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Harper Bros.

WATFORD

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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, 6..... 11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 18..... 2 52 p.m.
Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.
C. Vail Agent Watford

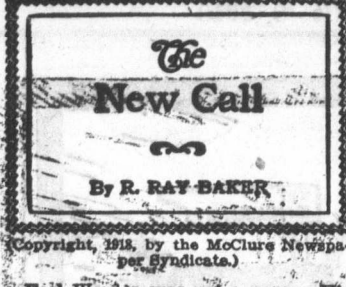
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Name.....

Address.....



Earl Worden was not a gypsy. His hair was too near the shade of hemp and the color of his eyes too closely resembled that of the ocean. Again, he had three freckles, one on the left side of his neck, one on his chin and the other near the tip of his nose. They were faint freckles, but they and the hair and the eyes would belie any assumption that he belonged to the tribes of swarthy nomads.

Nevertheless, Earl and gypsies had one pronounced trait in common. It was the wanderlust. He had traveled on five of the seven seas; he had killed crocodiles on the Amazon, kangaroos in Australia and mosquitoes in New Jersey. He had eaten salmon in Portland, Ore., rice in Tokyo, and prunes in France, as well as in Brooklyn. He was a nomad.

After seeing all the sights offered by 14 countries some strange whim of fate guided him to Gempert, a town in the state of Washington that the map makers forgot, and he took a job in the First, Second, Third, and only national or any other kind of bank to be found there. A whole year he spent at the desk, and he actually had begun to have that settled sensation, when along came a letter from Edward Stevens. The letter was postmarked Wawson, Alaska, and it had to do with nuggets and a sure-pay venture. If it had been from anyone else, Earl would have been exceedingly skeptical, but Stevens had been his companion in several adventurous rambles into strange climes, and his good intentions and veracity were not to be questioned.

The letter revived the longing to roam. It caused the old call of adventure to echo and re-echo through Earl's mind. It was an irresistible call, which had only been lying dormant during the last year and was not silenced forever as he had come to suppose. So he prepared to respond.

There was only one drawback. The drawback was Elsie Webb, a dimpled, dark-eyed, attractive piece of humanity employed in the bank. Until the receipt of the letter Earl had considered her an inspiration; but now she was in the way to his answering the call of adventure. He was fond of her to such an extent that he had asked her to marry him only two weeks previously—and she had consented; but that was before this letter came offering him riches and red-blooded life in Alaska. It suddenly dawned on him that he had made a mistake. He could see now that he was in no financial condition to be married. The money he had saved was scarcely enough for the proverbial rainy day; while this letter from Stevens offered an opportunity to obtain a fortune and pave the way to luxury.

So he told her his intentions the night after he received the summons from the north. He broached the subject as carefully as possible and with as much consideration for her feelings as he could muster—without saying much. She merely bit her lip and flickered her eyelashes and said:

"All right, Earl. You know best. I would not stand in the way of your success for the world. We will consider the engagement at an end." He left her home in a rather dazed condition. She had taken the matter very sensibly, he told himself, and yet he felt sure that she cared more than she showed. He could have felt pretty downcast himself, only he dared not permit it. The old call was sounding and he must answer.

It was early in the evening and some late workers were just journeying homeward. One of them, a sturdy young man with a healthy face and steadfast eye, carrying a dinner-pail, stopped Earl and asked for a match to

light his cigar pipe. "Thanks," said the laborer, as he pushed contentedly after Earl had furnished the article sought. "Nice evening." The laborer waited on a bench. "Hurry home to his family," nudged Earl. "It must seem rather nice."

But he must not let such thoughts intrude. They might deter him from his chosen course. So he thrust them aside and the next day drew all his savings from the bank and resigned his job.

Two weeks later he stepped on a boat at Sitka and clasped the hand of his old pal, a robust, weather-beaten man of thirty, who in his ragged clothes, Earl was escorted to a hotel, where he was outfitted in apparel appropriate to a journey inland.

