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Kayser Hosiery—Wool, Silk, Silk and Wool, for Men and Women
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EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY
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A BARGAIN IN
SEMI-PORCELAIN
DINNER WARE
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Our Open Stock
Dinnerware for
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A New Lot of
English Teapots
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SEE OUR NEW
Handbags & Purses
FOR FALL AND WINTER

J. W. McLaren
The Rexall Store

YOUR AD. HERE WOULD PAY!

Blind Men's Buff

By KETURAH VAN TYLE

"Seats, please."
Mechanically the little usher held her hand for the performance of her duty, which happened to be the safe piloting of its patrons down the aisles of the dimly lighted concert hall. Night after night she parroted the same request, and night after night the bits of pasteboard were entrusted to her keeping, while the owners followed her flashlight until they were safely located.

Nothing unusual ever happened to Elise. Jenny Sykes, the girl on aisle four, had once received a box of candy, and Mabel Mertz had been asked out to lunch, but Elise had moved along with no exciting experiences whatever to her credit. However, she was happy and contented, for wasn't she adding every week to the little hoard which was to pay for making her a great singer? And wasn't she hearing the very best music, which she could not afford to hear in any other way?

Imagine then her sensation when the young man whom she addressed not only placed his seat coupon in her upturned palm but his own hand as well. Her first emotion was one of thorough indignation, but that gave way almost at once to surprise as she thought she saw him sway a bit, catching at the back of a seat, and the next instant came remorseful pity.

"Why, the poor chap must be blind!" she told herself. Whispering to him, without further hesitation, "Don't be afraid—I'll guide you." She clasped firmly the hand which lay in hers and led him to his seat.

The next night he stopped inside the dark hall to speak cheerily to her. When it was time Elise again took his hand without waiting for further suggestion and led him to his seat. For weeks he came, hearing the same programs over and over until Elise decided he must be a student like herself. She always waited to lead him to his seat, and each time he thanked her gravely for it.

He often came early enough for a whispered chat, and during one of these obtained her name and address, under pretext of wanting to send her some helpful musical reviews. Ordinarily Elise would have questioned the propriety of allowing a strange man to send her even so small a gift as well-thumbed reference books, but there was something about the blind man's boyish frankness which disarmed his motives of the ulterior completely. When the package came it contained a note which read:

"My dear Miss Winthrop: Being interested in people who have an ambition to climb, especially along your particular line, I'm going to beg permission to hear you sing. As you've probably guessed, I, too, am musical and think we may prove mutually helpful. Sincerely,
"GREGORY BALDWIN."

That night when the little usher led Gregory Baldwin to his seat she whispered to him. "There's no concert Saturday night, so mother says I may ask you to call"; and when Saturday evening came Elise found herself strangely a-flutter with expectation. She was watching at the window when an automobile stopped in front of the building from which Gregory Baldwin alighted unassisted, the chauffeur driving away without seeing his master to the door.

"Well, of all the careless beings, that chauffeur's the worst!" exclaimed Elise, rushing down to the first floor to let her caller in. He wore dark glasses and carried a cane; outside of these two features no one would have suspected he was sightless.

And then Elise sang to him—sang sweetly and unaffectedly, pouring out her heart in the wonderful language of some of the old world masters and her clear, girlish soprano thrilled the listener through and through.

"I wonder if you realize what a really beautiful voice you have?" he asked as he was leaving. "Won't you come over in the park tomorrow afternoon? There are so many things I'd like to say to you—about your work."

After Elise had promised to go she had a queer little feeling of being a rubber ball tossed about in the hands of fate, but she was at the meeting place the next afternoon ahead of the appointed time. She wondered as she waited what had made Gregory Baldwin blind; whether or not he had any hope of ever seeing again; whether—

"So you're here ahead of me?" called a cheerful masculine voice at her elbow, interrupting her reverie, and looking up she saw her friend smiling down at her through his dark

glasses as though he owned the keenest pair of eyes in the world.

"How could you tell I was here?" she asked in surprise.

"Well," he hesitated, "there are some presences one can feel anywhere. I'm sure I could pick you from a miscellaneous gathering, even if there were hundreds."

He had taken her hand in his and was looking straight into her face as though his sightless eyes might be reading her very soul, and she did not want him to see what was written there—there in her soul. She could not bear to have him know that she had grown to care, but that, in spite of it, still wanted her career—that she

did not feel she could have it and be a blind man's partner—not the kind of partner she meant to be to the man she married. She had guessed what he was trying to tell her—knew with a woman's intuition that a proposal was hovering precipitously on his lips, and she wondered a little that he dared ask this thing of her. Helplessly she cast about for some way of stopping him—some way perhaps, if he did not think of her side of things, of making him feel he might not want to care.

"You must not talk to me this way!" she said with a catch in her voice. "I've deceived you terribly—I'm—I'm old—old enough to be your—your grandmother! Now I suppose our friendship must end."

The man took her outstretched hand in his without allowing her to rise, and with his other removed the unsightly dark glasses from a pair of brown eyes dancing with fun.

"My dear, no grandmother ever sang as you sang to me last night. You're just old enough to be my wife, and I want you Elise—that is, if you can ever forgive me for deceiving you."

"Are—aren't you blind at all, Mr. Baldwin?"

"I'm Gregory, dear, and I'm not blind unless there is something before my vision beside the dearest girl in the world."

"That night—when you gave me your hand in the concert hall," she questioned in half frightened tones.

"I'll have to ask forgiveness for that, too. It was just a boyish spirit of devilry which prompted me to do it when I saw your upturned palm, and then, when I found you thought I was blind, I just didn't know how to extricate myself—that's all."

"You seem to have forgotten that I'm planning a career—I'm going to be a great singer some day."

"My dear, it's an exploded theory that a woman cannot establish a career if she makes the mistake of marrying first. There can be for every woman two worlds: one, the world of her cares, the other the world of her heart, and the latter only fits her the more splendidly for the duties of the former. Now won't you say yes?"

"Well—" she hesitated, "perhaps I'll think about it, if you promise to throw these horrid glasses so far I'll never see them again."

WILD CREATURES DREAD FIRE

Impossible to Eradicate Fear of the Red Flame From Denizens of the Wild.

Man is the only animal who has made friends with the fire, writes Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

All other creatures, in their natural state, are afraid of it. They look upon it with wonder and dismay. It fascinates them, sometimes, with its glittering eyes in the night. The squirrels and the hares come pattering softly toward it through the underbrush around the new camp. The deer stand staring into the blaze of the jack while the hunter's canoe creeps through the lily-pads.

But the charm that masters them is one of dread, not of love. When they know what it means, when the heat of the fire touches them, or even when its small comes clearly to their most delicate senses, they recognize it as an enemy. Let but a trail of smoke drift down the wind across the forest, and all the game for miles and miles will catch the signal for fear and flight.

Many of the animals have learned how to make houses for themselves.

The cabin of the beaver is a wonder of neatness and comfort, much preferable to the wigwam of his Indian hunter. The muskrat knows how thick and high to build the dome of his waterside cottage, in order to protect himself against the frost of the coming winter, and the floods of the following spring. The woodchuck's house has two or three doors; and a squirrel's dwelling is provided with a good bed and a convenient storehouse for nuts and acorns. The sportive otters have a toboggan slide in front of their residence; and moose in winter make a "yard," where they can take exercise comfortably and find shelter for sleep. But there is one thing lacking in all these various dwellings—a fire-place.

Man is the only creature who dares to light a fire and to live with it. The reason? Because he alone has learned how to put it out.

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