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Accommodation, 6.....	6 44 p.m.
GOING EAST	
Accommodation, 80.....	7 32 a.m.
New York Express, 6.....	11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 18.....	2 47 p.m.
Accommodation, 112.....	5 16 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent Watford	

Bonhomme's Compliments

By ALEC BRUCE

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It was annoying in business hours, very annoying, yes. M'sieur Bonhomme could stand it no longer.

True, he did not do much business after five o'clock. But what had that to do with it? These young men did not mean business, no! Their time was their own. Bah, even Marie, his own beautiful, peachbloom Marie, had had enough. And enough is as good as a feast; her manner said so. Her tongue? More things than tongues can speak!

M'sieu rose suddenly from his ink-splattered desk and paced slowly up and down the dimly lighted aisle of his old furniture store.

"Yes, it will end, now—tonight!" he muttered. "I cannot stand it longer. These young men, young fools, I will pack them home, where they belong. My daughter is my daughter, not a plaything! Her time, my time, is valuable."

Before a dust-coated mirror in a tall mahogany wardrobe he paused a moment, shaking his fist at the full-length reflection with its curling gray hair and subdued floridity of countenance.

"And you, m'sieur, must pack them home; you have been too long about it!"

His big brown eyes blazed ominously.

"Father!" A door opened in the clumsy tapestry frame screening the little living rooms behind, and a girl, tall and darkly handsome, a little past twenty, perhaps, with a humorous and clever expression, beamed on him out of liquid wells of blue. "Father," she repeated, "Mr. Moorson is coming. He—he—I think he is coming here again."

"Thank you, Marie, thank you," stammered M'sieur, his broad, clean-shaven face pinked distinctly. "Er—and if I am not seen, I suppose that I will not be in the way, my dear?"

"Oh, no, father, no!" she laughed, "but make yourself heard up in the gallery. Walk about a little, tumble something, yes. Then I can say, 'Hush, Mr. Moorson; someone is taking stock up there.' Ha ha!" She laughed a nervous little laugh.

"My dear," whispered her father impressively, "of course you know that I do not—er—desire to listen. The sweet things these young men say are not for ears like mine. Ah, I doubt not that I have heard them once or twice already, yes."

This time a low, musical laugh rippled through the long oblong hall, and echoed from the galleries above.

"Mon ami," she murmured archly, "the sweet things these young men say, now, are perhaps just a little different from the things young men said—oh, some twenty years ago, when the little mother heard you speak them, hey? And so, perhaps you might desire—"

"My dear," Bonhomme interrupted with a smile. "I hear footsteps! Never fear, I will walk about in the gallery, or I will cough maybe. But I am busy this afternoon, and I cannot leave the store for the convenience of these young—visitors, ahem! And it is possible that I might hear some little snatch—eh? Take care, take care, m'samselle!"

"Ting, ting. Ah, your visitor." M'samselle hurried forward with a laugh.

Click! The big swing doors opened wide and a well-set-up, muscular young man met her with a smile that only half explained the meaning of his presence. "Your father is out, I suppose?" he whispered, glancing up the aisle.

M'sieur, fat and breathless, had taken advantage of the greetings to tiptoe up the spiral stairway. "Huh, your father is out?" he wheezed wrathfully. "Listen to faint heart and—" But he did not hear the fair lady's reply.

Bah! At gallery No. 1 he stopped for a moment and viewed with regret the many dust-covered tables near the door. If madame were only here! Hush! He could hear, but could not see his daughter and Mr. Moorson now.

A Medical Need Supplied.—When a medicine is found that not only acts upon the stomach, but is so composed that certain ingredients of it pass unaltered through the stomach to find action in the bowels, then there is available a purgative and a cleanser of great effectiveness. Permelee's Vegetable Pills are of this character and are the best of all pills. During the years that they have been in use they have established themselves as no other pill has done.

