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Air By RALPE MILTON

1919, by with my cwn nounced Judge nce and su periority. "Ren known at

there was so Third claims of the fa Barnes. Year in.) decade he had bet elected to the office o. was not much of a legal he was shrewd, had a s court usage and brought rethe town. Speeders were his prey, marriage 'icenses were easy acquisition i and for th

quiet little . the distinction itable modern The judge had made money out of ais office, and through fortunate investments had come to live at the edge of the village in an old mansion he had bought at a bargain. He was a wid-ower and his sole care was his only child, Elida. Upon her he had lavished money freely. She was a charming young lady of eighteen with a will of her own, but respectful and obedient toward her father on all occasions.
The judge had planned out her future
and had made Edida aware of its details. He intended when she was twenty-one to give her a fortune and a husband. He had in view Rodney Parker, the son of his oldest friend, a young man, however, whom Elide bot

only disliked but despised. With all his prevision and prudence Judge Barnes had committed a capital mistake. It had been necessary to have formed, and Elida and the old house seeper were often called in to perform that function. There is no love like when it first blares forth, and an at mosphere of the most delicious roman-ticism enveloped these truent compacts. Elida saw genuine heroes and heroines in these runaway matches All the brides were young and lovely, all the young men chevaliers and knights errant. Elida could not have had a more sentimental training to what to her was a delightful episode, in human life, though to her father business, pure and simple.

The result was that when Elich be gan to go to narting like other girls the first young man who aroused her interest became her idol forthwith Vernon Clare well deserved her approbation. He was an aviator in training though not in service, at a field about fifty miles from Rockton, who came home to visit a married sister twice a month, and as many times a week af ter he had become acquainted with

"Nipped in the bud!" proclaimed the judge to his spinster sister one day, and he clacked his tongue and chuckled, and fancied he had reached the acme of wisdom, prudence and power. There had been an exciting The judge had come upon his daughter and Clare in the garden coo ing like two loving dowes. Peremptoplace, mandatorially he had directed Elida to go to her room and not leave it until he had given her permission.

There was a mournful week for the sorrowing little creature who loved so sweetly. The judge never did things by halves, he vauntingly declared "that no man should steal his child away from him!" Aunt Tabitha, who hated all mankind, never allowed Elida out of her sight when in the walled-in garden. The hired man of the place was paid extra to lure about and re-port the first indication of the baffled lover about the place. Even Rodney Parker was impressed into service and valorously patrolled the garden armed with a big horse pistol for several

nights This Elida learned was caution and preparedness for sending her away for a year to a select seminary which was almost a prison. For the first time in her life she was defiant toward her father. The beginning and end of her argument, when coaxed, threatened and cajoled, was:

"I love Vernon. I shall run away and marry him the first chance I get! The Barnes mansion was flat roofed Elida had got into the way of taking a chair up there and reading, writing and nursing her sorrow. She chose this rather than the garden, under constant lynx eyed cynosure. No one

intruded upon that solitude.
"I don't think any ardent lover will elope with my daughter, hedged in the way we've got her!" the judge con-gratulated himself, but devoted lovers have their ways, and somehow Vernon Clare got secret word to Elida, and

th excitement Tabitha, in the garwinged monster flop-id fainted away. They

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a taint of gaspline in against the full take any risks liofts f and bilss Vernon Clare, ex-Elida, aned to the full, and two er Elida Barnes was Elida

ROYALTY'S HOME.

Varied History. 1835 that building opercotomenced to convert

omewhat varied his details been well in the re Buckingham are the Mulberry been laid out to al for English The experiment the gardens were

century Wembley n House was built gardens and then, av to Buckingham the Duke of Buck-It were this house lt, one handred years the pulser we now

ling, which lost about as countries and under at it was rot patil Queen ign that the new palace ed by result. chis circumstance which in

spired one Times; possibly for the first and only time in its career, to a nonundrum 'Way is Buckingham Palace the cheapest ever built?" askod the freat and usually grave news-paper; and replied: "Because it was built for one sowereign and furnished for another."

At the beginning of its career as a royal residence. Buckinglam Palace was by no means so well organised as it is to-day. Division of labor, for lustance, was carried to altogether too great extremes. It was the duty of the Lord Steward's department to lay the fires, but they could only be iit by the Lord Chamberlain's depart Then dishes from the royal kinchens had to be carried through engless considers before they were verved, so that they rarely arrived at

table in perfect condition.

Most startling of all, it seemed possible for anyone to enter the palmarriage, a great sensation was caused by a boy named Jones, who claimed to have gained access to the private apartments of the palace and to have overheard convergations tween the Queen and the Prince

Consort Buckingham Palace has been the scene of many magnificent Court functions, and is also intimately associated with the home life of royal family. Most of Queen Vic-toria's children were born there, and it was in the palace that King Edward died.

