

NOTICE

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO HEAT YOUR HOUSE NEXT WINTER

HOT WATER
OR
HOT AIR?

If you are going to—PUT IN THAT BATH ROOM—this summer, don't fail to get our price.

HEADQUARTERS FOR Pumps, Cylinders, Sinks, Pipe and Fittings, Eavetroughing, and Repairing of all kinds. No job too big and no job too small.

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SHORTHORN CATTLE and LINCOLN SHEEP SOLD OUT

Will buy any number of registered or good grade Lincoln ram lambs or yearlings for immediate or September delivery, write or phone.

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AGENT FOR
FIRE, ACCIDENT AND SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES.
REPRESENTING
Five Old and Reliable Fire Insurance Companies

If you want your property insured, call on J. H. HUME and get his rates.

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Ticket Agent For C. P. R.—Ticket to all points in Manitoba, Northwest and British Columbia

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WATFORD - ONTARIO

GOOD WORK

PROMPT ATTENTION

REASONABLE PRICES

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

RESIDENCE—ST CLAIR STREET

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST

Accommodation, 75..... 8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 13..... 1 16 p.m.
Accommodation, 95..... 6 44 p.m.

GOING EAST

Accommodation, 80..... 7 38 a.m.
New York Express, 6..... 11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 18..... 2 58 p.m.
Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent, Watford

WAISTCOATS SURE OF FAVOR

Garment Promises to Be Much Worn This Spring, Adding to the Wardrobe of Smart Women.

Waistcoats are surely to be much worn this spring and an important accessory in the smart woman's wardrobe, since the neckwear counters in most shops show them in most tempting cut and color.

The fact is, notes a fashion writer, owing to the wool shortage that makes necessary a curtailing of the amount of fabric in the woollen suit for spring, the Eton coat and other types of short coat are coming in with a vengeance. And the waistcoat that extends below the coat in front will help to piece out this stubby little coat.

Clever women will find an excellent way of remodeling last year's suit by shortening the coat—or having a tailor do so for them—and brightening it and rejuvenating it by adding a waistcoat.



After supper was over, young Gideon Sennett changed his rough clothing for a little better suit, then set to work on the road towards the Alstetter homestead.

He had worked hard in the hayfield all day. His back ached, his arms were sore but this was Wednesday night. On the white wooden steps of the church a mile away, Flavilla Linger would wait for him. They could sit there quietly until he was rested.

Flavilla was there. He saw her from afar, her pink calico gown making a bright spot against the whiteness of the steps. It was just after sunset when he started, there were rosy clouds still in the west. Flavilla was not a pretty girl, but she had a smile that meant volumes. It was worth a very long walk to see.

These two devoted young people were shy and awkward in the expression of deep feeling between them. Their very loneliness while boy and girl at school had drawn them to each other. He was an orphan and her father had long since married a woman who resented her existence. Neither Gideon or Flavilla had any but a grudging life up to the time each was able to work. Then came days of toil with little to enliven them or breed aspiration.

Stranger things have happened than that both should be absurdly ambitious. In Gideon's family, two generations back, there had been a preacher. He was a devout man, well educated for his time, and not without power in oratory. His son, Gideon's father, had been not only stupid, but a ne'er-do-well. In his grandson, Gideon revived the devotion, the ambition, the gift of speech, the sturdy industry.

Flavilla wanted a home different from what her home had been. She dreamed of peaceful days, of thrifty management, of love, of being kind to those about her. She entered enthusiastically into Gideon's ideas, she stimulated him from his boyhood to daring dreams of success.

For seven years they worked, toiled, dreamed. Tonight, as they sat on the steps of the church where the grandfather had lifted up his voice, they seemed little nearer to the fulfillment of their hopes than before. Physically weary, Gideon's spirits wavered.

Flavilla was a year the older. That counts a great deal at 19 and 20. Besides, in her burned a more enthusiastic and steady fire.

"I don't see how it can be done this fall, Flavie. I've got the money for the college course, but how am I going to live?"

"Twouldn't take much to keep us."

"Us! O, Flavie!"

"You're never going without me, Gideon, I've got some money, you know."

