



ZAM-BUK SAVED THIS BABY

Mrs. M. Barrett, 602 Monmouth St., Montreal, says:—
"A horrid rash came out all over my baby's face and spread until it had totally covered his scalp. It was irritating and painful, and caused the little one hours of suffering. We tried ointments and powders and salves, but he got no better. He was so fretful all day long that it made it very hard for me. He refused his food, got quite thin and worn, and was reduced to a very serious condition. I was one day advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. It was wonderful how it seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. He gradually became more easy and able to sleep. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores and the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was healed completely. He has now not a trace of rash, or eruption, or eczema, or burning sore. Not only so, but cured of the tormenting skin trouble, he has improved in general health. He has got fat and plump, weighs no less than 32 lbs., although only 7 months old, and is in first-class condition."
Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors, 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 6 boxes for \$2.50.

CURES HEAT SORES, ITCH, SUMMER ECZEMA, CHAFED PLACES, SORE FEET, SUNBURN, STINGS, ETC.

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The Publishers of Webster's International Dictionary allege that it "is, in fact, the popular Unabridged thoroughly re-edited in every detail, and vastly enriched in every way for the purpose of adapting it to meet the larger and severer requirements of another generation."
We are of the opinion that this allegation most clearly and accurately describes the work that has been accomplished and the result that has been reached. The Dictionary, as it now stands, has been thoroughly re-edited in every part, and is admirably adapted to meet the larger and severer requirements of a generation which demands more of popular philological knowledge than any generation that the world has ever contained.
It is perhaps needless to add that we refer to the dictionary in our judicial work as of the highest authority in accuracy of definition; and that in the future as in the past it will be the source of constant reference.

CHARLES C. MERRIAM, Chief Justice.
JOHN DAVIS, Associate Justice.
FRANK J. FELLE, Associate Justice.
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Desirable Town Residence and Two Lots For Sale.
THE undersigned offers for sale that desirably situated house and two lots, corner Huron and McGregor Sts., Watford. Two story brick residence, furnace, full basement, hard and soft water, very convenient. Fine variety of all kinds of fruit trees. Easy terms of payment. For particulars apply to G. H. WYCKE, Watford.
May 10-11

FARM FOR SALE.
THE undersigned offers for sale that desirably situated farm, the west 1/2 of lot 2, con. 14, Brooke, 100 acres. On the premises are a large frame dwelling house, barn with basement, poultry house, implement sheds, etc. The soil is of clay loam, well fenced and tiled and mostly seeded down. Good supply of water. Ten acres of heavy timber. About three miles from Kingscourt and seven from Watford. Further information can be had by applying to
ms 2m. GEO. BANNISTER, Watford.

The rates at the old hotel stands throughout Euphemia township have gone up to \$2 per day, owing to the passing of local option a year ago.

The Harridan-Ormsley Elopement

By Mary Wood
Copyright, 1903, by C. H. Sutcliffe

Katrina Harridan was the sixth of seven daughters, red haired and undersized, but that did not prevent her from being a power in her world. At the young ladies' seminary she was the acknowledged leader as well as the most intimate friend of her twelve classmates, each of whom had the promise of being bridesmaid at her wedding. In this they were prescient, since Thorndyke Ormsley had for some time made her the object of his attentions.

Thorndyke Ormsley did not altogether meet with the approval of the class. They thought him lacking in the dash and daring requisite for a suitable match for their president.

Katrina, however, viewed the matter from a different standpoint. As she confided to her youngest sister Pamela: "There is something restful in Thorndyke's conventionalty. I always know just what to expect from him, and I fancy that I can furnish more of the element of the unexpected than is found in most orthodox families."

She therefore smiled upon her admirer. It followed that she had been graduated but a few months when he made up his mind that to marry her was the only proper course of action. He was too well regulated a young man to propose to Katrina without having first spoken to her father. This was a procedure that the astute morsel of girlhood had foreseen and arranged for.

As he afterward complained to Katrina: "I cannot understand it. Your father was brusque, nervous, quite unlike himself. All that I could get him to say was that you were too young and that he entirely disapproved. When I tried to argue, Pamela came in, and he intimated that the interview was closed."

