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Cause. Rush of Blood, Fullness, Dizziness.

J. T. Chetland, the well-known railway engineer of Hamilton, found the strain always resting upon men of his occupation vastly intensified by a tendency of the blood to rush to his head, and often at times when clearness of vision and great steadiness were demanded. Finding some difficulty in bending—a stiffness with pain having settled in his back, it occurred to him that his kidneys might be at fault. This was a happy idea, for by it he not only got rid of the pain but many other troubles as well. I took a full dose of Dr. Hamilton's Pills and was glad to note that some obstruction of the kidneys, which I had lately noticed, was at once relieved. The flushed appearance of my face gave way to a more rational color and there was a perceptible improvement in my appetite. Dr. Hamilton's Pills certainly act splendidly upon the blood, removing heat and fullness and that sort of dizziness that makes a man at the throttle wish when it seizes him that he were elsewhere. No medicine gives such unquestionably good results for stomach, liver, and blood troubles as Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they are mild, certain, and always curative. Refuse any substitute. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, or The Catarrhose Co., Kingston, Ont.

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If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

## SCRAPING AN ACQUAINTANCE

By  
**HORACE SLATER**

When Leonard Tremaine came home from a trip abroad he found that his father had given up his residence in the heart of the city and moved out on to Mount Prospect avenue, where every house commanded a view and every yard was a garden. Leonard reached his new home in the summer, finding the verdure full blown and the surroundings delightful. On the afternoon of his arrival he saw from his window across a hedge that separated his father's place from one beside it a young girl watering some flowers. She being pretty, the flowers being pretty, the grass being green, the sky blue and the clouds white, young Mr. Tremaine, sitting straddle on his chair with his arms resting on its back, showed no disposition to turn away from the charming picture.

The girl showed no evidence of being aware that a young man was watching her. She went on watering her flowers, now and again stopping to pull up a weed or break off a dead twig. Mr. Tremaine was tempted to cough to attract her attention that he might get a better view of her face, but he knew that by doing this he would scare her away. So he kept quiet, enjoying the picture, drawing in its sweetness as the bee sucks honey from the flowers.

At dinner he asked his mother about the occupants of the house next door and was told that a Mr. Thorne lived there with his wife and daughter, Violet. The mother was an invalid, and possibly this was the reason she had not called on her new neighbors, though



SUDDENLY A STREAM OF WATER CAME OVER her daughter appeared to be old enough to perform such duties on behalf of the family.

Leonard Tremaine, who was a quick thinker, regretted that this call, which under the circumstances might have been expected, had not been made before his arrival, for he foresaw that if such duties were relegated to the young lady as soon as she knew there was a young man in the family she might be deterred by maidenly modesty. But Leonard was not a man to worry about a small thing like that, for the girl being in close proximity, he could easily escape an acquaintance.

A few days after his arrival he was putting on the final touches to an afternoon toilet of immaculate white throughout when, glancing through his window, he saw Miss Violet in the main flower garden behind the house again working among her flowers. Leonard, after a last glance in the mirror, went downstairs, out through a side door and back toward the garage. Unfortunately for him, the hedge between the rear portions of the two places was rather high and cut off the young lady from his view. This was discouraging, for how could he make an excuse to address her when he couldn't see her?

After looking about for awhile in the garage, considering how he might break through what hedged him from the young lady, he went again into the yard and stood looking in the direction he supposed her to be, wondering if he dare look through a break in what separated them, when suddenly a stream of water came over the top of the hedge and deluged him. From a beautifully starched young man he was transmuted into limpness. The stream was immediately turned away, but not before the linen it had momentarily

rested upon had been made ready to a new laundering.

Mr. Tremaine ran into the house and up to his room, where, while he was getting out of his wet clothes, he saw through the window Miss Thorne in her garden playing a hose on some plants that had been scorched by the sun. She seemed much interested in her work and oblivious to the fact of the reception she had given an admirer who had gone out for the express purpose of making her acquaintance. Leonard paused, with his wet shirt pulled half over his head, and remarked:

"I wonder if she did that on purpose. How could she have seen me with the hedge between us? Yet all she had to do was to turn the stream over it with a good chance to hit me. How unconscious she looks—the very picture of innocence! But you never can tell what a girl is going to do. She was either very careless or she has the impishness of Satan in her. At any rate, she has upset my plan and relegated a spike and span to the laundry."

So ended Mr. Tremaine's first attempt to make Miss Thorne's acquaintance. The next time he saw her was at her window putting on a hat with enormous white plumes in it, evidently preparing to go out. Desiring to examine her countenance face to face he ran downstairs, waited in the hall till through a side window he saw her leave her house, then he opened the door and reached the gate just as she passed it. She turned upon him a momentary indifferent glance and pursued her way without showing the slightest concern. Leonard wondered if that were the first time she had ever seen him.

Miss Thorne drove an automobile, played tennis—there was a tennis court in the rear of her residence—and was quite expert at golf. One morning Mr. Tremaine saw her go out in her automobile. It was raining, and the streets were muddy. Leonard took an umbrella and started down the street to make some purchases. Miss Thorne's auto was a white one, and, looking ahead, he saw it coming. Thinking that by making a crossing he would meet its driver, he started from the curb and stood waiting for her to pass in front of him. She did so, guiding her auto so near him as to send muddy water from her auto's wheels all over him.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "she did that on purpose! And now I know she turned the hose on me on purpose too. I'll make her pay for this."

