

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:
GOING WEST
Accommodation, 75..... 8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 13..... 12 34 p.m.
Accommodation, 6 44 p.m.
GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80..... 7 38 a.m.
New York Express, 6..... 11 16 a.m.
Accommodation, 112..... 4 20 p.m.
—Vail Agent Watford—

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

Carolyn of the Corners

RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XV.

The Awakening.
With the opening of spring and the close of the sledding season, work had stopped at Adams' camp. Rather, the entire plant had been shipped twenty miles deeper into the forest—mill, bunkhouse, cook shed and such corrugated-iron shacks as were worth carting away.

All that was left on the site of the busy camp were huge heaps of sawdust, piles of slabs, discarded timbers and the half-burned bricks into which had been built the portable boiler and engine.

And old Judy Mason. She was not considered worth moving to the new site of the camp. She was bedridden with rheumatism. This was the report Tim, the hackman, had brought in.

The old woman's husband had gone with the outfit to the new camp, for he could not afford to give up his work. Judy had not been so bad when the camp was broken up, but when Tim went over for a load of slabs for summer firewood, he discovered her quite helpless in her bunk and almost starving. The rheumatic attack had become serious.

Amanda Parlow had at once ridden over with Doctor Nugent.

"How brave and helpful it is of Miss Amanda!" Carolyn May cried. "Dear me, when I grow up I hope I can be a graduate nurse like Miss Mandy."

"I reckon that's some spell ahead," chuckled Mr. Parlow, to whom she said this when he picked her up for a drive after taking his daughter to the camp.

"Mr. Parlow," the girl ventured after a time, "don't you think now that Miss Amanda ought to be happy?"

"Happy!" exclaimed the carpenter, startled. "What about, child?"

"Why, about everything. You know, once I asked you about her being happy, and—and you didn't seem favorable. You said, 'Bah!'"

The old man made no reply for a minute and Carolyn May had the patience to wait for her suggestion to "sink in." Finally he said:

"I dunno, but you're right, Car'lyn May. Not that it matters much, I guess, whether a body's happy or not in this world," he added grudgingly.

"Oh, yes, it does, Mr. Parlow! It matters a great deal, I am sure—to us and to other people. If we're not happy inside of us, how can we be cheerful outside, and so make other people happy? And that is what I mean about Miss Amanda."

"What about Mandy?"

"She isn't happy," sighed Carolyn May. "Not really. She's just as good as good can be. She is always doing for folks and helping. But she can't be real happy."

"Why not?" growled Mr. Parlow, his face turned away.

"Why—cause. Well, you know, Mr. Parlow, she can't be happy as long as she and my Uncle Joe are mad at each other."

Mr. Parlow uttered another grunt, but the child went bravely on.

"You know very well that's so. And I don't know what to do about it. It just seems too awful that they should hardly speak, and yet be so fond of each other—deep down?" Mr. Parlow demanded.

"I know my Uncle Joe likes Miss Mandy, 'cause he always speaks so respectful of her. And I can see she likes him, in her eyes," replied the girl.

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"I Know My Uncle Joe Likes Miss Amanda."

observant Carolyn May. "Oh, yes, Mr. Parlow, they ought to be happy again, and we ought to make 'em so."

"Huh! Who ought to?"

"You and me. We ought to find some way of doing it. I'm sure we can, if we just think hard about it."

"Huh!" grunted the carpenter again, turning Cheryl into the dooryard.

"Huh!"

This was not a very encouraging response. Yet he did think of it. The little girl had started a train of thought in Mr. Parlow's mind that he could not sidetrack.

He knew very well that what she had said about his daughter and Joseph Stagg was quite true. In his selfishness he had been glad all these years that the hardware merchant was balked of happiness.

The carpenter had always been a self-centered individual, desirous of his own comfort, and rather miserly. He had not approved, in the first place, of the intimacy between Joseph Stagg and his daughter Amanda.

"No good'll come o' that," he had told himself.

That is, no good to Jeddiah Parlow. He foresaw at the start the loss of the girl's help about the house, for his wife was then a helpless invalid.

