

**Asthma Catarrh**  
WHOOPIING COUGH  
CROUP  
BRONCHEITIS  
CROUPS  
COLD

**Vapo-Resolene**

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without dosing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes inflamed throat, and stops the cough, securing peaceful nights. Vapo-Resolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Send for postal for descriptive booklet. 210

ALL DRUGGISTS

Try Vapo-Resolene Anti-Septic Throat Tablets for throat and throat troubles. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us. Write to us.

Vapo-Resolene Co.  
Lecancy - Miles Bldg.  
MONTREAL

**SOCIETIES.**

**L. O. L. 505, Watford.**

meets on Friday or before full moon of each and every month. Cheapest insurance in Canada in connection. ALEX. WESTGATE, Wor. Master, JAS. GRAMHAM, Rec. Secretary.

**CANADIAN ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS**

Accumulated Funds Over \$864,000  
Membership Over 35,000

Some of the objects, aims and special features of the Order.

A Purely Canadian Fraternal Society, admits both men and women between the ages of 16 and 61 on equal terms.

PROVIDES

1. A Mortuary Benefit of \$250, \$500, \$1,000, \$1,500 and \$2,000 in case of death.
2. A Total and Permanent Disability Benefit on account of accident or disease.
3. A Total Disability Benefit on account of old age.
4. A Sick Benefit.
5. A Funeral Benefit.

Protect Your Home and Those Depending on It by taking insurance in this Order.

Application forms can be had by applying to any Officer or Member of Watford Council, which meets here on the second Wednesday evening in each month at 8 p.m.

S. STAPLEFORD, C. C.  
MRS. W. E. FITZGERALD, Recorder

Dated at Watford, Ont., Feb. 21st, 1910.

**CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS**

Organized and incorporated 1879  
Head Office: Brantford, Ont.

NO ORDER EXCELS IT IN

Economy of Management  
Selection of Territory  
Low Cost of Insurance to Members  
Promptness in payment of Claims

PROGRESSIVE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS  
PROTECTION AT MINIMUM COST

RESERVE FUND, DECEMBER 1, 1910

Insurance \$3,254,304.55  
Sick and Funeral Bon't 205,436.89

Total \$3,459,741.44

MEMBERSHIP OVER 75,000

Court Lorne, No. 17, Watford, meets second and fourth Monday in each month. Visiting Brethren Invited.

J. E. Collier, P. Sec. J. H. Hume, R. Sec.  
A. D. Hone, C. Ranger.

**JAMES C. PEARCE**  
Baker and Confectioner.

**OYSTERS**  
as you want them.  
In Bulk or by the plate.  
Try our Oyster Stew.

Hot Bovril, in cold weather.  
Try it.

Confectionery of all grades.  
Wedding Cakes a specialty.

Cigars.

All smokers know that this is the place to get something choic.

**SOUTH END BAKERY.**

**Dropping Coaches on the Run.**

The ingenious means by which one of the great railroad systems of England drops passenger coaches off at intermediate stations without slowing up the locomotive, even for a fraction of a second, in its speed of sixty or more miles an hour is called the "slip coach" system and is described in Popular Mechanics. It is a system never tried in America and consists in dropping, or "slipping," one or more of the rear coaches just before the station is reached. Undoubtedly many American tourists in England after alighting at their destination have been amazed to discover that the coach which they occupied was still beside them, while the locomotive and the remainder of the train were nowhere to be seen.

**As George Sees the Peers.**

"David Lloyd George," said the miner from Wales, "is a very witty speaker. I've heard him many a time in Carnarvon. Speaking in Welsh, he once ridiculed in Carnarvon the house of lords. He said the average peer thought so much of himself at family prayers he always made one well known passage run:

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of lords forever."—London Globe.

**His Wish.**

"Life is something of a game after all," said the cynical person.

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Meekton, "but I wish Henrietta wouldn't regard it as bridge, with me forever playing opposite as dummy."—Washington Star.

