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THE NEW FALL STYLES ARE ARRIVING
—MAY WE SHOW THEM TO YOU?

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On the Mountain

By Susan E. Claggett

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From the railroad a faint path stretched upward to a cabin high on the mountain above Horseshoe Bend. The same path continued downward to a cluster of houses, broadened into a narrow road, and came to a full stop before a rough porch, upon which several men were seated in varying degrees of comfort.

They were listening to one of their number. He was reading, with a trace of impatience—as if compelling himself to be neighborly when his desire was to hasten away—the market reports, the sporting page and the stock market. But what interested him, the war news, apparently did not hold their attention. They turned deaf ears to news from the front, but were absorbed in the Army and Navy ball game that had taken place the day before in Philadelphia.

With a sigh of relief, Willy Warren at last folded his paper, wished them good-day and, walking rapidly away, was soon lost to view upon the higher path. As he disappeared from sight the chair of Uncle Johnny Peyton came down on its front legs with a thud, and the old man said, addressing no one in particular:

"Pears like Billy's mighty low in his mind. He's in a heap of trouble I'm thinking."

"What sort of trouble, Uncle John?" a girl asked casually, as she came through the door of the post office and general store.

"Now, Miss Ma'y, y'know he's listed an' don't know what'll becom' o' his leedle gal. He's feared he'll have to go 'fore he kin place her."

"I had not heard; but things right themselves in time, and this will be straightened out."

"Maybe, Miss Ma'y, maybe. But y' know Billy's got no one, leastwise down hyar. There's an old aunt in Iowa, an' I guess he's writ to her, but hasn't seen fit to answer, so I reckon she's dead. Course, we-all 'll luk arter her, but he's riz her diffrent. Arter's a pretty leedle gal."

"Billy don't b'long hyar, y'know. He jest come. Something the matter with him. Never hearn tell of his wife. Jest came with that gal an' she was a baby. Hired that cabin up yonder an' didn't make fren's till the fever tuk we-all, then he come down an' tuk kyar of Jim, nodding toward a mountaineer sitting on the steps, "then he tuk hold o' me. Reckin we'd both be in the boneyard if he hadn't."

"So he made friends, after all," said the girl. "I think the child will be taken care of, Uncle Johnny."

"Sure. But that's not the p'int, Miss Ma'y. She's riz diffrent." His voice took on a wheedling tone. "I jest wonder if you couldn't think up some way to help Billy? He sartainly needs it."

"That would be unwarrantable interference, Uncle Johnny. I scarcely know Mr. Warren."

"Don't take no stock in sich talk," said Uncle Johnny, reaching for his twist of tobacco and cutting off a piece of goodly size. "When it comes to doin' things, an' thinkin' up things, Miss Ma'y, you're right smart. You didn't know we-uns when you come to the mountains, but you now has us trained to eat from your hand—almost."

She threw back her head and laughed heartily. "Almost! Is well put, Uncle Johnny; but I do not see how I can help you in this."

"T'won't hurt to think erbout it, anyhow, an' p'haps you'll see light," was his concluding comment, as, with a glance toward the faintly outlined path she turned from the group and walked away.

She had been in the mountain three years—at first for her health, then because it claimed her. She had heard all about Billy Warren, had occasionally met him, but save for the merest courtesy no word had passed between them. For some reason he had not impressed her pleasantly. This was probably due to the fact that he had made no effort to know better one who had made friends with all the mountain people.

But the talk of old John Peyton, or some subconscious sense of trouble in the man himself as he stood silently beside her that morning, waiting for his mail, influenced her in the direction of her walk that afternoon. Yet she was not aware that she had been so influenced until she found herself watching a child dabbling bare feet in the rushing water of a tiny stream while she hushed a corncob doll to sleep.

There was no fear in the child's eyes as she raised them to the woman beside her. Instead there was a whisp'ered, "hush; you'll wake her. She's

been real sick and is just going to sleep."

Mary Hilton dropped upon the ground, and in an equally low voice asked what was wrong.

"Daddy's says it's a case of mumps or measles, he's not sure which; but she's been so awful cross and has tired me so, he says there is no living with either of us."

