

Constipation--the bane of old age is not to be cured by harsh purgatives; they rather aggravate the trouble. For a gentle, but sure laxative, use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They stir up the liver, tone the nerves and freshen the stomach and bowels just like an internal bath.

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Woman's best friend. From girlhood to old age, these little red health restorers are an unfailing guide to an active and a clean, healthy, normal life. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets at night and the sour stomach and fermentation, and the headache, have all gone by morning. All druggists, 25c., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto 12

LIST OF SPECIAL PRIZES

- East Lambton Fall Fair
Auld & Mathews, Span of Drivers coming greatest distance to the fair, \$2.00.
A. Brown & Co.
For the tallest Six Stalk of Corn, \$1.00.
For the best Lambton County grown Water Melon, \$1.00.
For the best Single Roadster, driven by a lady, Lap Rug, valued at \$4.00.
For the best Heavy Draught Sucking Colt, \$2.00.
R. Brock & Son--Ladies' Single Driver, trotters only. Contestants to hitch horse to buggy, drive once around the track and unhitch in front of grand stand. Lap Robe, value \$5.00. 2nd prize \$4.00, given by J. F. Elliot. 3rd prize, whip, value \$1.50, given by J. Copeland.
W. J. Copeland--3rd prize for Ladies' Single Driver, \$1.50 whip. (See R. Brock & Son's special.)
ALEX. CAMERON--Best barrel of Greening Apples, to be his, \$2.00 in goods and market price.
T. DODDS & SON--Best water melon, to be theirs, \$1.00. Best three musk melons, to be theirs, \$1.00.
P. DODDS & SON
Oldest woman on the fair grounds, Pair of Shoes, value \$2.00.
Youngest or latest married couple on ground, China, value \$1.00.
J. F. ELLIOT--2nd prize for Ladies' Single Driver, \$4.00. (See R. Brock & Son's special.)
W. E. FITZGERALD--Best 5 lb. crock of Butter, crock and butter to be his, \$1.00.
GUIDF. ADVOCATE--Best Hand Book, to be theirs, one year's subscription.
T. HARRIS--Best barrel of Winter Apples, to be his, \$3.00.
DR. HICKS--Best 5 lbs. Honey, to be his, \$1.00.
HARPER BROS.--To the farmer bringing the largest load of people in to the Fair, distance two miles or over. To be counted in front of their store the second day of Fair before one o'clock. Parlor Table worth \$5.00.
FREMANT KERSEY--Best bushel of Onions, to be his, \$1.25.
F. LUCKHAM--Best bushel of Onions, to be his, \$1.00.
S. MITCHELL--Best 12 Peaches, to be his, \$1.00. Best Water Melon, to be his, \$1.00.
H. MACNALLY--Best Single Driver, shod all round, value \$1.40.
WM. MCLEAY--Best barrel of Spy Apples, to be his, \$3.00.
JOHN MATHEWS--Best 30 lbs. Roll Butter, to be his, \$2.00 and market price.
B. RICHARDSON--Best Pumpkin Pie, made by girl 18 years of age or under, to be his \$1.00.
JOSHUA SAUNDERS--Best 5 lbs. Roll Butter, to be his, \$2.00.
SWIFT, SONS & Co.
Youngest Baby on the Fair grounds, Silk Bib.
Youngest Child on the grounds that can say "Swifts" for clothing, one pair Fur Top Mitts.
Best Bushel of Potatoes, a pair of Buck Mitts.
Best Boy Rider under 18 years of age, to ride with blanket and surcingle only. Will be judged in their ability to mount, dismount and manage their horses at walk, trot and gallop. Prizes--Pair Riding Gauntlets, value \$3.50.
JOHN ZAVITY and DR. KELLY--For best soldier, mounted, riding and mount considered, 1st \$5, 2nd \$3, 3rd \$2. Limited to County of Lambton. (Sergt. Davies will instruct any who wish to compete.)
CASH DONATIONS
Roche House \$10.00
McManus, Taylor House 10.00
Rogers House 10.00
Merchants Bank 5.00
John Cowan 5.00
R. J. McCormick 5.00
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Dr. Newell 1.00

