

TORTURED BY RHEUMATISM

Sunday School Supt. Tells How "Fruit-a-tives" Relieved

TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1913.
 "I have lived in this city for more than 12 years and am well known. I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken 'Fruit-a-tives' for 18 months now and am pleased to tell you that I am well. All the enlargement has not left my hands, and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in eighteen months."

R. A. WAUGH.
 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
 At all dealers or direct from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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H. Schlemmer
 Feb 15

Children Cry
 FOR FLETCHER'S
 CASTORIA

The Girl Who Drove the Cows to Pasture

A Story For St. Valentine's Day

By SARAH BAXTER

"Grandpa, won't you tell us a valentine story?" said a miss of fourteen. "You told us a story for Christmas, and I think you might do the same now that St. Valentine's day has come around."

The old gentleman cleared his throat, the children gathered about him, and he acceded to their request.

"St. Valentine's day has changed from what it was when I was a youngster. It is now a day for little children to send and receive valentines. I see no reason why the sending of valentines when they are in good taste should not be observed today among those of the mating age. The only objection is the abuse of the custom, but I admit that it is a serious objection. There are special cases where a valentine may bring two persons together in a happy marriage. For instance, suppose a young man admires a girl he does not know and has no means of knowing."

"Never mind all that, grandpa. We want the story."
 "I would not consider all that essential had it not been for the change that has come over the custom of sending valentines, warping it from its original purity. However, I have no more to say by way of preface and will begin:

"There was once upon a time a young fellow—we'll call him Jim—who lived in the country. He had never had anything to do with girls and knew nothing about them. He was red headed and freckled, and when he looked in the glass it seemed to him he was so homely that he would have to live all his life without a wife or children to love him, for no girl would have him. So he said to himself, 'I'll always keep away from girls, because I might fall in love with one of them, and in that case I might die of a broken heart.' It seemed hardly necessary to make such a resolution, for Jim was never thrown in with girls, and if he had been he was too bashful to become at all companionable with any of them.

"What was Jim's surprise one day to receive a valentine. It came in an envelope—the same as you children use now—covered with Cupids and arrows piercing hearts and was addressed to him in a girl's handwriting. He stared at the outside, for a time not realizing that it was for him and wondering if there was not some mistake about it. Since he did not know a girl how could a girl send him a valentine? But there was his name written out in full, with his usual address at the village, a mile away from the farm. Still doubting, he opened the envelope and took out the prettiest valentine you ever saw. In its center was a colored picture of a young man and a girl sitting in a bower, and the very sight of it made Jim's finger tips tingle. In each of the four corners was a Cupid with a bow and arrow, and every arrow was aimed at the couple in the bower. Jim has seen many a valentine since, but they have no such effect as this first and only valentine he ever received when he was young and was conscious that with all his red hair and freckles and ungainly farm walk there was a girl in the world who thought enough of him to send him a valentine. Today valentines are to him nothing more than cheap stamped pieces of paper with colored pictures."

"How do you know how he feels about the valentines, grandpa?" asked a little girl.

"How do I know it? Because— if you care to hear the end of the story you mustn't interrupt me."

The old gentleman chuckled and proceeded with his narrative:
 "Jim, who had made a resolution that he would have nothing to do with any girl for fear he might fall in love and die of a broken heart, found himself all of a sudden dwelling continually on a girl he had never seen. He formed a great many mental pictures of her, which gradually settled down to one that remained always the same—a girl with golden hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, a dimple in each, and a sweet smile. If he was following the plow this girl walked beside him. If he was milking she was milking another cow near him. When he ate his meals she sat opposite him at table. Indeed, wherever he was, whatever he was doing, she was with him.

"One thing Jim couldn't understand. If there was a girl in the world who fancied him, with all his red hair and freckles, why didn't she put something on the valentine to give him a clue to



whom she was? Not knowing anything about girls, he was ignorant of the fact that a girl's great delight is to bother any young fellow she happens to fancy, and the more she fancies him the more she likes to tease him.

"Of course there were girls in that part of the country, though Jim didn't know any of them, else how could he have received a valentine? After its receipt every girl he met he looked at to see if she showed any preference for him. He was too unused to them to understand their tricks and their manners and did not know that the girl who fancied him would be sure to try to make him think she didn't or if she showed a preference one day would probably show indifference the next.

"There was a girl who lived half mile up the road from Jim who drove her father's cows to pasture every morning and back to the barn every evening. One evening Jim was up the way and passed her on the road while she was driving the cows. She was about fifteen years old, straight as an arrow and wore her dress to the top of her boots. Her hair and eyes were black. There was something about the way she carried herself that took Jim's fancy, and he hoped that when she came near him she would take enough interest in him at least to look at him. What was his disappointment to see her while he was passing her look up at the sky. 'Well,' said Jim to himself, 'she can't be the girl who sent me the valentine, sure. She didn't take enough interest in me to see what kind of a feller I am.'

"But somehow Jim after that frequently found it convenient to be up that way in the morning, sometimes in the evening, but always about the hour that the girl was driving the cows to or from pasture. Every time he passed her she looked up at the sky. Gradually Jim from meeting her so often came to cease to be afraid of her, and one morning while passing he said:
 "'Mornin', Miss Look-in-the-Air.'

"The girl turned her big black eyes full upon him and made a face at him. After that for awhile when Jim passed her he looked up at the sky himself but one day, suddenly dropping his eye, he caught the girl looking straight at him. She at once switched her eyes sidewise.

