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N. B. Howden Est.

"THE QUALITY STORE"

Watford Elevator

| 24 lbs. GERM OF WHEAT | 1.15 | PURE MANITOBA FLOUR | |
|-----------------------|---------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Bran | \$29.00 | 1.45 | |
| Shorts | \$31.00 | 1.55 | |
| Middlings | \$35.00 | 1.75 | |
| FEED FLOUR | \$42.00 | \$2.10 | cwt |
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| Imperial Feed Flour | \$45.00 | \$2.25 | |
| Hog Feed | \$42.00 | \$2.10 | |
| CORN | \$1.55 | cwt | 20 lb. bag Oatmeal |
| | | | \$1.00 |

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Andrew Hay

Warwick General Store

Why not pick out your
Wallpaper Now?

Call in and see our new supply of many
Designs and Prices. All our stock is
entirely new. We will be pleased to help
you in your selection.

Janes Bros. Warwick Village

LYCEUM, WATFORD

Tonight (Thursday)

Dorothy Dalton and David Powell
in "The Siren Call"

Also Comedy, "Ma and Pa" featuring Ben Turpin.

Wednesday night only, April 4

William DeMille's New Sensational Society Satire

"Nice People"

A picture that has aroused nation-wide interest

The wonderful cast includes Wallace Reid, Bebe
Daniels, Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye.

COMMENCE 8.15

Admission 20 and 30 cents

COMING !!

"The Old Homestead"

Young Men's Bachelor Suits, two
pairs trousers, neat patterns, ready
to wear Saturday.—Swift's.

Bench-tailored Suits for men ready
to put on Easter morning.—A. Brown
& Co.

THE CUPID EXPRESS

A Comedy of Love

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Trentham people always called the
6:36 train "the Cupid express," be-
cause it invariably carried one or more
bridal couples.

It was the close of a March day, ex-
actly 6:36 p. m., and the Cupid express
had just snorted away cityward with
two of Trentham's fair brides and in-
cidentally the newly made husbands.

The Faber twins had just been mar-
ried. It was a double wedding, and
all the town had turned out to send
them off with a suitable merrymaking.

"Where is Edith?" inquired Mrs. Wil-
liam Blake, craning her neck around
the carriage. "Where is Edith?" she
repeated sternly as her niece took her
place in the survey.

Cora Morris' voice was guilty.
"Edith is walking home," she said.
Mrs. Blake drew a sharp breath.
"Walking?" she interrogated.

Cora nodded, but her face beneath the
white hood of her cloak was serious.

"Not alone?" declared Mrs. Blake in
the decisive tone of one who knew.

"With Harley Lane," confessed Cora.
"Ah!" Mrs. Blake's tone was freez-
ing. She sank back in her seat and
was silent. Bitter thoughts crowded
her mind.

It was like an unkind fate to decree
that her only child, Edith, should fall
in love with Judge Lane's son.

She had always tried to keep them
apart and was openly rude to young
Lane. And Harley was disconcerting-
ly polite to her.

"Mrs. Blake would be the jolliest
woman in the world if she would only
forget her grudge against the world,"
said her would-be son-in-law to his fa-
ther one day.

But the judge had frowned and look-
ed very uncomfortable.

"I wonder why your mother is so
set against me," remarked Harley as
he tucked Edith's hand under his arm
and marched down the street.

Edith's eyelashes flickered as the
surrey passed them at a corner where
a street lamp shone brightly.

"I don't believe she really hates you,
Harley," she said, "but some one has
whispered a bit of ancient history to
me. Years ago mother was engaged to
marry your father. They quarreled,
and neither forgave the other. Both
married. There you are, sir!"

"The deuce!" whistled Harley; then
he added hastily: "They've both been
widowed for fifteen years. Why didn't
they marry each other?"

"I don't know," sighed Edith. "They
couldn't really have cared."

"Dear, do you know I was wishing
that you and I had courage to throw
conventions to the four winds and
elope on the Cupid express some day!"

"They would never forgive us, dear,"
murmured Edith, "and we couldn't
really be happy if they didn't."

"I know it. There's only one thing
to do, then—to convert them to our
way of thinking."

"How can we do that?"

"I didn't have an idea until you told
me that once they had been sweet-
hearts. Listen to this scheme."

Mrs. Blake saw them lingering at the
front gate. Her handsome face grew
sterner, and her lips straightened into
a thin line.

Her hands smote sharply together in
a passion of wounded pride.

"His son—of all men!" she moaned
softly.

One April afternoon Mrs. Blake re-
turned from her eucalyptus club to find
the house strangely silent.

"Miss Edith?" repeated Jane, the
maid. "Why, Miss Edith left the
house an hour ago. She carried a suit
case and—"

"A suit case?" interrupted Mrs.
Blake. "Did she say where she was
going?"

