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Chicago Express, 13..... 12 31 a.m.
Accommodation, 88..... 6 44 p.m.
GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80..... 7 48 a.m.
New York Express, 6..... 11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 2..... 3 05 p.m.
Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent Watford

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

MAKING HISTORY

Only It Pertained to Two Persons Instead of a Nation

By ALAN HINSDALE

I was driving my auto along a country road, enjoying the constantly changing scenery. The spring had developed into summer; the leaves on the trees were full blown, birds were singing in the trees, a range of distant hills stood soft and mellow against the horizon, light, fleecy clouds sailed lazily over an azure sky.

I am one of those who love to ride slowly, that I may see each vista, each landscape, near objects, enjoying them while I look. I have no patience with those who must be always tearing along so rapidly that no sooner does one get an eye on a green velvet slope with cattle feeding upon it than, presto! it has vanished and its place is taken by a ragged height covered with scrub trees, past which the road may be so uneven as to require a three mile an hour gait. Such drivers will get over twenty miles of beautiful scenery in a jiffy, to drag and jolt along beside a quarry or a street lined with hovels.

On this summer morning of which I speak my heart had been warmed by the beautiful flecked sunlight beside the road, and I felt especially charitable toward all the world. I was motoring along a narrow dirt road, but extremely smooth, lined with a broad space of turf on either side to the fences, when I saw before me a feminine figure whose lines and dress indicated that she was a young girl. She was carrying a satchel of ample dimensions on her arm and used a staff. When I came up with her I brought my machine almost to a standstill, she turned her face toward me, and I noticed that it was comely.

"Shall I give you a lift?" I asked.
"Thank you, sir, I have far to go and am weary," she replied with that Scotch accent which in a woman is especially musical, though from a man the words usually come like bullets from the muzzle of a pistol.

She was about to climb into the rear seat when I opened the forward door, and she took the seat beside me.

"Where do you go?" I asked.
"I dunna know at present," she answered. "I am to meet my brother at Medbury. Where we shall go from there I canna tell."

I got out my road map, asked the girl to unfold it and while I held the wheel with one hand held the map with the other. I saw that Medbury was a matter of ten miles as the crow flies, but it was fifteen by road and nearly thirty by such roads as would be suitable to an auto.

"At what hour do you expect to meet your brother?" I asked.

"This afternoon."
It was 9 o'clock in the morning. I was not required to be at any particular place at any particular time. There was plenty of time to get the girl to her destination before she was due there. She was pretty, her voice was very sweet, and I saw no reason why I should not enjoy her companionship for the greater part of the day instead of riding alone.

I jogged along till we came to a fork in the road, and as I was about to turn into the right road the girl made a move to alight, saying that her route lay over the left road, which was only a lane. I told her that I would take her to her destination over motorable roads, and she consented. Again I examined my road map and laid out a course involving a fifty mile ride, and since I preferred a slow gait we would make Medbury at noontime. As we rolled along I led my companion to talk about herself, for I felt some curiosity concerning her. She was not dressed as a farmer's daughter, and, although her accent was Scotch, it was not a peasant accent. I could not understand why so refined a person should be trudging along on foot, and I did not consider the lonely roads a proper place for a young girl to be unattended.

During our conversation she gave me her name as Edith MacDownell. Her father and mother had come to America from Scotland when she was about ten years old, which accounted for her retaining only a portion of the dialect of her native country. Her father had been a landed proprietor to a very limited extent in Scotland and, having been seized with the desire to extend his possessions, had sold his property and come to America, where the proceeds of the sale would purchase a more extended domain. But it did not appear from what the girl told me that he had utilized his American acres except in devoting some of them



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In the cultivation of fruit.

As we do not realize that we are making history, so we do not recognize in small events that we are shaping our lives. I often revert to that pleasant summer day when I took into my auto for a lift a girl I had never seen before, intending at the start to set her down where our paths diverged; how I resolved to make her my companion for a ride; how she communicated to me a brief statement as to her social position. It was under the warm sunshine, tempered by a delicious cool breeze, while we rolled along through a beautiful country that I was making history for myself as well as the girl beside me.

In remembering the several small incidents that were tending to divert my life's path from what it had thus far been I have often thought that the matter of good roads played an important part. Had the roads been stony or filled with hollows my attention would have been necessarily fixed on them and my temper would have been sorely tried. Instead the roads were perfect. For miles the dirt roads were dry and hard packed. When we entered upon the tumpikes they were either covered with the finest stone or were of asphalt. My machine worked to perfection. On these accounts I was not only able to give my whole attention to my fair companion, but my heart was free to warm to her.

The history that I was making for myself and my companion was in a way more important to her than to myself. But why this was so I did not learn for a long while afterward. During that eventful day I set her down as a most demure Scotch lassie in whom there was no disposition to act for herself. Indeed, she impressed me as barely having escaped from the nursery.

At noontime we came upon a grove in which stood a cottage, with a sign, Wildwood Inn. There were rude tables in the grove, and I inferred that a luncheon would be obtainable, so I turned my machine into the place. A woman with a white cap and apron came out, and I asked her to produce the best she had in her larder.

That luncheon tastes delicious whenever I think of it to the present day. There was an omelet fit for the gods, biscuits such as were never made before north of Mason and Dixon's line, so light that I almost feared they would fly up among the branches of the trees above us before I could get them to my mouth. As for the butter, I doubt if it had been churned an hour. A heartier course was spring chicken served with cucumbers, so that the heat of one was nullified by the coolness of the other, while both heat and coolness were enjoyable. A cup of tea smoothed by the richest cream was what we drank; for dessert a great dish of strawberries as large as walnuts. And all the while I was looking into a pair of brown eyes opposite me and listening to a musical voice.

