

# Watford Guide-Advocate

Volume XLVIII—No. 48

WATFORD, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1922

\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE  
In United States \$2.50

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

**Millinery Sale.**—A. Brown & Co. Only the mints can make money without advertising.

**Clearing Sale of all trimmed Hats** beginning today.—A. Brown & Co. See Jack Miner's famous bird-man pictures at the Lyceum, Nov. 28.

**Poultry, Cream and Eggs wanted!** Watch our weekly adv.—S. Stapleton & Son.

**Remember the Bible Society meeting** in the Baptist church this (Thursday) evening.

**Read the opening chapters of the new serial story "Webster—Man's Man,"** commenced in this issue.

**Jack Miner, the famous bird-man,** with interesting stories and moving pictures in the Lyceum, Nov. 28.

**The usual two minutes of silence** will be held Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. Let everyone faithfully observe it.

**The annual Thanksgiving Day in the Cong'l church** will be Sunday, Nov. 19th. Full announcement next week.

**Keep in mind the dates of the bazaar** to be given by the ladies of the Presbyterian church. They are Dec. 8 and 9.

**When in Toronto this week** completing our Christmas buying we got some wonderful values, goods on sale Saturday.—E. D. Swift.

**The regular meeting of Lambtons 149 I.O.O.F.** will be held at the home of Mrs. H. L. Luckham on Tuesday, Nov. 14th at 3 p.m.

**Trenouth & Co. are prepared to buy wheat** at the Grist Mill and solicits from farmers of the district a share of their grain. Highest prices paid.

**These wild geese which flew over Watford** were on their way to see Jack Miner. Be wiser than geese, stay in Watford and see and hear Jack Miner at the Lyceum, Tuesday, Nov. 28th.

**Isaac Farrow, lot 15, con. 6 Ennis-killen,** had the misfortune to lose his barn, two horses, two cows and two pigs by fire early Tuesday evening. The origin of the fire is not known. Loss about \$1,700. Insured in the Lambton Farmers' Mutual.

**If you owe us an account please pay at once,** as soon before the 15th as possible. It is necessary that we collect all accounts without delay, so please do not let us have to ask again.—P. Dodds & Son.

**Reeve Harner has disposed of his handsome residence on Victoria St.** to Major Franklin, possession to be given in the Spring. On account of the health of Mrs. Harner requiring change of climate the family will move West in the Spring.

**A meeting of citizens of Watford** will be held in the basement of the public library on Tuesday, Nov. 14 at 8 p.m. to consider the matter of the erection of a memorial for soldiers who fell in the war.

**Calvary and Watford Baptist churches** services Sunday, Nov. 12. Calvary at 3.00 p.m. and Watford at 7.00 p.m. Subject: "The Christian's two greatest duties." L. J. Stones, pastor.

**Rev. H. V. Workman attended a meeting** of the Sarnia Presbytery in St. Andrew's church, Sarnia, on Tuesday which was held to consider the call of Rev. Samuel McLean to Bruden and to arrange for his induction on Tuesday next.

**A warning to all grocers and others** who are engaged in the sale of lemon extract has gone forth from the police department as a result of the conviction registered against Wm. Siddall, of Chatham, on a charge of selling liquor. Siddall was fined \$50 and costs for selling lemon extract.

**Rev. John Murray of Forest will preach** in the Cong'l church on Sunday in the absence of Rev. T. DeCunrey Rayner who will be in Forest preaching anniversary sermons in the Cong'l church. These services were postponed from last week on account of the death of D.D. Brodie. Hear Mr. Murray at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

**100 trimmed hats, the season's finest** creations, on sale today at less than cost price.—A. Brown & Co.

**Another old and much esteemed resident** of Watford passed away at the Ontario Hospital, London, on Monday, Nov. 6th, in the person of Mrs. Naomi Reed, relict of Mr. George Reed, who predeceased her in 1902. She leaves to mourn her loss a daughter and son, Miss Rose Reed who is now in hospital at Gravenhurst, and Mr. George Reed of Detroit. The funeral was held on Thursday at 2 p.m. from Harper Bays, undertaking rooms to the cemetery, where the body was placed beside that of her husband. Rev. S. P. Irwin of Kingsville conducted the ceremony. Mrs. Reed was a resident of Watford for over 45 years and a life-long member of the Church of England.

**Buy your clothing at Swift's.** With the exception of Saturday, our store will be closed every evening at 8.30.—Siddall Drug Co.

**All the magistrates of Lambton County** will report to the status of justices of the peace, owing to the appointment of Mr. C. S. Woodrow, as county magistrate. Former county magistrates are still vested with authority to hear by-law cases or take information on cases which are later to come up before the newly-appointed magistrate.

**Six dozen Boys' heavy wool sweaters,** special price \$1.39.—Swift's.

**District No. 7 of the Independent Order of Oddfellows** had a red letter day in Parkhill on Thanksgiving day, the occasion being the annual lodge of instruction. A number of Oddfellows from Watford went over to take part in the proceedings, and every lodge in the jurisdiction was represented. The degrees were put on in a splendid manner. Supper was served and a most enjoyable day spent by the assembled brethren.

**Four dozen Men's Sweater Coats,** a snappy lot of Ladies' Coats with fur collars, from \$24.00 to \$29.00.—Swift's.

**A largely attended Orange service** was held in the Methodist church on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 5th. Rev. Capt. Riddiford of Burlington preached a special sermon to the brethren of the district on "The Power of Thinking," which was attentively listened to and much appreciated. The members of L.O.L. 505 and visiting brethren marched from the lodge room to the church. A good collection was taken up for the True Blue Orphanage.

**Heavy Shoes and Rubbers.** You need them any day now.—P. Dodds & Son.

**The regular meeting of the Women's Institute** will be held at the home of Mrs. T. G. Mitchell on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 15th, commencing at 3.30. Roll call: "Men." Mrs. Shurg, our District President, we expect will be present at this meeting. Mrs. McKay, Mrs. H. Humphries, Mrs. P. J. Dodds and Mrs. J. D. Borwn attended the Institute Convention held at London on the 7, 8, 9 Nov. All are cordially invited to attend our meeting in the afternoon.—Sec.

**The new coats and suits on sale Saturday.**—Swift's.

**Aside from all other considerations** the beautiful weather alone gave the people of Watford something to be thankful for on Monday for the day was one of the finest of the season and in consequence many utilized the opportunity to make automobile trips. The municipal thanksgiving service in the Lyceum in the morning was fairly well attended. All the local ministers took part. Another thing that put joy in the hearts of many was the arrival of a car of anthracite which was distributed in ton lots.

**Young men's nobby overcoats** on sale Friday.—Swift's.

**The first marriage ceremony** to be broadcasted by radio telephone was received at the home of Charles M. Fitzgerald while a number of his friends listened in. The ceremony was performed at 8.30 in Pittsburg by the Rev. J. Hichy Polcock of Pittscairn, when Miss Bertha Anna McMahon, daughter of Wm. McMahon, Pittsburg, became the bride of George Albert Carver of Swisvale, Penn. The voices of the minister and the contracting parties were very distinct. Previous to listening to this ceremony the speaking and music from the broadcasting station of the London Free Press provided entertainment. Later the evening's program was made still more varied by listening to the alternating election returns and music from Fort Worth, Texas, Louisville, Kentucky, and numerous other stations. A choir of seventy-five voices singing in Hampden, N.J., provided an excellent musical treat.

**Boys' bloomer pants, special value** large sizes \$2.00 to \$2.99.—Swift's

**COMMUNITY THANKSGIVING SERVICE**

**A Community Thanksgiving Service** was held in the Lyceum, Watford, on Monday morning at ten o'clock. Mr. W. G. Connolly presided in the absence of the Reeve.

**The local clergymen:** Rev. T. D. Rayner, Rev. W. K. Hager, Rev. E. H. Savers, Rev. J. H. Hosford and Rev. H. V. Workman took part in the service.

**The address was given by Rev. H. V. Workman of the Presbyterian church.** The speaker endeavored to remind the citizens of the goodness of God, and that we only have a Christian conception of God when we know the God of Jesus Christ. He also spoke of the sacrifice of our boys in the Great War and cautioned the hearers not to too soon forget the price that was paid to allow us to enjoy our religious and political liberties.

**An offering was taken to help to maintain a memorial flower bed** on the Federal Square.

**PERSONAL**  
Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Swift were in Toronto this week.

Mr. R. Clark, Huron street, was home for the weekend.

Miss Gladys Shrapnell, Ingersoll, was home for Thanksgiving.

Miss Jean L. Fitzgerald spent Thanksgiving at her home here.

Mrs. J. Harton, Strathroy, spent the week end at L. H. Aylesworth's.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Cowan, Drumbo, spent the weekend at Mr. J. Lovell's.

Miss Dorothy Seager, Sarnia, was the guest at the home of W. E. Fitzgerald.

The Misses Tanner, St. Thomas, spent Thanksgiving in Watford with their mother.

Mrs. Neil McLean, Sarnia, spent Thanksgiving here with her sister, Mrs. Bennett.

Home for Thanksgiving, George H. Chambers and William Coke, from Western University.

Mr. Jos. N. Campbell returned this week from a lengthened visit with friends in the West.

Misses Jean and Lizzie McKecher, Windsor, and Miss Jessie McKecher, Hamilton, were home for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. M. J. Rogers and her two grandsons, Toronto, spent Thanksgiving with her daughter Mrs. Thos. Collins.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Morningstar and little daughter, Helen, are spending a couple of weeks in Muskoxon and Shelley, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Clark and granddaughter, Margaret Jackson, spent Thanksgiving day with Mr. and Mrs. A. Cox, Warwick.

Miss G. Davidson, Mt. Brydges, Miss C. McManus, Kitchener, Miss Merle Logan, St. Catharines, were home for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. W. C. Aylesworth and baby Phyllis, returned today after spending the past three weeks at her former home in Petrolia.

Miss Elsie Brown and Mrs. H. Y. Williams and children spent the holiday at their brother's, Mr. J. L. Brown, Froomfield.

Mr. W. H. Nixon received a hurry call to Sheldon on Tuesday on account of the manager of the Sterling Bank at that place having been killed in an automobile accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marwick and family of Sarnia; Mrs. W. E. Stacey and son of London; Mr. and Mrs. R. James McMurray of Ennis-killen and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Lewis of Glamorgan Farm, Warwick, spent Thanksgiving with their mother, Mrs. Mary Clark, Huron Street.

**WATFORD METHODIST CHURCH ANNIVERSARY**  
Watford Methodist church anniversary services were held in the church on Sunday, Nov. 5th. Rev. Mr. Shoup of Theford preached the inspiring services, which were very much appreciated. Mrs. LeSueur of Sarnia, charmed the audiences by her vocal selections; Mrs. L. Millar and Mr. W. G. Connolly sang a duet and both were in excellent voice. Mr. Connolly and Mrs. Millar are always enjoyed by their audience. Rev. W. K. Hager occupied the chair in his usual pleasing manner. The proceeds of the Thanksgiving services will be about \$250.

**BORN**  
In Sarnia, on Oct. 17, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Littlewood, of Sarnia (nee Miss Kathleen Ross), a son.

**MARRIED**  
In Sarnia, November 1, Miss Mamie Kerton, daughter of Mr. Jos. Kerton, to Mr. Chas. Pole, Sarnia. At the Methodist parsonage, Forest, on Monday, October 30th by the Rev. G. Jewitt, Miss Mary Mabel Stoddill of Plympton township, to Mr. William James Burnham, of Warwick.

**DIED**  
In Warwick, on Sunday, Oct. 29th, John E. Peck, in his 67th year.  
In Brooke, on Thursday, Oct. 26th, Malcolm D. MacLachlan in his 29 year.  
In London, on Monday, Nov. 6th, 1922, Naonie, relict of the late George Reid of Watford, aged 84 years.

## PRACTICAL SYMPATHY

One of the many tragedies arising out of the recent Northern Ontario fire is the position in which the unfortunate policy holders of the Temiskaming Mutual Insurance Company find themselves. They had losses of about \$57,000.00, with less than \$3,000.00 in the treasury, and as the remainder of their assets consisted of the notes of those practically cleaned out by the fire there seemed to be not much hope for those who had placed reliance in the Mutual system of insurance. But it appears that their faith in this system was not misplaced, as subsequent events prove.

The Farmers' Mutual Insurance Companies of the province, gave a demonstration of operative spirit and practical brotherly sympathy by coming to the aid of the Temiskaming Company with subscriptions to help them out of their difficulties. Not a single Company refused to help, and by the end of October a total of \$17,781.00 has been offered to the stricken Company in the North. Among the subscriptions are \$1,500.00, or twelve cents on every \$1000.00 of insurance carried on every \$1000.00 of insurance carried on every \$1000.00.

They saw their duty and did it.

## WATFORD PUBLIC SCHOOL

Following is the Honor Roll for Watford Public School for the month of September and October, 1922. Pass Standing requires 60 per cent. and Honor Standing 75 per cent. The names are arranged in order of merit.

**Division I—Primary Room**  
Miss M. Reid, Teacher  
Class I—Honors—Margaret Jackson, Phyllis Lovell, Dorothy Willoughby, Katherine Howden and Doris Kersey, Bruce Hay, Edith Savers, Jack Rogers, Frances McManus, Audrey James, Kathleen Laird, Warren Bate.

**Class II and III, Honors—Donald Aylesworth, Anna Jean McLaren and Verne Williams, Edith Callahan and Clayton Fuller, Russell Mahon, Pass**

**Genevieve Brush, Sidney Welsh, Bessie Dillon, Margaret Elliott, Jessie Delmore, Gladys Dickson, Kenneth Kersey, Robert Newell.**

**Division II—First Class**  
Miss L. Cameron, Teacher  
Honors—Earl James, Donald Tait, Patty Millar, Beatrice Spalding, Paul Lovell, Helen Callahan, Doris Harner, Keith Aylesworth, Foster Thompson, Fred Kelly, Alexander McLaren, Ruth Savers.

