

## THE MISER OF BACKACHE

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Meaford, Ont.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for backache, and I also had a female weakness. I felt dizzy and nervous, and was without energy. I had to force myself to do my work, and was always tired. Saw a Pinkham advertisement which induced me to take the Vegetable Compound, and my back gradually stopped aching and I felt lighter in spirits. I am recommending the Vegetable Compound with pleasure to all I meet who complain as I did."—MILDRED BROOK, Meaford, Ont.

**Woman's Precious Gift**  
The one which she should most zealously guard is her health, but she often neglects to do so in season until some ailment peculiar to her sex has fastened itself upon her. When so affected women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a remedy that has been wonderfully successful in restoring health to suffering women. If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by woman, and held in strict confidence.

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will tell how good it is

Just you try a loaf of our delicious Bread and you'll know why it is so popular in Watford and surrounding country.

**F. H. Lovell's**  
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## TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford station as follows:  
**GOING WEST**  
Accommodation, 11:11... 8.44 a.m.  
Chicago Express, 12:11... 12.47 p.m.  
Detroit Express, 8:30... 6.48 p.m.  
(a) Express, 5:11... 9.11 p.m.  
(c) Express, 15:11... 10.10 p.m.  
**GOING EAST**  
Ontario Limited, 8:00... 7.38 a.m.  
Chicago Express, 6:11... 11.16 a.m.  
Accommodation, 11:00... 2.28 p.m.  
Accommodation, 11:22... 5.45 p.m.  
(a)—Stops to let off passengers from Toronto.  
(c)—Stops to let off passengers.  
C. W. VAIL, Agent, Watford.

## A Wide-Open Policy

By R. RAY BAKER

(62, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Harley Wentworth tilted back in his swivel chair and stretched luxuriously while he smiled with a quiet sort of triumph.

The battle—and a hard tussle it had been—was over, and he was the winner. At the age of twenty-eight he was mayor of Kenton. Precedents had been overthrown, the standstillers had been overthrown, young blood had come out on top. For the first time in its history this city of 15,000 inhabitants was to have youth at its municipal helm. Only today at the polls the venerable Mr. Black had gone down to a crushing defeat.

Mayor-elect Wentworth heard the doorbell, and presently the housekeeper tapped at the study door and announced that "Mr. Hennison" was a caller. Harley directed that Mr. Hennison be admitted, and soon the person in question, a rotund, florid-faced, squint-eyed individual, whose clothing shouted to the world, but made no pretense of fitting, waddled into the study and flopped into an easy chair near Harley's desk.

"Well, we won," grunted Mr. Hennison, helping himself to a cigar from the box on the desk and wrenching off the end with some tusk-like yellow teeth and ejecting the amputated portion in the general direction of a waste-basket, which it failed to arrive at by several inches.

"I thought we might as well have a thorough understanding," he said, chewing on his cigar. "You were elected, of course, by the wide-open element. You run with their support; of course, you know that. The understanding was that if you were elected things were to be thrown open—and I was to operate with protection."

Harley exhaled a heavy cloud of smoke. "There was no understanding—exactly," he said. "I made no promises, and there was no agreement that things were to be wide open. However—of course, I have the welfare of Kenton at heart."

"I understand," he grunted. "I think that's sufficient. All I wanted was your—your silent assurance, you might say."

Scarcely had Mr. Hennison left when the telephone bell rang.

"This is Jean," said a girl's voice. "I want to congratulate you. However, I much prefer to do it in person."

"I'll be right down," Harley assured her, and presently his car stopped before a neat, modest dwelling.

Jean came out on the porch and greeted him, not effusively, but in a manner that left no doubt as to sincerity.

"I'm proud of you, Harley," she told him as she ushered him into the living room. "It's a great triumph to beat Mr. Black, who was in office so long. You certainly have great responsibilities on those young shoulders now."

"They're rather broad shoulders," he smiled. "They ought to be able to sustain some pretty heavy burdens."