"This was the first time in his life Jim got on to the fact that you can't always tell how a girl feels by what she does. From that time forward he became brave when he saw a girl coming and ceased to feel a desire to climb a fence to get out of the way. He took pains to meet the girl who drove the cows, and one evening when one of the animals broke away and galloped up a side road Jim ran after her and brought her back. This kindly act seemed to placate the girl and she unbent so far as to thank him. The ice was broken, and an acquaintance was formed.

"Jim hadn't forgotten his valentine, but the imaginary girl with golden hair and blue eyes gradually faded away, her place being taken by the brunette who drove the cows to pasture. He was seized with a desire to do something for her. When idle he dreamed day dreams of finding her chased by a furious bull and his rescuing the animal's charge with a pitchfork. Another scene attractive to him was the girl swimming around in the river while he was swimming for her and finally carrying her to shore.

"Well, Jim gradually forgot his red hair and his freckles and his other deficiencies and sidled up to his new found friend. A year passed, and when another St. Valentine's day came around he wondered if the girl who had sent him a valentine before would send him another, but he didn't care much whether she did or not, for by this time he was engrossed with a girl he knew, and she was much preferable to one he didn't know. But with all the courage Jim had gained he hadn't enough to say to his cow driver what he wished to say—that 'his heart was just bustin' for her.'

"Happily St. Valentine's day let him out of that, at least he took it for granted it would, and he sent his real flame a valentine. Unfortunately Jim hadn't one handy and was too busy to go to the village to buy one, so he sent her the one he had received the year before.

"The next day he met his flame on the road, and to his chagrin she looked straight ahead without taking the slightest notice of him. Jim supposed that she had in some way learned that he had sent her a valentine, and this was her answer. He took his medicine bravely at first, but his courage didn't last. When he was not at work he used to go into the barn and up in the hayloft and sit down and mope. It seemed to him that the bottom had dropped out of the universe. He

didn't go up the road where he had been used to meeting the girl. Instead of wishing an explanation he was afraid to receive one. If her cutting him dead was so terrible to bear what would he suffer if she told him in plain words that he had offended her by offering her his love? And yet why should she know that the valentine he had sent her was from him?

"However, he suffered so that at last he mustered up courage to face the music and find out what he didn't understand. So he walked up the road in the evening at the exact time she was driving in the cows. He met her and said:

"'I'm sorry you didn't like my sendin' you a valentine.'
 "'It wasn't your sending me a valentine I didn't like; it was the valentine I sent you last year.'

"You could have knocked him down with a feather. He was the most astonished fellow you ever saw.
 "'Did you send me that valentine?' he asked.

"'Didn't you know I sent it?'
 "'No.'
 "'She blushed, and Jim went right up to her and said:
 "'Hazel!'"

"Hazel!" exclaimed several of the children at once.
 "'Yes. Didn't I say her name was Hazel?'"

"No. Why, that's grandma's name."
 "'So it is. That's funny, isn't it?'"
 "'Are you sure Hazel wasn't grandma?'"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't know but that she was."
 Off ran the children to find grandma to tell her all about the story of the girl who drove the cows to pasture.

LUXURY IN THE BASTILLE.

The Famous French Prison During the Reign of Louis XIII.

It was during the reign of Louis XIII. that the Bastille became recognized as a prison, especially for notable persons suspected of treachery against the French government. Richelieu used it for the secure lodgment of troublesome opponents, and during his time the celebrated fortress became the luxurious prison of a powerful aristocracy.

Apart from the necessary restrictions, a stay in the famous prison of Paris was little more than an agreeable diversion. It seemed indeed as though the king was determined to show his kindness. He expressed great anxiety for the comfort of his prisoners.

Money could buy in the Bastille all the luxury that could be obtained outside, and should a poor man stray within the impenetrable walls the king was so eager to prove his hospitality that he at once allowed him a reasonable pension. The rooms in which the prisoners were confined were lofty and well aired; the furniture was arranged according to the taste of the occupant.

Mme. de Stael, for instance, hung her walls with rich tapestries, and many a distinguished culprit carried with him to the Faubourg St. Antoine his family portraits or a valuable library.

Not is it in the least significant that the prison barber visited his patrons every morning with a silver basin, perfumed soap and embroidered towels. The best viands, well cooked, were furnished to the better class of prisoners, and at the close of the meals they exchanged visits, played cards and made the walls of the gloomy looking prison ring with their merriment.

One of Falb's Predictions.
 In 1874 Professor Rudolph Falb predicted an eruption of Etna on Aug. 27. He offered a Vienna editor to write an account of it if the editor would send him to Sicily. Falb was commissioned. When he reached Etna there was not the slightest sign of disturbance. As the 27th approached Falb was tortured with anxiety and spent sleepless nights watching the volcano. Nothing happened on the 27th and 28th. The following morning the servant rushed into the professor's room shouting, "An eruption, a terrible eruption!" Falb saw the spectacle and sent off his dispatch.

"One" as a Pronoun.
 I have never been smitten with the use of the word "one" as a pronoun. It takes a word juggler to attempt it and get away with it. Unless one feels that one has won one's spurs in this respect and can extricate oneself from the mess one gets oneself and one's readers into one should avoid the use of the word one in referring to oneself as one would a plague.—Westminster Gazette.

The Frenchwoman and Hats.
 It is said to take much less money to start a millinery shop in France than in England, because it is not necessary to the French milliner to carry a stock of trimmed hats. The Englishwoman, it seems, cannot buy a hat or anything else without seeing it completely finished. The Frenchwoman has imagination enough to picture the completed article to herself and knows just how she will look in it.

ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving the Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION

- Thos. L. Swift, reported missing since June 15
- 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. Whitesitt
- 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. Antterson
- S. P. Shanks

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

- Lorne Lucas
- Frank Yerks
- Chas. Potfer
- Rus. G. Clark.

33RD BATTALION

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

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