"Betty, to whom are you talking?" The voice came from the shadow of the cabin.

"A pretty lady, honey?"

"Don't tell me fairy tales, child; pretty ladies don't climb the mountain."

"She looks real, daddy. Shall I pinch her and find out?"

"I wouldn't. I'll come and find out for myself. There was a rustle of leaves, and Mary Hilton raised her eyes to Billy Warren's face.

She did not move, and the child, with steadily advancing fingers, again asked: "Shall I pinch her, daddy?"

He did not reply. Instead he drew his hand across his eyes as if uncertain as to the reality. When he did speak his voice was sadly unsteady.

"Thank God! Hereafter I shall always believe in prayer."

Mary looked at him thoughtfully.

"You have been praying, and I am an answer to your prayer? In what way, especially?"

"You have come."

"Yes."

"Then why did you not come to me?"

"I want help. I could not ask for it unless as a last resort. Offered, it is different."

"And you think I will offer it?"

"Judging from your goodness to the mountain people. You give comfort to them."

"That is different. They are poor. In my humble way, I give help where it is needed. Years ago I took a course of training in an eastern hospital. It has stood me in good stead in my life here. But my work does not approach yours. You are a physician?"

"An army surgeon, retired on account of ill health, which I have regained on the mountain. You know what that means at this time. I am ordered to Fort Oglethorpe by the 15th. That leaves me but two days, and I feared I would have to ask for that which I hope will be offered."

"And that is?"

His gesture toward the child was eloquent. "I am all she has."

"If I do this thing, do you surrender her entirely, or will you claim her upon your return?"

His eyes held hers with an expression quickly veiled. "I will not return."

"I do not quite understand," she replied slowly. "We are strangers. You must have friends who would gladly do this for you."

"Yes, but I would choose you from all the world."

There was a certain controlled emotion in his voice that affected her strangely, and she rose to her feet.

"Again I say that I do not understand."

"That is natural." He walked the length of the level in front of the cabin and back. "Upon the eve of a great upheaval a man can allow himself a certain latitude of expression, especially when he knows it can do no harm," he said gravely. "I do not expect to return. Because I am convinced of this, I can say to you what under other circumstances would be little short of impudence, for, as you say, we are strangers. But I began to care for you when you first came to the mountain. I want you to know this, and to believe it. I could not let you know before. My wife—I do not wish to speak of her. She is dead, and I offer you not affront when I tell you that I love you. It is because of this I wish to leave Betty in your care."

With troubled eyes Mary looked toward the child. "I did not imagine this."

"How could you? My effort has been to keep you from knowing. Will you do this for me, now that you do know? It will be my comfort when my time comes, 'over there.' He turned from her, looking out into the limitless space. "It will be my comfort," he repeated.

"Why are you so sure you will not return?"

"There would be no incentive, with Betty cared for."

Then it was that Mary surprised herself by saying deliberately, "Mr. Warren, if I told you that my interest—"

"Interest! I would want something more than interest," he interrupted.

"Would that not do for the present?"

"No. It must be something more definite."

For long she hesitated, then said steadily, "I think it is more than interest. I am not sure. But if an overwhelming anxiety for your safe return is an evidence of a deeper feeling, it is yours."

He took her hand, raising it to his lips. "In that case, Mary Hilton, God willing, I will return to you and Betty."

MARKETS

WATFORD

GRAIN AND SEEDS—		
Wheat, fall, per bush.....	\$2 15 @	\$2 15
Oats, per bush.....	70	70
Barley, per bush.....	1 00	1 00
Timothy.....	3 00	4 00
Clover Seed.....	15 00	20 00
Alsike.....	12 00	15 00

PROVISIONS—		
Butter, per pound.....	37	
Lard.....	33	30
Eggs, per doz.....	41	41
Pork.....	25 00	25 05
Flour, per cwt.....	5 50	6 21
Brar, per ton.....	38 00	40 00
Shorts, per ton.....	42 00	45 00
Middlings, per ton.....	44 00	48 00

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT—

Potatoes, per bag.....	2 00
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MISCELLANEOUS—

Wood.....	3 00	4 50
Tallow.....	10	10
Hides.....	10	10
Wool.....	65	87
Hay, per ton.....	8 00	9 00

POULTRY—

Turkeys, per lb.....	00	00
Chickens, per lb.....	24	00
Fowl.....	16	17
Ducks.....	19	00
Geese.....	20	00

London

Wheat.....	\$ 2 10	to	\$2 25
Oats, cwt.....	2 10	to	2 30
Butter.....	43	to	43
Eggs.....	44	to	45
Pork.....	26 00	to	26 00

ARKONA

Andrew Barnes preached in Ailsa Craig on Sunday.

