

DYSPEPSIA CLAIMS MANY LIVES.

But John Mitchell's Life was saved by Morriscy's No. 11 Dyspepsia Cure.

Woodstock, N.B., Aug. 10, 1910.
 "I had a very severe case of stomach trouble which caused me great pain, and a lot of distress. I tried several doctors, but could get no relief. I also tried about all the patent medicines that are recommended for stomach trouble, and still I was getting worse—in fact, I felt like dying, and had to stop work. My friends thought my days on earth were few, and I thought so myself. I had heard a great deal about the wonderful skill of Father Morriscy, and thought I would go and see him. He prescribed his No. 11 Dyspepsia Cure for me, and I took his medicine as he directed, and soon began to feel relieved, and today I am a very well man, have gained in flesh—have no pain in my stomach, and am feeling first-rate. There is no doubt but that he saved my life, and I only wish I could find words to express my gratitude. I hope all who suffer as I did will use his marvelous No. 11 Stomach Remedy."

John H. Mitchell.
 The above prescription is not a "Cure-All" or so-called patent medicine. Dr. Morriscy prescribed it for 44 years, and it cured thousands after other doctors failed. Price, 50c. per box at your dealers or Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Limited., Montreal.

Recommended and for sale by the Taylor Drug Co., Special Agents, Watford.

CHANTRY FARM

KERWOOD
 LINCOLN SHEEP, SHORTHORN CATTLE
 Fifteen good registered ewes, from 1 to 4 years old, also fifteen choice Shearling rams, can spare a few lambs of both sexes; an extra good red bull and a few calves. An offering of a barrow in the fifteen ewes as I wish to place them in small bunches with the option of buying their lambs at weaning time. On account of the tariff disturbance trade with the United States is dull this season and I think the present time very favorable to invest. All correspondence promptly answered.

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A Live Representative
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WATFORD
 And Surrounding District
 to sell High Class Stock for
The Fonthill Nurseries
 More Fruit Trees will be planted in Fall of 1911 and Spring of 1912 than ever before in the history of Ontario.
 The Orchard of the future will be the best paying part of the Farm.
 We teach our men Salesmanship, Tree Culture and how Big Profits in Fruit-growing can be made.

Pay Weekly, Permanent Employment, Exclusive Territory.
 Write for Particulars.

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Westwell School

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 BUSINESS and SHORTHAND SUBJECTS.
 Registered last season upwards of 300 students and placed every graduate. Seven specially qualified regular teachers. One hundred and fifty London firms employ our trained help. College in session from Sept. 5 to June 30. Enter any time.

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TRY OUR MAPLE WALNUT.

A Full Line of
FANCY AND STAPLE CONFECTIONERY

If You Appreciate a
GOOD CIGAR
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ED. PEARCE,
SOUTH END BAKERY

A pessimist is a man who would chew a nail.

THE BLACK DAGGER

A Story of China
 By CLARISSA MACKIE
 Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Garland and Harpeth met on the Pacific liner Tropico, and from the first attraction of congenial natures there developed a warm personal liking. Garland was from the state of Maine, and Harpeth was a son of California. Out of 70,000,000 human souls fate had drawn these two, one from the east and the other from the west, to play the principal parts in a strange incident.

They had left the fairy islands of Japan far behind and were drawing near to the first outline of the China coast.

"Are you going to stop over in Shanghai?" asked Garland, with a touch of Yankee inquisitiveness.

"Haven't heard you say."
 "There was a little pause while Harpeth's eyes sought the rising coast line. "Possibly." He clipped the word rather sharply.

Garland glanced at him curiously. "You know I really didn't mean to pry into your affairs," he said apologetically. "It's rather a natural question for one tourist to ask another."

"Surely; no harm done," returned Harpeth quickly. "How about yourself—you going to stop over?"

It was Garland's turn to show embarrassment. The quick look of interrogation he flashed at his companion was met by Harpeth's expression of languid indifference. It was quite plain that Harpeth had asked the question merely to make conversation, not that he cared a rap about the matter.

"Maybe I'll stop over to see the city," said Garland.

