

A Bank Account For Your Wife



THE MERCHANTS BANK

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Your Dentist Knows!

People who have reached middle life invariably have gum trouble. The gums recede from the teeth, abscesses form at the roots and the teeth loosen. This disease is called Pyorrhea, and unless checked at once, the only alternative is to have the teeth removed.

Then the age of artificial teeth begins—the age of the wintry smile. People with soft, spongy gums that bleed easily should use McCrimmon's MOUTH WASH. It prevents Pyorrhea and corrects any inflamed condition of the gums, making them firm and healthy.

You cannot have good teeth unless you have healthy gums. If tartar forms, have it removed by your Dentist; then use McCrimmon's MOUTH WASH. You not only benefit your health, but insure your teeth and gums against Pyorrhea.

McCrimmon's Mouth Wash Will Keep Your Gums Healthy

Ask your Druggist.

McCrimmon's Chemicals Limited
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS
TORONTO - WINNIPEG - VANCOUVER

We Still Have Left

A few good lines of Overcoatings, which we will make up in our usual painstaking manner and snappy styles. You know the "Stevenson Brand of Quality Clothes."

We have also just received a shipment of Spring Suitings, which include the latest word in Suing Cloth. Come in and make your selection early while the range is complete.

Wm. Stevenson

Merchant Tailor, Aylmer

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LAND

To be sold by public auction all the right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the defendants Fred Karn, Annie Karn and Harriet Ackard in and to ALL AND SINGULAR that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Malahide, in the County of Elgin, containing Two and One-quarter acres, more or less, and being composed of part of the South half of Lot Number Fifteen in the Fourth Concession of the said Township of Malahide and more particularly described by metes and bounds as follows:

Commencing at the distance of Twelve rods South from the high water mark of Silver Creek where the said creek crosses the east limit of the said Lot, thence West parallel with the South limit of the said Lot Twenty-two rods. Thence South parallel with the said East limit Ten Rods, thence East parallel with the said South limit Two rods, thence South parallel with the said East limit eight rods, thence East parallel with the said South limit twenty rods, more or less, to the said east limit, thence north along the said east limit eighteen rods, more or less, to the place of beginning.

Upon the premises there is a dwelling house said to be in moderate repair.

Under writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the First Division Court of the County of Elgin between Erving Garret, Plaintiff and Fred Karn, Annie Karn and Harriet Ackard, defendants.

On Saturday the seventh day of February, A. D., 1920 at 2 o'clock p.m. at my office, in the Court House,

in the city of St. Thomas.
W. H. ELLIOTT,
Sheriff of the County of Elgin.
Dated this 15th day of October 1919.
Jan. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29.

BETTER THAN LIFE

By Charles Garvice

(Continued on page seven)

should not be kept out of bed after ten," remarked Bobby.

For about the first time in his life he failed to "rise" her, and she smiled vacantly at him.

"Have you got a headache, Ida?" said Cecilia. "Will you take some of that sal volatile mixture?"

"No, I certainly will not," she said sweetly, far too sweetly. "I had it once—but never again, Cecilia; the mixture is worse than the headache. Besides, I haven't got one; I never have the headache, or the toothache, or the earache."

"Fine constitution," remarked Bobby. "Perfectly sound, excepting the temper. Ahem!"

We had a very pleasant time last night," said the vicar, making haste to avert the storm. "Very pleasant. I don't know when I met a more agreeable man than Lord Levondale."

"Rather, sir!" assented Bobby. "But I say, young 'un how did you come to tell us that he wore an eyeglass, and was of the swell order of mankind? Your description did admirable credit to your imagination, but was no more like the real man than I am like him."

"I told you what I saw," she said,

dreamily. "I can explain the mistake," said the vicar. "The gentleman you saw going into the Hall was Mr. Swayne the earl's lawyer. It was natural that Ida should mistake him for Lord Levondale."

"Well, I'll let you off the lecture I was about to read you," said Bobby; "but don't do it again, that's all."

"Bobby has taken Lord Levondale under his protection," remarked Cecilia with a placid smile.

"That's so, ma'am," he retorted. "It struck me that Lord Levondale was quite capable of taking care of himself," remarked the vicar with a smile.

"Yes; the way he blocked St. Cecilia's attempts at black-mail was distinctly fine," said Bobby.

Cecilia sighed. "I think you had better hold your tongue. I might have got him to promise something."

"I dare say. But it shall never be said that Robert Dunbar stood by and saw a fellow creature in distress without making an effort to save him."

"Isn't it possible to find some other topic of conversation than Lord Levondale?" said Ida blandly. It is getting rather monotonous."

"Ah!" retorted Bobby; "you're suffering remorse this morning, are you, Miss Impertinence? Well I dare say if you go and ask him—ask him prettily, mind—to forgive you, he'll overlook your abominable rudeness of last night."

The red mounted slowly to her face, and her eyes began to flash.

"Bobby, you are rather a nice boy than otherwise, but I have a kind of sneaking fondness for you, which, I admit, is altogether unreasonable; but I am bound to tell you that your attempts at sarcasm are grewsome and pitiable—pitiable!"

Bobby leaned back and laughed delightedly.

"Fetched her at last!" he exclaimed. "Now I can go and grind with a clear conscience. Ta, ta!"

"What are you going to do this morning, my dear?" asked the vicar. "Will you go to the village with Cecilia? It is a lovely morning."

Cecilia went her round of the village every day, wet or fine with the regularity of a policeman.

But Ida shook her head. "I've got letters to write to fourteen girls," she said, with a laugh.

"Go into the study where you'll be quite."

"And find a dictionary," said Bobby who had returned to find something. "But you won't write many letters, for here comes Willie."

