

OVER-WORKED KIDNEYS

Cause. Rush of Blood, Fullness, Dizziness.

J. T. Chetland, the well-known railway engineer of Hamilton, found the strain always resting upon men of his occupation vastly intensified by a tendency of the blood to rush to his head, and often at times when clearness of vision and great steadiness were demanded. Finding some difficulty in bending—a stiffness with pain having settled in his back, it occurred to him that his kidneys might be at fault. "This was a happy idea, for by it I not only got rid of the pain but many other troubles as well. I took a full dose of Dr. Hamilton's Pills and was glad to note that some obstruction of the kidneys, which I had lately noticed, was at once relieved. The flushed appearance of my face gave way to a more rational color and there was a perceptible improvement in my appetite. Dr. Hamilton's Pills certainly act splendidly upon the blood, removing heat and fullness and that sort of dizziness that makes a man at the throttle wish when it seizes him that he were elsewhere."

No medicine gives such unquestionably good results for stomach, liver, and blood troubles as Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they are mild, certain, and always curative. Refuse any substitute. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills
Cure
Kidneys and Liver

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND

Subjects taught by expert instructors at the

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STRAITFORD, ONT.
does more for its students and graduates than do other similar schools. Courses are up-to-date and instructors are experienced. Graduates are placed in good positions. The three applications received to-day offer average salary of \$123 per annum. Three departments—

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Corner Huron and Main Sts. Watford

Wm. Lockwood and Wm. Meadows & Son, of Ailsa Craig, were fined \$3 and \$2.10 costs and \$5 and \$2.35 costs respectively for selling lightweight bread.

KATHRYN'S CHRISTMAS PIE

by DAISY WRIGHT FIELD.

© 1912 by American Press Association.

ONE, two, three, four, five, six, seven," Kathryn counted twice on her slim brown fingers, and each time she sighed a doleful sigh. "Seven unlooked for guests coming to eat Christmas dinner with us and not a sign of any Christmas dinner or of the where-withal to procure it. There isn't a thing but bacon and potatoes and turnips in the house unless it is an onion or two."

"You forget the squash, Kathryn," mildly interposed her brother Tom, with mock serious visage and dandling eyes.

Kathryn, fresh from boarding school, had attempted an elaborate and ultra-scientific garden the summer before with tangible results in the form of a single well grown squash, drought, ill management and various pests having played havoc with the other things.

Kathryn's dreams of a tidy income from the sale of fresh vegetables and of a possible prize at the fall fair vanished into thin air. But the squash was tenderly borne to the cellar by Tom and carefully guarded as a memento to stave off the evil day when the dreaded mortgage, like a dark bird of prey, should swoop down and carry off the little home.

Kathryn was considered a very clever girl at boarding school and by all her legion friends at home. She could paint strange birds that a naturalist would have been at a loss to classify and flowers unknown to the science of botany, do fancy sewing and marvelous embroidery and write charming verse, though, alas, the editors were surprisingly obtuse to the latter fact. Besides which she was able to talk volubly in French and could rattle off some lively two steps and schottisches on the piano—if she had possessed such an instrument.

But none of these accomplishments were exchangeable for coin of the realm in the little country village on the outskirts of which they lived, and as they had only Tom's meager salary as a grocer's clerk to fall back on, it soon came to pass that shabby garments and the plainest of plain fare were the order of the day, in their household. Kathryn's fingers itched to help her brother bear the burden of support. She longed to add her mite to the family income, but as yet had not struck her "niche." She did not know quite enough to teach, and there was no vacancy in either of the two village dry goods stores.

On this Christmas eve there was less than a dollar in the house, and besides herself, her mother and Tom, they had received notice that seven guests would be with them for the Christmas holiday—distant relatives, who had standing invitations to "come up to our house for Christmas sometime," and who by a coincidence had chosen the same date to accept the invitation. There was Aunt Mattie and her twin boys, Cousin Wilbur and his new wife, Aunt Sue and Uncle Hiram—quite a tableful at any time, and certainly an enormous crowd to be provided with Christmas dainties with a fund of less than a dollar.

It began to look as if they must break their rigid rule never to go in debt, even for the necessities of life, and ask the village grocer to trust them, a very humiliating alternative.

After Tom's brilliant remark, which she had been expected to take as a rarely humorous hit, Kathryn gazed at him admiringly for a moment.

"You think you're funny, Tom Wrennet, but you're not," she told him. "Squash pie will be a grateful addition to our boiled potatoes and turnips and onions and other Christmas dainties. Surely no one can say that I blistered my fingers and freckled my nose in vain over that garden, since its one and lonely product is to feed the Christmas guest."