**Division III—Second Class**  
Miss J. L. Hume, Teacher  
Honors—Ivan Caley, Herbert Tait, Grant Lovell, Margaret Sharp, Allan Brown, John Hollingsworth, Bertie Kersey, Pass—Irene James, Marion Roberts, Margery Hicks, Laird Stapleford, Keith Hollingsworth, Dean Steadman, Heleh Nixon, Kenneth Rayner.

**Division IV—Third Class**  
Miss E. Hume, Teacher  
Class III, Honors—Ross Kersey, Elizabeth Watson, Cecil Hollingsworth, Jean Sharp, Carl A. Class, Llewellyn McNally, T. J. Kersey, Pass—Gladys James, Gordon Rayner, Bertha Durstan, Leslie McIntosh, Lyle McIntosh, Frank Durstan, Margaret Collins, Robert Bruce, Margaret Bayley.

**Class II, Honors—Jack Nixon, Pass—Margaret Edwards, Hanley Millar, Mary Hay, Doris Howden, Edward Jacklin, Elmer Doan, Avery Dodds, Dorothy Kersey.**

**Division IV—Fourth Class**  
Principal's Room  
Sr. IV, Honors—Muriel Howden 83%, Mary McGillicuddy 82%, Constance Kelly 81%, Regina Stapleford 80%, Pass—Vance Kersey 63%, Below Pass—Mac McIntosh 59%, Frank McCrae 58%, Clayton Chittick 53%.

**Jr. IV, Honors—Marjorie Callahan 84%, Marguerite Kersey 82%, Fred Piercey 79%, Edward Logan 79%, Alberta Lovell 78%, Pass—Lizzie Spalding 71%, Edna McIntosh 71%, Ora Kersey 71%, Billie Vail 69%, George Tait 68%, Robt. Chambers 68%, Fern Roberts 64%, Melvin Hastings 63%, Below Pass—Eva Newell 58%.**

**J. H. Mahon, Principal.**

**LOW PRICES AT FARM SALES**  
A Newbury correspondent writes: At a couple of sales near here recently hay sold for as low as \$4 a ton, horses from \$2 up to \$20, and fair ones at that. Cows brought a fair price, as butter is getting scarce and cream higher, but as to farm machinery it's almost a case of walk up and take one. A chap lucky enough to have \$100 to his credit can buy a full farming equipment now almost any day. A first class wagon was sold the other day for \$8, a splendid drill for \$10, and a cream separator, looking like new, for \$6.

Mrs. Lowry left this week for a visit with friends in St. Clair, Mich.

## CHOP STUFF

Reeve Albert E. Rosser of McMillivray was married recently to Miss Bessie Westcott of Ailsa Craig.

Rev. Fr. Hodgkinson, parish priest of Woodlee for 27 years, died in Toronto recently.

Ten assignments were made by Kent County people under the bankruptcy Act in October, according to statements by local officials.

A Strathroy man is experimenting in growing sweet potatoes. From the seed of one potato he raised 72 potatoes, said to be as good as the southern production.

Proposed amalgamation of Walkerville and Ford will be placed before electors of the two municipalities December 11th, when the annual municipal elections will be held.

Mrs. Reginald Baxter, Miss Joyce and the former's mother, Mrs. Chapman, Keyser, left on Tuesday, Oct. 31st, for Tiverton, England where they intend to spend the winter.

Mrs. Dickson, wife of Gordon Dickson, manager of the Royal Bank, Glencoe, died Wednesday in St. Joseph's hospital, London. She underwent an operation on Tuesday.

Canada produced 388 million and the United States 810 million bushels of wheat this season. With one-third of the population of the United States, Canada grew nearly half as much wheat.

Amherstburg, Nov. 2.—Robert Stage, 90, native of Aberdeenshire, and for some years resident of Amherstburg, died suddenly to-day. For 40 years, Mr. Stage was chief engineer for Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company, retiring in 1902.

The garage and warehouse of Jas. D. Black & Son, at Dutton, was badly damaged by fire a few nights ago. The fire originated in a box of refuse outside the building and appears to have been caused by a cigarette thrown away by a careless smoker.

The large barn of Mr. T. G. Johnston, near the C.P.R. depot, Thamesville, was burned to the ground last Friday morning with a loss of practically the whole season's crops and a large number of implements. The building was a goodly sized one, and Mr. Johnston's loss will be considerable.

Isaac Palmer, of the eighth concession of Bosanquet, suffered a stroke of paralysis on Monday morning, and passed away shortly afterwards without gaining consciousness. He was in his 61st year. Besides his wife, formerly Maria Sadler, he is survived by two sons.

The death occurred suddenly at his home, Howard Township, of Malcolm Campbell, one of the most respected citizens of the district. When Mr. Campbell did not appear at breakfast, his son, Neil Campbell, went to call and found him dead lying across the bed. He had one shoe on and the other in his hand evidently having just started to dress when overcame. The late Mr. Campbell was in his eightieth year.

Denis Cadette of Essex is laid up at his home as a result of injuries received at Aaron Hill's brickyard last Saturday afternoon. He was removing some tile from one of the kilns when a number of bricks from a chimney fell on him, knocking him down and rendering him unconscious for some time. He sustained numerous bruises about the head, body and limbs, but it is hoped that none will prove serious.

The first High School in Parkhill was opened in 1872 in one of the rooms of what is now the South wing of the Public School. Simon McLeod, the first Reeve of the village and others took the necessary steps to secure this educational boon for the young folk of half a century ago.

In 50 years the School has had 11 Principals, and, allowing four years as the average School life, twelve generations of Pupils have come and gone.

A warrant has been signed by Magistrate Kelly, of Petrolia, for the arrest of C. A. McDonald, until recently an employee of the Bank of Toronto, at Oil Springs. McDonald is charged with obtaining money by false pretences from Mrs. M. McKelvie, McDonald, whose home is in Hensall, is alleged to have issued three checks totalling \$40 in value on the Molsens Bank, Hensall, which were returned marked "no funds."

Provincial officers are seeking McDonald, who left Petrolia; where he had been for several weeks.

Mr. John Beatty, aged about 46 years, of Dawn Township, who resides about one mile from Florence, on the River Road, was badly injured early Monday evening. It appears that he was unharnessing a team when he was either kicked or jammed by a horse, his head having been pushed through a partition in the stall of the stable. His injuries consisted of a cut of about four inches on his right cheek, cuts over both eyes, bruises to his breast and shoulders, and a gash at the back of his head, besides probably internal injuries. At last reports he was in a very serious condition.

**How does your Subscription stand?**

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fourteen horses started

WAR TAX EXTRA  
COMMENCES 8.15

and Adair will open  
room at Delaware Village.



### Good Luck

is thought to go a long way, but Good Judgment goes farther. TO USE

# "SALADA"

IS GOOD JUDGMENT.

"The Tea that is always Reliable."

## Winsome Soap



Here is reached the very pinnacle of achievement in toilet Soaps. Never have the world famous Vinolia Laboratories created a soap of which they are more proud than this—the pure, white, dainty free lathering Winsome.

Only the very choicest coconut and palm oils from our own plantations are used. And not only absolutely pure—but prepared after years of study of the water and climate conditions all over Canada—with a view of giving to Canadian women a soap made scientifically and exclusively for them.

Make a lather in warm water with 'Winsome' Soap. Use both hands and gently massage every inch of the face and neck, work the fingers into the skin and take a little time to it. Then rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel. If your skin is naturally dry, use a little Vinolia Vanishing Cream before you wash, and a little after. If your skin is naturally oily, wash in warm water, but always rinse in cold.

Keep this up daily and neither roughs nor powder, rough winds nor hot sun, can injure your skin. 'Winsome' Soap "treatment" will make it naturally robust and glowing with color and beauty.

Siddall Drug Co.

### Guide-Advocate

Member of Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association. W. C. Aylesworth, Publisher. T. Harris, Editor.

**ADVERTISING RATES**  
Display Ads, set, transient 25c in. Display Ads, set, year contract 16c in. Display Ads, plate . . . . . 16c in. Special Position . . . . . 25c in. Theatrical Adv'ts with reader or cut . . . . . 35c per in. Business Locals, Front Page 10c per line, inside pages 5c per line.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1922

#### NOTE AND COMMENT

You can now buy 5,517 German marks for a dollar, but there is no rush to invest in the waste-paper industry.

How would you like to get married and have to sneak your bride in at the back door like the Kaiser did. No knowing what will happen when some old chaps get the marriage bug.

The Department of Agriculture is going to enforce a measure requiring that all vegetables must be sold by weight. Then you will not have to pay for the holes between the turnips.

Col. George Harvey, American Ambassador to Great Britain, has expressed doubts as to whether women have souls. What is more important to politicians is the fact that they have votes and the Colonel will know this to his sorrow first time he has to stand for election.

According to figures recently compiled, the annual production of manufacturing industries in Canada now amounts to approximately \$400 per head population, whilst the exports equal \$150 per head, which is the highest export per capita in the world.

Vanleek Hill Review: A few days ago while the threshers were at Bill Cooper's a son was born. The very next day another crew was threshing at Shirl Davis' and a ten-pound boy was born to Mrs. Davis. Charles Gould was to thresh the next day, but he decided to stack his grain and wait till cool weather.

His Excellency the Governor-General, Baron Byng of Viny, has received a message from His Majesty the King, expressing the hope that the two minutes of silence in memory of those who gave their lives during the war, will be observed throughout Canada on Armistice Day, November 11, commencing at 11 o'clock in the morning.

Calgary Albertan:—The Eastern

newspapers are again discussing Canada's national song. Many do not like "O Canada," and others complain that "The Maple Leaf" is rather out of place in parts of the country where the maple tree is unknown. A good national song, based on the Canadian wheat, would be satisfactory to all. We haven't the song yet.

A pile of junked automobiles is not yet so common a sight as it is likely to be in a few years. Most automobiles are not yet worn out; many of the first million cars are still running, though they may have been rebuilt and made over with new parts several times. It is said that at current prices the scrap from an automobile is hardly worth the labor of making it. What will become of used cars when there are two million or so a year to get rid of?

Vancouver Sun:—Mothercraft has never been stressed enough as a science and not a haphazard matter of dull interest. Facilities are given to train women for medicine, for the bar, for commercial careers and for everything under the sun except successful motherhood. Mothercraft, as a course of exact instruction should have a definite and essential place in the curricula of every educational institution in the Dominion.

If the wholesalers, and those higher up the manufacturers, begin wondering why their goods are not moving they need not think it is all due to the weather. The plain truth is the price has to come down to the level of the purchasing price of farm produce. The prices are altogether too high, out of all proportion to the price of farm products, and the value of farm products is the basis of selling values in every commodity under the sun.

**DEATH OF MRS. JANE McBEAN**  
Forest, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Jane McBean, relict of the late Duncan McBean, was buried yesterday in Beechwood cemetery, the service taking place at the family residence, King street, conducted by the Rev. H. D. Cameron. Mrs. McBean was in her 76th year and was well known and highly esteemed by all. She had been in declining health for some time but it is thought the great shock of her son, W. F. McBean's sudden death, when he was killed in an auto accident last August, hastened her death. She was a daughter of Duncan McKim, a pioneer of Pinypton, and came to this country from Scotland when a young girl. In 1870 she married her late husband and came to Forest fifty years ago. Four sons and three daughters survive, Duncan, of Forest; Archie of Saskatoon; Murray of Moose Jaw, Sask.; and Donald of DeLisle, Sask.; Mrs. Prior of Portage la Prairie; Mary at home, and Catharine, of Moose Jaw, all of whom were home a week or so before the mother died. Deceased was a life long member of the Presbyterian church and the bearers were Peter Cairns, C. A. Douglas, Wm. Laurie, Wm. Middleton, Duncan Weir, Duncan Whyte.

#### DIED IN DETROIT

The remains of Francis Cronin, a former resident of Forest, were brought to Forest for interment in Beechwood cemetery, Tuesday. Requiem mass was held in Detroit and a short service held in St. Christopher's church here by Rev. Fr. J. G. Labelle. The bearers were M. Egan, S. Farrell, Joseph Love, Will Malley, Jas. F. O'Donnell and M. J. Roche. The surviving children are Mrs. Chas. Hamilton with whom deceased lived since the death of his wife, Miss Elizabeth Cronin, teacher in the high school, Highland Park, Mrs. Eugene Bourbonnais, Mrs. P. Jackson, all of Detroit; Mrs. S. McMurphy of Edy's Mills, Ont.; John of Filer, Idaho; James, who went to California about ten years ago, and Thomas, of Sarnia. All were at the funeral except John and James. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Bourbonnais and Mrs. Hamilton's two sons, Francis and Joseph, were also present. Mrs. Cronin died here fifteen years ago.

#### SUDDEN DEATH OF D. D. BRODY

D. D. Brody, one of Warwick's most prominent residents, was found dead in his bed Thursday morning, when a sister, residing at his home, went to call him. He was about 55 years of age and unmarried. Last May Mr. Brody underwent an operation in Sarnia hospital for mastoid and was in the hospital some weeks, but came home apparently fully recovered and he had been quite active all summer. Wednesday he attended the funeral of a friend in Forest and went to an auction sale driving in after supper to attend a Masonic meeting, where he put on the work of the third degree.

He had been a prominent Mason, and two or three years ago was D.D. G.M. of St. Clair district No. 2. He was also active in the work of the Congregational church where he was Bible class teacher and one of the deacons. This year he was president of Forest Agricultural Society and active at the fall fair and throughout the year. In past years he had been reeve of Warwick several times and served in the Council a number of years.

The late Mr. Brody is survived by one brother and four sisters: John L. druggist, at Ridgeway; Mrs. Crockett, a widow, who is a teacher in Forest public school; Mrs. John Campbell, a widow, in Winipeg; Mrs. Miss Ella and Miss Lizzie, at home. The funeral was held under Masonic auspices at 2 o'clock on Sunday in order to allow time for the arrival of Mrs. Campbell from Winnipeg.

