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How Backache and Periodic Pains Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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Mrs. Kelsey Adds Her Testimony
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When a mother detects from the writhing and fretting of a child that worms are troubling it, she can procure a reliable remedy in Miller's Worm Powders which will expel all worms from the system. They may cause vomiting, but this need cause no anxiety, because it is but a manifestation of their thorough work. No worms can long exist where these Powders are used.

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necessary to make an impression upon men accustomed to obeying such a command whenever given. Instinctively the column slowed up; some of the Foreign Legion, old coast artillerymen, no doubt, came to a halt with promptness and precision; all stared at Mother Jenks.

"Ow about 'arf a dozen cases o' good brandy for the wounded?" Mother Jenks suggested. "An' 'ow about a bally old woman for a Red Cross nurse?"

"You're on, ma'am," the foreign leader replied promptly, and translated the old lady's suggestion to Dr. Pacheco, who accepted gratefully and thanked Mother Jenks in purest Castilian. So a detail of six men was told off to carry the six cases of brandy out of El Buen Amigo and load them on the ammunition carts; then Mother Jenks crawled up into the armored truck with the machine gun crew, and the column once more took up its line of rapid march.

The objective of this unsuspected force within the city was, as Ricardo Rucy shrewdly suspected it might be, poorly garrisoned. Usually a force of fully 500 men was stationed at the national arsenal, but the sharp, savage attack from the west, so sudden and unexpected, had thrown Sarros into a panic and left him no time to plan his defense carefully. His first thought had been to send all his available forces to support the troops bearing the brunt of the rebel attack, and it was tremendously important that this should be done very promptly, in view of the lack of information concerning the numerical force of the enemy; consequently he had reduced the arsenal force to 100 men and retained only his favorite troops of the guards and one company of the Fifteenth infantry to protect the palace.

Acting under hastily given telephonic orders, the commanding officer at the cantonment barracks had detailed a few hundred men to fight a rear-guard action while the main army fell back in good order behind a railway embankment which swept in a wide arc around the city and offered an excellent substitute for breastworks. This position had scarcely been attained before the furious advance of the rebels drove in the rear guard, and pending the capture of the arsenal, Ricardo realized his operations were at an impasse. Promptly he dug himself in, and the battle developed into a brisk affair of give and take, involving meager losses to both factions, but an appalling wastage of ammunition.

The arsenal, a large, modern concrete building with tremendously thick walls reinforced by steel, would have offered fairly good resistance to the average field battery. Surrounding it on all four sides was a reinforced concrete wall 30 feet high, with machine gun bastions at each corner and a platform along the wall, inside and 25 feet from the ground, which afforded foot room for infantry which could use the top five feet of the wall for protection while firing over it. There was but one entrance, a heavy, barred steel gate which was always kept locked when it was not necessary to have it open for ingress or egress. Given warning of an attack and with sufficient time to prepare for it, 100 of the right sort of fighting men could withstand an indefinite siege by a force not provided with artillery heavier than an ordinary field gun. With a full realization of this, therefore, Ricardo and his confederates had destined to accomplish by strategy that which could not be done by the limited forces at their command.

As the column approached the neighborhood of the arsenal, three detachments broke away from the main body and disappeared down side streets, to turn at right angles later and march parallel with the main command. Each of these detachments was accompanied by one unit of the motorcycle mounted machine gun battery with its white crew; two blocks beyond the arsenal square each detachment leader so disposed his men as to offer spirited resistance to any sortie that might be made by the troops from the palace in the hope of driving off the attackers of the arsenal.