He finished the crossing and stood swabbing the mud off his face, his hands, his clothes, with his handkerchief till it was dirtier than the rest. Then he turned and went home to get into another suit. On the whole, his efforts to make her acquaintance of his next door neighbor were not attended with success. He made up his mind that since his fair enemy could not be reduced by an attack in the open he must work from behind defenses.

Had Leonard not understood the idiosyncrasies of the opposite sex he would have abandoned his efforts either in a huff or in despair. As it was, he prepared to bombard the lady's heart as well as her person. He would not pour water or mud upon her. He had a scheme worth two of that. He hunted the town for a toy mortar to send out ammunition by means of a spring. Not finding anything large enough to suit his purpose, he had one made. After fixing it once he could pull back the spring till it was caught in a notch, drop in new ammunition and fire it again. Having seen that it was good, he brought it home and prepared for action.

From Mr. Tremaine's window he could look down on to the Thornes' rear porch, the latter fronting eastward. Miss Thorne was accustomed to come out on to the porch about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Sometimes she walked in the garden; sometimes she sat on the porch reading. Early one afternoon Mr. Tremaine gathered his ammunition in his room and, planting his mortar at his window, awaited his enemy's coming. At the usual time she appeared, strolled for awhile over the rear grounds, then, returning to the porch, sank in a cushioned wicker chair, took a book from a table beside her and began to read.

Tremaine, who had his weapon charged and sighted, let loose the spring. He had practiced after nightfall and got the range. Suddenly Miss Tremaine found herself deluged with pansies. She had not recovered from her surprise before another charge reached her, this time lilies of the valley. She glanced up at Tremaine's window just in time to see a couple of dozen fuchsias leave it and descend upon her. Then her fair face broke into a smile. The last and more effective charge consisted of roses. Then Leonard put his head out of the window and, smiling for smile, addressed his enemy:

"Pardon me, but I thought I would like to make your acquaintance."  
"Very happy, I assure you. Won't you come down?"  
"Delighted."

In a few minutes Mr. Tremaine was seated beside his new friend, chatting with her as familiarly as if he had known her for years. He told her that he knew the first wetting she had given him was intentional. For awhile she denied it, but since he was disposed to take it good naturedly she finally confessed, adding that she turned the stream over the hedge at random and happened to strike him. She seemed to regret spattering mud on him, but said she was unable to resist the temptation.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance between Mr. Tremaine and Miss Thorne which continued during that summer on the tennis court, in the garden, anywhere, everywhere on the lady's premises and sometimes at the Tremaines. What the rest of the story will be or whether there will be any more of it is not yet known. Nevertheless its beginning shows conclusively that if a man and a maid live next door to each other the man is no more likely to be observing the maid than the maid is to be observing the man. And in this instance the sterner sex appears to be the gentler. It would never have done for the man to drench the maid with water, though it was perfectly proper for the maid to drench the man. But observe the masculine retaliation. Instead of water he fires roses.

### FIRE DANGER AT SEA.

How Flames Can Sweep the Inside of Even a Metal Ship.

The danger from fire on a transatlantic liner is more serious than is generally believed. It is much greater than the danger from collision and is becoming more and more dangerous with the increased outlay upon luxury and display. The main structure of the ship and most of its essential parts are of metal, but many of the fittings, nearly every feature of ornament and every trapping of luxury, are highly inflammable.

No one who has not been aboard the Spanish wreck at Santiago can conceive how fire can sweep the inside of even a metal ship. Admiral Cervera described to me the experience on board the Teresa in these words: "The second shot that came on board set us on fire. The fire main was damaged. Soon we were unable to cope with the fire. It swept through her from bow to stern. There was not a space as big as the palm of your hand where life could have been sustained. An insect could not have lived on board. We had to get overboard or be burned."

It is true the Spaniards had not cut out their woodwork and thrown overboard all unnecessary inflammables, as we had in the American fleet, but the inflammability of one of their warships was much less than that of a luxurious ocean liner—Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson in Engineering Magazine.

### PINEAPPLE PLANTS.

They Do Not Die After Fruiting, but Reproduce Themselves.

Pineapples do not grow on trees. Imagine a plant four feet in extreme height from the ground to the tip of leaves, a single stalk at the surface, but dividing at once into swordlike blades or leaves, fifteen in number, from the center of which appears a stiff, upright stem, at the top of which is the fruit. This stem is short, and the crown of the fruit when fully grown is a foot or more below the points of the leaves.

At the end of a year and a half from planting each plant produces a single fruit, even as a cabbage plant produces a single head. But the pineapple does not die after fruiting once. Down on the stem below the fruit and among the long, narrow leaves a sucker appears. If allowed to remain this will soon become the head of the plant, and within another year it will yield another fruit. This process may go on for a term of years. In the meantime, however, other suckers will make their appearance.

These are broken off, and when stuck into the ground they put out roots and become other plants. Thus a single pineapple plant may produce a dozen or more others while it is yielding fruit from year to year.

### The Intruder.

A certain boat coming up the Mississippi one day during a flood lost her way and bumped up against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darky rammed his head up through a hole in the roof, where the chimney once came out, and yelled at the captain on the roof: "Whar's you gwine wid dat boat? Can't you see nothin'? Fust thing you knows you gwine to turn dis house ober, spill de old woman an' de chill'en out in de flood an' drown 'em. What you doin' out here in de country wid your boat, anyhow? Go on back yander froo de co'nfields an' get back into de ribber whar you b'longs. Ain't got no business sev'n miles out in de country foolin' round people's houses nohow!" And the boat backed out—

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