#### DEATH OF GEORGE LOCKERY OF BOSANQUET

Theftford, Nov. 1.—The funeral of the late George Lockery, who died Saturday, was held Monday from the residence of his son-in-law, Capt. W. Bryant, Theftford, to Beechwood cemetery, Forest. Mr. Lockery was born near Whitby and was in his 89th year. When he was 14 years old he came with his parents to Nissouri Township. Sixty years ago his parents came to Bosanquet and settled on the 8th concession. In 1885 Mr. Lockery married Mrs. Martin of St. Marys and after the death of his wife in 1875 he moved to Bosanquet with his three small children. For the past 22 years he has made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Bryant.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. J. H. Whealen of the Anglican church. The bearers were: W. N. Ironsides, F. Jennings, A. M. Crawford, J. H. Crawford, J. Blake and A. Plumb. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Capt. J. Bryant of Theftford, Mrs. W. Burdick of London, and James B. Martin a stepson, of London; also three brothers and one sister, Barnabus, Bosanquet; William, Theftford; and Henry of London, and Mrs. E. Seaton of Chatham.

#### INTERESTING ITEMS FROM FAR AND NEAR

Inspired by the movies, two 13-year-old boys continued to try to wreck a passenger train near Bolton, Conn., by oiling the rails and putting ties and rocks on the track.

The British Museum, with its five million odd printed volumes, can claim the distinction of having the largest library in the world, so far as the number of its books is concerned. Indeed, over sixty miles of shelves have been called into requisition to accommodate them.

A Fleshton gentleman while motoring to Toronto caught up to and passed a motor funeral this side of Brampton. He later received a summons to appear in the Brampton police court for a breach of the motor law. The case was dismissed. There is a difference between meeting and passing a funeral. The law says when meeting a funeral a car must stop and wait until it passes, but there is no law against passing an overtaken funeral if you do not go too fast.

## Put Money to Work

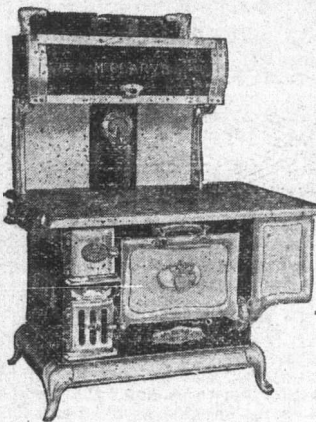
You don't keep a horse in the stable eating his head off and doing no work. Be as sensible with your money. Put it to work for you in a Sterling Bank Savings Account.

# THE STERLING BANK OF CANADA

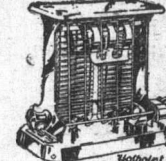
SAVE Because

## Sarnia Business College

IT'S A GOOD SCHOOL



NO MATTER what kind of a Stove you will need for this Winter, whether Kitchen Range or Living-room Heater, McGlary's Stoves will satisfy your every want. We have a big assortment of the most popular styles in stock, marked at lowest prices and ready for your inspection. If you find it necessary to buy a new stove of any kind this fall, we advise placing your order without delay—the demand far exceeds the supply in DeLuxe and Hotpoint. Drop in and get yours today!



This is the time of the year for Electric Toasters. We have them—guaranteed, of course—in DeLuxe and Hotpoint. Drop in and get yours today!

W.L. McCrae & Co.

Electric Heater DeLuxe Hotpoint \$8.00 \$4.25 \$5.50

There seems to be a great quantity of American silver around the town these days. Nearly every shopkeeper, in making change, uses more or less United States coin. During the war, when Canadian money was at a discount, very little American money found its way into the country, but now that Canadian money is at par, a great quantity of American coin is in circulation.

An experiment in communism is to be tried in a newly-opened township of Northern Ontario in the vicinity of Fort William. All crops raised in the settlement will be pooled and divided in proportion to the size of the various families. Similar experiments

in the past in different parts of America did not succeed permanently; but this new attempt will be watched with interest by those who are searching for Utopia.

A woman in East St. Louis, Ill., is married for the eleventh time, and gives her age at 43. Her last husband has been married to her twice before. When the services of the state are allowed to be used for this form of legalized vice a mighty heavy strain is put on the whole fabric of organized society. In plain English the whole thing stinks. The United States will wake up some day to a full realization of her folly in permitting such loose marriage laws.

### Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

## What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulence, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

## THE HOR INDIGL

Relieved by the Fruit

Indigestion, Weak partial digestion, the most serious complaints—because for many serious troubles those who suffer almost invariably Rheumatism, Palpitation, Sleeplessness and excitation. "Fruit-a-lives" v Indigestion because strengthen the stomach increase the flow juices and correct usually accompany. 50c a box, 6 for \$2 At dealers or send Fruit-a-lives Limited

## DELICIOUS BREAD

Buttery Richness

THAT W DAY Find o by giv

## F.H. LOV BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM P.

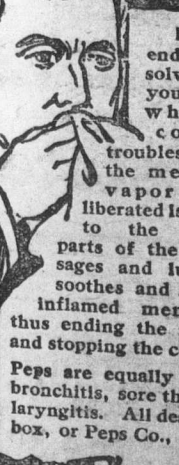
## "Lest We I

Made the Suprem

WATFORD AND

- Capt. Thos. L. S
- Sergt-Major L. G
- Pte. Alfred Woo
- Pte. Percy Mitche
- Pte. R. Whalton
- Pte. Thos. Lamb
- Pte. J. Ward
- Pte. Sid Brown
- Pte. Gordon Patt
- Pte. F. Wakelin
- Pte. T. Wakelin
- Pte. G. M. Foun
- Pte. H. Holmes
- Pte. C. Stillwell
- Sergt. Clayton O
- Gunner Russell H
- Pte. Nichol McLac
- Corp. Clarence L
- Signaller Roy E.
- Bandman A. I. S
- Capt. Ernest W. I
- Lieut. Leonard Cro
- Pte. John Richard
- Lieut. Chas. R. Hill
- Lieut. Gerald I. T
- Pte. Charles Lawre
- Lieut. Basil J. Roch
- Pte. Alfred Bullou

## STOP A COUG



Pepp end it solven your n whe a cough troublesom the medi vapor th liberated is br to the re parts of the ai sages and lung soothes and hea inflamed membr thus ending the irri and stopping the coug

## PEP



# THE HORRORS OF INDIGESTION

### Relieved by "Fruit-a-lives" the Fruit Medicine

Indigestion, Weak Digestion or partial digestion of food, is one of the most serious of present-day complaints—because it is responsible for many serious troubles.

Those who suffer with indigestion, almost invariably are troubled with Rheumatism, Palpitation of the Heart, Sleeplessness and excessive Nervousness.

"Fruit-a-lives" will always relieve indigestion because these tablets strengthen the stomach muscles, increase the flow of the digestive juices and correct constipation, which usually accompanies indigestion.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

# DELICIOUS BREAD

### Buttery Richness

THAT'S THE BREAD WE MAKE DAY AFTER DAY— Find out for yourself by giving us a trial.

# F.H. Lovell's

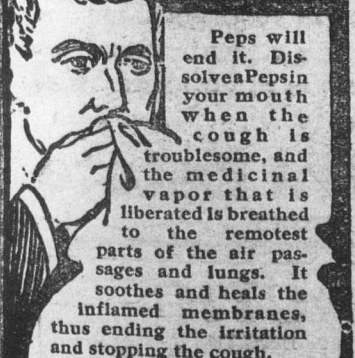
BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM PARLORS

# "Lest We Forget"

Made the Supreme Sacrifice WATFORD AND VICINITY

- Capt. Thos. L. Swift
- Sergt.-Major L. G. Newell
- Pte. Alfred Woodward
- Pte. Percy Mitchell
- Pte. R. Whalton
- Pte. Thos. Lamb
- Pte. J. Ward
- Pte. Sid Brown
- Pte. Gordon Patterson
- Pte. F. Wakelin, D. C. M.
- Pte. T. Wakelin
- Pte. G. M. Fountain
- Pte. H. Holmes
- Pte. C. Stillwell
- Pte. Macklin Hagle
- Sergt. Clayton O. Fuller
- Gunner Russell H. Trenouth
- Pte. Nichol McLachlan
- Corp. Clarence L. Gibson
- Signaller Roy E. Acton
- Bandsman A. J. Small
- Capt. Ernest W. Lawrence
- Lieut. Leonard Crane
- Pte. John Richard Williamson
- Lieut. Chas. R. Hillis
- Lieut. Gerald I. Taylor
- Lieut. Charles Lawrence
- Lieut. Basil J. Roche
- Pte. Alfred Bullough

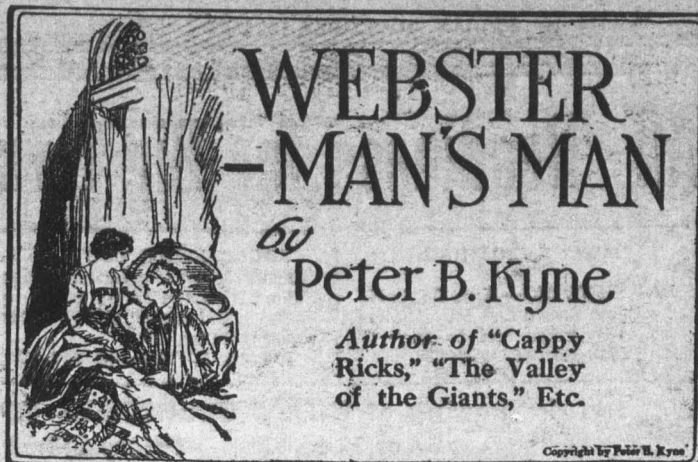
# STOP that COUGH



Peps will end it. Dissolve Pepsin your mouth when the cough is troublesome, and the medicinal vapor that is liberated is breathed to the remotest parts of the air passages and lungs. It soothes and heals the inflamed membranes, thus ending the irritation and stopping the cough.

Peps are equally good for bronchitis, sore throat and laryngitis. All dealers, 50c. box, or Peps Co., Toronto.

# PEPS



# WEBSTER - MAN'S MAN

by Peter B. Kyne

Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc.

### CHAPTER I.

When John Stuart Webster, mining engineer and kicker-up-of-dust on distant trails, flagged the S. P., L. A. & S. L. Limited at a blistered board station in Death valley, California, he had definitely resolved to do certain things. To begin, he would invade the dining car at the first call to dinner and order approximately twenty dollars' worth of ham and eggs, which provender is, as all who know will certify, the panacea of epicurean delight to an old sour-dough coming out of the wilderness with a healthy bank-roll and a healthier appetite.

Following the ham and eggs, Mr. Webster planned to saturate himself from soul to vermiform appendix with nicotine, which he purposed obtaining from tobacco with nicotine in it. It was a week since he had smoked anything with an odor even remotely like tobacco, for the August temperature in Death valley is no respecter of moisture in any man or his tobacco. Upon arrival in Salt Lake City his spree would really begin. Webster designed chartering a taxicab and proceeding forthwith to a hotel where he would engage a sunny room with a bath, fill the bathtub, climb blithely in and soak for two hours at least, for it was nearly eight months since he had had a regular bath and he purposed making the most of his opportunity. His long-drawn ablutions at length over, he would don a silken dressing gown and slippers, order up a barber and proceed to part with enough hair and whiskers to upholster an automobile, and upon the completion of his tonsorial adventures he would encase his person in a suit of mauve-colored silk pajamas, climb into bed and stay there for forty-eight hours, merely waiting long enough to take another bath, order up periodical consignments of ham and eggs, and incidentally make certain that a friendly side-winder or chuckwalla hadn't crawled under the blanket with him.

So much for John Stuart Webster's plans. Now for the gentleman himself. No one—not even the Pullman porter, shrewd judge of mankind that he was—could have discerned in the chrysalis that flagged the Limited the butterfly of fashion that was to be. As the ebony George raised the vestibule platform, opened the car door and looked out, he had no confidence in the lean, sun-baked big man standing by the train. Plainly the fellow was not a first-class passenger but a wandering prospector, for he was dog-dirty, a rule of rags and hairy as a tarantula. The only clear thing about him was a heavy-caliber automatic pistol of the army type, swinging at his hip.

"Day coach" tourist up in front," the knight of the whisker-broom announced in disapproving tones and started to close down the platform.

"So I perceived," John Stuart Webster replied blandly. "I also observed that you failed to employ the title 'sir'—when addressing a white man. Put that platform back and hop out here with your little stool, you saddle-colored son of Senegambia, or I'll make you a hard porter to catch."

"Yassah, yassah!" the porter sputtered, and obeyed instantly. Mr. Webster handed him a disreputable-looking suitcase and stepped aboard in state, only to be informed that there wasn't a vacant first-class berth on the train.

"Yes, I know I'm dirty," the late arrival announced cheerfully, "but still, as Bobby Burns once remarked, 'a man's a man for a' that'—and I'm not unsanitary."

"I'm very sorry," the conductor replied perfunctorily and endeavored to pass on, but Webster secured a firm grip on his lapel and frustrated the escape.

"You're not sorry," the ragged wanderer declared, "not one little bit. You're only apprehensive. However, you needn't be. There is no wild life on me, brother, I assure you."

"But I tell you, the train is full up. You'll have to roost in the day coach or the tourist. I'm very sorry—"

"Nevertheless, despite your deep grief, something tells me you're spoofing, so while I must, of necessity, accept your suggestion, said acceptance will be but temporary. In about two hours, young fellow, you're going to make the alarming discovery that you have bats in your belfry." And with a whiskey grin which, under the circumstances, was

charming in its associate freedom from malice, Mr. Webster departed for the day coach.

Two hours later the conductor found him in the aforementioned day coach, engaged in a mild game of poker with a mule-skinner, a Chinaman, an aged prospector, and a half-breed Indian, and waited until Mr. Webster, on a bob-tailed flush, bluffed the Chinaman out of a dollar-and-a-half pot.

"Are you Mr. John S. Webster?" "Your assumption that I am that person is so eminently correct that it would be a waste of time for me to dispute it," Webster replied quizzically.

"However, just to prove that you're not the only clairvoyant on this train, I'm going to tell you something about yourself. In your pocket you have a telegram; it is from Chicago, where your pay-check originates; it is short, sweet and comprehensive, containing an order which you are going to obey. It reads somewhat as follows:

"My friend, John S. Webster, wires me from Blank that he boarded train at Blank and was refused first-class accommodation because he looked like a hobo. Give him the best you have in stock, if you have to throw somebody off the train to accommodate him." Signed, "Sweeney."

