

**OH, SUCH A HEADACHE!**



Nearly everyone has  
suffering, tearing headaches  
at times. Disordered stom-  
ach—sluggish liver does it.  
Chase up! here's the real  
relief—Chamberlain's  
Stomach and Liver Tablets.  
All druggists, etc., or by mail from  
Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto

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TABLETS**

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PHONE 73.

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**Chocolates**

OUR BOX GOODS ARE  
ALWAYS FRESH

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ORDER HURO AND MAIN STS. WATFORD

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

**TIME TABLE.**  
Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST  
Accommodation, 109 ..... 8 44 a.m.  
Accommodation, 111 ..... 2 45 p.m.  
Chicago Express, 1 ..... 9 22 p.m.

GOING EAST  
Accommodation, 110 ..... 7 43 a.m.  
New York Express, 6 ..... 11 01 a.m.  
New York Express, 2 ..... 3 00 p.m.  
Accommodation, 112 ..... 5 16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent Watford.

**Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA**

**GIFTS TO GIVE THE INVALID**

A cannary would chirrup many a  
weary hour away.

A pretty, lacy boudoir cap would be  
appreciated by a woman.

A pine or rose petal pillow would  
afford refreshing fragrance.

An electric flashlight within reach at  
night is almost indispensable.

A tea wagon to wheel up beside the  
bed would vary the meal service pleas-  
ingly.

A food warming plate such as is used  
for babies would keep a cup of bouil-  
lon warm.

An Indian blanket would keep off  
many a draft and make a varying tem-  
perature unnoticeable.

An attractive rose bowl or long  
stemmed vase would lend its charm to  
the invalid's bouquets.

The sick person appreciates many  
changes of cheery bath robes, negligees  
and dainty fancy slippers.

A night bottle with a glass tipped  
over it and a spoonful of cordial in the  
stopper would be handy in case of a  
chill.

A prettily lined and ribbon bedecked  
box, filled with the patient's favored  
toilet preparations, is practical, dainty  
and very acceptable.

One of the new cache nightgowns of  
chiffon would be very convenient to  
slip into to take a meal or when an  
unexpected guest arrives.

A vacuum bottle would bring com-  
fort, and some hot water bags have  
such beautiful covers that they are  
pleasing as well as useful.

**HER FIRST EXPERIENCE.**

Mistress—Dinner won't be  
ready for two hours! Good gracious,  
Norah, what's the delay?

Norah—Why, mum, you said  
you wanted split pea soup, and  
faith, it's taken me two hours and  
twenty minutes to split  
300 peas, and there are 473 to  
split yet. Oi counted 'em my-  
self.

**Asking  
Time**

**A Case of Perseverance**

By ELIZABETH GAINES WILCOXSON  
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Valor McGehee, the boss of the light-  
erage business, a tenth owner in the  
Crown mine and owner of the little  
sawmill up the creek, was a stalwart  
person of easy manners and the scars  
of fair fights.

Every day at the same hour he came  
sauntering in and straddled the bench  
not far from the sandwich board where  
Mrs. Taylor was always busy slicing  
bread and butter.

Her long, oddly slanting, light gray,  
wise eyes gave him a look of imper-  
sonal friendliness as she nodded good  
morning and briskly lifted two thick  
sandwiches to a crockery plate and  
without losing a motion poured a cup  
of coffee. These she placed before him.  
He breakfasted leisurely. As he ate  
he talked with the cook.

"D'you know what day this is?" he  
asked one morning.

She flicked an inquiring glance at  
him, drove her knife through the loaf  
and repeated:

"Do I know what day it is? Sure.  
It's Friday." And she smiled. She  
had a baffling, secretive smile.

The man smiled, too, watching her  
face.

"D'you know why I call you Mona  
Lisa?" he drawled banteringly.

"Friend of yours I remind you of?"  
she offered, another smile lurking in  
the corners of her mouth.

"You've guessed it. She had a smile  
like yours. It was a ticklish propo-  
sition, that smile of Mona's. You could  
never tell whether it was with you or  
on you. But what particular Friday is  
this?"

"The day of the month? The 10th."

"Correct," said the man. "Which  
10th?"

She caught up a big wooden bowl  
and began piling up the sandwiches  
into it with the automatic speed of  
machinery.

She shook her head at his question.  
"Which 10th would you say?"

"Two months ago today you arrived  
to open up this haven for the hungry.  
That's what happened to turn the  
10th into a special red letter day," he  
explained.

"So I did."

"And I was your first customer," he

reminded.

"So you were."

"And I've never learned what your  
name is," he pursued.

