Give him to me!" Dolores sobbed. "Oh, Caliph, my poor dear, big-hearted blundering boy!"

She got her arm under his head; Mother Jenks aided her; and the limp body was lifted to a sitting position; then Dolores knelt on one knee, supporting him with the other, and drew his head over on her shoulder; with her white cheek cuddled against his, she spoke into his deaf ears the little, tender, foolish words that mothers have for their children, that women have for the stricken men of their love. She pleaded with him to open his eyes, to speak to her and tell her he still lived; so close was his face to hers that she saw an old but very faint white scar running diagonally across his left eyebrow—and kissed it.

Presently strong arms took him from her; clinging to somebody—she knew not whom—she followed, moaning broken-heartedly, while eight men, forming a rude litter with four rifles passed under his body, bore Webster to the shade of a tufted palm inside the palace gate.

As they laid Webster down for a moment there Dolores saw a tall, youthful man, of handsome features and noble bearing, approach and look at him. In his eyes there were tears, a sob escaped him as with a little impulsive, affectionate movement he patted John Stuart Webster's cheek.

"My friend!" the fainting Dolores heard him murmur. "My great-hearted, whimsical, lovable John Webster. You made it possible for me to meet you here tonight—and this is the meeting!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford station follows: GOING WEST

Accommodation, 11:11, 8.42 Chicago Express, 11:40, 12.40 Detroit Express, 3:30, 6.51 (a) Chicago Express, 9.11

GOING EAST Ontario Limited, 8:00, 7.48 Chicago Express, 6:00, 11.22 Express, 11:20, 12.40 Accommodation, 11:20, 5.33

(a) Stops to let off passengers for Hamilton and east thereof, and take on passengers for Chicago. C. W. VAIL, Agent, Watford