Katrina buried her face in his shoulder. "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she wailed. "What shall we do?"

Thorndyke attempted to comfort her, and he found the process so agreeable that he prolonged it for some moments before saying soothingly: "Do not be discouraged, dear. I will call on him again. He must be made to see reason." As a happy thought struck him: "Why don't you speak to him yourself? You girls have always seemed to get your way pretty thoroughly. He will say 'yes' to you."

"He won't," Katrina's voice, though smothered, was decisive.

"Why not?"

"Because I won't let him." Without giving her lover time to recover from the shock she hurried on: "Papa has lost a great deal of money these last years. He has really a hard time to get along, so that another wedding is out of the question. You don't know what a wedding costs. We have had five. So we do. There would be the presents and dresses for those twelve bridesmaids, the flowers, music, caterer, trousseau—oh, it is awful!" and she clasped her hands despairingly. "Papa is always so good. He wanted to mortgage the house, but I said 'no.'"

Light had begun to dawn upon Ormsley. "Let me, Katrina," he began.

Two red spots appeared in Katrina's cheeks. "And have us all ashamed to look you in the face? Never! Pamela and I have decided never to marry unless we elope."

Thorndyke Ormsley stiffened. "That is impossible."

Katrina began to cry in earnest. "I always knew that you were proper, but I never thought you were so horribly proper that you cared more for what people would say than you did for me," she sobbed.

"Her lover could not resist her tears."

"You know that I love you better than anything else in the world," he said tenderly. "It is not entirely on my own account that I object. There is Aunt Harriet. She would be utterly scandalized by an elopement. Is it right to distress her when she has done everything for me and I am all she has?"

At this virtual capitulation Katrina's tears ceased to flow. "Then if I get Aunt Harriet's consent you will be willing to elope?" she asked guilelessly. "I would do anything to marry you," he answered, with unusual recklessness.

Katrina threw her arms around his neck. "Then it is as good as settled."

"You don't know Aunt Harriet," Ormsley admonished.

"Yes, I do. And, what is more, I wager that if you do exactly as I tell you she herself will suggest an elopement."

So the two put their heads together. Most men would have wished themselves in Ormsley's place. He must have been sensible of his privileges, for he left the house more in love than ever and vowed to play his part in the comedy. Katrina refused to admit the

possibility of a tragedy.

Miss Harriet Ormsley lived in a big old fashioned house called the Larches. She had the only victoria in town, her butler always stood behind her chair at dinner, and her parlor maid wore French-caps. In all respects her establishment was most correct. But its rhythmic order and the mind of its mistress were alike disturbed by the strange behavior of young Mr. Ormsley. For three or four days he had eaten scarcely anything, although his aunt ordered his favorite dishes, and Jenkins served them to a nicety. Instead of going out of an evening he brooded over the fire or feverishly paced his room. His rapid footfalls

could be heard long after the rest of the family had retired.

Miss Harriet loved her nephew, as she had his father before him. When he had successfully refused to take a tonic, see a physician or consider a sea trip alarm overcame her usual stiffness, and she implored an explanation. Thorndyke gave it reluctantly. He loved Katrina Harridan. Katrina loved him. Her father objected. That was the end of it.

Miss Harriet listened in amazement. An Ormsley, her nephew, refused by a Harridan, a mere upstart in society! It was ridiculous, preposterous!

Thorndyke refused further discussion of the subject. His aunt lay awake most of the night, and as the clock chimed the hours of the early morning so did her indignation grow.

It was almost at boiling point the next day when Katrina was announced. Before her hostess could speak the girl threw herself in her arms.

"Oh, dear Miss Harriet," she cried, "of course Thorndyke has told you. I suppose I ought not to be here, when I am forbidden to have anything to do with him, but it can't be wrong to come when he is away."

Miss Harriet found herself patting Katrina's head.

"Do not cry, my dear," she said with difficulty, due to a remarkable stricture in her throat. "It is a deplorable situation, but your father cannot be an entire—He must be made to see reason. I will call and explain."