Then Mrs. Parlow died. This death made plain to the carpenter that Mandy's marriage was bound to bring inconvenience to him. Especially if she married a close-fisted young business man like Joe Stagg would this be true. For, at the reading of his wife's will Mr. Parlow discovered that the property they occupied, even the shop in which he worked, which had been given to Mrs. Parlow by her parents, was to be the sole property of her daughter. Mandy was the heir.

Mr. Parlow did not possess even a life interest in the estate.

It was a blow to the carpenter. He made a good income and had money in bank, but he loved money too well to wish to spend it after he had made it. He did not want to give up the place. If Mandy remained unmarried there would never be any question between them of rent or the like.

Therefore, if he was not actually the cause of the difference that arose between the two young people, he seized and enlarged upon it and did all in his power to make a mere misunderstanding grow into a quarrel that neither of the proud, high-spirited lovers would bridge.

Jeddiah Parlow knew why Joe Stagg had taken that other girl to Faith camp meeting. The young man had stopped at the Parlow place when Amanda was absent and explained to the girl's father. But the latter had never mentioned this fact to his daughter.

Instead he had made Joe's supposed offense the greater by suggestion and innuendo. And it was he, too, who had urged the hurt Mandy to retaliate by going to the dance with another young man. Meeting Joe Stagg later, the carpenter had said bitter things to him, purporting to come from Mandy. It was all mean and vile; the old man knew it now—as he had known it then.

All these years he had tried to add fuel to the fire of his daughter's anger against Joe Stagg. And he believed he had benefited thereby. But, somehow, during the past few months, he had begun to wonder if, after all, "the game was worth the candle."

Suddenly he had gained a vision of what Amanda Parlow's empty life meant to her.

Carolyn May, interested only in seeing her friends made happy, had no idea of the turmoil she had created in Mr. Parlow's mind.

During the time that the nurse was at the abandoned lumber camp caring for Judy Mason, Carolyn May hoped that something might take Uncle Joe there.

The next Friday, after school was out, Miss Amanda appeared at the Stagg home and suggested taking Carolyn May into the woods with her, "for

me week-end," as she laughingly said. Tim, the hackman, had brought the nurse home for a few hours and would take her back to Judy's cabin.

"Poor old Judy is much better, but she is still suffering and cannot be left alone for long," Miss Amanda said. "Carolyn May will cheer her up."

Mr. Parlow would drive over on Sunday afternoon and bring the little girl home. Of course, Prince had to go along.

That Friday evening at supper matters in the big kitchen of the Stagg house were really at a serious pass. Joseph Stagg sat down to the table visibly without appetite. Aunt Rose drank one cup of tea after another without putting a crumb between her lips.

"Say, Aunt Rose," demanded Mr. Stagg, "what under the sun did we do before Hannah's Car'lyn came here, anyway? Seems to me we didn't really live, did we?"

Aunt Rose had no answer to make to these questions.

In the morning there was a smoky fog over everything—a fog that the sun did not dissipate, and behind which it looked like an enormous saffron ball.

Mr. Stagg went down to the store as usual. News came over the long-distance wires that thousands of acres of woodland were burning, that the forest reserves were out, and that the farmers of an entire township on the far side of the mountain were engaged in trying to make a barrier over which the flames would not leap. It was the consensus of opinion, however, that the fire would not cross the range.

"Scarcely any chance of its swooping down on us," decided Mr. Stagg. "Reckon I won't have to go home to plow fire furrows."

At the usual hour he started for The Corners for dinner. Having remained in the store all the morning, he had not realized how much stronger the smell of smoke was than it had been at breakfast time. Quite involuntarily he quickened his pace.

The fog and smoke overcast the sky thickly and made it of a brassy color, just as though a huge copper pot had been overturned over the earth. Women stood at their doors, talking back and forth in subdued tones. There was a spirit of expectancy in the air.

The hardware merchant was striding along at a quick pace when he came to the Parlow place; but he was not going so fast that he did not hear the carpenter hailing him in his cracked voice.

"Hey, you, Joe Stagg! Hey, you!"

Amazed, Mr. Stagg turned to look. Parlow was hobbling from the rear premises, groaning at every step, scarcely able to walk.

"That scatica's got me ag'in," he snarled. "I'm a'most doubled up. Couldn't climb into a carriage to save my soul."