"Never mind, children," broke in their mother, laying down the letter that had just come from Aunt Mattie, announcing the arrival on the morning train of herself and her twin boys, "we can at least do our best to make our guests feel at home and try to enjoy their visit. It is hard not to be able to entertain them as they have us in the past, but what can't be cured, you know, must be endured."

"Mother's a brick!" exclaimed impulsive Tom. "And I move that we tender her a vote of thanks for her little Christmas speech." Whereupon he gave her a rousing kiss and a bear hug and went out into the yard and down into the cellar after the squash.

When he came up from the depths of the darksome cellar to where Kathryn stood expectantly waiting, he dropped

himself on to an upturned box near to and fanned himself weakly with his old hat. He opened his mouth twice in a vain and apparently desperate attempt to speak and then subsided into silence.

"Tom Wrennet," demanded his sister, giving him an impatient shake, "drop your nonsense and speak. What's the matter?"

"It's—it's gone!" gasped Tom, quite as if "it" had been a diamond necklace instead of a warty and plebeian vegetable.

"Gone?" echoed his sister incredulously. "Who would steal a squash? Light the lantern and come with me. It is never worth while to waste time sending little boys on errands," with a magnificent disregard of the fact that Tom was three years her senior.

Tom obediently procured the lantern from the woodshed, and together they explored the cellar. She had spent a lot of time there when she had first returned from boarding school digging about with the vain hope of locating grandfather Kane's money. He had come to make his home with them a few weeks previous to his death from old age only the year before, and once they had caught him playing with a handful of gold pieces as a child would amuse itself with a lot of pebbles. He had quickly hidden them from sight, however, with his nervous, childish laugh, and though he sometimes babbled of his "treasure" and his "fortune" no one ever saw them again.

Once Kathryn had surprised him coming out of the cellar with a shovel in his hand, the damp earth still clinging to it, and he had slipped away guiltily. After his death she remembered the incident and surmised that he had buried his money in there for safe keeping. It could not be much of course, not more than \$100 or so, but that would be a fortune to them in their present straitened circumstances, and she felt it no wrong to the dead man, who had been but little more than a child, to unearth the money and put it to good use, for it did no one any good in its hiding place.

But months of vain searching had dispelled the hope of ever finding it. If it had been concealed there, and now she gazed a little disdainfully at the deep holes and heaps of dirt which marked her former efforts. Suddenly she underwent a revulsion of feeling. The little excavations and corresponding mounds of earth seemed to her overwrought mind symbolical of her constant effort and constant failure to be of use to herself or those she loved.

"Oh, Tom!" she moaned, burying her face in his coat sleeve and trying to smother her sobs. "I wish I could do something—anything—to help you. It's a shame you and Betty have to put off your wedding just because you have us to take care of, and me young



"MONEY!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

and strong. Just as soon as Christmas is over I am going to try to get a place to do common housework. I just can't stand for you to have to bear all the burden."

"Hush, little sister!" Tom drew her close, with big brotherly sympathy. "It hasn't quite come to that yet, and you mustn't think of leaving home. You are not strong enough for such work."

Drying her eyes as best she could she began looking around for the squash. She found it at last—it had only rolled into one of the holes that she had dug near the wall. Tom held the lantern near and she pulled it out of the hole, in doing which she dislodged the earth from the wall above and down came a rain of damp dirt. With it came a small glass jar which had evidently been imbedded in the wall.

With a wild cry Kathryn seized it

and held it up to the light of the lantern.

"Money!" she gasped. "Gold pieces and greenbacks. Grandfather's fortune. Tom! Come upstairs, quick! Never mind the squash!"

A moment later she poured the money into her astonished mother's lap and was counting it over, trembling with joy and excitement.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," she counted as she had done earlier in the evening, only this time there was no frown on her face. "Seven hundred dollars—a hundred for each guest! Surely that ought to feed 'em! Was there ever such luck? Why, Tom, it will pay the mortgage and give you a nest egg in the bank, and we can have mince pie, and now you can marry Betty, and we can have her to dinner tomorrow and a big fat turkey, and we won't have to go in debt, and we'll stuff the turkey with oysters and put a new carpet in Aunt Mattie's room, 'cause the old one's disgraceful, and have plum pudding and cranberry sauce!"

And then she collapsed for want of breath and hid her face on Tom's shoulder and burst into tears. But a moment later she looked up to smile triumphantly through her tears and say:

"There, now, Tom Wrennet! What if I hadn't raised that squash?"