Clumsy junks came teetering over the sea toward the mouth of the Yangtze, but the Tropico left them far behind as she steamed up to her anchorage off Wusung and landed her eager passengers on to the little transfer tugs that would convey them to the tributary tidal river, the Huangpu, to hospitable Shanghai.

In the crowd Garland and Harpeth missed each other, accidentally or by design. Garland could scarcely wait for the tug to make her landing at the jetty before he was off and swinging away up the bund toward the hotel of his choice.

The electric lighted hotel, with its air of western luxury mingled with its quiet eastern service, impressed the Yankee wanderer most favorably, and he retired to his room and bath, whistling cheerfully at the prospect of the excellent dinner that he was sure awaited him below.

But when the meal was concluded and he had enjoyed the gastronomic delights which his fancy had conjured up he retired to the smoking room to pore over a queer little map drawn with brush strokes of india ink on mottled tissue paper.

It was an hour after midnight when he left the hotel and made his way along the bund to where a flight of stone steps led down to the river. Here were several sampans moored to the landing, and the coolies immediately fell to fighting for his patronage. He settled the matter by stepping into one of the little boats, and, being pounced upon by its delighted owner, he was soon paddled out into the stream, which glistened in the moonlight like molten silver.

"Kaoyang! Sabe?" he cried sharply. The coolie nodded his head and whirled the sampan about until it headed up stream. For a mile he paddled steadily with his long sweep-like oar and then suddenly ran the boat in between high banks on the north shore and grounded in the mud.

As if guided by some invisible hand, he who could not recollect ever having touched foot on this soil before sought for and found a narrow path winding upward to where a ruined temple crouched among a group of distorted wind-blown cedars. The moon sent long rays down and here and there pierced the secret places with an illuminating touch. It showed Garland the outline of a dark arched opening, and he made for it fearlessly.

Just before he reached it he drew from his pocket the little map he had studied earlier in the evening and turned the flash from his pocket light upon it.

Pocketing the map and snapping off the light to hold it in his left hand while his right hand closed around a small repeating revolver, Garland plunged into the opening to find himself in the crooked passage, which was lighted down its length by the moon

which hung above its roofless walls.

On either side of the white stone walls there stood out sharply the little black daggers, which seemed to point his way. Glancing to the right and left, he followed their guidance until one last circling curve of the passage brought him sharply up against another arched opening which gave forth a damp, earthy smell. On the stone post of the door was painted another black dagger pointing downward. Garland flashed on his lamp and saw a wriggling flight of broken stone steps dropping down into a black pit. For an instant he hesitated, and then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he stepped forward.

He counted twenty-seven steps in all before his feet touched soft earth. He extinguished his light for an instant and tried to pierce the darkness with his eyes.

Before he snapped on the light again he was started into rigidity by the sound of footsteps treading the passage overhead. They came rapidly with sharp, rattling clicks of leather boot heels on stone. This was not the soft padding of felted native slippers; it was the tread of a fearless man wearing European footgear or perhaps American boots like his own.

Garland moved backward and away from the steps until his back struck sharply against a cold wall. There he stood, a part of the enveloping blackness, while the footsteps stopped at the arched door, and then by the flare of a sputtering candle jammed in the neck of a soda water bottle Garland saw a pair of trousers descend the first few steps. Then as the man came down the candle flame lighted his shirt front and reached his chin just as a whiff of air from out of nowhere in particular extinguished the light.

"Dash it all!" muttered the man in English, and Garland felt a queer little thrill of relief that the interloper was not a Chinese.

After some fussing and a final exclamation of disgust because he failed to find another match about his person, the newcomer flung his candle aside and seemed to stop and consider the situation.

Perhaps he heard Garland's carefully controlled breathing, for suddenly he asked, "Who's there?"

Garland hesitated and then decided not to answer. Perhaps the stranger would go away now that he was without a light. In the meantime he would endeavor to reach his goal by edging along the wall against which he was leaning.

His feet made no sound in the soft earth, and he had made considerable progress when he became conscious of heavy breathing behind him, and he knew that the newcomer was following in his wake.