**RHEUMATISM**  
Cured By Booth's Kidney Pills.

T. E. Foster, of St. John St. Frederickton, N. B., says: "I have found more actual relief from Booth's Kidney Pills than in all else I have ever tried for rheumatism. The pains in my limbs have lessened greatly and I am better and stronger than in years previous. My appetite has built up and I eat and sleep better than I have in over three years. My general health is greatly improved and I can credit this to Booth's Kidney Pills."

This is the Booth Kidney Pill way. These wonderful Pills are sold under a guarantee to refund your money if they fail to relieve any sufferer from rheumatism or any trouble having its origin in the kidneys. They cure backache, dull shooting pains, thick and cloudy urine, gravel and stone, rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

Booth's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and dealers, in a box, or supplied from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by T. B. Taylor & Sons.

**Booth's Kidney Pills**

The Ambulant Barber.

Paris, like Peking, has its ambulant barber. Armed with a little box, containing the necessary apparatus, razor, badger brush, soap, scissors and serviette, he exercises his calling on the banks of the Seine. All the barges, navvies and quay laborers are his clients. "Figaro" seats his patient on the pavement, covers his knees with a newspaper and for a sou shaves, cuts his hair and gives a human appearance to the tramps and others who intrust themselves to his care.

Odds and Ends.

Uncle Jim, an old negro driver in Richmond, Va., had some ladies to drive through the cemetery. He took them round and showed them the notable graves and monuments and then drove to that part of the cemetery where the derelicts were interred. "Who are buried here?" asked a lady in the party. "I don't think I ever was here before."

"Oh," replied Uncle Jim, "odds and ends, missus, odds and ends!"—Pittsburg Press.

How She Knew.

"Will you have some fresh mushrooms?" asked the hostess sweetly.

"Yes," faltered the guest, "if you're quite sure they're mushrooms and not toadstools."

"Oh, I'm quite sure," replied the hostess. "I opened the can myself."—Detroit Free Press.

The Big Bill.

Little Bob (just started in school)—Uncle Harry, what is the bird with the biggest bill? Uncle Harry (who is still thinking of the night before)—A quail, my boy; a quail—on toast.—Judge.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—Ruskin.

**Shiloh's Cure**  
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

**The Bald Headed Man may Look Wise**

**But If He Had Been He Would Have Hair Now**

You do not want a scientific treatise on the hair follicle—you are not particularly interested in the name of the German scientist who isolated the bug that is said to cause baldness. What you do want to know is how to save the hair you have and make it strong and lustrous.

Nyala's Hirsutone will do it better than anything else.

It is often claimed that Hirsutone is a wonderful scientific secret—but it is the concrete result of all that is proven in the scientific treatment of sick and diseased hair and scalp.

It is a happy combination and you will notice a prompt improvement in the feeling of the scalp and the look of the hair.

Hirsutone loosens and removes all scaly and matted deposit on the scalp—stimulates the hair bulbs and gives new life and vigor to the hair itself.

Nyala's Hirsutone gives back to the hair and scalp just what it has been robbed of by your neglect and abuse. It is time to start right. Use Hirsutone.

It is one of the Nyala remedies and no higher recommendation can be given it. They are all good. Ask your Nyala Druggist. He recommends it.

**Nyala's REMEDIES**  
One for each everyday ailment

**THEIR ENGAGEMENT.**

He Told Her She Would Return to Him, and She Did.

She entered the room hastily. He was awaiting her.

"I was afraid you would be thinking I had forgotten," she said.

"No," he responded calmly, in the tone of one who is master of himself. "An engagement is an engagement with me."

She was a beautiful girl. A wealth of chestnut hair rippled below the wide brim of her bonnet. Her close fitting tailored gown yielded to every movement of her supple form.

He was a bit above the average height, a clean cut, square chinned chap, whose every expression bespoke self reliance. As he looked at her his glance was deferential, yet not timid.

"It has been a long while since we saw each other," he remarked.