One thing more of a different kind was needed for our history making. It was not important except in a small way; there was nothing heroic, scenic, lurid, romantic about it. Indeed, it was very commonplace. A punctured tire. Nothing more, nothing less. Who would suppose that so unromantic a happening should have been the capstone of incidents shaping the lives of two human beings? Nevertheless it was.

Never before had I driven without an extra tire. I would not have been without one this time had there not been a delay in filling an order. I had expected one to be delivered to me that morning. It had not arrived, and I was obliged to set out without it. Thank heaven that it was not forthcoming!

I had barely started from the Wildwood Inn when one of my forward wheels was let down on the road. Fortunately we were so near the inn that my companion could go back there to wait while I tried to extricate myself from the dilemma. A short distance down the road was a house, where I found a telephone, but I spent a long while before I could get a man to come from a garage with implements to repair the break. And it would not be safe to use the tire for an hour or two after he had done so. It was 3 o'clock before the patch was put on and half past 4 before I dared start again. Then I drove back to the inn and informed Miss MacDownell that we were twenty miles from Medbury, and since I dared

not strain the newly patched tire we should have to proceed slowly over such portions of the road that were inferior. It might be 6 o'clock before we reached the place.

"How long will it take to go home?" she asked.

"I can get you back to where I overtook you in an hour," I said.

"Take me home. I dunna care to go to Medbury noo."

"Will you be too late to find your brother?"

"I dunna care to go there noo," was all I could get out of her.

We were fortunate in reaching her home without further mishap. When we came near the house my companion left me and went on alone. Before parting I arranged for a call and another ride. The call I made at an early date, and after that we had many rides together.

One matter turned up a mystery. It soon came out that Edith had no brother. Upon my accusing her of having deceived me she confessed that on the morning I took her into my auto she was going to meet a lover for an elopement.

It was then that I understood her words, "I dunna care to go there noo." And this is why I have said that I was making history more for her than for myself. She changed her intended husband during our ride.

It turned out well for her that I invited her to ride and that the bursting of the tire delayed our reaching Medbury as it did. Had she arrived there at the time appointed she would not have found the man she had expected to meet, for he had no intention of keeping the appointment. Some years after our marriage I learned through friends of my wife that the man with whom she had expected to elope had at that time already more wives than the law allowed. He had been born a gentleman, but was the black sheep of the family. The reason why she wouldn't have found him at the appointed place was that wife No. 2 had got wind of his intention and had had him jailed. I never allowed my wife to know how serious a fate she escaped.

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Drum Fire and Curtain Fire.

"Drum fire" and "curtain fire" are modern war terms. "Drum fire" is the firing of artillery at stated intervals, the resultant noise being described as like the steady hammering of a great drum. When the desired effect of reducing the point of the attack has been accomplished the guns are elevated to a higher point and are fired continuously, making a "curtain of fire" to prevent re-enforcements reaching the point of attack from the rear and at the same time allowing the infantry to attack under protection of the guns.

Practical Religion.

The story is told of a little housemaid, far over the sea, who, when asked whether she realized that she was in any way different after uniting with the church from what she had been before, thought for an instant and then, smiling brightly, said, "Well, I sweep the corners." She could hardly have given a better demonstration of the reality of her religious life.—Christian Herald.

Not So Far Wrong.

"Have you written all the invitations to my party, mamma?" queried little Eva.
"Yes, dear," answered her mother. "They are all written and mailed."
"And how soon will the acceptances and deceptions begin to come in?"—Chicago News.

Work of a Beacon.

There is a flashing beacon on Richardson rock, a wave swept spot west of the Santa Barbara Islands, California, which, without attention, will flash its warnings every three seconds for seven months, or over 6,000,000 flashes, before it requires recharging with gas—Argonaut.

All Sorts.

"How's this—seven different styles of plug hats?"
"The line officers of our lodge. Each bought a plug hat the year he was elected."—Kansas City Journal.

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the greatest prerogative of innocence.—Dr. Johnson.

CAUSE OF ASTHMA. No one can say with certainty exactly what causes the establishing of asthmatic conditions. Dust from the street, from flowers, from grain and various other irritants may set up a trouble impossible to irradicate except through a sure preparation such as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Uncertainty may exist as to cause, but there can be no uncertainty regarding a remedy which has freed a generation of asthmatic victims from this scourge of the bronchial tubes. It is sold everywhere. m



COUNTY OF LAMBTON

Treasurer's Notice as to Lands Liable For Sale for Taxes, A. D. 1917

TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands in the County of Lambton liable for sale for arrears of taxes by the Treasurer of the County of Lambton has been prepared by me and that copies thereof may be had in the office of the County Treasurer.

AND FURTHER take notice that the list of lands for sale as aforesaid is now being published in the Ontario Gazette in the issues thereof bearing date 14th, 21st and 28th days July and the 4th day of August 1917.

AND FURTHER take notice that in default of payment of the taxes in arrears upon the lands specified in said list, together with the costs chargeable thereon as set forth in the said list so being published in the Ontario Gazette before the day fixed for sale of such lands, being the 20th day of October, A. D. 1917, the said lands will be sold for taxes pursuant to the terms of the advertisement in the Ontario Gazette.

AND FURTHER take notice that this publication is made pursuant to Assessment Act Revised Statutes of Ontario 1914, Chapter 195, Section 149, Sub-sec. 3.

Dated at Sarnia this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

H. INGRAM,
Treasurer of County of Lambton.

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