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WATFORD

Carolyn of the Corners

(Continued from p. 6)

could face Uncle Joe just how wist this new thought that Chet Gormley's words had put into her heart. Then she hesitated, with her hand on the gate latch.

"Will there be some scraps for Prince?" she asked. "Or bones?"

"I believe I can find something for Prince," Miss Amanda replied. "I owe him more than one good dinner, I guess, for killing that snake. Come in and we will see."

Carolyn May thought that Miss Amanda, in her house dress and ruffled apron, with sleeves turned back above her dimpled, brown elbows, was prettier than ever. Her cheerful observations quite enlivened Carolyn May again.

"I think you are lovely, Miss Amanda," she said as she helped wipe the



"I Think You Are Lovely, Miss Amanda."

dishes after the carpenter had gone back to the shop. "I shall always love you. I guess that anybody who ever did love you would keep right on doing so till they died! They just couldn't help it!"

"Indeed?" said the woman, laughing. "And how about you, Chicken Little? Aren't you universally beloved too?"

"Oh, I don't expect so, Miss Amanda," said the child. "I wish I was."

"Why aren't you?"

"I— Well, I guess it's just because I'm not," Carolyn May said despondently. "You see, after all, Miss Amanda, I'm only a charity child."

"Oh, my child!" exclaimed Miss Amanda. "Who told you that?"

"I— I just heard about it," confessed the little visitor.

"Not from Aunt Rose Kennedy?"

"Oh, no, ma'am."

"Did that— Did your uncle tell you such a thing?"

"Oh, no! He's just as good as he can be. But of course he doesn't like children. You know he doesn't. And he just 'bombrates' dogs!"

"So, you see," added the child, "I am charity. I'm not like other girls that's got papas and mammas. 'Course I knowed that before, but it didn't seem— seem so hard as it does now," she confessed with a sob.

"My dear! my dear!" cried Miss Amanda, dropping on her knees beside the little girl. "don't talk so! I know your uncle must love you."

"Oh, Miss Mandy!" gasped Carolyn May. "don't you s'pose he loves other folks, too? You know— folks he'd begun to love ever so long ago?"

The woman's smooth cheeks burned suddenly and she stood up.

"I'm most sure he'd never stop loving a person if he'd once begun to love 'em," said Carolyn May, with a high opinion of the faithfulness of Uncle Joe's character.

"Do you want to know if your Uncle Joe loves you?" she asked Carolyn May at last. "Do you?"

"Oh, I do!" cried the little girl.

"Then ask him," advised Miss Amanda. "That's the only way to get to the truth. Out with it, square, and ask him."

"I will do it," Carolyn May said seriously.

After the child had gone the woman went back into the little cottage and her countenance did not wear the farewell smile that Carolyn May had looked back to see.

Gripping at her heart was the old pain she had suffered years before and the conflict that had seared her mind so long ago was roused again.

"Oh, Joe! Oh, Joe! How could you?" she moaned, rocking herself to and fro. "How could you?"

That very night the first snow flurry of the season drove against the west window panes of the big kitchen at the Stag homestead. It was at supper-time.

"I declare for't," said Mr. Stag. "I guess winter's onto us, Aunty Rose." This snow did not amount to much; it was little more than a hoar frost, as Mr. Stag said. This might be, however, the last chance for a Sunday walk in the woods for some time and Carolyn May did not propose to miss it.

On this day she earnestly desired to get him out by himself, for her heart was filled with a great purpose. She felt that they must come to an understanding, if they must come to an understanding.

On this particular occasion Uncle Joe sat down upon the log by the brook where Miss Amanda had once sat. Carolyn May stood before him. "Am I just a charity orphan? Didn't my papa leave any money at all for me? Did you take me just out of charity?"

"Bless me!" gasped the hardware dealer.

"I— I wish you'd answer me, Uncle Joe," went on Carolyn May with a brave effort to keep from crying. Joseph Stag was too blunt a person to see his way to dodging the question.

"Hum! Well, I'll tell you, Carolyn May. There isn't much left, and that's a fact. It isn't your father's fault. He thought there was plenty. But a business he invested in got into bad hands and the little nest egg he'd laid up for his family was lost."

"Then— then I am just charity. And so's Prince," whispered Carolyn May. "I— I s'pose we could go to the poorhouse, Prince and me; but they mayn't like dogs there. You're real nice to me, Uncle Joe; but Prince and me— we really are a nuisance to you."

The man stared at her for a moment in silence, but the flush that dyed his cheeks was a flush of shame.

"Don't you like it any more here with Aunty Rose and— and me?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes! Only— only, Uncle Joe, I don't want to stay, if we're a nuisance, Prince and me. I don't want to stay, if you don't love me."

Joseph Stag had become quite excited.

"Bless me!" he finally cried once more. "How do you know I don't love you, Carolyn May?"

