

**WANT COLUMN.**

Five lines and under, 25c.  
Six words average one line.  
Card of Thanks 50c.

WOOD cook stove for sale. Apply to Mrs. Sidney Brown, Watford.

FOR SALE—Two Grade Durham Cows, 4 and 5 years old, due to calve.—WM. E. PARKER, R. R. 8. 7-21

COMMODOUS and comfortable house to rent, at present occupied by R. Dodds. Apply to Mrs. John Baker, next door. 111-4

JANITOR wanted at once, for the Watford High School. For particulars apply to D. WATT, Secretary B. of E., Watford P. O. 6-31

PIANO TUNING—Any one wishing piano tuning done notify GLEN GRAHAM, Forest, R. R. 4. Phone, Morningstar line. First class work assured. 21

WORN OUT HORSES and tall animals of any kind bought.—LETT BROS., fur ranchers, lot 18, con. 13, Brooke; Rural phone 4821. Watford P. O. Phone messages at our expense. 11

SEVERAL good dwelling house properties in Watford for sale cheap to quick purchasers. Considerable private and other money to loan on farm mortgage security. Apply to W. E. FITZGERALD, Watford.

FOR SALE—Comfortable house and three lots for garden, both house and good stable on cement foundations. Nicely situated on corner of John and Victoria streets, Watford. An opportunity for someone. For further particulars apply on the premises.—G. GOODMAN, 120-11

**TEACHER WANTED**

For S. S. No. 6, Warwick, holding first or second class professional. State experience and qualifications and salary expected. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Applications must be in by August 12th. S. MORRIS, Sec. 31-4 R. R. 5, Watford.

**TEACHER WANTED**

For School Section No. 13, Brooke. Experienced teacher preferred. Duties to commence after the holidays. Apply, stating salary and qualifications to ALBERT JOHNSTON, Sec., 27m R. R. 7, Alvinston.

**TEACHER WANTED**

For School Section, No. 15, Warwick. Duties to commence first week in September. Apply, stating salary and qualifications to J. C. WILKINSON, Sec.-Treas., 11-2 R. R. No. 2, Watford.

**To Remember**

What we looked like on our wedding day, or when we were sixteen years old, visit

ROBSON, The Photographer, Petrolia.

**D. WATT**

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and FIRE INSURANCE. Apply at Residence, Erie St., or the Post Office Watford.

**WE WANT BANDSMEN**

We have good openings in our wood working and iron working shops for Bandsmen. Cornet, clarinet, trombone, saxophone, bass and alto horn players. Please apply. We pay a monthly salary for band services in addition to wages in shop. Members required to have instruments of their own. Apply stating experience to

BEATTY BROS. LIMITED  
Fergus, Ontario.

**Summer School**

during July and August. Instruction in Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting and all allied branches. Write, call or phone for information.

*Sarnia Business College*  
SARNIA - ONTARIO

The marriage took place quietly at the Presbyterian Manse, Forest, on Monday, June 23rd, of Annie Ross, youngest daughter of Mrs. N. McCahil of Forest to Mr. Arthur C. Codling of Royal Oak, Mich., son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Codling, also of Forest. Rev. H. D. Cameron, B. A. performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Codling will reside in Royal Oak, Mich.

Be a Thrift Stamp collector.  
W. S. Stamps pay well.

**The Mossy Bank**

—BY—  
SHEALA D. DONNAUGH

"Well, little girl, catching many fish?" Thus was the question addressed to a barefoot girl of about sixteen years, with wild, tousled black curls and great, dark eyes.

"Don't come any nearer, you're disturbin' the fish," was the abrupt, low answer. The artist laughed softly and then came quietly near and seated himself beside the little mountain girl.

Jack Morley, a distinguished New York scenery artist, had come to the beautiful mountains for a few months to paint and rest. He was camping a few miles up the stream and had that afternoon roamed to the lovely spot and had unexpectedly come upon the little girl fishing.

He endeavored to open up a conversation but she was very shy. However, when he turned to the subject of books, she warmed up and told him that she went to the little school and loved to read, but didn't have many books. When he asked her if he could bring a few stories to her home the next day, she hesitated and then said,

"You kin try it, and thanks ever so much, but don't be surprised if Bill and Dad don't welcome ye over kindly."

After they had been talking for half an hour, a shrill feminine voice called from afar off:

"Jua - nita, Jua - nita, you come on home at once."

"Ye - es, I'm comin'," answered the girl. Her beautiful name suits her exactly, thought the artist, as he watched the bewitching little face, the color of a wild rose, and eyes like a velvet pansy. She had risen and put the fish in a little basket, then she shyly bade the stranger adieu.

The next day Morley came with the promised books. He came the following Sunday also, and strolled down to the dear old mossy bank where he had first seen her in her red calico dress and sun-bonnet.