A tall, broad-shouldered young man was coming up the path and was shown in. He was a fair young giant, Saxon from tip to toe, with a good-looking face which blushed as quickly and frequently as a girl's.

He had yellow hair and a still lighter mustache, and both seemed to have caught and imprisoned something of the vivid sunlight of the delicious June morning.

Willie Bulton, was as Bobby had said last night, a first-rate judge of horses. He was a splendid cricketer, the best foot-ball player of the country, and a genuine all-round sportsman, as well as a modest, sweet-hearted young man. If Nature had only gone to the extent of her good intentions and finished by bestowing as much brain power as she had pluck and muscle, Willie would have been perfect, and the squire much more comfortable in his mind; for the Bulton property was frightfully mortgaged, and Willie would be a poor man.

There was only one thing open to him all his friends declared, and that was to find some young lady with money and marry her. There wouldn't be any difficulty, they said, because Willie with his handsome face and manly attributes was exceedingly popular with both men and women; and there were already an heiress or two—one in especial—who would have gladly consented to Mrs. Willie if he would only ask them.

But this was what Willie would not, could not do, for, like most poor young men who ought to marry money, he had fallen in love with a young lady as poor as himself, and that young lady now sat and looked at him with calm, unmoved eyes, as if she were not in the least aware that the poor fellow's heart was

leaping and jumping about like a snared bird at the mere sight of her. "Well, Willie," said the vicar, as Willie stood turning his cap in his hand and blushing like a peony, "you've had your breakfast, of course?"

"He was in the habit of dropping in at the vicarage at all hours of the day, and was treated by all there as almost one of the family; for he and Bobby had grown up together, and the vicar had taught them both from the same Latin grammar, or tried to teach them."

"Yes, sir, thank you," replied Willie; and he made his way, looking very large and broad, round the table to Ida.

"How—how do you do, Miss Ida? I heard you were back. You're looking very well. I'm—I'm very glad."

He broke down, having got thus far, and stood blushing scarlet to the roots of his hair.

"Very glad I'm looking well, or that I've come back?" said Ida, who girl-like, was sometimes merciless. "And you are looking well, Willie. Now, is it only my wicked fancy, or have you really grown? I hope it's only my fancy, because you know, you were quite big enough when I went away. Now haven't you?"

He laughed shyly and humbly. He always felt too big and awkward when he was in her dainty, graceful presence.

"I'm—I'm afraid I have grown," he admitted, as if it were a disgraceful fault; "but you've grown too, you know."

"But there was room for me, you see," she said.

"And you've been away such a long time!" he said, his honest blue eyes venturing to dwell for a moment on

Warnock

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Issuer of Marriage Licenses
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I will insure your buildings, your life, your health, against sickness or accident; your stock against death from accident or sickness; invest your surplus cash on mortgages or Dominion War Loan Bonds; secure you a loan on real estate; issue your marriage License; collect your accounts or notes; and do writings of all kinds at the lowest charges consistent with good business. No shoddy.

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the lovely face which he could almost have wished, sometimes less lovely; for its perfection—she was, of course, perfect in his eyes—seemed to separate them so widely.

"My goodness, wert thou not so fair. I should not love thee less, but thou might love me more!"

"It's a tremendous time," he went on. "I've—that is, all of us—have missed you dreadfully. Haven't we, sir?" and he looked pleadingly to the vicar for help.

The vicar nodded and smiled. "Just a little—some of us, Willie," he said.

He saw the love that was beaming

from the young fellow's eyes, and his heart glowed with pity for him.

"Thank you," said Ida. "That's as nice a speech as you ever made, Willie. It's nice to be missed."

"As the election candidate said when a chunk of wood from a free and independent voter just skimmed past his head," put in Bobby.

Willie looked crestfallen at this humorous turn; but Ida, of course "That's the worst of Bobby, you see Willie. He nips in the bud any attempt at sentiment in this family. And how are Mr. and Mrs. Bulton?"

(To be continued next week)

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

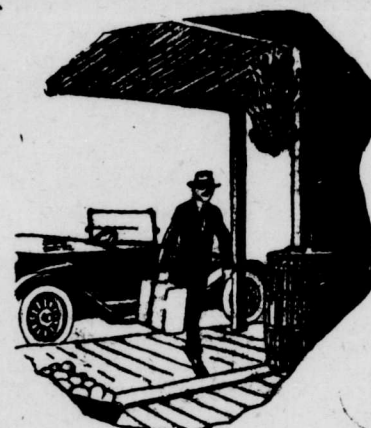
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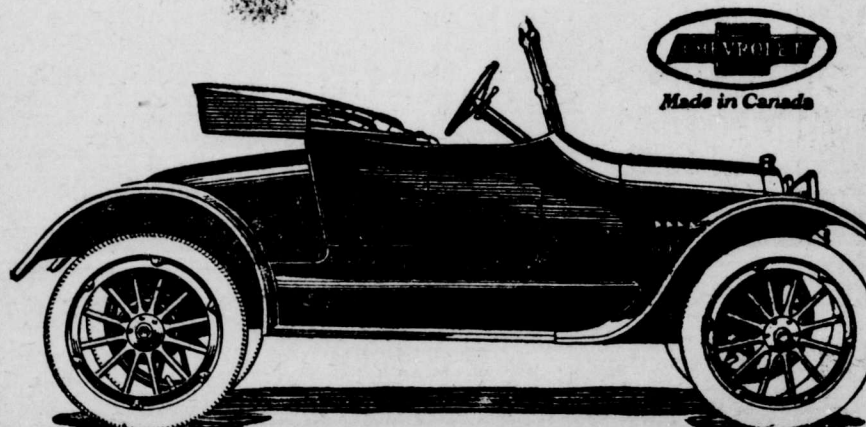
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