

## SIR HENRY DRAYTON Minister of Finance and Miss Constance Bolton of Toronto

will address a meeting in the  
Lyceum, Watford, on  
**THURSDAY, NOV. 3rd**  
at 2 o'clock p.m.

They will also address a similar  
meeting in Petrolia Opera  
House that evening at 8 p.m.  
Ladies cordially invited.

### POLLING HOURS IN CANADIAN ELECTION

The hours of voting in rural and urban polling districts will be the same—from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.—in the forthcoming general election, an amendment to the Dominion Election Act having been passed at the last session of Parliament to provide for this. In the 1920 amendment to the act provision was made for opening city polls at 6 o'clock in the morning and keeping them open until 6 o'clock at night. When these hours were put into effect in bye-elections, however, it was found that there was practically no votes cast before 8 o'clock in the morning, and also that candidates had great difficulty in getting their representatives to attend at the different polling places at 6 o'clock. A provision is made in Section 55 of the Act, however, governing polling in municipalities near the International boundary. Provision is made in the Act for the holding of advance polls for railway employees, sailors and commercial travellers whose work would take them away from their original polling division on the day of polling. The rules governing procedure at advance polls are given in the chief electoral officer's instructions for the guidance of returning officers and other election officials governing these polls. Schedule 2 of the Act provides for the holding of advance polls at practically all railway divisional points and throughout the Dominion and similar towns and cities where railway men, commercial travellers and seamen would be likely to live in any considerable numbers. Electors voting at these polls are required to take a declaration that they come within the classes for which such a poll is provided.

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### ARKONA

Mrs. Black of Detroit is spending a few days with Mrs. S. R. Lampman.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Morningstar of Detroit spent the week end at the home of Mr. Chas. Cliff.

Mr. James Evans is building an addition to the Skating Rink which will be a great improvement.

Mr. Dan Smith, Grand Bend, is renewing old acquaintances in the village.

Mr. Verne Huntley is erecting a large brick store on North street. He will have one of the most up-to-date bakery and ice cream parlors. The great demand for his bread has made this improvement necessary.

The following real estate changed owners this past week: Mr. Clayton Herrington bought the house and lot of Mr. John Lenard; Mr. Herb. Benedict the home of Miss Menhenick. Mr. McLeish the house and land belonging to Mrs. Anderson; Mr. Jacob Smith bought at auction the house and lot belonging to Mrs. R. George.

St. Marys Journal: "Miss Margaret Fuller of Arkona returned to her home on Tuesday after spending a few days with her friend, Miss Ida Brown."

A well-known and highly-esteemed resident of this district passed away on Monday last when Mr. James Muma was called at the age of 71 years. The funeral took place Thursday afternoon to Arkona cemetery.

The barn belonging to Mrs. Mary Herrington who lives three miles east of Arkona was completely destroyed by fire about one o'clock Tuesday morning. The season's crop, all the farm implements and some live stock were burned. The threshing belonging to Mr. J. W. Stephenson of Arkona, who had moved in to thresh the next day was destroyed. The fire when discovered had made such headway great difficulty was found in saving some cattle and horses. Mr. Stephenson had no insurance on his threshing. Mrs. Herrington's barn and contents insured.

### KERWOOD

Dr. Graham of Washington spent a few days visiting his sister, Mrs. Chas. Foster.

A very successful bee was held on Monday levelling the grounds around the new church.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Waltham, who have spent the summer visiting their relatives have returned to their home in B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baird of Edmonton, Alberta, visited the former's sister, Mrs. John Richardson, a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Byerly, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dowling of Sarnia, and Mrs. Eastman of Arkona, called on friends in the village Sunday.

Have your comic costume ready for the Halloween Masquerade party to be held at Mr. Andrew Beattie's on the evening of the 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Bourns of Alvinston, Mr. and Mrs. T. Freer of Petrolia, Mr. John Richardson, Petrolia, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Richardson last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Waite and son Clifford of Sarnia, Mr. Wesley Waite and Mrs. Hemmingway of Detroit, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Langford recently.

Miss Erma Wright, Miss A. Campbell of the Home Bank staff, Melbourne, also Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Hardy of Melbourne, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wright.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church will meet on Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, at the home of Mrs. John Carroll. All the members are urged to be present as there are many items to be discussed in connection with the church opening.

The W. A. of St. Paul's church will hold their thanksgiving meeting on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, at the home of Mrs. deGex. An interesting musical program will be given. The ladies are having a bazaar where you may select your Christmas gifts. Lunch will be served and a special collection taken. All are welcome.