He had stayed three months in the mountains and now packed his trunk and left regretfully the mountains he had grown to love. Once a week at least he had walked to the cabin nesting in the old pine trees, where Bill, Juanita's big brother, and her father had partly outgrown their first antipathy for the "furriner." And each time he had come, the dark eyes of Juanita had sparkled more brightly, the wild rose color had deepened. They always turned their steps to the little stream, to the beautiful spot where they had first met, there to fish or to talk, for Juanita had a vivid imagination and sometimes told him shyly of stories which she had never dared put on paper.

He came again the following year and this time he indeed Juanita's father, to send her to a continuation school at the nearest settlement. He helped her in her studies, helping her to master grammar.

When he came the third year he was astonished at the change he found in her. She had grown tall and slender, in a wild flower, graceful in every movement on account of the wild, free mountain life. She was eighteen, but still wore the silky, jet curls down her back. She didn't say "kin" now, and "ain't" only once in a while.

Jack Morley also learned, while on this visit to the mountains, that her father and brother were bent on having her marry Joe Corney, a tall, strapping mountain lad, like Bill. He had loved Juanita ever since they were little children, and he almost took it for granted—as did the rest of the family—that she would be his wife in the future. Not so with Juanita however. She was different from the rest of her girl companions. And although she still worshipped the rugged old mountains and her little cabin home, she longed for the literary world—to associate with literary people. She had learned to love Jack Morley with all her heart and soul, but she did not know that she loved him, nor did she dream that he loved her.

On this third visit, when he was bidding her farewell on the mossy bank, he longed to tell her of his love, but he thought she cared for Joe Corney. As he gravely shook hands with her, neither knew the heartache of the other, and neither knew the loneliness and heartache of the other that followed in the long weeks to come.

They had corresponded for the last two years and for two or three weeks Juanita heard from Jack after he had left. Then the letters grew few and far between and finally ceased. The old aunt who had kept house for them ever since Juanita's mother died ten years before, was dead, and Juanita was compelled to stop school and keep house for her father and Bill. Often she stole down to the beautiful little stream under the old pine trees to soothe her aching, lonely heart. She could not understand Jack's seeming coldness.

In New York, two years after his last visit to the mountains, a lonely man of twenty-seven or eight, carelessly strolled into a little theatre and sat near the back. His thoughts were far away from the gay crowd and even when the lights of the auditorium were extinguished and the footlights turned on he still sat wrapped in thought. The play was entitled "Will He Ever Come Back?" and the man started violently as he gazed on the opening scene. Beside a laughing, bubbling stream, on a miniature mossy bank a

little girl of sixteen years sat fishing. She had on a red calico dress and a sun-bonnet, tied under her chin, was pushed back over the clustering black curls. The dark, pansy eyes looked far away, deep in dreamy thought. Jack Morley leaned farther forward, his steel grey eyes fixed on a scene which every day he saw in his fancy. Here—now—he saw the miniature, distant mountains, silent, white-peaked, wrapped in their eternal sleep, the great pine trees, and the white road leading far up the mountainside. Then the eyes of the audience, including the lonely artist, turned towards a man strolling towards the girl on the bank. It was the handsome, tall figure of an artist in corduroy breeches, and a portfolio slung over his shoulder. As he came nearer, he addressed the little mountain girl thus,

"Well, little girl, catching many fish?" and Jack heard Juanita, for he was certain it was no other, answer, "Don't come any nearer, you're disturbin' the fish."

Then the scenes changed, it was not their experience, Jack's and Juanita's, although the opening scenes were the same. It was a play which gripped the audience, sad in parts, but ending up so happily, that many of the emotional type in the auditorium cried for joy. Again and again they applauded the actress, with the wonderful acting ability. "Oh," thought Jack Morley, "can that be little Juanita, and why is she here?" After the play was over he went behind the scenes and begged an interview with her. She started when she saw him and then shook hands coldly and she said:

"Juanita," he began abruptly, "what are you doing here on the stage? I thought you were married to Joe Corney two years ago."

"You thought I was married to Joe?" she began in a dazed way. "I wondered why you didn't write or ever come back."

"Nita, Nita, your brother wrote and told me you were married. I could not bear to go back and see you married to some one else and I didn't think you would wish me to write either." When he mentioned her brother a shadow passed over her face, and she said:

"Bill never liked you, that's why he told you that. We were never even engaged. But Bill is dead now, and Dad is too," she began to cry softly, and then went on. "When they died of that terrible fever that raged through the mountains, I decided to shut up the old cabin and come to the city. I wrote stories and one book. I found that wouldn't sustain me, so when someone told me I had stage ability I decided to be an actress. I succeeded, and write my own plays—all under a non-de-plum."

"But this play—what did you mean, Juanita?" he asked, eagerly. "What made you enact those scenes we both know so well?"

