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**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**

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

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 18 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent Watford.

**A Home In America**

A Story For Labor Day  
By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

Jean Stahren and Elsa Vogin lived on adjoining farms on the western coast of Norway. Neither had any brothers or sisters, consequently they were constant playmates, for there were no other children within a couple of miles. Since the country was rocky and not very productive their parents were very poor. But neither Jean nor Elsa had ever known luxuries, and what we do not know of we do not covet. Besides, there is an unconsciousness of deprivation in childhood, and so long as children have enough to eat, though of the plainest food, and enough clothing to keep them warm they are content.

But there came a time with Jean when he began to think of his future. This was when he was seventeen years old. One day, standing with Elsa on a high ridge overlooking the Atlantic ocean, he said to her:

"Elsa, it will not satisfy me to remain here with father and mother to work this little farm. There is barely enough for them to be made out of it, and I feel that I must go out into the world to make something for myself."

A frightened look came to Elsa's face. This was the first intimation she had that she and Jean would not live near each other always as they had lived.

"Where would you go, Jean?" she asked.

"If one sails westward from here in a few days he will reach some islands called Britain. They have a king there, as we have here, and nobles, but I understand that the people are active, and there are opportunities for poor men to make a good living. But if one continues on southwestward he will come to a great continent called America. The people there have no king, no nobles. All are on the same level so far as the law is concerned. To that land people of small means from all nations are flocking. There is plenty of land there which is very rich, and great factories where people work, and those who are skilled receive wages that are unheard of here in Norway. I am thinking of going to America to join in the battle for fortune."

"But, Jean," cried the girl, "you are not skilled at any work, and in no country are farms given away. Having no trade and no money to buy a farm, what will you do to earn a living? And where will you get money to pay your way?"

"I am now of a proper age to learn a trade, and as to the means for the journey I shall work my passage. I shall go on a ship to Hamburg, for which I have the money. There, I understand, there are great vessels sailing to America. They need many persons to wait on the passengers, and it will not be difficult for me to secure one of these places."

"How did you learn all this?"

"Lars Olsen told me; he has been to Hamburg."

Elsa was looking out to the westward, and Jean saw tears gathering in her eyes. He put his arms about her and kissed her. The boundary between childhood and youth had been passed. From that moment they were lovers, though they were still unconscious of the change.

"Don't cry, Elsa," said Jean. "When I have become a skilled workman I will send for you to come over the sea and be with me."

"How could I go over there and be with you, Jean? That would not be right."

"But I will then be a man and you a woman; we can be married."

This ingenious proposal did not seem to give comfort to Elsa. She said that it would be a long while before Jean could send for her, and even then she could not leave her father and mother, who were every day becoming more dependent upon her. This made Jean feel ashamed, for he knew that he, too, was needed at home. But Jean looked further into the future than Elsa and had more resolution to break the barriers between him and success. Besides, he looked forward to the day when, having become a skilled laborer, he could earn more than he needed for himself and could send money to his parents.

It was a sad day for all when Jean departed. His mother begged him to stay, but his father approved of his going.

the same as the lawyer, the doctor and the priest. And they tell me that when he learns his trade he is protected by the trade unions against the competition of those who are unskilled. Go, and God grant that you may prosper."

Elsa went a part way on the road with Jean and when they parted surprised him by encouraging him instead of giving way to weeping.

"It will not seem long, dear Jean, before you will be building houses or railroads or ships, and every day you will earn more than you need, so that you can send money to your father and mother to buy them comforts they sorely need in their old age."

"But I shall not be satisfied, sweetheart, till I have earned not only enough for that, but to send for you to come to me."

Nevertheless they had no sooner passed away from each other than Jean's eyes became moist, and Elsa broke down and sobbed as though her heart would break.

An ocean liner came sailing down the coast and, entering the lower bay of New York, made its way up toward Ellis Island, where emigrants must prove that they come within the laws governing their admission to the United States of America. Among those who were transferred from the vessel to the island was a young woman, who gave her name as Elsa Vogin and her age as twenty-two. She stepped from the lighter that bore her to the dock and looked about her as if expecting some one to meet her; but, seeing no one she knew, her expression of expectancy changed to one of disappointment. Passing with the throng into the apartment where emigrants present their claims for admission, Elsa was brought before an official for examination.