THE CUPID EXPRESS

A Comedy of Love
By CLARISSA MACKIE

Trentham people always called the 6:36 train "the Cupid express," because it invariably carried one or more bridal couples.
It was the close of a March day, exactly 6:36 p. m., and the Cupid express had just snorted away cityward with two of Trentham's fair brides and incidentally the newly made husbands.
The Faber twins had just been married. It was a double wedding, and all the town had turned out to send them off with a suitable merrymaking.
"Where is Edith?" inquired Mrs. William Blake, craning her neck around the carriage. "Where is Edith?" she repeated sternly as her niece took her place in the surrey.
Cora Morris' voice was guttural. "Edith is walking home," she said. Mrs. Blake drew a sharp breath. "Walking?" she interrogated.
Cora nodded, but her face beneath the white hood of her cloak was serious. "Not alone?" declared Mrs. Blake in the decisive tone of one who knew.
"With Harley Lane," confessed Cora. "Ah!" Mrs. Blake's tone was freezing. She sank back in her seat and was silent. Bitter thoughts crowded her mind.
It was like an unkind fate to decree that her only child, Edith, should fall in love with Judge Lane's son. She had always tried to keep them apart and was openly rude to young Lane. And Harley was disconcertingly polite to her.
"Mrs. Blake would be the jolliest woman in the world if she would only forget her grudge against the world," said her would-be son-in-law to his father one day.
But the judge had frowned and looked very uncomfortable.
"I wonder why your mother is so set against me," remarked Harley as he tucked Edith's hand under his arm and marched down the street. Edith's eyelashes flickered as the surrey passed them at a corner where a street lamp shone brightly.
"I don't believe she really hates you, Harley," she said, "but some one has whispered a bit of ancient history to me. Years ago mother was engaged to marry your father. They quarreled, and neither forgave the other. Both married. There you are, sir!"
"The deuce!" whistled Harley; then he added hastily: "They've both been widowed for fifteen years. Why didn't they marry each other?"
"I don't know," sighed Edith. "They couldn't really have cared."
"Dear, do you know I was wishing that you and I had courage to throw conventions to the four winds and elope on the Cupid express some day?"
"Then you would never forgive us, dear," murmured Edith, "and we couldn't really be happy if they didn't."
"I know it. There's only one thing to do, then--to convert them to our way of thinking."
"How can we do that?"
"I didn't have an idea until you told me that once they had been sweethearts. Listen to this scheme."
Mrs. Blake saw them lingering at the front gate. Her handsome face grew sterner, and her lips straightened into a thin line.
Her hands smote sharply together in a passion of wounded pride.
"His son--of all men!" she moaned softly.
One April afternoon Mrs. Blake returned from her euche club to find the house strangely silent.
"Miss Edith?" repeated Jane, the maid. "Why, Miss Edith left the house an hour ago. She carried a suit case and!"
"A suit case?" interrupted Mrs. Blake. "Did she say where she was going?"
"No, ma'am. I wouldn't have known about it only I heard the front door close, and I looked and saw Miss Edith running down the walk. A cab was there. She jumped in and was off!"
"Very likely she has been called over to her cousin's in South Trentham. She will telephone to me no doubt."
The clock in the hall chimed the quarter after 6, and mingled with it was the sharp, insistent tinkle of the telephone bell.
Winona Blake's voice shook a little as she lifted the receiver from its hook.
"Yes?" she inquired.
It was Edith's voice, speaking in tremulous excitement.
"Mother, dear," she quavered, "would you consent to my--my marrying Harley?"
An instant's silence, then the moth-

er's voice, cold and terrible:
"No daughter of mine ever will marry him!"
"Mother!" Edith's voice was stricken.
"Where are you?" asked Mrs. Blake.
"The railroad station."
"Wait until I come!" ordered Mrs. Blake, and, hanging up the receiver, she rushed from the house, still wearing her hat and her most becoming afternoon gown.
There was no time to call Thomas. Before he could harness one of the lazy blacks into the runabout the Cupid express would be away from the station! As Mrs. Blake hurried up the stairs she heard the thunder of the approaching train. Her lips tightened.
"I will go along, too!" she thought. "Edith is a minor, and!"
"Here, madam!" A conductor almost lifted her to the steps, and as she staggered across the platform into the coach a shower of small particles fell stingingly upon her face.
"Rice!" called somebody from the coach behind.
"Where's the bridegroom?" some one asked in a loud whisper.
"The old party in the gray overcoat. See the confetti on his hat?"
And at this moment Mrs. Blake collided with some one in the aisle. They grasped each other and swayed with the moving train.
"You?" glared Mrs. Blake.
"You?" glared Judge Lane.
A murmur ran through the car. Smiles spread from face to face, for was not this the honeymoon train, and did they not recognize a bridal couple? They did.
There was the handsome middle aged pair in gala attire; there was the confetti, rice, somewhere in the rear a light headed youth whistled the wedding march from "Lohengrin."
Furiously embarrassed, angry and quite helpless in the face of so many whole hearted strangers, Judge Lane accepted the nearest proffered seat and pushed the equally embarrassed, angry and helpless lady into it.
"We may as well sit down," he snapped.
"Yes!" she gasped. "Of course you know why I'm here?"
"I'm on the same errand. I was searching the train when I met you. Harley telephoned me for my blessing before they were married. Bah!"
"Tickets, please?" smiled the conductor.
Mrs. Blake suffered a cold chill. Her pocketbook was at home. Could she accept money from John Lane? She did, for without asking her permission he opened a bulging pocketbook and paid for both tickets.
Grinningly the conductor punched the rebate checks and gave them to the man.
"Congratulations, judge," he said as he moved along. "I knew the Cupid would catch you some day!"
A cold horror settled upon the two in the seat. So they were supposed to be a newly wedded pair!
Both were thinking of one day thirty years ago when they plighted their troth in the apple orchard beneath a snow of blossoms.
It was before the day of the Cupid express, but they had planned a wedding journey, and it had never come to pass.
And now, each one in pursuit of an eloping child, they had met after all these years. People believed they were a honeymoon couple!
"Absurd!" declared Mrs. Blake aloud. "Ridiculous!" huskily agreed the judge.
"Perhaps you had better see if they are on the train," suggested Mrs. Blake after awhile.
"That's a good idea!" and Judge Lane escaped to the rear coaches.
After awhile he came back. "They are not on the train," he said slowly.
"How odd!" cried Mrs. Blake. "But, then, Edith didn't say she was married. She only asked permission, and as she was telephoning from the railroad station I concluded they were going to take this train."
"So I inferred from Harley's message," responded the judge stiffly.
"I hope they are not married. It is out of the question!" went on Mrs. Blake.
"Out of the question," agreed the judge.
A silence fell between them, and then Mrs. Blake felt a blush creeping over her smooth, pale cheek.
Was he looking at her?
Slowly her eyes turned toward him, until, through her lashes, she could see his blue eyes regarding her with an odd wistfulness.
"Absurd!" she chided herself sharply.
"Winnie," he whispered suddenly, "you haven't forgotten, after all?"
"I never could, John," she whispered in return.
"Then let this be our wedding trip," he urged after awhile.
"But we must return tonight," she cried hastily. "I must be sure about Edith."
"And Harley," he added.
"About Edith and Harley," she gently corrected herself.

