your 'usband's at in 'Er Majesty's Royal , an' don't let the bloody yer cry.' Then 'e walks th 'is fine straight back raws a circle on 'is blue white chalk an' says: that, yer yeller-bellied be d--d to yer !" widow of such a gallant Billy declared, than being the wife of a other," he added with a ine gratitude and sine been awfully good to mow what I'd have done He laid his hand on her other, one of these days and when I do I'm going to a nice little pub back

at him with motherly id shook her head. In a e in the mortuary of the la Vera Cruz the bones ed 'Enery reposed, and ir came she would lie be-

et boy, Willie," she told trust yer for double the me. 'Eving knows I but wot I 'ave I shares iem I likes."

)=

ks preceded him into the f the veranda, where orwas wont to breakfast in Her table was set for orning, however. Billy lventurous cockroach off fell to with fine appetite. lying with a special brew condensed milk in it, naica negro entered from to announce Don Juan

) a cablegram. am !" Mother Jenks cried. 1 'I'll wager the pub it's ie. Bob"-turning to the idressing him in her own d of Spanish-"give Don if 'e 'asn't helped 'imself k is turned, an' bring the

re." e minute Bob returned vellow envelope, which he her Jenks. Without so glance at the superscripded it to Billy Geary, who and read:

s, Cal., U. S. A., August

Wilkins, Calle de Con-19, Buenaventura, So-

today to visit you. Will New Orleans exact date DOLORES."

w of deep disappointment Billy's face as he read. s noted it instantly. got to s'y, Willie?" she de-

he. It's a she," Billy reides, the cablegram isn't n. It's for one Henrietta lle de Concordia, No. 19,

NERVOUS AND RUN DOWN Relieved by Taking Lydia

E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cobourg, Ontario.— "For many years 1 have had troubles with my nerves and have been in a general run-down condition for some time. I could not do my work half the time because of trouble every month. I was told of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by friends and advised to try it. It has done me good and I strongly recommend it. Since I have taken it I have been able to do all my own work and I also know friends who have found it good. You can use these facts as a testimonial." Cobourg, Ontario.

Any woman in this condition should take the Vegetable Compound for the Any woman in this conductor should take the Vesetable Compound, for it has helped other women and so it should help you. For nearly fifty years this good old-fashioned root and herb medicine,

old fashioned root and herb medicine, which contains no narcotics nor harmful drugs, has been the standard medicine for female ills, and has re-stored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, in-flammation, ulceration, irregularities,

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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Yonge and Charles sts., Toronto. Every graduate of the last twelve months has promptly obtained em-ployment. Enter any time. Write for Catalogue. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

Central Business College STRATFORD, ONTARIO

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The leading business school 17 of Western Ontario with Commercial, Shorthand and Telegraphy departments. Graduates are assisted to 1 good positions. Students may X

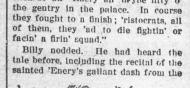
free catalogue now. D. A. McLACHLAN. Principal. *

WEBSTER-MAN'S MAN' (Continued from page 6) government on the square, an' they couldn't hunderstand, all along, o' avin' been kicked an' cuffed by a long of bloody rotters. It was Don Ricardo as gives my sainted 'Enery 'is mission as colonel in the hartil-

GUIDE-ADVOCATE,

"You've 'eard me tell," Mother Jeaks continued, "'ow the rebels got 'arf a dozen Hamerican gunners-do-serters from the navy-an' blew Enery's battery to bits; 'ow the government forces fell back upon Buena-ventura, an' as 'ow w'en the dorgs begun to wonder if they mightn't lose, they quit by the 'undreds an' went over to the rebel side, leavin' Don Ricardo an' Enery an' m'ybe fifty o'

lery.







The Sainted 'Enery's Gallant Dash. blazing palace in an effort to save Don Ricardo's only child, a girl of seven,

and of his capture and subsequent execution. "That ended the revolution," Mother Jenks continuued. "But 'ere's somethink I've never told a livin' soul. Shortly before 'Enery was' hexecuted, 'e told me where 'e'd 'id the youngster -in a culvert out on the Malecon; so l'ired a four-wheeler an' went out an'

in' 'ole! On, while, you've got to 'elp me. I cawn't 'ave 'er comin' to El Buen Amigo to see me, an' I cawn't ruin 'er reputation by callin' on 'er in public at the 'Otel Mateo. Oh, Gor', Willie, Mother's come a cropper.

WATFORD FRIDAY. NOVEMBER 24, 1922

Willie agreed with her. He patted the sinful gray head of his landlady, and waited for her to regain her comosure, the while he racked his agile brain for a feasible plan to fit the emergency.

