

Asthma Catarrh
WHOPPING COUGH
CROUP
BRONCHITIS COUGHS
COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1878

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without dosing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assisting the natural action of the lungs, and is invaluable to mothers with young children, and a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 210

ALL DRUGGISTS
Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

Vapo Cresolene Co.
Lansing - Miles Bldg.
MONTREAL

The Bird Of Fortune

A County Fair Ended a Prolonged Wooing
By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

The county fair was in full swing. Everywhere there was bustle and laughter and merrymaking as well as color and music and light. Today was the day of days. Prizes had been awarded, and such was the wisdom and tact of the judges that no exhibitor had gone unrewarded.

Benjamin Dibble had taken first prize for his fine Holsteins and second prize for the mountainous Chester hog. These honors meant nothing to Benjamin, for they were conferred upon his stock every year and had been even in his father's generation.

The fact that Dorinda Weed had captured all the first prizes in household arts did not surprise Benjamin in the least. Everything Dorinda attempted was a pronounced success, excepting perhaps the capture of Benjamin Dibble, and that this had not happened was Benjamin's fault.

Dorinda Weed was sweet and fair and dainty. Her eyes were blue like the "ragged sailors" that bordered the dusty roadsides. Benjamin had worshipped Dorinda from his boyhood, but he had never dared address her beyond the merest commonplaces. There had never been but one thought behind his worship of her, and that was to ask her to marry him. Of the preliminary months of wooing he gave no thought. He knew he wanted Dorinda and he intended to ask her outright to marry him some day when his backbone felt a little more rigid and when his ears had ceased to redden at her approach. But no miracle had been performed, and Benjamin had lived wretchedly on, mentally cursing his shyness.

Now, Dorinda was thirty-two and Benjamin was forty. Their parents were dead, their lands adjoined, and their two houses, each one small and detached, might be moved to a new site on the apex of the dividing hill between the farms and thus become a large, comfortable farmhouse. This plan was Benjamin's sweetest dream, but there was no sign of its being realized.

Benjamin paused one instant in front of the domestic exhibit and furtively adored Dorinda's toothsome display. From there he wandered out to the building where his cattle were quartered, and he arrived just in time to see Dorinda Weed timidly stroking the nose of one of his mild eyed Holsteins. From afar he watched her blissfully, and his heart rose exultantly when she passed on quite unobservant of the other exhibits.

Out in the open spaces where vehicles of every description were huddled in confusion, amid the cry of hide-show barkers, the conglomerate smell of quick lunch carts, the odor of fresh popcorn and steamed clams, Benjamin stumbled over the gypsy caravan. Here in a gayly festooned tent a gypsy crows was telling fortunes.

"Kind gentleman" she hailed him eagerly. "For silver I will reveal the future! I reunite broken hearts! I make you successful in love!" She held back the tent flap invitingly, and under the spell of some sudden impulse Benjamin Dibble entered and sat down on a small three legged stool. The gypsy knelt before him and held out one brown hand, gay with silver rings.

"Silver" she wheeled softly. Blushing Mr. Dibble extracted a silver quarter from his pocket and dropped it in her palm, then, embarrassed by her voluble thanks, he submitted his own hand to her grasp.

She bent her dark, disheveled head above its toll hardened surface for several moments and then scrutinized his good looking face with piercing eyes. "You love," she said softly, "yet you are troubled. I see a fair woman—the one you love. A dark man comes between. You will find happiness through a golden bird. Wait!" Still retaining her hand, a film seemed to drop over her sharp eyes and her head bent over his hand. Again she spoke, but her words were mumbled, yet Benjamin's eager ear caught every syllable:

"As surely as comes up the sun Two houses shall be made as one. A golden bird without a nest Shall lead the weary heart to rest."

The gypsy lifted her head and glanced sharply at him.

"What else?" demanded Benjamin eagerly.

The woman arose to her feet and looked toward the door, where a little crowd had gathered, waiting for an audience. "It is enough—the rest you must do—so it is written," she said hastily.

Benjamin thrust another quarter into her willing hand and pushed dizzily through the crowd, his heart beating riotously. The doggerel verse was emblazoned on his memory. He could have repeated it backward, forward—indeed, in almost any form. The reference to the houses to be made as one was as a direct prophecy from heaven itself. As for the mysterious "golden bird without a nest," Benjamin confessed himself perplexed.

Little River boasted golden birds of many varieties, from the Buff Cochins of the poultry yard to the yellow hammers and goldfinches of the woods and the captive canaries in cages. But none and all had nests of some sort, and the bird of Benjamin's fortune would appear to be as vagrant as the gypsy herself.

The prophecy of the united houses was good fortune enough for one day, and, emboldened by this certainty that his dearest hopes would be fulfilled, Benjamin rushed hastily toward the building where Dorinda Weed might be found. She who was to be his future wife had stroked the nose of his prize Holsteins. After these wonderful happenings it would be an easy matter to invite Dorinda to partake of ice cream and cake. When one was eating ice cream it was not necessary to talk much, and after the ice cream he might invite her to other amusements in the grounds. There were a loop-the-loop and a merry-go-round and—

Benjamin Dibble stood stock still, while all exuberance of spirit dissolved like mist.

In the distance he saw Dorinda, charming in her pale blue gown, but remote as ever from his approach, for she was talking earnestly to a tall, dark man, a dangerously handsome stranger, and together they were bending over some object on a table between them.

Then it was that Benjamin Dibble remembered the gypsy's prophecy—that a dark man would come between Dorinda and him. And here was the dark man. The prophecy was fulfilling without delay.

Benjamin turned away and tried to satisfy the pangs of disappointed love with hot frankfurters, steamed clams and coffee. He drank ginger ale and pink lemonade to wash down huge segments of pie and sugary doughnuts. He spent money lavishly, buying everything that was offered. He purchased chances on all sorts of unknown articles and afterward found himself the embarrassed possessor of a pair of curling irons, a lady's work basket and a wax doll.

He bundled these treasures away in the back of his buggy with a certain elusive hope that they might prove useful some day. He stopped in the shed and stroked the noses of his cattle, as Dorinda had done, and derived a certain foolish satisfaction in the action. It was at that moment Benjamin received inspiration.

Back in the main building, Benjamin once more threaded the crowd in search of Dorinda.

Although she was still talking to the dark man, Benjamin pressed forward until he stood almost at her elbow. She saw him and smiled tremulously, her delicate face flushing a soft rose tint.

"Will you give me your advice, Benjamin?" she asked gently. "This gentleman is selling weathercocks. I want one for the barn. Our old one was blown off, you know. Shall I choose a fish or an arrow?"

The delicious sense of intimacy conveyed by this question cannot be described. Benjamin Dibble threw off his old mantle of timidity forever and

Acute Dyspepsia

Restoration of Stomach Power Comes Quickly With the Right Medicine.

"My food seemed to decompose in my stomach," writes Mr. Ralph Clements, of Newbridge, P.O. "I had a stomach that failed in some way to perform its work. Digestion seemed more or less arrested and I grew thin, yellow, nervous. The stomach became distended and impeded apparently the action of the heart, for often at night it would do great stunts. At times I would vomit a mucous mass, and at these times my head ached most terribly. A friend, who had been cured of a similar condition, advised me to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly, which I did. The result in my case was simply marvelous. Dr. Hamilton's Pills removed the cause, strengthened the stomach, excited the liver to normal action, the kidneys were released of excessive work. Health soon glowed within me. I can now eat, sleep, and live like a live man."

Be advised—Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they are sure to do you good. 25c per box, at all dealers, or The Cattarhoxone Co., Kingston, Canada.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills
Cure Indigestion
Dyspepsia

CHAPPED HANDS & COLD SORES

One thorough application of Zam-Buk at night will bring ease by morning. Zam-Buk stops the smarting, heals the cracks, and makes the hands smooth.

PROOF—Miss Hattie Pertrand, Galesburg, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with chapped hands and arms and nothing ever seemed to heal them thoroughly until we found Zam-Buk. It has cured them. My father has also used it for several skin troubles and injuries, and thinks there is nothing like Zam-Buk."

Mothers should see that their children use Zam-Buk daily, as there is nothing like prevention. A little Zam-Buk lightly smeared over the hands and wrists, after washing, will prevent chaps and cold sores.

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for skin diseases, eczema, itch, ringworm, blood-poisoning, piles, and for cuts, burns and bruises. 50c box at all stores and druggists, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes and imitations.

ZAM-BUK
EVERY HOME NEEDS IT.