Mrs. Reid Crawford is visiting her sister, Mrs. Doan, Belmont.

Miss Ruth Eastman is visiting her mother in Listowel this week.

Herbert George was home from Ottawa over Sunday and Labor Day.

Pte. Acel Kells, of London military camp, was in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Joseph Wilcocks and daughter, Rhea, were visiting in Detroit last week.

Mrs. Harton, of Strathroy, spent the past few weeks with her friend, Mrs. (Rev.) Ball.

Mrs. Harry Langan and two daughters, of Sarnia, were in town for a few days last week.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Brown, of Morpeth, paid Arkona friends a flying visit last week.

Rev. Ball and daughter, Lillian, attended the funeral of Mr. Ball's niece in Exeter on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jackson and son, Lon, motored to Capac, Mich., last week and spent a few days with friends there.

Gunner Clare C. Fuller, of Petawawa Camp, who is home on leave with his parents in Warwick, spent Sunday with relatives in Arkona.

The streets of Arkona are in darkness. Meanwhile, the citizens are asking, "Who is breaking the contract?" and "Is there a reason?"

The Bethel and Arkona Methodist Ladies' Aid Societies met at the Parsonage, Arkona, last Thursday afternoon for Red Cross work.

There will be a baseball game at Arkona on Tuesday, Sept. 10th, at 3 o'clock between Toronto International League Leaders and the Big League All Stars.

Rev. Geo. Kersey, B.A., of Howard ave. Methodist Church, Windsor, and his sister, Miss Bertha Kersey, of Oil Springs, visited their aunt, Mrs. F. Lambe, and other Arkona relatives last week.

Two prominent workers for the deepening of spiritual life are expected in Arkona this fall, Evangelist Elliott of the Baptist Church in October, and Evangelist Crossley of the Methodist Church in December.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer. In most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets cure these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child will prevent their coming on. The Tablets are guaranteed by a government analyst to be absolutely harmless even to the newborn babe. They are especially good in summer because they regulate the bowels and keep the stomach sweet and pure. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Fall Fair Dates—1918

Watford.....	Oct. 2-3
Ailsa Craig.....	Sept. 19-20
Alvinston.....	Oct. 8-9
Brigden.....	Oct. 1
Forest.....	Sept. 26-27
Glencoe.....	Sept. 24-25
Mt. Bridges.....	Oct. 1
Parkhill.....	Sept. 23-24
Petrolia.....	Sept. 19-20
Strathroy.....	Sept. 16-18
Sarnia.....	Sept. 24-25
Wyoming.....	Oct. 10-11

Carbons for lighting and electro chemical purposes are made in Sweden from tar by a new process.



WANTED

More Farm Laborers

ADDITIONAL EXCURSION
Tuesday, September 10th, 1918

\$12.00 to Winnipeg

Half cent per mile beyond

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Address.....

FOR SALE

Twenty good Shorthorn females, young cows and heifers; also one four-year-old Scotch bred bull, sire and dam imported. Everything guaranteed right and all registration papers furnished. Have decided to reduce the herd and give more attention to the sheep. No reasonable offer refused for one or more.

ED de GEX, Kerwood P.O.

DESIRABLE VILLAGE PROPERTY FOR SALE

Comfortable frame house and two good lots, situated on Gold street, Watford. The house is in good repair. Some young fruit trees and berry bushes on the premises. Hard and soft water. For further particulars apply on the premises.

6-3

NELSON CHAMBERS.
Operated either by electricity or compressed air a wood planing and grooving machine has been invented that does the work of fifteen to twenty men with hand tools.