

CHOP STUFF

Thamesville will erect a skating rink for next season.

Every thirteenth person in Perth County has an automobile.

Mr. Nixon of Wardsville has purchased the Queen's hotel, Dresden, from Jas. Duddy.

Chas. George, Glencoe, has sold his grocery business to Bruce McAdams, who will take possession in the course of a few days.

Thamesville rest room committee has launched a campaign to collect \$300 to carry on rest room work in that village until next May.

Rev. J. A. Shaver, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Strathroy, was moved to the Strathroy hospital Saturday afternoon.

McDougall and Dr. W. J. Stevenson of London, are attending him.

Stanley Upcott, Olinda, had the misfortune recently, to have the two front fingers of his left hand caught in the cog wheel of a corn binder, which crushed them so badly that portion of them had to be amputated.

Mr. Robert Evans, formerly a business man in Thamesville, died on Saturday last at his home in Port Huron. Deceased, who was 61 years of age, had suffered from heart disease and had been ill but a short time.

Glencoe's offering of 53,500 of 5% per cent. debentures have been disposed to local buyers. Another lot of debentures amounting to \$4,500, bearing interest at 5% per cent., in denominations of \$500 is now offered to investors.

A North Norwich farmer exactly \$16.70 for taking a wallop at his neighbor's jaw. It was just a neighborly quarrel, brought on from unruly pigs and cows that persisted in trespassing just where they were not wanted.

Laurie O. Telfer, formerly of Sarnia, now an attorney in Port Huron, was elected to the office of circuit court commissioner in he elections held in that city on Tuesday last.

Mr. Telfer is the son of Mrs. A. B. Telfer south Vidal St., Sarnia.

After returning home from Bothwell on Monday last, and while unloading his team, Mr. John Beatty Dawn, fainting, falling down beside one of the horses, which frightened the animal, causing it to kick him about the face and head severely.

While digging a tile drain on his premises, Sarnia, Jas. Winn, came upon two ancient and interesting Indian relics, one a tomahawk, made of sharpened and polished flint, and the other a dexter. How old these articles are may only be imagined.

Joe Lowrie, 6th line, Plympton, met with an accident Thursday which has left him with painful injuries, including a number of broken ribs.

While walking on a scaffold a board gave away letting him fall, and he fell against an engine, causing the injuries.

The death occurred at Bridgen Thursday night of Mrs. Henry Sutton, aged 73 years, who had been in ill health for the past year. The late Mrs. Sutton had resided in Bridgen all her life and was very well known in the district. She is survived by her husband and two sons.

Mrs. John Buchanan, lake road, while driving a cow and calf to pasture, was knocked down by the cow and trampled upon, Mrs. Buchanan suffered serious injury, and was taken next morning to the home of her brother, George Greenough, Forest, where she is receiving medical attention.

Mrs. Eliza Leonard and family, of Bosanquet, have moved to Sarnia to reside at the home of her brother, J. C. O'Donnell, she was presented with a well-filled purse from the congregation of St. Christopher's.

The presentation was made by the Rev. J. G. Labelle and John Farrell.

From the 1st of June to the 31st of August, this year, there were 99 convictions made by Justices of the Peace in the County of Essex.

Of this number 86 were for breaches of the Motor Vehicles Act, 44 for being without lights. The prevailing fine for being without lights was \$10.00 and costs.

On Thursday afternoon Samuel Bayley of the Lake Shore road, Bosanquet, met with the misfortune of having his hip injured, when his team ran away and he tried to stop them.

When he grasped the bridle the horse threw him down, and the wagon went over his foot, at the same time dragging him along and thus hurting his hip.

While A. B. McDonald of Glencoe, was carrying a jar of cream into the cellar at his home on Thursday evening last he made a misstep and fell down the stairway. Mr. McDonald was stunned for some moments and received some severe cuts and bruises on his head, which kept him confined to his bed for a few days.

John Smith, living near Maidstone, was found dead under his buggy early Saturday by Thomas Brown, who was riding to Windsor in a milk wagon. Smith was found between the wheels of the vehicle with one foot resting on the right end of the front axle. It appeared that he had fallen from the rig. There was a party in Maidstone Friday night which Smith attended.

Mr. A. Joseph, Leamington, had a mammoth tomato vine of the early variety in his garden at the lake this summer which was a prolific bearer. The vine which was bushy, climbed to a height of 11 ft. on a lattice frame.

