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New Dye Soaps Provide Shade as They Lather; Washes Out but Can Be Soaped in Again.

The summer laundress is bound sometimes to take out the color from your daintily colored frocks, and blouses and lingerie and negligees. But there are ways and ways of making the thing fresh again.

If you want to color anything temporarily, you may make use of the new dye soaps that color as they lather. To be sure, this color washes out, but it can be soaped in again.

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Apply to Secretary for catalogue. W. S. STEADMAN, President, Petrolia, Ont.

In Cold Storage

By Alan Fothergill

Among the possessions acquired by Miss Verda Bliss when she became heiress to the estate of Geoffrey Wadhams, her uncle, was a piece of city property she had never seen.

"It is some kind of a warehouse," Verda explained to a cousin, "and the lawyer has told me, it is in an out-of-the-way locality among the river docks, and valuable only because it is adapted to the uses to which it is devoted."

Verda was greatly pleased at the attention and interest bestowed upon her, when she reached the office of her lawyer that Tuesday morning.

"Here is the problem, Miss Bliss," he stated: "The property, as such, is shut out from all business frontage, with only a narrow court-way leading to it over a maze of railroad tracks."

"And what can poor, inexperienced me do in such a tangle?" inquired Verda in pretty dismay.

"You must decide what you want done," replied Mr. Crompton. "I have thought it best to have you visit the property, and then determine whether you wish the business continued under a new manager, or sold out, with the returns from the real estate and the money invested otherwise."

"Our Mr. Dare will take you over the property, Miss Bliss," spoke Mr. Crompton, and Verda scanned closely the clear-eyed, pleasant-faced young man who acknowledged the informal introduction with a courteous bow.

"You can get a better idea of the location and environment of the property on foot," explained Elton Dare.

"We seem to be penetrating a rather nondescript neighborhood," suggested his fair companion. She kept close to her guide, for the narrow thoroughfares were congested with trucks and carts, and the sidewalks almost covered with boxes, bales and hogheads.

"What was it?" he inquired solicitously. "A man I have noticed before," replied Miss Bliss. "I am sure he and another followed me when I left the depot."

"You do not now see the one you just discovered?" "No, he has disappeared."

"They reached the grim, almost windowless structure on the riverside, and interested in her new surroundings, Verda forgot her previous nervous fears. Dare had a key to the great padlocked door. He turned on the electric light. It illuminated a dark spiral stairway."

"All the rest of the building, except the little office at the top, has been used for storage," he explained. "How chilly and damp it is," murmured Miss Bliss, and she was quite out of breath when they reached a little pen of a place holding a desk and a safe. Dare bestowed his charge in a chair and began to describe the business carried on.

"Just now all the elevator holds is some stored grain," he told her. "My plan would be, if you decide to continue the business, to resume the cold-storage department and utilize the lower floor of the elevator for short-time merchandise storage. I am instructed to bring the books back to the office. We shall go over them thoroughly and see how far the discharged Delbridge has manipulated them."

"Dare had barely unlocked the safe when the door was burst open. Three men entered the room. "Those two!" cried Verda, paling and arising to her feet in consternation. "They are the men who followed me from the depot."

The third Dare at once recognized as Delbridge, the discharged manager. At a signal from the latter his associate seized Dare by the arms and backed him to the wall, Delbridge picked up the books Dare had dropped when assailed.

"We'll see to it that these telltale documents don't see the light again," he chuckled. Then he turned upon the affrighted Verda. "We mean business," he said coolly, "but you're not going to be harmed. Your friends have tried to blacken my reputation and you've got to pay for it."

"What do you mean?" breathed Verda in a tremulous tone. "I mean that I'm going to leave these parts and propose that you finance me for the journey," bluntly responded the villain. "You have plenty of money. You will give me an order or a check for five thousand dollars. I'll send one of my men to get it cashed. When he does, you shall go free."

"Yes, yes," assented Verda readily, "only do not mistreat Mr. Dare!" The letter was struggling to release himself and his two captors were treating him roughly.

"Do not give these scoundrels a cent, Miss Bliss!" shouted Dare, and made a desperate effort to break away from them. "Here!" cried Delbridge, sliding back a door at one side of the little room. "Give him the benefit of solitude and darkness till we finish our negotiations with the young lady."

Verda screamed in outright terror as the two men gave Dare a fling into dark space and Delbridge drew close the door again. Dare felt himself falling. He swung out both hands. One grazed a chain, there was a sharp click. The chain slipped through his fingers and he went downward several feet and landed on a mass resembling a bank of shifting sand.

