



Self-Conforming "KING" HATS

Are self-conforming just where the hat touches the head. This feature makes them fit the head naturally. The New Spring Styles are here. There are special stocks for every type of face.

THE QUALITY NEVER CHANGES

Borsalino Hats

are kept up to the highest standard. The quality, finish and colors are beyond comparison. "Borsalino" Hats are unequalled by any other manufacturer in the world.

A. BROWN & CO.
SOLE AGENTS FOR "KING" AND "BORSALINO" HATS

Attractive Wash Fabrics

All white fabrics are very popular for separate shirts or suits. You will find our range of these goods very complete.

FINE WHITE VOILES—In plain or fancy stripes, 36 and 40 in. wide, at...30c, 40c and 50c per yd.

WHITE BEDFORD CORD—Correct for skirts or suits.....25c, 30c and 35c

MIDDY CLOTH—This cloth is in demand for the popular middy...18c, 22c, 25c and 30c

COTTON GARBARDINE—A splendid wearing cloth and a good washer. Very serviceable for suits.....22c, 25c, 30c and 35c

INDIAN HEADS and PIQUES—We have a splendid showing of these two popular lines at.....15c, 20c, 25c, 30c and 35c

A. BROWN & CO.

A Car of Proven Quality



THE Ford car has been on the market twelve years, surely long enough to have proven its high quality. There is nothing experimental about it. Every part has stood the test of time and proven its stability with hard service. No other car has ever approached the durability records of the Ford.

No matter what price you pay for a car you cannot get one with a stancher chassis. Government Laboratory tests have shown that the different parts of the Ford car are superior to those in any other car. Ford Vanadium steel has never been equalled in strength.

If you want a car that can plow through deep mud, sand and gravel—that can cross fields, corduroy roads and ford streams—that can climb the steepest hills with ease—that will give the greatest mileage all year round with the least expense and care—then there is only ONE car for you—The Ford.



Touring - \$495
Runabout - \$475
F. O. B. FORD, ONT.

WATFORD GARAGE

R. MORNINGSTAR, PROPRIETOR.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE FRONT

Sergt. Clayton O. Fuller Tells of Life in the Trenches

The following extracts from a letter written by Sergt. Clayton O. Fuller to the folks at home, shortly before he gave his life in the cause of righteousness, will be found interesting:—

France, March 26, 1917.

It is some time since I have written a letter home although I have sent several "whizzbangs," or post cards, to let you know I was still pointing the mud and slinging arms. I have been up the line in the trenches and know now all the glories of the life—its trials, hardships, joys, fears and the work to do. What a gigantic task the whole thing seems—miles of trenches zig-zag here and there over the most barren, God-forsaken bleak and dismal land, which upon investigation under the cover of night and by the aid of Fritz's flare shells discloses to your view old rusted rifles, "dud" shells, aeroplane wreckage, lost equipment, jam tins, bully beef tins and bones—white-bleached bones that once supported men who fought and carried on here long before I enlisted—Hun beside Gaul and Saxon there too.

We left our base for the trenches at 6 p.m. on the night of March 12th, and by platoons marched seven miles to the support line. We passed through a town partly shell torn, then a town—or I should say the sight of a town—

"There was once a city built by a Prince ages since, Wielding far peace or war," for only piles of stone and brick marked the spot where once the town stood. The road was good though, as it is kept in good repair by the Canadians who use it as a means of transportation. Presently we passed from a level road to a sunken road, so common in both England and France, and it was shortly after that I realized I was in a trench (for so it was used), because we smelled the odor of frying bacon, which gaseous, nomical fertilizer came from a dug-out to our left. Then a trench proper; dug with long toil and much difficulty. This one was the supports to the front line and in the centre was a small steel track used by mule teams to take up supplies to the different dug-outs. Nothing of interest happened except some "cussing" when someone would slip in the mud, and ere long we descended steps—down thirty feet to a huge dug-out where our platoon held revel with Dame Sleep for that night.

"Sleep, innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

There were plenty of rats; the beds were made of chicken wire, and when the day dawned I mounted the steps of my dug-out to see the day and found a bushman dreamed of being. While washing in the half of a broken rum jar with a cupful of water—already thick and soapy from the ablutions of the man who beat me to it, a sniper took a shot at a guy who was having a look over the top. Said guy came down to the dug-out and not at all graceful in the carrying of leaden messenger when singing into the back—another six cents wasted by Fritz.

We stayed in that dug-out five days during which time I was out with working parties repairing trenches and such like. We would go up to the front line through a communication trench, do our work and then back again. Nearly always Fritz would land over some heavy stuff in our vicinity, but none came right into my party. I must say shell fire (and I haven't seen any real big firing yet) gets my goat, and I am constantly ducking my head.

