

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

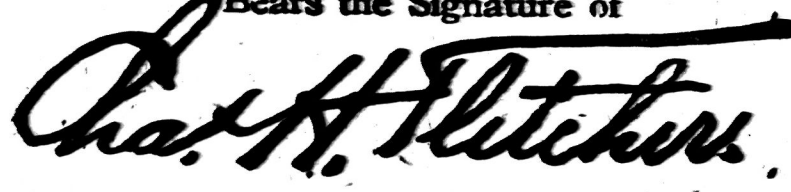
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of



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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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THE MAN WITH MONEY

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R. R. TELFORD, Manager.



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A. R. SHURETY, Inc. 25-27 WATER ST. NEW YORK, U.S.A.

County Council.

Continued from Page 1.

storage building for County machinery be accepted, amount of tender \$241.

5. That we have examined the accounts presented to us for payment and have handed them to Finance Committee for payment.

6. That the sum of four hundred dollars be advanced to Robert Duffy for work on County bridges.

Respectfully submitted,
Wm. Bain, Chairman.

Resolutions: Pyle—That the report of the County Roads Committee be adopted as read. Carried.

Anderson-Clark—That the report of the Finance Committee be received and read. Carried.

Finance Committee.

To the Warden and Members of the County Council:

Gentlemen,—We your Finance Committee beg leave to report that we have examined the following accounts and recommend payment of the same:

J. C. Eccles, Cayuga, att'g Court R. & B.	8 55
J. R. Evans, Dunnville, livery	1 50
Levi Werner, Dunnville, livery	3 50
Wm. Cronk, Selkirk, work on bridge at Selkirk	4 50
C. Duncan, Cayuga, frt. cartage	1 40
D. W. Hill, Selkirk, hardware	71
Geo. P. Brown, House of Refuge	125 55
Miss L. M. Patterson, Steam-grapher, Dunnville	14 75
United Typewriter Co., Toronto, supplies Sheriff	2 10
Dunnville Chronicle, printing to Aug. 6, 1915	12 48
Haldimand Advocate, printing to Sept. 30	29 10
T. E. Cline, Cayuga, work on bge	4 00
Shirra Milling Co., Caledonia	6 06
News Printing Co., Hagersville	8 00

Construction.

Alfred Huffman, Fisherville	3 00
Hagersville Contracting Co.	1 04
Bert C. Phillips, Dunnville	2 00
John D. Winger, Fisherville	10 03
C. E. Klingender, Dunnville	7 50
Kett Bros., Hagersville	8 00
Imperial Oil Co., Toronto	53 03
News Publishing Co., Hagersville	4 00
Dunnville Consolidated Tel. Co.	55
Jessie Nichol, Dunnville	25
R. D. Winger, Hagersville	39 00
B. G. Kidd, Dunnville	40 06
Wm. Shirton Co., Dunnville	10 00
John Matthews, Cayuga	66 58
Congdon & Marshall, Dunnville	10 43
J. H. Benner, Nelles Corners	8 00
Stanley Shoupe, Dunnville	39 40
M. Runchev, York	203 00
McCartney & Marshall, Dunnville	2 50
Union Bank (order McMullen)	160 00
F. E. McMullen, Cayuga	90 00
S. Sternamen, Cayuga	40 00
Congdon & Marshall (R. Duffy)	405 00
Shirra Milling Co., Caledonia (re Runchev)	142 60
W. H. Lishman, Cayuga	171 75
Robt. Duffy, on account	400 00

Machinery Repairs.

Smith & Son, Hagersville	1 60
Erie Tel. Co., Selkirk	1 35
E. Birdsall, Nelles Corners	1 45
G. Nablo & Son, Fisherville	8 00
Sawyer-Masseey Co., Hamilton	48 29
Thos. H. Smelser, Hagersville	19 30
Mrs. Thos. Hargison, Hagersville	3 00
Wm. Edwards, Hagersville	20 15
Moyer Bros., Hagersville	1 18
Jas. Sheldrick, Hagersville	8 58
Wm. Knisley, Nelles Corners	1 30
J. I. Case & Co., Toronto	62 25
W. Swartz, Byng	5 00
W. H. Tregaskis, Nelles Corners	2 36
C. Heid & Son, Fisherville	13 76
G. Nablo & Son, Fisherville	30 75
T. E. Cline, Cayuga	10 50

Maintenance.

