

Thrust Upon Him

By OTHO B. SENG

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Squire Hart looked the young fellow over keenly.

"M-m" giving his pudgy hand to the clasp of the long, thin one extended in greeting, "Ralph Reed, eh? And what do you do? Football, I suppose, like the rest of these donkeys?"

Reed laughed good humoredly. "No, Mr. Hart, I wouldn't stand the ghost of a chance in a rush. I'm on the track team."

"He's the champion sprinter, papa," interposed Elsie eagerly. "He won five points for the blue in the intercollegiate contest!"

Her father frowned at her enthusiasm, and Reed's thin, brown face colored.

"You ought to run," grumbled the squire, continuing his examination of the young fellow; "you're built like a greyhound or a grasshopper!"

Reed, outwardly at ease, flinched inwardly under the squire's keen scrutiny. His compact with the pretty Elsie would be null and void without her father's consent, and he felt that his athletic career was a detriment in the eyes of the older man. He was not at all encouraged by the remarks that followed.

"I don't believe in it," frantically. "Boys go to college to study, or ought to, and they make a business of some kind of foolish play. If those football fellows," pointing to the three other young men who were his daughter's guests for the spring vacation, "had to work one-half as hard sawing wood or plowing, they'd think they were terribly abused."

Some one called Elsie, and she hurried away, giving a pleading glance at her lover which he interpreted as counseling him to patience.

"And as for running," continued the squire, with increasing cholera, for he, too, had seen the pleading glance, "as for running, why should a man of ordi-



WHEN A STREAK OF BLUE DASHED BY HIM, many courage care to excel as a runner? Running is an accomplishment for cowards!"

The blood rushed to the dark face, but Reed spoke quietly and courteously.

"There are things to run for as well as things to run from, Mr. Hart, and I hope I'd not be lacking if a test of courage came to me."

It was a merry party that roamed over the fields and through the woods searching for the earliest spring flowers; that rode and drove and sang and danced.

Young Reed and his fair hostess carried heavy hearts that made gayety an effort and laughter a mockery. The squire had refused to sanction their engagement, to listen to any suggestion or to make any promises for the future.

"I'll wait," he said grimly, "until you have shown that you can do something besides run!"

Apparently oblivious to the sports of the guests at Hart's home, the squire had kept a keen eye on them all. He rather admired the dogged pertinacity with which Reed took his daily run of three or four miles over the country roads. He smiled grimly when he saw the young fellow start out as if for a walk wearing a long raincoat over his running togs.

"Doesn't mean to give any unnecessary offense to the 'crewel parent,'" chuckled the squire appreciatively, "but intends to have his own way just the same."

"It'll be rather quiet and lonely at the house tomorrow," soliloquized the squire as he drove along, sniffing the

CURED HER BOY OF PNEUMONIA

Newmarket Mother is loud in her Praises of the Great Consumption Preventative

"My son Laurence was taken down with pneumonia," says Mrs. A. O. Fisher, of Newmarket, Ont. "Two doctors attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen, his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid \$140 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting worse. Then we commenced the Dr. Slocum treatment. The effect was wonderful. We saw a difference in two days. Our boy was soon strong and well."

Here is a positive proof that Psychine will cure pneumonia. But why wait till pneumonia comes. It always starts with a cold. Cure the cold and the cold will never develop into pneumonia, nor the pneumonia into consumption. The one sure way to clear out cold, root and branch, and to build up the body so that the cold won't come back is to use

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fresh, clear air of the bright spring morning. "The lads and lassies all go today. I wish I hadn't been quite so sharp with Elsie and that young fellow. He seems a fine, manly chap. But what on earth does he want to run for?" ending irritably. "Hello, Bartlett, what's the matter with your horse?"

He had reached the top of a long, steep hill, and overtaken a neighbor with a heavy load of rock.

"Stepped on a stone that rolled, and gone as lame as a lazy man's excuses," Bartlett answered characteristically.

"Suppose I hitch in my team and take the load down for you," suggested the squire, "it's all level after we pass my house. You can lead yours down

Sit still, Betty Bartlett, and hold on tight," playfully addressing the little girl perched on the seat. "My horses are frisky, you know."

Bartlett had locked the wagon wheels preparatory to making the descent, but as the squire lifted the tongue for the other horses to be hitched in the lock chain snapped and broke and the heavily loaded wagon started down the hill.

He shouted to Bartlett, who, hampered by the four horses, lost his head and only bawled, "Whoa, Hart, whoa!"

Hart held on to the tongue and braced back with all his strength, but despite his efforts the wagon went flying down the hill like an engine on down grade.

"Hold on tight, Betty," the squire managed to scream.

He knew that if he dropped the tongue the wagon would be tipped over instantly and that there would be small chance indeed for the life of the child; so he too "held on tight" and ran as if fleeing from death.

"Go on, horse," cried Betty, in great glee; "go faster!"

