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#### TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST	
Accommodation, 75	8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 13	1 16 p.m.
Accommodation, 1	4 44 p.m.
GOING EAST	
Accommodation, 80	7 32 a.m.
New York Express, 8	11 15 a.m.
New York Express, 18	2 47 p.m.
Accommodation, 112	5 16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent, Watford

## A Horse Is a Horse

By Archie Cameron New

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A mighty crowd of men, all ages, colors, and of various states of servitude, seethed, surged and jostled each other, in the bed of Pelham street, their faces all turned towards Marks' auction stables, and their eyes impatiently fixed on a large red stand to the left of the open concourse. There were those bent on grim bargaining, and many of these were now turning into the street from the large concourse, to swell the larger throng of those gathered from mere curiosity, to see and not to buy.

And now the stellar attraction, a stalwart athlete, whose muscles of iron were almost visible through the blue suit that he wore, emerged from the stable offices, accompanied by a purplish rotund individual, whom many recognized as Marks. But every one present, doctors, lawyers, merchants and chiefs, soldiers in uniform, and bums without them, knew the other and proclaimed the fact as they surged again towards the red stand.

"Jack Bedford," "yea, you Jack," "oh, you big boy," and the like rang out, as the former well-known lightweight champion of the fist ring bowed his smiling acknowledgment to the crowd. But Marks knew what he was there for, and stepped promptly to the front of the stand, while Bedford lightly vaulted over the side and was immediately swallowed up in a circle of admiring fans.

"Gents, y' know what yer 'ere for," he announced, cryptically. "Jack Bedford, former champion lightweight and late of Boethron's circus, has brought his entire string of horses here t' be sold. Not t' be given away; y' understand! Loosen up yer purse-strings, gents. Tear th' string off yer rolls, an' let yer biddin' be fas' and furious. Jed, bring out No. 1." Marks gave the command over his left shoulder, and soon a hostler paraded before the stand, leading the first of Bedford's magnificent stock of horses.

"One hundred," sang out a short, fat man, with a whip in his hand, as the big bay mare again passed in front of the stand, and Marks stared at the bidder scornfully.

"We're not sellin' th' hoofs," he barked out. "This 'ere animal goes in one piece. Gents, do I 'ere any more? Hunnerd'a twenty-five? Thankes, sir. Now fifty! Fifty, ataboy! Now seventy-five! Remember, these are prime stock, not platers."

Bedford, at the side of the stand, disengaged himself for a moment from the recital of a wrinkled old fan, "who'd seen every lick between Sullivan and Sharkey, yes, sir," and stepped up to a large, red-faced man close by.

"Do bid 'em up now, Jim," Bedford whispered hastily in the other's ear. "But watch your step! Get out from under if you see the bidders weakenin'. You know the rest."

The man nodded grimly and went to the front of the stand, where he was soon engaged in "boosting the bidding."

Meanwhile, one of the hostlers, standing at the entrance to the stables, felt a timid touch on his sleeve, turned with a gruff exclamation, which died on his lips as his mouth opened slowly. For facing him was a dainty little miss, whose brown curls dangled becomingly under a smart little hat, and whose saucy, bright eyes shone on him appealingly.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he said, doffing his cap. "What'd y' say?" "May I go in there?" she asked, in a low tone, at marked variance with the shouts in the street. She pointed to the stables, packed with Bedford's horses.

"Sorry, Miss," was the apologetic answer. "It's 'gainst th' rules. Buyers wuz allowed in before the sale, but not now. You'd get hurt. Th' boss won't 'low it."

"Oh, no," she spoke up, brightly. "I wouldn't get hurt. I'm used to horses. Besides, I know 'em all—every last one in there."

Then, as he wavered, she pressed a "cliché" into his palm.

"I'll bet you I won't get hurt," she told him, with a twinkle in her eyes. "And I'm paying my bet in advance."

"I can't go in there, June," said a slightly older girl at her side. "I'm afraid."

The Pill That Leads Them All.—Pills are the most portable and compact of all medicines, and when easy to take are the most acceptable of preparations. But they must attest their power to be popular. As Parnelee's Vegetable Pills are the most popular of all pills they must fully meet all requirements. Accurately compounded and composed of ingredients proven to be effective in regulating the digestive organs, there is no surer medicine to be had anywhere.

"Never mind," June replied, promptly. "You wait here." And then, holding her smiling "spell" over the hostler, she entered the stable.

