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PALMERSTON, June 20th, 1914.  
 "Stomach Trouble and Distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-a-lives,' your famous fruit medicine, and they completely relieved me. To-day I am feeling fine and a physician, meeting me on the street, asked the reason for my improved appearance. I said, 'I am taking Fruit-a-lives.' He said, 'If Fruit-a-lives make you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can.'"

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

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 Bread that ensures ready and complete digestion.

## TRY A LOAF

Lovell's Bakery

## No Common Interest

Looked at with the strictest impartiality—and it is only from that standpoint that we can hope to see the war in its entirety—we are forced to admit that there is no one common object held by all the Allies. It is not even correct to say that they have at least the common interest of defeating Germany; for Italy is not yet at war with Germany. In point of fact every one of the Allied nations have different aims in which none of the others share. Thus Great Britain is really only interested in the conservation of the Empire; Russia desires that the Dardanelles should be free; Italy wishes to conquer the "unredeemed" provinces; France wants to recover Alsace-Lorraine. None of these aims is shared by all in common.

Takake (pronounced take-ache) is the surest and safest cure for sleeplessness, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, and all forms of nervous exhaustion. Takake pills are fifty cents a box at your druggists, or by mail from the Georgian Mfg. Co., Collingwood, Ont.

## The Kokuro Vase

How It Established a Man's Good Name

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"It is understood that I purchase the house as it stands now, with all its contents," warned John Day, as he sat in the office of the Japanese agent.

The Japanese bowed deferentially. "Yes, Mr. Day, it shall be as you desire. My clerk has made an inventory of the contents of the Tatsuyo house, and you will find that not even a shoji is out of place or a kakemono missing from the walls."

John Day nodded approval, and before the day closed he found himself the owner of the Tokyo residence of the late Henry Burdick, a self exiled American, whom he had known many years ago in the United States.

The house sat back from the street perhaps a hundred feet and was surrounded by a high stone wall without a door or any other sign of entrance to break its rough surface.

At the end of the wall was a red lacquered gate that led into a narrow lane bordered on either side by bamboos, whose feathery tops interlaced and formed a pale green roof overhead.

Halfway down this lane of bamboos was a door set in the wall leading straight into the garden of the house purchased by John Day. This was the main entrance and led up a flower bordered path to the veranda of the house.

Farther down the lane there was another door in the wall that gave entrance to the kitchen gardens and the servants' quarters.

The Tatsuyo house, as the place was called in reference to the original builder and owner of the pretty residence, was now the home of John Day.

On that first evening spent in his new home Day wandered from one room to another with the inventory in his hands, checking off the contents of each apartment, until he felt assured that since the day of Henry Burdick's death not one article had been disturbed.

Henry Burdick's will had been a brief one. It directed that the house he sold and the proceeds, together with certain securities, be given to his relatives in New England. To John Day's surprise, he found himself named as an executor of the will.

It was a surprise because he and Henry Burdick were bitter enemies and had been ever since Day had discovered that Henry Burdick had deeply wronged him in a business matter and fled to Japan. Day's appearance in Tokyo a few days before Burdick's death was purely accidental, and he did not know that Burdick was aware of his presence. But the hastily drawn will and naming of Day as an executor gave color to his suspicion that Burdick had known of his presence in the Japanese capital and for some reason had desired to bring him in close touch with his affairs.

In their youth these two men had both been employed by the same firm of jewelers. A magnificent diamond was missed from the safe, and suspicion was divided between John Day and Henry Burdick. Burdick managed to clear himself of blame, but John Day was judged guilty by his firm, but permitted to remain with it and repay the value of the missing gem.

By denying himself of everything, even the barest necessities, by remaining unmarried and devoting himself entirely to earning and saving money to pay back something which he had never taken, John Day had worked for twenty years. And now, forty-five years old, he found himself clear of debt to the jewelry firm of which he had been elected an honored member and was taking a well earned vacation and a trip around the world. It was a strange coincidence that landed him in Tokyo a few days before Henry Burdick's death, and that brought him into close touch with the affairs of the man who had deeply wronged him, for Day had always believed Burdick guilty.

"If Burdick had that diamond and never disposed of it, and I can find no trace of it in any of the markets of the world, then it is either untouched among his possessions or else he dropped it in midocean," mused John Day as he completed the inventory of the contents of the house.

He was strongly of the opinion that Burdick had concealed the diamond somewhere in the house, trusting to John Day to discover it and thus, in a fashion, right the great wrong that had been done.

The drawing room of the house was the most promising place, for it was furnished in a style that combined the rich simplicity of the orient with all the comforts of the occident.



John Day lingered long in this room before he went into the library adjoining. This room was a replica of the other, save that the walls were lined with bookshelves, which were burdened with curios.

Here Henry Burdick had spent many hours, and this was the room which must have witnessed his remorse if he had ever felt any for the dishonor he had brought upon John Day.