She seemed to hesitate before speaking again, and her eyes studied the figure in the rug, while the fingers of her right hand fumbled with a diamond-set ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Harley, you know I'm very proud of you," she said presently, looking him in the eyes; "but I'm afraid, somehow, I've heard it was the wide-open element that selected you, and I'm afraid—well, you know it may bring a certain kind of prosperity, but think of the suffering in many homes. It is pretty well understood that liquor has been sold lately in spite of the prohibition law, and that there has been some gambling, in spite of Mr. Black's efforts. It seems he hasn't been fully supported by part of his administration in his efforts to enforce the new law. That was bad enough, but if things are allowed to run with a free hand a great many people will suffer for it."

The mayor-elect smiled indulgently. "There, there, girl," he said, with a tinge of patronizing in his tones. "Don't you worry your little head about those things. I'll try to manage things all right. You don't understand politics thoroughly."

"There's party loyalty to be considered, and a number of things. Kenton should grow more rapidly, and it will if given a proper chance. I have an opportunity to make a record for myself, and to do so I must shut one of my eyes to certain things. But don't worry. Everything is going to run along smoothly."

"Of course you know best, Harley," she told him, while disappointment

snowed in her eyes. "I'm with you, anyhow, you know that."

It was rather late when they parted. Harley was tired, and he decided to take a short cut to his home; so two blocks from Jean's residence he turned to the left, instead of heading for the main thoroughfare.

Three blocks along this street he came to a corner on which stood a tall, magnificent-looking house, the only light in evidence being that which crept from behind tightly-drawn blinds.

Harley smiled.

"Hennison hasn't lost any time in opening up wide," he mused. "He seems to have forgotten old Black is still at the helm until my inauguration."

He had not time to pass the house before the figure of a man lurched from the building and crossed the sidewalk into the street, away from the light and holding up a hand.

Harley stopped. He had to in order to avoid running over the man. The latter staggered around to the door of the car and held out his hand.

"I thought 'twas you, Harley," he said thickly. "I want to offer congratulations."

Harley recognized the interloper with a start. He was Jack Boison, Jean's brother. He had not seen Jack for some time and had forgotten about him.

"Things going to be fine now, eh, Harley?" the other went on, raising a foot to the running board of the car. "Wide open, eh? Thash fine. Put 'er there," and he shook hands again with the mayor-elect.

"Thank you for your congratulations," said Harley, as he prepared to start the car. But Jack did not take his leave.

"Just a minute, Harley," he said. "Say—have you—well, you see, I jes' blew all my coin at roulette, in Hennison's there; and I wonder if you'd lend me a twenty so I can go back. Mebbe luck'll change. I haven't been able to pick 'em worth a cent. When I put coin on blue, then up comes—thash good sport. Harley, ol' man. Just lemme have twenty. I got to win back that coin or—go to jail, that's all. It's the firm's money."

Harley flung open the door of the car.

"Jump in," he directed. "I haven't the money with me."

The other obeyed, and shortly after the machine stopped before the home of the mayor-elect and the latter dragged his passenger into the house. By this time Jack was in a stupor, and Harley put him to bed and locked the door on him.

Then the mayor-elect went to his study, and sat in the swivel chair, and smoked three cigars, one after the other, and there was no smile of triumph on his face—only a dark scowl and an expression about the lips as though he had tasted something disagreeable.

Finally, with a decisive click of his teeth, he reached for the telephone. The face of the clock, dimly lighted by a desk lamp, showed the hands at half-past two.

He took down the receiver and gave a number.

"Hello, Hennison," Harley called presently. "This is Wentworth. Say, Hennison, you'll have to call that off—that wide-open stuff. I've changed my mind. Go easy; none of that abuse. I said I've changed my mind, and I mean it. I was elected mayor of this city, no matter who elected me. I didn't make any promises, remember that. You've got to shut that place up, and shut it tight. I'm not fooling. What's that? Are you threatening me, Hennison? Be careful. I'm going to be mayor of Kenton, and the town's going to prosper, and it's going to be decent, too. Good-by."