"No, ma'am. I wouldn't have known
about it only I heard the front door
close, and I looked and saw Miss Edith
running down the walk. A cab was
there. She jumped in and was off!"

"Very likely she has been called over
to her cousin's in South Trentham.
She will telephone to me no doubt."

The clock in the hall chimed the
quarter after 6, and mingled with it
was the sharp, insistent tinkle of the
telephone bell.

Winona Blake's voice shook a little
as she lifted the receiver from its hook.
"Yes?" she inquired.

It was Edith's voice, speaking in
tremulous excitement.

"Mother, dear," she quavered, "would
you consent to my—my marrying Har-
ley?"

An instant's silence, then the moth-

er's voice, calm and serene:

"No daughter of mine ever will mar-
ry him!"

"Mother!" Edith's voice was stricken.
"Where are you?" asked Mrs. Blake.
"The railroad station."

"Wait until I come!" ordered Mrs.
Blake, and, hanging up the receiver,
she rushed from the house, still wear-
ing her hat and her most becoming
afternoon gown.

There was no time to call Thomas.
Before he could harness one of the lazy
blacks into the runabout the Cupid ex-
press would be away from the station!

As Mrs. Blake hurried up the stairs
she heard the thunder of the approach-
ing train. Her lips tightened.

"I will go along, too!" she thought.
"Edith is a minor, and—"

"Here, madam!" A conductor almost
lifted her to the steps, and as she stag-
gered across the platform into the
coach a shower of small particles fell
tinglingly upon her face.

"Rice!" called somebody from the
coach behind.

"Where's the bridegroom?" some one
asked in a loud whisper.

"The old party in the gray overcoat.
See the confetti on his hat?"

And at this moment Mrs. Blake col-
lided with some one in the aisle. They
grasped each other and swayed with
the moving train.

"You?" glared Mrs. Blake.

"You?" glared Judge Lane.

A murmur ran through the car.
Smiles spread from face to face, for
was not this the honeymoon train, and
did they not recognize a bridal couple?

They did.

There was the handsome middle aged
pair in gala attire; there was the con-
fetti, rice. Somewhere in the rear a
light headed youth whistled the wed-
ding march from "Lohengrin."

Furiously embarrassed, angry and
quite helpless in the face of so many
whole hearted strangers, Judge Lane
accepted the nearest proffered seat and
pushed the equally embarrassed, angry
and helpless lady into it.

"We may as well sit down," he snap-
ped.

"Yes!" she gasped. "Of course you
know why I'm here?"

"I'm on the same errand. I was
searching the train when I met you.
Harley telephoned me for my blessing
before they were married. Bah!"

"Tickets, please!" smiled the conduc-
tor.

Mrs. Blake suffered a cold chill. Her
pocketbook was at home. Could she
accept money from John Lane?

She did, for without asking her per-
mission he opened a bulging pocket-
book and paid for both tickets.

Grimacing the conductor punched
the rebate checks and gave them to
the man.

"Congratulations, judge," he said as
he moved along. "I knew the Cupid
would catch you some day!"

A cold horror settled upon the two
in the seat. So they were supposed to
be a newly wedded pair!

Both were thinking of one day thirty
years ago when they plighted their
troth in the apple orchard beneath a
snow of blossoms.

It was before the day of the Cupid
express, but they had planned a wed-
ding journey, and it had never come
to pass.

And now, each one in pursuit of an
eloping child, they had met after all
these years. People believed they
were a honeymoon couple!

"Absurd!" declared Mrs. Blake aloud.
"Ridiculous!" hotly agreed the judge.

"Perhaps you had better see if they
are on the train," suggested Mrs.
Blake after awhile.

"That's a good idea!" and Judge
Lane escaped to the rear coaches.

After awhile he came back.

"They are not on the train," he said
slowly.

"How odd!" cried Mrs. Blake. "But,
then, Edith didn't say she was mar-
ried. She only asked permission, and
as she was telephoning from the rail-
road station I concluded they were go-
ing to take this train."

"So I inferred from Harley's mes-
sage," responded the judge stiffly.

"I hope they are not married. It is
out of the question!" went on Mrs.
Blake.

"Out of the question," agreed the
judge.

A silence fell between them, and
then Mrs. Blake felt a blush creeping
over her smooth, pale cheek.

Was he looking at her?

Slowly her eyes turned toward him,
until, through her lashes, she could
see his blue eyes regarding her with
an odd wistfulness.

"Absurd!" she chided herself sharply.
"Winnie," he whispered suddenly,
"you haven't forgotten, after all?"

"I never could, John," she whispered
in return.

"Then let this be our wedding trip,"
he urged after awhile.