"Yes, nearly a year," she replied.

"But do you remember when I left that time you said I would have to come back?"

"Yes. You should have come sooner than this."

"But I have been so busy—going and coming, dances, dinners, the theater and all."

"I know. And you were married too?"

His voice did not tremble as he asked this, yet across her face there flashed a quick tinge of humiliation.

"I—I would rather not speak of that," she observed, almost coldly.

"That is all over. We—we—it was to be expected. The truth is we were not meant for each other. So I—I got a divorce."

"It was better so, no doubt," he responded gently. "Won't you sit down?"

She took the chair he indicated, and as he looked down at her she flashed him a sudden smile.

"I was afraid of you the last time," she said merrily.

"But you are not afraid now?"

His voice seemed to give her assurance. She smiled again.

"No, indeed!"

He put his fingers beneath her dimpled chin and tilted her bonny head back, then gazed at her earnestly. Her limpid eyes looked up at him trustfully. The rose pink of her cheeks came and went fitfully. The white of her throat throbbled with each breath. He bent nearer to her, still with that fixed gaze. Her lips were parted.

He raised his head, and she looked out of the window silently.

There was a pause. At last she spoke.

"What are you studying about? What have you decided?"

"I think I'll have to fill two of your teeth," he said quietly. "The rest are all right. You have taken better care of them than most women do."—Life.

**\$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, and 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 on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the system 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.

Glencoe Methodists have wiped the debt off their church.

Mr. G. S. Pitkin has been elected Chairman of the Petrolia water commission for the fourth time.

Mother Grave's Worm Ejectant has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

**MILITARY ACCURACY.**

**Exactness in Keeping Tab on the Movements of Soldiers.**

We hear much of the perfection of military organization abroad, but it is doubtful whether any foreign war office follows with an accuracy greater than that displayed by our own war department the movements of its officers. The following is an interesting case in point:

A young army officer who has seen service in this country and in the east was once with a scouting party in Arizona. After two weeks in the desert his squad came to the railway near a small station. Within ten minutes a telegram from Washington was brought to him by the station agent. It asked if the officer wished to be transferred to one of the new artillery regiments then forming.

He answered by telegram that he would be glad to enter either of them. Then with his squad he set off again across the desert.

It was six days later when they again struck the railway, this time eighty miles from the point at which they had previously crossed it, but the officer's reply from the war department was awaiting him. It had been telegraphed to every station within 200 miles.

A more striking instance of accuracy occurred after the same officer's transfer to the east. He was traveling home on leave, and, as the regulations require, he had notified the department of the day, hour and probable route of his journey. After he had been on the train for eight hours at a small station the porter entered with a telegram, asking if any one of his name was present. On opening the telegram the officer found that it ordered him to detached duty.

Exactness of detail could not be carried much further. The war department knew the whereabouts of an insignificant second lieutenant even when he was traveling on leave of absence.—New York Herald.

**A SNAKE STORY.**

**The Reptiles Were Frozen Stiff, but That Didn't Harm Them.**

A naturalist once told how in a thicket on a mountain side he saw a man kill a rattlesnake. He beat the life out of it with a club and continued the pounding till it was mangled beyond recognition. When the naturalist remonstrated the man said, "Boss, you can't kill a rattlesnake too dead."

On one occasion a boat bound for the United States from Rio de Janeiro touched at Pernambuco, where the mate drove a bargain with a snake dealer for a half dozen reptiles of various sizes.

The mate had them in a cage on deck and charged a sailor with the duty of washing it out with sea water every evening. All went well as long as the weather was mild, but on the night before the gulf stream was crossed the sailor left a quantity of water in the cage, and about thirty hours from port a biting gale struck the ship.

All hands were busy with the storm, and the snakes were forgotten. When the mate thought of them and went to look after their condition he found them frozen stiff and apparently as dead as the proverbial doornail.