In a flash he guessed where he was—in one of those sealed compartments where grain was stored. The close musty air was stifling. He had sunk up to the knees in the mass of oats. Like a man in quicksand his body began to sink deeper and deeper. He tried to anchor himself steady. The feat could not be accomplished. Then he noted with a thrill of concern that the mass was moving and that he was moving with it.

The grain was going down the discharge chute, he decided. The chain he had grazed must be the one controlling the door to the chute down which ordinarily grain was loaded into the holds of boats taking in a cargo. Twice the mass nearly engulfed him. With a prodigious effort Dare drew his feet out of the grating mass and managed to lay flat on his back. At the rate of hundreds of bushels a minute the grain was pouring into the mouth of the chute. He was tossed, rolled, engulfed, cast upwards like a feather amid tumbling, rushing sea drift. Gradually the vortex current lowered, he aimed to strike the side of the great bin with his feet, missed, and was whirled into the confined space of the glass-smooth sides of the chute.

Splash! He had reached the end of the chute to fall not into the hold of some boat, but squarely into the river. He came up to find himself in the midst of a flood of thousands of bushels of floating grain.

"Ahoy, there!" rang out a boisterous tone from the dock, and a rope was flung him by one of a throng wonderingly viewing the strange waste of precious grain. Dare was pulled up to the wharf platform, half blinded, choking, well-nigh collared.

"Quick!" he gasped—"some one hurry for the police." "What's up?" challenged his rescuer. "Some scoundrels—they tried to kill me. They are holding a young lady captive up in the elevator office."

Contrary to their designs, the scheming Delbridge and his confederates were led out of the building handcuffed by the emissaries of the law. Miss Bliss clung to Dare's arm in feverish, almost hysterical agitation. She shuddered as Dare rectified his uncanny experience. She was solicited and kindly, more than friendly, as she proceeded back to the lawyer's office. Wise, observant Samuel Crompton smiled quietly to himself as he heard what had happened.

"My client will soon have a husband to look after her affairs," he solidly quipped. And he was right.

Mistletoe-Kiss Custom. One of the old mistletoe beliefs was that originally the plant had its roots in a tree, and that it was from that tree that the holy cross was made. The mistletoe became popular with the ancients of Europe, states a writer, because it was believed to have the power of keeping away evil spirits.

The little fairy of a home had heard someone say that the man who did the plastering didn't use enough elbow grease, and had asked what it meant, and was told that he did not bear down hard enough. The meaning seemed to lodge in her mind more forcibly than the word itself. A few days later her mother was scrubbing the porch and she came out with her little broom, and after scrubbing vigorously for a few minutes she leaned over on her broom, drew a long breath, and said: "It takes lots of shoulder water to get this porch clean, don't it?"

War-time Legislation. Validating legislation will be submitted next session, it is expected, in regard to prohibition. The orders-in-Council on which Dominion action was taken found its authority in the War Measures Act. The order itself remains in force during war-time and for a period of twelve months afterwards. The War Measures Act, however, expires on the proclamation of peace in the Canada Gazette.

The question how far the order-in-Council is valid after the War Measures Act has ceased to exist is now before the Justice Department. The same point has arisen in Great Britain in regard to orders-in-Council passed there under authority of the Defence of the Realm Act, or "DORA," as it is more commonly called. A special committee, which had the question under consideration, decided that war would cease to exist on the exchange of formal peace ratifications, and that orders-in-Council passed under the Defence of the Realm Act would not be valid after expiry of the act itself. It is probable that the Justice Department will reach a similar conclusion in respect to orders-in-Council passed under the War Measures Act.

Our Casualties. Over 55,000 Canadian soldiers have laid down their lives in the war, according to official figures just issued at Ottawa. Total casualties recorded here to Nov. 13th are given as 213,268, an aggregate which will likely be increased owing to the fact that the troops of the Dominion were engaged in heavy fighting at Mons up to the last minute of the fighting and reports of the latest casualties are still being received at Ottawa.

The official figures follow: Killed in action, 35,128; died of wounds, 12,048; died of disease, 3,409. Total known dead, 50,585. Presumed dead, 4,620; missing, 842. Total, 54,627. Wounded, 154,361; prisoners of war, 2,860. Total casualties, 213,268.

Canada First. Nine British airplanes landed at Galata, a suburb of Constantinople, two days after the signing of the Turkish armistice (Oct. 31). The first Allied officer to reach European Turkish soil was Flight Commander Wiser, a Canadian.

Very Similar. "Well, well! Did you ever milk before?" "Not exactly, but I've had a good deal of experience with a fountain pen."

Miller's Worm Powders are a prompt relief from the attacks of worms in children. They are powerful in their action and, while leaving nothing to be desired as a worm expellant, have an invigorating effect upon the youthful system, remedying fever, biliousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and other ailments that follow disorders caused by worms in the stomach and bowels.