Elliott Dennis, r r 2, Hagersville	3 45
Chronicle, Dunnville	6 50
John Webber, Dunnville	6 00
A. S. Winger, r r 1, Hagersville	17 40
A. & W. J. Bailey	15 54
A. S. Winger, r r 1	175 00
Albastine Co., Caledonia	67 20
McGregor & Co.	56 43
Dunnville Chronicle	56 25

Respectfully submitted,
Ivan W. Holmes, Chairman.

Turnbill-Root—That the report of the Finance Committee be adopted as read. Carried.

Tooney-Turnbill—That the report of the Patriotic Committee be received and read. Carried.

Report of Patriotic Committee.

To the Warden and Members of the County Council:

Gentlemen,—In submitting this Patriotic report before you for your consideration it would have been too lengthy to give a detailed report, so am only giving a financial statement and who are receiving support from the Patriotic fund at this date and the standing of the Trust Fund to date. Yours truly,

L. Werner, Sec. Treas.
Haldimand Pat. Fund.

Received from the Dominion Patriotic Fund monthly:	
April requisition	\$ 255 45
May	397 75
June	411 75
July	755 25
August	706 75
Sept.	890 75
October	1045 00
	9452 70
Payments	1045 00

\$9452 70 \$4452 70

To Whom Paid—October.

Mrs. Ollenbittle, Dunnville	21 50
Mrs. Pettigrew, Caledonia	25 25
Mrs. M. Simpson	25 25
Mrs. A. Birt	25 25
Mrs. B. Garratty, Cayuga	30 50
Mrs. Mary Leonard, Caledonia	20 00
Mrs. F. Lincoln, York	23 00
Mrs. M. B. Nichols, Hagersville	21 50
Mrs. A. Pritchard, Caledonia	20 00
Mrs. Rachel Stanforth, Cayuga	33 50
Mrs. Mary A. Nuttall	20 00
Mrs. Ella McLeod	22 25
Mrs. Sarah Day, Selkirk	34 25
Mrs. M. Martindale, York	24 50
Mrs. Vida Melrose, Dunnville	24 50
Mrs. Harriett Cane, Caledonia	25 00
Mrs. Mary Gilbert	24 50
Mrs. Sarah Reutwick	29 00
Mrs. P. Burrell	22 25
Mrs. E. Howard, Cayuga	23 00
Mrs. A. Addison, York	27 50
Mrs. L. Parker	24 50
Mrs. E. Connor	22 25

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HIS SUMMER OUTING

How He Saved a Girl From Drowning.

By **ESMER VANNEVER**

On Lake Winnipeg in New England is a camp where in summer several hundred girls of all ages from twelve to twenty are congregated. They are housed in bungalows and eat on a long, broad porch, an extension of the central building, and dance in a hall built expressly for that purpose and for sundry exhibitions. There are riding masters and swimming masters—each of course involves horses and paraphernalia for both—and canoes ad libitum. A number of tennis courts complete the equipment for summer exercises.

Camp Wocomic is located on one end of the lake, which is several miles long and from a half to a mile wide. A newcomer is not allowed to go out in a canoe until she can swim continuously a certain distance and keep afloat for fifteen minutes. Having passed this test, she may thereafter go canoeing at her pleasure. She is not hampered with skirts, for every girl must wear the camp uniform—a blouse, bloomer knickerbockers and stockings to the knees. This dress is also worn by the ladies in charge, and when they are short and fleshy it gives them an appearance of a waddling fat hen. As to the young ladies in camp costume, they all look about the same age—that is, anywhere between twelve and fifteen.