"She been picturin' me in 'er mind all these years, Willie-picturin' a fraud," wailed Mother Jenks. "If she sees me now, wot a shock she'll get, pore sweetheart—an' 'er the spittin' himage of a hangel. And oh, Willie, while she don't remember wot I looked like, think o' the shock if she meets me! In 'er lawst letter she said as 'ow I was the only hanchor she had in life. Ho, yes. A sweet-lookin' hanchor I am—an' Hi was 'opin' to die before she found hout. I've got a hanuerism in my 'eart, Willie, so the surgeon on the mail boat tells me, an' w'en I go, I'll go like-that!" Mother Jenks snapped her clgarette-stained fingers. I'm fifty-seven, Willie, an' since my sainted 'Enery passed away, I 'aven't been no bloomin' hangel." She wrung her hands. "Oh, w'y in 'ell couldn't them harteries 'ave busted in time to save my lamb the 'umiliatin' knowledge that she's be'oldin' to the likes o' me for wot she's got-an' 'ow got it for 'er."

Billy Geary had a bright idea. "Well," he said, "why not die-temporarily—if you feel that way about it? You could come back from the grave after she's gone."

But Mother Jenks shook her head. "No," she declared. "While Dolores is self-supportin' now, still, if anythink 'appened an' she was to need 'elp, 'elp is somethin' no ghost can give. Think again, Willie. Gor, lad, w'ere's yer brains?"

"Well," Billy countered thoughtfully, "apparently there's no way of heading her off before she takes the steamer at New Orleans, so we'll take t for granted she'll arrive here in due course. About the time she's due. suppose you run up to San Miguel de Padua for a couple of weeks and leave me to run El Buen Amigo in your absence. I'll play fair with you Mother, so help me. I'll account for every centavo. I'll borrow some decent clothes from Leber the day the steamer gets in; then I'll go aboard and look over the passenger list, and if she's aboard, I'll tell her you closed your house and started for California to visit her on the last north-bound steamer-that her cablegram arrived just after you had started; that the cable company, knowing I am a friend of yours, showed me the message and that I took it upon myself to call and explain that as a result of your departure for the United States it will be useless for her to land-useless hence, upon arrival in New Orleans rescued the pore lamb. I 'id 'er until and dangerous, because cholera is the harrival o' the next fruit steamer, raging in Buenaventura, although the port authorities deny it-"

CHAPTER VI.

The ancient bromide to the effect that man proposes but God disposes was never better exemplified than in the case of John Stuart Webster, who, having formulated certain daring plans for the morrow and surrendered himself to grateful slumber in his stateroom aboard the Gulf States Limited, awoke on that momentous morn to a distinct apprehension that all was not as it should be with him. His mouth reminded him vaguely of bird-and-animal store, and riot and insurrection had broken out in the geometric - center of his internal economy.

Webster was sufficient of a jack-leg doctor to suspect he was developing a splendid little case of ptomaine poisoning. He decided to go into executive session with the sleeping-car conductor, who wired ahead for a doctor to meet the train at the next sta-And when the sawbones came tion. and pawed Jack Webster over, he gravely announced that if the patient had the slightest ambition to vote at the next presidential election, he should leave the train at St. Louis and enter a hospital forthwith. To this heart-breaking program Webster en-tered not the slightest objection, for when a man is seriously ill, he is in much the same position as a politician -to-wit: . He is in the hands of his friends.

However, life had the habit of go ing hard with Webster so frequently that fortunately he was trained to the minute, and after three days of heroic battling the doctor awarded Jack the decision. Thereafter they kept him in the hospital ten days longer, "feeding him up" as the patient expressed itat the end of which period Webster, some fifteen pounds lighter and not quite so fast on his feet as formerly. sumed his journey toward New Orleans.

In the meantime, however, several things had happened. To begin, Do-lores Ruey spent two days wondering what had become of her quondam knight of the whiskers-at the end of which period she arrived in New Orleans with the conviction strong upon her that while her hero might be as courageous as a wounded lion when dealing with men, he was the possessor, when dealing with women, of about two per cent less courage than a cottontail rabbit. Being a very hu-man young lady, however, she could not help wondering what had become of the ubiquitous Mr. Webster, al-though the fact that he had mysteriously disappeared from the train en route to New Orleans did not perturb her one-half so much as it had the dis-appearee. She had this advantage over that unfortunate man. Whereas he did not know she was bound for Buenaventura, she knew he was;

PAGE SEVEN

stranger have in ner goings ings? "You picked a winner this time, Bill," she heard the purser say. "Stateroom sixteen, boat-deck, starboard side. You'll probably find her there, packing to go ashore."

"Thanks," Billy replied and stepped out of the purser's office. Dolores turned and faced him.

"I am Miss Ruey," she announced. "I heard you asking for me." Her eyes carried the query she had not put into words: "Who are you, and what do you want?" Billy saw and understood, and on the instant a wave of desolation surged over him.