The fruit was large and of splendid quality, the vine producing about five 11-quart baskets of tomatoes of the finest quality. Mr. Joseph had the vine photographed.

How does your Subscription stand?

Warwick General Store

"WE TRY TO PLEASE"

Give us your Christmas Order for

CHOICE DATES, 2 lbs. . . . 25c
COOKING FIGS, 2 lbs. . . . 25c
SEEDLESS RAISINS, 2 lbs. . . . 35c
SEEDED RAISINS, per lb. . . . 20c
CURRANTS, per lb. . . . 25c
MINCEMEAT, per lb. . . . 20c
ICING SUGAR, 2 lbs. . . . 25c

ORANGE PEEL, per lb. . . . 40c
LEMON PEEL, per lb. . . . 40c
CITRON PEEL, per lb. . . . 70c
1/2 lb. MIXED PEEL 25c
SHELLED WALNUTS, lb. . . . 75c
SHELLED ALMONDS, lb. . . . 60c
CHRISTMAS CANDIES, NUTS
ORANGES, ETC.

THESE FRUITS ARE ALL NEW AND FRESH

DAIRY BUTTER, EGGS AND DRESSED POULTRY WANTED
HIGHEST PRICES ASSURED

R. B. JAMES, Warwick Village

Ladies' Fashion Shoppe

"Quality and Price Right"

COATS

A variety to choose from—a style suitable for each figure; some belted, others loose backs; some fur trimmed, others the Burberry style; priced from \$14.75 to \$34.50

BLOUSES

Blouses in a variety of charming colors and latest styles, some beaded, some braid trimmed, others the two tone effect. All the latest materials, ranging in price from \$4.50 to \$8.50

DRESSES

In Canton, Satin, Silk, Valette, Tricotines, poirette will and serges. A fascinating assortment in brown, navy, black and all the popular bright shades.

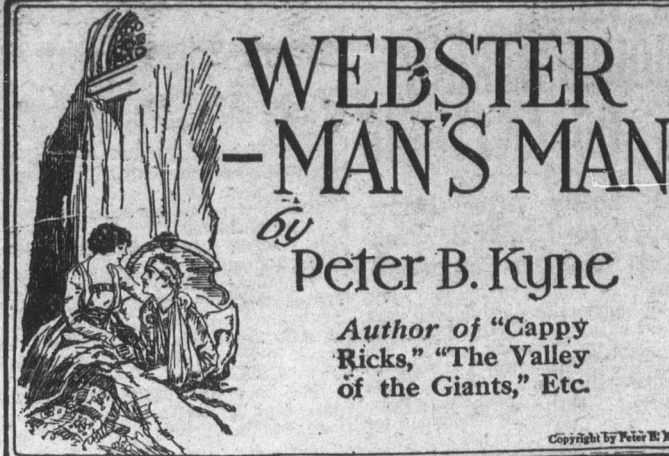
SKIRTS

In Baronette, satin, tricotines, serges, prunella cloth in tailored and plaited styles. All very smart in appearance.

New goods arriving every few days.

TAYLOR BLOCK

WATFORD



CHAPTER III.

The morning following his decision to play the role of angel to Billy Geary's mining concession in Sobranite, John Stuart Webster, like Mr. Pepps, was up betimes.

Nine o'clock found him in the office of his friend Joe Dalingerfield, of the Bingham engineering works, where, within the hour, he had in his characteristically decisive fashion purchased the machinery for a ten-stamp mill. It was a nice order, and Dalingerfield was delighted.

"This is going to cost you about half your fortune, Jack," he informed Webster when the order was finally made up.

Webster grinned. "You don't suppose I'm chump enough to pay for it now, do you, Joe?" he queried.

"I'm going first to scout the country and in the meantime keep all this stuff in your warehouse until I authorize you by cable to ship, when you can draw on me at sight for the entire invoice with bill of lading attached. If, upon investigation, I find that this mine isn't all my partner thinks it is, I'll cable a cancellation, and you can tear that nice fat order up and forget it."

From Dalingerfield's office Webster went forth to purchase a steamer trunk, his railway ticket and sleeping-car reservation—after which he returned to his hotel and set about packing for the journey.

