

Sovereign Cure for Rheumatism

Mrs. E. W. Hazlett, 163 Wyandotte Street, Windsor, Ont., says there is only one Kidney Remedy in the world for her—GIN PILLS.

"Gin Pills, I know from personal experience, are the sovereign remedy for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble in any form. I was cured by them after months of suffering. I was helpless—had several doctors and many other remedies but all failed to cure me. Then I tried Gin Pills with the result that I am well to-day. I heartily recommend them to any person suffering from Kidney or Bladder Trouble."

Gin Pills

FOR THE KIDNEYS
cure because they act directly on the Kidneys and Bladder—softening and healing the inflamed tissues, and neutralizing uric acid.
Trial treatment free—regular size, 50c. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50 and every box sold with our spot cash guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Sold in the United States under the name "GINO" Pills.
National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto



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D. A. McLACHLAN - PRINCIPAL.

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Renfrew Standard Gasoline Engines Start without cranking.
Renfrew Standard Cream Separators Best by every test.
Gramophones, Records and Supplies of all kinds.
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8765

LOVELL'S BAKERY

FLOUR has raised again! and is going still higher. It don't pay you to bake these fine days. We are at it every day, let us do it for you. We use the very best materials we can buy—that means that we make first-class goods.
OUR WEDDING CAKES ALWAYS PLEASE
LOVELL'S BAKERY

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
T. B. Taylor & Sons, Druggists, Watford.

Cosgrove's Comedy

An Incident of Travel

By EPES WINTROP SARGENT
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Cosgrove stepped aboard a morning train at Philadelphia for New York. The weather was pleasant, and, after he had finished his newspaper, he leaned back in his chair and looked out through the window.

Why is it that a man is more impossible while traveling than during the ordinary routine of life's duties, pleasures, rests? Animal trainers say that if they wish to train a dog they try various dogs till they find one whose attention they can secure. Perhaps this is so with Cupid. The little god waits till he gets a man in company with a woman when he has nothing else to think about. At any rate, many a man has met his fate on a train.

Clinton Cosgrove mentally gave thanks that the girl across the aisle was so absorbed in her newspaper. Cosgrove could not do much reading on the train. The shifting lights made his head ache.

A crowd of noisy drummers, joliant over their nearness to New York, were filling the cafe car with the smoke from their cheap cigars and had rendered the place unbearable. It was pleasant to sit back in his chair and study the girl opposite.

Cosgrove enjoyed mysteries, and here was one ready at hand to beguile the tedium of the trip to town.

To begin with, she was rather more than pretty and, moreover, possessed an air of distinction that added to her physical charm. She wore her fashionably tailored gown with the air of one used to good dressing, yet the hand bag that rested at her feet was worn and shabby—a relic of the days when paper imitations of alligator hide were "quick sellers" in the shoddy shops.

She occupied her seat in the chair car as though she were used to such conveniences, yet the woman who had escorted her on board and taken an affectionate farewell, with the wish that the "job" would come quickly, suggested the day coach rather than the Pullman.

Almost before the train had pulled out she was engrossed in a New York paper, turning, after a brief glance at the headlines, to the "want" advertisements.

For a man who spent the major portion of his waking hours in an endeavor to get the best of the Wall street gamble Cosgrove possessed an imagination of singular fertility and delicacy, and from the meager facts apparent he wove a romance about the girl.

From between his half closed eyelids he observed the mass of golden hair that crowned the shapely head and shaded the high, white brow. He rejoiced in the purity of her profile and the soft coloring of her skin and noted with an artist's appreciation the lithe lines of her slender figure and the perfection of detail in her dress. From every point of view she was admirable.

Then his thoughts reverted to the mother, with her coarse, red hands, her flacid coloring, the rusty hat and the plaid shawl surrounding the skirt of some rough dark stuff that long since had faded from any defensible tint. From the comparison the inference was obvious.

The girl must have inherited her refinement from her father. He could picture the very type of broken down fellow of good family—glad to wed a woman of coarser fiber who would put him on a pedestal of adoring love, content to slave over the tubs and scrubbing bucket that he might enjoy the leisure that was so clearly his due.

Those fellows seldom lived long. Usually they drank themselves to death. Then the love that had worked uncomplainingly for him had worked for the baby.

She should be a lady as her father had been a gentleman. He could imagine the sacrifices and privations that had been endured that this tender girl might be reared to a life of gentility.

Now her education was complete, and she was faring forth to New York in search of a job. Perhaps a few months in an office and then the stage would claim her for its own.