"It's a regular business—sure thing," said Stevens, as they sat in the lobby discussing the proposed venture. "All we gotta do is to get the coin. There's another young fellow in town that I'd have taken if I couldn't land you. His name is John Pierce, an' he's a regular scout, but of course I'd rather take my old chum; an' two besides myself in the crowd is one unnecessary. It's gotta be a tough trip, too, let me tell you. I've got twelve huskies but I doubt if six of them will live to reach the end of the trip. Real adventure, ol' top, right out of the wilds, an' a new kind to you. Better'n workin' in any little ol' bank, eh, ol' man?"

While they were talking Earl noticed a tall man carrying a cane and dressed in exceptionally good clothes for this city of non-pretending, rough-going, big-hearted folk. The stranger walked up to the desk and asked the clerk for a key. When he turned around to mount the stairs his face was in plain view, and Earl saw that it was sallow, with a fixed expression of cynicism and lines of dissipation.

"We'll start for the mainland day after tomorrow," announced Stevens, discarding his half-smoked cigar. "An' we've got a whole lot to attend to tomorrow, so we'd better get to bed." They climbed the stairs to their room, which contained two beds. Earl was tired and he lost no time about getting under the covers. There was little conversation, but before settling himself for the night Earl inquired casually:

"Say, who was that peevish, sickly looking person that walked into the hotel and got a key from the clerk while we were talking downstairs?" Stevens pondered a moment before replying:

"Oh, yes, I know who you mean. I didn't recall at first who it was you referred to, but I remember seeing Caldwell Hurst come in during our palaver. Yep, that was Caldwell Hurst an' he's just as prosperous as he looks. But he squanders his cash like it was water, mostly for booze. He's got plenty of it, 'cause he struck it rich three years ago; but they say he lost his girl back in the States while he was hunting gold in the Klondike, an' he's been tryin' to drown his sorrow ever since. He hasn't any home 'cept this hotel and the saloons."

Earl turned over and closed his eyes. Into his mind flashed a picture of a contented laborer, puffing placidly at a pipe, a dinner-pail on his arm, hurrying home to a loving wife and cheerful fireplace. Earl was drifting to sleep when he heard Stevens remark philosophically:

"He'd better have kept the girl and enjoyed peace of mind than to have all the wealth of all the kingdoms of the earth. You can bet if I had a regular girl who cared for me I wouldn't be chasing' nuggets, not me."

"Good night," said Earl. "Good night," Stevens responded, with less emphasis, failing to catch the hidden significance in his companion's expression. Back in Gempert a dark-eyed girl tossed restlessly in bed, her brain racked by a fitful fever that would not permit sleep to come. At last she got out of bed and went to the window, which faced the north. The aurora borealis was glittering phantomlike across the sky, presenting to her mind's eye a picture of icebergs heaving and tossing, surging back and forth, as restless as her own soul. A cool breeze swept in through the window and enveloped her in a draft, but she did not notice it. Standing there, with her eyes fixed on the arch of oscillating ghost-columns of light, she stretched out her arms to the north and issued a silent, soul-inspired call to the man she loved. Up where those phantom armies moved, the man heard the call. While he slept his lips formed the name, "Elsie," and a smile wreathed his face. Her picture formed in his mind, but it lingered only a moment. Then his thoughts ran rampant, and a dream fantasy caught him and whisked him about like a chip in a whirlpool. He gripped something, he knew not what, and succeeded in steadying himself. He found that he was in a theater watching a screen play, in which a laborer with a dinner-pail and a tall, expensively-garbed man, carrying a

canon on his back, were the leading characters. The play ended when the laborer saddled and bridled Caldwell Hurst and rode the latter toward a deep canyon, applying a whip mercilessly. At the edge of the precipice the laborer suddenly leaped from his mount and steadied himself on the brink, while the spender galloped into space and dropped into the abyss.

Early in the morning Earl and his friend dressed and went down to the lobby. "What'll you smoke?" Stevens suggested, as they stood before a cigar stand after eating a substantial breakfast.

"I want to buy a briar pipe and some tobacco," said Earl. Stevens took an expensive cigar and both lighted from the same match. Earl drew slowly on the pipe, thinking hard.

"Say, Ed," he finally remarked, "is that John Pierce where you can reach him?" Stevens' teeth wrenched some tobacco from the end of a cigar, and he spat in a cuspidor.