John Day touched a bell and summoned the house boy. It happened that he had been fortunate enough to engage the same faithful Japanese who had served Henry Burdick during his long residence in Tokyo.

"Hatsu," began John Day, looking keenly at the impassive face of the oriental, "I wish to ask you a few questions concerning the last hours of your late master, Mr. Burdick."

"Yes, honorable," returned the man, but Day fancied that the impassivity of his face was broken by a quiver of surprise.

"Did Mr. Burdick appear to be particularly concerned about any matter? Was he troubled in mind?"

"He had that appearance," returned Hatsu cautiously, after long thought.

"In what way?" asked Day sharply.

"He talked much to himself, and he was usually a silent man," said Hatsu thoughtfully. "One day, the very day he passed out into the hands of the gods, I found him wandering about the rooms, looking into hole and corner, and he was muttering words."

"What words?"

"I could not make for sure, honorable," returned the man after another interval of thought, "but it seemed that he wished to hide something, for he said over and over that he must conceal it, yet it must be found. Hidden and found, hidden and found," those were his words.

"I was alarmed at his behavior, and I ran out for help. When I returned he was stretched on the floor of this room senseless, and it was later in the day that he died without a word."

"And you found nothing in the room—the thing that he might have tried to conceal?" questioned Day.

"Nothing, excellency," returned Hatsu.

Day dismissed him, and later in the evening when all the servants had retired to their quarters John Day made an exhaustive search of the house. He left the library till the last, and it was long after midnight when he turned into that dimly lighted room.

He looked around.

Where would he conceal a large diamond as big as a hazel nut if he had been minded to conceal such a gem?

Under the rugs? Within the vases? In a niche of the carving? Within that grinning idol?

There were a score of places to choose from.

He began with the rugs, groping carefully over every inch of their surface for the missing stone.

The rugs refused to divulge the secret.

Then the innumerable curios. The grinning idol when shaken gave back a dust of sandalwood and a smell of joss sticks. The ivory elephant refused to offer any hiding place.

The Kokuro vase on the mantelpiece—

John Day looked at its graceful outlines. There was a gray surface traced with delicate cherry boughs and flying birds. The neck was very small. He took it down and examined it. The missing diamond would never have entered that tiny orifice, yet it must be somewhere.

Suddenly in the silent house there came a sound.

John Day extinguished the light, replaced the vase and stepped behind a carved screen.

Into the darkened room came a bent form holding a lighted lantern. The glow of the light showed the tense features of—Hatsu, the house boy.

He looked furtively around, and then his feet led him swiftly to the mantelpiece, where he took down the Kokuro vase. He glanced over his shoulder into the dusky corners, turned the vase upside down and shook it vigorously. Just as he replaced it there came the sound of another step in the room, and there was the evil countenance of the gardener peering in.

Hatsu turned, saw him, and instantly the two men leaped for each other's throat.

They wrestled silently, each one struggling for a death hold. John Day, standing there behind the screen, marveled at the deadly struggle.

What was it that each one desired—the Kokuro vase? He stepped forward, removed the vase from its place and slipped it in his pocket. Then as the forms remained silent on the floor he glanced once at them, and, convinced that they would fight it out between them, he went upstairs to his own bedroom and

locked every door and window.

He wrapped the vase in a cloth and then shattered it against the edge of his trunk. When he unwrapped the broken pieces there fell into his hands an envelope rolled into a tube. In the end was something round and hard. The envelope was sealed with Burdick's private seal, and on the outside it was addressed to the firm of jewelers in New York of which John Day was now a member.

He slipped the sealed envelope into his inner pocket, and then, his search ended, he went to the library to discover that the fighting servants had vanished. He never saw either of them again.

John Day's trip around the world ended there and then. He took the next steamer for San Francisco, and six weeks later he stepped into the private office of his firm with Henry Burdick's confession and the missing diamond.

Why the guilty man had deferred his confession until the day of his death and why he had never had the courage to use his ill gotten gains no one ever knew. The great diamond had been a curse to him, and its possession had undoubtedly shortened his miserable life.

Now that he was vindicated in the eyes of his fellow men John Day married the girl he loved and retired from business. But he directed that the house in Tokyo be sold, and so the lovely house in the garden by the lane of bamboos has passed into other hands.

As for the shattered Kokuro vase, John Day treasures it highly. He has had it repaired, and it occupies the place of honor in his library.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

## When Slavery Existed in Grosfield Township

The existence of slavery in Essex county during the early part of the 19th century is amply proven by an old document dug up by Registrar Henry Clay a few days ago.

One bundle of papers, bearing the date of 1804, was opened by him Tuesday and in it was found the will of James Girty, a relative of the noted plainsman and Indian fighter, Simon Girty, who resided in Gosfield township, coming to Essex county during the latter part of the 18th century.

When Girty came to Canada from the south, he brought with him his full retinue of slaves, which he bequeaths to various members of his family in his will.

