

APRIL SHOWERS

By FRANK H. SWEET

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There was a swift turn with scarcely any slackening of speed, the two outer wheels an inch above the ground, as they swung the corner, then the automobile settled down to a long, straight run.

"Do you think we can make it, Mr. Townsend?" the girl asked anxiously. "Make it"—lightly—"of course we can. It isn't over ten or twelve miles, and we can go at a snail's pace and do that in thirty minutes, and those clouds yonder are not halfway up the sky yet."

The girl's face showed relief. "I suppose it's foolish," she said, "but I do hate to get caught in a rain. And—and you know—or, rather, probably you don't know—it's a sort of life and death affair for a girl with a brand new hat and costume to get mixed up in a shower. Every true woman can



"OH, YOU DEAR DOT!"

sympathize with the girl who saved her hat at the expense of a month under a doctor's care."

"We'll save yours without the expense of so much as a hatpin," he responded.

But he reckoned without thought of the month.

Ten minutes, and the clouds had not rolled up appreciably higher. Then suddenly a rain drop splashed against the girl's face, followed by a dash of water that dripped an ostrich feather toward her eyes. The girl's hands flew to her hatpins, but before they could be withdrawn the rain was coming down in torrents, and the hands fell to her side with a tragic motion of helplessness. Both shot a quick glance behind. There were no dark clouds rolling up and above them. On all sides save where the clouds were creeping up in front the sky was blue, but overhead a slight patch of mist had obscured the sky, but not so thickly as entirely to shut out the blue. The man scowled understandingly.

"It's April," he said, "and a crack opened in the sky just wide enough for a cloud to pop out. Human foresight isn't proof against that. And your dress, too. I'm sorry, Miss Ellis."

"Yes, so am I," quizzically, her good humor quickly returning. "The costume was only sent home this morning, and I counted on it helping me out at the house party next week. What shall we do?"

"Scorch for shelter. I have already doubled speed. There, as a white spot showed under some trees in the distance, 'that's a house, I think. No,' as they rushed nearer, 'it's a small hotel. We'll stop there.'"

Another two minutes and they had swung from the road and across the lawn, up to the very door, without regard to path or grass, and Mr. Townsend threw himself from the car and lifted her almost bodily to the shelter of the little piazza. Then he started back toward the car.

"I'll run up to the city and get you a change of clothing," he called hurriedly. "I can go to your home and be back in half an hour. Meanwhile go in somewhere away from the air."

But she threw up a hand protestingly. "What nonsense!" she cried. "The shower'll be over in five minutes. See, it's already breaking away; and just as soon as the sun is out it will be warm again. I would rather go on with you." She glanced down at her wet garments ruefully. "It wouldn't be any satisfaction staying here," she added. "You may see if you can borrow me some kind of wrap, though."

He hesitated, then stepped with her into the hotel. Leaving her in the par-

lor, he went to the office. As he entered a young lady appeared at a side door. After a moment their eyes met, then both sprang forward.

"Edith!" he cried delightedly. "When did you arrive?"

"Last night. We didn't stop over at Washington, as planned. One of our party knew about this quiet little hotel, and we came straight here for a few days' rest. It's funny to meet you so soon, though, but it saves me sending a message into the city after you. My friend leaves tomorrow, and we're planning a little home party tonight as a sort of farewell. No, never mind your clothes," as she saw him glance down at them significantly. "We can find a change for you in the hotel. You can't leave us now we've got you. Oh, you dear boy," bending forward suddenly and kissing him, regardless of the two or three men in the room, "I am glad to see you! Now stay here just a minute while I run up and get Jennie. She wants to meet you."

"Hold on; wait a minute!" called Mr. Townsend, suddenly recollecting himself. But the young lady was gone. He returned to the parlor, the wrap forgotten. His companion was not there.

"The lady you came in with has just left," said an attendant. "She asked about a train for the city, and I told her one was at the depot just ready to start. There, as the puffing of an engine came to them, 'it's going now. She left this note.'"

Townsend snatched the note and read: "Mr. Townsend—I was standing by the door and saw the girl kiss you. For an instant I was surprised. Then I remembered I had known you only a month. Thank you for the auto ride. Sincerely, RUTH ELLIS."

Townsend smothered an exclamation and sprang down the steps to his automobile, not even stopping to pick up his hat. Three minutes later the young lady re-entered the office.

"Where's the gentleman I was talking with a few minutes ago?" she asked of the clerk.

"Gone off in his auto," the clerk replied politely. "Seemed in a hurry."

The young lady stared, then her eyes filled with tears, and she turned hurriedly and left the room.