"Why, yes," he replied, arching his eyebrows. "Why?" "Well, it's this way," said Earl deliberately, "you'd better see him and take him with you. I thought the spirit of adventure was still alive in me, but I was mistaken. I've got enough money to take me back to Washington, and I'm going to be a piper for the first time in my life and get passage on the first boat."

Swan in Fighting Mood. Through summer and autumn as he sails with full arched wings on the bosom of the water among his own kind or smaller fowl, the swan seems the embodiment of power and peaceful domination, but there are few greater tyrants when passion sways him in the spring. His cygnets of yesterday are scattered in his jealous rage. With outspread wings and neck proudly arched, he bears down on every potential rival. The combatants engage with wings and beak, and with bites, buffets and weight of body they strive to sink their rivals.

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FARMERS' EXPORTS

BEATING THE BOUQE

Money Loaned To Government Financing Huge Exports of Food Products

Last year the people of Canada loaned to the Government \$419,000,000 to carry on the war. Out of that sum were spent huge sums to finance the purchase of the British Government in Canada for food and munitions. Since the war began the Imperial Munitions Board has awarded contracts in Canada amounting to \$1,200,000,000 and about \$600,000,000 have been advanced by the Government and banks. Besides that there were heavy advances to assist in the export of Canada's agricultural products.

These sums have been the cause of a tremendous expansion of industry. Farmers as well as manufacturers have been able to sell their surplus products to Great Britain and to get the money at once. They have gone on multiplying their efforts and doing their part in winning the war, for Great Britain had to eat while her soldiers were away fighting. In the past year the Government has advanced \$100,000,000 to finance our agricultural and animal products to Great Britain. The bacon output was entirely handled out of Loan funds. And this year there will be some heavy calls out of the 1918 Victory Loan. Canada has a surplus of cheese for export amounting to \$40,000,000. Butter, eggs and condensed milk will amount to \$10,000,000 more. The Victory Loan will get these to their only market, Great Britain. The exportable wheat crop will be 100,000,000 bushels and the value \$225,000,000. Victory Loan money for the most part will finance this. It is a big story. Perhaps we may better understand the tremendous import of the Victory Loan by comparing the agricultural and animal exports of the last fiscal year with four years ago. In 1915 Canada exported of these \$209,000,000; last year the figures grew to \$740,000,000, because the Dominion Government was able to find the money for the handling of these exports. In manufacturing exports the figures increased from \$88,000,000 in 1915 to \$336,000,000 in the last fiscal year. Many great industries have been built up. The whole country has felt the impulse to greater endeavor. This is the spirit that is winning the war. We must not let it lag. Subscribe to the Victory Loan.

Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas, Eclecitic Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut, or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.

HEALTH TALK

SPANISH INFLUENZA OR GRIP

An old enemy is with us again, and whether we fight a German or a germ, we must put up a good fight, and not be afraid. The influenza runs a very brief course when the patient is careful, and if we keep the system in good condition, and throw off the poisons which tend to accumulate within our bodies, we can escape the disease. Remember these three C's—a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean bowels. To carry off poisons from the system and keep the bowels loose, daily doses of a cathartic should be taken. Such a one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloes, root of Jalap, and called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Hot lemonade should be used freely if attacked by a cold, and the patient should be put to bed after a hot mustard foot-bath.

To prevent the attack of rheumatism or pneumonia and to control the pain, Anuric tablets should be obtained at the drug store, and one given every two hours, with lemonade. The Anuric tablets were first discovered by Dr. Pierce, and, as they flush the bladder and cleanse the kidneys, they carry away much of the poisons and the uric acid. It is important that broths, milk, buttermilk, ice-cream and simple diet be given regularly to strengthen the system and increase the vital resistance. The lever is diminished by the use of the Anuric tablets. Put in addition, the forehead, arms and hands may be bathed with water (tepid) in which a tablespoonful of salaratus has been dissolved in a quart. After an attack of grip or pneumonia to build up and strengthen the system, obtain at the drug store a good iron tonic, called "Iron-Tonic" Tablets, or that well-known herbal tonic, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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Twenty good Shorthorn females, young cows and heifers; also one four-year-old Scotch bred bull, sire and dam imported. Everything guaranteed right and all registration papers furnished. Have decided to reduce the herd and give more attention to the sheep. No reasonable offer refused for one or more.
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