

"Was Fading Away"

A Young Woman—Scarcely Thirty—Seemed to Be Dying on Her Feet.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cured

"I think it should be the duty of the schools to teach children how to keep well," writes Miss Nannie E. Naydon, a well-known and highly esteemed resident of Bristol. "Ignorance of the laws of health and the use of improper remedies destroyed my vigor, and led me to the verge of invalidism. I was as a girl ruddy and strong. Nothing seemed to affect me until I was about thirty. Then gas began to form in the stomach. I suffered with bloating and a general failure in strength set in. If I went upstairs my breath hurt. My system was very irregular, and until I grew pretty bad I didn't pay much heed to my condition. Then I got blue, worried all the time, awakened in the night, and couldn't get to sleep again. None of the medicine I took helped me. One day I was reading of a very interesting case like mine cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I took the same treatment. It was just right—didn't physic me to death, but took hold of the weak, sick parts of my system, and set things right. It seems as if Dr. Hamilton's Pills have made me young again, and all my color, spirits, vigor, and health of former days have returned to stay."

Every girl and woman should use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly. They help a woman in many ways. Beware of the dealer who asks you to take an inferior pill on which his profit is larger than on Dr. Hamilton's. Sold in yellow boxes, 25c per box, all dealers, or The Catarthozone, Co., Kingston, Ont.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft, or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids, is harmless, because composed only of healing gums and balm. Fifty years in use, it is guaranteed. Sold by all druggists, 25c bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

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HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

TO MANITOBA, ALBERTA SASKATCHEWAN

Each Tuesday until October 28th, inclusive, Winnipeg and Return - \$35.00
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HOMESEEKERS' TRAIN leaves Toronto 2:00 p.m. each Tuesday, May to August, inclusive. Best train to take, as Windows is reached early morning, enabling passengers to make all branch line connections.

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WANTED TO PURCHASE—Any quantity of wool thirteen inches and upwards in length. Will pay a good price and freight of express charges on suitable packages.

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KERWOOD, ONTARIO

A Bundle of Letters

They Were Connected With an Episode

By THOMAS R. DEAN

Spring coming on, I got out a light overcoat that I had laid away at the beginning of the previous winter. Putting it on, I instinctively thrust my hands into the side pockets, and my right hand encountered a small package. Not remembering having left any thing in the pockets, I withdrew it with some curiosity. Taking off a wrapper, I exposed a package of letters.

Opening one of them, I saw that they had been written in a woman's hand, a hand with which I was not familiar. So I inferred at once that some one had slipped them in my pocket by mistake. Then it occurred to me that I might have exchanged coats with some one. Taking off the coat, I looked



SHE WAS SOMEWHAT SHOCKED.

ed at the tailor's name at the back of the neck. The name of the maker was Italian, and the place was Florence, Italy.

I had been in Italy and in Florence during the previous autumn and remembered having attended a ball given at the palazzo of an American acquaintance of mine who had married an Italian prince. I had gone from the ball to my hotel, changed my evening dress for a traveling suit and, since I was going westward, laid my light overcoat which I had worn to the ball in my trunk and had taken out a heavy one. Having arranged my dress and my baggage, I had called a cab and been driven to the station.

All this I recalled as I stood looking at the name of the tailor sewed to the coat. Having gone thus far, I proceeded with my mental investigation. A large room at the palazzo had been assigned the men guests at the ball for a hat and coat room, the hats and coats being laid all over the furniture and on the floor. I could not remember where I had placed my coat except that it had been left somewhere in the room. It was evident that on leaving the ball I had taken some other man's coat, had worn it to my hotel and thrown it in my trunk and from that time till now I had not seen it.

My next move was to examine the letters with a view to their return. They were all written in the Italian language. Not one was contained in an envelope. Not one bore an address or was signed except with a single letter L. I regard the correspondence of other persons sacred and hesitated about going further. But what could I do? I must return the letters to the writer, and, since there was neither signature nor address, I could not do so without looking further for information.

I opened one. The writer began the epistle without the usual "Dear —." I read a few sentences, but gathered no information. Nevertheless in those few sentences I recognized a woman of the most refined grade. Without realizing that I was prying into the secrets of others I read on till I came to the end. But I had learned nothing to aid me in a return of the letters.

They were written by a girl to a man who loved or professed to love her, but whom she did not love. Her object throughout was to turn him away so gently that he would not be hurt or would be able the better to give her up. But had they been written to me by a woman I loved for such a purpose they would have made me the more wild to possess her. One definite bit

of information I gained from them. In the last letter written she told her correspondent to bring her letters to the prince's hall and watch for an opportunity to hand them to her unobserved.

My theory was that he had taken them there and left them in the pocket of his coat in the men's dressing room. I had left the ball before he had taken them from the dressing room and had taken his coat by mistake. Why he had left them in his pocket so long I could not conjecture unless he was bleeding with the writer to be permitted to retain them.