"It might be. When hayin's over. I'll go up and see."

This is the reason why a meeting of the faculty of a certain college and theological seminary was interrupted one day by a stalwart country lad. He came asking impudently for entrance into college, with little money and no church influence to back him.

CASTORIA

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Then Gideon talked. The spirit of his grandfather seemed in him. He told of his dreams for years, his toil and Flavilla's interest and encouragement. How well he expressed himself at that time he never knew, but as the old president walked from Recitation Hall to the library afterwards with the professor of Greek, he said gently.

"It is a long time since I felt that a lad had such a clear call. I had been wondering if there was to be no more inspiration."

They promised Gideon shelter in a part of a house on the campus. He went back to Flavilla triumphant. Now was Gideon the very word of the Lord.

In the quiet country neighborhood his return, the projected wedding, such projects for a lad of no property caused the wildest excitement. Flavilla, from scarce more than a drudge, at once became the most envied girl in the township. Her setting-out was discussed far and near. She had many presents from women who thought that by helping her, they gave directly to the Lord. Meetings were held to help her sew and it was from these grew that idea that afterwards caused such a sensation at the college.

The neighborhood religion had been for years a dead letter. The small country church with its pulpit reached by a winding stair, its benches black with age, had not been opened for many years. Now a sentiment grew to open it one Sunday during the summer and Gideon was asked to conduct a service by a committee of grave men.

"I am but entering college," he cried, this lad who had plowed from sunrise, "I know nothing yet of what I expect to learn. Men, it will be seven years before I am fit to teach the word of the Lord."

"The Lord will tell you what to say," said a very old man who remembered his grandfather, "and we have no other to speak to us, Gideon."

He promised to give them an answer on the morrow and went to see Flavilla. There was no happier woman than she those days. She was sitting at her sewing when Gideon came in, humming a quaint country ditty. He thought her a changed woman. Surely, she had never seemed so handsome in the olden days of toil and anxiety. He told her what the people asked. Its full meaning dawned upon her.

"You must do this thing, Gideon," she said, after a silence, "it will help both you and the people."

"But a sermon?"

Flavilla struggled with the thought. To her mind a sermon meant deep knowledge, research, feeling, conviction. Had not she talked these things over with Gideon since they were boy and girl together? The very fact of long, continued thought upon these subjects served well now.

"There will be nothing expected of you that you are not ready for," she told him after a time, "and since you cannot talk of great things, would it not be as well to speak of those at hand? Don't preach. You ain't fit. You're just a common man now. Talk man to man."

"And, Gideon, dear," she went on, "don't forget to talk a little to us women. We need lots o' God. It's a God for every day we want."

He only said, after a silence, "Flavilla, I guess I'll go on home."

She understood him. They walked down to the gate together. There was a dark evergreen tree there and he kissed her solemnly.

"Flavilla, you must wear your bride dress. And sit all alone on the front bench."

He still had his misgivings as to the propriety of his proceeding. The next morning he wrote a misspelled letter to the college president asking him for advice. Sunday came and no reply had reached him.

The interest in the meeting was widespread. It was a Sunday in late August and the little church was filled, the overflow standing about the doors and windows. Flavilla had chosen some of her old school mates to practice hymns with her. Their musical knowledge was limited but it would help. They sat on the second bench in their clean summer array.

On the first bench, alone, sat Flavilla. She wore the white dress she was to be married in, and a simple hat. When the house was full, Gideon walked in. He wore his new black suit, but looked like a true son of toil, a lad from the very midst of the people. Flavilla started a hymn, all sang who could, then Gideon read, not any too well, a portion of the Scriptures. Afterwards he stepped down from the pulpit and stood almost among them.

Gideon will never preach such a sermon again. He has gone from field and wood and pasture to more conventional paths. Never again will he walk between an actual living, human Christ and an actual, breathing community as on that day of his boyhood. He talked. God-life in common life in common ways, was made real. In the morning, at noon, in the tired hours of the evening, at toll, in dealing in

birth, life and death Christ-life was depicted. Then Gideon spoke a few sentences of his own future hopes and asked all to keep him in prayerful remembrance.

