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LOST—A PEARLE

(Continued from page 6)

"Auntie! auntie!—mamma—my own pretty mamma has come back!"
Pearle with difficulty restrained her tears at the words, for they told her but too surely that ere long she and her bright little comforter must part company.

But she withdrew her arm from that of her escort, and going direct to the bedside she knelt down so that she could look into those deep brown eyes which were now fixed so earnestly and questioningly upon her.

"Are you Alice Renau?" she asked, gently, but an intense earnestness quivered in her tones.

"Yes, that was—my name," but she looked greatly surprised at the question, and put her hand to her head in a puzzled way, as if trying to recall something, while a vivid crimson stained her cheek as she met the eager look bent upon her.

"And are you sure that Amy—that little one is your child?" Pearle continued.

"Yes; my very, very own," returned the young mother, in trembling tones, as she clasped the little form closer to her.

Then becoming excited by the vivid memories that seemed to come crowding upon her, she cried, with blanching cheeks, and a look of horror leaping to her eyes:

"Oh! that dreadful engine—those shrill, piercing whistles—those thundering noises—that terrible shock and fright that held me spellbound to meet my death! I could not move—I could not speak nor cry out—I could only stand and look, and wait, while that shrieking monster came nearer and nearer, until it sent me down, down into the blackness and darkness! Am I that dreadful—it was maddening!—but I could not move—I was frozen, paralyzed. My baby—my baby! who will care for my darling?" was the one thought that burst my heart and seared my brain when, as I believed, I was dropping into eternity."

Her voice died away in a hoarse whisper, while exhausted with excitement and the fearful remembrance, she lay sobbing and wringing her hands wildly; and then clasping Amy to her convulsively, again kissing her shining head, and murmuring fond, wild words over her.

George Murdock regarded her with an anxious look on his face.

He went to her with an air of resolution, and unclasping her clinging

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arm put Amy into Pearle's lap, she having seated herself in a chair by the bed when she saw the invalid becoming so excited.

"Alice," he said, in gentle, yet authoritative tones, and using her name for the first time, "you must be quiet; you must not think of what is past, for it excites you so; you must be calm, or I shall be obliged to send Amy and every one else from the room."

His manner seemed to reassure her, and she grew quieter almost immediately, though deep sobs still shook her slight frame.

Dr. Murdock mixed something in a spoon and held it to her lips.

She took it obediently, and then looking up into his manly face with a puzzled expression, she asked, simply:

"Who are you? I have never seen you before, and yet it seems as if I have dreamed of you often."

A look of pain shot into his eyes at his—he had watched and tended her so long; he had studied night and day that he might know how to treat her case; he had devoted every spare moment to her, and she had clung to him with almost childish dependence during the months of her mental weakness; and now, what he had always desired was accomplished, she did

not even recognize him.

He knew that he had no right to expect anything different—that the "May," whom his voice alone could soothe in her nervous hours, and the Alice of the present moment, were entirely different beings; and yet the knowledge brought with it a pang that he had never looked for.

"I am your physician," he said, in reply to her question, "and I cannot allow you to talk any more, unless you are very quiet. This lady beside you is Miss Melfert, and she has had the care of Amy during your illness—for you have been sick a long time."

"Is that why my head feels so strangely—why I cannot think all that I wish?" she asked, putting both her trembling hands to her temples.

"Yes; and you will not be able to think at all unless you heed what I say. I thought you would like to be assured that Amy had been well cared for, and if you will promise not to become excited again, I will allow Miss Melfert to talk to you a while," the young doctor said, watching her closely all the time he was speaking.

"What is your name?" were you called when I was hurt? Dr. Ashley was my mother's physician."

She stopped suddenly, while a look of remembrance and anxiety settled over her face. She was about to go on, but Dr. Murdock, seeing the look interrupted.

"My name is George Murdock; I found you after you were hurt, and that is how you happen to be under my care."

But he could not check the tide of memories that came rushing back to her, now that the natural vigor of her brain was beginning to be restored.

"My mother! where is my mother?" she cried, starting up and resting upon her elbow, and without appearing to heed what he had said, as she recalled another of the cares that had been hers before the great darkness came upon her.

Pearle grew pale and cast an appealing glance at the young doctor.

He answered with a warning look, and then quietly replied:

"It is well with madam, your mother, and everything that has occurred during your illness shall be explained to you, if you will have patience."

"I will be patient," she answered, submissively; then, holding out her arms again, she added, with a hysterical sob that was half a laugh:

"But give me back my pet; Amy, come to mamma, and let me hold you close, or I cannot believe that I am not dead—dead! oh, it was so horrible."

