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WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES Watford Village every morning except Sunday.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Watford Station as follows: GOING WEST Accommodation, 27..... 8 44 a.m.

LIVER LAZINESS

Those Who Lack Energy and are Unsuccessful Should Read This Closely.

"I am only thirty years old, yet for almost two years I have felt more like seventy-five. I have found it difficult to sleep at night and in the morning feel so depressed and heavy that effort was difficult.

This was the experience of J. E. Parkhurst, a well-known grocery dealer in Jefferson.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Stimulate Liver and Kidneys

HER MASTERPIECE.

She Intended to Write It, but Was Interrupted.

By MATIE K. NAWN.

Coming through the hall Fred Dickson stopped to examine the long envelope lying on the hall rack.

"Oh, Marge," he called. "I guess this is your manuscript. Back from Barber's," he added maliciously.

Marge went to the door of her room and called down irritably:

"Well, you needn't publish it!"

"No. It would be better if they did," she called back.

"It's funny," he mused, "but the things you don't want published are always getting into print, and the things you want to see in print end up in the 'masterpiece' trunk."

Marge came downstairs, digging her heels viciously into the carpet at each step.

"Where is it?" she asked. "With an obvious desire to be as annoying as possible her brother replied, 'Where's what?'"

Marge treated him to an eloquent silence. Suddenly she spied the envelope and pounced upon it.

For half an hour she sat there, reading and tossing aside the pages. The loud ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece sounded with increasing monotony through the long, conscientious perusal.

"It wasn't any good," she confided to herself. "It was too long and too prosy, and the idea was old. Still," she added in self justification, "I've seen just as bad stuff as that published."

Her mother entered the room. Marge looked up at her with greivd eyes.

"It came back," she said in explanation of the pile of paper at her side, "and they'll keep coming back as long as I stay here. I'm tired of the city. If I could get away into the country, where I could be absolutely alone day in and day out, I could collect my thoughts."

Her brother chuckled irreverently. "I could collect my thoughts," she repeated. "My brain is just seething with ideas, but the moment I begin to write somebody interrupts, and when I get back to my work the inspiration is gone. And," she added somewhat bitterly, "here I'm elbow to elbow with the everlasting economies we're forced to practice. It's always material things that receive the first consideration—it's the coal or the gas or something—all the time. If I could get out into the country for a couple of months, for a month even, where nobody knew me, where there was nothing to remind me of the interest

and the water taxes, where I could feel for once in my life that writing was a recreation and not a grind, I could write a story that would be worth while. I know I could."

Mrs. Dickson stood silent during her daughter's tirade. The look of sympathetic understanding in her eyes gave place to a harmonious twinkle. "Marge is very young," she reflected, "and she certainly was never meant to be a writer."

Marge had been a stenographer to a successful author, but had lately resigned her position, electing to support herself and keep the family in luxury by writing. Mr. Bergen wrote little stories without beginning or end, for which he received fabulous checks. It was easy. She could do it too. She had "written," but her stories had all come back, and now she demanded to go away.

Mrs. Dickson sighed. "You were such a good stenographer," she said, but stopped abruptly at sight of her daughter's face. She took refuge under cover of the "previous question."

"I don't see how we can manage it, dear," she said gently. "There are so many mills to be met, and soon the insurance money falls due. We might let that stand for a month or so," she said, avoiding her son's eyes.

"We can't do that," he said with asperity. "Marge can write here as well as in the country. She rattles on about the 'artistic temperament' and its 'requirements' and the 'proper environment' and all such nonsense. I've heard her at it time and again. Now, I don't know anything about the 'artistic temperament,' and I don't want to, but up to date I've furnished the 'requirements' and the 'environment,' and that is where the 'artistic temperament' has got to sit up and take notice. As far as I can see, the 'artistic temperament' is a constitutional inability to turn brains into money. If Marge had had any sense she would have stuck to her typewriting and stenography. She was a good stenographer. The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"And," her brother went on, "it isn't too late yet. You can write your 'masterpieces' on the side," he added humorously. "Tell you what, Marge," he continued more gently, "why don't you go to work for a couple of months and save enough for this trip?"

Mrs. Dickson brightened at the suggestion. "But I've lost my speed," said Marge disconsolately.

There was a moment's dead silence. Then her brother strode out of the room and slammed the door.

"Don't mind him, dear," said her mother. "Men are all like that."

Shortly after lunch next day the bell rang, and Mrs. Dickson opened the door. A small boy confronted her.

"They're a telephone for Miss Dickson at the drug store. She's to call her brother up," he said and was gone.

"Marge, oh, Marge!" called Mrs. Dickson. "Yes, mother?"

"You're to call Fred up at once. The boy just came with the message."

Marge came downstairs and took her hat from the rack.

"I wonder what he wants," she said and left the house.

Fifteen minutes later she returned, breathless. "Fred met Mr. Roberts at lunch, and he told Fred he was in an awful fix. His stenographer had been taken very ill and had gone home, and he asked Fred if he knew a good girl who could substitute until she was well. Fred told him I would help him out, and it's \$18 a week," she finished excitedly.