This conclusion was far from reassuring to Katrina. Yet the young diplomat managed to murmur with a fair assumption of gratitude: "That is so good of you, dear Miss Harriet. If Thorndyke and I are ever happy, it will all be due to you."

On her way home Miss Harridan found it imperative to call at her father's office—or, rather, to call on the office boy. Tommy Jenks was her staunch admirer, for she had a way of treating him as if he were already a member of the firm.

"Tommy, if Miss Harriet calls to see father during the next few days just tell her that he is engaged. She would only worry him. Do you think that you could keep her out—for me?" She smiled engagingly.

The office boy was flattered by this proof of confidence. "Sure I can, Miss Katrina," he declared stoutly. "Just you trust to Tommy Jenks."

Miss Ormsley called at the office several times. At each visit Tommy blandly assured her that Mr. Harridan was out.

"It is impossible," she declared indignantly. But the office boy played his role to perfection.

Katrina's next visit to the Larches found its mistress in a state of mind quite at variance with her usual elegant calm. "Your father, in coalition with his impudent office boy, has refused to see me. He shows regard neither for my age and position nor for the happiness of my nephew."

Katrina listened meekly, for she saw that no suggestions were needed. The Ormsley blood was up. Yet even she was surprised by the suddenness with which Miss Harriet seized her by the shoulders and half swung her round as she cried, "If you had any spirit in you, you would marry without his consent!"

"Elope!" Katrina's tone was horror struck.

"Yes, elope!"

"But what would people say?" the girl objected.

"An Ormsley is above the vulgar criticism of the general public," Miss Harriet answered majestically. And indeed you can scarcely call it an elopement when I will see you married and give a reception at the Larches in the evening."

So finally Katrina and Thorndyke allowed themselves to be won over to Miss Ormsley's way of thinking. That fiery old lady insisted on making all of the arrangements and was filled with exultation whenever she thought of Mr. Harridan and his discomfiture. She was the only witness at the ceremony, for when she suggested a few guests Katrina demurred.

"If I cannot have my own family I do not want any one but you," she declared. "I would have liked to have had those twelve bridesmaids," she added, with a self sacrificing sigh.

"They will all be there in the evening," Miss Harriet comforted.

So they were, but it was an eleventh hour guest that had the place of honor. It was on the way home from church that Katrina begged Miss Harriet to

break the news to her father and to implore him to forgive her on her wedding night. Softened by the sight of the youthful happiness, Miss Harriet could not refuse.

In this embassy she was successful. Mr. Harridan presented a bold front, but he speedily capitulated before her eloquence. Miss Harriet almost forgave his former obduracy since it made her victory the more signal. Thus it happened that Mr. Harridan kissed the bride and drank to the health of the groom with equal fervency.

When Mr. and Mrs. Thorndyke Ormsley were driving to the station, the first step on their wedding journey, the groom gave voice to a presentiment which all evening had clouded his happiness.

"I noticed that young Croxton was very attentive to Pamela tonight. Does that mean another elopement?"

Katrina gave a happy laugh as she held up a slip of paper.

"Did you not see this, stupid boy? It is Aunt Harriet's present to me, a check for \$5,000. She said she wanted me to be sure of my welcome in the family. Dear Aunt Harriet! It was a shame to fool her. Yet I think she enjoyed it, and it was absolutely necessary. Part of this check shall go for Pamela's wedding. I can promise you that this shall be the last Harridan elopement."

Soldiers and Rain.

The rain fell in torrents on the soldiers tramping sturdily down the muddy street.

"Why don't they put up their umbrellas?" said a spectator.

With a sneer an elderly man replied: "Don't you know, sir, that soldiers never carry umbrellas? History records just one instance of their having done so. It was in an engagement of the civil war, and a group of officers were holding up umbrellas to shield themselves from a thunderstorm when General Grant passed. The general frowned at the sight and sent an aid to the officers with this historic message: 'I do not approve of the use of umbrellas in war and will not allow any of my soldiers to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the enemy.'"

"Since that time," ended the old man, "no soldier has ever dared to protect his uniform with the effeminate umbrella."

Polite Star Singers.

Prima donnas in the same city having the habits of polite society are particular about making formal visits to each other.