Racing the Train.

An exciting contest took place recently between a motor-cyclist and an express train along the five bundred miles between Sydney and Bris-The motor-cyclist won, reach ing his destination thirty minutes be fore the express.

In another remarkable race in Australia, a kangaroo raced a train. animal was grazing on the embank-ment as the train came along. Sud-denly the kangaroo bounded forward and kept pace with the train for three miles

The most grotesque railway races have been on occasions when guards have had to race their own trains One man gave the "right away" signal and then found that the train gathered speed so quickly that he was unable to board his van. Hi absence was not discovered until the ext station was reached. After some minutes the guard was seen in the distance sprinting along after the He lost the race by only eleven

Another guard had to race his train for a similar reason. When he jumped on to the footboard he was unable to open the van door and obliged to jump off again to save himself from being crushed by the side of a bridge. After travelling four miles his absence was discovered and the train was stopped. The guard quickly appeared on the scene, however, having jumped on a motorcycle and given chase

The Willing West.

"Get to know your neighbor" is slogan of the Canadian West. In this great new country the spirit of mu-tual help is everywhere, and although a man's nearest neighbors may live a mile or two away they are always ready to assist in an emergency.

which nell-bors co-operate for the common good is described by Mr. Noel V. Fearnehough, who for some years has farmed successfully in Alberta.

In Morrin, his own district, although much new land was coming into cultivation and homesteads were springing up the community has no

TVOLATE

into cultivation and homesteads were springing up, the community had no building in which a dance, a concert, or a meeting could be held. So the farmers decided to build a hall. Shares were issued, and each man took as many as he could afford. And not only did the farmers find the cash, they helped in the actual construction of the building.

The hall was built, and is now the centre of the social life of the community and a monument to what can be accomplished by co-operation, mu-

be accomplished by co-operation, mu-tual help, and enterprise.—London

He Got an Answer. Mr. Luther Munday once had as-pirations as a poet, and sent to Sir James Knowles, editor of the Nineteenth Century, a sonnet called, 'Why

Sir James replied: "You live, dear Munday, because you sent your poem: by post and did not bring it your-selt."

The Aquitania burns 88,000 bar-rels of oil a day on her trans-Atlantic

THE ANGELL MILLIONS. A Fabulous Fortune Without an

Owner. A further daim is about to be made to the "Angell Millions," one of the most valuable estates in London, England. It is chiefly at Brixton, Stockwell, Streathars, Kennington, and Balham, and covers about sixty square miles of house and shop appropriates.

The story of this vast estate is romance of dead men's gold. About the middle of the eighteenth century there lived at Stockwell John Angell, who owned considerable land not only shire, Temple Newell, near Dover, and Crowhurst, Sussex. He died in 1784, leaving a will that created an amazing situation.

Angell bequeathed his estates to the male heirs of the father of his great-grandfather, and these failing, to the female heirs of the same. This disposition was conditional on the building at Stockwell of a college 'seven decayed or unprovided-for gentlemen that shall be such by three descents, two clergymen, an organist six singing men, twelve choristers, a verger, chapel clerk, and three do mostic servants."

For the building of this institution, which would have been very in-teresting, particularly on the musical side, the testator left a certain sum and he also endowed it with rent charges to the amount of £800 a year, besides making provision for the faily food of the inmates.

The first difficulty that arose lay in the invalidity of the provision for founding the college which was not therefore, built. But the almshouse known as Trirnity College, Brixton, are maintained out of the revenue from the Angell Town estate.

It was, however, the disposal of se estates that became the crum of the whole matter. Owing to the pe culiar terms of the will, scores of claimants came forward.

In some of the evily legal procedings there was much that savois of old romance. An instance occurred in 1793, when John Angell, of Dub-lin, claimed part of his Stockwell namesake's estate. On his behalf was produced the register of Winter-borne, to which the defence objected on the grounds that the material entry was written in an unusual way, that it was forced into a leaf not belonging to the specified period or and that after the copy taken the leaf itself was cut out by somebody.

The claim failed, the judge re-marking that plaintiff had not a foot to stand upon, even supported by his own register, although it had evidently been mutilated and garbled

"I do not say," added his lordship, to plaintiff's counsel, "it has been mutilated by your client, but certain ly for the purpose of connecting the family of Winterbourne with the family of the testator."

