

Inflammation

From a Heavy Pleuritic Pains in Constant Cough

That goes through all that I last winter will appreciate the remedy that cures like Nerviline. These are the openings of the solemn declaration of Von Hayden, the well-known chest and shoulders, morning and night, and all the pain disappeared. Realizing that such a heavy cold had run down my system, I took Ferrozone at meals, and was completely built up. I have no more colds or pleurisy, and enjoy perfect health. It's because Nerviline contains the purest and most healing essences and medicinal principles, because it has the power of sinking through the pores to the kernel of the pain—these are the reasons why it breaks up colds, cures lumbago, stiffness, neuralgia, sciatica, and rheumatism. Refuse any substitute your dealer may suggest—insist on Nerviline only. Large bottles, 50c, trial size 25c. Sold everywhere, or The Catarrhons Co., Kingston, Ont.

Nerviline CURES CHEST COLDS

Transformation Involving a Dramatic Scene on St. Patrick's Day

By THOMAS G. O'GRADY Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Pat Doonan and Maggie McShane were a young couple living in Killarney town, Ireland, and at the time this story begins were not out of their teens. Pat was a fine strapping young fellow and good looking, though he was so poor that his clothes were ragged—it's not every man whose manly beauty will show to advantage when his bare knees are peeping through his trousers and a tuft of his curly hair protrudes through a hole in his hat. But when Pat smiled that good natured smile of his clothes were forgotten and he was taken right into the hearts of those he smiled upon. As for Maggie, she was a housemaid in a family whose place bordered on one of the lakes, and she was always well dressed. She had a real Irish complexion, as white as milk and as red as a rose. There was so much mingling between the white and the red that it was impossible to tell where the one began and the other ended.

Pat and Maggie did a lot of walking about together on the banks of the lakes, and they were always noted for the difference in their appearance, Pat's being in such marked contrast to Maggie's. But if Maggie's clothes were spick and span and Pat's falling to pieces, Maggie's face wore a serious cast, while Pat's was always alight. His rags could not overcome the cheerfulness of his disposition nor chill his generous heart, for whenever he would meet any one worse dressed than himself he would sing out: "Arrah, bedad, man, go sell your togs to a farmer to put up for a scarecrow."

NO REASON FOR DOUBT

A Statement of Facts Backed by a Strong Guarantee. We guarantee complete relief to all sufferers from constipation. In every case where we fail we will supply the medicine free. Rexall Orderlies are a gentle, effective, dependable and safe bowel regulator, strong-hener and tonic. They re-establish nature's functions in a quiet, easy way. They do not cause any inconvenience, griping or nausea. They are so pleasant to take and work so easily that they may be taken by anyone at any time. They thoroughly tone up the whole system to healthy activity. Rexall Orderlies are unsurpassable and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. Two sizes, 50c and 25c. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store. J. W. McLAREN, WATFORD.

would hand it out, saying, with a twinkle in his eye: "Go buy a new suit of clothes."

The trouble with Pat was not that he was lazy, but that he was the kind of young man who needed opportunity. And what opportunity was there for him in a region where the land had all been taken up long ago by the gentry? Was not the road leading around the lakes so hemmed in by the estates of the aristocracy that the beauty of the scenery was shut off completely? What was a young man to do who had neither land nor money and whose only work—if he could get it—would be dressing himself in livery and waiting on a master? "Maggie," said Pat one day when he and his sweetheart were sitting on the bank of the lake near Maggie's mistress's estate, "O'm goin' to Ameriky."

"Yes, O'm goin' to Ameriky, where they say gold dollars as big as cart wheels are rollin' around in the streets and all a fellow has to do is to pick 'em up. Whin O've collected a lot of 'em O'll send for ye."

"Walk. What were me legs given me for? Shurely not for dancin', because O've no lilligant clothes, no grasshopper coat, for balls and parties. O'll walk to Queenstown and go in the first ship that'll take me."