It happened in Detroit that Patti and Nicolini, her husband, and Albani and her spouse, Ernest Gye, were staying at the same hotel. Patti and Nicolini had gone out for a drive, and Albani, seeing them pass her window, called to her husband: "Ernest, they have gone out. We had better leave cards for them at once."

On returning Patti received the cards and later, when Albani and Gye had gone to rehearsal, said to Nicolini: "Ernest" (his name was Ernest), "they have gone to the theater. This is a good time to return their visit."

How He Got Even.

During civil war times Gilman Fay, a local character known by all as Gil, being in need of groceries and household necessities, went to the general store in Fayville, kept at that time by Colonel Dexter Fay, to make his purchases. The amount was 68 cents, and Mr. Fay tendered the clerk a one dollar bill. Change being scarce in the store, as was often the case during these strenuous times, the clerk passed him some slips of paper with figures on them to equal the amount of change due. Gil looked at the slip, then at the clerk, and slowly said, "What's all this?" "Why, that is what we are giving for change now. When you get one dollar's worth, we will redeem them," replied the clerk, and Gil went out. A day or two after this occurrence Gil went to the store again for some tobacco. The clerk passed out the plug, and Gil put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a handful of pumpkin seeds and handed them to the clerk, saying: "These are what I am using for change now. When you get a dollar's worth, I will redeem them."—Boston Herald.

A Custom of the Yuma Indians.

Burning the dead, as observed among the Yumas, is interesting. The body is first thoroughly wrapped and then placed on logs and brush over a hole in the ground. A bed of logs is built up at each side and at the head of the bier, which is next covered over and strewn about with dry fagots. The flames are applied, and while they burn the clothing, blankets, etc., of the deceased are added to the fire. The horse of the dead man, however, is not burned among the Yumas, as is the custom with some Indians. A day or two after death the wigwam of the deceased, if an adult, is burned, the rest of the family then going to live with some relative. The Yumas make a great show of sorrow over their dead. Later they are never mentioned at all.—Southern Workman.

SCHOOL REPORTS.

Report of S. S. No. 6, Warwick, for the month of June.—Class IV, Sr.—Ethel Bryce 735, Florence Kerr 727, Vaughan Williamson 703, Jr. IV.—Lawrence Kadey 681, Frank McNaughton 485, Lotie Kadey 326, Mabel Manders 271. Class III.—Pearl Williamson 383, Russell Duncan 299, Class II.—Walter Duncan 889, Russell Harrower 776, Bert Saunders 719, Cecil McNaughton 543, Pt. II., Sr.—Alma Morris 751, Clifford Kadey 599, Pt. II., Jr.—Viola McNaughton 1629, Rhea McNaughton 1555, Herman McNaughton, 1312 Orville Saunders 1143, Bertie Daws 758. Pt. I., Sr.—Clare Manders 826, Roger Miller 783, Willie Kerr, 656, Cyril Daws 568, Basil Williamson 519, Gordon Bryce 504, Pearl Kayley 460, Myrtle Harrower 261, EVA M. CRUMMER, Teacher.

Report of S. S. No. 4, Warwick, for June, 1907. Test Exam.—Class IV.—Fern Graham, Clare Hagle, Clarence Luckham. Class III.—Macklin Bell Hagle, Friend L. Smith, Pearl Smith, David Graham, Gordon Vance. Class II., Sr.—Allie Harper, Willie Cable, Leona Harper, Freddie Graham, Cecil Graham. Class II., Jr.—John Tanton, Peter Graham. Part II., Sr.—Mabel Tanton, Albert Cable. Part II., Jr.—Jean Smith, Rhea Smith. Part I., Jr.—Fred Tanton, Addie Bears. Part I., Jr.—Reta Graham, Lillie Perry.—ETHEL M. ANDERSON, Teacher.

Circus Folk Hard Workers.

