

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

Suffered Terribly Until She
Took "Fruit-a-tives"

ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th, 1914.
"After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-tives'. I suffered so much that I would not dare eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did not wish to try them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improving until I was cured. While sick, I lost several pounds, but after taking 'Fruit-a-tives', I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well—in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to 'Fruit-a-tives'."

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU
"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest stomach tonic in the world and will always cure indigestion, Sour Stomach, "Heartburn", Dyspepsia and other Stomach Troubles.
Spec. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

SATISFIED AND SETTLED

How They Came to an
Understanding.

By WILLETT STOCKARD.
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Conley had come home, having been released from prison after completing a five year sentence.

A few hours after his arrival in town he entered a squalid place on the west side not far from the center of Hell's Kitchen. Besides the proprietor and a man whom the former was ejecting at the time, there was only one man in the place. He greeted Conley's arrival with a slight show of surprise and spoke to him.

"How are all the boys up the way?" he asked.

"Hello, Werner!" Conley returned and related bits of information concerning those whom he had left in prison.

"Like to stick in on a juicy little lay?" Werner inquired, lowering his voice slightly and glancing about to see that no one was near them.

"Heard of old man Harris, haven't you?" continued Werner. "He's got more millions than you and me could dream we had after a dozen shots in the arm. Funny old goat he is too. He's got a bug about punching the clock just the same and as prompt as any of his deck hands, which is some prompt, if they work for him for any time. Also he's got another kink about working straight on through July and August, while he lets everybody else in his shop take from two weeks to a month off. He sticks it out without even hesitating till after the first of the next year, and then he gets his business started on to another stretch, why, he takes a little thirty day layoff."

"And does he beat it south then?" Not him—that ain't the old man. He heads up north to a hut he's got planted up in Maine, and that's right where he lives in the dead of winter. He don't have any guide or anybody else along with him, and he don't allow anybody else to come anywhere close to him if he can help it. He camps there for a month, hunting and taking care of what he kills, skinning it and putting away the meat and cooking it and all that all by himself, as I said, and never seeing another living thing besides the animals he's hunting. Funny ideas some of these gals have, ain't they?"

"Where do we come in?" interposed Conley.

"We're going to get him at his drum up there and stow him away—put him in hock, you see, and make him pay himself out—although I ain't counting on sticking him up for anything so much as I'm banking on swinging his wife for, say, five or ten thousand at the least and maybe as much as twenty-five. Harris' head manager is his wife's brother, you see, and I think we can hang 'em for twenty-five without starting either one to putting the cops out for us. Leave it to me to make it plain to 'em that the old man will be bumped off before anybody can get to us."

"What's the matter that Harris won't come across himself with what we want, in case we show it up to him that we're going to croak him proper if he don't?"

"You don't know Harris," Werner answered. "In the first place, we couldn't make a bluff strong enough for him to think we were not bluffing, and then even if it had to come to a showdown, why, I doubt if he'd really think we meant to kill him and lose our only shot for the money. That's the kind of gink he is. You know, he's the stiff that had a son to get in wrong some way and get his name in the papers—beat up a guy and was sent away for a little bit—and do you think the old man would come through with a little fall money that would have sprung the kid? Nix—not him—and he won't allow the kid around his snare when he comes home."

Werner shook his head, partly in admiration.

"That's him, and I wouldn't count on a duit from him, not just to get himself out, where I'd bet on getting thousands from his dame. I've had all this framed ever since last summer, and I made a special trip up to scout about the old man's grounds and the country around there. One reason I'm first hup to this is because I got a friend of mine named Turner, an old timer that's done five separate bits and is living up there and making good money by getting stuff across the Canadian line, and we happened to meet up with each other last year and got to talking about this Harris guy. Turner knew about him. Living up



more than thirty miles away from there, and we got this idea. Turner knows places that we could put Harris away, and he couldn't be found for a million years."

"How many you got in on this," Conley inquired, "and who are they?"

"Besides Turner and me and you we'll have Collins and George."

The following morning the four were upon the train. Werner and Collins in one car, Conley and George in another. They had bought their tickets separately. Neither pair saw the other after the train started.

They arrived at different hours, but later met at the spot agreed upon, a place a mile from town, where they were met by Turner and his sleigh.

It was decided that they should sneak upon the lodge which Harris occupied and make him prisoner while still in bed. Then they were to take him away to the place among the hills that had been prepared by Turner.

He was to be kept here in case he refused to agree to the terms offered, while Werner was to return to the city and have the demands presented to Mrs. Harris and her brother.

Two days later the five had gone from Turner's place to the retreat he had made in the hills and from there had advanced upon the little house Harris himself had built of logs.

They took up their position near a mass of white covered underbrush, from which they could watch the window not more than twenty yards away, and prepared to wait until the man within went to bed.