"No!" She favored him with a tall  
eye glance, her hands flying with the  
motion of closing two slices of bread  
and butter over one slice of meat.

"After my saying it to you so often—  
Mrs. Harry Lane Taylor—just like  
that!"

She threw out her hands in a jaunty,  
spread eagle gesture and whisked  
around to the stove to replenish the  
fire and readjust the jars of baking  
beans.

The man smiled after her. He had  
said the same thing sixty times—once  
every day for sixty days.

In a minute she was back at the  
sandwich board, her naturally pale  
face flushed.

"And I am going to ask you some-  
thing else."

"Something new?" she queried and  
laughed. She had a frank, clear laugh  
at variance with her veiled expression  
and secretive smile.

"Are you a widow?"

"Seems to me I remember you asked  
me that once."

"Thirty times," he corrected. "I've  
a reason for wanting to know."

Her long, slanting gray eyes rested  
upon him for a moment while she  
answered with mock seriousness:

"Have you? Well, I'll tell you how  
to get out of telling if anybody asks  
you if I'm a widow. You just say you  
don't know."

He grinned.

"All right for you! I'm going to keep  
on asking till you answer. I'm coming  
once an hour and ask till you answer."

"Now, I call that downright perse-  
cution," she protested, turning to hang  
up the sandwich board.

McGehee slipped a coin, the price of  
his breakfast, under his cup, swung  
his feet over the bench and stood up.

"I'll be back in an hour," he prom-  
ised.

More than half an hour after he was  
gone a stranger entered, letting the  
door blow backward and charging the  
room with an icy wind.

He was ragged and dirty and gave  
evidence not only of poverty, but of  
dissipation. His hair was mixed with  
gray, and he wore a sandy mustache  
and a stubble beard. If ever there was  
a disreputable character it was he.  
And yet there was about him some-  
thing that gave evidence of a better  
past.

He seemed rigid with cold and stop-  
ped a minute as if he needed to relax  
to breathe, then slipped over the bench,  
hugging his hands together.

Turning with her customary alert-  
ness, Mrs. Taylor mechanically picked  
up a cup. As her eyes fell upon the  
newcomer her face whitened, and she  
went taut from head to foot. She  
automatically put down the cup. A  
mileless smile twisted the man's  
mouth.

"I've got the money to pay for it,"  
he said.

His voice was a mixture of grovel-  
ing, pleading and sullen defiance.

"Did you come here on purpose?"  
she asked savagely, stepping toward  
him.

"Don't be hard on me, Joyce," he  
begged conciliatingly. "I own I hadn't  
ought to have left you when I did, but  
what else could I do? Under the cir-  
cumstances I thought folks would do  
more for you if I was gone than—"

"Under the circumstances I accept  
of charity until I was able to work.  
The child was buried by charity. I  
afterward repaid the money, but it  
was none the less taking charity."

He picked at the edge of the board  
in front of him.

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf,  
Joyce," he whined.

"Not in this shack," she retorted de-  
cisively. "She was gathering compe-  
sure after her shaken moment. 'I wish  
lightning had struck you before you  
found out where I was. I was a fool  
not to get a legal separation at the  
time, but I learned you'd been sent to  
prison, and I knew you were out of  
the way, and I came off up here with-  
out doing it. You were given a ten  
year term, I heard. What you're doing  
out in four years I don't know.'"

He stared at her and she read his  
cowering fear with hard eyes.

"This country's big, and I want you  
to move on. This is my place. It's  
not big enough for us both. You un-  
derstand? If you'll keep in mind we're  
perfect strangers and get out of here  
on the next boat."

The fear oozed out of his face. A  
sort of whimpering hope took its place.

"You are hard, Joyce," he whined.

"God knows, I've always loved you!  
I never thought of anybody but you."

"Leave God out of it," ordered the  
woman contemptuously. "You never  
thought of anybody but yourself in  
your life."

"I knew you'd be mad at me, Joyce,  
as soon as I came in. I'm going right  
up to the mine and get a job. I'll  
show you I can work. I won't ever  
leave you again."

"Oh, yes, you will," she said grimly,  
"and that right away. Just look at my  
hands!" she cried suddenly, throwing  
them out before her with a fierce ges-  
ture. They were calloused and rough

and stiff. "I suppose you remember  
what they looked like once!"

The man blinked and licked his lips.

"I remember, Joyce," he said hum-  
bly. "I thought maybe you'd teach  
me. You could play right well."

"I tried it for a year and starved."