Having thus provided for protection during its operations, the main body nominally under Dr. Pacheco but in reality commanded by the chief of the machine gun company, proceeded to operate. With the utmost assurance in the world the armored truck rolled down the street to the arsenal entrance, swung in and pointed its impudent nose straight at the iron bars while the hidden chauffeur called loudly and profanely in Spanish upon the sentry to open the gate and let him in—that there was necessity for great hurry, since he had been sent down from the palace by the president himself, for machine guns to equip this armored motorcar. The sentry immediately called the officer of the guard, who peered out, observed nothing but the motortruck, which seemed far from dangerous, and without further ado inserted a huge key in the lock and turned the bolt. The

sentry swung the massive iron gate, and with a prolonged and raucous foot of its horn the big car loafed in. The sentry closed the gate again, while the officer stepped up to turn the key in the lock. Instead, he died with half a dozen pistol bullets through his body, and the sentry sprawled beside him.

The prolonged foot of the motorhorn had been the signal agreed upon to apprise the detachment waiting in a secluded back street that the truck was inside the arsenal wall. With a yell they swept out of the side street and down on the gate, through which they poured into the arsenal grounds. At sound of the first shot at the gate, the commandante of the garrison, which had been drawn up in a double rank for reveille roll call, realized he was attacked, and that swift measures were necessary. Fortunately for him, his men were standing at attention at the time, preparatory to receiving from him one of those ante-battle exhortations so dear to the Latin soul.

A sharp command, and the little garrison had fixed bayonets; another command, and they were in line of squads; before the autotruck could be swung sideways to permit a machine gun to play on the Sobranteans in close formation, the latter had thrown out a skirmish line and were charging; while from the guardhouse window, just inside the gate, a volley poured into the unprotected rear of the truck following its passage through the gate, did deadly execution. The driver, a bullet through his back, sagged forward into his steel-clad citadel; both machine gun operators were wounded, and the truck was stalled. The situation was desperate.

"I'm a gone goose," mourned Don Juan Cafetero, and he leaped from the shambles to the ground, with some hazy notion of making his escape through the gate. He was too late. Two men, riding tandem on a motorcycle with a machine gun in the specially constructed side-car, appeared in the entrance and leaped off; almost before Don Juan had time to dodge behind the motortruck to escape possible wild bullets, the machine gun was sweeping the oncoming skirmish line. Don Juan cheered as man after man of the garrison pitched on his face, for the odds were rapidly being evened now, greatly to the pleasure of the men charging through the gate to support the machine gun. Out into the arsenal yard they swept, forcing the machine gun crew to cease firing because of the danger of killing their own men; with a shock bayonet met bayonet in the center of the yard, and the issue was up for prompt and final decision.

Don Juan's Iberian blood thrilled; he cast about for a weapon in this emergency, and his glance rested on the body of the dead officer beside the gate. To possess himself of the latter's heavy "cut-and-thrust" sword was the work of seconds, and with a royal good will Don Juan launched himself into the heart of the scrim-



Launched Himself into the Heart of the Scrimmage.

mage. He had a hazy impression that he was striking and stabbing, that others were striking and stabbing at him, that men crowded and breathed and pressed and swore and grunted around him, that the fighting-room was no better than it might have been, but was rapidly improving. Then the gory fog lifted, and Doctor Pacheco had Don Juan by the hand; they stood together in the arsenal entrance, and the little Doctor was explaining to the war-mad Don Juan that all was over in so far as the arsenal was concerned—the survivors of the garrison having surrendered—that now, having the opportunity, he, Doctor Pacheco, desired to thank Don Juan Cafetero for his life. Don Juan looked at him

amazedly, for he hadn't the slightest idea what the Doctor was talking about. He spat, gazed around at the litter of corpses on the arsenal lawn, and nodded his red head approvingly.

In an incredibly short space of time the news that the arsenal had been captured and that Sarros was besieged in the palace spread through the city. The sight of the red banner of revolution floating over the arsenal for the first time in fifteen years brought hundreds of willing recruits to the rebel ranks, as Ricardo Rucy had anticipated; these were quickly supplied with arms and ammunition; by ten o'clock a battalion had been formed and sent off, together with the machine gun company, to connect with the San Bruno contingent advancing from the south to turn the flank of the government troops while the equipping of an additional battalion proceeded within the arsenal. As fast as the new levies were armed, they were hurried off to re-enforce the handful of white men who had, after clearing the arsenal, advanced on the palace and now, with machine guns from the arsenal commanding all avenues of escape from the trap wherein Sarros found himself, were calmly awaiting developments, merely keeping an eye open for snipers.

