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Busy Farmers

Busy farmers have not the time to puzzle over financial matters. They let their banker assist them.

Sterling Bank branch managers are specially capable of doing this. They have made a study of farm financing. They will welcome you at any time, especially if you are considering more extensive farming.

THE STERLING BANK OF CANADA

The Farmer-Banker Alliance



You go to your lawyer for legal advice; to the doctor for medical advice; why not to The Merchants Bank for financial advice?

If you want a loan to buy cattle, hogs or equipment—if you want information as to how to invest money—come to those who make a business of financial matters, and are in a position to give you sound and impartial advice.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

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A Trip to Arkona

will convince you that we have the choicest and most up-to-date stock of

Groceries

We pay the highest cash price for produce.

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W. A. WILLIAMS

The People's Store, Arkona

Special Values in Drinks

Ashwyn Blend Black Tea....70c
Golden Butterfly Japan Tea..70c
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Woods' Boston Coffee.....60c
Woods' Souvenir Coffee.....70c
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Seal Brand Coffee.....75c

Your money back if not satisfactory.

N. B Howden Estate

Death of Donald Morrison

Donald Morrison, for nearly fifty years a resident of Lambton County, died at his residence, Petrolia, early Wednesday morning of last week of heart failure. He was 70 years and 10 days old. Mr. Morrison was born in Sutherlandshire, Scotland. His parents came to Canada when he was about a year old, and settled in Oxford County, where he grew to manhood. He came to Lambton County

in 1872, living in Brooke township for a few years, after which he bought a farm on the 10th line of Enniskillen, where he remained until seven years ago, when he retired to Petrolia. On March 15, 1885, deceased married Elizabeth Ann Cable, who, with an adopted daughter, survives. A brother, Alexander, of Enniskillen, the last of a large family, also survives. The funeral was held on Friday afternoon, when the remains were buried in Hillsdale cemetery.

ARKONA

Herbert George of Ottawa was in Arkona over Sunday.

Special services are being held in the Baptist church this week, with the Rev. Joseph Yule, of Petrolia, as speaker.

Miss Lida Lucas, nurse-in-training at Ann Arbor Hospital, who underwent an operation for appendicitis some weeks ago, is recovering at her home here.

Deepest sympathy is felt everywhere for Henry Turner and family over the passing away of Mrs. Turner last Friday morning, when she took a sudden relapse about four o'clock. The funeral service took place at the home, Revs. Charles W. King and John Ball officiating. The very large concourse of people attending attested the esteem in which deceased was held. Interment took place in the Arkona cemetery.

Battery service station coming! We are installing a storage battery service station and will be able to overhaul any make of battery at the least notice. We will be carrying a stock of new Pres-O-Lite batteries on hand also will have service batteries to rent while your old one is in for recharge or repair. Pres-O-Lite are equipped on seventy-five per cent of cars made in Canada this season. —R. MORNINGSTAR.

A cordial invitation is extended to all Christian people to attend the Inter-church Forward Movement platform meetings to be held in the Baptist Church Monday, January 19th, afternoon and evening. The Principal of Knox Presbyterian College, Toronto, will speak on "The Great Task"; Rev. Thomas S. Roy, of Talbot St. Baptist Church, London, will speak on "The Only Alternative"; Rev. L. J. Clark, rector of Goderich, and Rev. Dr. Graham or other representatives of the Methodist body are also expected to address these meetings. The Arkona choir are invited to unite in making the song service an attractive feature of the meetings. Come early and have a good sing. 2.30 and 7.30 p.m.

ARE YOU WEAK AND RUN DOWN?

In This Condition Only a Tonic
Medicine Can Renew Your
Health.

The condition of being "run down" is one that doctors do not recognize as a disease. The physician of today who gets his training in a hospital where only severe disorders are encountered knows little about it. But those who are "run down" in health know that it is not a fancied affliction.

