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CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS
BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 209

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

Vapo Cresolene Co.
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MONTREAL

SOCIETIES.

L. O. L. 505, Watford,

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

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

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. E. 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 specialty.

Cigars.

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

SOUTH END BAKERY.

Canadian Hair Restorer

Before and After

Will restore gray hair to its natural color. Stop Falling Hair, causes to grow on bald heads, cures Dandruff, itching and all Scalp Diseases. Contains no oily or greasy ingredients.
Price 75c.—To introduce will mail first order for 30c., 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 a.m.
Chicago Express 9 22 p.m.

GOING EAST
Accommodation 12 06 p.m.
New York Express 3 00 p.m.
Accommodation 5 16 p.m.
C. VAIL, Agent, Watford.

While eating oysters a Chicago man swallowed a pearl. The services of the police were required to prevent his friends from organizing a department of interior research.

The One Girl

A Case of Love at First Sight and a Complication

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Jack Townsend leaned back in his seat on the train and looked long and admiringly at the girl across the aisle. For some time he had been casting surreptitious glances in her direction as she read on, absorbed in a magazine, unconscious of his presence.

Townsend waited for her to raise her long lashed eyes. She did so presently, and her careless glance around included Jack, but just in that fleeting moment it came to him positively, indisputably, that this was the one woman. He fretted uneasily as the train flew on and the miles slipped by. Was there no way under the sun that he might speak a word to her, no way that he might learn her name, before she reached her destination and passed, perhaps, from his life forever, carrying with her his hope of happiness? It was strange, he reflected, that he should feel so convinced of this fact. The girl closed her magazine, and as she leaned forward to place it in her valise her golden chain caught about the arm of the seat. There was a little click, and the locket came rolling across, to stop directly beneath the toe of Townsend's boot. He reached for it quickly and then sat staring at it in amazement, for the cover lay open in his hand, revealing the fat, smiling face of his old time chum Tom Danvers.

"If you please," said a voice. And he turned to find the "one girl" regarding him curiously, her hand outstretched to receive the trinket. Townsend was at her side in an instant.

"Pardon me," he began eagerly. "You see, I was rather taken aback, for your locket contains a picture of my old college chum Tom Danvers. If you are a friend of his you may have heard him speak of Jack Townsend"—he produced a card smilingly—"at your service."

Her face flushed rosy as she accepted both the locket and card. "Yes, indeed. I have heard of you often—"



WILL JONES

"AM I PARDONED THE DECEPTION?" the fishing trips up in Canada that you enjoyed together, various college escapades—she flushed again—"and lately I have heard that you are to be best man at the wedding."

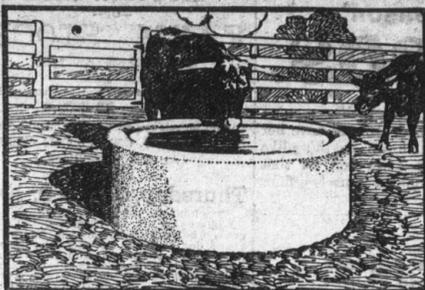
"The wedding!" Jack had forgotten that old Tom was to be married next month. Something seemed to whirl around in his head as his glance fell upon the girl's left hand, where a large diamond sparkled in the light.

With an effort he remembered what would be expected of him. "Allow me to wish you happiness," he said stiffly. "I shall renew my congratulations when I next see Tom."

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Townsend?" she asked.

For a very short time he hesitated. It seemed a mocking fate which caused the coveted opportunity to arrive just as he had discovered its futility; then suddenly he resolved that this one day or hour would be his to enjoy at least. Afterward—well, afterward there would be the memory. So he made himself entertaining, as he well knew how, and the girl flashed him bright glances or veiled her eyes provokingly, and the hours passed as moments until at twilight he arose to bid her goodby with a great regret tugging at his heart.

"You will not forget the date of the wedding," she reminded, and he answered savagely as he turned away, "It will be impossible for me to attend the wedding."



The dampness which destroys lumber only intensifies the strength and hardness of Concrete.

You can impair a wooden trough with comparatively little use; but it takes a powerful explosive to put a Concrete water tank out of business.