"Do I hit the target?" The conductor nodded. "You win, Mr. Webster," he admitted. "Occasionally I lose, old timer. Well!"

"No offense, Mr. Webster, no offense. I can let you have a stateroom—"

"That's trading talk. I'll take it." The conductor gave him his receipt and led him back to the stateroom in the observation car. At the door Webster handed him a five-dollar bill. "For you, son," he said gruffly, "just to take the sting out of what I'm about to tell you. Now that I possess your receipt and know that ten men and a boy cannot take it away from me, I'm going to tell you who Sweeney is."

"Who is he?" the conductor queried. Already he suspected he had been out-general.

"Sweeney," said Mr. Webster, "is the chief clerk in one of Chicago's most pretentious hotels and a young man who can find all the tangles of a situation without working it out in logarithms. I wired him the details of my predicament; he heard the Macedonian cry and kicked in. Next, is it not?"

The conductor grinned. "I hate to take your money," he declared. "Don't. Just at present I'm very flush. Yes, sir, I'm as prosperous as a yearling burro up to his ears in alfalfa and the only use I have ever found for money is to make other people happy with it, thereby getting some enjoyment out of it myself. When I broke I'll make some more."

And Mr. Webster retired to his hard-won sanctuary, where he removed as much alkali and perspiration as he could, carded his long hair and whiskers, manicured his finger nails with a jack-knife, changed his shirt, provided five minutes of industry for George, with his whisker-broom and brush, and set himself patiently to await the first call to dinner.

Presently a pink-jowled, well-carried, flashily dressed big man, of about Webster's age, passed in the corridor, going toward the head of the train. An instant later a woman's voice said very distinctly:

"I do not know you, sir; I do not wish to know you, and it is loathsome of you to persist in addressing me. If you do not stop your annoying attentions, I shall call the conductor."

"Ah! Beauty in distress," John Stuart Webster soliloquized. "I look so much like an Angora goat I might as well butt in." He stepped to the door of his stateroom. A girl stood in the vestibule, confronting the man who had just passed Webster's door. Webster bowed.

"Madame, or mademoiselle, as the case may be," he said, "unlike this other male biped, my sole purpose in presuming to address you is to suggest that there is not the slightest necessity for taking this matter up with the conductor. I am here and very much at your service."

The girl turned—and John Stuart Webster's heart flopped twice in rapid succession, like a trout never grassed. She was as lovely as a royal flush. Her starry glance began at his miler's

boots, traveled up his old soles, wrapped trousers, over his light blue chambray shirt and found the man behind the whiskers. She favored him with a quick, curious scrutiny and a grave, sweet smile. "Thank you so much, sir," she answered, and passed down the corridor to the observation car.

"Well, old-timer," Webster greeted the fellow who had been annoying her, "how about you? What do you think we ought to do about this little affair?"

"The sensible thing would be to do nothing. You might start something you couldn't finish."

"That's a dare," Webster declared brightly, "and wasn't it the immortal Huckleberry Finn who remarked that anybody that'd take a dare would suck eggs and steal sheep?" He was silent a few seconds, appraising his man. "I suppose you commenced operations by moving into her section and asking if she would like to have the window open and enjoy the fresh air. She rebuffed you, but being a persistent devil, you followed her into the observation car, and in all probability you ogled her at luncheon and ruined her appetite. And just now, when you met her in this vestibule, you doubtless jostled her, begged her pardon and without waiting to be introduced asked her to have dinner with you this evening."

"Well?" the fellow echoed belligerently. "It's all bad form. You shouldn't try to make a mash on a lady. I don't know who she is, of course, but she's not common and for the sake of the mother that bore me I always respect and protect a good woman and while he—out of those that do not."

He reached inside his stateroom and crossed the bell. The porter arrived on the run.

"George," said Mr. Webster, "in a few minutes we're due at Smithville. If my memory serves me aright, we stop five minutes for water and orders."

"Yassah."

"Remain right here and let me off as soon as the train comes to a stop."

When the train slid to a grinding halt and the porter opened the car door, Webster pointed. "Out!" he said. "This is no nice place to pull off a scrap."

"See here, neighbor, I don't want to have any trouble with you—"

"I know it. All the same, you're going to have it—or come with me to that young lady and beg her pardon."

"All right. I'll apologize," and he started forward as if to pass Webster in the vestibule, on his way to the observation car, whither the subject of his annoying attention had gone. Two steps brought him within striking distance of his enemy, and before Webster could dodge, a sizzling right-handed blow landed on his jaw and set him back on his haunches in the vestibule.

It was almost a knockout—almost, but not quite. As Webster's body struck the floor of the big automatic came out of the holster; swinging in a weak circle, it covered the other.

"That was a daisy," Webster mumbled. "If you move before my head clears, I'll put four bullets into you before you reach the corridor."

He waited about a minute, then with the gun he pointed to the car door and the masher stepped out. Webster handed the porter his gun and followed; two minutes later he returned, dragging his assailant by the collar. Up the steps he jerked the big battered hulk and tossed it in the corner of the vestibule, just as the girl came through the car, making for the diner up ahead.

Again she favored him with that calm, grave, yet vitally interested gaze, nodded appreciatively, made as if to pass on, changed her mind, and said

"You are a very courtly gentleman."

"You are a very courtly gentleman."

"You are a very courtly gentleman."

"You are a very courtly gentleman."

"You are a very courtly gentleman."

"You are a very courtly gentleman."

"You are a very courtly gentleman."

"You are a very courtly gentleman."

"You are a very courtly gentleman."

"You are a very courtly gentleman."

gentleman. He bowed. There was nothing else to do, nothing that he could say under the circumstances. To use his chivalry as a wedge to open an acquaintance never occurred to him—but his whiskers did occur to him. Hastily he backed into his stateroom and closed the door, presently he rose and surveyed himself critically in the small mirror over the washstand.

"No, Johnny," he murmured, "we can't go into the diner now. We're too blanned disreputable. We were bad enough before that big swine lunged the shanty on our right eye, but whatever our physical and personal feelings, far be it from us to parade our iridescent orb in public. Besides, one look at that queen is enough to do us for the remainder of our natural life, and a second look, minus a proper introduction, would only drive us into a suicide's grave." He sighed, rang for the porter and told him to send a waiter for his order, since he would faint break his fast in the privacy of his stateroom. And when the waiter came for the order, such was Mr. Webster's mental perturbation that ham and eggs were furthest from his thoughts. He ordered a steak with French fried potatoes.

John Stuart Webster passed a restless night. Sleep came to him in hourly installments, from which he would rouse to ask himself whether it was worth while to continue to go through the motions of living, or alight at the next station, seek a lonely and unrequited spot and there surrender to outrageous fortune. It was altogether damnable. In a careless moment, Fate had accorded him a glimpse of the only woman he had ever met and desired to meet again—for Webster was essentially a man's man, and his profession and environment had militated against his opportunities for meeting extraordinary women; and extraordinary women were the only kind that could hope to challenge his serious attention. Fate had accorded him a signal opportunity for knightly combat in the service of this extraordinary woman, and in the absence of a formal introduction, what man could desire a finer opportunity for getting acquainted! If only their meeting had not been delayed two weeks, ten days, a week! Once free of his ugly cocoon of rags and whiskers, the butterfly Webster would not have hesitated one brief instant to inform himself of that young lady's address, following his summary disposal of her tormentor.

But in all things there is a limit, and John Stuart Webster's right eye constituted a deadline beyond which, as a gentleman, he dared not venture; so with a heavy heart he bowed to the inevitable. Brilliant and mysterious as a meteorite she had flashed once across his horizon and was gone.

In the privacy of his stateroom Webster had ham and eggs for breakfast. He was lighting his second cigar when the porter knocked and entered with an envelope.

"Lady in the observation-car asked me to deliver this to you, sah," he announced importantly.

It was a note, freshly written on the train stationery. Webster read:

"The distressed lady desires to thank the gentleman in stateroom A for his chivalry of yesterday. She is profoundly sorry that in her service the gentleman in stateroom A was so unfortunate as to acquire a red eye with blue trimmings."

John Stuart Webster swore his mightiest oath. "By the twelve apostles, Simon Peter, Andrew, James, John, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas, James, Jude and Simon, and not omitting Judas Iscariot, the scaly scoundrel who betrayed his Lord and Master!" He searched through an old wallet until he discovered a fairly clean professional card, across the bottom of which he wrote, "Thank you, J. S. W." and sent it to the no-longer-distressed lady.

"The most signal adventure of my life is now over," he soliloquized and turned to his cigar. "For the sake of my self-respect, I had to let her know I'm not a hobo! And now to the task of framing up a scheme for future acquaintance. I must learn her name and destination; so as a preliminary I'll interview the train conductor."

He did and under the ameliorating influence of a five-dollar bill the conductor bent a respectful ear to the Websterian message.

"In Car Seven," he began, "there is a young lady. I do not know what section she occupies neither do I know her name and destination. I only know what she looks like."

The conductor nodded. "And you want to ascertain her name and destination?"

"I do."

"All right. I have the unused portion of her transportation to return to her before we hit Salt Lake; her name is on the ticket and the ticket indicates her destination. I'll make a mental note of both as soon as I've identified her ticket."

A few hours later the conductor came to Webster's stateroom and handed him a card upon which was written:

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

"You are—"

York in the off and ensiblet it to g Bank

BANK

College

FOOL

ATER what kind of a ll need for this Winter, then Range or Living- McClary's Stoves will every want. We have a it of the most popular ck, marked at lowest ady for your inspection. necessary to buy a new kind this fall, we advise order without delay— far exceeds the supply d sometimes deliveries slower than usual.

This is the time of Electric Toasters. We have them—guaranteed, of course—in DeLuxe and Hotpoint. Drop in and get yours today! DeLuxe Hotpoint \$4.25 \$5.50

cher's

RIA

ORIA? tor Oil, Paregoric, ant. It contains ic substance. Its irty years it has ation, Flatulency, verishness arising and Bowels, aids nd natural sleep- end.

A ALWAYS of

Years



**WANTED**

HAVING BOUGHT the Book accounts of the late firm of Cook and McManus, I would like all parties indebted to call and settle within ten days.—W. McLeay.

IF YOU OWE Angus Mitchell anything please pay by Nov. 15, at his home on Huron street. After that date accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.—Angus Mitchell.

REPAIR WORK WANTED—I am now prepared to do upholstering and light furniture repairs. Terms: cash. J. Tomlin, Warwick and Simcoe streets. s8-1f

**FOR SALE**

FOR SALE—Little Pigs six weeks old. Apply Robt. Fleming, R.R. 5, Watford.

SCOTCH COLLIE PUPS For Sale Apply to Wm. J. Howden, R.R. 8 Watford, Ont.

FIRST CLASS CLAY AND SAND-Loam farms for sale, County of Kent Apply to G. C. Watts, Thamesville, Ont. a11-6m

FOR SALE—Oak barrels, 50 gal. size \$2.00 each. 1 Hot water incubator 50 egg size.—S. Stapleford & Son.

FOR SALE—A number of purebred White Wyandottes also Mammoth Pekin ducks, choice exhibition stock. Phone 63-2, Watford.—Miss Harrison. n10-2t

Hunt's Flour, Bran, Middlings and Feed Flour, also Salt, always on hand at Watford Elevator.—Andrew Hay, Phone 22. Office at the elevator. n3-4t

All kinds of Poultry bought at the Farmers' Store. Highest prices paid. A car of furnace coal to arrive shortly. Parties requiring any please leave their orders.

ABOUT 500 bushel of good corn for quick sale. 75c a bushel of 72 lbs. Also some stocks.—Art. Webster, corner 3 sideroad and townline W. & B.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY a good house in Watford or a good farm in this vicinity. Apply to W.E. Fitzgerald, Barrister & Co., Watford, who has several such properties for sale.

FOR SALE—Comfortable brick cottage on St. Clair street, the residence of the late Mrs. Powell. Almost new and in first class condition. Apply to Russell Powell, Brooke, or Dr. J. McGillicuddy, Watford. n3-2t

STOCK & IMPLEMENT SALE SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1922 At Fourth Line Corner, Warwick at two o'clock

1 purebred Percheron Stallion, 1 driving mare 7 years old, in foal; 1 Percheron mare colt, rising 2 years; 1 mare in foal, 12 years old; 1 aged pony, 2 two-year-old heifers, fat; 2 two-year-old steers, fat; 2 yearling steers, 1 yearling heifer, 1 M.-H. mowder, 1 seed drill, 1 set bobslighs, lumber wagon, hay rack, set diamond harrows scuffer, road wagon, light wagon, rubber-tired buggy, set of double harness, set of plow harness, set of single harness, long plow, set whiffletrees and neckyoke, 4 gal. Dais chum, also a barn 40x40, on farm, and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—\$10.00 and under, Cash; 6 months credit on approved joint notes. 6 per cent. per annum discount for cash. Stallion and barn cash. David Skillen, J. F. Elliot, Proprietor. Auctioneer.



**THE ONTARIO RAILWAY AND MUNICIPAL BOARD**  
(P. F. 7813)

IN THE MATTER of the Application of The Parkhill-Arkona Telephone, Limited, Successors to The Morningstar Telephone System and Parkhill Rural Telephone Company, Limited, for authority to charge the following rates for telephone service:

For Local Service:  
Individual Line . . . \$20.00 per annum  
4-Party Line . . . \$18.00 per annum  
For Rural Party Line Service \$18.00 per annum

APPOINTMENT FOR HEARING  
The Ontario Railway and Municipal Board having directed Francis Dazger, Esquire, Supervisor of Telephone Systems, to enquire and report upon the above matter, doth appoint Friday, the Seventeenth day of November, A. D. 1922, at the hour of a quarter past ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the Town Hall in the Town of Parkhill, for the holding of such enquiry, at which time and place all persons having an interest in the matter and desiring to be heard are directed to attend.  
Dated at Toronto this Third day of November, A. D. 1922.

