

## Twenty Minutes Time Enough?

To Cure the Worst Headache From Any Cause—New Reduction Method.

Most headaches and pains yield instantly to the new Reduction Method—Dr. Shoop's Twenty Minute Headache Cure. The cause for these pains is congestion—a rushing of blood to the nerve centers—their distention—their veins to the bursting point. Swollen and enlarged, these veins and capillaries exert an irritating pressure on the myriads of nerve branches and fibres. Then, there's pain, and finally that excruciating, ceaseless ache. This new Reduction Method disperses the blood, distributes the overflow, and directs it to the proper channels. It relieves the pressure and pain, and restores the normal condition of the system. Its cause has been removed. You may try it at once—without any delay—without any submission to the usual, but the remedy which brings prompt relief and will be successful because it reduces the congestion—the cause of the pain. The Reduction Method Medicine has thus found a way—a simple and sure, yet the only way—to thoroughly overcome these ailments of Headache and Neuralgia. The effect of Dr. Shoop's Twenty Minute Headache Cure is prompt—perfectly suited to all forms of Headache and absolutely positive in every temperament. For sale and recommended by



T. B. TAYLOR.

### INSURANCE

#### J. H. HUME.

AGENT FOR FIRE, ACCIDENT AND SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES. REPRESENTING Five Old and Reliable Fire Insurance Companies. If you want your property insured please call on J. H. HUME and get his rates.

ALSO AGENT FOR C. P. R. Telegraph and Canada Permanent Loan and Saving Co.

Local Agent For C. P. R.—Tickets sold at all points in Manitoba, Northwest and British Columbia.

## THE LAMBTON

Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company. (Established in 1875)

J. W. KINGSTON President. THOS. STEADMAN Vice-Pres. DIRECTORS ALBERT DUNCAN, JAMES ARMSTRONG HENRY MCBRYAN, PETER MCPHEDRAN W. G. WILLOUGHBY, Secretary-Treasurer, WALNUT P. O.

## Farms For Sale.

200 ACRES, Lot 21, Con. 4, S. E. R., Warwick, situated on gravel road 1 mile from Watford. Soil rich clay loam, frame barn and outbuildings in good repair, good frame house with cellar, plenty of fruit, wood and water, farm principally in grass. Price \$9,500.00 terms to suit. Owned by John G. Miller, Watford, P. O.

60 ACRES, W. 1/2 of E. 1/2, Lot 22, Con. 4, S. E. R., Warwick, 1 1/2 miles from Watford, on gravel road, soil light clay loam, two wells, 2 acres orchard, 5 acres bush, frame house and barn, granary, stables etc. Price \$2,600. Will exchange for 100 acres to suit. Wm. McLean, owner, Watford P. O.

656 ACRES, Gore Lot 2, Con. 2, S.E.R., Warwick, 95 acres cleared, balance hard wood timber. Soil clay loam, easily worked and well drained, two spring wells, large brick house, good orchard, mostly winter fruit; good frame barn, stables and driveway, 6 miles to Watford and Wyoming, 1/2 mile to church, 2 miles to Wanstead Post Office. Price \$4,900. Possession spring or fall. Own by John Brock, Wanstead P. O.

The above are a few of the desirable properties in this locality for sale by the Western Real Estate Exchange. Farms advertised free until sold. For further particulars regarding these properties, apply to the owners, or to

C. L. BRYCE, Agent, Western Real Estate Exchange, Frost & Wood, Warerooms, Watford



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## The Miracle

By TROY ALLISON

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Esther Blake felt certain that there were positions in life that she would have found less trying than that of only child of a popular minister. She loved the dear old rectory, with its shabby furniture; she had grown up feeling that the beautiful gray stone church with the stained glass windows, was part of the family possessions; but, while these things helped make the condition pleasant, they did not keep her from wanting the things that other girls had and to do the things that other girls did.

Christmas after Christmas her lips had quivered when she had received from one to a dozen handsome Bibles from the friends in her father's congregation. Her mother had a sense of humor, and when Esther on her twentieth birthday received Bible No. 37 she laughed and told her daughter that for Christmas she would buy her an adjustable extension bookcase. There seemed nothing else that she needed quite so much.