Which

is your choice—expense-producing Wood, or money-saving Concrete?

We'd be glad to send a copy of our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete,"—Free—if you'll ask for it. It tells the many uses of Concrete in plain, simple language—tells how to make

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| Barns | Hens' Nests | Stables |
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| Dairies | Horse Blocks | Stalls |
| Dipping Tanks | Houses | Steps |
| Foundations | Poultry Houses | Tanks |
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Which is Your Choice?

Sloppy, leaky wooden troughs, or clean, durable Concrete?

Wooden drinking troughs are about as reliable as the weather.

They are short-lived and require replacing every few years—not to mention continual patching to keep them in repair.

The best of wood cannot withstand, for long, constant dampness and soaking. Its tendency to rapid decay soon shows itself in leaks and stagnant pools of water around trough.

Contrast with this the durability, cleanliness and well-ordered appearance of Concrete.

Which?

She waved to him from the car window, and he stood upon the station platform watching her smiling face until he could see it no more. He settled down to business after this with a determination to forget the haunting face of his friend's promised wife and purposely avoided the byways which Tom was known to frequent. A meeting between the two was inevitable, however, and his friend's bulky figure loomed up before him one day upon the street.

"Great Scott, Jack," was his greeting, "where have you been?"

"Busy," he answered shortly.

"Well, you'd better cut it out for awhile," Tom went on, "and run up to Bedford with me to see Adella."

Townsend intended to refuse the invitation curtly; then that taunting memory face flashed before him. "All right," he agreed recklessly; "I'll go."

His heart hammered away against his ribs in a very foolish manner as the two men awaited the appearance of Tom's fiancée, and when she came gliding gracefully into the room and he was duly presented by Tom, Jack stared incredulously from one to the other, for Miss Adella was tall and fair, while the "one girl" had been small, with dark and curling locks. His thoughts were very misty and confused throughout that call, and as Tom led the way later to the suburban train Jack accosted him sternly:

"See here, Tom," he said, "Miss Adella is very nice, and you are a lucky man, but what do you mean by engaging yourself to another girl only to deceive her in the end?"

His friend turned with unexpected anger. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"That you have been making love to a little dark haired girl," Jack persisted.

"I certainly have not," Tom protested hotly; "don't even know any one answering that description. Maybe you know what you are talking about. I don't."

"You will have to excuse me from being best man at your wedding," Jack said presently. "I shall be too busy to act."

"All right," his friend responded, and they parted coldly.

But Jack Townsend walked briskly up the avenue, and the frown which had formed between his brows vanished, for it occurred to him suddenly, that wherever the "one girl" might be she was now free. He recollected with dismay that, though he had spoken freely of his past, present and future that memorial day upon the train, he had never learned the name nor destination of the girl who had listened so attentively, but as he made occasional business trips to distant cities he watched continually with a patient hopefulness for a glimpse of her face, and it was when returning from one of these trips that the expected happened.

He was leaning back wearily as the car door was thrust open to admit a laughing couple. The girl who came first wore a long white cloak, and the face peeping from beneath the drooping plumes of her hat was the pliant face of his little locket lady, and

the man who followed her down the aisle, visibly shaking white rice from his coat and hat as he came, was unmistakably—Tom!

They passed without recognition and took an opposite seat. Inwardly raging, Jack vainly tried to solve the mystery. Could it be possible that his friend had fallen captive to the charms of this demure maid and while still betrothed to the fair Adella had married her the very night preceding that named for his long planned wedding? This, under the circumstances, seemed to be the only reasonable conclusion, and just as Jack reached it Tom leaned over and touched him on the arm.

"Jack Townsend," he exclaimed delightedly, all animosity forgotten, "come over here. I want to introduce you to a young lady."

There seemed to be no way of escape, so Townsend sulkily obeyed.

"This is Adella's friend Miss Grenville," he heard Tom saying, and a bewildering, smiling vision seemed to float uncertainly before him for a moment.

