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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes GOING WEST (Accommodation, 109, 7:44 a.m.) and GOING EAST (New York Express, 6, 11:01 a.m.).

The Agent Of Owl Creek Junction

He Made a Success of a Difficult Job

By F. A. MITCHEL

"There's no use, Jim," said Laura Bingham; "we can't get married and live decently on \$40 a month, and that's all you get from the railroad and all you're likely to get even if you are promoted."



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Table Manners in Old France.

Could we restore for half an hour the dinner table of old France and obtain half a dozen instantaneous photographs of a royal banquet at any era between the reigns of Francis I. and Louis Quatorze such a "concert of laughter" would be heard as might disturb the serenity of Louis in paradise.

The duchess, her napkin tied securely round her neck, would be seen munching a bone, another fair creature scouring her plate with her bread, a gallant courtier using his doublet or the tablecloth as a towel for his fingers and two footmen holding a yard of damask under a lady's chin while she emptied her goblet at a draught.

During a feast of inordinate length it was sometimes necessary to substitute a clean cloth for the one which the carelessness or bad manners of the guests had reduced to a deplorable condition.

—An Idler in Old France.

London in 1784.

In 1784 M. La Combe published a book entitled "A Picture of London," in which, inter alia, he says, "The highroads thirty or forty miles round London are filled with armed highwaymen and footpads."

This was then pretty true, though the expression "filled" is somewhat of an exaggeration.

M. La Combe in another part of his book exclaims: "How are you changed, Londoners! Your women are become bold, imperious and expensive. Bankrupts and beggars, coiners, spies and informers, robbers and pickpockets abound. The baker mixes alum in his bread. The brewer puts opium and copper filling in his beer. The milk woman spoils her milk with snails."

A Pill for Brain Workers.—The man who works with his brain is more liable than the man who works with his hands, because the one calls upon his nervous energy while the other applies only his muscular strength. Brain fog begets irregularities of the stomach and liver, and the best remedy that can be used is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are specially compounded for such cases and all those who use them can certify to their superior power.

Trade in Watford and you go home satisfied.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

exactly meet the need which so often arises in every family for a medicine to open up and regulate the bowels. Not only are they effective in all cases of Constipation, but they help greatly in breaking up a Cold or La Grippe by cleaning out the system and purifying the blood.

A Household Remedy

agent there.

The nearest house to the junction was a mill. The country round about was infested with jayhawkers and horse thieves. No agent at the railway station had thus far been able to collect money for tickets from 60 per cent of the persons who traveled on the road.

They either demanded tickets without pay at the point of the revolver or used the same implement to pass the conductor without paying a fare. But the usual method was to call for a ticket at the station, get their hands on it and walk away, forgetting to leave the cash for it.

There had been five agents within six months. Now the last one appointed was eagerly waiting for his successor.

Jim received this terrible basket shortly before the train drew up at Owl Creek junction, and his heart sank down into his boots. When the train stopped at his new home he looked upon as desolate a sight as he had ever seen in his life. There was a station, a water tank, a fuel house and nothing else except an open stretch of country—habited principally by the prairie dog, the sole vegetable product being the cactus.

As Jim stepped off the train a man came out of the station expectantly. A bandage covered his forehead and his left eye. His arm was in a sling.

"The new agent?" he asked of Jim.

"Yes," replied Jim faintly.

"Well, come in here and I'll turn over the property. This train goes back in half an hour, and I propose to go on here."

"Been hurt?" inquired the new agent.

"Slightly. I was fool enough to try to collect the price of a ticket from a rustler. I advise you not to try it, but if you're bent on doing so you'll find a couple of 42 caliber revolvers in the drawer under the ticket window. The company sent them out for the use of agents who were bent on making collections."

Jim received the contents of the ticket office and receipted for them in time to see his predecessor step on the train happily and pulled away to civilization. The puffing of the locomotive gradually died away in the distance, to be replaced by an absolute silence. Jim would have liked to hear the hoot of even an owl, but there were no trees for an owl to roost in, and he wondered how the creek got its name. He looked for a place in it deep enough to drown himself in, but it did not afford even that.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the day after Jim Perkins arrived at Owl Creek junction. Jim was sitting at a desk with his hat pulled down over his eyes. He was at the lowest, or, rather, the highest point of desperation. A train was due in ten minutes from one of the branches of the railroad, going eastward. A man with a red face, a stubble beard and one eye stepped up to the ticket window and said:

"Young feller, gimme a ticket to Antelope, and be quick about it!"

Jim arose from his chair and stepped to the window. He had laid a cocked revolver beside it where it could not be seen. He took down a ticket from a rack, stamped it and, holding it in his hand, said:

"Three dollars and forty cents, please."

A glare came in the ticket purchaser's eye, and he put his hand to his hip. There was a report, but not from his revolver. Jim had snatched his own weapon, brought it to bear on the purchaser and fired.

When the train reached the station the conductor stepped down on to the platform and went into the station. A man's body was lying on its face below the ticket window.

"What's up?" he asked.

"I've been sent out here," replied Jim, "to sell tickets for money. That man wanted to go to Antelope without paying his fare. He can go free as baggage, I reckon. You'd better help him on to the train."

The conductor looked wonderingly at Jim for a few moments, then said:

"By cracky! You're a cool one. Do you think you can keep this up?"

"I'll keep it up till I get killed, and I'd rather get killed than remain a railroad employee, especially at Owl Creek junction."

The conductor succeeded in getting a brief account of the affair from the only living participant, then, not wishing to get behind time, called the man in charge of the baggage car and with his assistance carried the body on

SEVERE COLD ON LUNGS AND CHEST QUICKLY RELIEVED

by Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Licorice, Licoeol and Chlorodyne

Mr. J. Seward, Bromptonville, Que., writes:

"Two weeks ago I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs and my chest was very sore, breathing tight and severe hacking cough. I was feeling miserable."

I bought a bottle of Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Licorice, Licoeol and Chlorodyne and after a few doses I felt great relief and I went into a sound sleep, a thing I was not able to do for some nights. Next day I was able to be around again, and before completing the bottle, felt as well as ever. It is a fine cough and cold cure."

Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Licorice, Licoeol and Chlorodyne relieves the irritations and "stuffed-up" feeling in the air passages, soothes the tickling which makes you cough, loosens the phlegm and drives out the cold before it gets troublesome.

In 25c and 50c bottles, at your Druggist's, National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

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