The silent and stolid people were more moved than they cared to show. Old men wrung his hand, women looked at him with misty eyes. Flavilla's tears ran down her cheeks as she bravely started the last hymn.

But, while the people reluctantly filed out, there strode into the church a man of presence, of speech. He put his arm about Gideon's shoulders, and looked at him with proud eyes.

"The Lord was with you," said the college president. The strange letter had brought him hither.

Gideon is now a great preacher. His own and Flavilla's dreams were nothing in comparison to the reality. They still tell at the college of his hard study, Flavilla's aid and comradeship and of the wagon load of provisions that came to them every few months from their old neighborhood. They still tell of Gideon's gift of speech, his honors, what a credit he is to the college. If you ask the secret of his mission, he looks at Flavilla and says, "I try to tell of an every day God and as man to man."

War Strategy and Chess.

The affinity between strategy and chess, recognized by Napoleon, is not very surprising, notes the London Chronicle. The game seems to have crystallized out of some old—perhaps prehistoric—military system akin to that overthrown by Alexander at the Hydaspes. Of that battle Arrian has left us a most spirited picture, in which we can now recognize a singular touch of modernity—the long line of Indian elephants wading, tanklike, in the Macedonian Phalanx. Probably, at its birth chess was a branch of military education rather than a form of amusement; and the various early changes in the game, of which we have record, were doubtless attempts to keep the instruction up to date and abreast with current alterations in armament and tactics.

U. S. Marines Dig Potatoes.

Consul John B. Terres, in a report from Port au Prince, Haiti, states that the cultivation of white potatoes was carried on extensively in the mountain regions of the island by members of the United States marine corps, and that it is probable they will be able to export the product of their labor to the United States. They have large tracts of land on which they raised all kinds of vegetables.—Commerce Reports.

IT IS A LIVER PILL.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulations now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Par-melee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

FASHION FLASHLIGHTS

Chainette embroidery is a favored ornamentation for Palm Beach suits. Smart wraps are actually being made of jersey cloth.

Rather stiff ornaments are used on the new millinery.

Dull and brilliant black are combined in smart frocks.

Poinsettia scarlet is one of the shades used for children.

It is to be a season of sport clothes for young women.

Pompadour silks for evening are made up with tight skirts.

Drapery seems to be the order of the latest spring fashions.

There is an epidemic of waistcoats. Pique, broche, tussah or satin may be the fabric.

Foulards and silk gingham are coming to the front of the spring dress ranks.

"Swat the brim!" appears to be the slogan of the designers of spring millinery.

Twine is used to form some rather marvelous florette decorations for sport hats.

Remember the dotted swiss you wore when a little girl? You can wear it again this year—the material, we mean.

Paris reports the sudden popularity of long chains of colored beads. The rule is twice around the neck and then a couple of yards.

Straw knitting bags to match hats are tagging along with the spring dress items, but they are not likely to stimulate the circulation of femina.

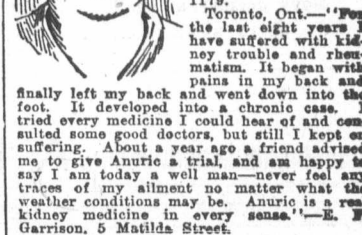
Wise experienced mothers know when their children are troubled with worms and lose no time in applying Miller's Worm Powders, the most effective vermifuge that can be used. It is absolute in clearing the system of worms and restoring those healthy conditions without which there can be no comfort for the child, hope of robust growth. It is the most trustworthy of worm exterminators.

ALL AT HOME SHOULD PREPARE FOR WAR

The first test a man is put through for either war or life insurance is an examination of his water. This is most essential because the kidneys play a most important part in causing premature old age and death. The more injurious the poisons passing through the kidneys the sooner comes decay—so says Dr. Pierce of Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., who further advises all people who are past thirty to preserve the vitality of the kidneys and free the blood from poisonous elements, such as uric acid—drink plenty of water—sweat some daily and take Anuric, double strength, before meals.

