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Court Lorne, No. 17, Watford, meets second and fourth Monday in each month. Visiting Brethren Invited. J. E. Collier, F. Sec. J. H. Hume, R. Sec A. D. Hone, C. Ranger.

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THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE THAT
desirably situated farm known as the east half of
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Watford Out

### 100 Acre Farm for Sale.

BEING west half of Lot 27, in 18th Concession, Brooke, Good clay loam soil, part suitable for fruit growing. Well fenced, good buildings in good repair, good well with new windmill. Convenient to church and school, 6 miles from Watford, 5 from Kerwood, For further particulars write to JAS. A. HAIR, Watford, Ont.

## FARM FOR SALE.

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by 25 feet, barn 40 by 60 feet with concrete foundation, drive shed 20 by 40 feet, all nearly new.
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THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale his black smith shop, house, stable and garden of % acre, situated on corner of vth line, N.E.R. and 18 side. road, Warwick. More garden land can be had if wanted. This is an excellent opportunity for anyone wishing a good stand for a blacksmith business. HENRY CABLE, Birnam, Ont.

July 6th, 1911. tf

### STACE LINES.

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For bowel disorders, sick headache, constipation, liver and stomach derangement, there is no pill so invariably sure to cure as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Refuse a substitute. Sold in 25c boxes, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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# WHICH ROAD?

A Case Where the Wrong One **Brought Great Happiness** 

By CLARISSA MACKIE Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

It was a hard, level road with many a sinuous curve that kept the siren tooting hoarsely as the dusk obliterated the stiff sentinel woods on either hand and gave Justin Delos little opportunity to test the speed of his new racing car.

"Hi, mister, hi!" shrilled a young voice above the rush of his machine. With a few rapid movements he stopped dead short and tried to pierce the twilight with his sand filled eyes. "Well, what's up?" he demanded curtly.

"It's me," said the small voice, with a hint of a sob in it. "I'm up in this tree—right over your head."

"My gracious, what are you doing up there?" Justin stared upward to where the limb of a wild cherry tree bent over the road. The air was filled with the pungent smell of wild cherry blossoms and the bruised bark of the tree. There was the glimmer of a small white face and a white blouse halanced perilously on the limb.

"Now, you just slip off that limb and drop-that's the boy! Caught you, didn't I?" said Mr. Delos.

Justin tucked the boy in a corner of the seat and prepared to resume his but the boy placed a cold little hand on his and raised his voice in

"Please don't, mister! I'm afraid to go up that road," he bawled lustily.
"What are you afraid of? How do you expect to go home if you don't take that road?"

"I'm lost!" wailed the strayed one. "Where do you live?" demanded

"Cro-oss High-wa-av!"

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Marvelous as it may seem, Rexall "93" Hair Tonic has grown hair on heads that were once bald. Of course, in none of these cases were the hair roots dead, nor had the scalp taken on a glazed, shiny

appearance.
Rexall "93" Hair Tonic acts scientifically, destroying the germs which are usually responsible for baldness. It penetrates to the roots of the hair, stimulating and nourishing them. It is a most pleasant toilet necessity, is delicately perfumed, and will not gum nor permanently stain

We want you to get a bottle of Rexall " Hair Tonic and use it as directed. If it does not relieve scalp irritation, remove dandruff, prevent the hair from falling out and promote an increased growth of hair, and in every way give entire satisfaction, simply come back and tell us, and without simply come back and tell us, and without question or formality we will hand back to you every penny you paid us for it. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store.

J. W. McLAREN, WATFORD.

"Well you're all right thenthe Cross Highway," reassured Justin



BEE LOOKED AT HIM WITH ASTONISHMENT. as he threw in the clutch and pulled the starting lever, but the boy grasped him with trembling fingers.
"No, it isn't, sir; I missed it way

back. I ran away from nurse, and I've been trying to find it ever since and"-A handsome lamppost supported a large electric globe which gave down sufficient light to convince Justin that he was indeed on the wrong road. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed

"I told you it was the wrong road." piped the little voice rather triumphantly.

"So you did. Well, it's the first time I knew this old road went beyond Cross Highway! Seems to stop right here too. Do you know where this drive leads to, son?"

"To perdition," said the little fellow calmly. "Perdition!" repeated Justin, scandal-

ized. "Who told you that?" "Mother did. I asked her. I waited in the carriage once when she went inside, and she said it was perdition. So I asked cook what perdition was, and she said it was-you know the hot place." "What's your name?"

"Frederick Templeton Leeson. That's dad's name too."

"Ah! Then you're Leeson's little chap, eh? Well, you are a good way from home. Guess I better run up this drive and telephone to your folks that you're all right. What do you say?" Justin turned the car into the

drive and sped swiftly up its length. "I don't-want to go to that-place!" wailed Master Frederick Templeton Leeson. "Cook says they fry you on toasting forks if you're naughty."