Nicholas Brewerton, a young lawyer of promise, having worked very hard during the winter till late into the spring, inquired of friends in New England for a place to spend a few weeks where he could be quiet. There must be no hotels, no casinos, nobody, in fact, except himself. The best that could be done for him was Lake Winnipeg. The person who recommended it—a Miss Webster—forgot to say anything about the girls' camp. It may be that she left it out of her description of the location intentionally, thinking that the sight of young girls paddling about in picturesque costumes would be a pleasant sight for the young man. She may have had a sinister intention. Be this as it may, the young man was recommended to go to Lake Winnipeg, but to the other end from the girls' camp.

Brewerton went to Lake Winnipeg and found at the end where he had been advised to settle several cottages, one of which was to rent. After learning that the occupants of the others were couples with small children who desired quietude he took the vacant cottage, getting his meals at a farm house near by. There was a rowboat in an outhouse which was rented with the house. Being settled, Brewerton prepared to live an uneventful life and rest.

But "man proposes, God disposes."

One morning—the next after his arrival—Brewerton got out his rowboat and started out to row lazily on the lake. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the hills on one side were reflected in the water. Light clouds floated above as indolently as Brewerton floated on the lake. He was much pleased that his was the only boat within sight. Truly this was just what he had come for. He thanked in his heart the lady who had recommended it.

Hark!

Brewerton had pulled up near the shore where there were overhanging trees. From under the branches came an exclamation of dissatisfaction. The voice was feminine and seemed to be that of a child. From a disturbance of the branches he inferred that some one in a boat had become entangled in them. A few strokes brought him to where he could see what was going on.

First, there was a canoe with the word "Wocomic" painted on the bow; second, there was a girl in the boat, who might have been twelve, thirteen and perhaps fourteen, dressed in a costume Brewerton had never seen before. The navy blue material of her apparel hung from her waist to her knees might have been a skirt or something else, he could not tell what. Judging from its length, she should be about six years old, but Brewerton was sure she was not as young as that.

"Can I do anything for you, little girl?" he asked.

"I'm not quite as familiar with canoeing as I should be. I came under the shade of these branches, and in getting out I am afraid I shall upset the canoe."

Brewerton reached forth his hand, took hold of an end of the unsteady shell and withdrew it from under the branches.

"Can you manage it now?" he asked.

The girl put her paddle in the water, and the canoe careened on one side. She gave a little shriek.

"Your mother should not have let you come out in such a tippy boat without your being accustomed to such sport. Look out! You'll go over."

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid I'll be drowned!" Brewerton was perplexed. He did not like to leave the child in her perilous position and did not know what to do with her. Finally he told her that if she would get into his boat he would take her home with her canoe, in tow. She gladly accepted the invitation, taking a seat in the stern facing him and holding a line attached to her canoe.

"Where do you live?" asked Brewerton.

The girl looked in several directions, then pointed to a house on the opposite side of the lake. But half the distance had not been traversed when she pointed to a house in another direction. Brewerton looked at her in surprise, and she said she had "got turned around." But she soon confessed her self mistaken again, and said she thought she would go to the camp.

"What camp?"

"Camp Wocomic."

Then for the first time Brewerton learned that around a bend in the lake there was a girls' camp.

"For kids?" he asked.

"Most of us are kids, but there are some older girls."

For a kid she was quite entertaining. Brewerton was amused to hear her at times talk like a grown person. She had a sweet smile, a pair of dimples in her cheeks and pretty eyes. Brewerton was inclined to think that when she became a woman she would be quite an attractive one.

Presently they turned the bend, and the oarsman, turning, caught sight of the camp. He was much astonished. There on the margin of the lake was a congregation of boats about a large float for swimming purposes, equipped with diving apparatus. Brewerton pulled up to a landing where stood a number of girls, all in camp costume. His passenger got out of his boat, thanked him again, having tethered her canoe, went up to the camp.