The girl's face seemed half divided between a desire to laugh and to cry. "I don't see why they think I don't want a trinket occasionally—a fan, a bracelet or something a little bit frivolous, mamma," she said. "I have nineteen Madonnas hanging in my room, and I have received at various times a copy of almost every religious picture ever printed. Of course I like them, but I wish I could be considered as a mere girl some time and not a part of St. John's church."

She had as a little girl cheerfully given up the dancing lessons that she wanted. She was never invited to card parties because each and every hostess felt a tiny bit doubtful as to whether it would be suitable to extend such invitation to her.

Even the dinner parties and ice cream festivals had failed to be particularly interesting to her—for if there were a curate or a theological student among the guests she was sure to have him assigned to her. As a schoolgirl she had stolen furtive glances at the college boys who wore their hair long and played football—there was something fascinating in the jolly way they laughed—and she had wished that her hostess would understand that she would like occasionally the girlish frivolity of eating a philopina with a football youth. But they never did understand, and she continued to discuss with curates the last Sunday's sermon or a new plan for decorating the church next Easter.

There had, however, been one glorious period of freedom—she had spent two years at a boarding school, had played basketball as hilariously as any girl on the team, had eaten welsch rarebits, cooked at midnight behind covered transoms and chinked doors, with the same temerity shown by the girls who had lawyers or doctors for fathers.

And, best of all, she had become acquainted with vivacious Elise Bourland, whose mother was French and whose father considered life worth living and the world a jolly place to live in.

Contrary to the idea that like seeks like, the two girls, so different, had formed a fast friendship.

When Dick Bourland, who practiced law in a city neighboring the school, paid his weekly visits to his sister, he pronounced demure little Esther Blake altogether charming. At the close of school he told her so, and, finding that she admitted having exactly the same opinion of him, he had taken the long journey to reach the little South Carolina town and state the case to the rector.

Dick's mother had, upon the announcement of the engagement, written a nice little note and invited the girl to come for a visit that she might get acquainted with her future relatives.

The girl stood in the library by the window watching the rain that had been steadily pouring all the forenoon, puckering her forehead in anxious plans of the possibilities of the case.

"I really don't see how I can go, mamma," she said finally. "It is impossible for papa to afford it now."

Her mother tapped her pen meditatively against the inkstand and tried to help her plan.

"You get your railway fare at half rate, you know, my dear—that helps some—and you could alter my new gray cape and make it look youthful enough for a calling dress. Then you have your white commencement dress. There's a small foundation, you see, to begin with."

Esther came over and sat on a stool by her mother's knee. "I can't help wanting his people to think I'm nice—and for him to be proud of me. You understand, don't you, motherkins?"

Mrs. Blake patted her on the back

and her eyes grew misty. "Yes, yes, dearie, I understand perfectly—but I also remember that Dick loved my girl for herself—when she didn't have half the pretty clothes the other girls were able to afford. That's the thing to keep in mind, little daughter."

Esther kissed her impulsively. "You are the best kind of a comforter, mother mine. Come, let's look over the remnants of our wardrobes and see if we can't accomplish some of those wonderful things one reads about on the woman's page—How to make a handsome evening dress out of an old lace curtain, or a dressing sack out of a silk handkerchief trimmed with your father's old neckties plaited into tiny edgings."

Mrs. Blake laughed and followed her upstairs. They soon had the girl's bed covered with odds and ends ransacked from both wardrobes.

Esther finally sat down, an old-fashioned lavender and white delaine dress that had belonged to her mother's more youthful days lying in her lap.

"I really can make up a lovely little evening dress out of this," she exulted. "I wonder it's not been made over long ago."

Mrs. Blake did not tell her she had kept it packed away in lavender and tender memories because it was the dress she had worn as a bride the first Sunday at St. John's when she came to the then strange town.

"I can manage with the dresses, but I don't see how anything less than a miracle could produce the shoes and gloves that ought to go with them. One could perhaps get a recipe for a pair of long white gloves to go with the short elbow sleeves I intend making for my little lavender dress if there only were time to read enough woman's pages. They might say, 'Take the old silk stockings of your Aunt Eliza and crochet a proper finish, fastening with the pearl buttons taken from your grandfather's white moire vest, but I'm sure it would take more intellect than I can command to put them together properly and evolve a pair of long white gloves.'

Mrs. Blake suddenly sparked with animation.