(SEAL) J. C. Small, Secretary

**WARWICK**

Mr. Robert Hall, Birnam has purchased a new Ford car.

Poultry, Cream and Eggs wanted! Watch our weekly adv.—S. Stapleford & Son.

The Young Men's Club of Warwick Village contributed \$44 to the Relief of the Fire Sufferers in Northern Ontario.

Trenouth & Co. are prepared to buy wheat at the Grist Mill and solicits from farmers of the district a share of their grain. Highest prices paid.

Rev. John Murray of Forest will preach in Zion Cong'l church on Sunday afternoon at 2.30 p.m. You are invited to hear him.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood Phillips and family of Sarnia were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Smith, 12th sideroad last Sunday.

Miss Grace Fiefield and Miss Gladys Manders, London, spent Thanksgiving with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Manders.

Mrs. C. E. Stewart of Forest spent Thanksgiving with her daughter, Mrs. Geo. A. Smith, 12th side road.

Mr. Elvan Able, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Harold Stewart, Rouleau, Sask., returned home last week.

Service at Bethel next Sunday afternoon, Nov. 12th, at 2.30. Sunday School at 1.15. Everybody welcome.

The L.O.B.A. Maple Leaf 149 held their election of officers last Thursday night and they also had their initiation.

On October the 31st a Hallowe'en party was given by the girls of the D.O.B. club of the 4th line at the home of Miss Mary Smith. The success was due to the fine night and splendid attendance, there being over fifty young people of the vicinity present. All came dressed in costume representing witches, spooks, clowns and ghosts. The appropriate decorations consisting of cats, owls and faces and neatly carved jack-o-lanterns proved a big attraction. The program consisted of well organized games, conducted by Miss Jean McCormick and were enjoyed by all present. The community singing was lead by Miss Estelle Craig, who presided at the piano. A unique feature of the program was the fortune telling in which much interest was manifested. A substantial lunch was served by girls of the club after which a collection was taken. All gladly contributed to aid in Mission work. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Smith for their hospitality. The party ended with singing and all departed in high spirits.

**BROOKE**

Semi annual sale of Millinery commences today.—A. Brown & Co.

Mrs. M. C. Lucas is leaving next week for Toronto on an extended visit.

Poultry, Cream and Eggs wanted! Watch our weekly adv.—S. Stapleford & Son.

Trenouth & Co. are prepared to buy wheat at the Grist Mill and solicits from farmers of the district a share of their grain. Highest prices paid.

Mrs. W.B. Smith, Dist. Supt. will speak in the interests of the Woman's Missionary Society at Bethesda in the morning and Walnut in the afternoon.

The Walnut Mission Circle will meet on Friday evening the 10th, Miss Ina Edgar and Miss Meryl Zavitz will give a report of the convention held at Strathtroy.

A social evening will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Annett on Friday evening, Nov. 17. This will take the form of a "Masque Party". Prizes will be given for those in best costume. The young ladies of the Mission Circle will serve lunch. Admission: those in costume 15c, others 25c. All are invited.

The anniversary of St. James' church will be held next Sunday afternoon. Service will be held at 3 o'clock. The rector, Rev. J.H. Hosford, will preach. All welcome. Service will be held at Christ Church, Sutorville, at 11 o'clock a.m.

Frank Trowbridge, Sutorville, was taken to Sarnia Monday to undergo examination on a charge laid by Provincial Policeman Oliver of Sarnia.

Mr. Robert Happer of Alvinston died last week after a short illness in his 71st year. He was, until he was taken ill, mail courier on route 7, and up to a few years ago was a resident of Brooke township. Deceased is survived by his widow, two daughters, Jean of Detroit, and Mrs. McIntosh at home and one son, John of London. Interment took place in Alvinston cemetery.

On the morning of Thursday, Oct. 26th, there passed peacefully away at his residence in Brooke, Malcolm D. McLaughlin, in his 29th year. Deceased was born on March 23rd, 1893, and was the eldest son of the late Donald and Mary McLaughlin and resided in Brooke until his death from a lingering illness borne with great patience and fortitude. He leaves to mourn his demise his mother, two sisters, Mrs. Jennie Taylor of Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. D.R. McLaughlin of Metcalfe and one brother, Archie of Brooke. The funeral was held on Saturday to Alvinston cemetery and the service was a most impressive one conducted by Rev's. Pollock and Montiehi. The

**All Readiness for Big November Business**

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| <b>MEN'S CLOTHING</b><br>BIG SHOWING—Sizes 36 to 44<br>The New Brown and fancy Suits<br>Also greys and navys<br>\$18.50 to \$24.00 | <b>YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING</b><br>Smart, Nifty two button styles<br>The best made suits ready to wear in Ontario. Fine lot of new neat patterns.<br>\$25.00, \$27.50 and \$30.00 | <b>BOYS' CLOTHING</b><br>Our Boys' Suits, 2 pairs of bloomers—its a wonder. Smart cut, new patterns.<br>\$11.00 to \$13.50 |
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Wonderful Showing of NIFTY OVERCOATS FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN  
Sizes 36 to 46 Prices \$12.50 to \$30.00

OUR BOYS' OVERCOATS from 28 to 37 SHOW NIFTY STYLES  
The Price—\$6.76 to \$22.50

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S COMBINATIONS  
Full range of sizes in All Wool and Union  
Prices from \$2.00 to \$5.00 a Suit  
PENMANS, WATSONS, TIGER —Swift's

MEN'S AND BOYS' UNDERWEAR  
Penman, Watsons, Tiger Brand. Ask to see the Admiral—it's a winner, fine, soft unshrinkable  
Swift's

**Clothing to Order**

If we could supply our trade with better finished, more stylish tailored to order Suits we would certainly do so, but our Service is equalled by few and surpassed by none.

QUALITY CLOTHS EXPERT TAILORS

150 NEW SUIT ENDS JUST ARRIVED

**Swift, Sons & Co.**

large attendance at the funeral and the beautiful floral tokens expressed the high esteem in which he deceased was held. The pall bearers were former school chums, being Guy Risk, Robert McLaughlin, W.A. Wallis, Neil McNeil, Douglas Darville, Dan McTaggart.

**MR. THOMAS McMAHON OF BROOKE, CUFF-LINKED**

On Friday evening, Nov. 3, about sixty of Mr. McMahon's neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Tom McMahon gathered at his home on the 10th line of Brooke and spent a very pleasant and sociable evening together. Mr. McMahon has disposed of his stock and chattels and intends making his home in the future in Vancouver, so the gathering was in the nature of a farewell surprise party. Both young and old entered heartily into the sports and swing them around and around until half past four in the morning. A very neighborly part of the program was the presentation to Tom of a set of solid gold cuff links with tie pin to match and a Waterman's self-filling fountain pen. Many and varied were the expressions of good will and esteem in which the host is held by all present.

In a cute little speech Tom thanked them all for their souvenirs of fellowship and esteem and further thanked them for the many kindnesses they had extended to him during his residency on the Tenth.

All join in wishing Tom success in his new home.

**INWOOD**

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley A. Graham of Sarnia and Mr. George Chapman of London spent Thanksgiving at Mr. W. H. Chapman's.

Miss Katherine McVicar who is attending London Normal School was home for the weekend.

Mrs. McGillicuddy and son Lloyd of Watford were weekend visitors with her sister Mrs. E. J. Bannister.

Miss Lina Hartley was returned home after a few days' visit in Oil Springs, with Mr. and Mrs. M. Hartley.

Mr. Burton Richardson of the Royal Bank staff Hamilton is spending three weeks vacation at his home here.

Mr. P. A. Barber is spending a few days at his home at Durham, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Crawford and baby Jack, left last week by motor for a three weeks visit at Oshawa.

Mr. and Mrs. J.A. Patterson and Mr. Jack McVicar of Toronto were weekend visitors at Mr. J.P. McVicar's.

Mr. Aldon R. Munro of Burlington was home for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Johnston Vance spent the weekend in Thamesville.

The members of the Presbyterian Young People's Society and their friends enjoyed a social evening at the home of Miss Marvel Bishop last Friday. The evening was spent in games, contests and music after which lunch was served.

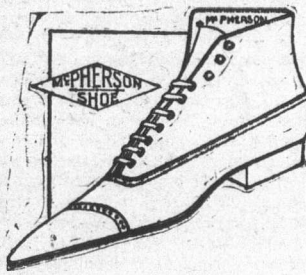
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Munro were in Mount Brydges last Sunday.

Mr. Allen Bruce and Miss Elizabeth Johnston of Brigidon were Sunday visitors in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Atkin and daughter, Reta, motored to London last Sunday.

Mrs. R. C. Edwards and little Adelaide left this week for North Bay and Capreol.

**Winter Footwear**



OUR Stock of Men's Women's and Children's Heavy Waterproof Shoes are here. The best money can buy, and sold at the least money. Call and see the many different styles. We have shoes for everybody.

Women's Shoes from \$3.00 to \$6.00  
Men's Shoes from \$4.00 to \$7.00  
Girls' shoes from \$2.00 to \$4.00  
Boys' Shoes from \$2.50 to \$4.00  
Babys' Shoes from 50c to \$2.50

Our Rubber Stock is complete  
All first quality goods not seconds  
at lowest prices

**P. DODDS & SON**

"WATFORD'S BUSY STORE"



**ELECTRICAL GOODS**

**"Miss Simplicity" Electric Washer**

IS ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES. SIMPLE AND EFFICIENT  
RECOMMENDED BY THE HYDRO COMMISSION . . . . .

**\$95 cash ; \$100 on monthly payments**

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| Westinghouse Electric Iron . . . \$6.75    | Toasters . . . . . \$6.50       |
| Hot Point Electric Iron . . . \$6.75       | Toasters . . . . . \$6.50       |
| Radiant Electric Iron . . . . \$5.00       | Toasters . . . . . \$4.75       |
| Hot Tot Toaster Stoves (no cord) . . . . . | . . . . . \$2.75                |
| FUSE PLUGS . . . . . 10 cts.               | 40 Watt TUNGSTEN LAMPS 40c.     |
| FIXTURE PLUGS . . . . . 30 cts             | 60 Watt TUNGSTEN LAMPS 40c.     |
| LAMP SOCKETS . . . . . 40 cts              | 100 Watt NITRO LAMPS . . \$1.00 |
| DOUBLE EXTENSION OR FIXTURE CORD . . . . . | 4c a foot                       |

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THE NATURAL ROAD TO HEALTH

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Saturday, Nov. 18, stock and im-

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Remover. m

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Reliable Pro



# Cream Announcement!

At the request of a large number of our Poultry and Egg customers, we have secured a real market for CREAM. We will represent Bowes & Co., Ltd., of Toronto. This firm has a reputation second to none in Canada, their butter bringing a premium of over 5c per lb. on the Toronto market and they are unable to supply the demand for their product.

## WE PROMISE

1. Good Honest Weight
2. Honest Test
3. SPOT CASH

We will supply cans Free and pay a PREMIUM for Direct Delivery. Our price will be higher than any buyer's. Give us a trial and be convinced.

# POULTRY

Our Poultry output has increased five times in volume in three years. We buy on Quality and from now on customers with good quality will get paid accordingly. The day of straight prices regardless of quality is gone. We want your Poultry and it will pay you to sell to us.

# EGGS

From now on, QUALITY OF EGGS SETS THE PRICE WITH US. Have large, clean eggs, gather promptly, market regularly and avoid breakage. This class of eggs brings a Premium, and owing to the heavy production of eggs in this country, buyers will only buy and PAY A GOOD PRICE FOR GOOD STOCK.

PRICES ON FARM PRODUCE ARE ON A DECLINE EVERY CENT COUNTS NOW. Let us help you increase your profits. Our turnover on eggs has Doubled in Two Years. THERE IS A REASON!

Give us a Trial on the QUALITY basis. WE GUARANTEE RESULTS---that's what you Want Bring us your Produce Direct and secure a Premium. DAY PHONE 25 NIGHT PHONES 58 and 25r3

# S. STAPLEFORD & SON

Reliable Provision Merchants Watford

## B. & E. TOWNLINE

Mrs. Carman Anderson is visiting in Detroit.  
Mr. Alfred Parke has returned to his home in Detroit.  
Miss Ruby Page visited Miss Edna Thompson on Friday.  
Miss Ora Currah of Sarnia was home for Thanksgiving.  
Several in this vicinity took in the Halloween party at Shiloh on Tuesday evening.  
A large crowd gathered at the box social and hard time party held in Summerhill school on Friday night. Games were played and the concert was enjoyed by all.  
The annual meeting of the Women's Club was held at the home of Mrs. Roy Brander on Thursday. Election of officers took place. Suggestions were made to help the Fire Sufferers.  
The annual meeting of the U.F.O. Club was held in the school house on Tuesday evening. Election of officers took place. Jas. Colter, president; Andrew Page, vice-president; Robt. Hall, secretary-treasurer.

## WEST ADELAIDE

The annual W. M. S. Thankoffering service was held Sunday evening Nov. 5th in the church. Rev. J. A. Gale spoke of Korea and the choir rendered special music. Thankoffering \$40.00.  
The Young People's Society held a social evening on Wednesday evening, Nov. 1st, at the home of Freida and Mac Wiley. The social featured a Halloween masquerade and the characters were excellent. Lunch consisted of sandwiches and pumpkin pie.  
The West Adelaide W. M. S. held their last meeting at the home of Mrs. W. J. McChesney on Thursday Nov. 2nd with an attendance of 30 members and six visitors. L. A. collection \$3.75. The program consisted of the usual devotional exercises with the following program. The Study book was read by Miss Lizzie McLeish. Reports of St. Thomas Summer School were read by Miss Flossie Groza and Miss Freida Wiley. A duet was rendered by Miss Zelma Conkey and Miss Mildred McInroy. The annual meeting will be held on Thursday, Dec. 7th, at the home of Mrs. Walter Hall.

