

**SOCIETIES.**



L. O. L. 505,  
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RESERVE FUND, DECEMBER 1, 1910

Insurance \$3,254,304.55  
Sick and Funeral Ben't 205,436.89

Total \$3,459,741.44

MEMBERSHIP OVER 75,000.

**Court Lorne, No. 17, Watford,**  
meets second and fourth Monday in each  
month. Visiting Brethren Invited.  
J. E. Collier, F. Sec. J. H. Hume, R. Sec.  
A. D. Hone, C. Ranger.

**FARM FOR SALE**

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE THAT  
desirably situated farm known as the east half of  
Lot 12, Con. 4, S. E. R. Warwick, consisting of 100  
acres. On the premises are a large and comfortable  
stone house, good barn and stable and outbuildings  
in good shape. Well fenced and watered, and situated  
just outside the corporation of Watford. If not  
sent will be rented on reasonable terms. A consid-  
erable portion of the property is freshly seeded down  
for further particulars apply to the proprietor  
WM. THOMPSON,  
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**100 Acre Farm for Sale.**

BRING west half of Lot 27, in 15th Concession, of  
Brook. Good clay loam soil, part suitable for  
fruit growing. Well fenced, good buildings in good  
repair, good well with new windmill. Convenient  
to church and school, 6 miles from Watford, 5 from  
Kerwood. For further particulars write to  
JAS. A. HALL,  
Watford, Ont.

**FARM FOR SALE.**

100 ACRES, being west half of Lot 7, Con. 14,  
Brook. On the premises are a cottage 24  
by 23 feet, barn 40 by 60 feet with concrete founda-  
tion, drive shed 20 by 40 feet, all newly new.  
There are about 50 acres under cultivation, 20 of  
which are in pasture. Well fenced and drained.  
Plenty of water. Young orchard. Situated close  
to church and school. About 5 miles from Watford.  
For further particulars apply to the proprietor  
ELOS SEARSON,  
R. F. D. 6, Sutorville.

**Blacksmith Shop and House  
For Sale.**

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale his black  
smith shop, house, stable and garden of 1/2 acre,  
situated on corner of 4th line, N. R. K. and 15th  
road, Warwick. More garden land can be had if  
wanted. This is an excellent opportunity for any-  
one wishing good stand for a blacksmith business.  
Apply to  
HENRY CARLE,  
Birmam, Ont.

**STAGE LINES.**

WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVE  
Watford Village every morning except Sun-  
day, reaching Watford at 11:30 a. m., returning  
leaves Watford at 3:45 p. m. Passenger and freight  
conveyed on reasonable terms. C. BARNES, Prop'r.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVE  
Arkona at 9 a. m. Wilsbach at 10:10 a. m.  
Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p. m. Passenger  
and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—WIL-  
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**The  
CALL**

It Occasions a Struggle  
Between Love  
and Duty

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Sylvia Moore was visiting at her un-  
cle's Texas ranch when she read the  
startling headlines announcing that Tim-  
othy Robeson's regiment had been or-  
dered to El Paso to take part in the  
maneuvers on the Mexican border. She  
stared at the newspaper until the mem-  
bers of the family made no secret of  
their alarm.

"What is the matter, Sylvia?" de-  
manded Annie Lake curiously. "Has  
Timothy eloped with a pretty widow,  
or is he the victim of?"

"He might as well be dead and bur-  
ied," cried Sylvia tragically as she  
threw the paper across the table. "He's  
gone to war."

"War!" they repeated. "What war?"  
"Why, the war with Mexico, of  
course. Hasn't the president ordered  
a large force to the border?"

Mr. Lake picked up the newspaper  
and read aloud the surprising intelli-  
gence that the war department had  
ordered a large body of men, arms and  
supplies to El Paso to take part in  
army maneuvers. He read that troops  
were already on the way and that  
within a few days at the latest a ten-  
ted city would spring up beside the  
southwestern border.

Last of all he announced that the  
regiment of which Timothy Robeson  
was a lieutenant was on its way to  
Texas.

"On the strength of this report you  
are positive that Tim's going to be  
killed?" asked her uncle, with a quiz-  
ical smile at Sylvia.

"Yes," said Sylvia positively. "I had  
the queerest feeling when I said good-  
by to him in New York. You know  
he's always joking, and when he said,  
'Be sure to return in time to dance  
at your own wedding, Sylvia,' it came  
over me that I might never come back;  
that there might never be a wedding  
at all. But I never thought of Tim  
being the one!" Tears came into Syl-  
via's forgetful eyes, and her cousin  
extended a sympathizing handkerchief.

