

By His Own Petard

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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Even when one's affianced has the reputation of being, besides fairly rich and more than passably handsome, the most whimsically irresponsible practical joker in New York one has a right to expect that joking on one's birthday, of all days, will be shelved. At least Carrol Merrifield so expected, but she was disappointed, and that started the trouble.

Hunter Johnston was in love with Carrol, thoroughly so, but the practical joking instinct is like conscience and a taste for olives—hard to forget when once acquired. A brilliant idea in the festing line came to Johnston the morning of his sweetheart's birthday, and he immediately set about giving it to that portion of the world in which he was most interested.

Carrol's birthday gifts from her particular circle were all that heart could desire, and she waited with happy anticipation for her fiancé's offering.

At 1 o'clock a messenger boy appeared with a long, slender package for



"MAY I ASK WHAT THIS MEANS, CARROL?" HE ASKED QUIETLY.

Miss Merrifield. She opened it with eagerness and found a single magnificent American Beauty wrapped carefully in waxed paper and sparkling as if with the dew of June. Within five minutes another messenger with another long, slender package rang the bell, and this also yielded up a rose. When with the regularity of clock-work five uniformed lumps had come and gone in twenty-five minutes, all with similar votive offerings, the girl comprehended—Johnston of the fertile mind had hit upon the plan of sending her twenty-three roses, one for each year of her life, but the gift was to be delivered on the installment plan.

The ingenious idea was pleasing—for a time. With the tenth rose the Merrifield family was holding joyous council over the ever increasing pile of boxes in the library, and Carrol was restless. When the fifteenth bona fide messenger had come and gone, not counting four small curiosity seekers, who smiled expansively, murmured something about "de wrong number" and retreated, Carrol was thoroughly angry. When on the heel of the twenty-third accredited flower bearer Johnston appeared, a particularly desirable brooch in his pocket and a sense of duty well done in his heart, she was composed, but the anger, though not visible, was present and controlled.

With true masculine density Johnston noticed nothing out of the ordinary with his sweetheart. She thanked him gayly and with the proper degree of warmth for brooch and roses.

"Mr. Practical Joker must have a lesson," Miss Merrifield declared to herself after his departure as she nibbled with lips as red as the petals themselves at the eighteenth rose. "I didn't mind so much his other tricks, but this time he has gone too far."

"He'd only laugh if he knew old Mrs. Froude sat in her window and counted those messengers. With the extra ones mixed in—little wretches!—there were thirty-one of them."

"She knows today's my birthday and saw through Hunter's scheme as quickly as I did. And she'll never believe but what I'm thirty-one. So, Mr. Hunter Johnston, beware of an old maid's vengeance." And she waved the rose theatrically in air.

On the morning of his own birthday, five days later, when his man brought up the mail Johnston's eye was immediately taken by one long white envelope. It was certainly peculiar in appearance, for his name and address were formed of letters clipped from newspapers and posted upon it. The envelope contained the following mislabeled, similarly constructed:

"IT SAVED MY LIFE"

PRAISE FOR A FAMOUS MEDICINE

Mrs. Willadsen Tells How She Tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Just in Time.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words."



"Before I wrote to you, telling you how I felt, I had doctored for over two years steady and spent lots of money on medicines besides, but it all failed to help me. My monthly periods had ceased and I suffered much pain, with fainting spells, headache, backache and bearing-down pains, and I was so weak I could hardly keep around. As a last resort I decided to write you and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful that I did, for after following your instructions, which you sent me free of all charge, I became regular and in perfect health. Had it not been for you I would be in my grave to-day."

"I sincerely trust that this letter will lead every suffering woman in the country to write you for help as I did."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of an organ, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unequalled endorsement. Refuse all substitutes.

For twenty-five years Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, has under her direction, and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Do you care to see your sweetheart sleeping with another man? Be at the Twenty-third street ferry Thursday afternoon at 4.

Like many other practical jokers, Johnston had his "blind" side. He never suspected that any one would attempt to coax him. He took the missive in deadly earnest and interrupted dressing a half dozen times to reread it.