They could see him from time to time as he bent over the fire cooking smoking hunks of meat. He ate his supper with the appetite of a man who had tramped the entire winter's day and had earned his food, after which he lighted his pipe and smoked for awhile, seated before the fireplace, with his feet resting upon the low mantel above his head. Then he stretched himself luxuriantly, an expression of great enjoyment upon his hard lined face, and prepared to roll into bed.

Several minutes later the party gathered about the rear door, discovered that it was not even bolted, entered a rude kind of hallway and stopped before the room in which Harris was already asleep, as his heavy breathing informed them.

"Get your rods ready now," Werner whispered, "so you can follow me when I cave in the door."

He drew back across the narrow passageway and rushed against the door with all of his strength. It broke open before him, and he stumbled into the room, the others following him with their guns drawn.

Harris had started up at the noise and made an attempt to reach the corner of the room in which was a small arsenal, but halted when he saw that he was covered by four or five men who wore heavy mufflers over their faces below the eyes.

Harris stood for a moment gazing at them.

"Well, what d'ye want?" he growled finally, betraying no signs of fear.

"You see, we've got you, doc," Werner began in a matter of fact manner. "Got to hand it to you for taking it like that, though. You see, the object of the game is to take you off to a place we know of and keep you there till your wife or your manager comes through with what we ask and gets you out of snare. Do you make me?"

"How much do you think you're going to get?" demanded Harris, continuing to size them up.

"Well," answered Werner slowly, "if you fixed it up yourself so we could get the coin promptly and without any sort of trouble, why, out of consideration for your kindness and your show of judgment we might let you down with as little as ten thousand—and that's the lowest, because, with just a little more time, we can get your wife or that brother-in-law manager of yours to kick in with at least twenty-five."

"My wife can't sign a check for more than one thousand at most, and my manager isn't allowed to make out one for more than it takes for current expenses."

After a pause, during which Harris and Werner looked at each other in the manner of opponents at poker, the latter said: "On the dead, now, ain't the principal reason you don't want to cough up just because you'd rather give up twenty-five thousand willingly than be made to give us ten?"

Mr. Harris granted in a manner that might have signified assent.

"Would you give up twenty-five thousand if you didn't have to come across with ten?" languidly inquired George.

"Yes," growled the other.

"You're on!" George called as he knocked Werner's revolver halfway across the room by a sudden movement and rapidly waved his own gun from one to the other of the remaining three, all of whom were taken entirely by surprise.

In an instant Harris had jumped across the room and had armed himself.

"And now, gov'ner," went on the younger man, "I'll keep 'em covered while you take their gats."

Mr. Harris finished disarming them and turned to George.

"What're we going to do with 'em?" he asked.

"If it's all the same to you we'll just turn the rummies out and let 'em beat it before the going gets worse."

"And having them trying it again or trying to pot me through the window some time, eh?"

"They won't," returned the other confidently. "I got enough on any one of them to have him settled for the rest of his natural. Take my word for it, they won't start anything, except to start on their way."

Five minutes later Mr. Harris and George stood side by side at the window watching four men as they walked away.

The former turned to the younger man.

"I promised you the money," he said, "and if you're willing to work I'll give you a job, but we'll talk about that in the morning, because I'm going back to bed now. You can find some blankets and skins in that lean-to and make you a pallet."

"All right, sir," said the other. "Good night, dad."

"Good night, son," returned his father.

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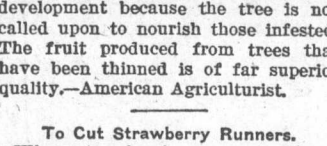
To many it is a waste of time and labor to thin fruit trees, but with few exceptions it should be done. When the tree bears a light crop little thinning is necessary, but since most trees bear too much it is necessary to thin them to obtain fruit of proper quantity and quality. The purpose of thinning is to secure large, healthy, well flavored fruit in cutting out the knotty, diseased, ill flavored ones. In order to prevent waste, feed the culls to hogs and poultry.

Culling out can be gauged by no fast rule. It is seldom overdone since the fruit grows fast up to harvest time. It is best to pull each wormy and blighted fruit. Such fruit will either drop from the tree before picking or prove worthless for storage or marketing.

Thinning will also prevent good fruit from contamination. In addition, the remaining fruit has a greater chance of development because the tree is not called upon to nourish those infested. The fruit produced from trees that have been thinned is of far superior quality.—American Agriculturist.

To Cut Strawberry Runners.