"But we must return tonight," she
cried hastily. "I must be sure about
Edith."

"And Harley," he added.

"About Edith and Harley," she gen-
tly corrected herself.

When the 11:15 train from town

drew into Trentham that night it
found two anxious young people pac-
ing the platform.

"They will never forgive us for lur-
ing them aboard that Cupid train,"
said Edith nervously.

"They might," Harley smiled cryp-
tically. "Here they are, Edith! To-
gether—and looking sheepish! Why,
father," he said reproachfully, "I've
been worried to death about you!

Where have you been?"

The judge blushed and clung to his
wife's hand. "Why, we've been get-
ting married!"

"Married!" echoed Edith. "Without
saying a word to me? Why, mother!"

"But you and Harley have married
without consulting us!"

"Married?" interrupted Edith inno-
cently. "Why, mother, dear! I wouldn't
marry without your blessing. And I
want a home wedding, with all my
friends and heaps of presents—and we
shall take the Cupid express, shall
we, Harley?"

A smile flickered on Harley's face.

"Sure we will, if it didn't ob-
ject."

But the bride and bridegroom, walk-
ing ahead, were so absorbed in each
other that they never answered the
question. But, as Harley told his
sweetheart, it was one of those ques-
tions that answered themselves.

WANSTEAD

A very enjoyable gathering was
held at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
Edwin Morris on Thursday evening,
March 22nd, when about 50 of their
friends and neighbors joined with
them in celebrating the tenth anni-
versary of their marriage. Dancing
was indulged in, the music being sup-
plied by an orchestra from Sarnia.
All joined in wishing Mr. and Mrs.
Morris many happy returns of the
day.

The monthly meeting of the U.F.
W.O. was held at the home of Mrs.
Albert Thompson on Wednesday,
March 21st, with a good attendance.
In the absence of the president, who
was indisposed, the chair was taken
by the vice-president, Mrs. McPhed-
ran. A splendid paper on poultry
was given by Mrs. Thompson, which
was afterwards discussed by the
members. The meeting closed with
the National Anthem, after which
the hostess served a dainty lunch.
The next meeting of the club will be
held at the home of Mr. Orville Ram-
say.

The next meeting of the Farmers'
Club will be held in the school on
Wednesday evening, April 4th. A
full attendance of members is re-
quested. Mr. W. P. Macdonald, Pe-
trollia, will be present.

Mr. Arch Williamson will ship hogs
on Saturday, March 31st. Note the
change from Monday.

The regular meeting of the W.
Y.P.O. met on Tuesday, March 20,
with a splendid attendance. The
meeting opened by singing "O,
Canada," which was followed by
the minutes of the previous meet-
ing being read. Miss Blanche Coop-
er having resigned, Miss Edna Wil-
liams is the new sec-treas.

After musical and vocal selections a de-
bate followed: "Resolved that the
girls have a better time than the
boys."

Mr. Ross Anderson and Miss
Dorothy McPhedran were captains
Jno. E. Capes, Ross Anderson and
Arthur Vickers were the affirmative
debaters, while Jennie Alexander,
Margaret Lampman and Ethel Mills
put forth the negative side in fine
style. J. E. Capes, leading the af-
firmative side scored the girls in a
terrible manner both in leading the
debate and replying for the good
time they had, but the judges, Mary
McPhedran, Mrs. R. Miller and
Bruce Robinson, gave the decision in
the negative by a couple of points.
Next meeting April 17th.

Mr. Russell H. Anderson, of Mc-
Master University, Toronto, took the
service in Calvary Baptist church on
Sunday last, a goodly number turn-
ing out to hear one of alvary's own
sons. He will be home until Easter.

The S.S. of Calvary Baptist church
was given a rare treat at the home
of the superintendent, D. N. Ander-
son, by way of a taffy pull. The
evening was spent in singing, games
and music. At the conclusion of the
evening's enjoyment, Miss Kathleen
Simpson, who leaves for Welland on
April 2nd to train for a nurse, was
presented with a beautiful brooch.

The basket ball team also presented
her with a ring. The best wishes of
the community follow Miss Simpson
in her new undertaking.

Spring is here and the weather is
ideal. Robins are chirping every-
where. The farmers are busy having
buzz bees.

The basket ball girls of Wanstead
met at the home of Miss Mary Mc-
Phedran Tuesday afternoon and en-
gaged in quilting, during which time
they presented Miss Cassie Simpson
with a beautiful little ring, onyx and
pearls, as a token of remembrance.

A concert will be given in Wan-
stead schoolhouse on Friday, April 6,
by the Young People's Society, en-
titled "The Young Village Doctor."

Music and vocal selections. Admis-
sion 25c. and 15c.