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FRUITS of all kinds in season, Imported and Domestic.

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ICE CREAM, cream soda and summer drinks.

OUR choice cigars are preferred by smokers.

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NORTH END BAKERY.

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L. O. L. 505, Watford, meets on Friday on or before full moon of each and every month. Cheapest insurance in Canada in connection. JAMES GRAHAM, W. M., K. HASKETT, Rec. Sec. retary.

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Head Office: Brantford, Ont.

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Low Cost of Insurance to Members
Promptness in payment of Claims

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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.

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FOR SALE.

THAT up-to-date two story brick house on the corner of Huron and McGregor 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 entries. 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. 3m

FARM FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale that desirably 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 B. A. RAMSAY, Watford, Ont. m3-3m

FARM FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE THAT desirably situated farm known as the east half lot 25, con. 3, S. E. R., Watford, consisting of 100 acres. On the premises are a large and comfortable frame house, good barn and stable and outbuildings in good shape. Well fenced and watered, and situated just outside the corporation of Watford. If not sold will be rented on reasonable terms. A considerable portion of the property is freshly seeded down. For further particulars apply to the proprietor

WM. THOMPSON, Watford Ont

STAGE LINES.

WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES Watford Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11.30 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 3.45 p.m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—WIL LAM EVANS Prop.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVE Watford at 9 a.m. and 10.10 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 3.45 p.m. Passenger and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—WIL LAM 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 12.38 p.m.
New York Express, 2 3.00 p.m.
Accommodation, 30 5.16 p.m.
C. VAIL, Agent, Watford.

LIVER LAZINESS

Those Who Lack Energy and are Unsuccessful Should Read This Closely.

"I am only thirty years old, yet for almost two years I have felt more like seventy-five. I have found it difficult to sleep at night and in the morning feel so depressed and heavy that effort was difficult. My hands were always clammy and perspiration on slight effort would break out all over me. It was not unnatural that I should begin to brood over the chance that I should soon be unfit to do my work, and this dread made my sleepless nights perfect misery. After repeated trials of medicine and mixtures Dr. Hamilton's Pills gave me the first gleam of hope. From the very first I could see they were different in action from other pills. They didn't gripe and acted as naturally as if nature and not the pills were cleansing my clogged up system. My spirits rose, I felt much better, the sluggish action of the system gave way to normal activity. Dizziness and headaches ceased, appetite, good color, and ambition to work returned and have remained. I am like a new man and I thank Dr. Hamilton's Pills for it all."

This was the experience of J. E. Parkhurst, a well-known grocery dealer in Jefferson. Follow his advice, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills for your stomach, kidneys, and liver, and you'll enjoy long life and robust good health. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, in yellow boxes. 25c per box, from The Catarthozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Stimulate Liver and Kidneys

ETIQUETTE AND LOVE

A Lesson That Effie Admitted She Needed.

By OTHO B. SENG.

It was characteristic of Ross Brady that he laughed, although somewhat bitterly, as the gaudy antcar dashed by. He had received but the merest nod of recognition from Miss Danvers. "Ross, my boy," he soliloquized, "you must have made a mistake in thinking you were invited to join this festive crowd."

He took a small envelope from his inner coat pocket and read portions of the note in a mumbling undertone, adding caustic comments as he proceeded:

"My dear Ross, I'm, dear Ross, feels pretty cheap—about 23 cents' worth at the present moment! There will be a small party of us at Wiers from the 10th to the 27th. Well, I'm only two days in the rear—not bad for a laboring man! It would be very pleasant if you could be there at the same time. M'm, please! I wonder just where the pleasure comes in! Well, here we are. Ross, brace up!"

He furtively flicked the dust from his shoes and ran lightly up the broad terraces to the hotel piazza.

He had hoped that Effie would wait for him. She must have known that he was on his way to call upon her.

The torturing minutes seemed hours after he had sent up his card, and he felt the scarlet blood mount to his forehead again and again as some laughing girl stole a second glance at his handsome face and stalwart figure.

HEALTH, STRENGTH, VIGOR, VITALITY.

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When Effie came down the stairs gowned in white she seemed to the embarrassed young fellow the embodiment of coolness and self-possession. Her greeting was hardly courteous, in degree removed from cordiality, and she spoke with some asperity.

"Why, Ross Brady, where are you staying? I expected you to register here!"

He crimsoned under the reproof of her voice and manner; then the square shoulders were set back, and the heavy chin hardened.

"You knew, Effie," gravely, "that I could not afford the rates here. I am at a farmhouse a mile away. I can be with you whenever you wish, Effie," pleadingly.

She seemed not to hear him.

"And your call just now, Ross," fretfully, "is wholly without regard to etiquette. I only came down to tell you that you can come again tomorrow, and be sure to send up two cards, one for me and one for Mrs. Lyons, the chaperon of the party."

He laughed shortly. "Effie, the card I sent up is probably the last one I have. My vacation is necessarily a brief one, and—"

"Oh, Ross," in an excited whisper, "here comes Miss Van Vance! Do go! I mustn't be seen talking to you like this. She is from New York and awfully—"

Brady waited no longer. He bowed formally to Effie and turned sharply toward the door, meeting Miss Van Vance on the threshold.

She looked squarely into his eyes as they passed with an expression that he afterward recalled and wondered about.