A crimson tide of color swept over the woman's lovely face and she dropped her dark eyes. In the last scene the audience had coaxed her to come back once more in the old red dress and sun-bonnet. So now she was dressed as he had first seen her, with the bonnet pushed back over the black curls.

"Juanita, you don't mean—you don't mean you care for me?" the man said, in a low eager voice. Then, as she raised her wonderful eyes and smiled at him through her tears, he folded her in his arms.

"Oh, Jack, I have always cared for you, but I didn't think you cared for me that way. I had my director arrange the scenes like that and imitated my dear old mountain home and those first days when I met you by the dear old mossy bank, because I loved the old home, and because I loved— you."

**BROOKE**

Brvan Davis, Detroit, spent the week end at his home, Sutorville.

About fifty Orangemen attended the service in Christ Church, Sutorville, Sunday afternoon to take part in the peace service arranged by L. O. L. 1029. The Rev. S. P. Irwin preached to the brethren.

**WARWICK COUNCIL**

Warwick, July 7th, 1919.

The Council met as per adjournment. Members all present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

The council went into a court of revision on the Kilmer drain and as there were no appeal it was moved by Mr. Higgins, sec. by Mr. Mumma that the by-law be read the third time and passed and the court of revision closed.—Carried

The following orders were granted:—

J. C. Moffatt, work in pit on T.L.S. \$ 45 50

E. Caughlin, statute labor returned undone. . . . . 5 50

A. Higgins, special grant for the gravel on con. 4, S. E. R. . . . . 150 00

M. D. Campbell, special grant for gravel on 9 S.R. . . . . 200 00

Hy. Williamson, putting tile in pit on M. R. . . . . 49 50

G. A. McCubbin, survey of West-gate Award drain. . . . . 20 00

N. Herbert, services on Westgate Award drain. . . . . 5 00

N. Herbert, services on Vance Award drain. . . . . 4 00

C. A. Jones, Survey of Vance drain 29 65

The Engineers report on the Edwards drain and on the 27-28 side road drain were read, when it was moved by Mr. Higgins, sec. by Mr. Campbell, that the both reports be adopted and Mr. Williamson be appointed commissioner on each drain.—Carried.

By-law No. 8 on the Edwards drain was read the first and second times and provisionally adopted.

By-law No. 9 on 27-28 Side Road drain was read the first and second times and provisionally adopted.

The council then adjourned to meet on the 11th Aug., at one o'clock, p. m., as a court of revision on the Edwards drain and 27-28 Side Road drain and for general business.

N. HERBERT, Clerk.

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**Fine Voile Blouses - \$1.39**

4 dozen, sizes 36 to 44 ; a nice waist for . . . . . \$1.39

**Fancy Voile - 50c yd.**

6 pieces, washable goods, 40 inches wide. Smart styles, good patterns, —and the price. . . . . 50c yd.

**Boys' Tan Bloomers \$1.75**

20 pairs Tan Bloomers for big and small boys, 25 to 34. The price. . . . . \$1.75 pair

**Ladies' Penman's Lisle Hose**

Black, pearl, brown and white. A splendid stocking. The price—75c.

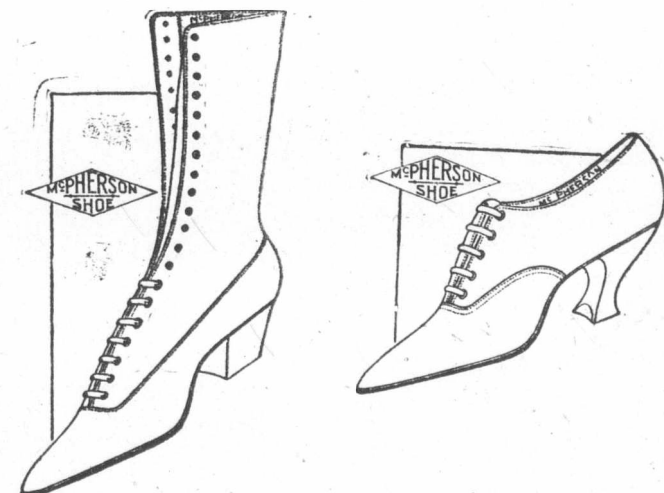
"Kewpie" and "Little King" for children. Black, white and brown. The best hose in Canada for children. Fine ribbed. Full range of sizes.

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Oxfords for Women—patent, black and brown kid. Latest models.

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WATFORD'S BIG SHOE STORE

are Go line nov loo art nea to l str

Mr. S. I spent a few The gard aspies of was a grand beautifully vice of the ceeds amou Miss Rut week with 6 pieces of for 23c yd.— The ladie purpose hol church law July 16. The Miss are spendir (Rev.) Har We sell th style for eve Bros. Mr. Bruce spent the h Mr. and l ter, of Detr Mr. and Mr last week. Misses Lu Fuller are in mer school. There is s but the s prevailing c The Pres a well att Beach on th