The expression "run down," applied to health, means a condition in which all the bodily functions are enfeebled. Appetite fails, the digestion is impaired, the nerves are impoverished, the complexion becomes pale or waxy, there is no animation, but rather worry and mental depression. Fatigue is a constant symptom. No particular organ being affected, you must look for relief to the blood. As it circulates through every part of the body, any improvement in the condition of the blood is quickly felt throughout the entire system. As a restorer of the blood and builder of weak nerves Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand at the head of all tonic medicines. Every dose of these pills helps to enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves, and thus the various organs regain their tone and the body recovers its full vigor. Ample proof of this is given in the statement of Mr. William Devine, Gerrard street east, Toronto, who says: "Two years ago while employed as a conductor on the Toronto Street Railway, I became much run down. I consulted a doctor who gave me medicine, but it proved fruitless as I was constantly growing weaker. My appetite completely failed and I fell away in weight until I only weighed 125 pounds. I was sometimes taken with fainting spells, and finally felt compelled to resign my position. I tried what I thought was lighter work, but with no better results. I was growing weaker and weaker. One day a chum urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but by this time I was heartily tired of medicine, as nothing I had taken did me any good. Finally he bought me a box of the pills, and I could no longer refuse to try them. After a time I felt they were helping me and with the result that I was finally enabled to go back to my old position fully restored to health. I owe this splendid condition to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and can strongly recommend them to any one suffering as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be obtained through any medicine dealer, or may be had by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Knight or Knave?

By Evelyn Claire Fortner.

For miles and miles the prairie gleamed and shone in the setting sun. Far off in the distance could be heard the cry of the prairie wolf. Framed in the doorway of a picturesque little cabin was a girl of fifteen or sixteen years. The sun lingered caressingly on the burnished masses of soft golden curls, which clung about a plain little face, lit by great hazel eyes.

She looked expectantly, anxiously down the seemingly never ending road which ran between waving fields of grain. Then with a little cry of delight she ran down the road and threw her arms about a young-faced, grey-haired westerner.

"Oh, Daddy, I knew you'd come home. I just knew you'd come home for supper tonight! I've got such lovely muffins." They walked into the cabin and Claire busied herself in putting the finishing touches on the table. Then they both sat down to their evening meal.

Fifteen years before this, Fred Carlyle with his year-old bride had come to the great west, almost empty handed. He soon, however, accumulated great wealth. A year after their arrival at the great west little Claire was born and the patient, sweet, child-wife died. Carlyle suffered keenly and the struggle, at first, to make ends meet turned the black hair white. A maiden aunt came to live with them, but she too was dead now.

For a year Claire had kept house for 'Daddy,' he wishing no stranger to enter their home. She had completed the public school education and her father being well educated himself, taught her what more he thought she needed. Quantities of books filled the shelves and Claire's mind was filled with dreams of knights and ladies of bygone days. Truly she was a dreamer, as she told her father her two greatest joys in life were himself and her dreams.

To-night when they were half through the meal, a long dark shadow fell across the table and, looking up, they beheld a tall, bronzed, young man of twenty-five or six standing in the doorway. His soft felt hat drooped as if it too were weary like its owner and a pair of deep, brown eyes looked at them with a tired smile.

"Pardon me for intruding but I cannot go on any farther to-night. I am desperately tired and have been walking, almost without ceasing, the whole day," the stranger said.

"Certainly, come in and rest yourself and then partake of our simple meal," said Carlyle courteously.

Claire busied herself in preparing the stranger's meal. Very shy she was, but if her manner seemed quiet the little mind within was not. "Oh he is like the knight of my dreams," she thought. "I wonder where he got that scar though. If it were a few hundred years ago, I should say he had received it from a fellow-knight in a tournament." There was a remarkable scar on the young man's left cheek—a long, thin, white line, which to Claire, seemed to add, rather than mar, his good appearance.

Through the mind of Jack Dale similar yet different thoughts were passing "what a beautiful child and what strange yet wonderful, dreamy eyes. What a belle she would be in society! How different she is from Dorothy Sinclair!" ran his thoughts.