Part of the estate, indeed, has been the subject of litigation up to the present time. Only a few months ago one of the claimants to it, who lives at Brixton, was the defendant in an application by his landlord for possession of his house. Defendant, it was stated, had paid no rent for twelve months. A year previously there had been similar trouble to get the rent.

Recently, too, the latest claimant to the estate, who says he has spent over half a century in tracing his descent from the eccentric John Angell, circularized a number of property-owners in Brixton and Stock requesting them to pay rent only to him.

So another chapter-perhaps the last—is likely to be added soon to the romance of the "Angell Millions." If it is, next-of-kin agents may lose one of their most regular sources of income. For many years a well-known firm made about £200 a year simply by supplying copies of the will that gave rise to such trouble.

PAGE SEVEN

YOUNG WILD ANIMALS RESPOND TO KINDNESS.

Marten and Young Buck Deer Follow Trapper Wherever He Goes-Big Horned Owl Eats Out of His

Politics develops strange bedfellows. And so do the forests. Im the political jungles, men and women of varied and complex social atripes and financial prestige, fraternise. In the forests, men and women fraternise with each other, and in some cases with beasts of the wilds, says William J. McNuity, in

Canadian Forest and Outdoors. In the Kedgwick River territory of Eastern Canada lives Claude Hynes, hunter, trapper, woodsman and guide. His home is on the bank of the river, amid the forest. Hynes had not permitted the loneliness of the wilderness to overwhelm him. Lacking the companionship of human beings for most of each year, he has trained animals to become his pals. And not content with training animals, he has even made close friends

of the birds of the air.

The most intimate friend Hynes
possesses, is a marten. He found this air-bearing animal when it was but a few weeks old. Evidently, it had wandered away from its mother. Hynes picked it from the earth and earried it home, despite its puny pro-tests. On arriving at his home, he placed the tiny animal in a wooden box, in which he bored some holes. He started feeding the marten on Me started feeding the marten on milk and bread. In three weeks, he liberated it and tried to chase it into the woods. But the marten refused to leave the Hynes' property. Hynes then decided to keep the animal as a playmate. He taught it to beg for food by standing on its hind legs and stretching outward the fore legs. He taught it to play with a glass egg. The marten proved a willing and The marten proved a willing and adept pupil. It would follow Hynes about just like a dog. For some time, Hynes had been bothered by rate and mice in his house and barn. rats and mice in his house and barn. He domiciled the marten in the barn,

and in a few weeks all of the rats had been destroyed by the marten.

Hynes also found a young buck deer that had wandered from its family circle. He carried the animal to his home and fed it with milk. After a month, he released the animal, but if refused to remain away. After bounding off into the forest, it returned in less than half an hour. The marten and deer are allowed to bark themselves inside the house, at times. One of the chief defects of the admiration and affection in which Hynes is held by the marten and the deer is the difficulty he has in forc-ing the two animals back to his home when he wants to travel through the wood minus their company. Usually, the marten and deer are at his heels or frolicking beside or ahead of him When he goes to the little village of Kedgwick for supplies, the two ani-

wals form his bodyguard.

Hynes next added a big horned owl to his "stable." He found the owl helpless with a damaged wing. He fed the bird. Since then the owl has lived on the Hynes property, declining to fly back into the woods, although the wing became normal in a week. The owl flies in and out of the house and into the barn and smaller buildings. He has been trained to eat out of Hynes' hand without taking any of the hand along with the food. The marten was very antagonistic to the big owl on the latter's advent, but after a while he came friendly with the bird, under the coaxing of Hynes.

Founded by a Falsehood.

How a false accusation led to the founding of an English West Country chapel was recalled not long ago by the celebration of the fullding's centenary. One of the acrvants of the local landowner accused the village butcher of using fraudulent scales. The butcher proved his innocence and, as compensation, the landowner asked the butcher to make his choice of a gift. The wronged man chose a free site for a chapel, and the present building was erected.

A curious history is also attached to a Derbyshire chapel, the bi-centen-How a false accusation led to the

to a Derbyshire chapel, the bi-centen-ary of which was celebrated two years ago. It was built by Francis Brown, a farmer, who decided to ride to Derby during a terrible storm. He boasted to his wife that if he could

boasted to his wife that if he could not catch and halter his horse, he would halter the Devil instead.

When he got outside the farmer had a vision of a terrible soat-like figure that vanished in a flash of lightning. Declaring that he had seen the Devil, he built a chapel as penance for his wild words, and gave the appropriate name of "Halterit the appropriate name of "Halter

Devil."

In Devonshire there is a church perched on the summit of a high hill. A merchant homeward bound on a storm-tossed ship vowed that if his life was spared he would build a church on the first point of England that met his eye. This happened to be Brentor Hill, and there the church was duly built.