Old Neddy Jerome, as sour and cross as a setting hen, accompanied him in the taxicab to the station, loth to let him escape and pleading to the last, in a forlorn hope that Jack Webster's better nature would triumph over his friendship and boyish yearning for adventure. He clung to Webster's arm as they walked slowly down the track and paused at the steps of the car containing the wanderer's reservation, just as a porter, carrying some hand baggage, passed them by, followed by a girl in a green tailor-made suit. As she passed, John Stuart Webster looked fairly into her face, started as if bee-stung, and hastily lifted his hat. The girl briefly returned his scrutiny with sudden interest, decided she did not know him, and reproved him with a glance that even passed old Noddy Jerome did not fail to assimilate.

"Wow, wow!" he murmured. "The next time you try that, Johnny Webster, be sure you're right—"

"Good land o' Goshen, Noddy," Webster replied. "Try me in bread crumbs, if that isn't the same girl! Let me go, Noddy. Quick! Good-bye, old chap. I'm on my way."

"Nonsense! The train doesn't pull out for seven minutes yet. Who is she, John, and why does she excite you so?"

"Who is she, you ancient horse thief? Why, if I have my way—and I'm certainly going to try to have it—she's the future Mrs. W."

"Alas! Poor Yorick, I knowed him well," Jerome answered. "Take a tip from the old man, John. I've been through the mill and I know. Never marry a girl that can freeze you with a glance. It isn't safe. By the way, what's the fair charmer's name?"

"I've got it down in my memorandum book, but I can't recall it this minute—Spanish name."

"John, my dear boy, be careful," Noddy Jerome counseled. "Stick to your own kind of people. Is this—a—er—a nice girl, John?"

"How do I know—I mean, how dare you ask? Of course, she's nice. Can't you see she is? And besides, why should you be so fearful—"

"I'll have you understand, young man, that I have considerable interest in the girl you're going to marry. By the way, where did you first meet this girl? Who introduced you?"

"I haven't met her, and I've never been introduced," Webster complained, and poured forth the tale of his adventure on the train from Death valley. Noddy was very sympathetic.

"Well, no wonder she didn't recognize you when you saluted her to-night," he agreed. "Thought you were another brute of a man trying to make a mash. By thunder, Jack, I'm afraid you made a mistake when you shed your whiskers and buried your old clothes."

"I don't care what she thinks. I

found her. I lost her, and I've found her again; and I'm not going to take any further chances."

The porter, having delivered his charge's baggage in her section, was returning for another tip. Webster reached out and accosted him.

"Henry," he said, "where did you stow that young lady's hand baggage?"

"Lower Six, Car Nine, sah."

"I have a weakness for colored boys who are quick at figures," Webster declared, and dismissed the porter with the gratuity. He turned to Jerome. "Neddy, I feel that I am answering the call to a great adventure," he declared solemnly.

"I know it, Jack. Good-bye, son, and God bless you. If your fit of insanity passes within 90 days, cable me; and if you're broke, stick the Colorado Con. for the cable tolls."

"Good old wagon!" Webster replied affectionately. Then he shook hands and climbed aboard the train. The instant he disappeared in the vestibule, however, Noddy Jerome waddled



rapidly down the track to Car 9, climbed aboard, and made his way to Lower 6. The young lady in the green tailor-made suit was there, looking idly out of the window.

"Young lady," Jerome began, "may I presume to address you for a moment on a matter of great importance to you? Don't be afraid of me, my dear. I'm old enough to be your father, and besides, I'm one of the nicest old men you ever met."

She could not forbear a smile. "Very well, sir," she replied.

Neddy Jerome produced a pencil and card. "Please write your name on this card," he pleaded, "and I'll telegraph what I want to say to you. There'll be a man coming through this car in a minute, and I don't want him to see me here. Please trust me, young lady."

The young lady did not trust him, however, although she wrote on the card. Jerome thanked her and fled as fast as his fat old legs could carry him. Under the station he read the card.

"Henrietta Wilkins," he murmured. "By the gods, one would never suspect a name like that belonged to a face like that. By jingo, it would be strange if that madman persuaded her to marry him. I hope he does. If I'm any judge of character, Jack Webster won't be cruel enough to chain that vision to Sobranite; and besides, she's liable to make him decide who's most popular with him—Henrietta or Billy Geary. If she does, I'll play Geary to lose. Well, Neddy, must when the devil drives." And he entered the station telegraph office and commenced to write.