The squire couldn't spare breath now even to groan. The heavy wagon, with a ton of rock behind him, crashed and roared, bounced over the rough places in the road, struck fire from cut stones, and the man ran till his legs seemed merely rags fluttering in a fierce wind.

Almost at the foot! If only he could hold out a few seconds more! And then he tried to close his eyes—for there, crossing the road, directly in the path from which he dared not diverge, was a little scarlet clad figure drawing a child's cart!

Bobby—his own little Bobby!

He tried to pray, he tried again to close his eyes, and then a streak of blue dashed by him, the scarlet spot was caught up and rushed to safety!

He jumped instinctively when he reached the little cart, and it was crushed to pieces under the thundering wheels.

He had reached the level. He could feel the slackening of the terrific speed, but he still ran on, miles it seemed to him now, before he could stop the demon that was forcing him onward.

"Go on, horse! Giddy up!" cried the insatiate Betty as the squire dropped

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and Winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to cure or your money is returned. The price is 25c. per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell

SHILOH

This remedy should be in every household.

limp to the ground. "You can be my horse now," she remarked complacently to the first of the young men who reached the side of the exhausted squire.

They quickly improvised a stretcher from the blankets and carried the unconscious man to the house.

He opened his eyes after awhile and looked anxiously about him. "Bobby's all right," said some one quickly, "and the little girl—and—and, I guess, everybody."

"Ralph!" gasped the squire. "Here I am, Mr. Hart," bending over him.

"I am glad you can run," faintly. "So am I, Mr. Hart," feelingly. "I feared you were going to run over me, though."

"We'll have to concede you to be the champion sprinter!" cried one of the other men. "That was a pretty long dash, sure enough!"

"Ralph must yield the palm to you, squire," added another jovially.

The squire shook his head feebly. "He—he 'achieved' it," he whispered, his eyes on Ralph's fine face, "but it—it was"—He sighed wearily.

"It was 'thrust upon you,' you mean, squire," understandingly.

The squire smiled grimly in acquiescence.

Cromwell's Burial Place.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Following we publish two letters from a woman who accepted this invitation. Note the result.

First letter.
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"For eight years I have suffered something terrible every month. The pains are excruciating and I can hardly stand them. My doctor says I have a severe female trouble, and I must go through an operation if I want to get well. I do not want to submit to it if I can possibly help it. Please tell me what to do. I hope you can relieve me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and E. Capitol Sts., Washington, D. C.

Second letter.
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"After following carefully your advice, and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very anxious to send you

my testimonial, that others may know their value and what you have done for me.

"As you know, I wrote you that my doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I then wrote you, telling you my ailments. I followed your advice and am entirely well. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I owe my life to you and to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wish every suffering woman would read this testimonial and realize the value of writing to you and your remedy."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and E. Capitol Streets, Washington, D. C.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women whose testimony is so unquestionable, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free and always helpful.

There is a very forgetful girl in Denver, living up on Washington street. Fearing a young man who called on her last week would stay too long she set the clock in the parlor half an hour ahead. She was tired, having been out horseback riding that day, and wanted to get to bed early. The scheme worked. But then she forgot to turn the clock back and, having numerous young men friends, she also very carelessly forgot which one it was. Last night the young man called again. The elgok was still fast and he noticed it.

"That clock is wrong, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I set it ahead so a fellow who called Wednesday night would go home in time to let me get some sleep."

"The clock fooled him all right," said the caller quietly.

"How do you know?" she asked.

The young man smiled a sickly smile. "I called Wednesday night."

The girl coughed.

"We're having so much trouble in getting a hired girl," she said. "Does your mother ever have difficulty securing good help?"—Denver Post.

A Curious Coincidence.

The story of a queer coincidence is told by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. While traveling upon the continent he visited a certain mountain inn, which was in winter, he learned, occupied only by two men. These men, prisoned in a waste of snow and ice, had for all that period no communication with the world below. Here was a situation for a novelist! And the novelist accordingly began to let his imagination play about the possibilities of tragedy surrounding the two men on their mountain height. But the story was never written, for, happening to come upon a volume of Guy de Maupassant, which was new to him, he found therein, under the title of "L'Auberge," the very story he had meant to write.

Sixty Thousand Seeds to the Plant.

The common purslane is one of the wonders of botany as far as seeds are concerned. A single seed of this plant will produce about twenty seed pods in a season. The average number of seeds in each of these, by actual count, is 6,000, making 60,000 in all. As far as we have been able to learn there is no instance of similar fruitfulness in any plant found growing in this country. A single plant of either the Jamestown weed ("Jimson"), the butterweed, the ragweed and some of the vervines produce an enormous number of seeds, but it is doubtful if any one of them produces one-fourth as many in a year as the purslane does.

STOP, WOMEN!

AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT



That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers twenty-five years.

The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, and for many years under her direction, and since her decease, her advice has been freely given to sick women.

Many women suffer in silence and drit along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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