"If you'll just give me one more  
chance—"

"You can have all the chance in  
the world—away from this place. I  
shall not molest you, though I suspect  
you've got no right to your freedom.  
But you just get this once for all: You  
are to move on at once. And mean-  
while we are strangers. I don't know  
you. You are—"

McGehee entered, and she turned ab-  
ruptly and poured a cup of coffee,  
which with food she placed before the  
man already seated, naming as she did  
so the price of the meal.

As he passed, McGehee bestowed  
upon the presence a glance of curiosi-  
ty and dislike, then sauntered on to his  
accustomed place. With deliberation  
that savored of malice Mrs. Taylor  
filled a cup and plate and set them be-  
fore him.

He looked at the food with mingled  
amusement and protest.

"Do I have to eat every hour?"

"Folks don't come in here except to  
eat," she pointed out.

"Oh, very well," drawled McGehee  
and began to stir in his cup.

He stirred slowly and sipped the cof-  
fee and nibbled the sandwich, but he  
did not attempt conversation until the  
presence at the far end of the room  
was gone.

As the man went out Valor gave him  
another scrutiny and looked inquiringly  
at Mrs. Taylor. It struck him when  
he came in that she and the man were  
having words, and the thought came  
back to him.

But the morning was now growing  
late, and she was getting ready for the  
noon rush, and somehow, though he  
could not have told why, the atmos-  
phere seemed subtly against any more  
half earnest jesting.

So he moodily formed a big interro-  
gation point in the center of his place  
with breadcrumbs, put a coin, the  
price of the meal, under his cup, swung  
his legs over the bench and went out.

He did not come back the next hour,  
for the next, as he had promised. The  
camp was suddenly in a turmoil over  
the disaster at the Crown mine. Mc-  
Gehee, with others, gave the rest of the  
day to caring for the five men wound-  
ed by the explosion and burying the  
three who were killed.

"He claimed he was an expert pow-  
der man, just what they were looking  
for. He lied. He hadn't been there  
twenty minutes before—oh, well, he  
was too. But that didn't make it  
any easier for the rest of 'em. It was  
that fellow who was eating here yes-  
terday morning when I came in for my  
second breakfast. You remember him?"

He had entirely forgotten his im-  
pression of the day before.

"I remember him. It's those he left  
wounded I pity the most. The others  
are dead."

Her face looked inexpressibly weary.  
He noted her usual expression.

"You aren't sick, are you?" he asked,  
with sudden perplexity.

She shook her head.

"No. Thinking of the mine accident  
kept me awake. That's all," she said.

Valor McGehee took occasion to ob-  
serve:

"Since I wasted so much time yester-  
day I guess I'll just stay right here till  
you tell me your name and if you are  
a widow."

Her eyes met his, and never had her  
smile been so enigmatical.

"There's a time to ask and a time to  
answer. My name is Joyce, and—I am  
a widow," she said.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the  
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

**Trust Kitchener**  
[The Daily Sketch.]

Do we trust Lord Kitchener? Of  
course we do. Then if we trust Lord  
Kitchener we shall be willing to accept  
loyally even the hard discipline of silence.  
But think of the reward, and remember  
Britain's old story! How Nelson search-  
ed for the French fleet from July to Octo-  
ber, how it lured him far into the Atlan-  
tic, escaped him, and threatened England  
with invasion—and yet, and yet, Trafal-  
gar followed. And think of Wellington,  
retreating, pursued, in that winter of  
1810, behind the lines of Torres Vedras,  
held helpless there for long months—  
with victory on victory at the end. Yes,  
we can afford to be patient—to trust Kit-  
chener.

Requisite on the Farm.—Every farmer  
and stock-raiser should keep a supply of  
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand, not  
only as a ready remedy for ills in the  
family, but because it is a horse and  
cattle medicine of great potency. As a  
substitute for sweet oil for horses and  
cattle affected by colic it far surpasses  
anything that can be administered. It

**OWES HER LIFE TO  
"FRUIT-A-TIVES"**

**Cured Both Stomach Troubles  
and Headaches**

PALMERSTON, ONT., June 20th, 1914.

"I really believe that I owe my life  
to 'Fruit-a-tives'. Ever since child-  
hood, I have been under the care of  
physicians and have been paying  
doctor's bills. I was so sick and weak  
out that people on the street often  
asked me if I thought I could get  
along without help. The same old  
Stomach Trouble and distressing  
Headaches nearly drove me wild.  
Sometime ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-  
a-tives' and the first box did me good.  
My husband was delighted and ad-  
vised a continuation of their use.