Her mother sighed, but there was a contradictory twinkle in her eyes. "It's too bad you haven't kept up your speed. Of course you won't be able to take the position," said her mother.

"Won't? I guess I will! He wants me right away. It's the Mr. Roberts," said Marge loudly.

Mrs. Dickson smiled. "And you can go to the country now, dearie," she suggested.

"Yes, if his stenographer only stays ill long enough—poor girl," she amended, feeling that her remark was more human than humane.

For a month Mr. Roberts' stenographer lay ill. When she came back, late in May, Marge packed her trunk and went into the country to "write her masterpiece."

Her letters home were frequent. In one she wrote:

"The country is glorious at this time of year. It grows lovelier each day. This morning as I sat beneath a fine old maple tree awaiting inspiration I was startled by a familiar voice, and who do you think it was? Mr. Roberts. He said he was city tired and wanted a whiff of pure country air. He doesn't know how long he'll stay. He says it all depends. I find him very congenial, although he laughs at the idea of women wanting a career. . . . I intended working this afternoon, but he has asked me to take a walk, so I shall have to postpone work until tomorrow."

Her letters glowed with accounts of pleasure trips taken with "Mr. Roberts," but only in the first was there

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J. W. McLAREN, WATFORD.

any mention of work. Mrs. Dickson remarked this to her son.

"Don't worry, mother," he said knowingly. "The kid'll come around all right. She's the writing bee in her bonnet, and she's stung some, too, but a sting isn't fatal, and the treatment she's taking now will effect a permanent cure."

His mother sighed. "She was such a good stenographer," she said ruefully.

Two weeks later Marge came home, rosy and bright, with a new happy light in her eyes.

"The vacation has done you good, dear," said her mother. "I have never seen you looking better or happier," she added reflectively.

"Did you do any writing, dear?"

"Yes; read us what you've written, sis," said Fred.

"I—that is—well, it isn't—in shape yet to be read," replied Marge nervously.

Fred winked at his mother. "But can't you give us some idea of it?" he persisted teasingly.

In the evening the "city tired Roberts" called. Marge met him at the door. His first words were, "Have you told them, dear?"

Marge hesitated.

"Oh, Billy, I couldn't," she said at last. "I tried to, but Fred was horrid and teased me about my 'masterpiece,' and mother thought I had been working all the time I was away, and I couldn't tell them then. You do it, Billy," she said imploringly.

And Billy did.

Hole For Hole. Little Donald had a penny given him to buy whatever he pleased. His three years of dignity thus had a new impulse thrust upon him. He decided to visit a bake shop, and a doughnut was his choice. In a lusty voice he called for one and immediately passed the penny to the shopkeeper.

"See here, my boy," said the man, "this penny has a hole in it. I don't know as I can take that penny."

"But the doughnut has a hole in it," Donald responded, and he got the doughnut.—National Magazine.

No Word For Love. It is impossible to "kick" a man in French. You must give him a "blow with the foot." The Portuguese do not "wink" at one; they "close and open the eyes." In the languages of many semicivilized tribes there is no word with which to convey the idea of "stealing," perhaps because the idea of property is so vague. It is related of one of the early missionaries that in attempting to translate the Bible into Algonkin he could find no word to express "love" and was compelled to invent it.—Harper's.

They Sound Wriggly. Mrs. Oldtimer—When we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids. They were just covered with hieroglyphics. Mrs. Newrich—Horror! Weren't you afraid that some of the ugly things would get on you?—Toledo Blade.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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FARM FOR SALE.

WEST HALF LOT 7, CON. 4, S. E. R., WARWICK, 100 ACRES. On the premises is a frame house 28x18 with cement foundation, cellar and kitchen 10x24, barn 40x60 with stable underneath, drive shed 14x20, all in good repair. About two acres orchard, five acres bush, balance under cultivation. Spring creek runs across farm. Two good wells. About four miles from Watford, school house on the place and church convenient. Well fenced, all title drained. Apply to GEORGE CLARK, Watford P. O.

FARM FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE THAT is a desirable situated farm known as the east half of Lot 19, Con. 4, S. E. R., Warwick, consisting of 100 acres. On the premises are a large and comfortable frame house, good barn and stable and outbuildings in good shape. Well fenced and watered, and situated just outside the corporation of Watford. If not sold will be rented on reasonable terms. A considerable portion of the property is freshly seeded down. For further particulars apply to the proprietor WM. THOMPSON, Watford Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES, BEING WEST HALF OF LOT 14, Con. 2, Township of Plympton. The land is good rich soil, good orchard, 20 acres of good bush, beach, maple and elm. On the premises are a new two story brick cottage, main building 20x25, kitchen 18x18, concrete cellar under all the house, 6 rooms, 2 clothes closets, bell telephone in the house. Good barn 40x18 and other outbuildings. 2 wells, (one flowing), 8 acres of fall wheat in. All fall plowing done. For further particulars apply on the premises. MRS. FRANK ALEXANDER, Box 33, Wainstead P. O., Plympton, Jan. 6th, 1911.

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