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Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

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Chicago Express, 13..... 1 16 p.m.
Accommodation, 6 44 p.m.

GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80..... 7 32 a.m.
New York Express, 6..... 11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 18..... 2 47 p.m.
Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent, Watford

From the Beginning

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

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Miss Zebiah Seagrave, unmarried, unbecomingly of uncertain age, pulled the cane-bottom rocker closer to the window, and, folding her thin hands in her lap, heaved a great sigh. "Zebiah," called a weak, complaining voice from the other room. And Zebiah lifted her angular form and listlessly walked to the bed where lay a frail, old woman.

"What is it, mother?" she asked gently, though her voice had a weary note in it, "aren't you comfortable?"

"It just seems as if I can't get comfortable," was the querulous response. "If I face the window, the sun bothers me; and if I face the door, I don't see the sun; and if I set up, my bones ache." And the voice dwindled off in a whining wail.

Zebiah did not answer. She lowered the shade to cut off the bright glare of the sun, straightened the pillows and, drawing up a chair to the bed, picked up a book preparatory to reading.

"I don't want to be read to and you ought to know it," the old lady muttered, her brow furrowing in a million wrinkles, "you don't pay no attention to me at all, though I don't know as I ought to be expectin' much more from a stepchild."

Zebiah seemed restrained from arguing by the invalid's weakness. "Now, mother," she softly replied, laying the offending book on the table, "don't work yourself up. You know Doctor Merrifield said you should not get excited—your heart won't stand it."

Mrs. Seagrave waved her shrunken hands dramatically. "There you go mentioning that doctor again to me. Ain't I told you how I hate him with his vile tasin' medicines and pills that stick in my throat?" Her voice rose to a shrill accent. "Anyhow, 'pears to me he likes to come to see me—every other day would be enough to take keener of an old woman, to say nothing of twice a day like he's been hangin' around. I suppose it's my money what he's after as soon as I'm cold—running up a big bill like that." And the outburst of temper was followed by a protracted racking cough, rendering the body so weak and helpless it scarcely seemed alive.

Zebiah patted the scant, ash-white hair. "I am sure Doctor Merrifield does not want your money, mother," she soothed, "he hasn't taken a penny yet for all the medicines he has given you. We all want to see you get well."

Her ministrations were interrupted by the entrance of a quiet, earnest looking man, whose bald head and bowlegs seemed strangely at variance. He smiled encouragingly at Zebiah. "How did she sleep last night, Miss Seagrave?" he questioned in a low tone.

"I was up all night, doctor, as the cough gave her no rest. She is not much better this morning."

As the doctor turned with professional interest toward the patient who lay so white and still, Zebiah stole quietly from the room. It was the mirror in the gilt frame, sole adornment of the bare walls of this "sitting room" that claimed her attention. The close inspection did not please her and quick tears of self-pity came to her eyes. As she stood off so that the small mirror might reflect her figure, the flat-chested, hipless, colorless reflection brought forth audible suffering.

"Yes, I've given her my best years, even if she isn't my mother. I've stood her abuse and I've given up friends."

The thoughts seemed too great for utterance and Zebiah sank into the cane-bottom rocker which creaked sympathetically, as she buried her head in her arms, her shoulders shaking with her sobbing. Doctor Merrifield entered the room.

"Come, Miss Seagrave," he comforted, patting her head, "you mustn't take such things so to heart. Your mother has been ill a very long time and you know she has been getting steadily worse."

Zebiah rose and wiped her eyes in a handkerchief already sadly wet. "Oh, it's not that."

"I know you have been very patient and good," the doctor continued, and he added in a hesitating manner "I hope you will be rewarded."

The pent-up gates of suppressed emotion gave way. "What has my goodness and patience brought me? I have become a recluse—even the children can point out 'old maid Zebiah,' our minister questions me what disposition I will make of her money, and but yesterday I heard Widow Bliss refer to someone 'as homely as Zebiah.' What reward can atone for all that?"

"You must not let such unkindness weigh upon your mind, Miss Seagrave. We all have our crosses to

bear. Even my life has not been a bed of roses."

Zebiah looked up at the kindly face in surprise.

"For a great many years," he continued, not noticing the interruption, "I turned over every cent I earned as a machinist to support my crippled father and invalid mother and to put my brother through school. I longed to study medicine, but—"

The memory seemed too poignant a pain to recall. Zebiah's faded countenance assumed a look of sympathetic understanding. "And for how long did it last?"

"When I was thirty-five," he spoke

very softly, "father died, and mother lived but a month longer. My brother married and then I started to learn all I did not know. It is not easy to learn at thirty-five—not medicine, at any rate—and it was ten years later before I got the right to hang out that sign you see in front of my office. And at forty-five, a new doctor does not easily build up a practice in a small town—indeed there were some nights when I sent myself to bed supperless like a naughty boy being punished for having spilt—his life," he added bitterly.

Zebiah forgot herself as she saw the need for quick sympathy. "But look how splendidly you have done, doctor, in the five years you have been here. Surely that is encouraging."

"It is if it were not counteracted by hearing people speak of 'that old batch,' 'old baldy,' and 'bowlegs,' and wondering 'who'll he leave his money to when he dies.'"

A faint call from the sick room interrupted their exchange of confidences and both stood over the figure breathing so laboriously. The doctor felt the pulse and looked very compassionately at the lined features.

"Guess I'm done for, Zebiah," came in a far-away voice, "and—don't let the Doc get my money. I'd rather—"

"I'd rather—"

"I'd rather see you have it. I ain't been so kind to you, Zebiah, these many years. You'll forgive me, child?"

With tears coursing down her faded cheeks, Zebiah leaned over and kissed the shrunken lips. "There is nothing to forgive, mother."

