

## "All is Well That Ends Well"

Along with dyspepsia comes nervousness, sleeplessness and general ill health. Why? Because a disordered stomach does not permit the food to be assimilated and carried to the blood. On the other hand, the blood is charged with poisons which come from this disordered digestion. In turn, the nerves are not fed on good, red blood and we see those symptoms of nervous breakdown. It is not head work that does it, but poor stomach work. With poor thin blood the body is not protected against the attack of germs of grip—bronchitis—consumption. Fortify the body now with **Golden Medical Discovery**.

### DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

An attractive extract from native medicinal plants, prescribed in both liquid and tablet form by Dr. R. V. Pierce, over 40 years ago. More than 40 years of experience has proven its superior worth as an invigorating stomach tonic and blood purifier. It invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and through them the whole system. It can now also be had in sugar-coated tablet form of most dealers in medicine. If not, send 50 cents in one-cent stamps for trial box to Dr. Pierce's Invalid Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

#### The Common Sense Medical Adviser

IS A BOOK OF 1008 PAGES HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH—TREATS PHYSIOLOGY, HYGIENE, ANATOMY, MEDICINE AND IS A COMPLETE HOME PHYSICIAN. Send 50 one-cent stamps to R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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We have the following brands of Flour always in stock and can give you close prices on any quantity.

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We were never better prepared and equipped to meet the wants of our customers than at the present time. We have one of the most complete stocks of

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All Sizes of Reliable Coal at Lowest Prices

Planing Mill and Factory in Connection  
PRICES REASONABLE AND EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE  
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Electric Light. Chopping Mill.

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## DAYS ARE GETTING SHORT AND A LANTERN

IS NEEDED TO DO THE EVENING CHORES

A POOR LANTERN is an expensive thing around a Farm. Call and get A GOOD ONE.

75 CENTS UP

## T. DODDS & SON

## MAGIC OF HOUDIN

He Scared the Algerians and Conquered the Nation.

### A LITTLE BLACK BOX DID IT.

By the Aid of a Magnet and a Current of Electricity He Struck Terror to the Hearts of the Arabs and Took All the Desire For Fight Out of Them.

"These are great times," exulted the Electrician to his friend the Old Fogey. "With machine guns and other instruments of war we certainly are going some in the fighting game."

"Yes," agreed the Old Fogey as he adjusted his glasses, "but do you know that before such things were dreamed of an entire nation was conquered with a magnet and a little black box?"

And the Electrician confessed, "No!" "You have heard, no doubt," the Old Fogey rambled on, "of the marvelous inventions of Robert Houdin, the great French conjurer, a man who did great things with electricity when Alexander Graham Bell was an infant."

"Houdin applied electricity to many of his magical experiments and delighted the Parisian public for years in his little theater. When he retired he was the most favored performer of his day and had bowed to the plaudits of royalty."

"Hear all about that," snapped the Electrician. "What about the black box?"

"Coming to that, boy; coming to that. Houdin retired to his family estate on the left banks of the River Loire near St. Gervaise, hoping to end his days in peace. But after a year or so there came to him through a military friend a request from the French government that he go to Algiers."

"In his memoirs, translated into English some years before his death, he says that the Marabouts of that country, a sort of medicine men and wonder working priests, controlled the masses and incited them to intermittent revolts against the French by their tricks. These tricks, he assures us, were of the simplest and most primitive type."

"It was the hope of the French government that Houdin by his mysteries could demonstrate that the white conqueror's magic was superior. And Houdin did it."

"With the little black box and the magnet!" "Yes. His recital of his performance in Algiers is exceedingly interesting. Some of the most distinguished natives were there. Houdin showed them all sorts of things; allowed himself to be shot at and caught the bullet unharmed and many other such feats."

"But his piece de resistance undoubtedly was his box. He called for a strong man to come on the stage, and a giant responded. Houdin toyed with him for a moment, bantared with him about his strength and asked him if he could lift his little black box. Disdainfully the Arab lifted it and smiled."

"But Houdin warned him: 'Wait. But a moment, and you shall be as a little child!' He placed the box on the stage over the magnet and dared his huge guest to raise it. The Arab tried with one finger; grasped it with his great muscular hand; tugged at it with all the strength of his massive arms, bracing his legs like two huge bronze columns, so Houdin says, to no avail. Try as he would, this son of the desert could not stir that little box from its place."

"For a breathing spell he released his grip for a moment, then went at it again as Houdin gave a signal to have the current turned off. And while the awe-stricken audience panted in amazement he suddenly writhed in acutest agony and sank groveling to the stage. The current coursing through him had galvanized him into misery."

"Then Houdin gave a signal, the current from the electro magnet beneath the stage was turned off, and the Arab fell back groaning. He lifted himself to his feet and, hiding his face in his cloak, crept away to blush unseen. The little black box had conquered."

"And?"—inquired the Electrician. "And," replied the Old Fogey, "Houdin was triumphant. The country had seen him shot at by a man who said he wished to kill; had seen him rob a giant of his strength. No Marabout with primitive tricks could convince them that any revolt of theirs could prevail against the white man and his magic—his electricity. The conqueror's conquest was complete."—Popular Electrician.

Thought He Was on the Phone. "Then, Minnie, you are going to get another physician instead of the old health inspector?"

"Yes; he is too absentminded. Recently as he examined me with the stethoscope he suddenly called out, 'Hello! Who is it?'—Flegende Blat.

## INVESTING YOUR MONEY.

It is Not a Wise Plan to Put All Your Eggs in One Basket.