His first sensation was one of anger that any one would dare libel his sweetheart so. He resolved to telephone Carrol immediately—or, better, to call upon her and enjoy a good laugh with her over the letter. Yet even while he smiled at its very overtone, a sickening qualm of doubt, slow flitting and ugly as a vulture's shadow, passed over his mind. Supposing it were true?

That was the most unpleasant day Johnston ever experienced. Breakfast was a farce; luncheon, "no performance." Long after the time for the latter meal he remembered that he had promised to spend the day with a married sister over in Jersey.

He tramped the snowy streets aimlessly, pausing occasionally to pore over the mysterious message, while policemen stared curiously and householders thought of Raffles. All his journeys brought him back somehow to the neighborhood of Carrol's home. But he could not enter. Something held him back. At 3 o'clock he was at the ferry and sat himself down with such patience as he could muster to wait for 4 o'clock. "I'll see it through," he said.

At ten minutes of the hour Johnston's heart gave a painful throb, for Carrol, rosy from the searching wind, entered the ferry building. A tall, athletic young man, with the air of the outlander about him—he was well dressed and evidently well bred, but not a New Yorker—followed her in. He was carrying two heavy suit cases.

Johnston confronted them. "May I ask what this means, Carrol?" he asked.



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ed quietly.

The girl halted and seemed to shrink from him. The athletic stranger stopped forward. "And may I inquire how it concerns you?" He did not raise his voice, and the attention of none of the jostling scores was attracted to the group.

Johnston ignored him. "Did I deserve this, Carrol?" he went on. "If you'd ask, I'd release you. When I got this letter!"

"The girl had determined to punish him thoroughly, but at the sight of his weary, troubled face she relented.

"Do you know," she interrupted blithely, "I'm proud of that letter? I avoided telling a lie in it, even a white one, although I came pretty close to fibbing, didn't I? But I blustered my hand cutting but those letters. Wasn't it a real sweet little birthday gift?"

Doubt and dawning comprehension struggled in Johnston's eyes. "But, why—why?" he began.

"Why—why?" mocked his sweetheart, her head tilted saucily, a roguish smile on her face. "Just to show that two can play at practical joking as well as one. Thirty-one messenger boys, sir! You should have a whole month of anonymous letters."

"But this gentleman!" He waved his hand toward the athletic stranger who appeared to be enjoying the conversation overmuch.

"My cousin, Phil Hudson of Omaha, Mr. Johnston. He came last night, but could only stay with us a few hours."

"You were the victim of a base conspiracy, Mr. Johnston," laughed Hudson as they shook hands. "I beg pardon."

"Oh, nothing of consequence!" responded Johnston. "I just said 'Stung'."

American Geographical Names.

America can show many geographical names taken from novels. California comes from the name of a fairy kingdom in a Spanish romance of the early sixteenth century. The Antilles take their name from Antigua, an imaginary island figuring in Italian legends connected with the wanderings of St. Brendan, and marked in the latitude of the Sargasso sea on Catalan and Genoese Portulans of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Montreal is by some said to take its name from a legendary castle mentioned in French romances of a very early date. The island of Barataria, lineally descended from Sancho Panza's imaginary governorship, also figures on the maps of Louisiana, while it is a moot question whether the strait of Juan de Fuca does not take its name from a historical geographical romance, a la Rider Haggard, devised by a Greek sailor of Queen Elizabeth's day for the benefit of her majesty's resident at Venice and his own pocket. "I Brazil" is found in early Irish legend as an island in the Atlantic, and it is a moot question whether the empire of Brazil derives its name from this creation of the Celtic fancy or from wood from which a dye resembling in color burning cinders was made.

Field's Meerschaum.

When Eugene Field worked in Newark he used to smoke a cob pipe, greatly to the disgust of his employer, who was a man of taste and refinement and liked his employees to observe the niceties of personal appearance. Knowing this, Field still smoked his cob pipe until it fell to pieces, whereupon he bought a common two cent pipe of clay and made a great display of it around the office.

"Can't you find something better to smoke?" asked his employer one day in early December. "To see you with that thing in your mouth one might take you for a workman."

"It's the best I can afford," said Field, and every day thereafter he made it a point to meet his patron in the hall puffing away at the obnoxious dudder.