"In the name of God, amen, I, James Girty, of the township of Gosfield and county of Essex, in the Western District of Upper Canada, yeoman, being of sound mind and memory, but considering the uncertainty of human life, do make this, my last will and testament," is the way the document begins.

After a clause expressing a desire to be buried at as little expense as decency will permit, the testator gives his 200-acre farm on Lake Erie to his daughter and son.

"I also bequeath to my son, James, the following six Negro slaves of such of them as may be alive at the time of my death: Virgil, Jim, Hannah, Joe, Betsey and Tom and also the children which may be born of the said Hannah and Betsey. To my daughter I bequeath my Negro woman called Sal, and also the Negro woman called Nancy, with her five children, the said Nancy having been the property of the mother of my children and intended by her for my daughter."

All other property shall be divided between the son and her daughter with the exception of "my Negro slave Paul, whose freedom I hereby bequeath him for his long and faithful service."

The old document will be filed away in the new fire-proof cabinets recently purchased by the county.

Your Asthma, Too. The efficacy of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is not something that is merely to be hoped for; it is to be expected. It never fails to bring relief, and in your own individual case it will do the same. So universal has been the success of this far-famed cure that every one afflicted with this disease owes it to himself to try it.

Mrs. Ada Schiller of Portland, Ore., is the champion woman trapshot of the United States.

Since the outbreak of the war the Grand Duchess George of Russia has knitted 36 pairs of socks and 20 pairs of mittens for the Russian army.

Wm. Waghorn a prominent Wallaceburg man died of appendicitis after a week's illness. He was a member of the hydro commission.

Probably the only woman professional golf player in the world is Mrs. Gourley Dunn-Webb, the noted English player, who has come to the United States on account of the war.

In addition to over 1,000 postwomen employed before the war, the British postal department has added over 2,000 more to act as temporary postwomen while the war is in progress.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

## Why Demanded

"Gin Pills did for my husband and me what no other remedy could. I have advised two other parties to use them, one of them being my mother who has been a great sufferer for upwards of 20 years, and one box cured her, so as to enable her to sleep on her left side, something she could not do for many a year. The doctors told her they could not cure her, but could relieve her by an operation for a floating kidney, but on account of her age they did not think it advisable for her to go. Upon my advice she tried Gin Pills which cured her and for which she is ever ready to speak in terms of praise."

MRS. THOMAS H. PLESTID  
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Your druggist sells GIN PILLS—50c. the box.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto.

## ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving the Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION

Thos. L. Swift, reported missing since June 15th, Rich. H. Stapleford, Bury C. Binks, L. Gunn Newell, killed in action, Arthur Owens, F. C. N. Newell, T. Ward, Sid Welsh, Alf Woodward, killed in action, M. Cunningham, M. Blondel, W. Blunt, R. W. Bailey, A. L. Johnston, R. A. Johnston, G. Mathews, C. Manning, W. G. Nichol, F. Phelps, H. F. Small, E. W. Smith, C. Toop, C. Ward, J. Ward, killed in action, F. Wakelin, D. C. M., killed in action, T. Wakelin, wounded—missing, H. Whitsitt, B. Hardy.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C.L.I.

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION

C. W. Barnes, Geo. Ferris, Edmund Watson, G. Shanks, C. Jamieson, J. Burns, F. Burns, C. Blunt, Wm. Auterson, S. P. Shanks.

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

Lorne Lucas, Frank Yerks, Chas. Potter, Rus. G. Clark.

33RD BATTALION

Percy Mitchell, Lloyd Howden, Geo. Fountain, Gordon H. Patterson, died in Victoria Hospital, London.

34TH BATTALION

E. C. Crohn, S. Newell, Stanley Rogers, Macklin Hagle, Henry Holmes, Wm. Manning, Leonard Lees.

70TH BATTALION

Ernest Lawrence, — Emmerson, C. H. Loveday, A. Banks, S. R. Wholton, Thos. Meyers, Jos. M. Wardman.

71ST BATTALION

R. H. Trenouth.

28TH BATTALION

Thomas Lamb.

MOUNTED RIFLES

Fred A. Taylor.

29TH BATTERY

Wm. Mitchell, John Howard.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT

Gunner Woolvet.

PIONEERS

Wm. McNally, W. F. Goodman.

ENGINEERS

J. Tomlin

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

T. A. Brandon, M. D., Capt. W. J. McKenzie, M. D., Norman McKenzie.

135TH BATTALION

N. McLachlan.

Nuts contain greater nutriment, bulk for bulk, than any other food.

A little eau de cologne lighted in an old spoon makes a refreshing odor.

India ink stains on the hands can be removed with diluted hydrochloric acid. Barnard college girls have taken up jiu-jitsu, the ancient sport and defence used in Japan.

A Philadelphia tobacconist claims that women are almost as good customers as the men.

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.