

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Taylor's for Soap

A large stock bought at less than pre-war days enables us to sell Soap of any kind at unheard of prices in Watford. The next time you need Soap do not forget the place.

EVERYTHING PURE AND FRESH
IN THE DRUG LINE AND
REASONABLE IN PRICE

TAYLORS'

WHERE QUALITY AND VALUE MEET

Special Agents for Nyal's Family Remedies—every one guaranteed.

FOOD IS CHEAPER

COMPARE THESE TWO LISTS AND WE THINK YOU WILL AGREE THAT THE GROCER IS DOING HIS PART

| 1920 | 1921 |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Sack Sugar.....\$23.00 | 1 Sack Sugar.....\$9.00 |
| | 4 pkgs Shredded Wheat..... .60 |
| | 4 pkgs Corn Flakes..... .25 |
| | 9 lbs. Oatmeal..... .50 |
| | 9 lbs. Cornmeal..... .50 |
| | 2 lbs Tea..... .75 |
| | 2 lbs. Coffee..... .90 |
| | 2 lbs. Soda Biscuit..... .40 |
| | 2 lbs. Ginger Snaps..... .40 |
| | 4 tins Tomatoes..... .72 |
| | 4 tins Peas..... .72 |
| | 4 tins Corn..... .72 |
| | 4 tins Salmon..... 1.12 |
| | 4 tins Pork & Beans..... .72 |
| | 2 Bottles Catsup..... .50 |
| | 1 quart Pickles..... .70 |
| | 2 pkgs Corn Starch..... .25 |
| | 2 pkgs Laundry Starch..... .25 |
| | 1 Pail Jam..... 1.00 |
| | 1 Pail Marmalade..... 1.00 |
| | 1 Sealer Honey..... .75 |
| | 1 Pail Syrup..... .50 |
| | 1 Pail Lard..... .50 |
| | \$23.00 |

N. B. Howden Est.

False and True

By MARTHA Mc. WILLIAMS

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"Why did they call me Linnet? Of all names! The rest of the world is saddest when I sing!" Linnet Ware said plaintively to her newest victim, Selden Moore.

He laughed, softly answering, "Praise be for that. In this day of musical prodigality, you're an oasis."
"In a desert of melody! Thanks for them kind words," Linnet flung back, settling herself comfortably in a nest of rainbow cushions. Yet even they could not make her look washed out, so vivid was the yellow of her hair, the violet of her eyes, the healthy scarlet of her very perfect mouth. Her skin had the texture of a camellia petal—she was further shapely, and extra well finished. There was a look of race to accent all this.

What wonder that she had gone rather to the heads of her countrymen—at least that moiety of them lucky enough to know her? This in spite of the fact that she danced without enthusiasm, was a dub at tennis, and refused even to look on at golf. Polo she loved—but sex and convention forbade playing it. So she took to going cross-country in any weather, never flunking the stiffest jumps, nor minding hazardous spills.

The spills were few—she had apparently as much influence over hunters as over men. Anything bittable became pliant to her will after a few miles—to the disgust of Amazonian horsewomen who got results with malice aforethought. She was so confoundedly, so confoundingly feminine, with her side saddle, her soft collar, her picturesquely untidy tam that had always a bright knot tucked amid its folds, it was disgusting to have her almost always in the first flight, and not winning prizes solely through refusing to compete for them. She mounted herself well but not extravagantly. "Any good horse will go—if you get the best in him," she explained more than once. Which moved her much tired mother to add: "If only you'd be as sensible about men as horses, it would take a load off my mind and heart."

Being interpreted, this meant, concretely, a shrinking estate, and the Wendell King millions. All through Linnet's bringing up Mrs. Ware had had the millions in the back of her mind. Retrieving them was poetic justice, since they had been unjustly diverted from Linnet's father through his elderly uncle's marriage with the beautiful Widow King.
He had settled them upon her in the first flush of infatuation—when the pair went down with their ship upon a long wedding tour, the wrong was put beyond righting. Wendell, a quiet, kindly, dull-witted lad of fifteen, had inherited them from his mother in trust for possible children. So it had been out of his power to do more than make handsome gifts to the Wares.

Linnet, an elfin, no-colored child, had appealed only to his pity until at fifteen she bloomed with that beauty of the devil which works so many evil miracles. Seeing her round and flush and glow, his plan of life changed. When she was twenty she must marry him, and begin a fairy tale existence. Until then let her play to her heart's content—he knew he could trust her—besides, there was her mother.

Mrs. Ware was far from heartless—indeed, love for her child was the spur to her worldliness. She said nothing to Linnet of the future beyond advising a wise choice if any. She knew Linnet would rebel against a cut-and-dried family arrangement—much better let her continue to think of Wendell as a liberal pseudo-kinsman who regarded her as a child to be teased and spoiled. When she had had her fling playing with the youngsters Linnet might sensibly drift into love with her doting fairy godfather.

Linnet showed a zest in playing with the youngsters equal to her zest cross-country, yet until the era of Selden Moore her mother had never been the least uneasy. For her girl had played the game with the fine reserve of a gentlewoman, making her safety in numbers and surrounding herself with an aura of untouchableness beautiful to see.

But Moore was different. Toward him she glowed as a gem, a star—often when he had left her she sat silent, smiling happily or rousing to hug her mother tight and whisper: "Is there anything like real love?" Moore was only rich enough to be a competent idler. Living was, he said, business enough for a gentleman—wherefore why swamp himself with the risks and the turmoil of active

work, when he was so much more valuable as an example of moderation?

Linnet scarcely sensed the question, but her mother pondered it deeply. To her it meant either that Moore had no thought of marriage, or that his wife needs must bring with her an income equal to his own. Linnet could not do that—already living expenses were trenching upon their modest principal—she must either marry money or become a drudge, else a pensioner upon Wendell King.