When strawberries are not allowed to run over the bed, but are cultivated in hills, an implement for cutting the runners is a necessity. One of the simplest is shown in the figure. The cutters are old disks from a disk harrow or cultivator and must be kept well sharpened to do their best work. The axle may



DEVICE FOR CUTTING RUNNERS.

be made of any bolt of suitable size threaded on both ends so that a nut and washer may be placed on each side of the disk. This clamps the two disks firmly to the axle and prevents them from revolving independently of each other. The handle should be made similar to a lawn mower handle.

The disk can be set at various widths, depending on the size of hills desired, but ought to be ten inches being usual. By setting the plants in check row fashion the tool can be run in both directions, making the operation of cutting the runners a short one even over a large extent.

Like a Grip at the Throat. For a disease that is not classed as fatal there is probably none which causes more terrible suffering than asthma. Sleep is impossible, the sufferer becomes exhausted finally, though the attack passes, is left in unceasing dread of its return. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is a wonderful curative agent. It immediately relieves the restricted air passages as thousands can testify. It is sold by dealers everywhere.

WATFORD DRUGGIST PLEASES CUSTOMERS

Taylor & Son report customers greatly pleased with the QUICK action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ka. This simple remedy drains the old foul matter from the bowels so THOROUGH that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour or grassy stomach. It is so powerful that it is used successfully in appendicitis. Adler-ka never gripes and the INSTANT action is surprising. Taylor & Son, druggists.

Essex town council has purchased a \$550 street sweeper. The machine is a dustless sweeper, with sprinkler attachment, and sweeps the dirt from the pavement into a receptacle and deposits it in a pile where desired. The broom is guaranteed to last a full season. The cost of sweeping and sprinkling is paid for on the frontage system, the town and property owners each paying half.

Thomas Ewart, 2nd line, Plympton, hale and hearty at 88, has experienced a motorcycle ride. Veterinary Page, whose machine accommodates a passenger, persuaded the old gentleman to take a spin with him. Being a great horse fancier, Mr. Ewart was not favorably impressed with the new mode of transit, and declares "nothing yet invented can equal man's best friend, the horse."

The Oil for the Athlete.—In rubbing down, the athlete can find nothing finer than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It renders the muscles and sinews pliable, takes the soreness out of them and strengthens them for strains that may be put upon them. It stands pre-eminent for this purpose, and athletes who for years have been using it can testify to its value as a lubricant.

A six weeks' short course in Agriculture will be held in Forest next winter, under the direction of G. G. Bramhill, District Representative. Winter Short Courses have been held for three years in Petrolia, and last year in Sarnia. In order to give the young men in the northern part of the county the advantage of such a course, Forest has been selected as a suitable centre for next winter.

In New York city public-school teachers must undergo examinations and tuberculosis tests.

The Foe of Indigestion.—Indigestion is a common ailment and few are free from it. It is a most distressing complaint and often the suffering attending it is most severe. The very best remedy is Parment's Vegetable Pills taken according to directions. They rectify the irregular action of the stomach and restore healthy action. For many years they have been a standard remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion and are highly esteemed for their qualities.

SOCIETIES.

Court Lorne, No. 17 C.O.F.

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Family Herald and Weekly Star	\$1 85
Weekly Mail and Empire	1 85
Weekly Farmers Sun	1 85
Weekly London Free Press	1 85
Weekly London Advertiser	1 65
Saturday Globe	2 00
Northern Messenger	1 40
Weekly Montreal Witness	1 85
Hamilton Spectator	1 85
Weekly Farmer's Advocate	2 25
Daily News	3 00
Daily Star	3 00
Daily World	4 00
Daily Globe	4 00
Scientific American	4 75
Mail and Empire	4 00
Morning London Free Press	4 00
Evening London Free Press	3 00
Morning London Advertiser	3 00
Evening London Advertiser	3 00

Fair Dates

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

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Accommodation, 80	7 43 a.m.
New York Express, 6	11 11 a.m.
New York Express, 2	3 05 p.m.
Accommodation, 112	6 16 p.m.
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Protect The Birds

Conservation, the monthly bulletin issued by the Dominion Commission in that regard, in the current number again urges that protection be extended to Canada's birds. It quotes from the declaration of principle made at the North American Conservation Conference these significant sentences: "We recognize that game preservation and the protection of bird life are intimately associated with the conservation of natural resources. We, therefore, favor game protection under regulation, the creation of extensive game preserve and special protection for such bird as are useful to agriculture. However necessary the last is was shown in connection with the army worm outbreak of last year. Vast flocks of birds visited the infested localities as noted in a pamphlet written by Mr. Arthur, chief assistant entomologist, recently issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture."

Conservation notes that there has been a gradual reduction in the number and variety of birds annually visiting Canada and finds this to be due partly to the lack of protection afforded them while with us. By the cutting down of forests and the clearing of wood lots we have removed the haunts of the birds and thus have driven away those which formerly lived and reared their young in these localities. Conservation suggests that