She went among the horses, patting them as she moved among them, and then, apparently finding the object of her search, she flew to the side of a big white horse, with a black splotch right over his right eye.

"Freckles!" she exclaimed, delightedly. "You dear old fellow!"

The animal addressed looked toward her, and then, with a loud "neigh," started toward her.

"Look out, Miss," cried the hostler, warningly. "He'll—"

And then, as Freckles stopped in his tracks and rubbed his head against his shoulder, the hostler looked on in amazement.

"Why, Miss, he knows you!" "Certainly he does!" came her happy answer. "We were chums for a whole year, weren't we, Freckles?" Then she turned to the hostler. "Are you going to sell him—too?"

"A horse is a horse," was the grim answer. "Sure he gets sold. If you want, I'll bring him out for you next."

"What!" she cried, taken aback. "Out—there—in that mob?"

"Have to," he snapped. "No hoss sold private 'd'ay, Miss. Y' kin bid on 'im, though."

And then, treating the matter as settled, the hostler moved away, while June stood for a moment, in indecision, then, setting her lips firmly, she moved out among the men.

According to promise, Freckles was led out before the stand and Marks called loudly for a bid.

"One hundred," answered an old stable-man almost at June's elbow, and unseen by him she darted a resentful glance at his back, then turned to her companion.

"A hundred dollars—for Freckles!" she repeated scornfully.

"Why not?" was the calm retort. "He's only a horse."

"Only a horse—Freckles? Why—" "Fifty," sang out another voice, and June turned her face back to the stand.

"That's it, gents," interposed Marks, raucously. "He's th' prize of th' lot. Not a pipple on 'im. Solid gold, as he stands. Any more?"

"Two hundred!"

Marks looked, and then grinned broadly.

"Good," he commanded, beaming on June. "Th' wimmin are mixin' in. Two twenty-five? Now fifty, misay? Fifty, 'ats it. Don't let 'im beat y'."

Now seventy-five? Right. Now, Miss, three hundred."

June trembled violently, then looked into a small reticule, while her companion tugged anxiously at her sleeve.

"June, are you crazy?" she demanded. "Come a—"

"Two seventy-five once, two seventy-five twice—are you all done—two—"

"Three hundred." June's voice now sounded louder, as a hush fell on the crowd.

"Three twenty-five," sang out Bedford's man gruffly.

Another urge from Marks, and then "Three thirty" came her bid, in a choked gasp.

"Any more?" demanded Marks, but Bedford's man weakened, and a moment later Marks sang out: "Sold—to the little charmer—what's the name, Miss?"

"June Bonner," she answered, and then Bedford dropped an admirer's hand and rushed into view.

"June!" he exclaimed happily, then noting the curious glances of the crowd he took her arm and led her into the offices, and shut the door.

"June, what brings you here?"

"I—I wanted—to save Freckles!" she told him, with a little sob, and then related the rest about the sale.

"And you were—bidding—against Jim Madden?" he echoed, in horror.

"Th' sale's off! The idea—he bidding against—you!"

"Oh, Jack, please—"

"The sale's off," Bedford repeated, then he grasped her hands in his. "But Freckles is yours—a present from me. I'm making enough out of the rest. I'm going to take the money and go into business—dry goods, or something like that."

"And you're—not going to fight—any more?" she whispered, gazing into his eyes.

"No, I'm through!" he announced, then he grasped her hands eagerly.

"But, June, will that make any difference? Tell me, will it?"

"It might," she whispered, glancing at him shyly, then lowered her eyes, as he reached out his arms.

"And you'll take me—with Freckles?" he demanded hoarsely. "And give up circus-riding? Will you make the same sacrifice for me—as you were about to make for Freckles?"

"A horse is a horse," she answered, whimsically. "But—but—you're Jack Bedford."

And then two warm arms stole up around his neck.

There may be other corn cures, but Holloway's Corn Cure stands at the head of the list so far as results are concerned.

## EARTH'S CRUST NOT RIGID

Scientist's Statement Will Be Matter of Some Surprise to the Average Layman.

To the layman nothing may seem more rigid than the crust of the earth, but men of science say that it bends and buckles appreciably under the pull of the heavenly bodies.

Observation has shown that the shores on opposite sides of a tidal basin approach each other at high tide. The weight of water in the Irish sea, for example, is so much greater at that time that the bed sinks a trifle, and in consequence pulls the Irish and English coasts nearer together.