SUFFERED

With Biliousness and Sick Headache

Calgary, Alberta, July 8, 1911
I was a great sufferer for a long time with Biliousness, Sick Headache and Liver trouble. Nothing seemed to do me any good. I had almost given up in despair when I decided to try

FIG PILLS

After taking about half a box the headaches stopped and my appetite improved. I have just finished the fifth box and feel as well as ever. I can heartily recommend Fig Pills for stomach and liver troubles.

MRS. MARY ELLISON
At all dealers 25 and 50 cent boxes or mailed by The Fig Pill Co., St. Thomas, Ont.

Sold in Watford by J. W. McLaren, Druggist.

Saskatchewan.

Saskatchewan, I sing of thee.
The fertile land of liberty.
A land of boundless wealth untold
Waits for the settler to unfold.

CHORUS—Oh Saskatchewan, fair Saskatchewan
As on your fertile soil I stand,
I look away across the plain,
Across the miles of golden grain,
And bless the day forever more
I first set foot upon your shore.

Your fertile plains spread far and wide
For immigrants from every side,
You have them now from every shore
But yet there's room for millions more,
You have the land that grows the wheat
Which in the world cannot be beat,
The wheat that gradeth No. 1 hard
Should wake the muse of any bard.

You have the climate for good health,
You have a land of boundless wealth
The British flag floats all around,
Woe to the man who pulls it down!

Your settlers are from every clime,
They're getting thicker all the time,
They come from south and east and west,
They know the land is of their best,
The men are of the sturdy breeds,
They're just the kind the country needs,
They're mostly young and strong and staid
But many need a Little Fig Pill.

—W. J. MILLER, Chamberlain, Sask.
FOR THE OVERWORKED.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection, and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

THE police and banking authorities fear that a huge counterfeiting industry is located somewhere in Canada, according to a despatch from Ottawa. For some months past fraudulent notes have been turning up at banks all over the country, and their circulation seems to be growing. Hundreds of them are being presented at banks in good faith. Most of the fraudulent notes seem to be Dominion ones and twos, and Bank of Nova Scotia and Bank of Montreal five dollar notes. Secret service men throughout the Dominion are working on the case.

HAIR HEALTH

If You Have Scalp or Hair Trouble, Take Advantage of This Offer.

We could not afford to so strongly endorse Rexall "93" Hair Tonic and continue to sell it as we do, if it did not do all we claim it will. Should our enthusiasm carry us away, and Rexall "93" Hair Tonic not give entire satisfaction to the users, they would lose faith in us and our statements, and in consequence our business prestige would suffer.

We assure you that if your hair is beginning to unnaturally fall out or if you have any scalp trouble, Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will promptly eradicate dandruff, stimulate hair growth and prevent premature baldness.

Our faith in Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is so strong that we ask you to try it on our positive guarantee that your money will be cheerfully refunded if it does not do as we claim. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store. J. W. McLAREN, Watford.

One day recently, John E. McGhee, lake shore, Rosanquet, packed a barrel of apples, which, when properly filled, contained only 165 apples.

HOW CHRONIC COUGHS

Are Being Cured by Vinol.

Did you ever cough for a month? Then just think how distressing it must be to have a cough hang on for three months.

Mrs. Maria Primrose, of 87 Newell Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I had a very heavy cold which settled into a chronic cough, which kept me awake nights for fully three months, and felt tired all the time because my rest was broken so much. The effect of taking your cod liver and iron remedy, Vinol, is that my cough is gone. I can now get a good night's rest, and I feel much stronger in every way."

It is the combined action of the medicinal elements, cods' livers, aided by the blood-making and strength-creating properties of tonic iron which makes Vinol so efficient in curing chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis—at the same time building up the weakened, run-down system.

Try a bottle of Vinol, with the understanding that your money will be returned if it does not help you.

T. B. Taylor & Sons, Druggists, Watford, Ontario.

Lovell's Bread

More of it is asked for every day in homes where quality is the first demand.

Cleanliness is Our Motto.

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We Claim to Save You Money on

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We invite careful inspection of our store, stock and prices. And you will find it to your advantage to buy FURNITURE at this store, where you are sure to get the best goods for the least money.

Buy what you need.
Pay when you can.
Your credit is good.
If It's From Browne's—It's Good.

W. C. Browne & Son.

SOCIETIES.

[ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.]

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Head Office: Brantford, Ont.

Purely Canadian.

Insurance at a Minimum Cost.

Death Rate in 1911, 5.95 per 1000.

Average in 32 years 5.23.

Interest on Reserve Fund paid 150

Death Claims of \$1000 each last year.

RESERVE FUND, DEC. 31, 1911.

Insurance \$3,609,249.06

Sick and Funeral Ben't 245,683.45

Total \$3,854,932.49

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meets second and fourth Monday in each month. Visiting Brethren Invited.

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