The late Marshall Field once said that if he could be right 51 per cent of the time he was satisfied. He was talking of investments, and the Field estate at the time of his death totaled some \$43,000,000.

Shrewd as Russell Sage was, his executors found many worthless stocks in his vaults, although they found plenty of others that were not worthless.

The Sages and the Fields long ago adopted the plan of the insurance companies and the banks, says Investments. The one point in it that should be dimmed into our ears thoroughly is that wide distribution is both wise and necessary.

No matter how small the sum, it should not all be invested in any one thing. No single venture of whatever nature can be relied upon to remain constant and unchanged. Securities are live things because the enterprises they represent are alive.

### London Children and the Country.

The bishop of Stepney was telling stories recently about the inability of the London slum child to appreciate the country. "Would you like to live here always?" he asked a girl on a school treat, and she answered, "No; it would be dull." He took a party of children for a treat to Hampton court last spring. There was blue sky overhead, with a blaze of color in the flower borders. He thought the children were enjoying it, but presently one of them asked, "When are we going to get there?" and inquiry revealed that her sole idea of a day in the country was a place where there would be swings. Another girl was asked whether she would like to stop and sleep in the country. "No," she replied, "not with all these rabbits about."—Westminster Gazette.

### A Gentle Hint.

Dr. Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding, puns are occasionally excusable. This one, attributed by the Brooklyn Times to a boarding house keeper of that city, is good enough to pass muster.

One of the young men who lived in the boarding house had the double fault of slowness in paying his bill and fussiness about the table service. One morning he said peevishly to the landlady:

"Mrs. Jones, will you tell me why my napkin is so damp?" "Yes, Mr. Wicks," replied the landlady promptly. "It's because there is so much due on your board."

### A Question of Etiquette.

"The horse and the cow is in the field," read the teacher. "Mary, what is wrong with that sentence?"

Mary, says the New York Tribune, was evidently more versed in the rules of politeness than in the rules of grammar, for she answered promptly: "The lady should be mentioned first."

### Of No Practical Value.

"These school books are a regular fraud," said Mrs. Nuritch.

"What's the matter with 'em?" her husband asked. "Look at this goggerly of Willie's. There ain't a single road map in it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Light Matter.

"Madam, you do not seem to attach any weight to the amount of the gas bills."

"No; I consider them a very light matter."—Baltimore American.

### A Paradox.

Shaw—Why did you give that dog of yours the name of Paradox? Shute—For the reason that as a pointer he's decidedly a disappointment.—Boston Transcript.

### Saying and Saving.

Tommy—Mamma, what is economy? Tommy's Mamma—Economy, my son, is what a husband preaches and a wife practices.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Not Lost.

Mother—Oh, Willie, you naughty boy, you have been fighting again and lost two of your teeth! Willie—No, I ain't mother; they are in my pocket.—London Answers.

### She Might Be Right.

In the opinion of the average wife her husband ought to do more of his economizing away from home.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The grand essentials of life are something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—Thomas Chalmers.

STRANGLING WITH ASTHMA is the only expression that seems to convey what is endured from an attack of this trouble. The relief from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is beyond measure. Where all was suffering there comes comfort and rest. Breathing becomes normal and the bronchial tubes completely clear. This unequalled remedy is worth many times its price to all who use it.

## WOMAN IN TERRIBLE STATE

Finds Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cape Wolfe, Canada.—"Last March I was a complete wreck. I had given up all hope of getting better or living any length of time, as I was such a sufferer from female troubles. But I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am in good health and have a pair of twin boys two months old and growing finely. I surprised doctors and neighbors for they all know what a wreck I was."

"Now I am healthy, happy and hearty, and owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies. You may publish this letter if you like. I think if more women used your remedies they would have better health."—Mrs. J. T. Cook, Lot No. 7, Cape Wolfe, P.E.I., Canada.

Because your case is a difficult one, and doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has remedied many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and it may be exactly what you need.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of women—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?



### Pass On The Praise

"You're a great little wife and I don't know what I would do without you." And as he spoke he put his arms about her, and she forgot all the care in that moment. And forgetting all, she sang as she washed the dishes and sang on as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain and sang also, and two houses were happier because he had told her that sweet old story of the love of a husband for a wife. As she sang the butcher boy who had called for the order heard it, and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle, and one man hearing it thought here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented.

And because she sang her heart was mellowed, and as she swept around the back door, the cool air kissed her cheeks, and she thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home. So because he kissed and praised her the song came, and the influence went out and out.

Pass on the praise. A word and you may make a rift in the cloud, a smile and you create a new resolve, a grasp of the hand and you may repress a soul from hell.

Pass on the praise. Does your clerk do well? Pass on the praise.

Tell him that you are pleased, and if he is a good clerk he will appreciate it more than a raise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone.

Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better tell him again. Thus you see, good, better, best.

Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and "mother." Don't plead, "Hear me mother, you were a kind mother, and smoothed away many a rugged path for me."

Those ears cannot hear that glad admission. Those eyes cannot see the light of earnestness in yours. Those hands may not return the embrace you wish to give.

Why call so late? Pass on the praise to-day.

Trade in Watford and you go home satisfied.

The indications of worms are restlessness, grinding of the teeth, picking of the nose, extreme peevishness, often convulsions. Under these conditions the best remedy that can be got is Miller's Worm Powders. They will attack the worms as soon as administered and will grind them to atoms that pass away in the evacuations. The little sufferer will be immediately eased and return of the attack will not be likely.