Who knows of the romances, the

dramas that are being enacted about him? Months before, amid a brilliant assemblage, doubtless this lover had been pleading a desperate cause with the girl he loved. I have seen them; may have taken the girl's hand while she danced in the same set with me. I may have known and talked with her. But I had had a bit of a romance of my own that evening. My friend the hostess had some time before invited me to dinner, and the lady I took into the dining room had impressed me delightfully. She spoke very little English and I very little Italian, but the difficulty of communicating added zest to our chat. This young lady I met often during my stay in Florence, and during the ball I was devoted to her. Indeed, had I remained longer in Italy I fancied the affair might have ripened into love.

But what should I do with the letters? Should I send them to the princess and ask her to endeavor to restore them to the lady who had written them? Should I go to Italy and prosecute the search myself? This last thought excited a thrill within me, for I would doubtless meet again the Senorina Colonna—she was a descendant of that celebrated family—and I was eager to renew the acquaintance.

The result of my deliberations was that I took an ocean liner for Genoa and thence westward by rail to Florence. My first call was upon Senorina Colonna, and I was beside myself with joy to see her face light up with pleasure at again meeting me. It seemed with both of us that our separation, instead of causing us to forget, had intensified our interest in each other. In other words, we began at a point much further advanced than where we had left off the previous autumn.

I had returned to Florence partly for the purpose of finding the writer of the letters I had unwittingly carried off to America, but found so much to interest me in Senorina Colonna that my interest in their return lagged. For a month I at times tried to invent a scheme by which I might get a clew to their ownership, but my thoughts would continually drift away from the subject to the girl with whom I was so rapidly becoming infatuated. So I determined to turn the matter over to my friend the prince.

One day I called upon her with the letters, found her alone and told her the whole story. When I spoke of having read them she was somewhat shocked, but later admitted that she did not see that I could have done otherwise unless I had burned them, and, after all, it was my duty to return them. I handed the package to her, and she received it without looking at it. Indeed, she told me it had been reported to her that an overcoat with a package of letters in one of its pockets had been lost at her ball that she might know to whom they belonged if they were handed in to her. The person who had had the coat had been greatly surprised that it had not been returned by him who had taken it. When some time had passed and nothing had been heard from it both the princess and the owner surmised that on the night of the ball thieves had got into the house and stolen it. The hostess was much pleased to be able to give a reason that it had not been returned earlier. I was somewhat relieved at getting off my hands a love affair that did not pertain to me, for I was deeply immersed in one of my own.

There is no more ideal place in the world than Florence; consequently there is no better place for lovelorning. I did nothing but saunter with Senorina Colonna through the public garden in the rear of the king's palace, lounge on the Ponte Vecchia spanning the river Arno or wander among the thousands of works of art with which the city abounds. And so it was that I, an American, courted and won an Italian girl. One evening on the hill called the Piazza di Michelangelo, overlooking the city of Florence, when the sun was setting, moved by the scene, I asked her to be my wife and was accepted.

I could not keep my happiness from my friend the princess, who had introduced me to my fiancée, and obtained my fiancée's permission to convey the good news to her. She received it with no surprise whatever, which was a surprise to me, for lovers are usually unconscious of the comment they excite in others, and I was no exception to the rule.

"I expected as much," she remarked. "Expected it! Since when?"

"Since you first met her." But since you returned me the letters Lita wrote to the man who pursued her so persistently and you spoke in such enthusiastic terms of the writer I have been sure of it."

"What do you mean?" I asked, mystified.

"I mean that the letters you carried to America were written by Lita Colonna."

I stared at the speaker in wonder, and she proceeded:

"The recipient of the letters—it is not necessary that I should name him—brought them to my ball to return them, but found you so devoted to her that he had no opportunity to do so until after you had gone. Then when Lita, in spite of his pleadings, insisted on their return he went to get them and found them gone. He has been in an agony about them for months, fearing it might be suspected that he was keeping them without permission."

My delight at having secured one who had written those womanly letters was enhanced by the information I had received. I wondered that I had not suspected that Lita Colonna was the writer, though the only clew I had was the letter "L" signed to them. But I did not know her first name till I had been a long while in Florence upon my second visit.

SCHOLAR STATESMEN.

England's Distinguished List, From Bacon to Morley.

For nearly three centuries there has been a close association between scholarship and statesmanship in England. From the time of Francis Bacon to that of Lord Morley of Blackburn there have seldom been wanting among the conspicuous leaders of one or the other of the great parties some men who were deeply interested in learning or letters and some who had earned distinction as writers or students.

England's political history is rich in names, like those of Sir William Temple, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Carteret, Burke, Fox, Canning, Derby, Gladstone, Beaconsfield and Salisbury, not to mention those of Swift, Addison, Grote, Macaulay and Mill, whose owners would be remembered, or had at least the power to make themselves remembered, if they had never taken an active part in public affairs.