"Why— why— But, Uncle Joe! how do I know you do love me?" demanded the little girl. "You never told me so!"

The startled man sank upon the log again.

"Well, maybe that's so," he murmured. "I s'pose it isn't my way to be very— very— softlike. But listen here, Carolyn May."

"Yes, sir."

"I ain't likely to tell you very frequently how much I— I think of you. Ahem! But you'd better stop worrying about such things as money and the like. What I've got comes pretty near belonging to you. Anyway, unless I have to go to the poorhouse myself, I reckon you needn't worry about going, and he coughed again dryly.

"As far as loving you— Well, I'll admit, under cross-examination, that I love you."

"Dear Uncle Joe!" she sighed ecstatically. "I don't mind if I am charity."

"If You Love Me It Takes All the Sting Out."

If you love me, it takes all the sting out. And I'll help to make you happy, too!"

(To be continued next week.)

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THE OLD RAZOR MAN.

Former Canadian Woman Wore Disguise for Years.

The death of "John Young," known for many years along the highways between San Francisco and Los Angeles as "the quaint old razor man," discloses a secret long kept that the real name of the old peddler was Anna O'Connell. For many years, left alone in the world, she had worn men's clothing to enable her to earn a living un molested.

She died on the doorstep of the home of Edwin Turner, toymaker. The Turners were her friends of early years. When her wanderings brought her to San Francisco she always went to their home. They chanced to be out this time when she called. A lodger in the house informed her they would soon be back. She was weak and ill, and as she turned on the doorstep she sank down, clutching at her heart, and died.

Mr. Turner told her story. "More than twenty years ago," he said, "my wife and I made the acquaintance of a Canadian gentlewoman, Mrs. Anna O'Connell. She was then living in Montgomery block with her only child, Marie. Her husband, a Canadian— very amiable and a native of Yorkshire, England, had died.

"In the earthquake of 1906 Mrs. O'Connell and her daughter dropped out of sight. We heard nothing of them and, finally, we went on a long visit to the island of Guernsey, in the English Channel, my native place. About five years ago we returned to San Francisco.

"One evening, when my wife was alone at home there was a knock at the door. Opening it she saw a little old man wearing a small moustache. 'I am the brother of your old friend, Mrs. Anna O'Connell,' the caller said. 'Don't I resemble her?' My wife replied: 'Yes, the likeness is striking; come in.' They had a cup of tea and talked.

"Suddenly the old man rose, put his arms around my wife and said: 'I am Mrs. O'Connell; look well at me.'

"My wife was too surprised for words. Then the old peddler explained that she had adopted men's clothes in order to make a living, for her daughter had died and she was alone. She was in the house when I returned home. My wife and I both promised to keep her secret.

"From that time she visited us once a year. We were her only intimates. She had wished to live in San Francisco, but the climate of the south suited her delicate health better and so she made her home in Pasadena.

"She sold razor and knife-blade sharpeners, walking from place to place, and getting frequent lifts from passing motor cars. We will see that she has decent burial.

Drury Cracks a Joke.
 Premier E. C. Drury of Ontario has a sense of humor. It has not been very much in evidence so far. Perhaps that is because of the serious nature of the business he has had in hand.

But the humor in the man flashed out a bit at the recent dinner of the Schoolmen's Club at Hart House.

"I confess that it is with a distinct sense of disappointment that I face this audience," he began. The audience was entirely a masculine one, made up of Public and High School and University men, and educationists at large. Said audience sat tight and waited.

"When I was invited to come here and speak," he went on, "the invitation was given me over the telephone. Perhaps I did not hear distinctly but I understood over the telephone that I was being invited to the School Ma'am's Club. And when I get here this is what I find," and he extended his hand toward the mere males in front of him.

American Consuls in Toronto.
 The American Consul in Toronto from 1905 to 1913 was Robert S. Chilton, who had been for seven years chief of the consular bureau of the State Department. His successor was a native of South Carolina, Julius D. Dreher, LL.D., Ph.D., formerly a lieutenant in the Confederate army and for twenty-five years president of Roanoke College. He was appointed a consul by President Roosevelt, and was transferred to Toronto by President Wilson in 1913.

He left there in 1915 to become consul at Colon, Panama. The consul who succeeded him in Toronto, and who still holds the office, is Chester W. Martin, who, like his predecessor, has held office under both Republican and Democratic Administrations. He was consul at Amherstburg, Ont., 1897-1906 (under McKinley and Roosevelt); at Martinique, 1906-08; at Barbados, 1908-15. So Mr. Martin has been 22 years in the consular service without interruption.

A New Disease.
 An untraveled countryman once treated himself to a trip to Toronto. There for the first time in his life he saw a schoolgirl go through her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones with whom she was playing. After gazing at her with looks of interest and compassion for some time, he asked a boy near by if she had fits. "No," replied the boy; "them's gymnastics." "Ah, how sad," said the man. "How long has she had 'em?"