The mayor-elect tilted back in his swivel chair and smiled with a quiet sort of triumph, and he sat there a long time, gazing at the picture of a girl.

**ARMY OFFICER NAMED TOWN**

Grim Joke Responsible for the Peculiar Appellation Inflicted on Live-ly Arizona City.

The several recent newspaper and magazine stories going the rounds of the origin of the name of Tombstone, Ariz., which appellation was adopted from the famous mine which made the discoverer, Ed Schieffelin, a Gold Hill boy, a millionaire, give varied versions.

According to Judge C. B. Watson of Gold Hill, a lifelong friend and adviser of the prospector, the naming of this rich mine came about in the following manner:

It was in the late '70s when Geronimo, the famous Indian chieftain, was giving United States soldiers a merry chase in the southwest that Schieffelin found some very promising prospects in the Tombstone district, but on account of the Indian warfare and shortage of supplies in this isolated country, he covered his new find and retired to Nevada.

The next spring, with only his mounts and pack outfit, and for the purpose of getting a grubstake, he engaged himself as guide to a detachment of United States cavalry, which was seeking a route into the Indian country beyond Schieffelin's find.

Reaching the diversion point, he left the troopers and, pointing to the distant hills, he said, "Out there I expect to find my fortune." The commanding officer replied, saying, "Yes! You'll find your tombstone—ol' Geronimo will get you."

So Schieffelin called his bonanza "Tombstone,"—Portland Oregonian.

**Black Diamonds.**  
Black diamonds have little in common with those more generally worn as ornaments, though both are pure carbon. The black ones are slightly harder than the crystal or gem diamonds, in fact are nearly the hardest substance known. Black diamonds or carbons are without crystalline form, and are found in irregular pieces ranging in size from half a karat to 500 karats. They are dark gray, black or brownish color, and opaque. The real diamond of the jewelry trade also is pure carbon, but translucent, and crystalline in form. Two other objects so alike in composition could not be found so opposite in appearance as these two forms of carbon.

**Money In Geese.**

Although geese should receive their final fattening for market in a hurry, that is to say by being confined closely and fed heavily for two or three weeks, there is now a good chance to bring them along to a fair weight by turning them on the grain stubble. This means cheap feeding, and the exercise the birds will obtain in moving about to secure their feed and water will put them in just the right shape to make fast gains on the final crowding with corn or other rich feed.

Where geese are force-fed they become exceedingly fat, often weighing as much as 25 pounds. When in such condition their livers are often enormous, and will sell for \$1 per pound where there is a demand for this particular part of the goose. Another source of considerable revenue from geese is the feathers, which are in growing demand and command high prices. About one pound of feathers can be plucked from a goose in a year. Feathers are ripe for plucking when the quills appear dry and do not contain blood.

**Women of Canada Testify**

Dacre, Ont.—"I am more than pleased with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was run-down and so nervous that I could not even stay in the house alone in the day-time and tried every kind of medicine I heard of, but got no result. One of my friends advised me to take Favorite Prescription, said that it would cure me, and it did. After taking four bottles I felt like a new woman and it is also the very best medicine for a woman bringing up a family. I will recommend Favorite Prescription to any one suffering like I did."—MRS. JOSEPH BEAUDRY, R. R. 2.

**WEAK AND NERVOUS**

Tillsonburg, Ont.—"I found Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription an excellent medicine for the ailments of women. I had become very weak and nervous. I was just miserable when I began taking the Favorite Prescription and it proved most beneficial. It so completely restored me to health that I have never had any return of this ailment. I do advise the use of Favorite Prescription by women who suffer with womanly trouble."—MRS. GEO. WALKER, P. O. Box 490.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is made of lady's slipper root, black cohosh root, unicorn root, blue cohosh root and Oregon grape root. Dr. Pierce knew, when he first made this standard medicine, that whiskey and morphine were injurious, and so he has always kept them out of his remedies. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it, in liquid or tablet form.

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