So this was the vision he had volunteered to meet aboard La Estrellita, and by specious lie and hypocritic mien, turn her back from the portals of Buenaventura to that dear old United States, which, Billy suddenly recalled with poignant pain, is a sizable country in which a young lady may very readily be lost forever. With the quick eye of youth, he noted that Dolores was perfectly wonderful in a white flannel skirt and jacket, white buck boots, white panama hat with a gorgeous puggaree, a mannish little linen collar, and a red four-in-hand, tie. From under that white hat peeped a profusion of crinkly brown hair with a slightly reddish tinge to it; her eyes were big and brown and wide apart, with golden flecks in them; their glance met Billy's hungry gaze simply, directly, and with a curiosity there was no attempt to hide. Her nose was patrician; her beautiful short up-per lip revealed the tips of two perfect, milk-white front teeth: she was, Billy Geary told himself, a goddess before whom all low, worthless, ornery fellows like himself should grovel and die happy, if perchance she might be so minded as to walk on their faces! He was aroused from his critical inventory when the houri spoke again: "You haven't answered my question,

"No," said Billy, "I didn't, Stupid of me, too. However, come to think of it, you didn't ask me any question. You looked it. My name is Geary-William H. Geary, by profession a mining engineer and by nature an ignoramus, and I have called to de-liver some disappointing news regarding Henrietta Wilkins." "Is she-

"She is. Very much alive and in-excellent health-or rather was, the last time it was my pleasure and privilege to call on the dear lady. But she isn't in Buenaventura now." Mentally Billy asked God to forgive him his blackhearted treachery to this winsome girl. He loathed the task he had planned and foisted upon himself, and nothing but the memory of Mother Jenks'



e devil Henrietta Wilkins mystery to me. Ever have by that name, Mother?" enks' red face had gone inrietta Wilkins was my ie, Willie," she confessed there's only one human me or write me by that I, Willie, wot's 'appened?" it to you, Mother." I the message aloud, and d finished, to his amazeer Jenks laid her head opd began to weep.

CHAPTER V.

ulfe realizing why he did ecided that fear and not t the bottom of the good listress, and in his awkuline way he placed his Mother Jenks' shoulders, ently, and bade her rememaos might come and go e, the said William Geary, in her true and steadfast y and all emergencies that

s yer heart, Willie," Moth-"I dunno wot in 'ell iffied. in' to think o' me w'en I e been up to this past fif-

r you've been up to, Mothi kind and charitable deed nuch I am certain," Billy ily and—to his own surrely.

l is my judge, Willie, it that w'y," moaned Mother she squeezed Billy's hand that yellow, shaking mem-uld draw ald and comfort. is Dolores Ruey. 'Er fa-Don Ricardo Ruey, presi-s blasted 'ell on earth w'en alated 'Enery first come to ira. 'E was too good for ellied beggars; 'e tried to nk for them an' run the tinued on Page Seven)

STORIA Infants and Children Char H. Hitchins



Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, an excellent remedy. ·m

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford station as follows :.

follows : GOING WEST Accommodation, 111......8.42 a.m. Chicago Express, 17....12.40 p.m. Detroit Express, 83.....6.51 p.m. (a) Chicago Express....9.11 pm.. GOING EAST Ontario Limited, 80....7.48 a.m. Chicago Express, 6.....11.22 a.m. Express........2.50 p.m. Accommodation, 112.....5.38 p.m. (a) Stops to let off passengers from Hamilton and east thereof and to take on passengers for Chicago. C. W. VAIL, Agent, Watford.

Internally and Externally it is Good.-The Good.—The crowning property of Thomas' Eclectric Oil is that it can be used internally for many comas well as externally. sore throat, croup, whooping cough, For in the chest, colic and many andred ailments it has qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs having it at hand. Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

w'en I shipped 'er to New Orleans in care o' the stewardess. Hi 'ad 'er put in the Catholic convent there, for as 'Enery said: ''Enrietta, keep an eye on the little nipper, an' do yer damndest to see she's raised a lydy. 'Er father was a gentleman, an' vou never want to forget 'e made you Mrs. Colonel Jenks.' So Hi've made a lydy out o' her, Willie: education, planner lessons, paintin', singin', an' deportmint. After she graduated from the convent, I 'ad her take a course in the

Uniwersity o' California-New Or-leans wasn't 'ealthy for 'er, an' she needed a chynge o' climate-an' for the last two years she's been teachin' in the 'igh school in Los Angeles."

"And you haven't seen her in all these years?" Geary demanded. "Not a look, Willie. She's been after me ever since she graduated from the convent to let her come 'ome an' wisit me, but Hi've told 'er to wyte-

that I'd be comin' soon to wisit her. An' now, s'help me, she won't wait no longer; she's comin' to wisit me! Gor', Willie, she's on her w'y!"

