

HER DREAMS CAME TRUE

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MELLE C. GAUDREAU

Repton P.Q., Jan. 14th, 1915.
"I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I became thin and miserable. I had frequent dizzy spells and became so run down that I never thought I would get well again.

A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve and he advised me to go on with 'Fruit-a-tives'. I continued this medicine and all my indigestion and constipation was relieved. I consider that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives' and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches, try 'Fruit-a-tives'. Give this lovely fruit medicine a fair chance and you will get well the same as I did."

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An American Messenger

He Carried a Dispatch In
the European War.

By GEORGE Y. LARNED

Cyrus Delano, an American, went to Italy when he was twenty years old and was so delighted with the country, the climate, the historical associations, that he found it hard to get away. Finally he settled in Rome and became a foreign resident of that interesting city. Several years passed, during which Delano became intimate with many Italian citizens of prominence and was invited to social functions in the royal circle. On several occasions he met the king, who seemed to take a great fancy to him.

Then like a bolt from heaven came the great European war. Italy found herself in a very equivocal position. A member of the triple alliance with Germany and Austria, a bitter hatred existing on the part of Italians against the Austrians, unprepared to enter the fray on either side, the government was in a quandary. Nevertheless the sympathies of both the government and the people were strongly in favor of the allies.

One day when Cyrus Delano was walking idly down the Via Nazionale, watching the knots of people discussing the advance of the German troops into Belgium, he felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning, he saw a gentleman he did not remember to have seen before, who said to him:

"Signor Delano, will you please accompany me. The minister of foreign affairs wishes to speak to you."

Wondering what in the world so distinguished a functionary wished with him, Delano accompanied the man to the foreign office and without any delay whatever was ushered into the office of the secretary. There was another person present whom Delano recognized as the French ambassador. The former asked the American to be seated and then began to interrogate him. When he had finished the questions he said:

"Mr. Delano, this is the ambassador from France. He desires to send a very important message to his government at Paris. In this I am equally interested on behalf of the Italian government. We are beset by spies. If we send an Italian or a Frenchman he is liable to be waylaid by secret emissaries of the members of the triple alliance. An American will have a far better chance to get through with the message than one of a different nationality. Besides, you Americans are fertile in expedients. Indeed, you are a very bright people."

Delano, though he had no preference for either side, was quite pleased with the idea of such a service and at having been chosen for it. He accepted the mission and was told that the dispatch would be sent to him the same afternoon and it was desirable that he depart at the earliest possible moment afterward.

"However," said the secretary, "we have decided to intrust you with a knowledge of what the message contains. If you are waylaid and robbed of the document you can in that case proceed and deliver your message orally. We shall send a person known to be in our confidence to confirm what you say. What we desire to impart to the French government is this: As members of the triple alliance we are expected to threaten France in the south while she is attacked in the north. All the French troops will be needed on the northern border. We are sending word by you that we have no intention whatever of attacking France. For the present at least we shall remain neutral."

"I confess, your excellency," said Delano, "that I feel highly flattered at having been chosen to carry a message of such vital importance."

Delano was then furnished with funds for his journey and given instructions as to the different routes he might pursue. Then he took his departure and began preparations for his journey.

The shortest route from Rome to French territory is by way of Genoa. Therefore if spies were on Delano's track they would naturally expect him to proceed by this route. It was therefore decided that he should go by Switzerland, passing through Lucerne, Berne and Neuchatel.

Having received the dispatch, which was written in as small compass as possible, Delano called a cab and was driven to the railway station. Walking back and forth on the platform was a lady whom he had met at functions at the Quirinal palace, Mme. Tatiani, a Greek, who he had un-



derstood was distantly related to the queen of that country. The lady on seeing Delano smiled graciously, though he did not remember to have been presented to her.

"Oh, Signor Delano! Are you going on the train? Yes? I am so glad. I dislike traveling very much and shall be glad of your company."

Delano said that he was going to Switzerland, since he could no longer stand the midsummer weather of Rome. He expressed himself pleased in words at the lady's company, but his brows were knit, for he had been assured that he could trust no one, and the most effective spies were women of high degree. However, resolving to be on his guard, he made the best of what he considered a misfortune and at Mme. Tatiani's invitation took a seat in a compartment that she had engaged for her own exclusive use.

The lady was a woman verging on thirty and had been very beautiful. That beauty had but little faded, and her mental attractiveness was at its best. Delano soon became aware that she was endeavoring to fascinate him. She adored Americans, pronounced them a marvelous people, and the absence of European conventionalities in them gave them a freshness that other people did not have. Her eyes were very expressive, and she kept them constantly fixed on Delano's.

At 10 o'clock Delano left the lady's compartment after she had exacted a promise from him to see her the next morning. He was intending to give her the slip at Lucerne and tried to do so, but when he was hurrying away to a train for Berne a man stepped up to him and informed him that a lady wished to speak to him. Resigning himself to another meeting with his fair companion of the evening before, he followed the man to the waiting room, where he found her.

"Ah, Mr. Delano," she exclaimed, with a reproachful look, "were you going to desert me? Did I not tell you that I was going on the same route as yourself? What have I done that you should treat me so?" The last words were spoken with a tinge of sadness and a look from her beautiful eyes that would have conquered almost any man.

Delano was certainly affected by her apparent preference for him, and had he trusted any one he certainly would have trusted her. He would have resigned himself to travel further with her without reluctance had he not been sensible of the great importance of the message he bore.

