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By its cleaning, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-lives" aids the system of all waste matter and thus insures a pure blood supply.

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—AND—
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TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST

Accommodation, 75..... 8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 3..... 12 13 p.m.
Accommodation, 83..... 6 44 p.m.

GOING EAST

Accommodation, 80..... 7 43 a.m.
New York Express, 6..... 11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 2..... 3 05 p.m.
Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent, Watford

How Billy Emerson Walked Into His Own Trap

A Christmas Story

By RUTH GRAHAM

Billy Emerson was twenty-one, a nice fellow, as the girls would put it, handsome and rich. It is questionable if young men born with silver spoons in their mouths are fortunate. They have no careers before them, or, rather, no careers are forced on them, and few persons will work who do not have to work. Billy was in no regular business; consequently time hung heavy on his hands, and he was always hunting for some amusement. He once said that he would rather be a housebreaker than himself, for he would love an exciting life instead of a dull one.

Billy disliked cold weather, and when the autumn came on he usually went to a southern climate. Nice was his favorite winter resort; but, tiring of all European places, he concluded one autumn to go to a seashore in Virginia. Not finding the climate there warm enough for him, he drifted down to Florida, where he put up at one of the swell hotels at St. Augustine.

It was a month before Christmas when the young man started on this outing, and not to be deprived of the pleasure of giving the customary presents on account of his absence he devoted a week before leaving to his purchase. Since he was an orphan with no brothers or sisters the time he devoted to the purpose would seem unnecessary, but Billy had one good trait—he interested himself in impetuous persons. The main enjoyment he received from his large fortune was making the needy happy by supplying their necessities. Having arranged for a showering of gifts on Christmas day, he sailed away.

Billy was used to sitting in the sun parlor in the morning, where other guests congregated. Not having anything better to do, he observed such persons as interested him, but it was a very dull way of spending the time, and he longed for something to stir him up. There was a young lady in the house who was taking care of her invalid mother. The girl's face was Madonna-like, and it seemed to Billy that any one she loved she would sacrifice for, even to her life. Billy wished she would love him.

One day this young lady was sitting in an easy chair, basking in the sun, when something seemed suddenly to occur to her. Rising quickly, she hurried away, leaving a fat portmanteau in the chair she had occupied. It occurred to Billy that here was an opportunity to scrape an acquaintance. He would take up the article and when the young lady returned for her purse hand it to her. Stepping briskly to the portmanteau, he seized it and was putting it in his pocket when the young lady, doubtless having missed it, returned. Billy was caught in the act.

Now, what it was that induced him to deny the theft he could hardly himself explain. He says it was because if he told her that he took the portmanteau simply to return it to her she would not believe him, and he saw an adventure in a final confession, proving his respectability at the same time. This would cause her to feel that she had wronged him and give him a great advantage. Quite likely the pained look on the girl's face that followed one of surprise had something to do with his action. Be this as it may, he denied having seen the missing article, not having any very definite plan of subsequent action.

"Give me my portmanteau," she said. "I saw you take it. To think that such a respectable looking person should be a common—"

She balked at the word thief. It was too contemptuous a word to apply to so respectable appearing a person.

"If you knew my motive," said Billy, "you would have sympathy for me."

"What motive?"

"The blessed Christmas season is coming, and I have nothing with which to buy gifts for my dear mother and five young brothers and sisters."

A pitying expression came over the girl's face, a mingling of pain, sympathy and forgiveness. It made Billy feel that to elicit such an expression he would rob a bank.

"Keep the money," said the girl, "and if there is not enough to buy gifts for all I will add to it. But return my portmanteau and the other contents. They were given me last Christmas by my dear mother."

Billy hung his head. It seemed as if he had been touched by this kindly magnanimity, and repentance was beginning to well up within him. Taking the portmanteau from his pocket, he handed it to her without opening it. She took some bills there were in it and handed them to him.

"No," he said. "You have made me



see the error of my ways. I am repentant. Call for the police and have me locked up."

As the perpetrator of this stupendous bluff well knew, the girl would do no such thing. But when she told him that she forgave him and would do nothing to interfere with any good resolutions he might make for his future the scamp protested that she was not doing her duty.

"You have no right to permit me to go free," he said mournfully. "You are risking the valuables of every one in this house. How do you know but that I will go on in my pernickious way? It is your duty to hand me over to the authorities, or rather to inform the proprietors of this hotel that they are harboring a thief. They will have me arrested and lodged in jail. I will pay the penalty of my wickedness and when I have expiated it will take the path into which I have been led by your magnanimity."

"That is not necessary. All you have to do is to leave this house, promising me that you will lead an honest life from this time forward. Besides, the motive for your crime must be considered. You were not stealing for yourself, but to give pleasure to those you love."

"That was all very well except leaving the house, which Billy had no intention of doing."

"If I am to be trusted," he said, switching off from the previous argument, "I may as well remain here as anywhere. You have my promise that I will never steal again."

