

Whooping Cough
SCROUP ASTHMA COUGHS
BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the progress of Whooping Cough and relieves croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send no postal for descriptive booklet. 209

ALL DRUGGISTS

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Tablets for the Irritated Throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from the U. S. Dispensary, Vapo-Cresolene Co., Chicago-Miles Bldg., MONTREAL.

SOCIETIES.

L. O. L. 505, Watford,

meets on Friday or before full moon of each and every month. Cheapest in Canada in connection. JAMES GRAHAM, W. M., K. HASKETT, Rec. Secretary.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS

Organized and Incorporated 1879
Head Office: Brantford, Ont.

NO ORDER EXCELS IT IN Economy of Management Selection of Territory Low Cost of Insurance to Members Promptness in payment of Claims

PROGRESSIVE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS PROTECTION AT MINIMUM COST

RESERVE FUND, DECEMBER 1, 1910
Insurance \$3,254,304.55
Sick and Funeral Ben't 205,436.89
Total \$3,459,741.44
MEMBERSHIP OVER 75,000.

Court Lorne, No. 17, Watford, meets second and fourth Monday in each month. Visiting Brethren Invited.
J. E. Collier, F. Sec. J. H. Hume, R. Sec. A. D. Hone, C. Ranger.

JAMES C. PEARCE
Baker and Confectioner.

OYSTERS

as you want them.
In Bulk or by the plate.
Try our Oyster Stew.

Hot Bovril in cold Weather.
Try it.

Confectionery of all grades.
Wedding Cakes a specialty.

Cigars.

All smokers know that this is the place to get something choice.

SOUTH END BAKERY.

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST
Accommodation 8 44 a.m.
Accommodation 2 45 a.m.
Chicago Express 9 22 p.m.

GOING EAST
Accommodation 12 36 p.m.
New York Express 3 00 p.m.
Accommodation 5 16 p.m.
C. VAIL, Agent, Watford.

WATFORD merchants have the goods and meet all price competition.

Minister—"Johnny, do you know where little boys go that fish on Sunday?" Johnny—"Sure. Follow me and I'll show you."

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL Whirling Spray**—The new Vaginal Syringe. Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—costs. It gives full particulars and directions invariable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

A Misunderstanding With Cupid

An Item in the Newspaper Brings a Lover to His Senses

By CLARISSA MACKIE
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Brownell crossed his feet comfortably on the brass rail of the fender and yawned at his host.

"I may be a hardworking benedict with my nose to the grindstone, but I wouldn't change places with you, Dick, old man!"

"Why not?"

"Because you're so rich," said Brownell calmly.

"I've never found that a disadvantage," said Dick lightly.

"How can you be sure that a girl really loves you or your money? As for me, I was such a beggar that there was never any doubt about the reason why Edith married me."

"I must be going home," yawned Brownell. "It's after 11."

For a long while after Brownell departed Dick Rodman sat in silent meditation. Jinks, the bulldog, rested his



ugly head on his master's knee and studied the handsome, perplexed face with wistful brown eyes.

"Jinks," confided Dick at last, "I'm not conceded—you know that. But there must be some girl who likes me well enough to marry me for myself. The trouble is to find the right one. There are only three girls I ever thought seriously of in my life besides Edith, and I got over that in my calf days. I eliminate Amy Packard from the three because I am not in love with her. She's the jolliest little friend a chap ever had, but I love about it on either side. That leaves Alice Brayton and Eleanor Lee. I thought I was in love with both of them, but for the life of me I can't say which one I like best!

"I wish Peter hadn't said that about girls thinking of my money! Hang it all! I sometimes wish I were poor to prove what I could do!"

The next day Richard Mortimer Rodman, the millionaire, disappeared from his usual haunts. Ten days afterward a rather shabby representation of that fastidious young gentleman appeared at a quiet downtown hotel and registered as "R. Rodman."

One fine morning the plainly dressed Mr. Rodman strolled forth with a worn leather suit case and proceeded toward the quiet uptown street where Alice Brayton lived.

He sent up his visiting card to Mrs. Brayton and waited meekly in the hall while the supercilious butler kept a wary eye on him. When a servant returned from above stairs the young man was ushered reluctantly into the drawing room. He waited, a light of expectancy in his gray eyes, his heart thrilling with the element of adventure. He was on the track of true love, and the sand that Brownell thought might clog his way had been thrown aside. "Brushed off, by Jove!" grinned Dick, just as the door opened to admit Miss Brayton herself.

"Mother is away. I am very glad to see you," she said cordially as he bent low over her hand.