An-uric is a discovery of Dr. Pierce, and can be obtained at drug stores. For that backache, lumbago, rheumatism, "rusty" joints, swollen feet or hands, due to uric acid in the blood, Anuric quickly dissolves the uric acid as hot water does sugar. Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce for trial pkg.

Thorold, Ont.—"I think Anuric is the best I have ever taken. My kidneys had given me trouble for some time. I would suffer from backaches and swellings of the limbs. I took Anuric and it has entirely cured me of all my backache and has strengthened my kidneys so I feel safe in recommending it to others who suffer."—Mrs. C. A. Clarke, Box 1179, Toronto, Ont.—"For the last eight years I have suffered with kidney trouble and rheumatism. It began with pains in my back and finally left my back and went down into the feet. It developed into a chronic case. I tried every medicine I could hear of and consulted some good doctors, but still I kept on suffering. About a year ago a friend advised me to give Anuric a trial, and am happy to say I am today a well man—never feel any traces of my ailment no matter what the weather conditions may be. Anuric is a real kidney medicine in every sense."—E. W. Garrison, 5 Matilda Street.



MEN WHO ENLISTED IN 149 BATT. AT WATFORD

Lieut. W. H. Smyth, Headquarters

Ottawa.

Lieut. R. D. Swift, Scout Officer.

Sergt. W. D. Lamb

Sergt. M. W. Davies

Sergt. S. H. Hawkins

Sergt. E. A. Dodds

Sergt. W. C. McKinnon

Sergt. Geo. Gibbs

Sergt. H. Murphy

Sergt. C. F. Roche

Corp. W. M. Bruce

Corp. J. C. Anderson

Corp. J. Menzies

Corp. S. E. Dodds

Corp. H. Cooper

Corp. C. Skillen

Corp. C. E. Sisson

L. Corp. A. I. Small

B. Q. S. B. C. Culley

C. Q. S. C. McCormick

Pte. Frank Wilcox

Pte. A. Banks

Pte. F. Collins

Pte. A. Dempsey

Pte. J. R. Garrett

Pte. H. Jamieson

Pte. G. Lawrence

Pte. R. J. Lawrence

Pte. C. F. Lang

Pte. W. C. Pearce

Pte. T. E. Stilwell

Pte. A. H. Lewis, Band

Pte. G. A. Parker

Pte. A. W. Stillwell

Pte. W. J. Saunders

Pte. Bert Saunders

Pte. A. Armond

Pte. W. C. Aylesworth, Band

Pte. R. Clark, Bugler

Pte. S. L. McClung

Pte. J. McClung

Pte. C. Atchison

Pte. H. J. McPeley

Pte. H. B. Hubbard

Pte. G. Young

Pte. D. Bennett

Pte. F. J. Russell

Pte. E. Mayes

Pte. C. Haskett

Pte. S. Graham

Pte. W. Palmer

Pte. H. Thomas

Pte. F. Thomas

Pte. B. Trenouth

Pte. E. A. Shaumessy

Pte. W. Zavitz

Pte. W. J. Sayers

Pte. Lot Nicholls

Pte. John Lamb

Pte. Eston Fowler

Pte. E. Cooper

Pte. F. A. Connelly

Pte. F. Whitman

Pte. Edgar Oke

Pte. White

Pte. McGarrity

Pte. Wilson

Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer

Pte. L. H. Aylesworth, Band.

Made the Supreme Sacrifice

WATFORD AND VICINITY

Lt.-Col. R. G. Kelly

Capt. Thos. L. Swift

Sergt.-Major L. G. Newell

Pte. Alfred Woodward

Pte. Percy Mitchell

Pte. R. Ahalton

Pte. Thos. Lamb

Pte. J. Ward

Pte. Sid Brown

Pte. Gordon Patterson

Pte. F. Wakelin, D. C. M.

Pte. G. M. Fountain

Pte. H. Holmes

Pte. C. Stillwell

Pte. Macklin Hagie

Sergt. Clayton O. Fuller

Gunner Russell Howard Trenouth

Pte. Nichol McLachlan

Corp. Clarence L. Gibson

Signaller Roy E. Acton

Bandman A. I. Small