## ARKONA

Miss Beatrice Oakes of London spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Oakes.  
Misses and Marjorie Copeland of London visited the weekend with Miss Margaret Fuller.  
Mrs. Hazel Herrington spent the week end at her former home, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Thoman.  
Mr. and Mrs. Orval Thoman and children of Parkhill are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Thoman this week.  
Henry Zavitz, of Warwick, brother of H. Zavitz here, died suddenly last Thursday of fluero-pneumonia. Real Bargains in Millinery at Fidler Bros. from now until Dec. 1st, when the shop will close for the season.  
Mr. W. J. Fuller, C. W. Lucas left for the north woods last week where they will spend the hunting season.  
Mr. and Mrs. Don Sutherland of Lucan spent Thanksgiving at her former home, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Fuller.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crone and daughter of Sarnia, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanderveen, Sandusky, Mich. spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bears.  
The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Huntley died from pneumonia and was buried last Friday in the Arkona cemetery. Rev. Mr. Gale was the officiating clergyman.  
Rev. Redmond, a former pastor of the Methodist church visiting with Mr. Will McPherson. Rev. Redmond was a resident here some 30 years ago, also occupied the Methodist pulpit on Sunday morning.  
The following delegates attended the W.M.S. convention last Wednesday, held in the Strathroy Methodist Church: Mrs. W. Eastman, Mrs. Thomas Pressey, Mrs. (Rev.) Cousins, Misses M. Fuller and Cecil Dunham.  
Rev. A. H. Jones of Arkona, was elected president of the Middlesex and Lambton Baptist Young People's Union at its annual Thanksgiving convention, held in Egerton Street Baptist Church, London on Monday afternoon and evening. Forest received one of the pennants given for the largest percentage of attendance.  
BAZAAR and Hot Supper in the Sunday School room of the Methodist Church, Arkona, Friday, Nov. 16. Supper served from 5 to 8 p.m. Sale of goods to commence sharp at 6.30. A program of games and other amusements will be put on during the evening. Everyone welcome to come and enjoy the evening. Adults 35c, children 25c.  
We notice that the Parkhill-Arkona Telephone Co. and the Ailsa Craig Telephone Co. are both applying to the Railway Board for permission to increase their rates to \$18.00 per year. We understand that they will establish continuous service and put their plants in first class shape and we will appreciate as good service as can be had. The companies are entitled to a fair return on their investment but we hope the Railway Board will insist on the quality of the service they give.

## KERWOOD

Misses Mable and Vera Manicom of Sarnia were holiday visitors.  
Miss Mae Moran of Springfield is visiting at M. C. Morgans.  
Mr. Chas. Pole and bride of Sarnia are visiting in the village and vicinity.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Moorhouse of Sarnia motored for Monday evening's entertainment.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Dowding of Arkona were in the village Monday renewing old acquaintances.  
Mr. Wilfred Richardson of Sarnia spent Thanksgiving with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Richardson.  
Mr. and Mrs. Dick Inch and daughters, also Miss Jennie Nichol of Blenheim visited friends over the holidays.  
Miss N. Clarke, teacher of S.S. No. 7, was called suddenly to her home in London owing to the illness of her mother.  
Mr. Basil Brandreth of the Royal Bank, London, Miss Alice Hubble and Mr. Morley Brandreth of Strathroy were holiday visitors.  
Miss Erna Wright of Melbourne, and Mr. Cyril Wright of London spent Thanksgiving with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wrxht.  
Trenouth & Co. are prepared to buy wheat at the Grist Mill and solicits from farmers of the district a share of their grain. Highest prices paid.  
Miss Thelma Brunt, Miss Williamson and Miss Wrong have returned to Windsor after spending the holidays with the former's mother, Mrs. J. M. Brunt.  
Mr. and Mrs. O. Dowding and little sons of Port Huron, Mr. Laverne Stalks and Miss Flossie Burrill of Sarnia were guests at Mr. Gilbert Dowdings recently.

The Mission Circle will meet on Saturday afternoon with Miss Freida Richardson, the girls are requested to bring the dolls they have dressed for the Christmas box.  
Miss Margaret Rogers of Detroit, Miss Hattie Rogers of Toronto, have returned after a pleasant holiday with their parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Rogers.  
The special services have begun at Bethesda appointment. The order of Sunday service for the circuit has been changed, Bethesda having services both morning and evening at 10.30 and 7 o'clock and Kerwood in the afternoon at 2.30. Sunday school from 1.30 to 2.30.  
The Women's Institute will meet on Wednesday, Nov. 15th with Mrs. Wm. Thompson. Roll call to be answered by "Ideas for inexpensive Christmas gifts. Mr. Kerr will give a paper on Banking and Mrs. Chas. Johnson a paper on Canadian Authors. The program is in charge of Miss Nona Wilson. Those on the lunch committee are Mrs. R. Denning, Mrs. Brady, Mrs. Wm. Gimlet and Mrs. Wilson. An interesting meeting is looked for.

The first anniversary of the new Methodist church here is now a part of its history. It will be remembered as a historic occasion. Delightful weather favored the success of both Sunday and Monday evening service. The messages of Rev. Mr. Morris were greatly appreciated, he was greeted by a full house in the morning and in the evening the house was crowded. On Monday evening a very generous fowl supper was served followed by a concert presented by the Swiss Bell Singers, every available space was crowded by the large audience. The program presented by the entertainers was first class and was greatly enjoyed by all. The returns from supper and concert amounted to \$300, the excellent results have given the people great cause for Thanksgiving.

## FOREST

Leila May Crossley wife of Frank C. E. Gustin, died on Thursday, Oct. 26th, after an illness lasting all summer. Five weeks ago she was brought to her home at Lake Valley Grove after several weeks in the general hospital, Sarnia, and three weeks ago they moved into town taking up their residence on Main street. The funeral was held Sunday and was one of the largest seen in this locality. The service was conducted by the Rev. S. W. Muxworthy of Dresden, a former Methodist minister here, assisted by the Rev. George Jewitt, of Forest, the Rev. L. W. Reid of London; and the Rev. W. Walker of Forest. Miss Margaret Muxworthy of Dresden sang "Do Not Forget Jesus," which deceased frequently sang in church and elsewhere.  
An Orange lodge has been organized here to be known as L.O.L. 2892. Fred R. Mills is the W.M.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Rawlings, Albert street, was 94 years old last Friday. Her daughter, Mrs. A. Duffus of Bosanquet, and a few other near relatives celebrated the event with her.  
Mr. J. Martin and son James and daughter Frances of Chatham, spent the weekend with Mrs. Mercier. The former two have returned to Chatham but Frances will remain for a time.  
The marriage was quietly solemnized on Monday, October 30th, at the Methodist parsonage, Forest, of Miss Mary Mabel Stordill, daughter of the late Thomas and Mrs. Stordill of Plympton, to Mr. William James Burnham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burnham, 6th line Warwick. The Rev. George Jewitt officiated. They were unattended.

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How does your Subscription stand?

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Suits, 2 pairs of  
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QUEENS AVE

from corns when they  
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# WOMAN TAKES EVERY CHANCE

## To Recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for It Helped Her So Much

Frederickton, N. B.—"I was weak and had some troubles women often have, and usually I was unfit for my work. I saw your advertisements and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am very much pleased with the result and recommend your Vegetable Compound whenever I have a chance. You may use this letter for the benefit of others."—Mrs. WANDLESS, 350 Church St., Frederickton, N. B.

Mrs. Wandless, like many, many other women who have found relief by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is anxious to let other women know of this splendid medicine. So by word of mouth and by letter, one woman to another, its virtues are made known.

Women suffering from female ailments, indicated by such symptoms as backache, nervous troubles, hot flashes, pain in the side and a general run-down condition of the whole system, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For nearly fifty years it has been helping women. Let it help you. Lydia E. Pinkham's Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

PREPARE FOR A BUSINESS CAREER!  
**ELLIOTT Business College**  
Yonge and Charles sts., Toronto.

Every graduate of the last twelve months has promptly obtained employment. Enter any time. Write for Catalogue.  
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

**Central Business College**  
STRATFORD, ONTARIO

The leading business school of Western Ontario with Commercial, Shorthand and Telegraphy departments.

Graduates are assisted to good positions. Students may enter at any time. Get your free catalogue now.

D. A. McLACHLAN, Principal.

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WATFORD ONTARIO

GOOD WORK  
PROMPT ATTENT ON  
REASONABLE PRICES  
ESTIMATES FURNISHED  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED  
RESIDENCE—ST. CLAIR ST.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, an excellent remedy.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**  
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, 83.....6.51 p.m.  
(a) Chicago Express.....9.11 p.m.

GOING EAST  
Ontario Limited, 80.....7.43 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.  
C. W. VAIL, Agent, Watford.

Internally and Externally it is Cool—The crowning property of Thomas' Electric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

### "WEBSTER—MAN'S MAN"

(Continued from Page Three)

"Dolores says, from Los Angeles, via San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, to Salt Lake City, Denver & Tiro Grande to Denver, Burlington to St. Louis, Illinois Central to New Orleans. Stop-over at Denver."

John Stuart Webster studied the name after the conductor withdrew. "That's a Spanish name," he soliloquized, "but for all that, she's not a parakeet. All things considered, I guess I'll take a chance and investigate."

CHAPTER II

Webster's dreams of bliss had, with very slight variations, come true as per schedule. In Salt Lake City he abandoned the beefsteak on his damaged eye for two businesslike leeches, which quickly reduced the nocturnal effect around his orb, enabling him, the third day, to saunter forth among his fellowmen. By the end of the week he was a being reincarnated, and so he packed a huge new wardrobe-trunk with his latest purchases and journeyed on to Denver. Coincident with his arrival there, we again take up the thread of our story.

One hour after his trunk arrived the gentleman from Death Valley might have been observed standing before a cheval glass looking long and earnestly at the reflection of his middle-aged person, the while he marked the fit of his new raiment. John Stuart Webster was all dressed up for the first time in three long, labor-ridden years, and was tremendously glad of it. He lighted a cigar and stepped forth into Seventeenth street, along which he strolled until he came to a certain building into the elevator of which he entered and was whisked to the twelfth floor, where he alighted and found himself before a wide portal white-bored in gold letters the words: "Engineers' Club."

The Engineers' club was the closest approach to a home that John Stuart Webster had known for twenty years, and save for the slight job of hallow-sounding which Father Time had done on the edges of the close-cropped Websterian mustache, the returned prodigal might have stepped-out of the club but yesterday. He would not have taken the short end of a modest bet that even a fresh log had been placed on the fire or that the domino-players over against the wall had won or lost a drink or two and then resumed playing—although perchance there were a few more gray hairs in the thickly thatched head of old Neddy Jerome, sitting in his favorite seat by the window and turning the cards in his eternal game of solitaire, in hislistful ignorance that John Stuart Webster stood within the portals of home and awaited the fatted calf.

Webster struck the upholstery of an adjacent chair a terrific blow with his stick—the effect of which was to cause everybody in the room to start and to conceal Mr. Webster momentarily in a cloud of dust, the while in a bel-lowing baritone he sang:

"His father was a hard-rock miner; He comes from my home town—"

"Jack Webster! The devil's own kin!" shouted Neddy Jerome. He swept the cards into a heap and waddled across the room to meet this latest assailant of the peace and dignity of the Engineers' club. "You old, worthless, ornery, no-good son of a lizard! I've never been so glad to see a man that didn't owe me money. I've been combing the whole civilized world for you, for a month, at least. Where the devil have you been?"

John Stuart Webster beamed happily upon his friend. "Well, Neddy, you old stocking-knitter," he replied quizzically, "since that is the case, I'm not surprised at your failure to find me. You've known me long enough to have remembered to confine your search to the uncivilized reaches."

"Well, you're here, at any rate, and I'm happy. Now you settle down."

"Hardly, Neddy. I'm young yet, you know—only forty. Still a real live man and not quite ready to degenerate into a card-playing, eat-drink-and-be-merry, die-of-innation, sink-to-oblivion and go-to-h—fireplace spirit!" And he prodded Jerome in the short ribs with a tentative thumb that caused the old man to wince. He permitted his friend to drag him downstairs to the deserted lounge, where Jerome paused in the middle of the room and renewed his query:

"Where have you been, I ask?"

"Out in Death valley, California, trying to pry loose a fortune."

"Did you pry it?"

John Stuart Webster arched his eyebrows in mock reproach. "And you can see my new suit, Neddy, my sixteen-dollar, made-to-order shoes and my horny hoofs encased in silken hose—and ask that question? Freshly shaved and ironed and almost afraid to sit down and get wrinkles in my trousers! Smell that!" He blew a cloud of cigar smoke into Jerome's smiling face. The latter sniffed. "It smells expensive," he replied.

"Yes, and you can bet it tastes expensive, too," Webster answered, banding his cigar-case to his friend.

Jerome bit the end of his cigar and

spat derisively. "How much have you made?" he demanded bluntly.

"None of your business, but I'll tell you because I love you, Neddy. I've made one hundred thousand dollars."

"Chicken-feed," Jerome retorted. "Johnny, I've been combing the mineral belt of North and South America for you for a month."

"Why this sudden belated interest in me?"

"I have a fine job for you, John—" "King's X," Webster interrupted, and showed both hands with the fingers crossed. "No plotting against my peace and comfort, Neddy. Haven't I told you I'm all dressed up for the first time in three years, that I have money in my pocket and more in bank? Man, I'm going to tread the primrose path for a year before I get back into the harness again."

Jerome waved a deprecatory hand, sardoniously brushing aside such feeble and inconsequential argument. "Are you foot-loose?" he demanded.

"I'm not. I'm bound in golden chains—"

"Married, eh? Great Scott, I might have guessed it. So you're on your honeymoon, eh?"

"No such luck, you vichy-drinking leonoclast. If you had ever gotten far enough from this club during the past fifteen years to get a breath of real fresh air, you'd understand why I want to enjoy civilization for a week or two before I go back to a mine superintendent's cabin on some bleak hill. No, sir-ee. Old Jeremiah Q. Work and I have had a falling out. Dad burn your picture, Neddy, I want some class! I've been listening to a dago shift-boss playing the accordion for three years—and he could only play three tunes. Now I want Sousa's band. I've been bathing in tepid, dirty water in a redwood sluice-box, and now I desire a steam room and a needle shower and an osteopath. I've been bossing Greasers and Italians and was forced to learn their language to get results, and now I want to speak my mother tongue to my old friends. By thunder I'm going to have a new deal all round."