After he had made the usual polite inquiries Dick looked hesitatingly at the lovely face of the girl, and he shot a regretful glance at his own shabby reflection in a long mirror. He thought he detected a puzzled inquiry in her blue eyes, and he plunged boldly into his errand, swinging the suit case from behind his chair with a professional air that he had secretly practiced.

"I have taken the liberty of coming, Miss Brayton—er—you see, I'm agent for the celebrated Flagg brushes. I am sure you have heard of them. There are brushes for every purpose you can think of. Let me show you."

A Good Idea in Hair Treatment.

The trouble with most women's hair is that they won't take the time to give it proper treatment. If you want your hair to have that look of lustre and vitality you must take care of it. You cannot expect to have splendid hair if you simply run a comb through it in the morning—give it a dab on the outer edge with a brush—throw the head—jab in a few hair pins—and let it go at that.

Hair is like any other growing thing—it needs attention—it needs care—it needs thorough grooming regularly—not only the hair but the scalp.

If you have the time and patience you won't need any hair tonic—but most women haven't. The next best thing is Nyal's Hairstone. It is the best thing offered to take the place of hours of combing and brushing. It tones up the roots, brightens the color, improves the texture and makes it stay gracefully where it is put. Hairstone literally revitalizes the neglected hair.

Your Nyal Druggist cheerfully recommends Hairstone because he knows. In artistic bottles \$1.00 and 50c.

Sold and Guaranteed by
WATFORD DRUGGISTS

Nyal's
FAMILY
REMEDIES

LOOK FOR THE DIAMONDED GLOBE PACKAGE

One for each everyday ailment

Before Miss Brayton's astonished eyes Dick Rodman demonstrated the efficiency of every brush in his bag.

When he had concluded, hot and dusty, he reached for a shiny new order book and awaited her order. He was prepared to be snubbed—to be sent to the housekeeper or the butler. He was quite unprepared for Miss Brayton's graciousness. She examined the various brushes with keenest interest, asked many intelligent questions, some of which Mr. Rodman could not answer, and finally gave him an order that took his breath away.

"Now that business is concluded," she said when he had tucked away the order book and was closing his sample case.

"Do tell me what became of that delightful Mr. Fletcher."

So Dick fell to talking about the events of the past summer until he quite forgot his role of agent and made many a slip that caused Miss Brayton's blue eyes to sparkle with suppressed mischief. He went away quite positive in his own mind that Alice Brayton was the girl he really loved. He had promised to come again in the evening, and he had run the blockade of the butler's disapproving glance and he recollected Eleanor Lee's dark eyes and proudly poised head with its weight of blue black hair.

"I might as well make a go of it," he muttered, and, referring to his address book for Miss Lee's street and number, he was soon ushered into the Lees' drawing room under very much the same circumstances as had marked his earlier call.

"Mother is shopping," announced Miss Lee, her quick glance taking in the shabby figure, the incriminating suit case and the conspicuously displayed order book. As her hand dropped from Rodman's grasp he went through his ceremony of polite inquiries and then plunged into his rapid fire talk of brushes with such good effect that Flagg & Flagg's order book was swelled visibly.

And afterward Eleanor had deftly changed the subject from brushes to motoring, and thus launched on his favorite topic Mr. Rodman proceeded to give a very fair illustration of how a young millionaire may go forth in

Vinol
Will Build You Up and Make You Strong

Old people, tired, weak, run down people, delicate children, frail mothers, and those recovering from severe illness, this is a fact.

Thousands of genuine testimonials from reliable people prove this claim, and to further support the fact and prove our faith in what we say, we unhesitatingly declare that any one who will try a bottle of VINOL will have their money returned without question if they are not satisfied that it did them good.

T. B. TAYLOR & SONS, WATFORD.

tending to play the poor youth working hard for a living and giving himself and his secret away in every other sentence he uttered.

Once more he went forth, cheered by smiles and even invited to stay and lunch. Quite relieved in his mind concerning the power of his usual atmosphere of wealth, Dick Rodman lied himself to a dairy lunch room and proceeded to order a meal that might be within the limits of a brush agent's income.

As he unfolded the morning paper which had protruded from his coat pocket during his visits he was more puzzled than ever over the situation. He blushed furiously that he should be so weak as to love two girls equally well. He glowed with enthusiasm as he recalled the gentle courtesy that each had extended to the humble brush agent.

"Peter Brownell's all wrong," he muttered, turning the pages of the paper. "There are plenty of nice girls that might fall in love with a fellow even if he was burdened with a few millions. Why?"