"Why, Esther Blake, speaking of miracles, I've had a pair of white gloves, the kind you want, lying in the bottom of my trunk for five years. They may be a little yellow, but we can have them cleaned, and there's plenty of time for the odor of gasoline to wear off them."

She didn't tell the girl the history of those gloves.

Five years before, when the rector was having more financial difficulties than it seemed right for one man to have, he had read the marriage service for one of the wealthiest young men in the town. It was a quiet home wedding, and the bridegroom had laughingly presented him with the bride's gloves as a souvenir.

The rector always had been in the habit of giving all wedding fees to his wife for her own personal use.

When he upon his return home gave her the gloves she had tossed them into her trunk, wondering in the depth of her heart what earthly use the bridegroom thought those gloves would do her financially distressed husband.

She now found them in the very bottom of her trunk and tossed them into Esther's lap.

"After all these years, my dear, maybe they will be of service. They belonged to one bride. Perhaps they will prove a talisman to bring happiness to a girl who is just engaged."

Esther unwrapped one glove from the other and commenced smoothing them out. They were long and soft, of the finest suede.

She slipped one of them on to straighten the fingers, then turned them in astonishment.

"Mamma Blake," she exclaimed, her face crimson with excitement, "there is a piece of paper money folded in every blessed finger of this blessed glove!"

Mrs. Blake turned pale and picked up the mate that had fallen unheeded to the floor.

"Call your father, dearie," she said in an awed whisper. "There's a ten dollar note in each of these fingers. As badly as we've needed money at times, I've had a hundred dollars lying in my trunk for five years."

When Dr. Blake came he sat down on the edge of the bed, and the three stared helplessly at the long white gloves.

"I'll go this very afternoon and thank Mr. Carter," he said, looking slightly dazed. "Perhaps he will overlook the thanks being several years delayed when I tell him my little girl is going to wear these gloves at her own wedding."

Date and Rice Experts.

"There are date experts in the Sahara," said a sailor, "men that can distinguish varieties of the date as easily and accurately as you or I can distinguish the various vegetables. As I went from Bisray to Touzourt last winter I learned a lot about dates. I'd thought, the same as you, that there was only one kind. I found there were seventy-nine kinds. And the Arab date merchant, could tell

those seventy-nine kinds apart with ease. All the world's dates come from the Sahara. They grow in the oases. The date palms need just a little water along with the hottest kind of a hot sun—a desert sun. The variety of the date is amazing. I know myself now nine kinds. It's the same with rice in Burma. The best rice comes from there, and there are 102 kinds of it, which the Burmese rice grower has no difficulty in differentiating."—New York Press.

### Tiger and Lion.

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well known showman, "we placed Chinese crackers in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in widely different manner. The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he began to roll it over the floor with his paw, and when it exploded beneath his nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."—London Tit-Bits.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell*

Crowd From Sarnia Were On Sinking Ferry.

Sarnia, Ont., Sept. 21.—The Port Huron and Sarnia ferry Hiawatha struck a pile on the American side of the river about twelve o'clock last night, while returning from the Indian Fair. No fatalities occurred, the eighty passengers being taken off in boats; but the ferry is at the bottom of the river. Nearly all the passengers were from Sarnia.

A concert company from here gave an entertainment last night at the Indian Fair, about four miles down the river. The boat left on its return trip about eleven o'clock, coming up the American side. There was a heavy fog on the river, and when about a mile and a half from Port Huron and about fifty yards from the shore the boat struck the pile and stuck there. The water poured in, and when the last of the passengers were taken off in a yawl the hole was nearly full of water and the fire was out. The work with the pumps were all that kept the boat afloat until the passengers were safely removed. The boat settled on the bottom, soon afterwards.

Capt. Thomas, who has been with the Ferry Company since its incorporation, was in charge of the boat. The mate was at the wheel at the time of the mishap. A number of ladies were on board, and the excitement was intense.

Where Does Consumption Begin.

That first little tickle becomes a cough, the cough becomes a cold, and the cold travels down to the lungs. Treat throat trouble before it gets severe. Catarrh of the nose, throat and lungs, cures throat and bronchial trouble quickly. A marvel worker is Catarrhoxone which prevents thousands of Catarrh victims from contracting consumption. Recommended by doctors, proved by time to be unfailing. Catarrhoxone is just what you need. 25c and \$1.00, sold everywhere.