On reaching Berne the lady begged him to see that her trunks were put on the train for Neuchatel, which did not leave for an hour. Delano went off to look for the trunks and was directed from one railway official to another till he was in a far distant part of the station. Suddenly he saw a man coming hurriedly toward him and two others from another direction. They closed in on him and were dragging him to an exit when they were in turn attacked by several others.

Delano, whose brain worked very quickly, saw at a glance what this all meant. The Greek was an agent of others and had sent him after her trunks to get him where he could be attacked by agents of the secret service with a view to robbing him of his dispatch. What he did not know was that the Italian government had sent men to follow him and be ready to assist him should he be interfered with. He supposed those who had come to his rescue were persons who had seen a stranger attacked and considered it their duty to help him.

The rescuers were all powerful men and soon drove off the assailants. Then one of them picked up Delano's hat that had been knocked off in the fray and offered it to him. The others disappeared in different directions. Then the one who was left said to him in a whisper:

"Follow me."

Leaving the station, the man struck into the town and after turning in different directions went into a winery. Delano followed him and was told by him that he was an officer of the Italian carabinieri, or national police. He and half a dozen men in plain clothes had been sent by the government to shadow and protect him.

"There is another train tonight," he said to Delano, "which we will board at the first station west of Berne. My men will meet us there. Any one of us seen to get on the train here would give us away. I do not expect to avoid them, but it is possible by the plan I propose to do so."

"But how," asked Delano, "did they get word of my coming on my mission?"

"Spies—spies everywhere. They are among the clerks even of the government offices. Doubtless your visit to the foreign office was reported immediately."

Delano and the carabinieri remained where they were till dark. Then the latter sent out for a cab, and, entering it with their hats drawn down over their faces, they were driven some ten miles to a station, where they boarded a train. The other members of the party got on at different points, and Delano was informed that there were in all a dozen men, stout and well armed. All were in citizens' dress and many of them disguised.

Evidently the arrangements made for Delano's protection were far more perfect than those of the other side, for, though the officer in command of the carabinieri pointed out various persons who were secretly watching to take him, they were not in sufficient force to do so. However, on changing trains at Neuchatel they made one last effort. Delano was walking through the crowded station when some one cried out:

"A spy!"

Immediately there was a rush for him by many persons. But the carabinieri, who came from all directions, formed a circle about him, and some with their fists and others with their canes repelled the crowd till the police began to arrive, when the ringleaders vanished and the rest dispersed. Then Delano, guarded by the Italian chief, entered the train and was whirled away to Paris.

When the messenger was driven to the president's residence and sent in word that he was the bearer of dispatches from the Italian government he was admitted immediately.

"This," said the president, "is the most important announcement you could have brought."

USE FOR WHITE OILCLOTH.

White oilcloth can work a transformation in the darkest, dingiest kitchen and add to the charm of the brightest. A yard for a few cents will save you from facing the indifferent or worn paint at the base of the dish closet, shelving and, besides, make cleaning easy and gratifying. The inside window ledge of the kitchen and the bathroom treated in this way will be conducive to beauty and cleanliness.

A strip along the wall beside the sink will catch spattered drops of dishwater or drainings and may be readily cleaned with a lightly soaped cloth rubbed over the surface.

A stretch of oilcloth above the jannpanning about the range will catch any spattering grease, the vapor of steam or the blackest of escaping smoke, which can then be washed off, though here one of the coarse cleansers may be necessary to restore the pristine whiteness.

A yard of wide oilcloth at 18 or 20 cents will cover the top of a kitchen table with some to spare. A length of a few inches more of the scalloped kind will render the tops of the washbasins slightly and convertible to table uses for a hasty meal for one or two. The top of the refrigerator covered in this way will be taken as a pledge of the sweet, clean interior below.

Rubber Stage Trees.

Pneumatic scenery and stage settings are now being used in an endeavor to make them more realistic and at the same time conserve the portableness and convenience of the present type of flat and built-up paper and wood forms. This is made of a rubberized fabric and so arranged that it may be inflated quickly and moved about with ease. The idea has been worked out in reproducing trees upon the stage, with the result that they appear very real from a short distance. A very large oak tree may be collapsed and packed in a small space for shipment.

It Was Traditional.

"Father," said the minister's little daughter, "the paper says you officiated at the wedding clad in the traditional garb of the clergy. What does 'traditional' mean?"

"Traditional," my dear," answered the good man as he looked at his cheap suit of black, with a sigh, "refers to something that has been handed down."

Kind Man.

"You don't know how to handle a woman," said Mr. Peck. "Keep your mouth shut and refuse to talk when she is roasting you. Why do you argue with your wife?"

"Oh, well," replied Mr. Gabb. "The poor woman is entitled to a little pleasure once in a while."

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H. Schlemmer

Feb 15

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Watford Station as follows

GOING WEST	
Accommodation, 75	8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 3, flag	12 13 p.m.
Accommodation, 83	6 39 p.m.
GOING EAST	
Accommodation, 80	7 43 a.m.
New York Express, 6	11 11 a.m.
New York Express, 2	3 05 p.m.
Accommodation, 112	5 16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent Watford

Fair Dates

Forest—Sept. 29, 30.
Strathroy—Sept. 20 to 22.
Petrolia—Sept. 22 to 25.
Sarnia—Sept. 27 to 29.
Wyoming—Oct. 1, 2.
WATFORD—OCT. 5, 6.
Alvinston—Oct. 7, 8.
Glencoe—Sept. 27 to 29.
Brigden—Oct. 4, 5.
Florence—Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Sombra—Oct. 11, 12.