When the 11:15 train from town drew into Trentham that night it found two anxious young people pacing the platform.
"They will never forgive us for luring them aboard that Cupid train," said Edith nervously.
"They might," Harley smiled cryptically. "Here they are, Edith! Together--and looking sheepish! Why, father," he said reproachfully, "I've been worried to death about you! Where have you been?"
The judge blushed and clung to his wife's hand. "Why, we've been getting married!"
"Married!" echoed Edith. "Without saying a word to me? Why, mother?"
"But you and Harley have married without consulting us!"
"Married?" interrupted Edith innocently. "Why, mother, dear, I wouldn't marry without your blessing. And I want a home wedding, with all my friends and heaps of presents--and we shall take the Cupid express, shant we, Harley?"
A smile flickered on Harley's face. "Sure we will, if dad doesn't object."
But the bride and bridegroom, walking ahead, were so absorbed in each other that they never answered the question. But, as Harley told his sweetheart, it was one of those questions that answered themselves.
For Sprains and Bruises.--There is nothing better for sprains and confusions than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It will reduce the swelling that follows a sprain, will cool the inflamed flesh and draw the pain as if by magic. It will take the ache out of a bruise and prevent the flesh from discoloring. It seems as if there was magic in it, so speedily does the injury disappear under treatment. m

A Prayer For Peace

The cannon roar on sea and shore; the bombs keep on a-droppin'; the bullets zip and tear and rip without a sign of stoppin'. On field and hill they maim and kill; the trails they leave are gory. And everywhere the soldiers fare it is the same old story. They leave their plows, their nags and cows, their chickens, pigs and cattle; each raw recruit went forth to shoot and mow men down in battle. They used their guns like valiant sons, they scattered lead like water; 'twas their delight when in a fight, to make an awful slaughter. Each day we read of thousands dead, and we grew sick and tired, and hoped that the day might see when no more guns were fired. But still they scrap and change the map, and keep right on a-shootin'; the drums still beat to marching feet and bugles keep on tootin'. Oh, let us pray to speed the day when guns shall quit their sputter; when war shall cease, and man, in peace, shall earn his bread and butter!--E. A. Brininstool.

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10..... 1 2/10 "
11..... 12 4/10 "
12..... 2 8/10 "
13..... 2 46/100 "
14..... 2 4/10 "
15..... 2 9/10 "
16..... 2 8/10 "
17..... 2 4/10 "
18..... 2 24/100 "
19..... 2 4/10 "
20..... 2 28/100 "

As a rule a beauty specialist isn't a beauty.
Self-made men don't always make themselves agreeable.
There is no task too hard for a lazy man not to attempt.
Falling in love is easy but falling out again--aye, that's what hurts.
Most young people fall in love with utter disregard for the consequences.
When he encounters a chap who says "Show me!" the confidence man smiles.
About the only way you can stir up a mean man's conscience is to catch him at it.
Sometimes a man will do a mean thing because he has confidence in his ability to square himself by offering an apology.
A woman laughs when she is in love, probably for the same reason that a timid man whistles--merely to keep up her courage.
No matter how homely a man is, he always imagines he has a pleasing personality.
The young girl who paints her face and bleaches her hair will be old long before her time.
And it is sometimes said of a man that he drinks like a fish--but he imbibes a different fluid.
Holloway's Corn Cure takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it. m

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TTT'S
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