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"Fruit-a-lives" Keeps Young And Old In Splendid Health



J. W. HAMMOND Esq.
 SCOTLAND, Ont., Aug. 25th, 1913
 "Fruit-a-lives" are the only pills manufactured, to my way of thinking. They work completely, no gripping whatever, and one is plenty for any ordinary person at a dose. My wife was a martyr to Constipation. We tried everything on the calendar without satisfaction, and spent large sums of money until we happened on "Fruit-a-lives". I cannot say too much in their favor.
 We have used them in the family for about two years and we would not use anything else as long as we can get "Fruit-a-lives".
 Their action is mild, and no distress at all. I have recommended them to many other people, and our whole family uses them.
J. W. HAMMOND.
 Those who have been cured by "Fruit-a-lives" are proud and happy to tell a sick or ailing friend about these wonderful tablets made from fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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LOVELL'S BAKERY

ARMY RED TAPE

It Was Cut In the Nick of Time by a Girl.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Years ago when I was a lieutenant in the regular army stationed in what was then the wild west at Fort K. we had in the garrison an officer who was a tyrant. The fort was a two company post, and he commanded one of the companies. Captain Hawkins was so severe with his men that Major Barton, commanding, felt called upon on several occasions to remonstrate with him.

A young man named Stevenson was sent out to us with a lot of recruits and assigned to Hawkins' company. He had very little knowledge of military discipline and was unfortunate in having a martinet for a captain.

Stevenson was a handsome fellow, with a young face and massive frame. Several of the Indian chiefs came to the fort on business for their tribes and saw him they granted their admiration, one of them saying to him: "You come with us. We make you chief." Perhaps it was this manly beauty that won the heart of Madge Conover, the daughter of an ordnance sergeant who wore half a dozen service stripes on his arm. At any rate, Madge fell desperately in love with Stevenson, though I believe he was not disposed to fall in love with any one.

The recruit was as high strung as he was handsome. But, knowing nothing about the duties of a soldier, he very soon got into trouble. His captain was always sending him to the guardhouse, and since Stevenson's branches of discipline were entirely through ignorance he justly laid up his punishments against Hawkins. One day for some misdemeanor the captain ordered him tied up by the thumbs. When his sufferings were becoming unbearable Hawkins ordered him taken down and gave him a severe scolding. The youngster thus goaded while still suffering struck his captain. Hawkins drew his sword and was about to cut down the mutineer when he thought better of the matter and ordered him under guard.

The offense was, indeed, serious. Stevenson was informed by his friends that he would be tried for his life. Had the case come to trial he might have been sentenced to be shot, but the sentence would likely have been commuted to a long imprisonment. But it did not—at least, not then—come to trial. Madge Conover one night contrived to draw away the attention of his guard and made a sign to him to light out. This he did, and before his escape was reported to headquarters he had mounted a horse that stood saddled and was soon galloping over the plain.

Stevenson remembered that the Indians had said that if he would go with them they would make him a chief. He directed his course to where he knew the Arapahoes were encamped and was received with open arms by them. They did not at once make him a chief, but he soon became a leader among them.

It was not long after the mutineer's escape that the Indians became troublesome, and a force from the fort was sent out to regulate them. During a skirmish with them Stevenson was captured. If his case was desperate before it was now doubly so. In addition to the charge of mutiny he now had to answer a charge of desertion and one of taking arms against the army to which he belonged. This time he was confined in a place where escape was scarcely possible. A court was at once convened; he was tried on all three of the charges, found guilty and sentenced to be shot. The findings were sent to Washington, approved and returned to the commanding officer.

Major Barton was at the time seriously considering whether he would not prefer charges against Captain Hawkins for cruelty to the men. He was aware of all the facts in the case of Stevenson and sympathized with the young man, who he knew had been driven to what he had done by Hawkins' severity. He recommended to the president that a pardon be granted Stevenson in view of the culprit's ignorance of military discipline at the time his offenses were committed.

It was a long distance in those days from Fort K. to Washington. While the major's communication was on the way Stevenson was under sentence of death, and unless a pardon came before the day set for execution he must die, for there was no one authorized to set aside the findings of the court

except the president of the United States.