Richard Mortimer Rodman's jaw dropped in amazement and something else. All the healthy color fled from his face, and his brows knitted fiercely. His fingers clutched the paper as his burning eyes read and reread a brief paragraph that had challenged his careless glance. It was in the "society" column:

"It is understood that an interesting romance will soon come to light when the engagement of Miss Amy Packard to Franklin Barnes is announced."

Five minutes afterward a rather disheveled young man plunged into a Fifth Avenue stage and was slowly conveyed to the Packard abode. Simms, the butler, smiled on the shabby millionaire, while his hand received a crisp five dollar note.

"Into the small drawing room, Mr. Rodman, I'll speak to Miss Amy at once."

Rodman was still pacing excitedly up and down the room when Amy flitted in, small and dainty, with soft masses of bronze brown hair, eyes the color of brown and gold pansies and a delicate rose color flickering in her cheeks.

"Why, Dick, what is the matter? Simms quite frightened me! He said you wanted to see me on business of importance!"

Dick crushed her little hands in his own. "Is it true, Amy?" he demanded fiercely.

"Is what true, Dick?" she asked in a puzzled tone.

"What I read in the paper this morning—that you're engaged to Barnes? Never mind, it can't be true, because I love you, and you've simply got to marry me. Why, you've only known Barnes a few weeks, and I've loved you—I have loved you all my life."

"When did you find it out, Dick?" she asked softly. "I mean find out that you liked?"

"Loved," interrupted Dick forcibly.

"Loved, then," blushed Amy. "When did you?"

"A half hour ago—after I read that in the paper. You must break it off, Amy. Why, blame it all, I've got to have you and nobody else!"

"There, there, Dick," soothed Amy, between tears and laughter. "If you hadn't spent all your summer at that horrid old sea resort you might have been up at the camp and noticed that Mr. Barnes had eyes for nobody else but Lena. Just a stupid newspaper mistake, that's all, and I've been receiving congratulations all the morning over the telephone and trying to explain the mistake."

Then he told of his morning escapade. "I know both the girls," said Amy after she had wiped away her tears of laughter at his recital. "You were wise to come to me, dear Dick, for you would have had scant show with either one. You see, Alice Brayton is engaged to some man out west, and Eleanor Lee is to marry my cousin, Tom Packard. I don't wonder they were interested in buying brushes!"

Even as Dick joined in her laugh at the expense of his own conceit the telephone bell rang sharply. "Another congratulation," hazarded Dick, smiling.

"If it is," said Amy sweetly, "I shall accept it."

Chest Inflammation

Suffered From a Heavy Cold, Pleuritic Pains in Side—Constant Coughing.

"Anyone that goes through all that I suffered last winter will appreciate the value of a remedy that cures like Nerviline cured me." These are the opening words of the solemn declaration of E. F. Von Hayden, the well-known violinist of Middleton. "My work kept me out late at night, and playing in cold drafty places brought on a severe cold that settled on my chest. I had a harsh racking cough and severe pleuritic pains darted through my sides and settled in my shoulders. I used different liniments, but none broke up my cold till I used Nerviline. I rubbed it on my neck,

chest and shoulders, morning and night, and all the pain disappeared. Realizing that such a heavy cold had run down my system, I took Perrozone at meals, and was completely built up and strengthened. Since using Nerviline I have no more colds or pleurisy, and enjoy perfect health."

It's because Nerviline contains the purest and most healing essences and medicinal principles, because it has the power of sinking through the pores to the kernel of the pain—these are the reasons why it breaks up colds, cures lumbago, stiffness, neuralgia, sciatica, and rheumatism. Refuse any substitute your dealer may suggest—insist on Nerviline only. Large bottles, 50c, trial size 25c. Sold everywhere, or The Catarhoxone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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Everything in the line of High grade and Choice Confectionery and Southern Fruits.

Our Wedding Cakes are winners as always.

If you enjoy a Choice Cigar we can accommodate you.

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Read the Following NOTICE is hereby given, that Mr. H. Schlemmer, of Watford, is the sole agent for Bell Pianos and Organs for Watford and vicinity, and the only person authorized to quote prices, and the only person to whom the company supplies their instruments for sale. All intending purchasers are warned against paying any attention to the representations of others, who are not in any sense authorized by the company to quote prices, or offer their goods for sale, and whose representations the Company will not be responsible for.—THE BELL PIANO & ORGAN CO., LIMITED, Guelph, Ont. February 16th, 1910. No One Can Undersell Us in Sewing Machines.

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