"What means have you?" he asked.

"Only a few silver coins left over after paying for my passage."

"How do you expect to live here in America?"

"I came over here to be married. I expected to meet at the dock when I landed the man who will marry me, but he did not appear."

The official asked the man's name and where he lived. Elsa told him that his name was Jean Stahren and that he was an ironworker in Pennsylvania, but what place in Pennsylvania she could not tell him.

Elsa was told that she might remain on the island for a few days, but if at the end of that time her lover did not appear she must be sent back to Hamburg, whence she had sailed. This was a terrible blow to the poor girl, for she knew that there was some reason why Jean had not met her, which might not be corrected within so short a time.

Fortunately it was summer, the end of August, and Ellis Island, surrounded as it is by water, was not a disagreeable place to wait. Elsa gazed out over the bay, wondering at the gigantic statue of Liberty, at the skyscrapers of lower New York, at the Brooklyn suspension bridge and at Castle Williams on Governors Island. A day, passed, and Jean did not appear. Another day went by and still there were no tidings of him. The third day was Sunday, the 1st of September. Elsa was called before one of the immigration officials and informed that a steamer would sail for Hamburg the next day and if she could not satisfy the authorities that she would not be a burden on the United States before that time she would be sent back to Germany, whence she came.

Elsa was in agony. Jean had sent her the money for her passage, at the same time telling her to write him the name of the steamer on which she would sail, promising to meet her on the dock when the ship arrived. She had written him the name of the steamer, but not being versed in the ways of the world, had not mentioned the date of its arrival, though she had said that she expected to sail about the last of August. And now, after having waited seven years to be united to Jean and having come all the way across the Atlantic ocean for the purpose, she must go back to Hamburg.

That Sunday was a sultry afternoon, and Elsa in order to get cool sat on the dock gloomily looking out over the waters of the bay. She saw a little steamer leave New York and make for the island. Boats were coming often, and she had looked when each had arrived for Jean. But now she had given up hope. When the boat reached the dock she scarcely noticed those who came ashore. But a man passed near her, stopped and looked at her scrutinizingly.

"Elsa!" he exclaimed.

She arose and for a moment did not recognize Jean, for he wore a full beard.

"Oh, Jean!" she cried. "Why have you not come before?"

"How long have you been here?"

"Three days."

"I supposed you would come on the steamer that is telegraphed to be here presently."

Elsa had little education, and she had written the name of the ship on

which she would sail so badly that Jean could not read it. He had therefore judged of the time of her arrival from the date she gave and consequently fell between two steamers. But he wasted few words in explanation.

"Come, Elsa," he said. "We must be married at once, go to New York and leave for my home in Pennsylvania on a night train. Tomorrow will be Labor day, and I am at the head of the committee of arrangements for my union and have much to do."

So Jean and Elsa were married on the island and left there at once. It was past midnight when they reached their home, a cottage near a steel works where Jean was employed. Though it was late, Elsa found time to admire the cozy home that Jean had prepared for her.

The first day Elsa spent in America was Labor day, and though she saw little of her husband she saw one of the most important celebrations of the new world.

Jean Stahren became a master mechanic, and, having a wife who was a good manager, they sent monthly remittances to the old folks in Norway, and after awhile made them a visit. But by this time they took with them several children to introduce to their grandparents.

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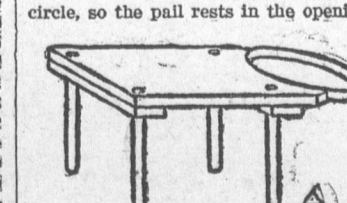
**THE EARNINGS OF FARMERS.**  
Many Do Not Correctly Estimate Their Incomes.

The money that a farmer takes in each year above his cash expenses in an income from two distinct sources—first, interest on money invested in the farm business; second, wages for the labor and managing ability of the farmer and his family.

