

WHOLE FAMILY USES THEM

"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 won-
derful tablets made from fruit juices.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
All dealers or sent on receipt of price
by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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 com-
pany 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 mili-
tary discipline and was unfortunate
in having a martinet for a captain.

Stevenson was a handsome fellow,
with a young face and massive frame.
I remember one day when several In-
dian chiefs came to the fort on busi-
ness 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 cap-
tain 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 cap-
tain 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 godded
while still suffering struck his cap-
tain. 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 headquar-
ters he had mounted a horse that
stood saddled and was soon galloping
over the plain.

Stevenson remembered that the Indi-
ans 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 trou-
blesome, 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 ad-
dition 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 es-
cape was scarcely possible. A court
was at once convened; he was tried
on all three of the charges, found gui-
lty and sentenced to be shot. The find-
ings were sent to Washington, approv-
ed and returned to the commanding
officer.

Major Barton was at the time seri-
ously 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 cul-
prit's ignorance of military discipline
at the time his offenses were commit-
ted.

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 be-
fore 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 docu-
ment 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, command-
ing. It happened that the command
was away on an expedition and the
fort had been left in charge of Ser-
geant 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, con-

cluded 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 dis-
tress 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 afford-
ed, Conover gave him the message and
told him to ride with it to Major Bar-
ton as fast as possible.

During the night that Cassidy started
the sergeant told his wife of the ar-
rival of the message from the presi-
dent and his forwarding it to Major
Barton by Private Cassidy. Mrs. Con-
over, knowing that the execution of
Stevenson was set for a near date,
scolded him for intrusting so impor-
tant a message to so unreliable a mes-
senger. 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 reach-
ed the encampment of the command
and on feeling in his belt for the mes-
sage 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 par-
don had been granted there was hard-
ly time to send word to stop it. Bar-
ton 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 mes-
senger to stop the execution even if he
were willing to take the responsibility
for doing so.

Madge Conover, starting after mid-
night 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 stop-
ped 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
remembered that 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 par-
don to Private James Stevenson, —th
infantry, United States army.

Madge was at one angle of a trian-
gle, Major Barton at another and the
condemned man at another. The short-
est leg was to Barton. But Stevenson
was to die the next morning at sun-
rise, and, though by that much respect-
ed 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 even-
ing. Fort G. was some forty miles from
her. Mounting, she turned her horse
in that direction.

At daybreak—it came early—the gar-
rison of Fort G. began preparations for
putting Private Stevenson out of sus-
pense. 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 ser-
geant 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 ap-
proached, and when but a short dis-
tance from the fort it was plain that
it held aloft a paper. She pulled up in
front of the officer, handed it to him,
trotted, 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 rid-
dled 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
hikes 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 animals in a darkened sta-
ble and feed them light, laxative ra-
tions. Twice daily bathe the eyes with
a 10 per cent solution of boric acid ap-
plied 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. Sub-
stitute iodoform for calomel in the
worst cases. After inflammation sub-
sides 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 pre-
vent 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 au-
tograph, returned the following an-
swer:

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 with-
out injury to the child, because its
action, while fully effective, is mild, m-

PERHAPS IT'S THE KIDNEYS

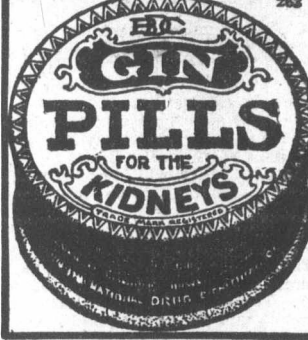
that are making you feel so badly.
If so, you can easily tell. If your
head feels dull and aching, if your
back hurts nearly all the time—if
your appetite is poorly and your
tongue is coated—if the urine
burns, is highly colored and offen-
sive in color—if you notice a brick
dust deposit or mucus in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

Gin Pills

FOR THE KIDNEYS
"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."
Mrs. V. J. GUY.

Gin Pills are "Made in Canada"
and sold by all dealers at 50c. a box,
6 for \$2.50. Sold in U.S. under the
name "GINO" Pills. Write us for
free trial treatment.

National Drug and Chemical Co.,
of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.



SOCIETIES.

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

Regular meetings the
Second and Fourth
Mondays of each
month at 8 o'clock.
Court Room over
Stapleford's store, Main
street, Watford.
B. Smith, C. R. J.
H. Hume R. Sec., J. E. Collier, F. Sec.

CHANTRY FARM KERWOOD

Shorthorn Cattle
—AND—
Lincoln Sheep
ED. DeCEX, Proprietor
Kerwood Ontario

OUR CLUBBING LIST

THE GUIDE-ADVOCATE AND

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| Family Herald and Weekly Star | \$1 85 |
| Weekly Mail and Empire | 1 85 |
| Weekly Farmers Star | 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 35 |
| 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

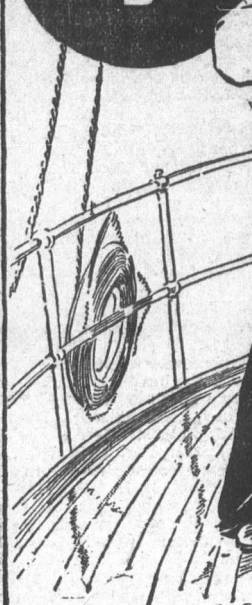
Forest—Sept. 29, 30.
Strathroy—Sept. 20 to 22.
Petrolia—Sept. 22 to 25.
Sarnia—Sept. 27 to 29.
Wyoming—Oct. 1, 2.
WATFORD—OCT. 5, 6.
Alvinston—Oct. 7, 8.
Glencoe—Sept. 27 to 29.
Bridgen—Oct. 4, 5.
Florence—Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Sombra—Oct. 11, 12.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows
GOING WEST
Accommodation, 75 8 44 a.m.
Accommodation, 83 6 39 p.m.
GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80 7 45 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.

Th

\$2.00
per
year

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

Coalition and Conscription

Various circumstances, and par-
ticularly 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 can-
not, in this crisis, rely on the old
voluntary system, whether in mili-
tary matters or in the field of labor.
Great as are the manufacturing re-
sources 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 direc-
tion, requirements that mean a form
of government intensely repugnant
to the British spirit of individualism.
Such a revolution could not be ac-
complished by a ministry represent-
ing only one of the political parties