"Pooh!" uttered Mr. Lake contemp-  
tuously. "You make me extremely  
weary, Sylvia. As an American girl  
I thought you had more pride of coun-  
try than to weep because your young  
man is called to arms."

"A man's first duty cannot always  
be to his country. Oh, I know that's  
reasonable or something horrible, but  
I would not have thought so much  
about it if we had not gone over to  
El Paso the other day and witnessed  
all the fighting across the river in  
Juarez."

"We didn't see very much, just some  
puffs of smoke and lots of noise. It  
wasn't nearly as bloody as I antici-  
pated," remarked Annie thoughtfully.

"I saw enough. I wouldn't go there  
again for anything in the world," de-  
clared Sylvia, rising from her chair  
and dropping a good night kiss on her  
aunt's unconscious brow.

"Then you won't ride into El Paso  
with me on Thursday and see the  
troops arrive?" suggested Mr. Lake,  
returning to his newspaper with an  
indifferent air. "Want to go, Ann?"  
"Of course I do, dad. And you, Syl-  
via?" she questioned her cousin.  
"I must go, too!" cried Sylvia eagerly.  
"Why, I might see Timothy  
there."

**SUFFERED FROM  
VIOLENT CATHARTICS**

**The Warning of Mr. Geo. C.  
Fox Is One That Should  
Be Heeded by All.**

Few men on the road are better  
known than genial George Fox, whose  
friends throughout the West are legion.  
In the following letter he expresses  
gratitude for signal services rendered  
by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. He goes on to  
say: "Until I used Dr. Hamilton's  
Pills and experienced their wonderful  
mildness and curative power, I esti-  
mated the value of every pill by its  
activity. Talking about this to a well-  
known physician I met on the train  
the other day, he explained there are  
different kinds of drugs that act upon  
the bowels, the most active being  
known as drastic. Except in extreme  
cases where the life of the patient  
depends upon speedy evacuation of  
the bowels, pills should never be dras-  
tic. Purgatives cause catarrh of the  
bowels and inflammation; their dose  
must be increased, causing even more  
harm. With such a clear explanation  
I could see why Dr. Hamilton's Pills  
are curative and not irritating, why  
they are mild, yet most searching."  
"From my experience I recommend  
everyone that takes pills to give up  
the old-fashioned harsh, purging pill,  
and, instead, to use Dr. Hamilton's.  
They cure headache, biliousness, con-  
stipation, bad stomach, and keep the  
system in perfect condition."  
Refuse any substitute for Dr. Ham-  
ilton's Pills; sold for 25c. all dealers,  
or The Catarroze Co., Kingston,  
Ont.

**Dr. Hamilton's Pills  
Cure Constipation**

via curiously, withdrawing from her  
own reverie.  
"I was wondering if you really meant  
what you said about asking Tim to  
stay away from a battle if there is to  
be one," said Annie, her eyes now  
gravely fixed on her cousin.

"A man owes some duty to the girl  
he loves, and there are plenty of men  
who can fight for the country—men  
who have no friends or relatives or  
have no ties to bind them. How self-  
ish I am, Annie, and yet somehow I  
can only seem to think of two things  
today. One is Timothy Robeson, and  
the other is myself."

"Let's talk about something else,"  
said Annie. And so the conversation  
turned to the beauty of the March day  
and thence to the absorbing topic of  
clothes.

It was not until two days after this  
conversation that the little party set  
forth to go to El Paso. They started  
just at daybreak.

All the way to El Paso Sylvia's ears  
were eagerly alert for the sound of  
warfare. She did not dare voice her  
fears, but they were very large fears  
and very agonizing ones too.

She had been proud indeed that her  
future husband should be an officer  
in a fine regiment. She thought the  
dearest thing in the world, and the  
very thought of the military wedding  
that would mark her marriage to the  
handsome young man sent her into ec-  
stasies of delight.

This was the other side of the war  
picture. Here was the beat of the  
drum calling to arms. Real powder and  
shot had been issued to the men, and  
her real shot would be fired. In fancy she  
saw her beloved killed at the head of  
his column, always leading, always  
waving his sword and shouting encour-  
agement to his weary men.

They came upon the new city, the  
tenting one, all of a sudden and looked  
with awe upon the results of a deep  
thinking war department, a capable  
executive staff and a well trained ar-  
my. A day or two ago and there had  
been a cactus plain; today there were  
a field of snowy tents and a multitude  
of orderly men awaiting the summons  
to—what?

