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(a) Chicago Express, 9:11 p.m.

**GOING EAST**

Ontario Limited, 8:00 a.m. 7:48 a.m.  
Chicago Express, 6:00 a.m. 11:22 a.m.  
Express, 2:50 p.m.  
Accommodation, 12:12 p.m. 5:38 p.m.  
(a) Stops to let off passengers from Hamilton and east thereof, and to take on passengers for Chicago.

C. W. YALL, Agent, Watford.

**GOOD INTENTIONS**

Fate Turned Them Away.

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

What a difference between that which is behind and that before us! We move on from day to day in grooves that it would seem will be everlasting. Then suddenly we make a sharp turn. There is a saying, "It is the unexpected that happens." The reason for the adage is that now and again the unexpected does happen and is noticeable.

The unexpected happened with me one summer, and it was the most important event for me between birth and death. It was not only unexpected, but unintentional. It was not only unintentional, but contrary to my determination. Fate, ignoring my resolutions, led me into a trap, and before I was aware of it, presto, changed I was not the same man I had been before.

In the first place, I did not wish to go for a summer outing. I was much interested in a business scheme, and it required not only a doctor, but my mother, to drive me away from it. In the second place, I had repeatedly told my mother that my home would be with her and her alone so long as she lived. No third person, especially a woman, should come into the house to usurp her place as its manager. In the third place, if I must go away for a rest I proposed to get a rest and would go where no one would interfere with my quiet. Now, mark you how these intentions went awry!

I chose a summer hotel in the mountains in which I understood there were to be a medium number of guests. I did not wish too small a number, for a few persons under one roof are liable to wrangle. I did not wish too large a number because in that case one cannot be quiet. I was driven from the station to the Chuchihoochee inn, alighted from the cab on to the steps leading up to the porch, handed a small satchel to a hotel attendant, paid the cabman and turned to go up on to the porch.

A pair of feminine arms was thrown around my neck, and a pair of lips pressed to mine.

Taken by surprise, I acted as nature prompted. My embracer was too close to me for me to determine whether she was beautiful, but the impulse of her act indicated that she was young. The lips, too, were not within my vision, and their sweetness might have been due to imagination. But what mattered the cause since they were sweet? Nor did I meditate upon what person the lady might be, whether cousin or intimate friend. I returned the embrace with something of the fervor with which it was given. That is, I began the return thus, but before it was concluded my own test was superior to that of the lady.

"Oh, Tom," she exclaimed, "what a joyful meeting after so many years' separation!"

"Delightful!" I stammered, unwilling to seem irresponsible till I could come to a better understanding of the matter.

"If it hadn't been something about your figure and the way you carry yourself I doubt if I should have known you."

"You, too, have changed; much improved."

"I'm so glad you think so! I feared you would be disappointed in me."

This brief dialogue occurred while we were pausing up on the porch. Had it not been for a disinclination to dash cold water upon the girl's happiness, to turn it into mortification, I might have told her that she must surely have mistaken me for some one else. This is the reason I give for not having done so, but there was another more powerful reason that I will not put in words. Nevertheless, I will say this: I defy any man who has tasted a pair of sweet lips of a girl who has made a mistake in his identity to turn upon her immediately and announce the fact.

I took a seat beside the young lady on the porch, but when she began to ask questions which would undoubtedly betray me I bent a retreat, telling her that as soon as I had got some of the dust of travel off me I would return to her. Entering the house, I was shown to a room on the second floor overlooking the porch.

I was performing my ablutions near a window when I saw a cab enter the grounds and stop at the steps below. A young man alighted and I witnessed a few minutes before, and I witnessed a scene that called the very marrow in my bones. Leaning out of the window that I might extend the

range of my vision, I saw him approach the young lady I had recently left.

"Aren't you Belle Lawrence?" he asked.

"Why, yes," doubtfully.

"I'm Tom, Tom Underwood. Don't you know me?"