"So this cablegram would indicate," Geary observed. "Nevertheless, Mother, I'm at a loss to know why you should feel so cut up over the im-pending visit."

There was real fear in Mother Jenks' tear-dimmed eyes. "I cawn't let 'cr see me," she wailed. "I wasn't this w'y w'en my sainted 'Enery hentrusted the lamb to me; it wasn't until awfter they hexecuted 'Enery that I commenced to slip-an' now look at me. Look at me, Willie Geary; look at me, I s'y. Wot do yer see? Aw, don't tell me I'm young an' 'andsome, for I know wot I am. I'm a frowsy, drunken, disreputable baggage, with

no heducation or nothink. All along, hever since she learned to write me a letter, I've been 'Enrietta Wilkins to 'er, an' Mother Jenks to every beachcombin' beggar in the Caribbean tropics. I've lied to 'er, Willie. I've wrote 'er as 'ow 'er fawther, before 'e died, give me enough money to hedu-

cate 'a like a lydy-" Agen Mother Jenks' grief overcame her. "Gor', Willie, I ain't respectable. She's comin' to see me-an' I cawn't let 'er. She mustn't know 'ow I got the money for 'er heducation-sellin' 'ell-fire to a pack of rotten dorgs an' consortin' with the scum of this stink-

"Willie," Mother Jenks interrupted impressively, a ghost of her old deb-onair spirit shining through her tears, "yer don't owe me a bloomin" sixpence! Yer've syved the day, syved my reputation, an' syved a lydy's peace o' mind. Kiss me, yer precious byby.'

So Billy kissed her-gravely and with filial reverence, for he had long suspected Mother Jenhs of being a pearl cast before swine, and now he was certain of it.

"I'll send her back to the United States and promise to cable you to await her there," Billy continued. "Of course, we can't help it if you and the cablegram miss connections, and once the young lady is back in the United States, I dare say she'll have to stay there a couple of years before she can save the price of another sea voyage. And in the meantime she may marry-"

"Or that haneurism may 'ave turned the trick before that," Mother Jenks suggested candidly but joyously. "In course she'll be disappointed, but then disappointment never lays 'eavy on a young 'eart, Willie; an' bein' disappointed at not seein' a person you ain't really acquainted with ain't as bad as some disappointments."

"I guess I know," Billy Geary replied bitterly. "If that cablegram had only been for me! Mother, if my old partner could, by some miracle, manage to marry this Dolores girl, your arteries and your aneurisms might bust and be damned, but the girl would be safe."

"M'ybe," Mother Jenks suggested hopefully, "yer might fix it up for her w'en I'm gone. From all haccounts 'e's no-end a gentleman.'

"He's a he-man," Mr. Geary de-clared with conviction. He sighed. "John Stuart Webster, wherever you are, please write or cable," he murmured.

Children Cry

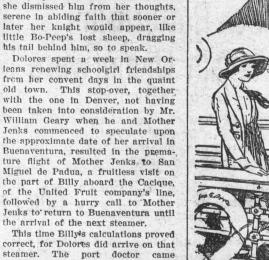
FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

moved off toward his office. Dolores followed, drawn by the mention of that magic name Webster, and paused in front of the purser's office to lean over the rail, ostensibly to watch the cargadores in their lighters clustering around the great ship, but in reality

> ster. "Blast the luck," Billy Geary growled, "the old sinner isn't here. By the way, do you happen to have a Miss Dolores Ruey aboard?"

Why suffer from corns when they Dolores pricked up her little ears. can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Remover. m What possible interest could this

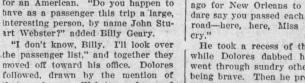




Dolores observed a gasoline launch manifold kindnesses to him in a day, shoot up to the landing at the foot of thanks to Jack Webster, now happily the companion-ladder and discharge a behind him, could have induced him well-dressed, youthful white man. As to go through to the finish. "Why, where is she?" Dolores he came up the companion, the purser ecognized him.

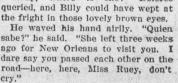
"Howdy, Bill," he called.

"Hello, yourself," Mr. William Geary replied, and Dolores knew him or an American. "Do you happen to have as a passenger this trip a large, interesting person, by name John Stuart Webster?" added Billy Geary.



"When your cablegram arrived, Miss to learn more of the mysterious Web-

(Continued on Page 8)



He took a recess of three minutes, while Dolores dabbed her eyes and went through sundry other motions of being brave. Then he proceeded with his nefarious recital.

Ruey, naturally Mrs. Wilkins was not here to receive it, and as I was the only person who had her address, the cable agent referred it to me. Under the circumstances, sot knowing where could reach you with a cable informing you that Mrs. Willins was headed for California to see you, I had no other alternative but to let matters take their course. I decided you might