
By PETER B. KYNE

"Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," etc.

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"That wouldn't be praying the game," she told him. "I can't help you deceive him. You are the first of your breed-"

"Don't say it," he cried. "Didn't he tell me wanst?"

"Then make the fight, Don-Mr. Cafferty." She lowered her voice. "I am depending on you to stay sober and guard him. He needs a faithful friend so badly, now that Mr. Geary is away," She patted the grimy hand and left him staring at the ground. Presently he sighed, quivered horribly, and shambled out of the patio on to the firing-line. And when he reported to Jack Webster at nine o'clock next morning, he was sober, shaking horribly and on the verge of delirium tremens, but tightly clasped in his plece. Dolores, who had made it her business to be present at the interview, heard John Stuart Webster say heartly:

"The finest thing about a terrible fight, friend Cafferty, is that if it is a worth-while battle, the spoils of victory are exceedingly sweet. You are now about to enjoy one fourth of the said spoils-a large jolt of aguardlente! You must have it to steady your nerves. Go to the nearest cantina and buy one drink; then come back with the change. By that time I shall have breakfasted and you and I will then go shopping. At noon you have another drink; at four o'clock another: and just before retiring you shall have the fourth and east for this day. Remember, Caf-erty: one jolt—no more—and then back here with the exact change."

As Don Juan scurried for salvation, Webster turned to Delores. "He'll fail me now, but that will not be his fault but mine. I've set him too great a task in his present condition. Never theless, to use a colloquial expression I have the Cafferty goat—and I'm going to keep it."

Webster went immediately to his room, called for pen and paper, and proceeded at once to do that which he had never done before-to wit, prepare his last will and testament. In few brief paragraphs he made a holographic will and split his bank-roll equally between the two human beings he cared for most-Billy Geary and Dolores Ruey. "Bill's a gambler like me," he ruminated; "so I'll play safe. The girl is a conservative, and after Bill's wad is gone, he'd be boiled

in oil before he'd prejudice hers."

Having made his will, Webster made a copy of it. The copy he placed in an envelope marked: "For Jack. Not to be opened until after my death." This envelope he then enclosed in a larger one and mailed to Billy at Calle de Concordia No. 19.

Having made his few simple preparations for death, Mr. Webster next burrowed in his trunk, brought forth his big army-type automatic pistol

"Don't Worry About Me" Tom's Assuring Message

On a little farm away up north Tom lived with his parents and one brother. His father, well up in years, found himself unable to continue the hard work of farming, so Tom took up the burden. The income was not large, and the lad signed up with a lumber gang working nearby—sawing logs, stripping bark and driving the teams. Altogether these two jobs, farmer and lumberman, kept his day so well filled that he had time for little more than sleep. Nature reballing at this heavy burden—consumption claimed another victim.

After trying various ways to overcome his physical weekness, he went to the Muskoka Hospitala His parents are anxious about him, they send the other son to see him often, for they are old and feeble and journeying is a hazardous undertaking to them. Tom's own troubles are never so real to him that he forgets others. He asks for those about him, lives for little bits of news about his nome, and never fails to send this message back, "Don't worry about me. The people here sure do treat you white."

A wonderful work is being done by the National Sanitarium Association. The death rate from tuberculosis in Ontario has been reduced by more than one-half during the last twenty years. It needs your help to make its efforts still more effective. Contributions may be sent to Hon. A. Charlton, 223 College Street,

Everyone reads the "Guide-Advocate Want Column" on page 4.

and secured it in a holster under his arm, for he deemed it unwise and pro-vocative of curiosity to appear in immaculate ducks that bulged at the right hip. Next he filled two spare clips with cartridges and slipped them into his pocket, thus completing his few simple preparations for life.

He glanced out the window at the sun. There would still be an bour of daylight; so he descended to the lobby, called a carriage and took a short

Returning to the hotel he dismissed the carriage, climbed the three short steps to the entrance and was passing through the revolving portal, when from his rear some one gave the door a violent shove, with the result that the turnstile partition behind him collided with his back with sufficient force to throw him against the parti-tion in front. Instantly the door ceased to pivot, with Webster locked neatly in the triangular space be-tween the two sections of the revolving door and the jamb.

He turned and beheld in the section behind him an officer of the Sobrantean army. This individual, observing he was under Webster's scrutiny, scowled and peremptorily motioned to Webster to proceedwhich the latter did, with such violence that the door, continuing to revolve, caught up with the Sobrantean and subjected him to the same indignity to which he had subjected Webster.