Impossible to think of either alternative—so impossible Mrs. Ware lost sleep and flesh in considering them. Watching Linnet narrowly, she noted a subtle change in her. She laughed more and smiled less—was by turns overcast and overflashing—also, she had no more joy in playing the game of hearts. A had sign, thought the anxious mother, especially now that she was well past nineteen.

She had not found Prince Charming, plus even a scant million—it was unlikely that she would find him before Wendell King required a decision. She could not blame him—he had been almost unreasonably patient and trustful. He would not try to force Linnet's inclination, but it would hurt him sorely to find he had waited in vain.

She sat thinking things over upon a stormy afternoon when Moore was the only caller at tea time. Despite a lovely flush of greeting Linnet had gone to the window and stood looking wistfully out into the rainy murk. Suddenly she said: "I wish everybody could be home now, warm and comfy, with dry feet and good dinners ahead. That's what ought to be—"

"Agreed—we'll make it so—when we come into your fortune," Moore said teasingly. "We may not have to wait very long—I heard yesterday the insurance folk are worrying a lot over Uncle Wendell's million-dollar policy."

"I don't know what you can mean," Linnet cried, coming toward him white and shaking. "He mustn't die—he is so good—I'd rather die myself—"

"What! When you're his only heir?" Moore bantered.

Mrs. Ware looked at him fixedly. "You are—misinformed," she said drily. "Wendell King could not leave Linnet his fortune—it is strictly entailed, falling direct heirs, it goes to distant cousins."

Moore's face was a study. "I—I am—sorry—I thought I knew," he said, stammering. "Now I must be going. Au revoir."
Linnet did not hear him. She was at the phone calling breathlessly a number her mother smiled to hear. She shut her ears against her daughter's voice, but her heart sang at the timbre of it—something new and wonderful rang there. Presently Linnet came to her, becoming like a rose, to say: "Mother, he is perfectly, splendidly well. We are to dine with him and go to the opera. I'm so happy, hug me tight."

"You are going to be happier, darling," the mother murmured softly—in her heart a mute thanksgiving that her daughter's heart had gone through the false to the true.

MYSTERIOUS BODY OF WATER

All Sorts of Queer Beliefs Cluster Around What Is Known as Wonder Lake, in Alaska.

"I think the next thing I wanted to speak of was Wonder lake," says H. H. Lumpkin, writing of "A Hike in Alaska" in Boys' Life. "It is not such a tremendous sheet of water. Not nearly so large as many other Alaskan lakes, being some three miles long by a half mile wide. It lies in a sort of depression, its surface about three or four hundred feet above the level of Moose creek. Its bed was evidently scooped out by glacial action somewhere back in those dim ages they tell us about. You can see, even now, the evidences of the glacial moraines. Some plow, those glaciers!

"Now, here are the things they tell of that lake. One, that it has fish so large that a specimen that a man hooked pulled him out of the boat into the lake. If that isn't a good fish story, then you try to go me one better. Other stories that I think are well authenticated are these: That in winter, under the ice is heard a rumbling, growling sound. So much so that, although the winter trail lies straight across it, the Indians refuse to travel it, and go all the way round. That in summer there rise periodically great bubbles of gas of some kind, that bubble, and bubble, and finally die away. I talked with those who have seen this phenomenon. Then two things I found for myself. First, the lake is very deep. It is sparkling and clear, and shelves rapidly, a few feet from shore, to an unknown depth. Second, it does teem with fish, because I saw them, although I do not know the variety, for having no proper tackle, we did not catch any. The ones I saw would average two to three pounds. No monsters. But who can say what may inhabit those sparkling depths? Ugh!"

HIS LIFE RUINED BY DYSPEPSIA

Until He Tried "FRUIT-A-TIVES" The Wonderful Fruit Medicine



MR. FRANK HALL

Wyevale, Ontario.

"For some two years, I was a sufferer from Chronic Constipation and Dyspepsia.

I tried every remedy I heard of without any success, until the wife of a local merchant recommended 'Fruit-a-tives'.

I procured a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and began the treatment, and my condition commenced to improve immediately.

The Dyspepsia ceased to be the burden of my life as it had been, and I was freed of Constipation.

I feel that I owe a great debt to 'Fruit-a-tives' for the benefit I derived from them."

FRANK HALL.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

Few Pence Once Day's Wage.
The use of beaver in making hats came into being about 1200, for Chaucer mentions it. Flanders turned out the first. Hatters' guilds began to appear in England, and apprentices were taught the art of making felt hats and decorating these. Nine cents a day was then a hatter's wage.
In the sixteenth century the first hat stores began to do business, and hats, heretofore as wide as decorated as poetic fancy, began to be standardized. In other words, style became a rule. By 1600 styles were very changeable. Shakespeare's plays speak of varied types of hat then worn.

Our Books and Ourselves.
We should ask questions of our book and of ourselves; what is its purpose; by what means it proceeds to effect that purpose; whether we fully understand the one, and go along with the other? Do the arguments satisfy us; do the descriptions convey lively and distinct images to us; do we understand all the allusions to persons or things? In short, does our mind act over again from the writer's standpoint what his acted before; do we reason as he reasoned, conceive as he conceived; think and feel as he thought and felt; or, if not, can we discern where and how far we do not, and can we tell why we do not?—Dr. Thomas Arnold.



Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Drug-gists, Grocers and General Stores.

If you cannot find the "Coolest Place in Town", drop in our icecream parlor these hot days.

All the best dishes and Sundae's put up in the best and cleanest manner possible.

Don't forget our fountain ice-cream Sodas, all flavors.

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