### OLD PHYSICIAN ANSWERS CALL

London, Ont., Oct. 24.—The death occurred at his residence, 249 Queen's avenue, this morning of Dr. Walter H. Moorehouse, aged 80, for half a century a practicing physician here, and one of London's most prominent citizens. He was born in the county of Lambton, and was graduated in 1874 from the University of Toronto, with the degree of M.B. For a time he did post-graduate work in England, and, returning to Canada, secured the degree of B.A., from the Western University, London. Dr. Moorehouse had been for seventeen years Dean of the Western Medical College, and was for eight years Vice-Chancellor of the University. He was Past President of the London Medical Association, the Ontario Medical Association, and the Canadian Medical Association. He had also been a member of the Senate of Huron College, and a Warden of St. Paul's Cathedral. He is survived by his wife, J. Hopkins Moorehouse of Winnipeg, a well-known Canadian author, is a nephew.

### THE LATE JNO. G. SPRINGSTEAD

On Tuesday, October 4th there passed away in Port Huron, Mich., John G. Springstead, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Donald Springstead. Mr. Springstead was born in Warwick in 1869 and in 1887 was married to Isabella Cronkite, of Ennisville Township. They made their home farm on the 8th line for a while and moved to Port Huron where they have since resided, twenty-one years ago. Mr. Springstead was a liberal in politics and a member of the Methodist church. The funeral services were conducted by the I.O.O.F. Lodge, of which Mr. Springstead was a member, in Port Huron, on Thursday, October 6th. He was a member of six fraternal societies and one member of each acted as pallbearers. His wife and one daughter, Mrs. F. Haldmen, of Pennsylvania; three sisters, Mrs. Thos. Cathers, Inwood; Mrs. M. A. Campbell, Glenora; Mrs. Chas. Graham, Sarnia, and two brothers, Mr. Wm. Springstead, St. Marys, and Mr. Archie Springstead, Carleton Place, Mich., all who attended the funeral service.

### THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS DOG

A Hollander, addressing his dog, said:—You was only a dog but I wish I was you. When you go mit your bed in you shust turn round three times and lay down. Ven I go mit the bed in I haf to lock up de place, and vind up de clock and put the cat out, and ondress myself. Den my frou she vake up and scolds and de baby vakes up and cries. Den I haf to vake him mid the house round, den maybe ven I gets myself to bed it is time to get up again.

Ven you get up you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a leedle and you vas up. I haf to light de fire, put on de kiddie, scrap some mit my vife already and git myself breakfast. You play around all day and have plenty of fun. I haf to work all day and haf plenty of drubble. And ven you die you vas dead, but ven I die, I haf to go to hell yet.

Try Guide-Advocate "Wants"

## To Win the Love of Philip Utard

By DORA MOLLAN

(© by McClure Newspaper-Syndicate.)

That "A woman with fair opportunity and without an absolute lump may marry whom she likes." And "Vanity Fair" being the book chosen as the week's English lesson for the senior class at the Pitman high, it came naturally about that this fragment of the philosophy of a wise man should be the subject of discussion by a group of girl students gathered in a corner of the big assembly room.

"Why, it's no more to be doubted that Professor Bank's toupe!" This calm statement by Susan Belden ought to have settled the question forever—for hadn't Susan littered the steps of Pitman's school system with heart-breaks? Nor was she the prettiest girl in the class, by several.

Some budding iconoclast in the group murmured, sotto voce, "Her mother feeds 'em!" This drew smothered giggles. But it was Anne Tyson, the acknowledged brains of the senior class, who had the temerity to openly qualify the dictum of the class belle.

"You can win a man, girls, by trickery. But you can't keep him by the same method—not if he's worth it." Came a day when this shaft, sped at a fair mark, was to turn, boomerang-like, and fly back at the archer.

Fate seems to have her own inscrutable reasons for requiring certain pairs of individuals to "fall in" side by side and march in step, even when there is no particular sympathy, or even liking. It was that way at school—and afterward—with Sue Belden, daughter of the proprietor of the town's one little department store, and Anne Tyson, whose father was the town's leading physician.

They lived on the same street, played in the same group as children, were members of the same class in "high," both graduated from the commercial course—and then obtained positions in the same office—that of a big chair factory, which was Pitman's leading industry. And to top it off fate carried her fantasy so far as to plunge them both in love with the same man at the same time.

Philip Utard, son of the senior member of the firm, had been transferred from the Boston headquarters to the Pitman plant to learn the details of production. And gossip speculated as to whether he would not follow the example of his father and of an elder brother—and acquire also a life partner from among the establishment's female personnel. That was getting to be quite the Utard way.

If Philip did meditate any such step it was soon apparent enough—to the watchful gossip—that his choice lay between Anne Tyson and Susan Belden, for Philip divided his leisure very evenly between the Tyson and Belden homes, or escorting the girls alternately to such entertainments as the town afforded. Perhaps he enjoyed the company of Anne's father, for Doctor Tyson was a man of broad and genial culture. And it was still said of Sue's mother that she "fed 'em."

Anyway, on a certain day in January it would have been necessary for Philip Utard himself to toss up a penny had he been pinned down to a decision there and then.

