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TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST
Accommodation, 75.....8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 13.....1 16 p.m.
Accommodation,6 44 p.m.

GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80.....7 32 a.m.
New York Express, 8.....11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 18.....2 47 p.m.
Accommodation, 112.....5 16 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent, Watford

If I Had Known—

By
MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper
Syndicate.)

"Why don't you ask Carol Thurston to join your Merry-makers?" Aunt Loretta Fox asked Marianna Marks. "She's as young as a lot of your members, and she's never been in anything but the Ladies' Aid and the Patriotic Sisters."

"No, indeed," replied Marianna, with a toss of her auburn head. "She'll have to stay with the Ladies' Aid or else organize a League of Old Maids. She was born one anyway."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exploded Aunt Loretta. "Carol never had a chance. Her mother made her into an old woman before she was through with her teething ring. We older women can't help her, but she might catch the habit of being young from you."

"The Merry-makers wasn't organized to do missionary work!" sniffed Marianna, as she frowned away.

Carol felt a bit wistful when word of the Merry-makers reached her. It was the first organization in Siloam Center which aimed to combine pleasure with profit and work. But she was very busy just then, as the Ladies' Aid was arranging a living calendar, and the Patriotic Sisters struggling to put a bust of Lincoln on the public library. "You are so much younger than the rest of us was the stock phrase which urged her on to effort in these societies."

Carol was thirty-two. True, that should not be considered old, but she had been the child of age, and whatever her masterful mother had thought or read or been, Carol shared with her. The only appreciable difference made in her life by the death of her mother was that all of Mrs. Thurston's old friends felt free to levy upon the daughter's time.

"The Merry-makers gave a progressive dinner last night," Aunt Loretta was making a morning call upon Carol. "You know—started with soup, that was at Fanny Bonner's, and had one thing at each house until they wound up with ice cream and cake at Marianna's."

Carol, a pretty picture in her pale blue chambray, as she sat peeling peaches on her shady back porch, flushed a bit.

"They seemed to be having a good time when they passed here," she replied, adding, to turn the subject, "We have only five dollars more to raise for our Lincoln bust, Aunt Loretta."

"Is that so?" Aunt Loretta asked absently. "They say that Marianna has her eye on Edward Lindsay, the new lawyer, and that he has his eye on the nomination for congress from this district. I fancy that Marianna would admire running in and out of the White House and meeting all the way-up folks down at Washington."

"Marianna is real good-looking," vouchsafed Carol, half indifferently dropping a peach in the blue bowl beside her.

"Mph! If you like red hair and as bossy a way as ever was!" sniffed Aunt Loretta. "One thing, she's got enough brass to tell the president and all of congress how this government ought to be run. But I am forgetting my errand. Old Mr. Banks is worrying about the Harvest Home entertainment. You know, it's his tenth year as superintendent, and he's about out of ideas, besides being so old, so he wants help with the Sunday school. Marianna won't let the Merry-makers take it up—too poky, she says. So the Ladies' Aid just had to promise to help, and when we talked it over we decided, since we were all so busy and you being so much younger than the rest of us—"

Carol dropped the peach she was peeling and groaned.

"Aunt Loretta!" she rebelled. "The next time a Ladies' Aid or a Patriotic Sister says that to me, just to get me to do what she doesn't want to do herself, I'll—I'll have my front teeth pulled and take to crutches and bandages! I might as well, for all the 'being younger' has ever brought me, except hard work."

"Why, Carol!" stammered Aunt Loretta. "I didn't—why, nobody thought—you always—"

"Yes," admitted Carol, dully, as she resumed her work. "I always have and I suppose I always will. I didn't mean to fly off—only the monotony of things gets on my nerves. I will be at the church—when did you say?—Thursday evening? Tell Mr. Banks to expect me."

Thursday evening was sultry with a fine choking dust suspended in the air. It was the last parched effort of summer to assert its reign, and Carol walked with lagging steps, remembering the hammock under her shady arbor, but the Ladies' Aid had promised Mr.