After supper it was arranged that he should remain during that night. He told them, in that simple little home, of the busy outside world, which Claire had never seen and which Carlyle had almost forgotten. He told them his name—Jack Dale! that he had come west to survey land and that morning had taken the wrong road, which had led him on and on to the lonely little cabin among waving fields of grain.

In the morning, early, he started on his way and after shaking hands with the westerner, he took Claire's little hand in his and said gently, "Good-bye little girl, someday I may come back here. Thank you for your wonderful kindness." After he had departed a vague, empty feeling of

loneliness filled Claire's heart. All day she thought of the tall, bronzed easterner with the strange, white scar on the left cheek. When her father came home that night he wore a stern, angry expression.

"Well daughter," he began, "who do you think our fine visitor of last night is?" A fear, strange, incomprehensible, clutched at the girl's heart.

"I do not know Dad," she answered steadily.

"Well I heard to-day, that he is the famous murderer 'Jack Rupert' who escaped penitentiary a few months ago and whom the authorities have been hunting every day. The descriptions sent out here of him are similar to this, 'Look out for Jack Rupert; may answer to alias, tall, bronzed, dark hair, thin white scar across cheek and possessing educated, courtly manners.' If I had only heard that last night," Carlyle finished, "he should not be where he is to-day."

Somehow Claire could not believe this accusation. How could her knight who stepped out of her dreams be the cruel knave?

Weeks and months passed and no word was heard of the stranger who had come so unexpectedly into the western girl's life. And she had never forgotten him. Every night she thought of him; thought of his last words to her, 'Someday I may come back here to you.' Would he ever come back? Every night, also, when the prairie wolf sent out his lonely cry, she prayed for him. She could not make herself believe what her father firmly believed, that he was a murderer.

One evening, at sunset, two years after a shadow again fell across the table and looking up they beheld a tall figure with a thin, white scar across his face. Claire and her father sprang up and with vastly different words addressed the man. Carlyle with, "Jack Rupert! I thought you had been found and put where you ought to be a year ago," and Claire with, "Jack Dale, I knew you'd come back. I knew you would." Jack Dale looked from one to the other with an amazed face. Then a light broke over it and he said, "So Carlyle, you too thought I was the famous murderer, Jack Rupert? I have heard from several that I resembled that notorious person, especially by this scar; but my scar happens to be on the left cheek, Rupert's on the right. I had no idea, however, that you believed that of me. I am out here surviving again and couldn't resist coming to see you two again. As you said, Rupert has been caught and hung a year ago." He spoke to both Carlyle and his daughter, but his eyes rested on Claire, now eighteen years of age, with the burnished hair drawn softly back and tied in a loose knot at the back of her neck. But the wonderful grey-green eyes were the same—dreamy and wistful. Dale showed them papers to fully assure them of his identity. He told them that he was the son of Mortimer Dale, of New York. Even Carlyle had heard of this great manufacturer. He told them also of his desire to work, to be a man, and of his contract as a western surveyor and lastly of his love for that great, wild free place—the west. He omitted, however, mentioning Dorothy Sinclair, the dark-haired society belle, to whom he had been engaged, and who had handed back the engagement ring because he had taken so little interest in the society life, which she loved.

That night as the moon climbed majestically, to her throne on high; when the waving fields of grain looked a softly moving ocean and the coyote's lonely cry quavered from afar off, Jack Dale took the little western girl, who believed in him, into his arms, pressed her close to his breast and heard her saying in her sweet dreamy way:

"Oh Jack, Jack, you are the knight of my dreams. I knew you could never be the knave, and you know I never wavered in my belief, don't you Jack?" And for answer he kissed the wonderful hazel eyes!

The marriage was quietly solemnized on Saturday afternoon, December 27, at four o'clock, of Laura C. Butler, of Strathroy, to Douglas St. Clair Leitch, son of Mr. Malcolm Leitch, of Caradoc Township.

The marriage is announced at Toronto on Wednesday, December 31st, of Miss Annie K. Hull to Mr. George Linton Snyder. The bride is a sister of Mr. G. S. Hull, of Kerwood.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA