

MRS. BUDGE SO WEAK COULD HARDLY STAND

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound
Restored Her Health

River Desert, Que.—"I used to have a severe pain in my side. I would be unable to walk fast, and could not stand for any length of time to do my ironing or washing, but I would have to lie down to get relief from the pain. I had this for about two years, then a friend told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had had good results. I certainly got good results from it, too, as the last time I had a sore side was last May and I have not had it since. I am also glad of having good nursing for my baby, and I think it is your medicine that helped me in this way."—Mrs. L. V. Budge, River Desert, Quebec.

If you are suffering from the tortures of a displacement, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness, or a pain in the side, you should lose no time in trying Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write for it to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario. This book contains valuable information that every woman should know.

A. D. Hone

Painter and Decorator
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Wattford, Ontario
Good Work, Prompt Attention,
Reasonable Prices and
Estimates Furnished.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Residence St. Clair street.

Agents Wanted

The careful attention to our customers' orders and the splendid stock supplied for years past warrants us in having a representative or two in this county. Liberal Commissions. Free Outfit. Write at once for Exclusive Territory.

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Unsurpassed for Strength and Purity
To be obtained from nearly every store in this District.
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a black velvet dress reaching down to the floor and a large, broad rimmed hat. During this same visit I recall being in the Methodist church with my cousin, Asa Rogers, while some work was being done preparing for an entertainment. A music teacher, one Mr. Holmes, gave us ten cents to go up town and get for him a table.

On another occasion I remember being in Watford along with the Luckham boys of Warwick, on Dominion election night. We were with the crowd in the Music Hall and my old friend "Peg" Shaw was lying on the back seat. It was said that Peg had lost a bet on the election and was not feeling well. While all these remembrances of Watford are interesting and sacred in my memory, yet it was when I went to live there that Watford, to me began to exist.

It was then a village of some 1200 souls and to me seemed a busy place. In an industrial way there was considerable activity, it containing other firms as Thom & Doherty, Implement Manufacturers; Jacob Lawrence & Son, McLeay's Lumber yards and planing mill, Watford flour mill etc. Many wagons and carriages were made then by such men as, Angus Mitchell, John Lovell, Chris. Willoughby, John Bambridge, Joshua Saunders and Geo. Thorner. Among the merchants I recall, John Swift, Sam Howden, David Howard, Peter Dodds, A. McDennell, A. A. Cook, A. Brown, W. P. McLaren, A. Jamieson, R. Haskett, all now deceased. A. Cook operated quite an extensive cabinet and furniture works.

There were two newspapers, the Advocate and the Guide, the two later being amalgamated under the name of the Guide-Advocate, under the management of the late J. C. Tye and I understood the first copy of the "Guide" is still in the possession of Mrs. Tye.

The Hotels were conducted by, H. O. Baker, W. H. Rogers, Wm. Witty, and not long after Mr. L. P. Taylor bought the "Elephant Warehouse" and opened up the Taylor House.

At that time there was but one Bank in the village namely the "Traders". They later withdrew and Messrs Thomas and Kenward opened up a Private Bank as did also Mr. G. H. Wynne. These two firms long continued in business, the Thomas and Kenward Business eventually being purchased by the Merchants Bank and I could relate a very interesting inside story of how they opened up while two other chartered Banks were planning to do so.

When I went to school in Watford classes were conducted in the old white frame building standing where the brick school now stands. A Mr. O'Dell was the Principal. I recall him on having lost an arm and thought he was a very fine man. I believe he is now a school Inspector east of Toronto. Roger Howard was one of the teachers and it is pleasing to notice his name as Canon Howard in connection with the Old Boys' Reunion services.

Some of the boys at school and whose names I best recall are Willie Reid, the McLeay boys, the Haney boys, Herbert and James Clutterbuck, Fred Jones, "Hub" Willoughby, Saw Hume, Frank Ried, Harry Rae, Frank Rogers, Andy Gears.

When I first lived in Watford Mr. Dixie was Reeve. In my first recollection of a Civic Election the candidates for Reeve were: Mr. Thomas Howden and Mr. Jos. Hume, only one was elected and the other said he did not know there were so many untruthful people in the village. At the nomination meeting on this election occasion, I well recall Mr. T. B. Taylor making a speech as candidate for councillor.

of the names which I recall as actively engaged in the service of the village as freemen.

Then there was the Watford Silver Band of "Long Hat Fane"; lead by that splendid citizen, Wm. J. Hastings. Besides the musical victories, these Band Boys used to win there were, the victories some of them used to win with the ladies; for what girl would not admire a Band-Boy in such a suit.

I remember the long photographer Robson, Frank and Charlie Smith, who played the Coronet. Then there was Vic. Collier with the Trombone and Elmer Collier and Arthur Moore who pumped those big Bass Horns, also Wm. Hindson with his Clarinet. Sam Dodds too in his day was a great band man. Those were great days, and though I played for nine years up to the time I left Watford I have never since played in a band.

Then there is Main Street! Who does not think of it? One cannot think of it however without thinking of that good Irish soul, our old townsman, Tom Malone, who spent so much time on his knees laying down stone on Main Street? The last time I saw Tom he was very old and could scarcely see me. He asked my name and when I told him he said, Be Gorra I'm glad to see you!

Then there was the Town "Time-keeper" our old friend Geo. Percival, who so well performed his duties and only once was known to make a mistake and then it was one whole hour.

Watford has been well served through the various ministers who have ministered to its people of various denominations of whom were exceedingly capable and sincere men. Many of them were my good friends but I would just mention the name of one, Rev. Samuel Saulton, who came so closely into my home life during the illness and death of my sister Mabel. I have kindly recollections of other friends whose assistance meant much at that time.

The village too has been well served by its public men, one whom I might mention as serving longer than others, namely the late Jos. H. Hume, and not least the present Reeve Connolly, who has done so much to make the Old Boys a success.

It too has been well served by its school teachers and trustees, by the Public Library Board, and by the Horticultural Society. Then too it is being served well by its present younger generations of business men, and we former residents are pleased to see so fine a concern as the Andrews Wire Works located there, another splendid improvement made by way of Fire Protection and paved streets.

But I must close. Almost fifty years acquaintance with the old town brings too many memories too relate and though I should like to be with you for the great occasion. I do not now expect to be. I shall be there in spirit however.

Many of you will recall that wonderful book of Anthony Hopes, "The Prisoner of Zenda" in the last chapter of which is described the parting of the Englishman and the Saxonian Princess whom he loved. His wish was that if he could not again see her in this world, he might see her in the world to come.

That is my best wish for all my old friends who will next week gather in the old Home Town to renew acquaintances and as your invitation suggests "to live over again the former days."

Geo. W. Hagie, 2118 5 A. st, Mt. Royal, Calgary Alta.

Nova Scotia has taken the entire south wing of the Government building for a display at the Canadian National Exhibition.

modelled, he started a grocery store in one part; John Swift taking over another store in the same building for dry goods, and Mr. S. Howden and coming in there. Then there was Sandy Mavity, and Jack, who used to paint roses on the machinery, turned out by the Doherty Foundry. I used to stop on my way to school to watch him, W. M. Clarke, clerk with D. H. Howden, "Peanuts" Clarke the Tailor, Will Willoughby and Fred Saunders. Restoricks also were amongst the old timers, and Sanford Stapleford and "Did" his brother.

I have referred to the remodelling of the Hotel on Main street, but have forgotten the name of it. I remember when the New Rogers Hotel was built, the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian churches and of course many of the more modern buildings. In those days we used to get our mail at the little white post office on the corner of main street, later used by Joshua Saunders as a blacksmith shop. H. O. Baker built a new Hotel on the sight where the old one was burned down, but that was in later years, about 40 years ago.

Forty years ago this summer the Salvation Army and the Halleujah band came to town and with many others I threw in my lot with the S. A. and have been a member of it ever since.

Well I guess that is enough for one letter but we say God bless and prosper the Old Town and may the reunion this year be a magnificent affair. She is a great old town all right. T. C. Collier, Edmonds B. C. P. S. I had almost omitted the two banks, one Fawcett's and the other Malcolm and Dougall Campbell and for awhile Mr. Colin worked with his brothers, he is now of Vancouver also, T. H. C.

ARE YOUR NERVES "ALL ON EDGE?"

"Fruit-a-lives" Brings Rest
and Comfort

Amazing Results from Intensified
Fruit Juices

In these strenuous days, there is constant warfare waged against our nervous vitality.

The man and woman who is free of Nervousness and Sleeplessness; who is not more or less troubled with Indigestion, Rheumatism, Headaches, Neuralgia, Weariness and Loss of Vitality, Pain in the Back and Constipation, are very rare indeed. This is why the Fruit Treatment, in the form of "Fruit-a-lives" is a blessing to nervous, sleepless, unstrung men and women. "Fruit-a-lives" is really the intensified juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes and contains all the medicinal powers of these fruit juices and in a more active and concentrated form.

"Fruit-a-lives" will always relieve Nervousness and Sleeplessness by cleansing the system of waste—by rebuilding the nerve cells by means of pure, rich blood—by regulating the stomach, liver, bowels and skin—and by invigorating and re-vitalizing the whole system.

Try the fruit treatment for your nerves. Get a box of "Fruit-a-lives" today. Your druggist has them—25c. and 50c. a box, or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

Hon. Frank B. Carvell, chairman of the Board of Railway Commissioners, dropped dead at his home at Woodstock, New Brunswick, on Saturday afternoon.

other evidence that there were many good things that I missed having in my boyhood, because I was born too soon.

On the evening of April 3rd, 1899, I, together with my bride of six months, bid goodbye to our relatives, and the "Old Town", as we stepped on the Pacific Express, and on the morning of the sixth day after, our train ground its brakes as we rolled down out of the Cajon Pass into the beautiful orange scented valley of San Bernardino, then on into the "City of the Angels," leaving slush, snow and mud behind, and landing here among fruit laden groves, and ripening grain fields.

What changes one act of the will will make in the whole circumstance of one's life. The Main Street mud, the choo choo trains, the old farm, the sugar bush lot, the orchard trees, the coasting hill at the old school house, the school-mates of our early years, old sweethearts, living relatives, and the sleeping dead, all severed for a lifetime except a few brief renewals.

We would again like to return during "Old Home Week," but the journey is long, and home duties press. We would like to walk with the old boys and girls in the grand review on Main Street, we would like to stand on the street corners and meet the outstretched hands, we would like to sit at your tables of feasting, but other beckonings will come to all of us before many years; shall we answer the Roll Call then with gladness, and assurance of peace. Geo. D. Lee, Yucaipa, San Bernardino County, Calif.

The Editor

(By P. M. MacE)

At things unkind against him said,
And the brickbats hurled at his head,
Who smiles nor cares a tinker's red?

Who holds the tenor of his way,
His head erect, eries at bay,
Abuse, unmerited, his pay?
Who, day by day, does his dead best,
To spice his quill with pep and zest,
Unpraised, unrecognized, unblest?

Who is it keeps the truth suppressed,
Hard struggling in his virtuous breast,
When candor would not serve the best?

And who is brave enough and bold
The cause of honor to uphold,
Shrinks not from all that must be told?

Who, did he not some gloss dispense,
Would give unwarranted offence,
And find his hide hung on a fence?

Who, when some tightwad meets
his doom
And drops, unmourned, into the tomb,
Says that "his death casts a deep gloom"?

With hymen on the village green,
Who paints the homely bride a queen
Arrayed in face and shimmering sheen?

When debutante was all but floored
And the hilarious audience roared,
Who was it said "she was encored"?

In all of this who sinneth not,
But burnishes a beauty spot,
Where else had been at least a blot?

When facts and rumors rife collide
Who is it leans to mercy's side,
Imbued by some real local pride?

Who, to distraction well nigh driven,
Through slams and stuns, for merit given,
A villadome deserves in heaven?

—The Editor

contrast at the present time in and around Watford from the days of 50 years ago.

I exceedingly regret that circumstances do not permit me to be with you at "The Old Boys' Home Coming." It is certain that it would be one of the joys of my life to "be there" and participate at the reunion. Rest assured you have my hearty, sympathy and good will with you all and know it will be a red letter day for Watford long to be remembered and cherished, and my sincerest wish that you may all have much peace and prosperity during all your days, expressing my gratitude to both friend and foe, and leave my peace with these and love with those. M. S. Campbell, Armstrong, B. C.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES
Wholesome Cleansing Refreshing

"FEEL IT HEAL"
Mentholatum
TIRED FEET SKIN-IRRITATION, BRUISES
JARS 20c & 50c—TUBES 50c—At All Drug Stores

This Gift
FRENCH ORGANDIE
Writing Paper
"The paper that's good to write upon"

Rude Rural Rhymes

I read each day the daily press,
but oftentimes it is a mess. I do despise the useless daily, which with red type is lit up gaily but gives us only sins and scandals, wild acts of murderers and vandals. If what they serve for our inspection were of our life a true cross section, I'd think the earth was on the skids and sliding down towards Satan's grids, that Eve's fair daughters all were scum, and all of Adam's sons, by gum, were mad with dope and soaked in rum. But in my daily walks I find most folks are patient, true and kind. They do an honest daily stint and seldom find themselves in print, for if they're short on wicked capers, they are no asset to the papers. O, I am glad these wholesome rhymes are published in the Billville Times, that I may air my half-baked views within the weekly Homeburg News. Jones builds a barn and builds it good, then paints it red—I knew he would. A simple rural tale, and yet, when printed in the last Gazette, that item brings to you and me some visions others cannot see, of red barns where we used to play and jump from big beams to the hay, which rose beneath in springy swells and filled the air with pleasant smells. The country weeklies now and then print common facts for common men, the old, old facts of death and birth, of love and life upon the earth; but in a lot of city journals, too many shucks come with the kernels.—BOB ADAMS.

ed. "Dave" remarking to the late comers that something was going on tonight. Here hoping for fine weather conditions and leave the rest to the old Boys and Girls of the old town. Jacob Mavity, Sarnia.

To all my dear old chums, both girls and boys, your joyous invitation to join you in the greatest of all great things, we all around the world gathering of the Boys and Girls of many a decade and talk and ache as we used to in the many many happy days and joyous hours we had together. Every year we have talked of coming to Dear Old Watford of joyous courtship days. Also my noble son was born in that fair little city of which I am justly proud for producing such a dear wife and son. May God bless you is my fervent wish. If circumstances beyond my control did not permit the Mrs. and myself, sure would be there. Anyway if not in person will be in spirit. I am wishing you one and all a great glorious good time. Speak of me and mine to any and all whom may recall our names and the many happy hours in your midst. I must with a tear in my eye, bid you sweet good-bye. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Stout, Blytheville.

Enclosed find \$1. Kindly place my name on your list of Old Boys. Am very sorry I cannot be with you on this very auspicious occasion. I sure have a little corner deep down in my heart sacred to the memory of my old home town, Watford, where forty-years of my life was spent. I sincerely wish you every success. Kindly remember me to T. G. Mitchell, W. S. Fuller, T. Roche, Andy Auld and all other old boys not forgetting Father Quilman, S. E. F. Irwin and Dr. Newell. No doubt many of the old boys are now combing their hair with the dust rag, again wishing all old and new boys every success and a very jolly reunion. Frank P. McDonnell, Clyde Alberta.

Toronto, Aug. 14th 1924

Regret very much that I won't be able to join you in the fun next week. Have just returned from a trip through Western Canada. Met many Watford Old Boys and Girls some of whom I believe are coming down and all the rest with them.

Nothing but pressing business engagements prevents my going at present. If you have half as good a time as we had last Old Boys Reunion, it will be a huge success. Hoping everyone has a glorious time. W. H. Thome.

Many, many thanks for the invitation and regret that I am unable to attend. This nearly breaks my heart but I am sure that I cannot avoid it. I would just love to meet the Old Boys and Girls, whom I spent my young days with! I would love to visit every nook and corner that I used to be in when young. Since coming West I have made many friends but the friends that you make in your youth are the real friends.

I can feel the warm hand clasp, I can see the latch string hanging out, and can see the over full pantry, and I would simply love to see you all.

With my regrets that I cannot be there, my regards to you all and trusting that ere long I will see a great many of you, I am. Fred Watson, Missoula, Montana.

It's hard to say no,
For I long to go
Back home to your welcome so grand
I hunger and thirst,
But that's not the worst,
I'm in love with the grand old land, J. Gibbons.

ed. "Make new blood. You can do it with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have the marvellous property of building up the blood and toning up the nerves. That is proved by the case of Mrs. M. Eppinger, Scott street, Vancouver, B. C., who says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought back my health and strength and restored my nerves to normal condition after other medicines had failed. It was after the birth of my second child that I became so anemic and nervous that I thought I would lose my mind as well as my strength. I tried several medicines, but got no relief until I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using a few boxes of these I could see a change. I felt stronger; my appetite was better, I slept better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued the use of the pills for some time, and again found myself a well woman, and I can sincerely say that my health has since been the best. I can cheerfully recommend the pills to all weak, run down women."

You can get these pills from your druggist, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Give Them The Flowers Now

Closed eyes can't see the white roses
Cold hands can't hold them, you know!
Breath that is stilled cannot gather
The odors that sweet from them blow.
Death, with a peace beyond dreaming,
Its children of earth doth endow;
Life is the time we can help them,
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,
Here are the cares and the tears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
The frowns and the furrows and fears.

What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting;
Just a warm grasp or a smile—
These are the flowers that will lighten

The burdens for many a mile.
After the journey is over,
What is the use of them? How
Can they carry who must be carried?
Oh, give them the flowers now!

Blooms from the happy heart's garden
Plucked in the spirit of love;
Blossoms that are earthly reflections
Of flowers that blossom above.
Words cannot tell what a measure
Of blessing such gifts will allow
To dwell in the lives of many,
So give them the flowers now!

—Leigh M. Hodges.

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What more novel dish for your Christmas dinner?
Or any other winter meal.
Putting it up now while cheap and plentiful costs little.
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74 Montreal Street, D.
Perfect Seal Crown Improved Gem JARS
Free recipe book on request