"Very well, Jack. Don't excite yourself. I'll give you exactly thirty days to settle up with me, and then I shall come and claim my property."

"Neddy, I'll not work for you. I'm mad. I won't play."

"You're it. I just tagged you."

"I require a rest—but unfold your proposition, Neddy. I was born a poor, weak vessel consumed with a curiosity that was ever my undoing. I can only protest that this is no way to treat a friend."

"Nonsense! My own brother wants this job, and I have refused to give it to him. Business is business—and I've saved it for you."

Jerome leaned forward and laid his finger confidentially on Webster's knee; whereat the light-hearted wanderer carefully lifted the finger, brushed an imaginary speck of dirt from it, and set it down again. "Be serious, you ingrate," Jerome protested. "Listen! I've been working for two years on a consolidation up near Telluride, and I've just put it across. Jack, it's the biggest thing in the country. Colorado Consolidated Mines Company, Limited. English capital. Jack. Pay 'em 6 per cent, and they'll call you blessed. There's twenty-five thousand a year in it, with

a house and a good cook and an automobile and a chauffeur, and you can come to town whenever you please, provided you don't neglect the company's interests—and I know you're not that kind of an engineer."

"Do I have to put some money into it, Neddy?"

"Not necessarily, although I should advise it. I can let you in on the ground floor for that hundred thousand of yours, guarantee you a handsome profit and in all probability a big cleanup."

"I feel myself slipping, Neddy. Nevertheless, the tail goes with the hide. I'm not in the habit of asking my friends to guarantee my investments, and if you say it's right, I'll spread what I have left of the hundred thousand when I report for duty."

"It's been a tremendous job getting this consolidation over, Jack. When—"

"In pity's name! Spare me. I've heard all I want to hear about your confounded consolidation. News! News! Give me news! I have to beg for a drink—Mose, you black sninner, how dare you appear before me without bringing a drink?"

Mose, the aged colored porter of the Engineers' club, flashed a row of Ivories and respectfully returned the democratic greeting.

"Letter for you, sah. The secretary told me to give it to you, Mistah Webster."

"Thank you, Mose. Speak up, Neddy, and tell me something. Ever hear anything of Billy Geary?"

He was tearing the edge of the envelope the while he gazed at Jerome, who was rubbing his fat hands together after the fashion of elderly men who are well pleased with themselves.

"You have a chance to become one of the greatest and richest mining engineers in the world, Jack," he answered, "now that you've cut loose from that young crook Geary. I don't know what's become of him, and neither does anybody else. For that matter, nobody cares."

"I do—and you can take the brief end of that bet for your last white chip. Don't let me hear you or anybody else say anything against Billy Geary. That boy goes for my money, every turn in the box. Don't make any mistakes about that, oldtimer."

Webster's face suddenly was serious; the bantering intonation in his voice was gone, and a new, slightly strident note had crept into it. But Jerome waved his hand soothingly.

"All right, old Johnny Pepper-box, have it your own way. Nevertheless, I'm a little mystified. The last I knew of you two, you had testified against him in the high-grader trials at Cripple Creek, and he had pulled out under a cloud, even after his acquittal."

"Give a dog a bad name, and it will stick to him," Webster retorted. "Of course I testified against him. As engineer for the Mine Owners' association, I had to. The high-grader ore was found in his assay office, and the circumstantial evidence was complete, and I admit Billy was acquitted merely because I and others could not swear positively that the ore came from any certain mine. It was the same old story, Neddy. You can be morally certain that high-grade ore has been stolen from your mine, but unless you catch the ore thief in the act, how can you prove it? I suppose you read the newspaper reports and

believed them, just as everybody else does."

"Well, forget it, Jack. It's all over long ago, and forgotten."

"It wasn't all over so long ago as you seem to think. I suppose you knew the Holman gang was afterward sent to the penitentiary for those same high-grade operations? Billy Geary's acquittal didn't end my interest in the case—not by a jugful! I fought the case against the friends of the Holman crew among the mine owners themselves; and it cost me my good job, my prestige as a mining engineer, and thirty thousand dollars of money that I'd staved to get together. Of course you never knew this, Neddy, and for that matter, neither does Geary. I wish he did. We were good friends once. I certainly was mighty fond of that boy."

He drew the letter from the envelope and slowly opened it.

"And you never heard what became of Geary?"

"Not a word. I was too busy wondering what was to become of me. I couldn't get a job anywhere in Colorado, and I moved to Nevada. Made a million in Goldfield, dropped it in the panic of 1907, and had to start again."

"What have you been doing lately?"

"Borax. Staked a group of claims down in Death valley. Bully ground, Neddy, and I was busted when I located them. Had to borrow money to pay the filing fees and incorporation, and did my own assessment work. Look!" Webster held up his hands, still somewhat grimy and calloused.

"The Borax trust knew I was busted, but they never could quite get over the fear that I'd dig up some backing and give them a run—so they bought me out."

"Somebody told me Geary had gone to Rhodesia," Jerome continued musingly, "or maybe it was Capetown. I know he was seen somewhere in South Africa."

"He left the Creek immediately after the conclusion of his trial. Poor boy! That dirty business destroyed the lad and made a tramp of him, I guess. I tell you, Neddy, no two men ever lived who came nearer to loving each other than Billy Geary and his old Jack-partner. We bucked the marts of men and went to sleep together hungry many a time during our five-year partnership. Why, Bill was like my own boy. Jerome, I curse the day I took that boy out from underground and put him in the assay office to learn the business. How could I know that the Holman gang had cached the stuff in his shack?"

"Well, it's too bad," Jerome answered sulkily. He was quite willing that the subject of conversation should be changed. "I'm glad to get the right dope on the boy, anyhow. Have another drink?"

"Not until I read this letter. Now, who the dickens knew I was headed for Denver and the Engineers' club? I didn't tell a soul, and I only arrived this morning."

He turned to the last page to ascertain the identity of his correspondent, and his facial expression ran the gamut from surprise to a joy that was good to see.

John Stuart Webster read it deliberately, after which he sat in silent contemplation of the design in the carpet for fully a minute before reaching for the bell. A servant responded immediately.

"Bring me the time-tables of all roads leading to New Orleans," he ordered, "—also a cable blank."

Webster had reread the letter before the servant returned with the time-tables.

"August, you go out to the desk, like a good fellow, and ask the secretary to arrange for a compartment for me to New Orleans on the Gulf States limited, leaving at 10 o'clock tomorrow night." He handed the servant his card. "Now wait a minute until I write something." He seized the cable blank, helped himself, uninvited, to Neddy Jerome's fountain pen, and wrote:

"William H. Geary, Calle de Concordia No. 19, Buenaventura, Soabrita, C. A.

"Salute, you young jackass! Just received your letter. Cabling thousand for emergency roll first thing tomorrow. Will order machinery. Leaving for New Orleans tomorrow night, to arrive Buenaventura first steamer. Your letter caught me with a hundred thousand. We cut it two ways and take our chances. Keep a light in the window for your old

"JACK PARDNER."

"That's a windy cablegram," Neddy Jerome remarked as the servant bore it away. "Why all this garrulity? A cablegram anywhere generally costs at least a dollar a word."

"That's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year," quoted John Stuart Webster; "and why the devil economize when the boy needs cheering up?"

"What boy?"

"Billy Geary?"

"(Continued on Page Seven)

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"WEBSTER-MAN'S MAN" (Continued from page 6)

"Central America," Neddy Jerome was happy. He was in an expansive mood, for he had, with the assistance of a kindly fate, rounded up the one engineer in all the world whom he needed to take charge of the Colorado Consolidated. So he said:

"Well, Jack, just to celebrate the discovery of your old pal, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll O. K. your voucher for the expense of bringing young Geary back to the U. S. A., and when we find him here, it will be up to you to get a snug berth for him with Colorado Consolidated."

"Neddy," said John Stuart Webster, "by my halldom, I love thee. You're a thoughtful, kindly old stick-in-the-mud."

"No ifs nor buts. I'm your boss," Jerome interrupted, and vaddled away to telephone the head water at his favorite restaurant to reserve a table for two.

Mr. Webster sighed. He disliked exceedingly to disappoint old Neddy, but— He shrank from seeming to think overwell of himself by declining a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year job with the biggest mining company in Colorado, but—

"Rotten luck," he soliloquized. "It runs that way for a while, and then it changes, and gets worse."

When Jerome returned to his seat, the serious look in Webster's hitherto laughing eyes challenged his immediate attention. "Neddy," said John Stuart Webster gently, "do you remember my crossing my fingers and saying 'King's X' when you came at me with that proposition of yours? It just breaks my heart to have to decline it, but the fact of the matter is, I think you'd better give that job to your brother after all. At any rate, I'm not going to take it."

"I am addressing you in the neers' club, in the hope that my letter may reach you there, or perhaps the secretary will know your address and forward it to you. If you are foot loose and still entertain a lingering regard for your old pal, get busy on this mining concession P. D. Q. Time is the essence of the contract, because I am holding on to the thin edge of nothing, and if we have a change of government I may lose even that. I need you, John Stuart Webster, worse than I need salvation. I enclose you a list of equipment required."

"If you receive this letter and can do anything for me, please cable. If you cannot, please cable anyway. Do let me hear from you, Jack, if only to tell me the old entente cordiale still exists. I know now that I was considerable of a heedless pup a few years ago and overlooked my hand quite regularly, but now that I have a good thing I do not know of anybody with whom I care to share it except your own genial self. Please let me hear from you."

"Affectionately, 'BILLY.' Jerome finished reading this remarkable communication; then with infinite amusement he regarded John Stuart Webster over the tops of his glasses as one who examines a new and interesting species of bug.

"So Billy loves that detir Sobrante, eh?" he said with abysmal sarcasm. "Jack Webster, listen to a sane man and be guided accordingly. I was in this same little Buenaventura once. I was there for three days, and I wouldn't have been there three minutes if I could have caught a steamer out sooner. Of all the miserable, squalid, worthless, ornery, stinking holes on the face of God's green footstool, Sobrante is the worst—if one may judge it by its capital city. Are you going to chase off to this God-forsaken fever-hole at the behest of a lad scarcely out of his swaddling clothes? Jack Webster, surely you aren't going to throw yourself away—give up the sure thing I offer you—to join Billy Geary in Sobrante and finance a wild-cat prospect without a certificate of title attached. Be reasonable. What did you wire that confounded boy?"

"That I was coming." "Cable him you've changed your mind. We'll send him some money to 'Sobrante, C. A."

"Dear John: I would address you as 'dear friend John,' did I but possess sufficient courage. In my heart of hearts you are still that, but after three years of silence, due to my stupidity and hardness of heart, it is, perhaps, better to make haste slowly."

"To begin, I should like to be forgiven, on the broad general grounds that I am most slightly sorry for what I went and done! Am I forgiven? I seem to see your friendly old face and hear you answer 'Aye,' and with this load off my chest at last I believe I feel better already."

"Jack, you poor, deluded old piece of white meat, do you think for a moment that I held against your testimony for the operators in Cripple Creek? I thought you believed the charges and that you testified in a firm belief that I was the guilty man, as all of the circumstantial evidence seemed to indicate. I thought this for three long, meagre years, old friend, and I'm sorry. After that, I suppose there isn't any need for me to say more, except that you are an old fool for not saying you were going to spend your money and your time and reputation trying to put my halo back on straight! I doubt if I was worth it, and you knew that; but let it pass, for we have other fish to fry."

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"That's nice of you, old sport, and I thank you kindly. I'll talk to Billy when I arrive in Buenaventura, and if the prospect doesn't look good to me, I'll argue him out of it and we'll come home. Let me go. I might come back. But I must go. I want to see Billy."

"You just said a minute ago you'd turned the forty-year post," Jerome warned him. "And you're now going to lose a year or two more in which you might better be engaged laying up a foundation of independence for your old age. For Heaven's sake, man, don't be a fool."

"Oh, but I will be a fool," John Stuart Webster answered; and possibly, by this time, the reader has begun to understand the potency of his middle name—the Scotch are notoriously pig-headed, and Mr. Webster had just enough oatmeal in his blood to have come by that center fire name honestly. "And you, you poor old horse, you could not possibly understand why, if you lived to be a million years old."

He got up from his chair to the full height of his six-foot-one, and stretched 100 pounds of bone and muscle. "And so I shall go to Sobrante and lose all of this all-important money, shall I?" he jeered. "Then by all the gods of the Open Country, I hope I may. Dad burn you, Neddy, I'm not a Methusalem. I want some fun in life. I want to fight and be broke and go hungry and then make money for the love of making it and spending it, and I want to live a long time yet. I want to see the mirage across the sagebrush and hear it whisper: 'Hither, John Stuart Webster! Hither, you fool, and I'll hornswoggle you again, as in an elder day I hornswoggled you before.'"

Jerome shook his white thatch hopelessly. "I thought you were a great mining engineer, John," he said sadly, "but you're not. You're a poet. You do not seem to care for money."

"Well," Webster retorted humorously, "it isn't exactly what you might term a ruling passion. I like to make it, but there's more fun spending it. I've made \$100,000, and now I want to go blow it—and I'm going to. Do not try to argue with me. I'm a lunatic and I will have my way. If I didn't go tearing off to Sobrante and join forces with Bill Geary, there to play the game, red or black, I'd feel as if I had done something low and mean and small. The boy's appealed to me, and I have made my answer. If I come back alive but broke, you know in your heart you'll give me the best job you have."

"You win," poor Jerome admitted. "Hold the job open 30 days. At the end of that period I'll give you a definite answer, Neddy. "I sniff excitement and adventure and profit in Sobrante and I've just got to look-see. I'm like an old burro staked out knee-deep in alfalfa just now. I won't take kindly to the pack."