Stopped at Frontier

Sebastiano Campana married one of the Italian belles of Port Huron, on Monday last and started on his wedding trip for the United States, where the groom had secured a situation with a Chicago concern. The young couple arrived at the tunnel depot on Wednesday, but were stopped by the immigration officers. Campana acknowledged he had secured a position in Chicago, told the officers he was recently married, but was unable to produce a marriage certificate. After some delay and controversy Mr. and Mrs. Campana were sent back to Canada.—Port Huron Times.

America's Alien Gateway

Ellis Island, in New York bay, is the great gateway for aliens coming to America, and an average of 2,414 of them pass through it every day of the year.

Growing in Popularity.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star continues to grow in public favor year after year. It keeps on at the present rate it will soon be in every home in the Dominion.

It deserves it, too, for it certainly is a great family and farmer's paper without an equal on the continent. The Family Herald's mile premium picture for this season is entitled "A Tug of War" and is one of those pictures one sees in an art store with a ticket "price two dollars." To get the Family Herald and Weekly Star and such a beautiful picture all for one dollar is certainly big value.

BE THIRDE A WILL. WINDOM POINTS THE WAY.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which he l villanously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, windom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

### Impaled On Handle.

Winnipeg, Sept. 21.—John French whose home was at Harrison, Ont., while assisting in threshing at Mr. McKenzie's on Wednesday of last week at Cartwright, Sask., was descending from a load of sheaves when he became impaled on the handle of his pitchfork, thrown down before him. He was given every assistance that medical skill could command, but died on Tuesday morning.

## Farm For Sale.

WEST PART LOT 25, Con. 19, Brooke, containing 96 1/2 acres, a 20'4" frame house, frame and log barn, frame granary, a good stone milk house, about 1 acre of orchard, lots of water, 5 acres bush, good rich clay land, well fenced. For further particulars apply to

EDWARD THOMPSON, Watford

## Farm For Sale.

LOT WEST HALF 23, CON. 3, S.E.R., Warwick, containing 100 acres, all cleared except about 20 acres of hardwood. On the premises are a frame house, frame and log barn, 3 good wells and about 200 bearing apple trees. Soil light clay loam. For further particulars apply to

WM. DORMER, Watford.

## Farm To Rent.

THE undersigned offers to rent that desirable situated farm Lot 22, con. 10, Township of Brooke, 150 acres. On the premises there are a good dwelling house, good barn, horse and cow stables, sheep house, hog pens, etc. Good well and orchard and fairly well fenced. Nearly all under cultivation, all seeded down but 12 acres, 35 or 40 acres seeded down this spring. Apply to

DUNCAN GILLIES, Watford

## "AVONDALE FARM" FOR SALE.

100 ACRES, Lot 22, Con. 4, N.E.R., Warwick, situated on good gravel road, 2 miles from Sarnia, and one mile from Birnam P. O., and cheese factory. Soil rich, sandy loam. On farm are two houses, one new with all modern conveniences. House and barn on each fifty; large orchard of all kinds of fruits, and beautiful maple grove. Will sell cash fifty or entire one hundred. Apply to

DAVID FALLON, Watford, P. O.

or to FROEBE E. WILLIAMS, Arkona, Ont.

July 20 2m

## MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS.

## Schlemmer's New Store

PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES.

THE BELL PIANO, Made in Canada.

Unsurpassed by any.

Leading Makes in Organs.

We handle the Sewing Machines that satisfy. Reliable, Tested and Substantial.

Everything in the line of sheet music and musical supplies at popular prices. Sole Agent for Berliner and Victor Gramophones—Get the Best.

Agent for CHATHAM INCUBATOR.

H. SCHLEMMER,

OPPOSITE SWIFT BROS.

## Delicious Ice Cream

—AND—

## Ice Cream Soda.

Summer Beverages of All Kinds

— x x —

Choice Confectionery,

Bon Bons,

Fruits and Nuts,

Fresh Crop.

— x x —

## CIGARS

The Best Brands, popular with smokers who appreciate something good.

— x x —

Special attention paid to

WEDDING CAKE ORDERS.

— x x —

Everything Fresh and Reliable.

## PEARCE BROS.

South End Bakery.

## STAGE LINES.

WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES

Watford Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11:30 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p.m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. L. M. Ross, Prop'r.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES

Arkona at 9 a.m. Watford at 10:10 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p.m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—THE

WATFORD