Once free of the door, Webster waited just inside the lobby for the Sobrantean to conclude his precipitate entrance. When he did, Webster looked him over with mild curiosity and bowed with great condescension. "Did any gentleman ever tell the senor that he is an ill-mannered monkey?" he queried coolly in excel-lent Spanish. "If not, I desire to give the senor that information, and to tell him that his size alone prevents me from giving him a nice little spanking.

"Pig!" the rude one answered hotly. His olive features paled with anger. he trembled with emotion and seemed undecided what to do-seeing which Webster grinned at him tantalizingly. That decided him. No Latin-Ameri can, with the exaggerated ego of his race, can bear even a suspicion of ridicule. The officer walked flercely toward Webster and swung his arm toward the latter's face in an effort to land a slap that was "meant."

Webster merely threw back his head and avoided the blow; his long left arm shot out and beat down the Sobrantean's guard; then Webster's right hand closed around the officer's collar, "Come to me thou insolent little one," he crooned, and jerked his assailant toward him, gathered him up in his arms, carried him, kicking



Soused Him in the Fountain. and screaming with futile rage, out

into the patio and soused him in the fountain. "Now, then, spitfire, that will cool

your hot head, I trust," he admonish ed his unhappy victim, and returned to the hotel. At the desk he paused. "Who was that person I just bath-1?" he inquired of the excited clerk.

"Ah, senor, you shall not long be kept in ignorance," that functionary informed him. "That is the terrible Captain Benavides-" "Do you know, I had a notion it was

Webster replied ruminatively. "Well. I suppose I'm in for a duel added to himself as he climbed the stairs to his room. think that will be most interesting." John Stuart Webster changed into dry clothing and descended to the dining-room. Miss Ruey was already

seated at her table and motioned him to the seat opposite her, and as he

sat down with a contented little sigh,

she gazet, at and with a sewer and more alert interest.
"I hear you've been having adven-

tures again," she challenged. "The news is all over the hotel. I heard it from the head waiter."

"Coffee and pistols for two at daylight," he answered cheerily. "By the way, I have made my will, just to be on the safe side. Will you be good enough to take charge of it until after the funeral? You can turn it over to

She fell readily into the bantering spirit with which he treated this serious subject. Indeed, it was quite im-possible to do otherwise, for John Stuart Webster's personality radiated such a feeling of security, of absolute unbounded confidence in the future and disdain for whatever of good fortune or fil the future might entail, that Dolores found it impossible not to assimilate his mood.

At seven-thirty, after a delightful dinner, the memory of which Mr. Webster was certain would linger under his foretop long after every other had departed, he escorted her to the open carriage he had ordered, and for two hours they circled the Malecon with the elite of Buenaventura, listening to the music of the band, and, during the brief intermissions, to the sound of the waves lapping the beach at the foot of the broad driveway. "This," said John Stuart Webster, as

he said goodnight to Dolores in the lobby, "is the end of a perfect day." It wasn't, for at that precise mo-ment a servant handed him a card, and indicated a young man seated in an adjacent lounging-chair, at the time volunteering the information that the visitor had been awaiting Senor Webster's return for the past hour.

Webster glanced at the card and strode over to the young man. "I am Mr. Webster, sir," he announced civilly in Spanish. "And you are Lieutenant Arredondo?"

The visitor rose, bowed low and indicated he was that gentleman. bave called, Mr. Webster," he stated in most excellent English, "in the interest of my friend and comrade. Captain Benavides." "Ah, yes! The fresh little rooster

I ducked in the fountain this evening. Well, what does the little squirt want now? Another ducking?"

Arredondo flushed angrily but re-membered the dignity of his mission and controlled his temper. "Captain Benavides has asked me to express to you the hope that you, being doubtless a man of honor-

"Stop right there, Lieutenant, There is no doubt about it. I am a man of honor, and unless you are anxious to be ducked in the fountain, you will be more careful in your choice of words. Now then: You are about to say that, being a man of honor-

"You would accord my friend the satisfaction which one gentleman never fails to accord another." "That lets me out, amigo," Webster

"Benavides isn't a gentlelaughed. man. He's a cutthroat, a murdering little black-and-tan-hound. Do I understand he wants me to fight a duel with him?" Lieutenant Arredondo could not

trust himself to speak, and so he bowed profoundly. "Very well, then, Lieutenant," Webster agreed. "Til fight him."