An hour later Miss Dolores Ruey, alias Henrietta Wilkins, was handed this remarkably verbose and truly candid telegram:

"Miss Henrietta Wilkins, Lower 6, Car 9, on board train 24.

"I am really the bewhiskered,

ragged individual you met on the S. P. L. & S. L. train in Death valley ten days ago? He lifted his hat to you tonight, and you almost killed him with a look. It did not occur to him that you would not recognize him disguised as a gentleman, and he lifted his hat on impulse. Do not hold it against him. The sight of you again set his reason tottering on its throne, and he told me his sad story.

"This man, John Stuart Webster, is wealthy, single, forty, fine and crazy as a March hare. He is in love with you. You might do worse than fall in love with him. He is the best mining engineer in the world, and he is now aboard the same train with you, en route to New Orleans, thence to take the steamer to Buenaventura, Sobranite, C. A., where he is to meet another lunatic and finance a hole in the ground. I do not want him to go to Sobranite. If you marry him, he will not. If you do not marry him, you still might arrange to make him listen to reason. If you can induce him to come to work for me within the next 90 days, whether you marry him or not, I will give you \$5,000 the day he reports on the job. Please bear in mind that he does not know I am doing this. If he did, he would kill me, but business is business, and this is a plain business proposition. I am putting you wise, so you will know your power and can exercise it if you care to earn the money. If not, please forget about it. At any rate, please do me the favor to communicate with me on the subject, if at all interested.

"Edward P. Jerome, President Colorado Consolidated Mines, Ltd., Care Engineers' Club."

The girl read and reread this telegram several times, and presently a slow little smile commenced to creep around the corners of her adorable mouth.

"I believe that amazing old gentleman is absolutely dependable," was the decision at which she ultimately arrived, and calling for a telegraph blank, she wired the old schemer:

"Five thousand not enough money. Make it \$10,000 and I will guarantee to deliver the man within 90 days. I stay on this train to New Orleans."

"HENRIETTA."

That telegram arrived at the Engineers' club about midnight, and pursuant to instructions, the night bar-keeper read it and 'phoned the contents to Noddy Jerome, who promptly telephoned his reply to the telegraph office, and then sat on the edge of his bed, scratching his toes and meditating.

"That's a remarkable young woman," he decided, "and business to her finger tips. Well, I've done my part, and it's now up to Jack Webster to protect himself in the clinches and breakaways."

About daylight a black hand passed Noddy Jerome's reply through the berth curtains to Dolores Ruey. She read:

"Accept. When you deliver the goods, communicate with me and get your money."

"JEROME."

She snuggled back among the pillows and considered the various aspects of this amazing contract which she had undertaken with a perfect stranger. Hour after hour she lay there, thinking over this preposterous situation, and the more she weighed it, the more interesting and attractive the proposition appeared. But one consideration troubled her. How would the unknown knight manage an introduction? Or, if he failed to manage it, how was she to overcome that obstacle?

"Oh, dear," she murmured, "I do hope he's brave."

She need not have worried. Hours before, the object of her thought had settled all that to his own complete satisfaction, and as a consequence was sleeping peacefully and gaining strength for whatever of fortune, good or ill, the morrow might bring forth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The death occurred Tuesday night at the family residence, lot 5, concession 4, Metcalfe Township, of Wm. Woods, a well-known and highly respected farmer. Mr. Woods, who was about 48 years of age, was a member of Metcalfe council and assessor of the township for a number of years. He was a past master of Ionic Lodge, No. 523, A. F. & A. M., Napier. He is survived by his widow.

Sandwich was excited Friday over the discovery of the skeleton of a man on the Yawkey Farm, on the Essex Terminal Railroad. It was found 2 ft. underground by Wm. Perry, who was digging sand on the farm. The skull showed a fracture above the right eye. Opinion is divided as to whether the skeleton is that of an Indian who may have fallen years ago in a tribal war.

Sarnia, Nov. 12.—Damages estimated at \$2,000 were caused to the Durand block, Sarnia, at 4 a.m. on Saturday and only the prompt action of Chinese waiters from a nearby restaurant saved the inmates of the flats in the upper part of the block from suffocation to severe degree. The blaze originated in a billiard room on the ground floor, from a discarded cigarette, it is believed.