A few days before the day set for Stevenson's execution an official document arrived at the fort postmarked Washington, the envelope bearing the printed words "From the President of the United States" and addressed to Major Charles F. Barton, commanding. It happened that the command was away on an expedition and the fort had been left in charge of Sergeant Conover. The sergeant was not authorized to open the mail and would have kept the missive until the major's return. But, suspecting it pertained to the matter of Private Stevenson, concluded to send it to his commanding officer.

Stevenson, when the command started on the expedition, was transferred under guard to Fort G., some twenty miles distant, where his execution was to take place.

Sergeant Conover knew of the distress his daughter was suffering at Stevenson's misfortune and that she was in an agony of suspense as to word from Washington concerning him. Fearing a disappointment, he did not tell her of the message from the president. He had no one to send it by to Major Barton except a private named Cassidy, a worthless creature, who had been left behind when the expedition started. Mounting Cassidy on the best horse the garrison afforded, Conover gave him the message and told him to ride with it to Major Barton as fast as possible.

During the night that Cassidy started the sergeant told his wife of the arrival of the message from the president and his forwarding it to Major Barton by Private Cassidy. Mrs. Conover, knowing that the execution of Stevenson was set for a near date, scolded him for intrusting so important a message to so unreliable a messenger. Madge, in an adjoining room, heard every word that was said.

That night Madge was missing, also a horse from the stable. Madge had taken the horse for the purpose of overtaking Cassidy and to make sure that the message was delivered with the utmost expedition.

The next day at noon Cassidy reached the encampment of the command and on feeling in his belt for the message from the president to give to Major Barton discovered that he had lost it. He had reached a settlement the night before, where he had spent much time carousing, and had lost the dispatch. Barton learned from him that the envelope bore the mark of the president of the United States and surmised that it contained either a pardon for Stevenson or a refusal to pardon him.

The major was in a quandary. He was without a message, Stevenson was to be executed, and even if a pardon had been granted there was hardly time to send word to stop it. Barton had been in the army during a period when red tape was much in vogue, and the situation quite upset him. Though a human life was at stake, he had no order to interfere. To give an order in the name of the commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States was more than he dared assume. He debated so long as to what course to pursue that it would be impossible to send a messenger to stop the execution even if he were willing to take the responsibility for doing so.

Madge Conover, starting after midnight without a guide, missed the road, was obliged to retrace her steps for quite a long distance and did not reach the settlement where Cassidy had stopped till the next afternoon. Then she learned that he had been there and had gone on rather the worse for his amusement during his stay. Madge remounted her horse and was galloping onward when she saw before her an oblong paper lying beside the road. Something moved her to get down and pick it up. She did so and, turning it over, saw on the left hand corner the printed words "From the President of

the United States."

A message from the president, though not addressed to her, was not a matter of reverence so long as Jim Stevenson's life was at stake. Her loving heart was not tied up with red tape. She tore the envelope to shreds to get at the contents and, unfolding the letter, with trembling hands, read that the president had granted a pardon to Private James Stevenson, 4th Infantry, United States army.

Madge was at one angle of a triangle, Major Barton at another and the condemned man at another. The shortest leg was to Barton. But Stevenson was to die the next morning at sunrise, and, though by that much respected book, the army regulations, she should have delivered the document through the major, she knew that by doing so she would fail to save her lover. It was 6 o'clock in the evening. Fort G. was some forty miles from her. Mounting, she turned her horse in that direction.

At daybreak—it came early—the garrison of Fort G. began preparations for putting Private Stevenson out of suspense. Just before sunrise he was marched out through the gate on to the open plain, blindfolded, his hands tied behind him and a firing squad drawn up before him. The attention of the officer of the day who had charge of the execution was called to a mounted figure galloping across the plain. As it drew nearer it held aloft something white. The officer directed the sergeant in command of the men to bring them to a "rest."

"It's a woman," muttered the officer to himself.

The figure grew larger as it approached, and when but a short distance from the fort it was plain that it held aloft a paper. She pulled up in front of the officer, handed it to him, tottered, and he caught her in his arms as she fell from her horse.