Meanwhile Townsend was defying all consequences of speed in his mad rush to the city, forgetful that the train was being rapidly left behind. When he reached the residence of Miss Ellis it was stopping at a way station three miles away. He slipped into the vestibule, wet and miserable.

A half hour later her carriage drove up and stopped beside his automobile. He was at the carriage door when it opened. As she saw him Miss Ellis recoiled, her face darkening.

"You here," she began.

"It was my sister you saw," he broke in hurriedly and incoherently. "Just my sister Edith; and"—

"I thought she was in Mexico," coldly.

"She was, but they got back earlier than expected. And now I suppose she is cross, too, from the way I left."

Miss Ellis waited inquiringly, but as he explained her face cleared like the sky after the shower. When he finished she was smiling.

"I think we can make it all right," Harry said. She never had used that name before. "You run on to your hotel and put on dry clothing, and I will go in and do the same. Be back here in half an hour or so, and we'll go out to the hotel and spend the evening. Your sister will laugh with us when she hears the explanation. Hurry!"

Harry Townsend did hurry, and now his own face was as clear as the unclouded sky.

"Blessed old April shower!" he cried as he sprang into his automobile. "It helped me on with Miss Ellis more than a year of ordinary acquaintance could have done."

The Nutmeg.

The nutmeg is the kernel of the fruit of several species of trees growing wild in Asia, Africa and America. The cultivated nutmeg tree is from fifty to seventy feet high and produces fruit for sixty years. The fruit is of the size and appearance of a roundish pear, yellow in color. The fleshy part of the fruit is rather hard and resembles candied citron. Within is the nut, enveloped in a curious yellowish red aril known to us as mace. To prepare the seeds for use they are dried in a moderate heat for about two months. Then the shells are broken and the nutmegs picked out and assorted, the inferior ones being reserved for the oil press. As the essential oil of nutmeg brings a high price, dishonest growers often steep the nutmegs in hot water to extract the oil from them. They are then coated with lime and sent into the channels of commerce. Such nutmegs are worthless, their aroma and pungency having disappeared, these qualities being due exclusively to the oil. If on inserting a pin no oil rushes out to the surface, the nutmeg is, to all intents and purposes, a wooden nutmeg.

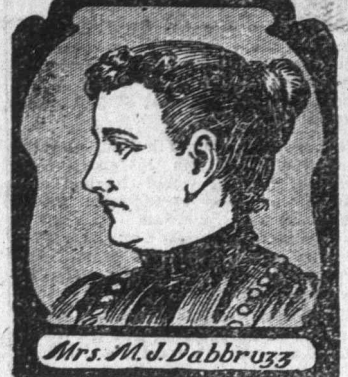
He Knew the Game.

A Kenwood man consented the other day to go to the millinery department for the purpose of helping his wife decide on a hat. After much trying on

A HEALTHY OLD AGE

OFTEN THE BEST PART OF LIFE
Help for Women Passing Through
Change of Life.

Providence has allotted us each at least seventy years in which to fulfill our mission in life, and it is generally our own fault if we die prematurely.



Mrs. M. J. Dabruz

Nervous exhaustion invites disease. This statement is the positive truth.

When everything becomes a burden and you cannot walk a few blocks without excessive fatigue, and you break out into perspiration easily, and your face flushes, and you grow excited and shaky at the least provocation and you cannot bear to be crossed in anything, you are in danger; your nerves have given out; you need building up at once! To build up woman's nervous system and during the period of change of life we know of no better medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here is an illustration. Mrs. Mary J. Dabruz, of 150 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been a blessing to me through that delicate period known as the change of life. For six years it disturbed my entire system. I had hot flashes, was extremely nervous, became pale and debilitated, very irregular in the monthly flow, and the blood all seemed to be in my head. I had frequent palpitation and throbbing of the heart; in fact, my whole system seemed to be in disorder."

"I received no relief from the suffering incident to this period until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; but I date my relief from the time I took the first bottle. I gradually improved, nature took her course painlessly, and in due time I was a well woman."

Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick and ailing women to write her for advice. Her great experience is at their service, free of cost.

the lady decided on two hats from which to make her selection. One of them was \$24, the other \$16.

"Now, I want you to tell me honestly, George," she said, "which of these two you would advise me to get?"

Then she put one on after the other and permitted him to view her from in front, each side and from behind.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said at last. "The one you had on first looks to me as if it might be more stylish and all that, but the second one makes you look much younger than you do in the other."

He had wasted an hour, but he saved \$8.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Short Lived Insects.

The wonderful brevity of insect life is curiously illustrated in the case of those that prey upon different species of mushrooms. The life of the mushroom itself is measured by hours, yet it is often entirely ruined by an insect which deposits its eggs upon the fungi while it is in the vigor of youth. The entire span of life of this mushroom fly is so brief that the grubs hatch from the eggs and the creature becomes fully developed and capable of laying eggs itself before the mushroom dies, even though the latter's life may not extend over a period of forty-eight hours from the moment it first pushes through the soil.