SOCIETIES.

L. O. L. 505, Watford.
meets on Friday on or before full moon of each and every month. Cheapest in substance in Canada in connection. JAMES GRAHAM, W. M., K. HASKETT, Rec.-Secretary.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS

Organized and Incorporated 1879
Head Office: Brantford, Ont.

NO ORDER EXCELS IT IN
Economy of Management
Selection of Territory
Low Cost of Insurance to Members
Promptness in payment of Claims

PROGRESSIVE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS
PROTECTION AT MINIMUM COST

RESERVE FUND, DECEMBER 1, 1910
Insurance \$3,254,304.55
Sick and Funeral Ben't 205,436.89
Total \$3,459,741.44
MEMBERSHIP OVER 75,000.

Court Lorne, No. 17, Watford,
meets second and fourth Monday in each month. Visiting Brethren Invited.
J. R. Collier, F. Sec. J. H. Hume, R. Sec. A. D. Hone, C. Ranger.

JAMES C. PEARCE
Baker and Confectioner.

OYSTERS
as you want them.
In Bulk or by the plate.
Try our Oyster Stew.

Hot Bovril in cold Weather.
Try it.

Confectionery of all grades.
Wedding Cakes a speciality.

Cigars.
All smokers know that this is the place to get something choic.

SOUTH END BAKERY.

C. N. Has more rejuvenating vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Suffers from lack of vigor and vital weakness which sap the pleasures of life should take Canadian Nervine one box will show wonderful results.
Price \$1.—To quickly introduce will mail first order for 60 cts. coin or postal note.
Address, The Merwin Co., Windsor, Ont., Can.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE.
Trains leave Watford Station as follows:
GOING WEST
Accommodation 8 44 a.m.
Accommodation 2 45 p.m.
Chicago Express 9 22 p.m.
GOING EAST
Accommodation 12 30 p.m.
New York Express 3 00 p.m.
Accommodation 5 16 p.m.
C. VAIL, Agent, Watford.

"Walter!" called a diner, at a local club, "come here at once! Here's a hook-and-eye in this salad!"
"Yes, yes," said the waiter, grinning broadly. "Dat's a pah't of de dressing, seh!"

A Good Idea in Hair Treatment

The trouble with most women's hair is that they won't take the time to give it proper treatment. If you want your hair to have that look of lustre and vitality, you must take care of it. You cannot expect to have splendid hair if you simply run a comb through it in the morning—give it a dab on the outer edge with a brush—throw it into a braid—switch it around the head—jab in a few hair pins—and let it go at that.

Hair is like any other growing thing—it needs attention—it needs care—it needs thorough grooming regularly—not only the hair but the scalp.

If you have the time and patience you won't need any hair tonic—but most women haven't. The next best thing is Nyal's Hirsutone. It is the best thing offered to take the place of hours of combing and brushing. It tones up the roots, brightens the color, improves the texture and makes it stay gracefully where it is put.

Hirsutone literally revitalizes the neglected hair.

Your Nyal Druggist cheerfully recommends Hirsutone because he knows it in artistic bottles \$1.00 and 50c.

Sold and Guaranteed by
WATFORD DRUGGISTS

Nyal's
FAMILY
REMEDIES
LOOK FOR THE ORANGE GLOBE LOGO TRADE MARK

One for each everyday ailment

The Thames river will be dredged from Chatham to Lake St. Clair next summer. The government proposes to maintain a channel fourteen feet deep.

Percy Braider, Bosanquet, aged 76 years, died of pneumonia last week. This young man was severely injured some time ago by a hay fork falling on him.

MARRIED.

At the home of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, Feb. 22nd, 1911, by the Rev. Mr. Hare, of Arkona, Mr. Claude Nelson, to Bertha Lilian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Lithgoc, all of Bosanquet.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cts.

FERRY'S SEEDS

To grow the finest flowers and most luscious vegetables, plant the best seeds. Ferry's Seeds are best because they never fail in yield or quality. The best gardeners and farmers everywhere know Ferry's seeds to be the highest standard of quality yet attained. For sale everywhere.

FERRY'S 1911 Seed Annual Free on request
D. M. FERRY & CO., WINDSOR, ONT.

He looked down into her soft blue eyes and, bending over, kissed her lips. "Into heaven, I guess," he murmured.