"I wish I'd been your real mother, girl. I might've done better by you. Don't give the Doc any of my money." Silence ensued.

The doctor noiselessly arose and covered the body with the sheet. "She is dead," he said simply.

Zebiah retreated into the other room and the doctor followed. She was dry-eyed and felt horribly old. Irritating and complaining as her stepmother had been, she now had no one and the void seemed too immense to fill. Her head sank upon her chest.

"Zebiah," the doctor called.

Zebiah was aroused from her apathy by his use of her Christian name.

"Zebiah," he repeated, "will you marry me?"

Zebiah stared in incredulous amazement.

"We are both alone in the world,"

he continued gently taking her hands.

"Your goodness to your stepmother has aroused love I long thought gone. Don't you think you could learn to care for me?"

"But, doctor, doctor," Zebiah's voice seemed as other part of her, "I'm only 'old maid Zebiah,' homely old Zebiah."

"And I'm only 'that old batch,' 'old baldy,' 'bowlegs.' Come, it's not too late, Zebiah, let's start from the beginning."

Zebiah seemed to have lost her angles, her hair seemed to curl about her forehead and long-absent color mounted her cheeks.

"Yes, let's start again," she whispered.

It will cure a cold.—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it allays all irritation in the throat. Try it and prove it.

Robert Walker, of Forest, met with a painful accident recently which will lay him up for some time. He was engaged in loading logs in the bush for the Basket Company, when he got his foot caught between two logs, badly bruising and jamming it.

A branch of the Great War Veterans' Association has been organized in Stratford with the following officers:—Pres., Capt. A. P. Malone; 1st vice-president, Sergeant P. Jenkins; 2nd vice-president, Pte. G. Cooper; secretary-treasurer, Capt. F. J. Pickering.

Clear Stomach, Clear Mind.—The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions and when it gets out of the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach and the best preparation for that purpose is Armee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

Read the Guide-Advocate "Want Column" on page 4.

PECULIAR SOURCE OF RIVER

Pool Flowing From Cave Gives Rise to the Oklawaha Stream in Heart of Florida.

Down through the heart of Florida winds one of the most beautiful of American rivers, aptly named by the Indians Oklawaha. "Crooked Waters." The steamboat that carries you up the stream scrapes its sides against the river banks as it twists through the palmettos and live oaks which line the river bed. Every few minutes it seems that the boat will run into the banks, which refuse to stay at the sides, but are always shifting so as to get directly in the way. Just as you decide what to do when the apparently inevitable collision shall occur, a long pole, dexterously guided, shoots out, the boat swings around, and you are safe until next time.

Presently the charm of the tropics seizes you, and you forget to worry about the boat. You hear a sudden "kerchunk," and a sleepy alligator flings himself from his sunny log into the water. The swamps beside the river are rank with lilies, water hyacinths, and yellow jasmies. Gray Spanish moss twines over the trees. The foliage is so dense that you readily imagine yourself in the African jungle instead of only a few miles from civilization.

The water of the Oklawaha is black as you look down, but if you dip up a cupful it is clear and sparkling. Down to join the dark river flows the Silver Spring run, a stream as clear as the Oklawaha is turbid. Here the boat leaves the main stream of the Oklawaha and travels up the tributary to its source, the mysterious Silver spring, a pool 75 feet deep, flowing from a great cave. How the water gets into the cave, and why it rushes forth with such force are problems yet waiting for scientific explanation. The great pool is 600 feet from lip to lip, a diamond in an emerald setting.—Chicago Daily News.

She Was No Piker.

The lovely lady consulted the popular attorney in regard to getting a divorce. She was particularly interested in knowing how much it would cost. After looking over the case the lawyer said: "This is comparatively easy; I can get you a divorce without any publicity whatever for five hundred dollars." She looked at him haughtily. "I have plenty of money," she said. "How much will it cost with plenty of publicity and everything?" He saw that she was a person who wanted things done right, so he hastily revised his figures.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miller's Worm Powders were devised to relieve children who suffer from the ravages of worms. It is a simple preparation warranted to destroy stomachic and intestinal worms without shock or injury to the most sensitive system. They act thoroughly and painlessly, and though in some cases they may cause vomiting, that is an indication of their powerful action and not of any nauseating property.

Major Moncrieff writes from Cologne, Germany, that he is with headquarters staff located in a very fine residential section of that city. He finds it interesting to note Fritz at work in his own back yard.

CHIC SMOCK OF WHITE LINEN



This smock of white linen which is embroidered in attractive shades of blue, brown, yellow and red, is of the latest design and is a good-looking and comfortable early morning gown.

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

Boost W. S. Stamps.



Gosh! How my back aches! After influenza or colds the kidneys and bladder are often affected—called "neuropathia," or inflammation of the kidneys. This is the red-flag of danger—better be wise and check the further inroads of kidney disease by obtaining that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's known as "Anurie" (anti-uric), because "Anurie" expels the uric acid poison from the body and cures those pains, such as backache, rheumatism in muscles and joints.

Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or under the eyes in bag-like formations.

Dr. Pierce's Anurie is many times more potent than lithia and often eliminates uric acid as hot tea melts sugar.

PORT HOPE, ONT.—"Dr. Pierce's Anurie is the best kidney remedy I have ever taken. For many years I suffered with my kidneys. I would have backaches, my eyes would puff, and I would have dizzy spells. I also suffered with my bladder, and secretion would be thick and full of sediment. I have taken nearly every well-known kidney remedy on the market, but I have received more relief since taking Anurie than ever before. My back does not bother me and the excretion has cleared and does not smart or burn. I am better in every way than I have been for years."—CHAS. SCOTT, Box 664.



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