A NOBLE STOCK.

Pride, Dignity and Beauty of the Modern Spaniard.

You may see today in any church portal in Spain the somber dignity of expression immortalized in the portraits of Velasquez, the sinister cast of countenance of Philip II., the nose and proud bearing of a Roman centurion. In the Basque provinces the dignity and pride of the peasantry are reflected in the graceful carriage and symmetry of movement for which the men of that coast and the girls carrying pitchers on their heads are justly celebrated. There is no trace of awkwardness in a Spanish peasant, on whose features is stamped the pride of Rome, who will talk to you with the ease and volubility of a Spanish courtier. It is a noble stock.

Though today the glory of Spain has departed and the modern Spaniard favors a western "bowler" and the women wear Parisian hats, the national type of Spain persists with all its dignity and characteristics. Living types of Murillo's street urchins may be seen in any Spanish village—a group huddled together in some shady retreat, brown, chubby, curly headed, merry little rascals, lurching off a watermelon picked up in the market, happy as princes in their hempen rags and with their meager morsel, or you may see the sunny side of Spain as

Goya painted it—a dance in the open square, a bridal feast, a bullfighter's carrousel, a brawl, an elopement. The apparel is less gaudy today, but the sun and the types and the spirit are the same.

That brawny pander with his wide brimmed sombrero, his swarthy countenance, aquiline nose and raven locks looks for all the world like a Roman gladiator. The lad at his side, with his finely chiseled features, might have waited on Poppaea. And that young girl in her white lace mantilla and the red roses in her warm black hair—such a one Goya would have delighted to portray as she stands there with her delicate head defiantly thrown back, her lustrous eyes aglow with mischief, the graceful line of figure and those pursed and pouting lips.—Nineteenth Century.

TONICS.

Two Edged Swords Capable of Mischief as Well as Benefit.

There is perhaps no class of remedial agents more abused than tonics. The abuse consists both in the excessive use and the misapplication of this class of agents, which within a restricted field possess an indisputable and important therapeutic value. The misuse of tonics is doubtless the outgrowth of a misconception of the real nature of this class of remedial agents and its limitations. Many physicians also seem to lose sight of the fact that tonics are, as has been said of drugs in general, two edged swords which are as capable of mischief as of benefit. Indeed, when the true nature of tonics—as is true, in fact, of most medicinal agents—is thoroughly understood, it is apparent that even in cases in which they accomplish the maximum of benefit there is also a certain amount of injury inflicted upon the organism, so that the effect obtained is really and simply the difference between the mischief done and the good accomplished. If the difference is on one side, the total result is benefit; if on the other side, the result is harm. This principle holds good with regard to most remedies, whether the means employed is a drug or a nonmedicinal agent.

The popular idea of a tonic is well expressed in the following definition, which we find in the National Medical Dictionary: "An agent which augments gradually and permanently the strength and vital activity of the body or its parts." A stimulant is defined by the same authority as being "an agent which increases the functional activity of any organ or series of organs." The distinction made seems to be that a stimulant produces temporary excitement, whereas a tonic produces a permanent increase of strength and vital activity.

The Word "Policy."

That "policy" which a man gets from an insurance company is no relative of that other word "policy" which the statesmen use. The latter is a lineal descendant, along with "polity" and "police," of the Greek "polis," a city. But the former is the late Latin "politicum," "poleticum" or "poletium," a register wherein dues were enrolled, which is believed to be really the Greek "polypytchum," a document folded into many leaves. If so, the development of the word may be paralleled by that of "diploma," the parent of "diplomatist," which meant simply a document folded double.

A Popular Welsh Drink.

All the Welsh counties swear by a drink called sowbeer. It is made from fourteen different field herbs, is harmless, except for its sleepy effects, and resembles treacle more than anything. The Welsh villagers always smoke a thin cigarette of dried sage when they drink sowbeer. The stuff is too complicated a mixture for the villagers to brew, but in all the larger towns there are dealers who make it.—London Telegraph.

Deceitful.

Minister—I'm sorry to find you coming out of a public house again, Hamish, after all you promised me. Hamish—Aye, sir, it's wunnerful what an awfu' deceivin' thing this mist is. D'ye ken, I went in there the noo thinkin' 'twas the butcher's shop.—London Tit-Bits.

Leaves seem light, useless, idle, wavering and changeable—they even dance. Yet God has made them part of the oak.

Indefinite.

"Darling, yours shall be a sunny lot in life."

"Now, look here, George, are you talking of your behavior or of where we are going to build in the suburbs?"