"Tom," he asked deliberately, "did I understand you to say Miss Grenville is the one remedy to cure. Why, I was in mighty bad shape, my digestion was all wrong, and every night I would waken with a start and find my heart jumping like a threshing machine. This was caused by gas on my stomach pressing against my heart. When I started to use Nerviline I got better mighty fast. It is certainly a grand remedy for the traveling man, keeps your stomach in order, cures cramps, prevents lumbago or rheumatism, breaks up chest colds and sore throat—in fact there hasn't been an ache or pain inside or outside for the past two years that I haven't cured with Nerviline. Do you wonder I recommend it?"

For general household use Nerviline has no equal; it will cure the aches and ailments of the entire family—refuse anything but Nerviline, 50c per bottle, trial size 25c, all dealers or The Catarhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Gas Distended His Stomach

Caused Palpitation, and Prevented Sleep—When Health Was Gone, Cure Followed Use of "Nerviline."

"My last wish will be," writes Harry P. Pollard, a well-known boot and shoe traveler of Hartford, "that everyone with a bad stomach may learn as I did, before it's too late, that Nerviline is the one remedy to cure. Why, I was in mighty bad shape, my digestion was all wrong, and every night I would waken with a start and find my heart jumping like a threshing machine. This was caused by gas on my stomach pressing against my heart. When I started to use Nerviline I got better mighty fast. It is certainly a grand remedy for the traveling man, keeps your stomach in order, cures cramps, prevents lumbago or rheumatism, breaks up chest colds and sore throat—in fact there hasn't been an ache or pain inside or outside for the past two years that I haven't cured with Nerviline. Do you wonder I recommend it?"

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Testimonial No. 4890

When the hair thins out on the top of the head and the bald spot is getting ready to appear in public don't get discouraged. Just go to your druggist and ask for Parisian Sage Hair Tonic. He will charge you 50 cents for a large bottle but it does not cause hair to grow where the hair is thinning out, nothing on this earth will.

NERVILINE CURES ALL PAIN

some place, Tommy, until we reach town. I wish a confidential talk with Miss Grenville."

The obliging Tom rose with alacrity. "I'll be in the smoker," he called back.

The girl raised her eyebrows in mock surprise as Jack seated himself at her side. "What a strange acting person you are!" she said.

"When it comes to strange actions," he was beginning, and she had the grace to blush.

"I hate explanations," she said; "but if you must know, Adella and I had been visiting a mutual friend, and in the hurry of departure she forgot her jewelry. I found it upon the dresser after she had gone and decided that the safest way to get it to her would be to wear it myself. The journey home was long and tiresome. I wanted very much to talk to some nice person, and, though I had never met Tom, Adella speaks of him continually, and I knew if you were a friend of his—"

"You allowed me to think," Jack interposed, "that you were Tom's fiancée."

Miss Grenville laughed softly. "I know it," she said; "but, you see, it seemed much better that way, without thought of a common flirtation. I am sorry that you have decided not to attend the wedding, for I am to be Adella's maid of honor. She entertained the bridal party at a rehearsal tonight and gave Tom strict orders to see me home."

The lashes veiled her eyes in a well-remembered way. "And now," she asked, "am I pardoned the deception?"

"Pardoned?" Jack exclaimed fervently. But Tom's figure filled the passage.

"Excuse the interruption," he said, sarcastically. "We are pulling in."

"All right, old man," Jack cried joyously. "And I say, Tom, I am going to that wedding of yours tomorrow night. A fellow ought to learn what to say before his own turn comes."

THIN HAIR.
A Liberal Offer.

When the hair thins out on the top of the head and the bald spot is getting ready to appear in public don't get discouraged. Just go to your druggist and ask for Parisian Sage Hair Tonic. He will charge you 50 cents for a large bottle but it does not cause hair to grow where the hair is thinning out, nothing on this earth will.

And we want everybody, man, woman and child, that you can have your money back if Parisian Sage isn't the best hair grower, hair saver, hair beautifier and dandruff cure on the market to-day.

It stops itching scalp, and falling hair and makes hair grow thick and abundantly. All druggists everywhere sell Parisian Sage or postpaid from the Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont. See that the girl with the auburn hair is on every bottle. Sold and guaranteed by T. B. Taylor & Sons.

Excellent paper is being made in Great Britain from gum wood. It should possess exceptional advantages in the manufacture of envelopes.