"She's a good deal older than Effie and those other girls," he mused. "I wonder—"

Then he shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "What difference does it make anyhow? I'll write Effie a note. I was a donkey not to think about cards. I don't wonder she was annoyed. She wants to be correct about matters of etiquette, of course."

But Brady's honest heart was sore indeed on the following day when the messenger returned with no answer to the pleading little note he sent to Effie.

He put on a rough suit of flannel and started for a tramp, striding rapidly along the country road, his handsome face moody and forbidding.

The sound of wheels roused him from his unpleasant reflections.

"It is country etiquette," said a clear voice, "for one who drives to ask one who walks to 'have a lift.'"

He turned quickly. It was Miss Van Vance, seated in a light Stanhope, driving a high stepping bay. She smiled down into his astonished face, relaxed and turned the animal with a quick movement of her supple wrist, giving him invitingly at the seat beside her.

Brady had never before been challenged in just such a way, and his blood rose. His usual diffidence vanished; he stepped promptly into the vehicle and seated himself, saying easily, "Is it etiquette for the one who walks to introduce himself to the one who drives?"

"It isn't necessary," coolly. "You are Ross Brady. You were brought up on a farm in northern Vermont. You have studied all sorts of ologies and isms, and you are now taking the advanced course in metallurgy at the Harvard summer school."

"Who told you?" rashly.

"No one. I simply put two and two together. The sum is seven! I wasn't sure, but your question proves it."

"I am easily trapped," admitted Brady.

He felt a sudden sense of ease and confidence and of comradeship with this stately looking girl, and almost before he knew it he was pouring forth the whole story of his aims and ambitions, his plans and hopes, even to his love for little Effie Danvers and his chagrin at her cool reception.

Miss Van Vance listened interestingly, smiling half sadly.

"Mr. Brady," she said slowly, "I am older than you, and I have had, perhaps, wider opportunities for observing human nature. And I am like Samantha Allen—I know women quite like a book because I've been one quite a spell. It is a woman's nature to want a man to beat down all barriers, even those she herself has erected. Is the hint sufficient, Mr. Brady?"

"I think so," quietly, "and I thank you, Miss Van Vance."

He resolved to act upon the suggestion, yet it was two days before he summoned courage to go again to the hotel.

"Miss Danvers is not here just now," said the talkative bellboy. "That whole party is out on the lake—that is, they're getting ready to go. You'll find them, I guess, if you go down," pocketing a dime with accustomed celerity.

"They're going in a launch."

For an instant Brady was tempted to go away. Then he thought of Miss Van Vance and ran quickly down the steps to the boat landing.

Miss Van Vance, standing on the boat, greeted him delightedly.

"I am so glad you happened along. Can you spare the time to go around the lake with us?"

Brady surprised himself with the ready ease of his acceptance.

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NERVILINE

Cures Rheumatism

Miss Van Vance introduced him with an air of proprietorship. "My friend, Mr. Brady," adding as she presented him to Miss Danvers, "the fact that you are both Vermonters ought to be an immediate bond between you two."

Poor little Effie colored and faltered. She dared not say they were old time friends in the face of Brady's somewhat formal acknowledgment of the introduction.

With delicate tact Miss Van Vance drew out Brady's gift for narrative, and he was soon in the midst of an absorbing story of a wild fox hunt.

The other two young men of the party were seated in the bow of the launch, smoking.

Suddenly a sheet of flame shot high into the air. A lighted match had ignited the gasoline in the escape basin, and an explosion of the main tank seemed inevitable. The young fellow employed to run the launch was paralyzed with fear.

The girls shrieked in terror, and two or three sprang upon the seat to leap into the water.

"Sit down!" shouted Brady sternly. He plunged his hand into the fire and turned the valve, thus stopping the flow of oil from the main tank. Then he threw himself against the flames wherever they appeared, beating them out with his coat and bare hands.

The other men, recovering from their momentary panic, wet their caps and assisted him.

Then some one screamed again, and Miss Danvers' clothing was seen to be on fire in the back. Brady instantly threw his arms around her, smothering the flames against his own body. No one was more than slightly injured, except Brady. His arms and hands were quite badly burned, and the physician looked grave as he dressed them.

"I hope you will pardon the manner in which I embraced you, Miss Danvers," said Brady nonchalantly. "I fear it was hardly according to etiquette," glancing humorously at Miss Van Vance.

"You are a splendid hero!" cried Mrs. Lyons hysterically. "Effie should be proud to be embraced by such a man."

"Even if he is an utter stranger," added Miss Van Vance significantly.

Effie threw back her girlish head defiantly and stepped to Brady's side.

"He is not a stranger!" she exclaimed, putting her hand caressingly on his shoulder. "Ross and I have been engaged ever since we were children. Only I—I!"

"Never mind, Effie," interrupted Ross tenderly; "you needn't try to explain."

"I congratulate you both," said Miss Van Vance cordially, "only," teasingly, as she held Effie's hand warmly in her own—"only, Miss Danvers, your manner of announcing your engagement is so wholly without regard to—"

Effie smiled brightly through her tears. "I know, Miss Van Vance, and I deserve a lesson. You have been a good friend to me."

"Better than you know, little Effie," murmured Miss Van Vance to herself as she turned away, "and the temptation was greater than you can possibly understand."

One of the newest theories as to the cause of thunder is that the noise is due to the sudden explosion of masses of water vapor along the line of the electrical discharge.

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