It was on this day that Susan took close note of Anne's heightened color as Utard passed close to their desks. She leaned slightly toward Anne, and with a laugh that was just a little machine made, inquired whether she remembered the schoolroom discussion on the Thackerayism. "What cocksure little idiots we were!" she exclaimed. "Wise men change their minds, don't they, Anne—and wise women?"

There was a challenge in the girl's voice. But from the well-poised Anne it got no response beyond a non-committal "sometimes."

Yet the thoughts of Anne were "long, long thoughts" in the hour intervening between her arrival home and the serving of dinner by the rotund Lucinda, boss of the Tyson menage. This hour Anne habitually spent before the fire in the living room awaiting the doctor's return from his afternoon round of calls.

It was here that Anne confessed to herself what she had never confessed before—that for weeks she had been trying with all her might and main—like the nursery rhyme man of the bramble bush—to win the love of Philip Utard. And had she, like the bramble-bush man, scratched out both her eyes in the proceeding?

Just because she considered herself a more fit wife than Sue Belden for a man of Philip's mentality, did it follow that she would be able to make

him happier? Suppose that, with unliberal effort, she won him—wouldn't he be very likely to discover later that he had been the man of her choice, instead of her being the woman of his? And would that make for happiness for either? There was nothing for her to do but jump right back into that bush!

That evening Philip came to call—and departed vainly trying to recall what he could possibly have done to so change Anne toward him. Not once had she responded to word or look of his in her usual bright, sympathetically interested way. And when her father appeared after his office hours she excused herself and

said she was going to retire. So it happened the next time—and again. Now the cooler Anne grew toward Philip the more desirable she became to him, but try as he would he could make no progress toward finding the cause of her "new indifference." Denied even the satisfaction of his instinctive social qualities, Utard turned more often to Susan Belden for companionship and the oftener he did the more persistently his thoughts were occupied with Anne.

It was a cold, sullen February Sunday afternoon when it came to Philip that he could stand this state of affairs no longer, and he set out for the Tyson home, determined to corner Anne and get the truth from her if possible.

From her window Anne caught sight of Philip as he toiled up the hill against the bitter north wind. In an instant she was into her fur coat and tam and running down the back stairs. In the kitchen she successfully dodged the vast bulk of Lucinda, who couldn't see "no sense nohow" in going out on such a day—and was on her way down the back road, which led straight out into the open country, at the moment when Philip rang the bell.

Lucinda, with a wave of her pudgy black hand, pointed out the direction of Anne's flight, disclaiming with a shake of her woolly head any responsibility for "sech foolishness." There was a grim, do-or-die look about Philip as he snugged his coat collar about his neck and set out in pursuit.

Anne looked back from the first rise in the road and saw Philip striding across the back yard. As she reconnoitered again from the summit of the second rise he was just topping the first. The wind whipped her short walking skirt tight against her legs. It was hard going. It began to snow, fine light flakes, forerunner of a real storm. But to Anne the pursuit had become a symbol. She had not the slightest thought of turning back. If Philip really wanted to see her—to be with her—badly enough not to give up in spite of anything—well, she would test him to the utmost of her strength.

And Philip—it seemed to him that his very life depended on overtaking that light figure flying before him into the teeth of the storm, even as his happiness must depend on what was to transpire at the end of the chase. He was gaining fast. The snow blinded Anne's eyes, and the bite of the wind sent tears coursing down her cheeks; but still she managed, somehow, to keep putting one foot ahead of the other. He was almost up to her. Her strength was gone. But surely she could take one more step. And then—she vanished from the sight of the man behind her as though the earth had swallowed her.

There was an excavation—some road work going on and the light timber barrier had been blown away by the wind. Unhurt, but exhausted, Anne lay where she fell. But a strong arm lifted her and held her tight, and Philip's voice said: "I was prepared to follow you to the ends of the earth, but not to the center of it. But we're here. And before we get out you've got to tell me why you have frozen me; why you have avoided me; why you ran away from me just now."

Anne was too tired to lift her head from that broad shoulder. "It was because," she said—"because I didn't have an absolute lump."

Phil let it go at that, then. But a hundred times since, over coffee or crib, he has tried to find out what she meant. But Anne only laughs.

Irish Had "Mayflower" Adventure. Students of Anglo-American history have just directed attention to the fact that Ireland also had her "Mayflower." This was the Eaglewing, which, no later than 1636, set sail with a full passenger list of Ulstermen for the American colonies. There were 40 passengers, among whom were four ministers. Ill-luck began at once, for unconquerable winds drove the vessel to the Scottish coast. A leak then held the ship in the "Kyles of Bute." Starting again, she achieved mid-Atlantic, but there a hurricane did such damage and caused such general discouragement that finally the Irish pilgrims made up their minds that Providence was frowning on their emigration, and turned their vessel back to Ireland.



"MICKEY"—Showing at the Lyceum Next Wednesday. Reserve your seats now at Taylor's. Adults 50c, children