On the morning before Pat's departure he stood with Maggie on the banks of the lake where they had stood so often before and would probably never stand together again. They were looking out on the beautiful scenery, though it is questionable if they saw it. The mingled boughs of beeches, elms and oaks were putting on their summer apparel. Ivy vines springing from a tangle of holly and arbutus clung to the taller trunks. Beyond all this was the placid bosom of the lake, contrasting with the emotions in the hearts of the parting lovers.

"Don't be cryin' like that, Maggie, dear," said Pat. "This is a beautiful scene and one we both love, to be sure, but whin ye see me ag'in ye'll be lookin' on a man dressed like a gentleman. They say a man can do anything he likes in that free land, and whin O'll be werrin' the wig and gown of a judge or the uniform of a general. How would ye loike to see me marchin' a regiment o' sojers? Mebbe O'll be governor or president o' some'n loike that."

"O'm goin' to Ameriky, where they say gold dollars as big as cart wheels are rollin' around in the streets," that the real fight began. He didn't happen to meet Maggie's cousin Bridget, and, concluding that America was, after all, too big a country to warrant a search for her, he put the letter away. Indeed, he had no time for anything but making his living. He soon got a job, though a small one, and hadn't been in New York a month before he cast off his threadbare suit forever, donning a new one in its stead.

Pat spent a couple of years with a plumber learning the trade. The apprentice was smart and not only became a plumber, but a boss plumber, and four years after having landed set up for himself. Pat had a great advantage in his cheery disposition. He became very popular with his associates, and, since popularity is an essential feature of leadership, he became a leader in a small way. A politician, perceiving his influence, took him up and made him one of his lieutenants. Pat developed fine political instincts. He had the art of turning down all grumblers among his adherents with that imperturbable smile of his. This is a power in politics. If he was obliged to give four plums to eight heifers, all of whom had worked equally well for the ticket, he would give four of them a plum each, while every one of the other four men received a smile, an encomium and a promise for "next time."

Pat did not forget Maggie. Several times he made ready to send for her, but every time something happened to prevent. Then he began to make money, and it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to go over, marry Maggie in Ireland and bring her home, just as the quality do. He wrote to her to that effect, but she wrote back that such a plan would be too great a waste of funds. So in the end Pat sent her a draft for plenty to buy her a first class ticket, but Maggie, who was of a frugal turn of mind and could not realize Pat's change of condition, would not come over in any berth above second class.

Now, it happened that when Maggie reached New York Pat was engaged in matters that required all his attention. He sent one of his workmen to meet her, but it happened that the man was a very stupid person. And as for Maggie, she had never looked upon a town bigger than Killarney, never seen a body of water bigger than the lake on which she had lived and, having always been a housemaid, had no head for taking care of herself. She missed the man who had been sent to meet her. Fortunately her affairs for passing the immigrant authorities were in first class condition, and she had no trouble with them. But when she was landed at the dock in a strange city, with no one to tell her where to go, her heart sank within her.

Some one looked in a directory for her and found the address of Pat's shop. Then he put Maggie and her belongings on to a trolley car, told her to ask for a transfer, take another line and so mystified her that she didn't know what to do. Riding up the street, she saw floating in the breeze the green banner of Ireland, harp and all. It was a welcome sight. When the car reached a broad thoroughfare it was stopped by a crowd. Maggie got out and was told a procession was about to pass. Some one invited her to get up on a stoop, where she could see, and she accepted.

Presently she heard music coming, and a man on horseback approached. He wore a "grasshopper coat" and a silk hat, and a green sash covered with rosettes hung from his left shoulder. "Arrah, mungla," exclaimed Maggie, "it's my Pat!"

There was Pat sure enough caracoling as marshal of a dozen or more Irish societies celebrating St. Patrick's day. "Pat," cried Maggie, "it's good luck I've seen you." Pat could not have heard her, but at that moment he happened to turn his eyes toward her and saw her gesticulating at him. He rubbed his eyes and, being satisfied that she was really his Maggie, waved his baton for a halt, threw himself from his horse and elbowed his way through the crowd toward her. Then when the grand marshal took the Irish immigrant in his arms and smothered her with kisses a shout arose from a thousand throats. After the wedding, which occurred the same evening, Pat remembered the letter he had brought for her cousin Bridget. He was about to hand it to her when he checked himself. "What's in it anyway?" he said.