Show girls of her rare distinction were eagerly sought. Somehow he did not like to think of this flower girl engulfed in the vortex of Broadway.

And so, as the train sped through the Pennsylvania valleys, Cosgrove speculated on the outcome of the quest. He started guiltily as the porter gave the first call for lunch and the girl rose quietly to go forward to the diner. The meal meant the price of a day's work for the toll worn hands of the mother, yet it seemed perfectly right that she should go.

She had carelessly thrown the paper on the seat, and with an assumption of indifference Cosgrove reached for it. With a confident smile he turned to the "want" pages.

It was just as he had supposed. The advertisements she had been clipping were from the "wants" for typewriters and stenographers. She was looking for a place in an office.

She had clipped more than a dozen of the tiny slips, and in his imagination he could see her that evening laboriously answering the advertisers. Probably she had already arranged to go to some working girls' home, and she would enter on her task with the confidence of a novice.

He could trace the gradual growth of disappointment at her lack of success, the dwindling of the scanty funds and finally the abandonment to despair. And then! Would she go back to the squalid home—or would she stay?

It all seemed so real to him that she returned before he remembered to put back the paper. She gracefully accepted his apology and tendered its longer use in well chosen words, but he blunderingly thanked her and retired in confusion to the diner for a lunch he did not care for.

He braved the smoke from the drummers' cigars until the train had passed Newark. Then he went back to his seat with his mind made up.

But it was not until the train had crept into the shed at Jersey City and they were hurrying down the platform between the tracks that he at last found courage to speak.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered as he raised his hat. "I suppose you will think me meddlesome, but I could not help seeing that you were interested in the 'want' advertisements."

They had passed the gate, and she turned and faced him, polite inquiry in her expression.

"You see," he hurried on, "I don't suppose that you—that is, your friend—realize that most of the places advertised are already filled. Now, if—or—your friend is looking for a stenographic position there is a vacancy in my office. If you will call—that is, if your friend will call—tomorrow after 3 perhaps it might be arranged."

"I thank you," she said gratefully as she took his card. "At 3, you said?"
"At 3. The exchange does not close until then."

He raised his hat and turned away. He congratulated himself on that fiction of a friend. It had made it very easy for him to speak, and he saw that she understood.

They needed another typist in the office. Within twenty-four hours she would be installed in his employ. What might not the future bring forth?

Cosgrove had never known time to drag so slowly. The hands of the big clock behind the chairman's little balcony seemed to stand still as he moved impatiently about the floor of the exchange. Once when Sugden met him and had begun to complain of his typewriter Cosgrove had mentioned the paragon he was to have in his employ.

He was ashamed of himself a minute later, but the damage had been done, and when the hands at last reached 3 and the gavel fell Sugden headed a delegation that would not be shaken off.

They burst into the outer office of Carman & Cosgrove and came to a dead halt. Cosgrove gasped, but went forward to greet a replica of the old woman of the station.

She was younger, and the plaid shawl was replaced by a badly cut jacket, but she was her mother's daughter. Cosgrove would have known her in a thousand.

He hustled her into his private office and turned over the card she handed him. It was his own card, and on the reverse was written, "Introducing Mrs. Behrman, in whose behalf you were kind enough to speak last night."

It was some satisfaction to find that she was a capable worker, with orthodox ideas of spelling instead of her own system of simplification, and with a brief arrangement as to terms Cosgrove rose to indicate that the interview was over.

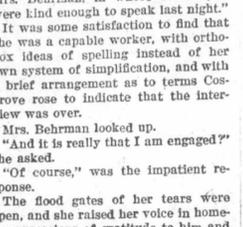
Mrs. Behrman looked up.
"And it is really that I am engaged?" she asked.
"Of course," was the impatient response.

The flood gates of her tears were open, and she raised her voice in homely expressions of gratitude to him and to Helen Westervelt.

Cosgrove gasped as he heard the name. It was at least a mercy that he had employed his "fiction" of a friend. She had supposed that he understood, for she was the prime leader of all movements for working girls, and it was only natural that she should suppose that he knew her by sight.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF ASTHMA

Suffered Terribly for 15 Years Until He Tried "Fruit-a-lives"



D. A. WHITE, Esq.
21 WALLACH AVE., TORONTO, Ont.
Dec. 22nd, 1913.

"Having been a great sufferer from Asthma for a period of fifteen years (sometimes having to sit up at night for weeks at a time) I began the use of 'Fruit-a-lives'. These wonderful tablets relieved me of Indigestion, and through the continued use of same, I am no longer distressed with that terrible disease, Asthma, thanks to 'Fruit-a-lives' which are worth their weight in gold to anyone suffering as I did. I would heartily recommend them to all sufferers from Asthma, which I believe is caused or aggravated by Indigestion."
D. A. WHITE.