One Vain Wish.

The Wife—He told me that if I married him my every wish would be gratified. The Mother—Well, is it not so? The Wife—No; I wish I hadn't married him.

The nobler the blood the less the bride.—From the Danish.

Pastor revisiting his flock—I cannot help noticing many absent faces with which I used to shake hands.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the
Signature of *Wm. D. Hoar*

Farm For Sale.

WEST PART LOT 25, CON. 12, BROOKS, containing 66½ acres, a good frame house, 2 frame barns, frame granary, a good stone mill house, about 1 acre of orchard, lots of water, 6 acres bush, good rich clay land, well fenced. For further particulars apply to
EDWARD THOMPSON, Watford.

Farm For Sale.

LOT 25 WEST 23, CON. 3, S.E.R., Watford, containing 100 acres, all cleared except about 20 acres of hardwood. On the premises are a frame house, frame and log barns, 3 good wells and about 200 bearing apple trees. Soil light clay loam. For further particulars apply to
WM. DORMER, Watford.

Farm To Rent.

THE undersigned offers to rent that desirable situated farm Lot 25, con. 10, Township of Brooks, 100 acres. On the premises there are a good dwelling house, good barn, horse and cow stables, sheep house, hog pens, etc. Good well and orchard and fairly well fenced. Nearly all under cultivation, all seeded down but 12 acres, 25 or 40 acres seeded down this spring. Apply to
DUNCAN GILLIES, Watford.

"AVONDALE FARM" FOR SALE.

100 ACRES, Lot 22, Con. 4, N. E. R., Watford, situated on good gravel road, 2 miles from Watford, and one mile from Birnam P. O., and cheese factory. Soil rich, sandy loam. On farm are two houses, one new with all modern conveniences. House and barn on each fifty; large orchard of all kinds of fruits, and beautiful maple grove. Will sell cash fifty or entire one hundred. Apply to
DAVID FALCON, Watford, P. O.,
July 26 2m or to PHOEBE E. WILLIAMS, Arkona, Ont.

MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS.

Schlemmer's New Store.

PIANOS, ORGANS,
SEWING MACHINES.

THE BELL PIANO,

Made in Canada.

Unsurpassed by any.

Leading Makes in Organs.

We handle the Sewing Machines that satisfy. Reliable, Tested and Substantial.

Everything in the line of sheet music and musical supplies at popular prices. Sole Agent for Berliner and Victor Gramophones—Get the Best.

Agent for CHATHAM-INCUBATOR.

H. SCHLEMMER,

OPPOSITE SWIFT BROS.

Delicious Ice Cream

—AND—

Ice Cream Soda.

Summer Beverages of All Kinds

— x x —

Choice Confectionery,

Bon Bons,

Fruits and Nuts,

Fresh Crop.

— x x —

CIGARS

The Best Brands, popular with smokers who appreciate something good.

— x x —

Special attention paid to

WEDDING CAKE ORDERS.

— x x —

Everything Fresh and Reliable.

PEARCE BROS.

South End Bakery.

STAGE LINES.

WATFORD AND WATFORD STAGE LEAVES Watford Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11.30 a.m. Returning Watford at 3.45 p.m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. D. M. Ross, Prop.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES Watford at 9 a.m. Watford at 10.15 a.m. Watford at 11.30 a.m. Watford at 1.15 p.m. Watford at 3.45 p.m. Watford at 5.15 p.m. Watford at 7.15 p.m. Watford at 9.15 p.m. Watford at 11.15 p.m. Watford at 1.15 a.m. Watford at 3.15 a.m. Watford at 5.15 a.m. Watford at 7.15 a.m. Watford at 9.15 a.m. Watford at 11.15 a.m. Watford at 1.15 p.m. Watford at 3.15 p.m. Watford at 5.15 p.m. Watford at 7.15 p.m. Watford at 9.15 p.m. Watford at 11.15 p.m. Watford at 1.15 a.m. Watford at 3.15 a.m. Watford at 5.15 a.m. Watford at 7.15 a.m. Watford at 9.15 a.m. Watford at 11.15 a.m. Watford at 1.15 p.m. Watford at 3.15 p.m. Watford at 5.15 p.m. Watford at 7.15 p.m. Watford at 9.15 p.m. Watford at 11.15 p.m. Watford at 1.15 a.m. Watford at 3.15 a.m. Watford at 5.15 a.m. Watford at 7.15 a.m. Watford at 9.15 a.m. Watford at 11.15 a.m. Watford at 1.15 p.m. Watford at 3.15 p.m. Watford at 5.15 p.m. Watford at 7.15 p.m. Watford at 9.15 p.m. Watford at 11.15 p.m. Watford at 1.15 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