The amount of physical work done by the performers of the circus is scarcely believable. These people make the care of their bodies their religion and they will do nothing that militates against their strength of their health. When the performers rise in the morning they hurry to the cook tent for breakfast. Then they must get into their trappings for the parade, failure to report at ten thirty involving a fine of \$5. If the big tent is up early, the chances are that the arena will be filled with performers practicing for an hour before the parade. After the street display the performers have their dinner and then they must dress for the grand entries from which none is excused. Only a few of the circus folk escape with a single act. Nearly all of them do two and most of them three acts, for each of which they must change their costume. A woman performer often works in a gymnastic act on the ground, another in the air, rides in a menage act or two, and in the flat races at the end of the performance. In addition she will very probably "do a turn" in the concert after the show, and she must change her costume for each appearance.

LINSEED meal, buckwheat flour, oat meal, cream of wheat, Tillson's oats, bran, chop and feed of all kinds at Dunlop's flour and feed store. Leave your order, goods promptly delivered.—DUNLOP'S FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

Get the Blood of Lord of the Manor, Mambrino King, Proctus, Chicago, Volunteer, etc.

IN THE STUD—SEASON 1907.

The One That Wins.

CANADA'S CHAMPION ROAD STALLION

WALNUT MANOR

Son of Lord of the Manor and Grandson of Mambrino King.

Winner of first prize at London Western Fair 1904. Winner of first prize at London Western Fair 1905. Winner of first prize and sweepstakes at Toronto 1906. Winner of first prize and sweepstakes at Toronto 1906.

DESCRIPTION OF

Canada's Champion Road Stallion.

WALNUT MANOR is one of the handsomest trotting bred stallions in Canada. His sire, Lord of the Manor, is a sweepstake winner three times in London, three times in Toronto, Orange County Horse Show, N. Y., and Madison Square Garden. His grandsire, Mambrino King, was the most handsome horse in the world. Proctus, the sire of his dam, is a sweepstake winner at London and at Toronto. It is no wonder that Walnut Manor is a horse of such grand style and beauty.

WALNUT MANOR is a dark brown stallion, stands 16 hands high, weighs 1200 lbs. Foaled May 1st, 1902. He is a perfect gaited trotter, with perfect legs and feet. He has a clear cut, fine shaped head and neck, which goes to make a show horse, which he has proven himself. Through the dam of his sire he traces to the blood of Beautiful Belle, Green Mountain Maid, Alma Mater and Jessie Peppers. Parties wishing to breed to a fashionable road horse would act wisely by seeing this young stallion.

PEDIGREE.

WALNUT MANOR, sire, Lord of the Manor, sire of John Martin 228, and Lord Reta 2151, and full brother to Lady of the Manor 2194, the world's champion pacing mare, which record she held for five years; he by Mambrino King, the sire of 80 in the 2:30 list, and the dam of 70 in the 2:30 list, he by Mambrino Patcher, he by Mambrino Chief, he by Mambrino Farmer.

1st Dam—Netty M., by Proctus, full brother to Romaine (destroyed by fire), showed his ability to trot in 2:10.

2nd Dam—Magie R., dam of Nettie D., trial 2:19 by Chicago Volunteer (2011), sire of Bawley 2:22, 10 in 2:30, he by Volunteer (65), sire of St. Julian 2:10, he by Hambletonian 10.

3rd Dam—Nettie R., dam of Fusilier 2:50, a three-year-old by Trumpet, sire of Fulton 2:28, by Royal G-orce (9), sire of Toronto Chief 2:24, and 8 in 2:30.

4th Dam—Dollie, by imported Sir Layton Sykes.

5th Dam—Lady McQueen, by Grey Messenger, by imported Messenger.

ROUTE.

TUESDAY—Will be at the Revere House, Alvinston, from 10:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. Stable for night, where he will remain until Saturday.

SATURDAY—Will be at the Reche House, Watford, until night; thence to his own stable.

TERMS.

To insure a mare with foal \$10, payable 1st Jan., 1908. All mares must be in a healthy condition, otherwise not accepted. Mares must be returned regularly to the office. Parties disposing of their mares before foaling time will be held responsible. All accidents to mares at owner's risk. No second price.

D. G. MADDOCK, — WALNUT, ONTARIO.

Proprietor and Manager.

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.—FRED JACKSON, Proprietor.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES
Arkona at 9 a. m. Watford at 10:10 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—FRED JACKSON, Proprietor.