Tearing it open, he took out a five pound note. Maggie had supplied him with her savings, hoping when he reached the foreign shore and did not find Bridget he would use it. This time when Pat took Maggie to his arms a tear stood in his eye.

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PROTECTION AT MINIMUM COST

RESERVE FUND, DECEMBER 1, 1910 Insurance \$3,254,304.55 Sick and Funeral Ben't 205,436.89 Total \$3,459,741.44 MEMBERSHIP OVER 75,000. Court Lorne, No. 17, Watford, meets second and fourth Monday in each month. Visiting Brethren Invited. J. E. Collier, F. Sec. J. H. Hume, R. Sec. A. D. Hone, C. Ranger.

FOR SALE.

WHAT up-to-date two story brick house on the corner of Huron and Regor streets, double parlors, large hall and dining-room downstairs, with fireplace, large kitchen, pantry and bathroom, four large bedrooms with closets, full basement with furnace. Hard and soft water indoors, back and front stairs. A nice variety of fruit, well drained, cement walks inside and outside. Will be sold reasonable or exchanged for farm property. Too large for present owner. Apply to G. H. WYNNE, on the premises, 2m Watford, April 7th, 1911.

FARM FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale that desirable situated farm known as the east half lot 25, con. 3, Plympton, consisting of 100 acres. On the premises are a large frame house, large barn with basement stable, cement floors, water inside, situated on a good gravel road half mile from Watford, convenient to both church and school. For further particulars apply to proprietor, W. C. PEACOCK, High River, Alta., or R. A. RAMSAY, Wainstead, Ont. m24-3m

FARM FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE THAT desirable situated farm known as the east half of Lot 19, Con. 4, S. E. R., Warwick, consisting of 100 acres. On the premises are a large and comfortable frame house, good barn and stable and outbuildings of good shape. Well fenced and watered, and situated just outside the corporation of Watford. If not out will be rented on reasonable terms. A considerable portion of the property is freshly seeded down. For further particulars apply to the proprietor, W. S. THOMPSON, Watford Ont. m16-1

100 Acre Farm for Sale

BEING west half of Lot 27, in 13th Concession, of Broke. Good clay loam soil, part suitable for fruit growing. Well fenced, good buildings in good repair, mostly well with new windmill. Convenient to church and school. 6 miles from Watford, 5 from Kerwood. For further particulars write to JAS. A. HAIR, Watford, Ont. m19-3m

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES, being west half of Lot 7, Con. 14, Broke. On the premises are a cottage 24 by 25 feet, barn 40 by 60 feet with concrete foundation, drive shed 20 by 40 feet, all newly new. There are about 50 acres under cultivation, 20 of bush, balance in pasture. Well fenced and drained. Plenty of water. Young orchard. Situated close to church and school. About 5 miles from Watford. For further particulars apply to the premises, THOS. SEAGSON, R. F. D. 6, Sutorville. m12m

FARM FOR SALE.

120 ACRES, being the east half and twenty acres of the west half of Lot 11, Concession 20, Township of Broke. On the premises are a frame house, bank barn 42 by 50 feet with basement stable, also separate horse stable; abundant water supply; convenient to both church and school. MRS. W. M. MITCHELL, Front St., Watford. m12m

STAGE LINES.

WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES Warwick Village every morning except Sun days, reaching Watford at 11:30 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. C. BARNES, Prop'r.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVE Arkona at 9 a. m. With coach at 10:10 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p. m. Passenger and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—WIL LIAM EVANS Prop.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Watford Station as follows: GOING WEST Accommodation, 27 8 44 a.m. Accommodation, 29 2 45 a.m. Chicago Express, 5 9 37 p.m. GOING EAST Ontario Limited, 46 7 46 a.m. Accommodation, 28 12 06 p.m. New York Express, 2 3 00 p.m. Accommodation, 30 5 16 p.m. C. VAH, Agent, Watford.

None of our modern financiers can compare with Noah. He floated his stock when the whole world was in liquidation.