The whole world seems to be bang! boom! bang!—Shells big and little, trench mortars, machine guns and what-not. You simply hug the bottom of the trench the first day, getting your face covered with mud; second day half way up; third day you walk along still ducking your head; fourth day you begin figuring just why he fired so-and-so; and fifth day you imagine you know the whole sum and substance of Fritz's manoeuvre and what Sir Douglas Haig has up his sleeve.

After five days we moved to reserve and commenced night work in "no man's land." It makes one rather creepy at times to be out there 25 or 30 yards from Fritz's front line but that's natural.

I saw several air fights—most thrilling—Plenty of artillery duels; a wonderful system of tunnels and trenches. We used to march one mile through a tunnel to our work. Lots of machine gun fire, tons of fireworks at night, but the thing that made me ponder mostly was a buried

equipment, beside which was a **chall** boulder on which was carved a cross—good carving too. I wonder what French boy had thought a and worked and fought? The French held this line once and so did the British. Fritz is on a ridge and it has been the scene of much scrapping.

We left on the 22nd at 6 p.m., came out, encountered some shrapnel fire and stayed over night at a chateau in ruins since 1870 when Fritz shelled the place. Next morning pushed on seven miles, then a sleep, then three miles, a sleep, and now here, where our battalion is again mobilized.

Have a good billet and we sergeants have a mess of our own. Drew 50 francs today so good eats tonight.

CLAYTON.

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS


In the Spring Most People Need a Tonic Medicine

One of the surest signs that the blood is out of order is the pimples, unsightly eruptions and eczema that come frequently with the change from winter to spring. These prove that the long indoor life of winter has had its effect upon the blood, and that a tonic medicine is needed to put it right. Indeed there are few people who do not need a tonic at this season. Bad blood does not merely show itself in disfiguring eruptions. To this same condition is due attacks of rheumatism and lumbago; the sharp stabbing pains of sciatica and neuralgia; poor appetite and a desire to avoid exertion. You cannot cure these troubles by the use of purgative medicines—you need a tonic, and a tonic only, and among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their tonic, life-giving, nerve-restoring powers. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired, ailing men, women and children. If you are out of sorts give this medicine a trial and see how quickly it will restore the appetite, revive drooping spirits, and fill your veins with new, health-giving blood.

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

One does not have to go to the old country to see what the women can do. Last week, on a fair sized farm in the township of Maidstone, passers-by could have seen a girl on a two-furrow riding plough, driven by three horses, ploughing away just the same as any man could do.—Necessity is the mother of invention.

Dr. Hess



Dip and Disinfectant

For Animal Parasites

Dr. Hess Dip and Disinfectant is death to Practically all Parasites that infest live stock.

For Disease Germs

Use it as a disinfectant in the barn, the cow stable and the pig pen and hen house to keep them pure and healthful, and to kill cholera and roup germs.

For The Home

Pour it in the sink, in closets anywhere that there is filth or a foul odor.

TRY DR. HESS STOCK TONIC AND POULTRY PANACEA

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY

J. W. McLAREN

Drugs Stationery
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
The Rexall Store

"Sleep, innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

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However;

After all is said and done there is nothing that will take the place of good Glasses. One may move nearer the light or bring the light nearer to them, they may twist and turn the book or paper, they may do as they please, yet, if the eyes need Glasses they must have them, otherwise there is the inevitable eye strain, followed by headaches.

Why not avoid all this discomfort by coming to us. We are here to help eyes.

Consultations free.

CARL CLASS

Jeweler and Optician
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

Mrs. Harry Manning, of Point Edward returned Tuesday evening from England, after several months' visit with relatives.

Alvin Nesbit and Lyle Bennett, Brigden men, on the charge of stealing from mail boxes have elected to be tried before a jury. They will be tried at the June sessions at Sarnia.

Samuel Palmer, postmaster at Desboro, near Owen Sound, was fined \$50 for writing a letter for a farmer named Schultz, ordering booze by express. Schultz bought a postoffice order from Mr. Palmer, payable to the Labatt Co., Hull, and as he was unable to read or write asked the postmaster to order him a case of whiskey.

SALE REGISTER

Roche House yards, Saturday, May 5th, at 2 o'clock. 30 head of choice Durham. 6 months' credit on approved paper; 6 per cent. per annum off for cash. McManus & Hollingsworth, proprietors; J. F. Elliot, auctioneer.

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28 cents.—SWIFT