He found a handsome meerschaum pipe on his desk Christmas morning.—Newark News.

Immune to Colds.

"A Quakeress," said a physician, "never catches cold. Her immunity is due to her bonnet. If I had my way, all of us, women and men alike, would wear Quaker bonnets. This bonnet protects the back of the head and the nape of the neck, two very tender spots. The nape especially is tender. Let a good draft strike you there for just a second and I'll guarantee you a week's cold. The Quakeress' bonnet may not be beautiful, but, protecting her nape as it does, it keeps her free from colds year in and year out."—New York Press.

A Venomous Snake.

The only sure way to tell a venomous snake is to kill the reptile, open its mouth with a stick and look for the hollow, curved fangs. When not in use they are compressed against the roof of the mouth, beneath the reptile's eyes. They are hinged, as you can see if you pull them forward with a pencil. The venom is contained in a sack hidden beneath the skin at the base of each fang.—Field and Stream.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Wash oilcloths and linoleums with warm water and Sunlight Soap, rinse clean and wipe dry. The colors will be preserved and the surface unharmed.

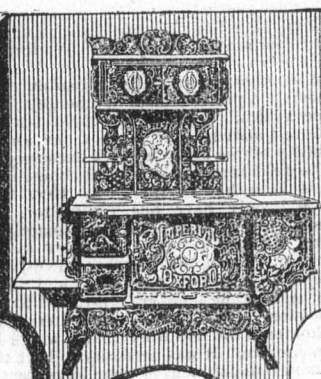
Common soaps fade the colors and injure the surface. Sunlight Soap cleans, freshens and preserves oilcloths and linoleums.

Sunlight Soap washes clothes white without injury to the most delicate fabrics, or to the hands, for it contains nothing that can injure either clothes or hands.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way (follow directions).

5c. Buy it and follow directions 5c.

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T. B. TAYLOR.

Provincial Loan of \$3,000,000.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, under the authority of Chapter 4, of the Statutes of Ontario, 1906, invites subscriptions from the public for a loan of \$3,000,000 on bonds of the Province of Ontario, dated 1st July, 1906, and payable

\$1,500,000 on the 1st July, 1926,
\$1,500,000 on the 1st July, 1936,

with coupons attached for interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum payable half yearly on the 1st January and the 1st July in each year at the office of the Provincial Treasurer, Toronto. Bonds will be of the denominations of \$200, \$500, and \$1,000, and will be payable to bearer but on request will be registered in the office of the Provincial Treasurer and endorsed as payable only to the order of certain persons or corporations, and on request of holders may be exchanged for Ontario Government Stock bearing the same rate of interest.

The issue price during the month of July, 1906, will be par, and after the 1st July, 1906, the issue price will be par and accrued interest.

ALL BONDS AND INSCRIBED STOCK ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE SAID ACT ARE FREE FROM ALL ONTARIO PROPORTIONAL TAXES, CHARITIES SUCCESSION DUTY AND IMPOSITIONS WHATSOEVER.

Purchasers of amounts up to \$1,000 will be required to send certified cheque with the application. For amounts over \$1,000 payments for subscription may be made in instalments 10 per cent. on application, 10 per cent. 1st August, 10 per cent. 1st September, 10 per cent. 1st October, 10 per cent. 1st November, and 10 per cent. 1st December, 1906, with privilege of paying at an earlier date, the interest on instalment subscriptions being adjustable on 1st January, 1907.

In the event of any subscriber for bonds payable by instalments failing to make payment of subsequent instalments, the bonds may be sold and any loss incurred will be charged to the purchaser in default.

Forms of Subscription (when payable by instalments) may be obtained on application to the Treasury Department.

This loan is raised upon the credit of the consolidated Revenue Fund of Ontario and is chargeable to the Consolidated Fund.

All cheques should be made payable to the order of "The Provincial Treasurer of Ontario," and subscribers should state the denominations and terms (20 or 30 years) of bonds desired.

A. J. MATHESON, Provincial Treasurer,
Treasury Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 27th June, 1906.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for.

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WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES

Watford Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11.30 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 5.45 p.m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. D. M. Ross, Prop.

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