"You Tom Underwood?"

"Certainly. You received my telegram, didn't you?"

"Your telegram? Yes, I received your telegram, but—"

"But what?"

The girl stood as if bewildered, then led the way into the house, and I saw and heard no more.

To tell the truth, I was relieved that

I would not have to explain to the girl that she had made a mistake and that—well, that I had not at once disabused her of it. Nature is very strong, and I confess that the ascendant feeling in me was antagonism to the fellow who was doubtless receiving a duplicate of the kiss given me. At the same time I felt that I occupied an equivocal position. I did not like the idea of meeting the girl again. How would she regard me? Doubtless as an impostor. If I passed her on the porch or elsewhere about the house or grounds she would cut me with one contemptuous glance.

And now I must make a confession, a confession of cowardice. There is something of the coward about one who has wronged another, and I felt that I should cringe before this girl I had permitted to think I was her lover. True, I did not kiss her. She kissed me, and so quickly that I could not prevent her doing so. But I acknowledged to myself that I would not have prevented her if I had had no end of time.

I did not dare go downstairs to supper, but ordered a meal served in my room. Contemptible creature that I was, I did not see go out of it, intending to get away by an early train the next morning.

About 9 o'clock there came a knock at my door, and in walked the man I had personated. He resembled me, but it seemed to me there was considerable difference in our appearance. There was a thundercloud on his brow. "I'm in for it," I said to myself; "but, thank heaven, it's not the girl I have to face!"

For a few minutes I listened to a tongue lashing such as I have never heard before or since. At first I bowed before the storm, but presently my anger began to rise. Not one word did I speak during that tempestuous interview, the hurricane blowing all one way, till, like a thunderbolt, I fell upon my visitor and sent him sprawling on the floor.

He rose with blood in his eye and was coming for me when he suddenly restrained himself. "This is no place and no way to settle so important a matter. You will hear from me presently."

With that he went out, slamming the door, and I heard him stamping down the corridor. It was 11 o'clock when a young man who gave his name as McCabe came to my room with a challenge. I was expected to meet Mr. Thomas Underwood the next morning at sunrise at such place as I might designate. Not seeing how I could refuse, I consented to do so, provided Mr. McCabe would act as my second as well as that of my opponent. I also wrote a note to be given to the young lady at such time as McCabe thought proper, apologizing for not having made her instantly aware of her mistake. Having settled these matters with my visitor, he departed. I sent word to the office that I should be called at an early hour in the morning, then turned in, and, my mind having been relieved by my apology to the lady and punching her lover, I fell into a comfortable slumber.

The next morning as I went out on to the porch who should be waiting for me but the young lady whose blunder had made all the trouble. She advanced toward me.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To leave by train," I replied, bravely lying.

"No, you're not. You are going out to fight Mr. Underwood."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No, but I suspected it. I have lain in wait for you to stop this nonsense. I couldn't do anything with him. I'm going to see if you have better sense."

I wondered for a moment, then told her I owed Mr. Underwood satisfaction for knocking him down and felt obliged to give it to him.

"Very well," she replied. "I'll go with you."

At that moment Mr. McCabe appeared. He seemed much surprised to see Miss Lawrence and was not averse to her going with us to the grounds with a view to stopping what he considered an unfortunate affair. We walked half a mile, then turned off the road and, passing into an open space behind some trees, found my enemy waiting for me. Underwood, on seeing Miss Lawrence, looked thunderstruck.

"Tom," she said, "you are about to act very unjustly on account of what was not this gentleman's fault, but mine. You are going to punish me

through him for having said anything to him about a matter which was mine, not yours."

"I'll do no such thing," said Underwood savagely. "If you prefer him to me say so and he'll be done with it."

"I certainly prefer the way he is acting to the stand you take."

"Then you chose between us and choose him."

"I certainly don't choose you unless you come to your senses."