Thus was the life of Private James Stevenson saved by a bit of red tape cutting on the part of a woman. Had the army routine prevailed, had she been delayed ten minutes more than she had been, he would have been riddled with bullets. Unbound and his eyes uncovered, he saw lying on the turf near him the inanimate figure of Madge Conover.

"A pardon!" exclaimed the officer of the day, holding a paper toward the culprit.

Stevenson paid no attention to the paper, but took Madge up in his arms, and when she revived she saw her lover looking down upon her.

Hadn't Used One.
 Uncle Ezra—Eph Hoskins must have had some time down in New York. Uncle Eben—Yep. Reckon he traveled a mighty swift pace. Eph's wife said that when Eph got back and went into his room he looked at the bed, kicked it and said, "What's that darn thing for?"—Judge.

All at a Glance.
 Mr. Pester—That's a pretty woman that just passed us. Mrs. Pester—H'm! She's wearing her last season's hat, her puffs don't match her hair, her waist laces up in the back, and her skirt sags on one side. Men never notice anything.—Boston Globe.

Contagious Ophthalmia.
 The disease is due to a specific germ, says Kimball's Dairy Farmer. Isolate the affected animal in a darkened stable and feed them light, laxative rations. Twice daily bathe the eyes with a 10 per cent solution of boric acid applied each time with a fresh swab of absorbent cotton. Every other day dust the eyeballs with a mixture of finely powdered calomel and boric acid. Substitute iodoform for calomel in the worst cases. After inflammation subsides wet the eyeball once daily with a solution of two grains of nitrate of silver in an ounce of distilled water, to be kept in a blue glass bottle to prevent chemical changes. The latter treatment is for opacity of the eyeball. Keep the cattle off low wet pastures. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash the stables, fences and feeding racks and troughs.

O'Connell's Bull.
 O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, being pestered by a stranger for his autograph, returned the following answer:
 Sir—Yours requesting my autograph is received. I have been so bothered with similar importunities that I'll be blessed if I send it. Your obedient servant,
 DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Economy Tip.
 "My tobaccoist tells me that if I will stick my cigars in my vest pocket so that the small end is out instead of the big end I'll lose fewer cigars."
 "I've a better plan than that. Stick 'em in your coat pocket so that they don't show at all."—Boston Transcript.

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.—Shakespeare.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild, in

PERHAPS IT'S THE KIDNEYS

that are making you feel so badly. If so, you can easily tell. If your head feels dull and aching—if your back hurts nearly all the time—if your appetite is poorly and your tongue is coated—if the urine burns, is highly colored and offensive in odor—if you notice a brick dust deposit or mucus in the urine after standing over night—then you certainly have something the matter with your kidneys. Get

Gin Pills
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"For a long time I had been suffering from the kidneys and pains in my back and limbs. I have tried several remedies without success. After using Gin Pills I was soon relieved of my pains and now I am perfectly cured, and due entirely to Gin Pills."
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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.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Watford Station as follows

GOING WEST	
Accommodation, 75	8 44 a.m.
Accommodation, 88	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	6 16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent Watford!

Plans are announced to be under way to establish a rest home in Essex county for wounded soldiers, many of whom will be returned within the next two months. Several patriotic societies are said to have charge of the arrangements.

Lantic Sugar

Look for Atlantic MONTREAL, QUE.

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\$2.00 per year

P.S.—According to Lord Kitchener the big war has only begun

Coalition and Conscription

Various circumstances, and particularly the formation of a coalition government, point to an early call to the colors of every man of military age in the United Kingdom who is not needed in the armament and munition factories. The conviction is deepening that the country cannot, in this crisis, rely on the old voluntary system, whether in military matters or in the field of labor. Great as are the manufacturing resources of Britain, and earnest and patriotic as the employers and the majority of the workers have been, it is evidently recognized that what is needed is organization and direction, requirements that mean a form of government intensely repugnant to the British spirit of individualism. Such a revolution could not be accomplished by a ministry representing only one of the political parties