"What'd you want to climb into a carriage for?" demanded Mr. Stagg.

"Cause somebody's got to go for that gal of mine—and little Car'lyn May. Ain't you heard—or is your mind so set on makin' money down here to your store that you don't know nothin' else?"

"Haven't I heard what?" returned the other with fine restraint, for he saw the old man was in pain.

"The fire's come over to this side. I saw the flames myself. And Aaron Crumit drove through and says that you can't git by on the main road. The fire's followed the West Brook right down and is betwixt us and Adams' old camp."

"Bless me!" gasped the hardware dealer, paling under his tan.

"Wall' snarled Parlow. "Goin' to stand there chatterin' all day, or be you goin' to do something?"

"Somebody must get over to that cabin and bring them out," Joseph Stagg said, without taking offense at the crabbed old carpenter.

"Wall' exclaimed Parlow, "glad ter see you're awake."

"Oh, I'm awake," the other returned shortly. "I was just figuring on who's got the best horse."

"I have," snapped Parlow.

"Yes. And I'd decided on taking Cheryl, too," the hardware dealer added, and swung into the lane toward the carpenter's barn.

"Hey, you! Needn't be so brash about it," growled the carpenter. "He's my boss, I s'pose?"

Joseph Stagg went straight ahead.

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and without answering. Having decided on his course, he wasted no time.

He rolled back the big door and saw Cheryl already harnessed in his box-stall.

Together they backed the animal between the shafts, fastened the traces, and Mr. Stagg leaped quickly to the seat and gathered up the reins.

"You'll hafter take the Fallow road," the carpenter shouted after him. "Ain't have a care drivin' Cheryl!"

Horse and buckboard whiffled out of the yard and his voice was lost to the hardware merchant.

Cheryl stepped out splendidly, and they left a cloud of dust behind them as they rolled up the pike, not in the direction of the abandoned camp. For, warned, he did not seek to take the shortest way to the cabin where Amanda Parlow and Carolyn May were perhaps even now threatened by the forest fire. The Fallow road turned north from the pike three miles from The Corners.

Flocks of foam began to appear on Cheryl's glossy coat almost at once. The air was very oppressive, and there was no breeze.

The streak of flame that had followed down the banks of West Brook moved mysteriously. He could see the smoke of it now.

Amanda Parlow and his niece might even now be threatened by the flames. Now that danger threatened the woman he had loved all these years, he seemed as though his mind and heart were numbed. He was terrified beyond expression—terrified for her safety, and terrified for fear that somebody, even Jeddiah Parlow, should suspect just how he felt about it.

The horse's hoofs rang sharply over the stony path. Presently they capped a little ridge and started down into a hollow. Not until they were over the ridge was Mr. Stagg aware that the hollow was filled, chokingly filled, with billowy white smoke.

Another man—one as cautious as the hardware merchant notoriously was—would have pulled the horse down to a walk. But Joseph Stagg's cautionlessness had been flung to the winds. Instead, he shouted to Cheryl, and the beast increased his stride.

Ten rods further on the horse snorted, stumbled, and tried to stop. A writhing, flaming snake—a burning branch—plunged down through the smoke directly ahead.

"Go on!" shouted Joseph Stagg, with a sharpness that would ordinarily have set Cheryl off at a gallop.

But, as the snorting creature still shied, the man seized the whip and lashed poor Cheryl cruelly along his flank.

At that the horse went mad. He plunged forward, leaped the blazing

brand, and galloped down the road at a perilous gait. The man tried neither to soothe him nor to retard the pace.

The smoke swirled around them. The dryer could not see ten feet beyond the horse's nose. Ten minutes later they rattled down into the straight road, and then, very soon, indeed, were at the abandoned camp.

The fire was near, but it had not reached this place. There was no sign of life about.

The man knew which was Judy's cabin. He leaped from the vehicle, leaving the panting Cheryl unhitched, and ran to the hut.

The door swung open. The poor furniture was in place. Even the bed-clothing was rumpled in the old woman's bunk. But neither she nor Amanda Parlow nor little Car'lyn May was there.

(To be continued next week.)

As a verminifer there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

He Plunged Forward Leaped the Blazing Brand and Galloped Down the Road.

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