Today, I am feeling fine, and a  
physician meeting me on the street  
noticed my improved appearance and  
asked the reason. I replied, 'I am  
taking Fruit-a-tives'. He said, 'Well,  
if Fruit-a-tives are making you look so  
well, go ahead and take them. They  
are doing more for you than I can'."

Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all  
dealers at 50c. a box. 6 for \$2.50, trial  
size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of  
price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Watford, Ont.

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of Bridge and Crown work, Orthodontia and  
Porcelain work. The best methods employed to  
preserve the natural teeth.  
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At Queen's Hotel, Arkona, 1st and 3rd Thurs-  
day, of each month.

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GRADUATE of the Royal College of Dental  
Surgeons, of Ontario, and of the University of  
Toronto. Only the Latest and Most Approved  
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to Crown and Bridge Work. Office—Over Dr.  
Kelly's Surgery, MAIN ST., WATFORD.

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**Court Lorne, No. 17 C.O.F.**  
Regular meetings the  
Second and Fourth  
Mondays of each  
month at 8 o'clock.  
Court Room over  
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Shorthorn Cattle and  
Lincoln Sheep

Present offering—Sheep of both  
sexes, a grand lot of lambs, also a few  
yearling rams and ewes.

**ED. de GEX - KERWOOD, ONT.**

One day last week a Ruthven man got  
a 22-long cartridge mixed in his tobacco  
and got the thing into his pipe without  
knowing it. He had only taken a few  
puffs after filling his pipe when "bang"  
went the cartridge, the bullet tearing a  
large hole in his hat.

**Pearl  
Olive  
Emu**

Whenever your  
whether through sur-  
work or excesses  
self open to contra-  
To build up this  
equal to Recall Olive  
It is a real nerve-food  
"tonics" which re-act on  
valup, or, if they have, are  
Recall Olive Oil Ex-  
phosphites in it tone the  
nerves and blood.

This preparation is  
alcohol or any dangerous  
Sold here exclusively by  
at over 1000 other Retail Stores  
the United States and Great B.

**J. W. McL**  
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We guarantee this Remedy.

**FALL  
YOU WILL**

Washing Machines,  
\$3.00 to \$4.50; For  
Chopping Bowls and  
Paints, Varishes a-  
to \$3.00; Halters,  
to 1.15; Cow Cha-  
11c.; Stable Broo-  
Rifles, 3.00 to 15.00  
to 5.00; Pocket  
all sizes at old price

**THE N. B.**

**BOSANQUET COUNCIL**  
Council met October 26th.  
members present. Minutes of la-  
ing read and confirmed.

The following orders were given  
Sitter \$10.05 for gravel; John A.  
\$2.10 for gravel; Murdoch Mc-  
\$23.50, and Andrew Hall \$6.50,  
by the engineer for private  
charged to Humphries-Hall dr.  
for assisting the engineer; Wm.  
and \$102.50, for work on Russ-  
and \$136.00 for work on Mr.  
the work is completed; Thomas  
\$50.00 injury to horse on 17.  
Geo. Sutherland \$14.00 for post-  
of jurors, and \$7.80 for pay-  
David Marriott \$148.50, work on  
drain; Robert Tidball and H.  
commissioners on Sullivan drain.  
D. F. McIntyre \$3.00, expenses  
on Township business; Wm.  
\$55.00 for constructing the T.  
portion of Bright award drain,  
for assisting the engineer; Wm.  
and B. McCordick \$1.50 each,  
ing the engineer; J. D. Livings  
and N. J. Kearney \$40.00, grant  
est and Bosanquet agricultural  
By-laws were passed to horro  
schools and \$100 for commu-  
labor account.

Tidball—Sitter, that the engi-  
port for the repair of the Trick  
referred back to him with t  
mendation that he prepare pro-  
fications, estimates and assess  
the repair of the drain, provide  
pelants to the judge against th  
of the court of revision withd  
appeals.—Carried.

A communication was receiv  
Clerk, from the Canada compa  
for the times of those who ha  
ed for the construction of  
drain lots 11 to 13 in L. R. E  
lots 2 to 10 in the C. concessi  
had not been consulted in the  
D. K. Stewart reported to t  
that he had inspected a lamb  
Hare.

Council adjourned to meet o  
Nov. 23rd, at 10 a.m.

**Geo. SUTHERLAN**

A Boon for the Bilious—TI  
very sensitive organ and  
ranged. When this occurs the  
secretion of bile and the ac  
shows more in the stomach and so  
is a most distressing ailment.  
are prone to it. In this condi-  
finds the best remedy in  
Vegetable Pills, which are wi  
-dily correct the disorder  
in the system.