"Tomorrow morning at five o'clock." "Five minutes from now if you say

"Captain Benavides will be grateful for your willing spirit, at least," the

second replied bitterly. "You realize, of course, Mr. Webster, that as the challenged party, the choice of weapons rests with you." "Certainly. I wouldn't have risked

a duel if the choice lay with the other With your permission, dear sir, we'll fight with Mauser rifles at a thousand yards, for the reason that I never knew a Greaser that could hit the broad side of a brewery at any range over two hundred and fifty yards." Webster chuckled fiendishly. Lieutenant Arredondo bit his lips in anger and vexation. "I cannot agree to such an extraordinary duel," he complained. "It is the custom in Sobrante for gentlemen to fight with

"Oh, dry up, you sneaking mur-derer," Webster exploded. "There isn't going to be any duel except on my terms—so you might as well take a straight tip from headquarters and stick to plain assassination. You and Benavides have been sent out by your superior to kill me—you got your orders this very afternoon at the entrance to the government palace-and I'm just not going to be killed. Beat it, boy, while the going is good." pointed toward the hotel door. "Out, you blackguard!" he roared. "Vaya!"

Lieutenant Arredondo rose and with dignified mien started for the door. Webster followed, and as his visitor reached the portal, a tremendous kick well placed, lifted him down to the sidewalk. Shrieking curses, he fled into the night; and John Stuart Webster, with a satisfied feeling that something accomplished had earned a

INTERESTING NEWS OF THE DISTRICT

Coal is selling at Glencoe at \$20 ton and at Strathroy at \$16. Miss Frances Moss has been en-gaged as librarian for Glencoe's new

public library. George Lougheed, the Bosanquet farmer accused of theft of a cow was honorable acquitted at the County Court. Sarnia.

Business men all over the Dominion are a unit in their opposition to the tax on receipts, which comes into effect on January 1st.

As the result of a little local war mong the dealers, gasoline was selling at Strathroy for several days at almost give-away prices. On Sunday, Dec. 10th, the congregation of St. John's Anglican

church, Glencoe, observed the 29th anniversary of the building of the church. The tax colelctor of Burford township was held up at his home Friday

night and forced at the point of revolvers to hand over \$2,000, his collection of the previous day. W. G. McKay, of London, Dominion Government butter inspector,

has purchased the building and plant of the Glencoe Creamery and expects to open it for business in the course of a few days. Entering his barn late last Tuesday morning, Alvin MacGregor, residing on the third concession, Howard, a mile and a half from Ridge

town, found the lifeless body of his

father, John MacGregor, hanging

from a beam. Kent county authorities have offered a reward of \$200 for information leading to the arrest of Capt. Clarence L. Johnston, alias Burns, who is wanted on a charge of burg-larizing stores in the town of Wal-

laceburg Young People of the P. & E. town line, met at the home of Wilbur Steadman to bid farewell to Miss Pearl Grey, who is leaving for Cleveland to reside with her brother. Miss Grey was the recipient of many handkerchiefs, papetries, towels, etc.

Peter A. Blackburn who has been city treasurer of Sarnia for two years, has resigned to accept the city treasurership of Oshawa, at a salary of \$2,700. There is general regret at Mr. Blackburn's decision. Mr. Blackburn is a son-in-law of A. Thoman of Arkona.

Duncan Grant, prominent grocer died at Amherstburg Christmas Day from pneumonia, in his 34th year. His widow and three children vive. Mrs. George Jameison of Sarnia; Mrs. A. W. Kelly, Watford; Miss Inez Grant of the Windsor public school teaching staff; Miss Virginia Grant of Washington, and Mrs. W. Davidson of Chicago, are sisters. Deceased was a member of was active in affairs of the Brunner Mond Club. Amherstburg High School Board and the local Lawn Bowling Club.

night's repose, reured to his room his silk pajamas, and slept the sleep of a healthy, conscience-free

At about the same hour Neddy Jerome, playing solitaire in the Engi-

neers' club in Denver, was the recipient of a cablegram which read: "If W. cables accepting reply rejecting account job filled otherwise spilled. Implicit obedience spells victory.