Of England's prime ministers during the past hundred years one writer of brilliant satirical verse; another translated Homer; another was the author of the best political novels in the English language; another amused his leisure with classical scholarship and theological controversy; another occupied himself with serious scientific research; another has added to our libraries some charming historical and biographical studies.—Edinburgh Review.

PLANTING SPONGES.

Methods of Making Them Grow in Use on the Florida Coast.

Biscayne hay, Sugar Loaf key, Andote keys and Key West, on the Florida coast, are the principal places in this country where experiments in sponge culture have been made. The various methods are as follows:

"Seed" sponges are cut into small pieces and, after having been attached by wiring or spindle to circular or triangular cement blocks, are dropped or lowered (depending upon the depth) to rest on the ocean bottom, where they remain for a year or two until they reach a size proper for commercial purposes. They are then taken by the hook, when new cuttings are attached and the cement blocks let down again.

Another method was to string them on a wire held horizontal by stakes driven in the bottom. In doing this, however, various difficulties arose. The sponges became loose and rotted on the wire, enlarging the hole made through them, and the action of the salt water corroded and destroyed the wires until, after many trials and experiments, a lead wire with a copper core was successfully used.—St. Nicholas.

Always Ready to March.

"There isn't an army post in the United States whose garrison couldn't make ready inside of an hour to start off for any point," said an army officer. "Clockwork? Well, there's nothing mechanical about it. A man naturally is ready when he sleeps and lives with his equipment at all times. There would be no confusion. How could there be when a trooper has his clothes, his gun, his bandolier with its ninety rounds of ammunition, his web belt with ninety rounds of ammunition and his twenty-four hour emergency ration that he always keeps in his haversack? The tentage is always lying ready for use, and when the men are going on a short march two men share a small shelter tent, half of which is carried by each man. Yes, sir, right after the bugle sounds, in half an hour, a man can sort out his belongings and be ready to go anywhere."—New York Sun.

HERE IS GOOD ADVICE TO TAKE

It will help those who have Kidney and Bladder Trouble. There are other "old enemies" similar to the one mentioned in this testimonial. Kidney and Bladder Troubles are always enemies to good health. As soon as you start to take GIN PILLS these ailments begin to disappear. It is the same in cases of Lumbago, Sciatica and like complaints. This letter illustrates the benefit of GIN PILLS.

Winnipeg, Jan. 6th.

"I have been a sufferer from Lumbago for some years past and during Christmas week had a very acute attack which confined me to the house. About the latter part of April, I met your Mr. Hill and mentioned my complaint to him. He advised me to take GIN PILLS. I have been taking them at intervals during the early part of the present winter, and up to date have had no return of my old trouble—in fact, I feel better than I have for years and think that my old enemy has vanished for good and all."



H. A. JUKERS, for good and all.

Fall Fair Dates

The Western District Fair Association have fixed the following dates for the fairs of that circuit:

Strathroy	Sept. 15-17
Petrolia	Sept. 18-20
Forest	Sept. 24-25
Parkhill	Sept. 25-26
Wyoming	Sept. 26-27
Bridgen	Sept. 30
Alvinston	Oct. 2-3
WATFORD	OCT. 7-8

The widow of the late William Nimmo, of Toronto, was sent a cheque this week by Theodor Tent, K. O. T. M., for \$200, being the amount of insurance held by him. Mr. Nimmo was a former resident of Ravenswood.

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

LOVELL'S BAKERY

DON'T HEAT THE HOUSE During the Hot Weather Trying to Bake. Let US Do It For You. OUR GOODS ARE ALWAYS FRESH AND CLEAN.

WEDDING CAKES EQUAL TO THE BEST GIVE US A TRIAL

LOVELL'S BAKERY

SOCIETIES.

Court Lorne, No. 17, C.O.F.

Regular meetings the Second and Fourth Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock. Court Room over Stapleford's store, Main street, Watford. B. Smith, C. R. J. H. Hume R. Sec., J. E. Collier, F. Sec.

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

THE GUIDE-ADVOCATE AND Family Herald and Weekly Star with premium..... \$1 85
Weekly Mail-Empire with premium..... 1 85
Weekly Farmers Sun..... 1 85
Weekly London Free Press..... 1 85
Weekly London Advertiser..... 1 65
Weekly Globe..... 1 85
Northern Messenger..... 1 40
Weekly Montreal Witness..... 1 85
Hamilton Spectator..... 1 85
Weekly Farmer's Advocate..... 2 35
Daily News..... 2 50
Daily Star..... 2 50
Daily World..... 4 00
Mail and Empire..... 4 00
Morning London Free Press..... 4 00
Evening London Free Press..... 3 00
Daily London Advertiser..... 3 00

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The largest and most costly Length 100 feet, breadth 50 feet Magnificent Steam Daily—Cleveland Leave Cleveland Arrive Buffalo

Connections made at Buffalo for Pitts-Burg, Toledo, Detroit, any railroad line between C. & B. Fine steamers postage for passengers booked THE CLEVELAND F. Newman, Gen'l Mgr.

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