For Asthma, Hay Fever, for any trouble caused by excessive nervousness due to Impure Blood, Faulty Digestion or Constipation, take 'Fruit-a-lives' 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

SOCIETIES.

Court Lorne, No. 17 C.O.F.
Regular meetings the Second and Fourth Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock.
Court Room over Stapleford's store, Main street, Watford.
B. Smith, C. R. J. H. Hume R. Sec., J. B. Collier, P. Sec.

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—AND—
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Family Herald and Weekly Star	\$1 85
Weekly Mail and Empire	1 85
Weekly Farmers Sun	1 85
Weekly London Free Press	1 85
Weekly London Advertiser	1 65
Saturday Globe	2 00
Northern Messenger	1 40
Weekly Montreal Witness	1 85
Hamilton Spectator	1 85
Weekly Farmer's Advocate	2 35
Daily News	3 00
Daily Star	3 00
Daily World	4 00
Daily Globe	4 00
Scientific American	4 75
Mail and Empire	4 00
Morning London Free Press	4 00
Evening London Free Press	3 00
Morning London Advertiser	3 00
Evening London Advertiser	3 00

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE
Trains leave Watford Station as follows

GOING WEST	
Accommodation, 109	8 44 a.m.
Accommodation, 111	2 55 p.m.
Chicago Express, 1	9 09 p.m.
GOING EAST	
Accommodation, 110	7 43 a.m.
New York Express, 6	11 02 a.m.
New York Express, 2	3 00 p.m.
Accommodation, 112	5 16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent Watford

Fair Dates

Forest—Sept. 29, 30.
Strathroy—Sept. 20 to 22.
Petrolia—Sept. 22 to 25.
Sarnia—Sept. 27 to 29.
Wyoming—Oct. 1, 2.
WATFORD—OCT. 5, 6.
Alvinston—Oct. 7, 8.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Woolen materials can be cleaned with a dry rubber sponge, care being taken to rub the wrong side of the nap. Nothing makes better wash cloths than white stockings cut open. The edges may be finished with pink or blue crochet.

For salad dressing three tablespoonfuls of oil, one and one-half of vinegar, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of pepper.

If you keep a canary see that his cage is spotlessly clean. It is better for his health as well as for the cheerful aspect of the room.

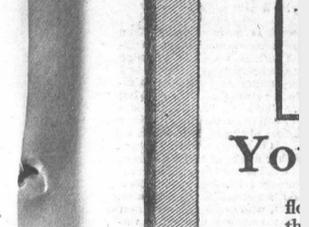
Make a batter with six ounces of flour, one egg and three-quarters pint of milk or milk and water. Pour over the meat and bake for one hour. For serving cut in squares and pile on a hot dish.

New dishes are not so apt to break if they are put into a pan of hot water and set on the stove. Let the water come slowly to a boil. Then take them off the stove and when the water is cool take them out. After this you can put them in as hot water as you wish and have no fear of cracking them.

Delicious Baked Custard—Boil an ounce of rice in a pint of milk until the latter is quite creamy. Then strain out the rice, sweeten the milk to taste and add a well beaten egg. Pour into a jug and proceed as directed in the above recipe. This is both economical and nourishing, also suitable for delicate folk or children.

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.

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J-M Asbestos Roofing
begins to save money as soon as it is laid. It never requires painting, greasing or repairs and its white surface is not only attractive, it reflects the heat of the sun and makes buildings cooler in summer.
J-M Asbestos Roofing covers hundreds of the largest and finest buildings in all parts of the country. It is the ideal roof for any building anywhere.
GEO. CHAMBERS

ACID PRO
FIRE PRO
WEATHER PRO

A roof that will last as long as the building must be proof against fire, rot, rust, acid and chemical fumes, heat and cold. The only ready roofing about which this can be said is J-M Asbestos Roofing. Our parcels are packed with as much as a young married woman takes on a husband.—New York Tribune.

A Japanese Advertisement

As an illustration of the Japanese in the art of advertising can thing be more complete than this? wrapping paper is as strong as the of an elephant. Goods forwarded the speed of a cannon ball. Our and satins are as soft as the cheeks of a pretty woman, as beautiful as a rain cloud. Our parcels are packed with as much as a young married woman takes on a husband.—New York Tribune.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
If you are fixed for life the insurance I will fix you for death.