"If I can't get him here I'll fight him elsewhere."

"If you fight him at all you may consider all off between us."

"So let it be," said Underwood, turning his back on us, he strode away bristling with anger.

I never saw Mr. Underwood again, but I saw a great deal of Miss Lawrence. Indeed, instead of spending my outing alone I spent it with her constant companionship. When I returned to the city I informed my mother that I had gone back on my volunteered promise to live with her alone so long as she lived. Fortunately she had the good sense to resign her position as head of my home and cheerfully turned it over to my wife.

Napoleon Bonaparte said, "I will control circumstances." Since he failed in doing so I feel excusable for going back on my resolutions.

**TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS**

**A Letter from Mrs. Smith Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her**

Trenton, Ont.—"I am writing to you in regard to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would not be without it. I have taken it before each of my children was born and afterwards, and find it a great help. Before my first baby was born I had shortness of breath and ringing in my ears. I felt as if I would never pull through. One day a friend of my husband told him what the Vegetable Compound had done for his wife and advised him to take a bottle home for me. After the fourth bottle I was a different woman. I have four children now, and I always find the Vegetable Compound a great help as it seems to make confinement easier. I recommend it to my friends."—Mrs. FRED H. SMITH, John St., Trenton, Ont.

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**Here and There**

It is announced that a new cave, the extent of which can only be surmised, has been discovered seven miles from Glacier House, Glacier, B.C.

The Yukon Territory is rapidly losing its inhabitants. In 1911 the population was 27,217, and in 1922 it had dwindled down to 4,157.

In an address to the Rotarians in Montreal last week, E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, made a pointed statement to the effect that Canada needs more capital for its development and more men for the same purpose.

An old-time stampede will be held in Calgary, Alta., between July 5th and July 14th, 1923. The programme will, as usual, include calf roping contests, broncho busting, and fancy riding and roping, etc.

Resumption of direct steamship service this spring between Montreal and the principal Norwegian ports, with the object of furthering the expansion of trade between Canada and Norway, is announced by the Canadian Pacific traffic agents for the Norwegian-American Line.

The Canadian Pacific steamship "Metagama" recently brought over to Canada 400 men and women of the Hebrides—the first migration of young Hebrides farmers to Canada under the Ontario immigration scheme.

A bill has been introduced into the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, authorizing the Government to expend 3,750,000 francs on the Canadian travelling exhibition. At least thirty French towns will be visited by the train this summer.

As guests of President Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway, four boy members of the young farmers clubs of Great Britain will cross the Atlantic and tour the Eastern and Western provinces of Canada.

Canada's exports to the United Kingdom in 1922 were more than \$34,000,000 higher in value than exports of Canadian goods to the United States. To the United Kingdom, Canada sold goods to the value of \$34,751,894, and to the United States \$27,015,247.

Before the war India imported \$600,000,000 worth of commodities a year, of which Canada sent not more than \$30,000 worth. Last year her imports were \$800,000,000, of which Canada sent \$1,125,000, and it is now expected that there will be a further increase to between \$3,000,000 and \$5,000,000 this year.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has arranged with a number of European countries for the emigration of farmers and domestics who are willing to come to Canada for employment on Canadian farms. The immigrants will be brought to Canada at the joint expense of their home governments and the railway company.

The first successful radio experiment on a moving long-distance railway train was recently carried out on a Canadian Pacific Railway train from Winnipeg to Vancouver. Mr. Raymond Wylie installed a receiving set in the drawing room of the through sleeping car, and the aerial was installed by the railway electrical department. The results were all that could be desired.

Seeing the train swaying as it passed her while she was picking berries was the reason why Mrs. Fred Mueller, of Brantford, Ont., would not take a ride on a train, but after she had returned to West Monkton from Elmira she told W. C. Gowan, the Canadian Pacific agent at the former station, that she thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of travelling for the first time on a train, which did not go fast enough for her.

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