To Sylvia Moore war meant desper-  
ate fighting, the sudden death of Tim-  
othy Robeson and for herself a lifelong  
separation from the man she loved.

When they were in the city and saw  
the flying flags and heard the outpour-  
ing of martial music the heart of Syl-

via beat quickly, and she felt more  
like crying than ever. If she could  
only see Timothy for one moment she  
was sure she could persuade him to  
stay with her.

Presently through Mr. Lake's influ-  
ence it was made possible for Sylvia  
to meet her lover, and in the first joy-  
ful moment the strangeness of the  
meeting was quite forgotten. At last  
Timothy pushed back his cap and said:  
"I'll bet you were surprised to hear  
I was on the way, eh, Sylvia?"

"Yes," said Sylvia, suddenly very  
quiet. Then, after a pause, she said in  
a low tone, "Timothy, I wonder if  
you care enough for me to do a big  
thing for me—a great thing—the great-  
est thing you ever did in your life."

"Of course," said Timothy prompt-  
ly. "My life's yours, you know, dear-  
est."  
"Then stay with me. Do not go into  
active battle." Sylvia's voice was  
strained with anxiety, and her eyes  
were fixed eagerly on her lover's face.  
She saw the mask of reserve that  
dropped over his surprised face—a re-  
serve that seemed to place her and  
her love upon some distant pinnacle  
of space, leaving him here in the active  
present with the duty that lay before  
him. She saw all this and realized  
what was passing through his mind,  
and yet, with a selfishness which had  
not yet been overcome by a nobler  
impulse, she set herself to exact from  
him a proof of his love for her.

"Shall I desert?" he asked, with a  
cold smile.  
"Oh, no! Tell them you are ill. Per-  
haps I might explain. You know we  
are to be married in the fall, Tim-  
othy?"

"I know, dear," he said steadily,  
"that this is the hardest moment of  
your life. I'll think over what you  
said, and if at the end of another day  
you still feel the same way about it  
perhaps something can be done."  
"Oh, Timmy, you are an angel—and  
I was so afraid you'd get killed!" half  
sobbed Sylvia.

Timothy Robeson smiled rather mys-  
teriously and turned away. "Perhaps  
I'll see you later, dear, if Mr. Lake  
will come around after parade. Time's  
up now."

They spent the day in the city, and  
as the afternoon advanced they once  
more approached the parade ground,  
where they expected to meet Timothy  
Robeson again. Mr. Lake and Annie  
stopped to view some passing soldiery,  
and Sylvia had paused to find herself  
the onlooker at a curious little scene.

A handsome though rather dispat-  
tered looking young man in military  
khaki lounged against a tree talking  
to a very indignant young woman.  
"Ah, what's the use?" he was mutter-  
ing sullenly, when his companion in-  
terrupted him with blazing eyes and  
angry voice.

"Matt Mears, you're a coward, that's  
what you are!" she cried. "I wouldn't  
give a snap of my finger for a man  
that didn't put his country before the  
girl he loved!"

"Oh, pshaw, Laura," began the  
young man weakly, when the girl sud-  
denly walked away from him with  
her pretty chin in the air.

Her words rang in Sylvia's ears as  
they went to meet Timothy. Before  
her was the city of tents, busy with  
the hum of preparation, the flutter  
of myriads of flags—her own red,  
white and blue emblems—and a chok-  
ing feeling came into her throat. She  
knew now that never, never would  
she have Timothy belong to anything  
except this glorious company, organ-  
ized to protect her, her relatives, her  
friends—everybody in the country.  
There were great industries, vast en-  
terprises, to be protected. Oh, her  
Timothy was of the noblest profession  
in the country—the protectors!

When Timothy's grave eyes ques-  
tioned hers he was startled by the  
blue flash of patriotism that Sylvia's  
eyes declared.  
"Timothy," she whispered eagerly  
and with emphasis laid on each word  
—"Timothy Robeson, don't you dare  
dream of not going into battle. If  
you don't go—why, I'll never speak to  
you again as long as I live!"

**DRUGGIST PRAISES D. D. D.**

"Your D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema  
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Chicago Express, 5 ..... 9 37 p.m.  
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Ontario Limited, 46 ..... 7 46 a.m.  
Accommodation, 28 ..... 12 06 p.m.  
New York Express, 2 ..... 3 00 p.m.  
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