Many people who think that they are financially successful as farmers are actually living on the interest from the money invested in the farm business and on the labor of their sons and daughters. For his own work the farmer frequently receives only a fraction of a hired man's wages. The reason is that when one has his farm clear of debt he often forgets that interest on the investment is a receipt, similar to the interest that one receives on a deposit in a savings bank, for the farm could be sold and the money invested so as to secure 4 to 6 per cent interest with no work on the part of the farmer. A farmer whose farm is mortgaged for a good portion of its value is not at all likely to forget that interest on the investment is a part of the year's expense. If he does the owner of the mortgage will remind him of it upon each interest day.

A farmer who has a farm and equipment worth \$10,000 could secure an income of \$800 per year by selling his farm and putting the money at interest, assuming that he could invest the proceeds so as to secure 5 per cent interest—W. L. Carver, Assistant Agriculturist, University Farm, St. Paul.

**Woman's Milk Stool.**  
When women must milk it is hard to hold the pail as men do. The stool shown here will serve as a pail holder. It is oblong and the front end made concave. An iron hoop completes the circle, so the pail rests in the opening.



NO DANGER OF UPSIDING.  
A hoop from a cask has about the right level to it to fit the flare of the pail. If the seat is made long there is little danger of having the pail tilt up when full, but if the handle of the pail is grasped when the milking is over no danger of upsetting need be feared in any event—Orange Judd Farmer.

**New Cotton In America.**  
Arizona cotton growers must be feeling jubilant. They have produced about 2,000 bales of Egyptian long staple cotton—a new product in America. They have succeeded in selling at a price which nets the growers in the Salt River valley 2 1/2 cents a pound. The farmers there expect to grow only the one variety, henceforth—Farm and Fireside.

The position of secretary to the newly-created market commission in New York city, which pays 4,000 a year, is open to women.

**Hints on Hair Health**

If you use our treatment, we will either stop your hair from falling or pay for the treatment ourselves.

Dandruff is a contagious disease caused by a microbe, which if not removed causes baldness. This microbe often comes from a comb or brush belonging to someone else. If you are troubled with dandruff, itching scalp, falling hair, or baldness, we believe that Rexal "93" Hair Tonic will do more than anything else to remove the dandruff, destroy the germ, make the scalp healthy and stop falling hair, and, if there is any life left in the roots, also promote growth of new hair.

We believe that probably 65 per cent of the cases of baldness could be overcome if people would only use Rexal "93" Hair Tonic for a reasonable time, as directed.

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We are dependent upon your confidence and patronage, and we would not make these claims, or make this offer if we did not believe that Rexal "93" Hair Tonic is the very best hair preparation you can use. Two sizes of bottles, 50c and \$1.00.

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**SOCIETIES.**

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**CAMERON & GRAH**  
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**CHOP STUFF.**

The Bank of Montreal has ref. loan Wallaceburg \$30,000 to carry hydro plans. In a letter to the bank officials advised the curbs of all municipal work. An effort made to sell the hydro debentures.

Bella McLellan, an aged maiden who has been living alone at her home in Glencoe, was found to be in pneumonia on Thursday and was taken to the hospital at London, where she died on Saturday.

A little four-year-old girl, Ella Groombridge, was killed, and her Frederick Groombridge, and tw. Edmon Moore, four, and V. Reaume, five, were seriously injured in an explosion of natural gas at V. burg.

Miller's Worm Powders are so palatable to children, who show a fancy in taking them, they naturally bring all worm troubles to them as a strengthening and strengthening medicine, correcting the digestion that the worms cause, imparting a healthy tone to the most beneficial to development.

Ernest F. Inch, jr., of Stratford, Ontario, who has been living alone at his farm, was found to be in pneumonia on Thursday and was taken to the hospital at London, where she died on Saturday.

Nothing as Good for Asthma, remedies come and go but ever sales of the original Dr. J. D. Asthma Remedy grow greater. No further evidence could be of its remarkable merit. It is always of the same curvayin which the sufferer from asthma know. Do not suffer another get this splendid remedy to-day.

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