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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,	6 44 p.m.
GOING EAST	
Accommodation, 80.....	7 32 a.m.
New York Express, 6.....	11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 18.....	2 47 p.m.
Accommodation, 112.....	5 16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent, Watford

The Wedding Knives

By S. B. HACKLEY

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They were very beautiful—those delicate trifles of the ancient wedding toilet of the seventeenth century bride—the wedding knives of Mistress Anne Hogarth.

Margery Byers took them reverently from their faded green brocade sheaths and running her fingers over the elaborately chased blades, and the quaint pearl set handles, handed them to Stephen Palmer. The young physician turned them over curiously.

"So these pretty trinkets were necessary to the bridal toilet away back in the days of your grandmother ancestress, Margie?" he remarked. "I don't remember of ever reading of them."

Margery's brown eyes sparkled with interest and admiration.

"Why, don't you remember, Steve?" she cried. "Juliet wore them at her girldle when she was in the Friar's cell, and she had them on when she was about to take the sleeping potion."

"What did they symbolize?" asked Palmer.

"They had something to do with severing the knot of love, I believe," answered Margery vaguely, "anyway, whatever they meant, they were beautiful things to wear."

"And you, Margie, I suppose you'll wear these when you're married," Palmer hesitated a little over his work.

When a girl has a well-defined, relative implanted idea of engaging herself when she gets to the seashore summer resort to a rich man she doesn't care for, but who is going to ask her to marry him—to see unexpected love in the eyes of the man she'd like to marry, even though disapproved of by the relatives, is disconcerting. Margery turned away and replaced the trinkets in their places before she answered a bit tremulously:

"My—my wedding day is a long time off, most likely, Stephen. I'm not quite twenty, you know."

"—Listen, Margie," Stephen tried to keep his voice steady, "I want to tell you something."

"Hurry, Margie," an impatient voice called from the next room. "Are you forgetting we have an engagement this evening?"

"I'm coming, mother," the girl answered. "Come down to the station tomorrow, Steve," she said in hasty good-bye, "early. I'll go down a half hour before mother does, and we—we can talk before the train leaves."

But a man in a factory got himself cut up badly the next day an hour before Margery's train was to leave, and Palmer was called to hold life in him. There was not even time for telephoning Margery, and the letter of explanation he sent her was returned to him unopened.

When three weeks later Margery's engagement to Elmer Troxell was announced Stephen worked so many extra hours at the hospital that the head surgeon protested.

In September the Byers family returned, and Palmer could not escape the accounts of the wedding that was to be one of the city's social events. A few days before the wedding, unable to deny himself the uncertain unhappiness of trying to catch a glimpse of the bride-to-be, he found himself passing the Byers house. As he went by, driving at a snail's pace, he heard frightened screams from within. He leaped from his car. As he ran up the walk a terrified maid thrust open the door.

"Oh, Doctor Palmer!" she cried, recognizing him, "come in, quick!"

Another one of the maids had fallen, carrying a tray of glasses, and had cut her wrist. She was shrieking in fear and clinging to Margery, who with a pencil and a handkerchief was twisting a tourniquet about the wounded arm, while the blood spattered her lovely white dress.

"Come away, Margery," frowned a heavy browed man in white serge costume, standing at a safe distance from the maid, as Palmer came forward, "and let the man attend to her. It's his business—besides you're getting your frock spotted, and we were ready for our drive."

Margery shook off his hand. "Go away, Elmer!"—Palmer detected a note of dislike in her tone—"you are in Doctor Palmer's way. Never mind

the drive. I shall stay with Sophie."

As Troxell sulkily left the room his foot touched something lying on the rug something that tinkled, as with a murmur of disgust he shoved it aside.

The next morning when Palmer returned to the house to attend the injured maid he found her crying.

"I'm not scared for myself, it's Miss Margie I'm worried about," she told him. "He—that man ain't fit for her nor anybody else. Miss Margie told him yesterday she was going to wear her great grandmother's wedding knives (maybe she's showed them to you) at her wedding, and he got awfully mad—asked her how she would look, standing up there in her bridal robes, before all his friends with 'those absurd things dangling at her belt, like a housekeeper's keys.' And he threw them on the floor, and when I came in with the tray I stumbled over them and fell and cut my arm."

Palmer paled as he listened, and though he made no comment he had to set his teeth to keep the words that came in his mind.

Two days later Palmer read the following paragraph in the evening paper:

"Troxell Neglects to Get License," ran the headline. "After being supposedly joined in matrimony at the most elaborate society wedding of the year at noon today, with both Rev. Robert Clinton and Bishop Phelps officiating, Miss Margery Byers and Elmer Troxell were informed by County Clerk Veal in the most matter-of-fact way that they were not married at all. They had been married without a license."

The paper further stated that the guests had left Miss Byers' residence after the reception, when the vital omission was discovered. A messenger was hastened to find Bishop Phelps, and the good prelate was begged to come to the house in an emergency situation. He did so, and when he reached the residence he was told the nerves of the bride were so shaken that the second ceremony would have to be deferred until the next morning.

For eight hours Stephen had thought her Troxell's wife, and she was not married—not married! An errand boy touched his elbow.

"You're wanted at the telephone, doctor."

"Is that Dr. Stephen Palmer?" the voice was trembling. "This is Margie Byers. Oh, Steve, come to the house right away. Come quick; I—I want you!"

Palmer stumbled out to the street and hailed a cab. The maid, Sophie, her arm in a sling, let him in.

"Miss Margie wants to see you alone," she told him, and led him to a little upstairs room at the back of the house. As the door closed behind him something in a white dress flew to him.