Banks her help. She knew that it would mean many hot evenings drilling restless children and decorating the church.

An automobile passed her with Edward Lindsay at the wheel. It shot ahead to the church door and stopped to let out a passenger, and Aunt Loretta had told her that he was to take Marianna Marks out to Crystal Spring that evening.

There was every probability that Edward Lindsay, however often he might meet Carol Thurston, would never take time to look at her with the seeing eye, but fate took a hand, with one of those happenings which wreck the nerves of a driver and which happen so often that the tale is almost too hackneyed to repeat.

Little Joy Nelson, who lived next door to Carol and who worshiped in her shadow, espied her in front of the church, and darted across the street, crying, "Miss Carol! Miss Carol! Miss Carol!" Just as the engine clashed and the wheels moved, the child rushed in front of the car, halting, for a paralyzing moment, in the teeth of danger. Lindsay reversed, with a sickening sense that the act was futile. Then a slender figure stooped within his vision, and dragged the little body free of the wheel, which stopped the next second, just where the child had halted.

Then white and panting, Lindsay faced a blue dimity angel of deliverance, herself breathing a little hurriedly, as she stood with her arm about the frightened child.

"I can never thank you enough!" he stammered. "But you took a risk—the car might have struck you, too, miss—"

Carol looked gravely up into his face—it was a likable face, with clean-cut features, steady gray eyes, and dark hair, graying a bit at the edges.

"I am Carol Thurston," she replied simply. "Joy is my little neighbor and I would take a greater risk than that for her, any time."

"I am Edward Lindsay," he informed her. "Won't you let me take you both to your destination?"

"We are here already," smiled Carol. "I am to help Mr. Banks prepare for our annual harvest home, and Joy is one of the Sunday school pupils."

Edward Lindsay lingered. The drive to Crystal Spring, in Marianna Marks' bracing company, did not allure. Just now, as he looked at the quiet young woman before him, with her smooth blond braids wound about her head, and her blue eyes both grave and smiling, he felt a sudden desire to help Mr. Banks.

"I used to be pretty good at that sort of thing," he suggested. "College theatricals, you know, and then I taught school for three or four years. I would be glad to help Mr. Banks sometime—if you—if he needs me. I shall ask him tomorrow."

And when Siloam Center gathered for the harvest home, to acclaim over the decorations and applaud the performers, no one knew the moving force back of it all; Carol, her hair loosened, her cheeks flushed, as she hurried about behind the scenes, soothing nervous children, encouraging, promoting, adjusting costumes; and Lindsay, bracing small boys weak from stage fright, and quieting mischievous ones.

That is, no one knew it until Mr. Banks made his annual speech, just before the last chorus. No one had ever listened to it, but tonight as he closed his acknowledgments, attention was breathless.

"In my years of service, I may say that this has been our most satisfactory entertainment, and I consider it due entirely to my assistants, Miss Carol Thurston and Mr. Edward Lindsay."

Siloam Center was pricked as by an electric needle by the innocent linking of these two names.

"They have not missed one evening since the rehearsals began," droned the speaker, "and they have furnished many ideas, which they carried out in training. Also, they planned and arranged the decorations, which have so beautified our auditorium, giving freely of both time and labor."

That was as far as any of the Merry-makers, at least, heard the speech. "And Mr. Banks asked us to help him first!" gasped Fanny Bonner.

"If I had known—" Marianna Marks' usually crisp voice trailed off flabbily.

Out in the deserted classroom, unknown of the sensation which had been created in the auditorium, Carol was gasping.

"If I had known!"

"If I had known," laughed Edward Lindsay, softly and fondly, as he held her hands, "that this old town held such a perfect woman—such a blessed wife as you will be—"

"If I had known," jubilated Aunt Loretta to Carol, later. "I couldn't have planned it better myself!"