QUESTIONS and Bible Answers

Who shall inherit the earth? —Psalm 37:11 How are the steps of a good man directed? —Psalm 37:23, 24 What promise is given to those who remember the poor? —Psalm 41:1 How should a Christian walk? —Eph. 4:1-2 What will the Heavenly Father give us? —Luke 11:13 When will God answer us? —Isa. 65:24

PETER B. KYNE



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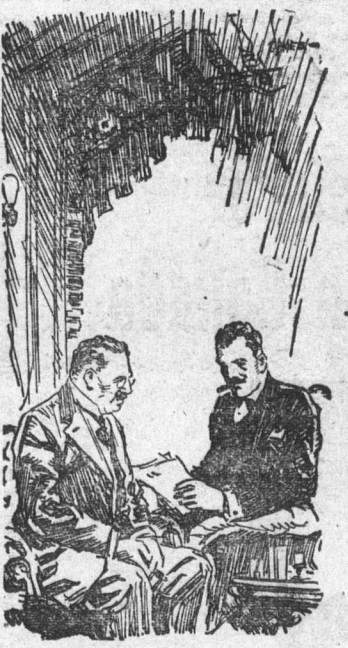
THE AVERAGE WOMAN NEEDS MORE BLOOD

Poor Blood the Cause of Headaches and Run Down Feeling

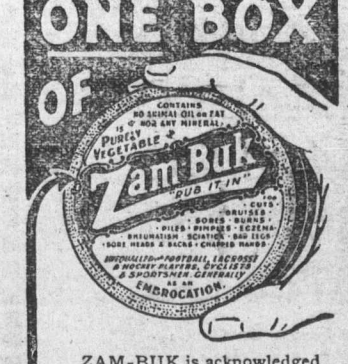
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Asthma Victims.—The man or woman subject to asthma is indeed a victim. What can be more terrifying than to suddenly be seized with paroxysms of choking which seem to fairly threaten the existence of life itself. From such a condition Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought many to completely restored health and happiness. It is known and prized in every section of this broad land.



"Cable Him You've Changed Your Mind."



ZAM-BUK is acknowledged the most scientific and most reliable preparation yet discovered for injuries and skin disease. Yet it costs no more than vastly inferior salves and ointments. NOTHING ELSE has the same marvelous soothing, healing and antiseptic power as this pure herbal Zam-Buk. Use it for all your skin troubles—from Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Sore Hands, to Chronic Eczema, Ringworm, Poisoned Wounds and Ulcers. NEVER BE WITHOUT ZAM-BUK. Does Far More Real Good Than a Score Boxes of Ordinary Salve

(TO BE CONTINUED)



### Black Sateen Dress \$1.75

Made from splendid quality black sateen, nicely trimmed in a variety of colors. All sizes now in stock—a wonderful value at \$1.75  
Balck Sateen Aprons, nicely trimmed at 75c, 85c

### Amure Drapery Cloth 90c

This is a fine heavy drapery cloth made from silk and wool. Suitable for doorways or arches and upholstery. 54 inches wide, good assortment of shades, special at .90c per yard

### Colored Madras at 98c

This is a particularly fine silky cloth, very much in demand for side drapes. Comes in old rose, copen and tan shades, 45 inches wide at .98c per yard

### Ballantyne Pullovers

These popular garments are being shown in all the popular two and three tone effects in stripes and plaids—finest quality, 100 per cent. wool. Prices range from \$2.95 to \$5.25

## A. Brown & Co.

MONEY REFUNDED ON ANY UNSATISFACTORY PURCHASE

### Boys' and Youths' Overcoats \$4.95

Parents should not overlook this wonderful overcoat value. Heavy, warm, stylish garments at about one half their value. A complete range of sizes from 28 to 34. Clearing at \$4.95

### Boys' PULLOVERS \$1.00

Comes in gray, brown and blue. None a high percentage of wool and are ideal for school wear. All sizes in the lot at \$1.00

### Hanson All-wool Socks

These are the highest grade wool socks made. Equal to home made in wear and warmth. 100 per cent., long Nova Scotia wool at 50c, 60c, and 75c Atlantic Knit, extra heavy, pure wool socks at 45c

#### THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

London, Nov. 5—Final nominations for the elections yesterday, according to the Weekly Dispatch, show 57 members of Parliament returned unopposed, divided as follows:

|                 |    |
|-----------------|----|
| Conservatives   | 32 |
| Irish Unionists | 10 |
| Liberals        | 5  |
| L. G. Liberals  | 5  |
| Laborites       | 4  |
| Nationalists    | 1  |

This leaves 1,266 candidates for the contests on November 15. The contesting candidates comprise the following:

|                |     |
|----------------|-----|
| Conservatives  | 410 |
| L. G. Liberals | 105 |

|                    |     |
|--------------------|-----|
| Liberals           | 352 |
| Labor              | 322 |
| Ind. Conservatives | 12  |
| Con. Democrats     | 2   |
| Independents       | 21  |
| Ind. Labor         | 2   |
| Ulster Unionists   | 3   |
| Co-operatives      | 5   |
| Nat. Democrats     | 6   |
| Nat. Unionists     | 2   |
| Anti-Waste         | 1   |
| Agriculturists     | 3   |
| Socialist          | 1   |
| Communists         | 5   |
| Nationalists       | 3   |
| Sinn Fein          | 1   |

Former Premier Lloyd George is among those unopposed, he receiving an acclamation in Carnarvon, Wales.

There are 43 women seeking election of the Commons.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shaw, Alvinston, celebrated their golden wedding on Oct. 23rd. Their eight children came to take part in the festivities. They have been residents of the village for over 40 years.

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Hitchcock*

## Soap Bargains

Introducing several new lines of fine Toilet Soaps at very moderate prices. First of all for the baby we have

- TINY TOT--Baby Soap  
15c Per Cake—2 Cakes for 25c
- LORIE Soap---Large Cake  
Lemon, Violet, Rose 15c Cake—2 for 25c
- RADIO Cold Cream Toilet Soap  
the finest soap on the market at the price  
10c, 3 for 25c
- LORIE Hard Water Soap  
10c, 3 for 25c
- LORIE CASTILE 10c, 3 for 25c
- SHELL BRAND CASTILE  
Large Bar 50c
- JONTEEL Toilet Soap 35c

**J. W. McLaren**  
DRUGS "THE REXALL STORE" STATIONERY

A low price level never before reached by *any* car in Canada

# \$445

Ford Touring Car f.o.b. Ford, Ontario

|          |          |
|----------|----------|
| CHASSIS  | \$345.00 |
| ROADSTER | \$405.00 |
| TOURING  | \$445.00 |
| TRUCK    | \$495.00 |
| COUPE    | \$695.00 |
| SEDAN    | \$785.00 |

The above prices are F.O.B. Ford, Ontario. Starting and electric lighting on Chassis, Runabout, Touring, Truck Chassis, \$85 extra. On Coupe and Sedan, starting and electric lighting are standard equipment.

### Wat-Ford Garage

R. MORNINGSTAR



A power of its own—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has a subtle power of its own. All who have used it know this and keep it by them as the most valuable liniment available. It users are innumerable and for many years it has been prized as the leading liniment for man and beast.

#### SCHOOL REPORTS

Report of S.S. No. 5, Brooke, for month of October. Names in order of merit. Jr. IV—Donald Kerr, Bert Oakes, Aileen Sutton. Sr. III—Lyman Woods. Jr. III—Grant Smith, Alice Coristine. II—Verna McVicar, (Ross Chambers, Verna Watson) equal, Gordon Lucas. I—Donald McVicar, Doris Sutton, Francis Wyvill. M. Lucas, Teacher.

Report of S.S. No. 10, Brooke, for October 1922. Class IV total 575—Pearl Miller 474, Mary Reid 426, Erwin Dempsey 339, Johnnie Scott 284. Class III Sr. total 475—George Searson 361, Clarence Hair 357, Horace Delmage 313, Minnie MacLean 262. Jr. III total 500—Alice MacDonald 367, Willie Searson 307, John Searson 302. Class II total 525—Margaret MacLachlan 430, Edith Dempsey 399, Johnnie MacLean 309, Jimmie Hair 278. Sr. Primer—Malcolm MacLachlan, Jr. Primer—Jessie Saunders, Donald Powell, Archie MacLachlan.—E. Cowan, Teacher.

The following is the report of S.S. No. 8, Plympton, for the month of October. Names in order of merit. Class IV Sr.—Clayton Kerton, Agnes Cochrane, Margaret McEwen, Glen Saunders, Mary Cochrane. Class IV Jr.—Clarence McEwen, John Hodgins. Class III Jr.—Mary Kerton, Glen McEwen, Thelma Minielly, Neil Minielly, Harold Hodgins. Class II—Gordon Morgan. Class I Jr.—Leslie Minielly, Allan McLean, Donald Minielly, George Hodgins (absent). Pr.—Katherine McRae, Charles McEwen, Billy Canton, Jimmie Hart, Marjorie Minielly, Gilbert Hare.—C. MacDougall, Teacher.

Report of Kelvin Grove School, Warwick, for the month of October. Number on roll 32. Average attendance 30. Names in order of merit. Class IV Sr.—Beatrice Shamblaw, Edna Cooper, Jack Main, Mary McLeay. Class IV Jr.—Isabel Tanner, Helen Ross, Ruby Bartley, Beatrice Williams, Maxena Auld, Marjorie Cooper, Johnny Dolan. Class III Jr.—Beta McLeay, Edith Kenzie, Donald Ross, Ross Kenzie, Alfred Smith, Charles Forron. Class III Jr.—Marjorie Tanner, George McIntosh. Class II Sr.—Robert McLeay, Chester Bartley. Class II Jr.—Elmer Thompson, Clarence Smith, Franklin Kenzie, Margaret McElroy, Myrtle Cooper. Part II—Marie Cooper, Harold Cooper, Nelson Main, Eddie Dolan. Primer—Flossie Smith, Howard Dolan.—Annie Ross, Teacher.

### The Ladies' Fashion Shoppe

Goods of Quality at Moderate Prices

WHEN you buy here you get Beauty and Simplicity of design, together with goods that look the quality, which are very essential to good dressing

- COATS  
in valeur, Bolivia, lovette cloth and smooth finish black coatings. Some belted styles, others the loose back. Some fur trimmed, others the Berry styles, ranging in price from
- DRESSES  
in Canton, satin, valettes, silks, tricotines, poirette twill and serges. A large variety of colors and styles to choose from.
- BLOUSES  
Artistic in design and charming in color, in crepe de chene, georgette, raw silk and tricolette.
- SKIRTS  
in pleated and tailored styles in pennell cloth, tricotines and serges. Some button trimmed, others trimmed with braid.

Volume XI

LOCAL HAPPY

Blankets, Comfort  
Watford Markets—  
bats 40c, butter 32-3  
Clearing Sale of  
Brown & Co.  
Eggs were quoted  
the Hamilton market  
Jack Miner is co  
Nov. 28th. Keep this  
Jack Miner, the fau  
in the Lyceum Nov.  
ber the date.  
Have you ordered  
Greeting Cards at th  
cate?  
Our store closes at  
except Saturday—Sl  
W. McLaren.  
Don't forget Jack I  
illustrated by moving  
Lyceum, Nov. 28.  
Two big special pi  
tions will be presen  
ceum Wednesday nigh  
Kingsville Reporter:  
ern apples from Wa  
are selling here for \$  
re.  
There were a couple  
fissions in this vicinity  
but slight damage was  
one hurt.  
Watford Presbyteria  
mas entertainment will  
Wednesday, Dec. 20th  
ulars later.  
A wonder in our To  
3 pieces all linen, room  
for \$1.00.—Swift's.  
The Back to the La  
would not be such a wa  
n't that so many are  
Back to the land.  
All accounts due H  
must be paid by Dec.  
books must be closed on  
change in the business.  
Walter Cook, Jr., l  
from the estate, the bri  
the late Mrs. Wm. Pe  
Clair street. Price \$2.0  
Peabody Lodge No. 4  
requests all members to  
the regular meeting (Mc  
20th, special business.—  
Rec.—Sec.  
Vendome hotel, Sarni  
leased for a term of ye  
Pollock, who lived in  
22 years ago. He has be  
a hotel in Florida.  
Stanfields and Turnb  
wear for men, women a  
—A. Brown & Co.  
Wallace Reid in "T  
Champion" a smashing  
ne'er-do-well who put  
family on the map—at  
Wednesday night.  
The Ontario Prohibitio  
tion will be held in Mass  
ronto, next week, com  
the 23rd and continuing  
29th.  
Christmas falls on 1  
year. When the last Mo  
year is Christmas day,  
tions for municipal offic  
ly held on the previous F  
Under the auspices of  
C.E. of the Cong'l chu  
Miner will give his lectur  
ed by moving pictures in  
on Tuesday, Nov. 28th,  
adults 50c, children 35c.  
The Rev. John Murray  
occupied the pulpit of  
church at both services  
the absence of the pasto  
teaching anniversary  
Forest.  
A new table linen, 72  
\$2.25 per yard.—Swift's  
"Shoulder Arms" Cha  
part comedy was featur  
the opening week at t  
Opera House, London, th  
Don't miss it at the Lyce  
day night.  
Mrs. Joseph Keller has  
Mrs. William Hume prop  
corner of John and Ontar  
Watford, and will move he  
Service will be held i  
Baptist church next Sun  
inst., at 7 p.m., and in  
church at 3 p.m., conduct  
M. F. Johnston, B.A.,  
University.)  
Dr. A. C. Anderson, Ch  
is changing his hours in hi  
office over Mr. Rogers store  
mening Monday, Nov.  
hours will be Monday, V  
and Friday 9 to 11 a.m.  
There were few noppies i  
on Poppy Day, Nov. 11th  
people forgetting about th  
ready, and the sacrifice  
made by dying that we m  
peace?  
The Annual Thankofferi  
the Cong'l church will be  
on Sunday with special ser  
pastor, Rev. T. DeCour  
will preach at both servic  
being: 11 a.m., "The V  
Berachah," and at 7 p.m.,  
Who Could Not Be Hid  
music by the choir, at eac  
Bring an offering, and c  
God's House. Everybody  
each service.