"Oh, Steve, I want you to save me!" Margery gasped. "They put it in the paper that I was so shaken the second ceremony would have to be deferred, but I've told father and mother I'm not going to marry him at all."

"Not marry him!" he echoed.

"No! Father, mother, everybody, thought it would be so fine for me, I agreed to marry him. I never loved him, but that day he quarreled with me over wearing great-grandmother's wedding knives at my wedding (the day Sophie cut her arm) I knew I hated him. But I thought it was too late then. They talked to me until I was nearly crazy this afternoon when I told them my eyes were opened and I was thankful the license was forgotten. They said it would be a scandal to the family if I didn't marry him now, and they've set the hour for eight in the morning."

"Margie," the young man's lips were white, "did you send back my letter that I wrote to explain why I didn't come to the train the day you went to Bar Harbor?"

"I never received any letter," she faltered. "I looked and looked for it; then I thought you didn't care. Mother—"

"But I did care—I do care—so much I don't dare advise you. I wanted to tell you that day—I wanted to tell you—"

She looked up at him and her wet eyes began to shine. "Tell me now, Steve!" she cried softly. "Oh, Steve, it wouldn't be any scandal for you to let me run away with you and marry you tonight, would it?"

At seven o'clock the next morning the justice of the peace, just over the state line, stood before a tall young professional man holding the hand of a pretty girl clad in a gray traveling suit of French design, and wearing at her belt her great-grandmother's knives, and pronounced a ceremony that was binding and fast.

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"FOR VALOR."

Soldiers From Dominion Awarded the V.C.

The London Gazette gives an official account of how Lieut. Graham Thomson Lyall, 102nd Battalion, 2nd Central Ontario Regiment, won the Victoria Cross. The official citation says that the Cross was awarded for "most conspicuous bravery and skillful leading during operations north of Cambrai. On July 29 last, while leading a platoon against Bourlon Wood, he rendered invaluable support to a leading company which was held up by a strong point, which he captured by a flank movement, together with 13 prisoners, the field gun and four machine guns. Later his platoon, now much weakened by casualties, was held up by machine guns at the southern end of Bourlon Wood. Collecting any men available he led them towards a strong point and springing forward alone, rushed the position single-handed, killed the officer in charge and subsequently captured at this point 45 prisoners, he consolidated the position and thus protected the remainder of the company. On Aug. 1, in the neighborhood of Beaucourt, when commanding a weak company, by skillful dispositions he captured a strongly-defended position, which yielded 80 prisoners and 17 machine guns. During two days' operations, Lyall had thus captured altogether three officers, 182 other ranks, 26 machine guns and one field gun, exclusive of the heavy casualties inflicted. He showed throughout the utmost valor and high powers of command.

Pte. G. J. P. Nunney, D.C.H., M.M., 38th Battalion, Eastern Ontario Regiment, is granted a Victoria Cross, according to the Gazette, for most conspicuous bravery during operations against the Drocourt-Queant line on Sept. 1 and 2, 1918. On Sept. 1, when his battalion was in the vicinity of Vice and Artois, preparatory to advancing, the enemy laid down a heavy barrage and counter-attacked. Nunney, who at this time was at company headquarters, immediately on his own initiative, proceeded through the barrage to the company outpost lines, going from post to post, encouraging the men by his own fearless example. The enemy were repulsed and a critical situation saved. During the attack of Sept. 2 his dash continually placed him in advance of his companions. His fearless example undoubtedly helped greatly to carry the company forward to its objectives. He displayed throughout the highest degree of valor until severely wounded.

Pte. Walter L. Rayfield, 7th Battalion, British Columbia Regiment, according to the Gazette, secures the Victoria Cross for most conspicuous bravery, devotion to duty and initiative during the operations east of Arras from Sept. 2 to Sept. 4, 1918. Ahead of his company he rushed a trench occupied by a large party of the enemy and personally bayoneted two and captured ten men. He later located and engaged with great skill under constant rifle fire an enemy sniper, who was causing many casualties. He then rushed the section of the trench from which the sniper had been operating and so demoralized the enemy by his coolness and daring that 30 others surrendered to him. Again, regardless of personal safety he left cover under a heavy machine-gun fire and carried a badly wounded comrade. His indomitable courage, cool foresight, and daring reconnaissance were invaluable to his company commander and an inspiration to all ranks.

Grow Rich in Canada.

In Wayakama, Japan, is a fishing village which has supplied nearly one thousand men and women for the fishing industry of Canada, according to an Osaka paper. Many of these emigrants have made money and some of them have become so comfortably circumstanced that they are able to take occasional holidays at home. This is chiefly in the winter, when many return to the village of Mio to choose a wife, leave a child at school, or simply to enjoy the old environment. When a steamer from Canada arrives, "it is a sight to see long lines of rickshaws along the road to Mio with youthful passengers dressed in the latest Canadian style. At the entrance of the village they are met by crowds of relatives and acquaintances, and pretty girls dressed in their gayest kimono are not wanting."

A Useless Father.

He was the four-year-old offspring of the beloved minister of a well-known and popular church, a minister renowned for his eloquent appeal to the practical as well as the spiritual side of life. One day the young son and heir was having trouble with his go-cart when a neighbor passing by was appealed to for help. The neighbor felt incompetent to advise and asked: "Why don't you go to your father and find out what's the matter? He'll know." "No use," said the little chap in disgust. "He won't know. He don't know anything except about God!"

Bohemian Methods.

Ottawa's police are interfering in the family affairs of Antoine Laurin, whose wife married Alfred Pichetto recently, while Laurin himself has transferred his affections to a sister of the woman whom he had wedded eleven years ago, the ceremony of the second marriage without divorce preliminaries being witnessed with approval by all members of the tangled families.

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