Simple and sure.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is so simple in application that a child can understand the instructions. Used as a liniment the only direction is to rub, and when used as a dressing to apply. The directions are so plain and unmistakable that they are readily understood by young or old.

TOOK CARE OF TURKS.

Important Task Was Given to Gen.
G. N. Cory.

The allied officer who arranged the carrying out of the terms of armistice with Turkey was a Toronto man, Gen. G. N. Cory, D.S.O., son of Mr. Chester D. Cory. Not long ago Gen. Cory was appointed chief of staff of the British army in the Balkans and as such he was the envoy sent to Constantinople to arrange the carrying out of the terms of the armistice with the Turkish Government. He went to the capital of the Turkish empire on a destroyer and was received by an imposing guard of honor and conducted in a Turkish automobile to the leading hotel of the city.

There he was waited upon by the Grand Vizier, Isaat Pasha, as head of the Turkish Government, and Gen. Liman von Sanders, the German commander-in-chief of the Turkish armies. Subsequent to arriving at a final settlement Gen. Cory took possession of the battleship Goeben.

Gen. Cory was at one time on the headquarters staff of the Third Division. He has been in the British army since he was twenty. He is a graduate of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, and of the Royal Military College, Kingston. On his graduation he was gazetted to the Second Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, then stationed at Orifolia, India. When the South African Boer war was threatened his regiment was ordered to South Africa in 1897, and he was in the first engagement at Dundee. After the retreat of Ladysmith the regiment was refitted and left that place on the last train out, as did Gen. French, now Field Marshal French.

Subsequently the then Lieut. Cory was appointed adjutant of a mounted infantry regiment under command of the present Gen. Gough, and served throughout the war. He was mentioned in despatches twice and received the D.S.O. for "skill in handling his troops." He has the Queen's Medal with seven clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps.

Gen. Cory comes of good fighting stock. His father served with the 13th Hamilton Regiment at Ridgeway. His grandfather was a surgeon with the Prince Edward County Regiment in the rebellion of 1837, while in the war of 1812 his grandfather, upholding U. E. Loyalist principles, served with a battalion from the same county.

When the war broke out Gen. Cory was a major. He has since been decorated with the Mons medal, the Russian Order of St. Anne, the Greek Order and made a Commander of the Bath by His Majesty King George, the latter honor having been personally conferred upon him only a few months ago at Buckingham Palace. Gen. Cory was several times mentioned in despatches and promoted to his present rank about a year ago. He is now in London, England, and expects shortly to visit Canada.

Miller's Worm Powders were devised to relieve children who suffer from the ravages of worms. It is a simple preparation warranted to destroy stomachic and intestinal worms without shock or injury to the most sensitive system. They act thoroughly and painlessly, and though in some cases they may cause vomiting, that is an indication of their powerful action and not of any nauseating property.

Then It Seemed Plainer.

While waiting for a train home from the city one night Jones grew restless, and looked about for something interesting. His eyes fell upon a slot machine, and he promptly inserted a penny.

"I have often wondered," he remarked aloud, in the manner of all truly thoughtful men, "where the profits on these machines—"

Here he grasped the handle with a firm and masterful grip.

"Where the profit on these affairs—"

So saying he shook the machine.

"I have often wondered," he continued, giving it another vigorous shake, "where the profit— Hang the thing!"

Then one of the porters came up and told him that the machine was out of order, and Jones realized at last where part of the profit came from!

Bull Bulletin.

Henry Clews, the New York banker, tells a good story on a broker friend who was advised by his physician to spend a few weeks in the West.

For some time the broker had been affected by a nagging fever, which the doctor thought would disappear under the influence of a dry climate.

The physician, desiring to keep in touch with his patient, suggested that the latter should telegraph him a daily record of his temperature, taken morning and evening. To this the broker agreed, and at the end of the first day in the West, he sent the following telegram:

"Temperature bully. Opened 97, closed 101!"

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