"She must not talk any more to-

Tired Nervous Mothers
Should Profit by the Experience
of These Two Women

Buffalo, N. Y.—"I am the mother of four children, and for nearly three years I suffered from a female trouble with pains in my back and side, and a general weakness. I had professional attendance most of that time but did not seem to get well. As a last resort I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which I had seen advertised in the newspapers, and in two weeks noticed a marked improvement. I continued its use and am now free from pain and able to do all my household work."—Mrs. B. B. ZIELINSKA, 908 Weiss Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it at times, I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my housework, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried it and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound the credit."—Mrs. JOSEPHINE KIMBLE, 936 West Race Street, Portland, Ind.

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**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND**
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

day," he said, decidedly, and he motioned to his mother and Pearle to leave the room.

He then laid Amy upon the bed beside her mother, bidding her be very quiet, and after a half hour of utter silence, during which he sat by the bedside, making gentle passes over the brow of his patient, he had the satisfaction of seeing both mother and child fall into a peaceful slumber.

Meantime, Pearle related all that she knew of their history to Mrs. Murdock, and afterward something of her own sad story, and the persecution and trouble that had that day overtaken her; and the matron's kind heart went out to the fair girl in tenderest sympathy.

"You shall be one of us, dear," she said, kissing her flushed and tearful cheeks; "that had man shall not annoy you; we will protect you until your own friends come to care for you."

Pearle felt greatly comforted by this promise of care, and made up her mind to write at once for her brother to come for her. The thought of giving up Amy, who had been such a comfort to her, nearly broke her heart; and the idea of going into another family as governess to receive the slights and insults which she had experienced during her residence with Lady Fennelsea, with no one to love or cheer her, was so repulsive to her, that she decided she could not bear it.

So long a time had elapsed since the day that had ruined her life, that she felt assured that the scandal consequent upon it must have died away before this; and she resolved that she would go back now to Ash-ton Manor, where she could live as secluded as she chose.

"I will go home," she said to herself, while considering the matter, "and devote myself to my brother's children. I can do much toward making them happy; I can direct their education and help form their characters; and besides, there are many poor people in whom I can interest myself, and thus fill my life with usefulness. I will petition for a decree of separation; I will be free from all further annoyance from that tyrant, and under Allstone's protection, I may, perhaps be able to learn something of content."

After leaving Madam Murdock, she had an interview with the clerk of the hotel, with the intention of changing her room, as Lady Fennelsea had directed, and taking one near Dr. Murdock's suite; but there was none to be obtained just then, and she was therefore obliged to remain where she was for the present.

She was inexpressibly sad and lonely upon retiring that night. Amy was still with her mother, who would not allow her to go from her sight, and Pearle missed the little form that had heretofore nestled so contentedly in her arms, and been so much company for her.

The next day Alice Renau appeared much better and stronger. She was much more composed, and her mind worked more quietly and rationally.

When Pearle was admitted to her she received her very affectionately, drawing her down to her and kissing her gratefully.

"I have been asking Amy a great many questions this morning, Miss Melfert, and I know how kind you must have been to her to have gained her love so completely. She tells me," she went on, the tears rolling quietly over her cheeks, that my mother is gone. I begin to realize that a long time has elapsed since

APPRECIATES HAND
KNITTED SOCKS

France, Jan. 7th, 1918

To the Travel Club:
Received the pair of socks with your name and address attached and will take this opportunity of thanking you for them. They came just at Christmas, and being hand knitted are very warm and durable.

With all the parcels of cake, candy, etc., from home we had a fine Christmas dinner and enjoyed ourselves to quite an extent.

I have been in France about nine months and am one of a Canadian Railway Battalion, building light railways behind the lines.

The weather is quite mild here at present, and the work not too hard so I've no kick coming.

Sincerely,
Spr. Lightizer R. S. C. R. T., B.E.F.
France, 258605, No. 2 Co.

MAIL CONTRACT

Sealed Tenders addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday the Eighth day of March, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week on the Springfield No. 2 Rural Route from the 1st of April, 1918.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post offices of Springfield and Aylmer, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector, London.

C. E. H. Fisher,
Post Office Inspector, Canada.
Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, January 25th, 1918

Land Regulations

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, who was at the commencement of the present war and has since continued to be a British subject or a subject of an allied or neutral country, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for District. Entry by proxy may be made on certain conditions. Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of land in each of three years.

In certain districts a homesteader may secure an adjoining quarter-section as pre-emption. Price \$3 per acre. Duties—Reside six months in each of three years after earning homestead patent and cultivate 60 acres extra. May obtain pre-emption patent as soon as homestead patent on certain conditions.

A settler after obtaining homestead patent, if he cannot secure a pre-emption, may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3 per acre. Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 60 acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

Holders of entries may count time of employment as farm labourers in Canada during 1917, as residence duties under certain conditions.

When Dominion Lands are advertised or posted for entry, returned soldiers who have served overseas and have been honorably discharged, receive one day priority in applying for entry at local Agency's Office (but not Sub-Agency.) Large numbers must be present.

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