They had seated themselves on a rose-colored divan on the aisle, behind a row of wardrobes. The young man chose the spot with much persuasion. M'sieur heard him: "Huh, I will go higher up, young man, higher up, where I can get a bird's-eye view," he panted. Whew! Asthma and climbing do not agree, and gallery No. 2 was so high up. It contained the bedding, all the soft goods and M'sieur collapsed on a pile of cushions.

Oh, la, la! he was too high up to hear even a snatch of conversation, but he could see. And the young man was bending so close to M'samselle. His speech, his actions, betrayed the feverish anxiety of his mind, and M'samselle had turned her crimson face away. Suddenly Mr. Moorson seized her hand. She drew it away.

Mon Dieu! The psychological moment surely? M'sieur looked about for something to drop, something that would make a noise, but there was nothing but, nothing hard. He thought of a cough, but in his present state of breathlessness that also was impossible. A real spasm would take the place of the feigned, and M'sieur was a friend of discretion.

Hark! Loud footsteps sounded on the tiling outside. Mr. Moorson jumped to his feet. M'samselle also, and evidently at the young man's urgent solicitation, she threw open the mirrored door of the most convenient wardrobe and pushed him in.

"Ha!" M'sieur noted that wardrobe well—one, two, three, four, five—five in the mahogany row. "Ah ha! I will go down again to gallery number one," he muttered, a vague disappointment discernible in his tones. "I did not hear one little word."

The swing doors bumped, and M'sieur popped his head over the polished rail of gallery number one just as another young man, a tall, bottle-shouldered blonde with a vibrant voice full of round, benignant notes, clasped m'samselle's small white hand.

"Marie," he cried—M'sieur could hear every word—"I am so glad to see you; and you are alone? Ah, that is fortunate, for I have a secret to tell you tonight. Marie, I—I love you, dear. No, no; do not forbid me. I must tell you—"

"Sh—oh, Mr. Corson," she stammered, glancing swiftly upward, "I—I—please do not tell me any—any secrets tonight, please—I—"

"Marie, my Marie," he insisted, laying a large, bony hand on her small, trembling one, "one kiss, dear, just one," he pleaded, his strong arm stealing around her slender waist.

"No, no, Mr. Corson, no!"

"Bang!" The full-blown decorated globe of an antiquated lamp splintered on the gallery floor and glittered in frosty powder on a crimson mat.

"Who—who—was that?" demanded Mr. Corson, catching his breath and quickly withdrawing his arm. "What? you father bu-breaking stock—I—I thought that he was out!"

"Hush—hush!"

Again footsteps sounded on the tiling outside and M'sieur began to descend the spiral stairway behind.

Mr. Corson jumped to his feet: "Hide me, Marie, hide me! Someone's coming both ways. I—I would rather not be seen."

"Quick, then, in here!" she breathed, throwing open the door of a side wardrobe just opposite the fifth mahogany piece. Click!

"Ha!" M'sieur saw Mr. Corson's coatfalls disappear. "One, two, three, four," he counted carefully, and as he passed up the aisle to meet the portly newcomer shaking hands with M'samselle at the door, he turned two keys, in the mahogany and mission rows, and dropped them in his pocket.

"Ha, Mister Barron, good afternoon, good afternoon! You are well, yes? And Mrs. Barron? Ah, that is good! Something—er—this afternoon, perhaps?"

Mr. Barron was M'sieur's best customer. Purchasing agent for a much larger furniture store, when his firm ran out of any particular piece desired at once, Bonhomme, if he could supply, always got the order.

"Ah, good afternoon, M'sieur, good afternoon!" responded Mr. Barron loudly. "Yes, sir, I want two wardrobes, in a hurry. Send them out in our wagon; it's at your door now. A mahogany one for—er—take a note of them! Ready?" He glanced at the notebook in his hand—"Mr. James Moorson, 91 Cookson avenue. You know the gentleman's son, I think. I've seen him here."

"Ha, ha!" M'sieur chuckled. Mr. Barron looked curiously over his spectacles. "Eh? and one for Mr. Arthur Corson, 15 Marion terrace. Perhaps you know young Corson, also? Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" echoed M'sieur. "And I want both in model A, Bonhomme, remember. Ah, you have a row of each, I see. Well, don't fail me. Get 'em home at once. My men are at your service. Good-day, I'm off. Busy as bees down our way."

