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C. W. SAWERS, M.D. Phone 13, Watford, Ontario. Office—Main st. Residence—Ontario street, east.

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G. N. HOWDEN, D.D.S., L.D.S. GRADUATE of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, and the University of Toronto.

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HAVE YOU A FAMILY?

This is of Importance to You Niagara Falls, Ont.—"Three years ago my son, Gerald, had a severe attack of yellow jaundice. I tried three doctors but they only gave relief for short periods. As I had tried Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets on my other son, I decided to give him Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and...



after using four or five bottles he was entirely well. I shall always say a good word for all of Dr. Pierce's remedies. Today our medicine cabinet contains a bottle of each of these famous remedies."—Mrs. Catherine Dempsey, 32 Bridge St.

DO YOU NEED HELP?

Windsor, Ont.—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Pleasant Pellets' are wonderful medicines for home use. I used to suffer with weak lungs, smothering spells and sick-headaches, but since taking the above-mentioned medicines these conditions have left me."

A. D. Hone

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Shorthorn Cattle, Lincoln Sheep Silver Grey Dorkings Black Leghorns An extra good "Roan Lady" bull calf, good enough for any pure bred herd and priced right, also 1 ram 3 years old, 4 shearlings, and a number of lambs, both sexes. Now is the time to invest in a few sheep.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE Trains leave Watford station as follows: GOING WEST Accommodation, 111...8.42 a.m. Chicago Express, 17...12.47 p.m. Detroit Express, 83...6.54 p.m. (c) Express, 15...10.10 p.m. GOING EAST Ontario Limited, 80...7.48 a.m. Chicago Express, 6...11.22 a.m. Accommodation, 112...5.26 p.m. (c)—Stops to let off passengers from Kingston and east.

DO YOU KNOW of any good reason you should not patronize your own home goods?

Remember you are part of the business of this town, when you help develop this business you help the town. Our bread is always good and full weight.

8c PER LOAF AT

Lovell's Bakery and Confectionery

Holloway's Corn Remover takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it.

Our Parents' Wishes

By R. RAY BAKER

"Do you think we were made for each other, Fred?" Fred Hamilton's lip curled in scorn. "Hardly. I have never thought so—except back in our school days, when I used to carry your books and share my jaw-breakers with you."

"Then why carry on this farce any longer? It's making us both miserable. We don't love each other; in fact, it's quite the reverse. For one thing, you're terribly selfish and these are other things about you that I do not like."

"Thanks for the compliment," he said dryly, rising from the chair in which he had been seated. "Perhaps I am selfish, but remember I am an only child. To be frank, I have much the same opinion about you."

"You are right. We have been keeping the affair going simply because our parents wished it. It was not a question of love or money, because both of us are comfortably fixed, you with the money your father left you and I with my prospering business. I was simply honoring my parents' wish, but if they were alive they would not insist on it, I am sure."

"As I feel the same way about it, we will call it quits then," said Eva, and that is what they did.

When Fred left the apartment occupied by Eva and her aunt he was not in the best spirits imaginable. It was not pleasant to be called selfish, even by a girl he did not love. He leaped into his roadster and drove down town.

Selfish, was he? Well, perhaps she was right. Come to think of it, he never had gone out of his way to lighten anyone's burden. Still, it wasn't necessary for Eva to pick him to pieces that way.

Down through the congested streets he drove, unable to shake off a feeling he could not quite analyze. He was as glad to be free of Eva as she was to get rid of him, but that remark about selfishness rankled.

He had been driving abstractedly, when a sudden cry distracted him. A big touring car ahead had come quickly to a halt, but as abruptly it started off and disappeared. Jamming on the brakes, Fred managed to avoid striking a small, huddled human form on the street.

He looked with a feeling of curiosity for a moment. He did not think of mingling with the crowd that rushed from the curb and hovered about the huddled form. It was no concern of his, was his thought, until suddenly the trend of his recent recollection flashed back to his mind. "You're terribly selfish," were the words that echoed in his ears, and they prompted him to leave the car and join the group.

A man held the limp form in his arms. Fred recognized the pale face as that of a diminutive newsboy familiar to this busy corner.

"Poor kid," said the man. "That big car hit him and hurled away. What had I better do with him?"

"Take him to Doctor Wilson's office across the street," Fred directed. "I'll be there as soon as I park my car."

When Fred entered the office the boy was lying on a lounge, looking about with wide, inquiring, timorous eyes.

"He ought to be taken home at once," said the doctor. The boy looked up wildly. "No—no!" he exclaimed in a plaintive little voice. "I can't go. I haven't sold my papers—my papers! Where are they?"

earn their living. I saw a kindly old man, who regretted that the boy could not attend school, but "what are we to do?" he asked.

The plight of Little Jim played upon some hitherto unused heartstring in Fred's breast. "You will sell no more papers," he said. "You will go to school."

But Little Jim and his father were proud. "We cannot permit it," said the invalid. "You may help us some if you wish, but we cannot let anybody support us fully."