The dealer for whom the mate had brought them came on board the following day. He professed great disappointment over the loss of his intended purchase, but offered to take the snakes away as a kindness to the mate. He gathered them in his arms like so much firewood and carried them home. But a rival dealer afterward told the officer that plenty of warm water had resuscitated the snakes and that they had been sold to various museums not a bit the worse for their "death" by freezing.—Harper's Weekly.

**THE GIFT OF GAB.**

**Why Stephenson Thought There Was No Power Equal to It.**

When George Stephenson was visiting the seat of Sir Robert Peel at Drayton on one occasion, says the writer of "Famous British Engineers," there happened to be present Dr. Buckland, the scientist, and Sir William Follett, the famous advocate.

Stephenson discussed with Dr. Buckland one of his favorite theories as to the formation of coal and, though undoubtedly in the right, was ultimately vanquished by the arguments and oratory of the doctor, who was a better master of tongue fence than himself. Next morning while pondering over his defeat in the solitude of the garden he was accosted by Sir William Follett and confided to that gentleman the story of his failure.

Sir William, acquainted with the details of the matter in dispute, agreed to take up the case and soon afterward attacked Dr. Buckland on the subject. A long discussion ensued, in which the man of law completely silenced the man of science, who was at last compelled to own himself vanquished. Sir Robert Peel, highly amused at this example of "fit for tat," then turned to the inventor and inquired, with a laugh:

"And what do you say on this matter, Mr. Stephenson?"

"Why," he replied, "I will only say this—that of all the powers above and under the earth there seems to me no power equal to the gift of the gab."

**QUAINT EPITAPHS.**

**Gems From Ancient Graveyards in Suffolk, England.**

The Suffolk (England) Institute of Archaeology has been collecting epitaphs from the ancient graveyards throughout the shire, and several of the most curious are here printed. One shows traces of a pessimistic philosophy surprising when we consider the strong orthodoxy of the day when the epitaph was written:

Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray, Changed to a lifeless lump of clay. By earth and clay she got her part, And now she's turned to clay herself. Who knows but in the course of years In some tall pitcher or brown pan She in her shop may stand again.

Another from Suffolk reads as follows:

Here lies Robert Wallas, The King of Good Fellows, Clerk of All Hallows, And maker of bellows. These which follow could scarcely be lines chosen by the reverend occupant of the tomb himself, a clergyman named Chest:

Here lies at rest, I do protest, On Chest within another. The chest of wood was very good. Who says so of the other? And, to conclude, here is a bit of philosophy that cannot be improved by any of the great thinkers of all time:

Here I lie outside the chancel door; Here I lie because I'm poor. The further in the more they pay, But here I lie as warm as they.

**A Wooden Head.**

Certain members of the house party were describing the accidents that had happened to them during their various careers. Adventures by flood, fire and field had all been well received, and De Sappley, eager for fame, thought it was his turn.

"D'you know," he said, "I had a very painful experience once. I ran a con-founded splinter quite half an inch long right under my finger nail, don't you know?"

"Really, Mr. de Sappley," said a maiden of the party. "How did you do it?"

"Well," he said, "it happened like this." As he spoke he unconsciously raised his hand and scratched his forehead.

"Oh, I see," she interrupted sweetly. "How very careless of you!"—St. Paul Dispatch.

**Carpets and Rugs.**

Carpets and rugs were originally employed by oriental nations for sitting, reclining and kneeling purposes during devotion. When introduced among the western peoples they were for a long time used for purely ornamental purposes, covers for tables or couches and for laying before altars or chairs of state upon great occasions. Carpets were brought to Europe by the Moors, but it was well into the eighteenth century before they came into anything like general use.

**Every Little Movement.**

A visitor to the cobbler's shop noticed one day a barrel half full of tiny brass cogwheels.

"Why," he said, "what are all those for?"

"Goodness knows," answered the cobbler, with a careless laugh. "I get about a cupful of every clock I mend."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Reason For His Disgrace.**

"He's disgusted with the way the politicians are running things in this town."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he ran for office and was defeated."—Detroit Free Press.