Thus the buildings of Liverpool and Dublin may be fancied as bowing to one another across the Channel, the deflection from the perpendicular being about one inch for every sixteen miles. It has also been shown that ordinary valleys widen under the heat of the sun and contract again at night.

### Alphabet of Souls.

The part which gesture plays in Oriental drama is set forth in a recent Hindu volume, which says that there is a fitting gesture to represent every emotion. The gesture, in fact, is described as deaf-and-dumb alphabet of the soul. There are nine movements of the head, corresponding to nine emotions, mentioned by one authority, 24 by another; 28 movements of the single hands, and 24 or 26 of the double hands, etc.; also "hands" denoting animals, trees, oceans and other things. For example, a certain position of the hands denotes a certain emperor, caste or planet. The translator says rather naively that only a cultivated audience can appreciate Indian "actor's art."

### Canadian Whale-Canning.

A Canadian whaling company has been canning whale meat for a number of months in British Columbia. In a letter to the Commercial Intelligence Branch of the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce, it says:

"Owing to the demand for whale meat for food we have erected a cannery whs. The species of whales taken on this coast yields three to twelve tons of prime meat, and only the prime meat is used by us at the present time for canning or freezing for food. At our plants the meat is handled in an absolutely sanitary manner, and to this end we have gone to considerable expense. Owing to the whale being a hot-blooded mammal, many of the whales brought in to our stations are unfit for food, as they are sometimes captured at great distances from the stations, and whales that have been killed over twenty-four hours are not used for this purpose. Samples of our canned product are only now being sent out to prospective buyers, and we have not at present made any large sales in this country or the United States, although we have shipped 1,000 cases to Samoa and Fiji. For the purpose of the experiment, we have had orders for over one thousand tons, the bulk of which is being shipped to Boston. Our whaling season opens about April 1 and ends about October 15. Up to the present we have put up about 18,000 cases of meat at our cannery."

### A Fake Hero.

Sergt.-Major A. E. Wood, who has been during some months past feted and lionized to the limit in Puget Sound cities and in British Columbia, has just been sentenced at Victoria to two years' imprisonment for desertion from the Siberian Force, with an additional three months under the order-in-council dealing with the wearing of military medals or ribbons by those not qualified for such honor. Wood had put on the Croix de Guerre, R.S.G.M., for life-saving at sea, King and Queen's South African Medal, with several clasps, Long Service Medal, Military Medal and Mons Star. When he added the ribbon of the Victoria Cross the last straw was supplied.

### He Was Frugal.

Here is how one frugal French-Canadian lived on the small sum of one dollar a week. "Eet is simple, vaire simple," he explained. "Sunday I go to ze house of a good friend and zere I dine so extraordinaire and eat so vaire much I need no more till Wednesday. On zat day I have at my restaurant one large, vaire large, dish of tripe and onions. I aboyr ze tripe, yea, and ze onion also, and togezzer zey make me so seek I have no more appetite till Sunday. Eet is vaire simple."

### Another Police Union.

The police of Windsor are reported to have secured a charter preparatory to forming a union, while the firemen of the Border City are arranging to follow suit.

### Sounds Like Ancient History.

Saskatoon market reports of a few days ago quoted strictly fresh eggs at 35 cents, butter at 25 cents, and beef and pork at 25 cents, any cut.

## EVERY WINTER FOR 20 YEARS

writes Mr. I. Whitesmith, of Manilla, Ont., "I suffered agonies with chapped and cracked hands. My thumbs were so badly cracked that they actually never healed up from one winter to the next. As I am a watchmaker, I found it very awkward to do fine work with my hands in such a state.

"Of course, I tried remedy after remedy, but nothing was capable of effecting a permanent cure until I used Zam-Buk. This wonderful ointment, in conjunction with Zam-Buk Soap, cured me completely, and permanently—even to the healing of the cracks in my thumbs—cracks of twenty years' standing!"

For frost-bite, chilblains and cold sores, Zam-Buk is equally effective, and nothing can compare with it for eczema, ringworm, chronic sores, poisoned wounds, piles, cuts, burns and scalds. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c. box.



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## CHANTRY FARM

Shorthorn Cattle and Lincoln Sheep

All sold out at present. Can spare a few extra good Silver Grey Dorking and Black Leghorn Cockerels. Also some cheaper—suitable for crossing. Eggs for hatching in season.

ED de GEX, Kerwood P.O.

French scientists have figured that if the grape seeds discarded by wine makers could be utilized as fuel they would have heating value equal to 176,000 tons of coal a year.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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