Garland reached an angle of the wall, followed it around, turned again and once again into a small square recess which had a window slanting upward to some cunningly contrived opening above ground which admitted the moonlight to throw a silver cloth over a stone table. On the stone table was a small shadowy slip perhaps the width of a dagger's blade.

The two men reached the table together and in the moonlight stared pantingly at each other. The moon lighted them up to their lips, and above that their faces were in darkness.

"If you've got a light for heaven's sake turn it on!" growled the newcomer impatiently, and Garland, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for him to have met a fellow white man on this secret errand of his, snapped on his lamp and threw its broad white beam across the face of Harpeth.

"Garland," said Harpeth stupidly. And then with fierce suspicion he went on: "You followed me. I thought better of you than that, old man."

"I was here first," ejaculated Garland. "I'm blamed if I don't believe you're following me!"
 "You had an errand here?" Harpeth put the question hesitatingly.

"Yes, and yours is probably the same," said Garland, with a trace of relief in his tones. "I was fearfully afraid somebody would find out and get the cinch on me, but somehow it's so confoundedly spooky down here I'm glad of company, even if it's a rival for."

He paused suggestively.
 "The black dagger?" asked Harpeth quietly.

Garland nodded. "I guess you've met with Wah Sung Loo, haven't you? I saw him in Portland."

"And I in Los Angeles," admitted Harpeth. "Did he sell you information concerning the black dagger which contained one of the biggest emeralds in the world and which was concealed by one of his thieving ancestors in this spot? Did he tell you how you could reach it, and as he was dying and might never come back to this country he would sell a map of its location for \$100? Well, he told me the same yarn, and I took a chance on it too. Since I started, however, I've had a thousand misgivings, the chief one being that the old rascal didn't believe the story himself. I believe that to him it was a tradition—nothing more, and he made money out of it."

"He stung me, too, and yet—I'm going to try for that black dagger, Harpeth. Here's the black dagger he gave me. I suppose you've got its mate. I'll just drop it in this slit. Well, by Jove, it touches something that's giving way! Now, what do you think of that?"

The table top swung up and slipped back into a recess disclosing a small square stone receptacle in which was crushed a heap of tattered yellow silk, which dropped to dust under their fingers. In the heap of dust was a dark object which Harpeth's fingers drew to the light. It was a small dagger of finely tempered steel, almost black in color. In the hilt was set the largest emerald the Americans had ever seen.

"It's a good thing it's big enough to divide so we won't quarrel over it," said Garland, and the other nodded approval.

"I wonder if Wah Sung Loo knew this was here?" began Garland speculatively as they emerged into the open air.

"Never," interrupted Harpeth, with a grin. "Didn't believe it himself and thought he'd stung us for fair—hardly calculated we'd come out after it."

"I'm not sorry, though," chuckled Garland as they went back along the winding path to the river, where two sleepy coolies awaited them with sam-pans.

HAIR THIN ON TOP

If Parisian Sage, the hair grower that T. B. Taylor & Sons guarantee, will 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, 50c for a large bottle. Parisian Sage makes the hair soft and brilliant and promotes growth.

CHOP STUFF.

Strathroy's new rink proposition has been laid on ice till next year. The Metcalfe Rural Telephone Co. will increase its capital stock from three to ten thousand dollars.

Lieut. F. W. Robinson, of Strathroy, has been appointed drill instructor of the Collegiate cadet corps.

In future no female teacher under 30 will be engaged in the Toronto schools nor any male teacher not over 35 years. Alex. Bondy, Colchester, grew a citron on his farm on the rear road that measures 3 ft. 3/4 inches in circumference and weighs 35 lbs.

Late potatoes in Caradoc and Adelaide are a fairly good crop, but the early variety were as elsewhere almost a complete failure.

Rev. A. Hamilton, pastor of the Methodist church in Leamington, owing to the state of his health, will go west at the close of the conference year.

WE ALL HAVE MISSIONS IN THE WORLD.—There is a work to do for every man on earth, there is a function to perform for everything on earth, animate and inanimate. Everything has a mission, and the mission of Dr. Thomas Electric Oil is to heal burns and wounds of every description and cure coughs, colds, croup and all affections of the respiratory organs.