Thus the forenoon passed away. By one o'clock Don Juan Cafetero—who in the absence of close-range fighting had elected himself ordnance sergeant—passed out the last rifle and ammunition. He was red with slaughter, slippery with gun-grease, dripping with perspiration, and filthy with dust and dirt. "Begorra," he declared, "a 'owld bottle av beer would go fine now." Then, recalling his limitations, he sighed and put the thought from him. It revived in him, however, for the first time since he had left the steamer, a memory of John Stuart Webster, and his promise to the latter to report on the progress of the war. So Don Juan sought Doctor Pacheco in his headquarters and learned that a signal-man, heliographing from the roof of the arsenal, had been in communication with General Rucy, who reported the situation well in hand, with no doubt of an overwhelming victory before the day should be over. This and sundry other bits of information Don Juan gleaned and then deserted the Sobrantean revolutionary army quite as casually as he had joined it, to make his precarious way down the Calle San Rosario to the bay.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford station as follows:

GOING WEST
Accommodation, 111.....8.42 a.m.
Chicago Express, 17.....12.40 p.m.
Detroit Express, 23.....6.51 p.m.
(a) Chicago Express, 19.41 p.m.

GOING EAST
Ontario Limited, 89.....7.18 a.m.
Chicago Express, 6.....11.22 a.m.
Express.....2.50 p.m.
Accommodation, 112.....5.38 p.m.
(a) Stops to let off passengers from Hamilton and east thereof, and to take on passengers for Chicago.
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50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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C. W. VAIL, Agent, Watford.

vice president
you, and what are you
the man behind the
anded brusquely.
ate John J. Cafferty, the
to the Rucy army. "Don
red composedly. "Who did
was? Private secretary to
Sarros? Man, dear, lower
yours, for God knows I'm
ough as it is. Have ye
ye could give me to fight
who had challenged him—
iffy individual from the
order—looked him over
ing eyes. "You'll do, Caf-
mer," he drawled, "and if
you'll wish you had. There's
very rifle just now, but I
surprised if there'd be a
more rifles than men be-
while. Help yourself to
the first man that goes
e meantime, hop into that
and keep the cartridge
e machine guns full up,
in time."
further ado Don Juan
the truck. A little cit-
set steel had been built
driver's seat, with a nar-
row front through which the
d out. The body of the
en boxed in with the same
housed two machine guns,
d a crew of half a dozen
d on the floor engaged in
ets. Four motor bicycles,
specially-built side cars
d a machine gun in each
e waiting near by, togeth-
half-dozen country carts
ammunition cases and
orses.
do we start?" Don Juan
iously, as he crowded
e of his new-found com-

"this individual replied
takable accents of an Ox-
that the plan is to wait
lock; by that time all the
troops that can be spared
enal and palace will have
hed to the fighting now
west of the city. Natu-
vernment forces aren't
an attack from the rear,
will, in all probability,
r base. I believe that
sk; certainly it will save
odded his entire approval
d plan of campaign and
g cartridges in the web
while he whistled softly,
and with puffing, hissing
on his snagle teeth, until
gentleman (it was Doc-
came out of the ware-
ve the order to proceed,
ed along the water front
s and then turned up a
hich happened to be the
necordia, thus enabling
who was peering from
of El Buen Amigo, to see

e muttered. "Enery
The worm is turnin'.



They're Comin'!"
sars you've wyted for
love, but tody you'll
out into the street and
nd in a gesture as au-
impetuous as that of a
"Batter-r-ry 'alt!" she
nd heard the late "En-
sommand often enough
ad the exact infection.

on Page Seven)

dren Cry FLETCHER'S STORIA