Brewerton pulled back to his cottage, not knowing whether to be dissatisfied or not with his discovery. He rather thought that he would like to have the little girl go boating with him occasionally. Her prattle rested him. Indeed, during the next few days he found himself wishing he would meet her again on the lake. If he should he would inquire her name and address and ask her mother if she would not let her little girl go out with him.

One afternoon Brewerton got into his boat for a pull to explore the lake from end to end. He pulled up past Camp Wocomic till he could go no farther by water, then turned and pulled back. Noticing that the swimming float was covered with girls, while others were splashing in the water, he concluded to go to it and watch the aquatic performances. At a point about a hundred feet from the float he paused. Some of the girls were diving from a springboard. One girl climbed a ladder and stood on a platform about twenty feet above the lake. Presently she gave a jump and plunged headforemost. The water closed over her, and she did not appear again for half a minute, and when she did she popped up within a few yards of Brewerton's boat and facing him.

Great heavens! She was the kid he had rescued from under the branches of a tree and had taken into his boat to save from drowning!

The water was cool, but not cool enough to keep the blood from rushing in a torrent to her cheeks. Though out of breath, she ducked and came up with her face the other way and swimming lustily for the float.

Brewerton's eyes were opened to the fact that he had been fooled. Indeed, he had been fooled in more than one respect. He had by this time seen a number of the girls of the camp and had learned that he could not judge of their age when in camp costume. But why should this girl have deceived him, feigning to be afraid of the water? Quite likely she was one of the most expert canoeers on the lake. Doubtless she was one of the denizens of the camp. All this was unintelligible to Brewerton, and, being unintelligible, it occupied his mind during the rest of his sojourn at Lake Winnipeg.

One day in September, after the fall he had returned to the city, Brewerton received a message from his friend Mrs. Webster, asking if it would be convenient for him to dine with her the next evening. She was anxious to hear how he liked Lake Winnipeg. He replied that it would be convenient, and he was desirous of learning why she had not told him that there was a girls' camp on the lake.

Brewerton had been admitted to his hostess' house and was telling her about how he liked the lake when the doorbell rang and another guest was admitted. Mrs. Webster left him to receive the newcomer and presently returned with a stately young woman in dinner dress. Brewerton's eyes were fixed on her for a few moments before he recognized in her altered costume the girl he had saved from drowning.

There was on the young lady's face an expression of mingling emotions. There was some blushing, some shrinking, some sign of a guilty conscience, (the whole topped with a dash of amusement. On Mrs. Webster's face it was all amusement. On Brewerton's face—Brewerton's face was indescribable.

"This is my friend Nick Brewerton," said the hostess, "and this is also my friend Miss Eleanor Tibbits. I believe you two have met before. Re-seated."

It was not till long after this, when Brewerton had become the husband of Miss Tibbits, that he learned what a nefarious conspiracy had been concocted against him. Miss Tibbits had been with Mrs. Webster when he asked to be recommended to a restful summer spot where there were no women. Miss Tibbits—she was twenty years of age—thought it would be a good scheme to impose herself on the gentleman in camp costume as a little girl. She had engaged to go to Camp Wocomic and when Brewerton arrived was posted as to the fact. She had "laid" for him and caught him the first day after his arrival. Her husband, referring to her popping up before him after having taken a twenty foot dive, declared that it was more surprising than if he had seen a veritable mermaid with a fish's tail.

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No 71 to Hamilton	" " 8:20 a.m.
No 73 to Hamilton	" " 8:50 p.m.
No 65 to St. Thomas	" " 10:35 p.m.
No 67 to St. Thomas	" " 8:45 p.m.
No 126 to Canfield Junction	" " 8:15 a.m.
No 128 to Canfield Junction	" " 6:50 p.m.
No 122 to Port Dover	" " 8:15 a.m.
No 124 to Port Dover	" " 10:55 a.m.
No 72 to Port Rowen via Pt. Dover and St. Thomas	Departs 7:10 p.m.

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