Fred visited them twice a week, bringing them food, for they would not accept money, and Little Jim won his way into the young man's heart.

"You are very good to us," said the father on one occasion, "and there are other people who are good to us, too."

"And I like you best of anybody in the world," Little Jim told Fred, "except daddy and one other."

Came a day when Fred called to find Little Jim in tears. His father had suffered another stroke and a doctor was busy about the sickbed.

"Don't leave me, daddy," wailed the youngster, throwing himself on his knees beside the bed. "Please don't go."

The sick man smiled sadly and raised his eyes appealingly to Fred. Then he uttered a deep sigh and lay back, closing his eyes. Little Jim's father had gone to a place where there are no invalids; and Fred understood that last mute appeal.

A little later Fred took the orphan in his arms and carried him away. "Where are we going?" sobbed Little Jim as they started down the rickety stairs in the dimly lighted hallway.

"You are going home with me," said Fred gently, choking back a sob of his own. "I am going to be your daddy now."

The door at the foot of the stairs opened and a young lady started up the flight. Fred stopped aside with his burden to let her pass, but she came to a stop.

"What has happened?" inquired the voice of Eva Marlow. "And where are you taking my Little Jim? Why, it's—it's that you, Fred?"

"It is," he said calmly but somewhat aggressively, "and I'm taking him home because his father is dead. And what do you mean by 'my little Jim'?"

She appeared indignant. "Why, I've been coming to see these people for some time. It started by your calling me selfish. That very day I came into this district to see if I could discover a way to become unselfish, and I found Little Jim and his father. I love the little fellow, and I am going to take him home with me."

"Not much you aren't," Fred said firmly. "I am going to be his father."

"You are wrong," she declared firmly. "I am going to be his mother."

Little Jim smiled through his tears. "It will be nice," he said softly, "to have two nice people like you for my father and mother. It makes me almost happy."

He reached out with one arm and it encircled the girl's neck, while the other clung to Fred. It brought the two very close together.

First they looked at Little Jim, and then they gazed foolishly into each other's eyes, and slowly a smile crept across their countenances, a smile that seemed to light up the hallway as though the sun finally had succeeded in forcing an entrance.

CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM

Then She Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES" And Has Been Well Ever Since



Mrs. CLARA SLOAT, Fern Junction, N.B., Jan. 22nd, 1920

"For many years, I was a great sufferer from Indigestion, Constipation and Rheumatism. My Stomach was weak and gave me constant distress, while Rheumatism in my joints made me almost a cripple, was treated by two different doctors but their medicine did me no good.

Then I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and at once that fruit medicine helped me. Soon the Constipation and Indigestion were relieved and the Rheumatism began to go away, and in a few months entirely disappeared. For twelve years now, my health has been first class, and I attribute it to the use of "Fruit-a-tives" which I take regularly."

Mrs. CLARA SLOAT, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

with the great festival in the Irrawaddy river. On his return he notified the king, who in turn made the pagoda at Shwezeayan, which had attracted the fish, a sacred place. Since then the dogfish have been treated as sacred.

Mount Demavend in Persia.

Mount Demavend, the highest peak in southwestern Asia, is an extinct volcano about 50 miles northeast of Teheran. It has an altitude of 18,500 feet, and is the loftiest peak of the Elburz mountain range, which extends 500 miles along the southern shores of the Caspian sea and into Khorassan. Mount Demavend towers high above the surrounding mountains, which average about 12,000 feet in height, and may be likened to a giantpost of the series of ridges which separate the semi-tropical region in the Caspian basin 81 feet below sea level and the arid plateau 4,000 feet in altitude. From its summit the ships of the sea are viewed on one side and the Persian desert on the other. Although there is no record of the eruption in historic times, its summit is conical and the crater is still intact. Numerous hot springs at its base are active and the internal heat is sufficient to melt the snow about the summit and uncover a large deposit of sulphur, which is brought down to the plains in bags as an article of commerce.

BEFORE BABY COMES

Watchful Care Necessary

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine and should be taken by the expectant mother. It will assist her in keeping well and strong. This is very necessary, not only for her own comfort but for the future as well.

Read the experience of Mrs. Barton of New Brunswick, and please bear in mind that every letter published recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is genuine and unsolicited. It is the expression of gratitude from women who have been helped.

Cumberland Bay, N. B.—"I was troubled with weak feelings, headache, all the time, a cough, fainting spells and pains in my back and side. I could not do a single bit of work and had to be helped out to the hammock where I lay in the fresh air from morning until night and I had to be carried up and down stairs. After other medicines had failed a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she said it was excellent for anyone in the family way. Before the first bottle was taken I could walk alone and as I kept on with it I got stronger, until I was able to do all my work. My baby is now six weeks old and is a big fat healthy fellow. I am sure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done wonders for me and I recommend it."—Mrs. MURRAY J. BARTON, R. R. No. 1, Cumberland Bay, N. B.

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