"Never you mind, son. You're a good boy. They won't fry you nor bake you. Very likely all the ladies will kiss you and call you a sweet child." "I hate ladies, and I won't be kissed and I won't be fried!" protested Frederick, kicking the shins of his rescuer

with sudden fierce ingratitude. "You stop this car, mister!" "At your command, sir," said Justin

as he brought the machine handsomely under the lighted porte-cochere and jammed down his levers. His siren uttered a brief commanding salute, the door opened instantly, and a man pervant appeared.

"I've missed the road, my man," said Justin, "and I would like to be set right if you can direct me to the Cross Highway."

"A mile back, sir. You probably passed the turn without noticing. From there on is private property. If you turn around and go back over your own tracks you'll find your way

all right." "Thanks," said Justin, tossing the man a coin. "Oh, I wonder if your people would allow me to use a telephone for a moment. I've picked up a

little lost boy and"-"Certainly, sir. If it's Mr. Leeson's little boy it's all right. They've been telephoning here to know if we've seen him. Come right in."

He held open the door and admitted Justin and his sleepy charge into a wide entrance hall softly carpeted and delicately lighted with carefully disposed electric bulbs. A wood fire whispered in the wide fireplace, and several comfortable chairs were gathered around the hearth, where a white haired woman was dispensing tea. There were several other women, some

within the tall shadow of the settle. The white haired woman dropped a teaspoon with a silvery clatter and arose to her feet. Justin saw with dazed eyes that her face was startled out of its customary sweet repose and that she looked at him with astonishment and displeasure rather than wel-

"I ask your pardon, madam-Mrs. Stone. I came upon your place by mistake, and I asked your man if I might telephone to this little boy's parents that he was found and that I would return him at once," he stammered after a little awkward silence.
"Oh, it's little Frederick! How de-

lighted poor Evelyn will be. Here is the telephone booth, Mr. Delos." When Justin emerged after reassur-ing the delighted parents that he

uld return the wandering Frederick to their arms at once he found Mrs. Stone awaiting him at the end of the corridor. She held out her hand, smiling rather sadly as she did so.

"I must ask your pardon, Mr. Delos, for not giving you a heartler welcom I was so startled at sight of you ! quite lost my wits for the moment." You hardly expected to see me.

said Delos with a rueful smile. "I'm afraid if I'd known you were here I'd door, hospitable as it always was in the past. Pardon me for that blunder ing reminder!" he begged hastily.

"Certainly, Justin. Will you come and drink a cup of tea with us?" She paused at his protesting hand. "Thank you, dear Mrs. Stone, but I couldn't-not until you change your mind about me, you know," he said

"Change my mind! Ah, Justin, we did that almost immediately after you left in anger. If you had only read and heeded our explanatory letters you would have known that Mr. Stone quite satisfied that the fault of the accident rested entirely on a defect in our machine and not in your driving. But you never answered our letters and you declined to see my husband"-"I never received your letters, Mrs

Stone, and as soon as I learned that Dita—Miss Stone was out of danger I Miss Stone was out of danger I went abroad and have been home only a few weeks. You see, I bought a place not far from here-thought I'd get in a new part of the country and wouldn't meet any of the old crowd. But it's a small world."

"It is indeed, and you haven't asked after my daughter, Justin. It's three years since you last saw her, isn't it?"
She searched his face with anxious motherly eyes.

"I haven't dared ask for her. I've felt that I was to blame for reckless driving, and I shall never forget her white face as she lay unconscious or the stones nor the words of your hus band as he accused me of having mur-dered her-murdering Dita when-oh, what's the use? You knew how I felt

about it. Mrs. Stone." For an instant her warm hand press ed his, and then she glided away to give place to a tall, slender form, crowned with golden hair, whose face was rosy with health and whose gray eves were now alight with a happines which had been postponed until this blissful moment. Justin could scarcely believe his hungry eyes when her own n anneal and quiet corridor witnessed the reunion of

the parted lovers. After awhile the wailing Master Frederick Templeton Leeson demanded to be taken to his mamma.

don't like perdition!" he protested.
"Perdition!" repeated Justin for the second time that evening.

perdition, eh?" Perdita Stone laughed merrily. "It's such a good joke, Justin. It seems his mother told him this road led to Perdita's, and he translated it into 'perdition,' and the cook gave him a literal interpretation of that word, and he's been afraid to come here ever since,

haven't you. Frederick?" "I like Miss Dita, but I don't want to stay in perdition." yowled Frederick. Justin lifted him to his shoulder and turned to Mrs. Stone with his old winning smile. "I'm going to take Frederick home. Would you trust Perdita with me too?"

Without a word Mrs. Stone stood a tiptoe to kiss the tall young man, while Perdita slipped away to don coat and scarf.

As they whirled down the dark avenue and into the winding road Frederick snuggled between them and uttered a sleepy sigh.

"I guess we're out of perdition now." "And right into paradise," concluded Justin happily.

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Some people live in the past, and are happy; others live in the future, and are hopeful; the rest of us hustle to keep step with the procession of to-day and out of the discord.



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