"Henrietta." Neddy Jerome wiped his spectacles, adjusted them on his nose and read this amazing message ence more. "Jumped-up Jehosophat!" he mur-mured. "If she hasn't followed that madcap Webster clear to Buenaventura! If she isn't out in earnest to earn her fee, I'm an orang-outang! By thunder, that's a smart woman. All right! I'll be implicitly obedient." Two hours later Neddy Jerome received another cablegram. It from John Stuart Webster and read as follows:

"Hold job ninety days at latest may be back before. If satisfactory cable. Again Mr. Jerome had recourse to the most powerful expletive at his command. "Henrietta knew he was going to cable and beat the old sourdough to it." he soliloquized. He was wrapped in profound admiration of her cunning for as much as five min ntes; then he indited this reply to his victim:

"Time, tide and good jobs wait for no man. Sorry. Job already filled

When John Stuart Webster received that cablegram the following morning, cursed bitterly-not because he had lost the best job that had ever been offered him, but because he had lost through playing a good hand noorly. He hated himself for his

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Pay Your Subscription in Advance The young men of Glencoe will hold a dance on New Year's night.

Thomas English, a well known resident of Wardsville, died on Friday, aged 81 years. For many years he was reeve of Mosa Township and was an active worker in municipal and political affairs. He was a resident of Mosa township for 60 years. He is survived by his widow.

Eight members of the family of Niles Jackson, of Parkhill, all took ill with typhoid fever. Three of the children were taken to Strathroy Hospital and the others taken to St. Joseph's Hosptial, London. Impure well water is thought to have caused the epidemic.

Mrs. Katherine McFarlane, widow of the late Daniel McFarlane, and one of Thamesville's oldest residents passed peacefully away at the family residence, Sherman street, last Wedhesday evening at the advanced age of 86 years, 6 months and 4 days.

The death of Jane Davidson occurred at her home near Ravenswood on Friday, Dec. 15th, at the age of 78 years, 11 months and 15 days. The funeral was held to the Ravens wood cemetery for interment. Service being held in the Methodist church conducted by the Rev. Pentland ...

Burglars threatened the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey M. Janisse and their infant baby, Amherstburg, when the family returned home late Sunday night and interrupted the robbers as they were leisurely ransacking the house. Both were robbed of their personal valuables and roughly handled by the thieves before the intruders left.

Mr. John Farrell was pleasantly surprised on Tuesday evening to re-ceive a beautiful! pair of gold cuff links, suitably engraved off the Christmas tree at the concert given by S.S. No. 7, Plympton, (Reece's Corners) Mr. Farrell was chairman of the evening, which honor he has held at this concert every year for the past twenty years.

The pupils of St. John's church Sunday school, Wyoming, held their Christmas anniversary Monday evening. An interesting feature was the reading of an illuminated address to Mr. and Mrs. J.B. Dale, and the presentation to each of them of a handsomely bound prayer book. This surprise was arranged in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Dale's superintendency.

The funeral of Mrs. T.B. Pardee who died Friday night, took place Sunday afternoon to Lakeview cemetery, with a large attendance of including her sons Thistle lodge A.F. and A.M. and M. of Sarnia, Mrs. Kittermaster of tor F.F. Pardee, John B. and Henry Sarnia and Mrs. Burrowes of De-troit, daughters. Special funeral service was conducted in St. George's Anglican church by the Rev. D. W. Collins.

Mrs. Atkinson, widow of the late Wm. Atkinson, Wardsville, died at her home on Tuesday night after an illness of several years. Before her marriage she was Miss Gage, her parents living near Florence. She leaves two sons, Wm. A., at home, and Rev. Geo. Atkinson of Morningside; also three daughters, Miss Atkinson and Miss Marset et have Atkinson and Miss Margaret, at home Mrs. Will Jackson of St. Thomas.

WEST ADELAIDE

The W.M.S. of West Adelaide Presbyterian church held their annual meeting at the home of Mrs. Walter Hall on Thursday, December 7th, with an attendance of 15 members and eight visitors. Most of the old officers were re-elected. President, Mrs. Jas. Wiley; vice president Mrs. Wilbert Murray, 2nd vice president, Mrs. W. J. McChesney (only appointed); secretary, Mildred McInroy, treasurer, Lizzie Watson; Ladies' Aid s treasurer, Miss Lizzie Watson; tary, Mrs. L. Grogan. Messenger secretary, Miss A. McKenzie (newly appointed); Organist, Mrs. G. Cle-land. Mrs. Wilbert Murray added to the program by a humorous reading. The next place of meeting has not as yet been arranged.

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