"Good day, sir, good day," smilingly M'sieur bowed his patron out, and signalled the men to come in. They were big strong fellows both of them.

But when the wardrobes were loaded and roped, they came back to the store.

"Yes?" queried Bonhomme with arching brows. "A drink of water, if you please, sir?"

"Certainly," mumbled M'sieur, turning his face away. "Oh, Marie, som' water! som' water, up front here! Ah, and the keys, I forgot the keys," he muttered when the men followed m'samselle away, "and these men can deliver them with the goods, yes."

He hurried to his desk and drew out two business cards. "With Bonhomme's compliments," he wrote on each, and placed them with the little gilded keys in their respective envelopes.

One of the men tucked the packets carefully away in his pockets. "Yes, sir," he promised, "I'll see that the right parties gets 'em. You bet I will, sir."

"Oh, father," pouted m'samselle when the door closed, "these young men, oh, these young men, they are such troubles. Oh, I do not want them, and they are here, yet. What shall I do?"

"Ha, ha, ha! non, non, my dear," laughed M'sieur, "they are not here! You make one beeg mistake. These young men will not trouble you again. They have gone home to their fathers—with the compliments of Bonhomme, yes! Ha, ha!"

Bargain Day.

"Four extra innings to this game, my dear." "Without extra charge? I don't wonder you men are so fond of baseball." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

Cost of Our War.

The cost of the war to Canada in money is expected to be at least eleven hundred million dollars. Up to the end of October war accounts which had actually passed through the Finance Department totalled approximately \$1,046,844,000. This does not include deferred pay for soldiers in France and some large outstanding accounts. Some months will probably elapse before the actual cost of the war to the Dominion will be known after the actual declaration of peace.

Estimates now given are merely conjectural. Considerable expenditure arising from the war will continue after the conclusion of peace. For the present fiscal year expenditure of the pensions branch was estimated at approximately fifteen millions; that of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment at twelve millions. With the cessation of hostilities expenditure under these boards will be reduced to its minimum, but will continue to be heavy for years to come.

Big Name for Old Offence.

Five youthful farmers at Downeyville were haled before the police magistrate and charged with malicious damage "in that they did unlawfully, wilfully and without legal justification, authority or excuse, and without color of right, take, carry away and injure two certain fence gates, of the value of ten dollars." The fine was \$5 and costs for each—\$53.50 in all.

Goat Has Artist's Appetite.

Joe Petine, of Welland, has been ordered to pay \$8 compensation to a neighbor, whose asters and chysanthemums had furnished the principal items for Petine's goat. The Canadian goat apparently has tired of billboard and tin-can diet.

The number of grade stallions in Wisconsin has been cut in half in eleven years.

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By Dr. M. COOK.

The cool fighter always wins and so there is no need to become panic-stricken. Avoid fear and crowds. Exercise in the fresh air and practice the three C's: A Clean Mouth, a Clean Skin and Clean Bowels. To carry off the poisons that accumulate within the body and to ward off an attack of the influenza bacillus, take a good liver regulator to move the bowels. Such a one is made up of May-apple, leaves of aloe, root of jalap, and is to be had at any drug store, and called "Pleasant Purgative Pellets."

If a bad cold develops, go to bed, wrap up well, drink freely of hot lemonade and take a hot mustard foot-bath. Have the bedroom warm but well ventilated. Obtain at the nearest drug store "Anuric Tablets" to flush the kidneys and control the pains and aches. Take an "Anuric" tablet every two hours, together with copious drinks of lemonade. If a true case of influenza, the food should be simple, such as broths, milk, buttermilk and ice-cream; but it is important that food be given regularly in order to keep up patient's strength and vitality. After the acute attack has passed, which is generally from three to seven days, the system should be built up by the use of a good iron tonic, such as "Ironio" tablets, to be obtained at some drug stores, or that well known blood-maker and herbal tonic made from roots and barks of forest trees—gold everywhere as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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