Glencoe has been up against a house famine for some time, and an opportunity is offered for some enterprising citizen to put up some houses that would rent at a reasonable price.

The Strathroy curlers have elected officers as follows: Hon. Pres., J. W. Cameron; Pres., L. H. Dampier; Vice, A. P. Malone; Treas., Dr. Willmott; Secretary, W. H. Freele.

A happy event was celebrated at high noon on October 25 at the residence of Mr. Charles Caven, Caradoc, when his daughter, Lillian Janet, and Miss Martha Hathaway became the brides of Mr. Samuel T. Hathaway, of Waukegan, and Mr. Hugh Caven, of Kingscourt.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.
 Mrs. Esther Trueman Cuddy, of Strathroy, passed away on Sunday of last week after an illness of about six weeks. Mrs. Cuddy was the widow of the late Thomas Cuddy, of the township of Adelaide, and had been a resident of Strathroy for the past twenty-two years.

Eczema Can be Cured

There is no need for you to suffer another day with the awful itch from Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, or any other skin disease. D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema stops the itch instantly! Yes, the instant the first few drops are applied to the burning skin the itch is stopped—not in half an hour, not in 10 minutes, but in 10 seconds!

You can have no idea of the wonderful effect of D.D.D. until you suffering is instantly relieved by this wonderful remedy, and when used with D.D.D. Soap it keeps the skin in perfect condition.

We are confident that D.D.D. will cure any case of Eczema or skin trouble of any other kind. Get a trial bottle from the D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. W.G., 49 Colborne St., Toronto, or call and see us about it.

Taylor & Son, Druggists.

"Marvelous Recovery"

Montreal Man So Ill With Dyspepsia Thought He Would Die.

No more convincing evidence was ever put on paper than the following letter from one of Montreal's well-known citizens, Mr. D. R. Larose, of 338 Joliette street.

"Permit me to write you a few words concerning Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for five years. I suffered so much that I could hardly attend to my work. I was weak and lost all courage. I enjoyed no rest until I decided to follow your treatment after having read your advertisement in the paper. To my great surprise I immediately began to feel better. I am now using the second box and I feel so well that I want to tell you that I owe this great change to your famous pills. I recommend them to every person who is suffering from dyspepsia. Your grateful servant, D. R. Larose, 338 Joliette st., Montreal, P.Q.

Let all who have weak stomachs, and those who suffer with indigestion, headaches, biliousness, know they can be perfectly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Successfully used for many years, mild and safe, 25c per box, all dealers, or The Catarthzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Dyspepsia

Love Thy Fellow-Men.

After the toil of day is o'er,
 And the sun has gone to rest;
 'Tis then that we go to our humble homes
 And think: Have we done our best?

Have we done something for a fellowman
 Something to make him glad?
 Or, have we tried to knock him,
 So others will think him a cad?

Our lives are just what we make them,
 No matter how we fare,
 There are troubles and sorrows for every-
 one,

Each must have his share,
 But only the man who is strongest,
 Can lift up his head and say:
 I, too, have my sorrows and troubles,
 But still, I am happy and gay—

For God has been my protector,
 And has helped me, day by day
 To smile, tho' troubles oppress me,
 And help others whenever I may.

So let us all try to help our friends,
 And boost them whene'er we may;
 And believe that each cloud, no matter
 how dark,
 Has a lining as bright as the day.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh.

Send for testimonials free.
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

D. Fowler has sold his farm in Ekfrid to Joel Case, Jr., and is leaving for the West. He disposed of all his stock and implements, etc., by auction, and the prices paid for the stuff reached remarkable heights. Some of the things brought double the price the owner paid for them thirty-two years ago.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

Glencoe is talking up an old boy's reunion for 1912.

THOMPSON'S

Bakery and Confectionery

FLANNIGAN'S OYSTERS

in Bulk or Served by the Plate.

Elegant Lines of Choice Confectionery. Try Our Bon-Bons.

We Keep in Stock
 Smokers' Favorite Cigars.

NORTH END BAKERY.