Billy was relieved from explaining how he was to remain in a house the lowest priced room of which was \$5 a day—Billy's suit was \$25—by the approach of other persons, and with a look of gratitude he left the sun parlor.

Billy, not knowing but that the girl would make a confidant of some one who would not be as lenient with him as the young lady and he would be put to considerable trouble to explain his theft, concluded to take a precaution. He was chummy with the clerk of the hotel and told him the story. Since Billy was well known to the management, this bit of advance knowledge was all that was necessary to prevent trouble. Billy learned from the clerk that the young lady was Miss Helena Clarke of New York.

Shortly after Billy's theft and return of the stolen property a Mr. and Mrs. Ballinger came down from the north and stopped under the same roof with him. The first Billy knew of their arrival was seeing them hobnobbing with Mrs. Clarke and her daughter. Billy winced. He had been led by circumstances into doing what would put him into a position which would, to say the least, be considered foolish and had come to realize that any transition to his own respectable self would be humiliating. The arrival of these friends, mutual to himself and the Clarks, might bring about a denouncement before he was ready for one. At the same time if he wished for a voucher the new arrivals would serve the purpose admirably. Billy determined to keep out of their way until he could think up a way out of his dilemma. But the more he thought the more he became impressed with the fact that there was no way out of it unless he should concoct a bigger deception than the one he had practiced. While he was trying to invent a story the Clarks departed for the north. Billy, having learned all about them from his friends the Ballingers, took his own departure for home.

It was now a couple of weeks before Christmas. Billy went to his bank and procured a certificate of deposit in the name of Helena Clarke; then, going home, he inclosed it in a note saying that he was the man who had been saved from an ignominious career by her kindness. A miserly uncle had died and left him a large fortune. Would Miss Clarke kindly distribute for him the inclosed amount for the poor at Christmas time? If so she would go far in helping him to forget the sin the remembrance of which was embittering his life.

"Well," said Billy to himself, "if I can't keep her from setting me down for a fool I can at least prepare the way for a confession." And with this he sealed his note and dropped it in a mail box. A reply soon came to him from Mrs. Clarke showing plainly that she had swallowed this story as well as the other. She promised to dispense his Christmas charity and asked if there was anything else she could do to encourage him in making his reformation permanent. Billy replied that he thought she could, but he would speak of that later.

Meanwhile the Ballingers had returned to New York. Billy went to Mrs. Ballinger, told her of the fix he was in and asked her to help him out of it. The lady at once wrote the Clarks an invitation to a Christmas dinner, declining to take no for an

answer. A reply came accepting the invitation. Billy was also invited.

Mr. Emerson says that the most courageous act of his life was when he walked into Mrs. Ballinger's drawing room that Christmas day and he held Miss Clarke arrayed in dinner costume, looking, it seemed to him, beautifully cold. Mrs. Ballinger had promised him that she would announce to Miss Clarke that he would be one of the dinner company and make his confession for him. She had also insured him a not unkindly reception. What was Billy's relief when the young lady, with a charming smile, extended her hand to him.

It seemed that a leaden coat of trouble had peeled off him and left him light as a feather.

"Do tell me," she said when they were seated side by side, "what induced you to confess a crime that you had not committed?"

Billy's resource came to his aid. "I was caught red handed, wasn't I? Well, if I had told you that I had taken your portmanteau you might not have believed me."

"But I would."

"That I wasn't sure of. But of another thing I was sure. If I carried out the appearance of a theft with subsequent confession and contrition I knew by that kindness which showed itself in your every feature that you would forgive me and I would run no risk."

"Wasn't that thoughtful of you?" she replied with a suspicion of a blush. The rest was easy, and it proved a merry and happy Christmas for both of them.

FORESTS AND MOISTURE.

Trees Conserve Water, Aid Percolation and Retard Evaporation.

Trees drink in and transpire an enormous quantity of water. This giving off tempers the dryness of the nearby atmosphere. Moisture bearing currents of air are caught by forest areas as they are not by the heated plains. Local showers may thus become more frequent where trees abound, or at least the availability of whatever rain may fall is increased for the locality by forest growths.

Foliage, twigs and branches break the fall of the raindrops. So does the litter on the forest floor. Hence the soil under this cover is not compacted as in the open field, but is kept loose and granular, so water can readily penetrate and percolate. The water reaches the ground more slowly, dripping gradually from the leaves, branches and trunks, and thus more time is allowed for it to sink into the soil and appear again in springs or subsoil moisture lower down.

In forests there is much less evaporation of moisture than in the open country because sun and wind do not have such free play. It is estimated that forests have from 50 to 60 per cent of water supply more than the open fields because of increased percolation and decreased evaporation.—Country Gentleman.

ITALY'S CRACK MARKSMEN.

They Are All Athletes and Are the Pride of the Army.

The bersaglieri (sharpshooters) are the elite of the Italian army, and each bersagliere is a picked man, chosen for his hardihood and stamina, the average bersagliere being short and thick-set, but with magnificent strength and exceptional powers of endurance.

There is no prouder soldier in the world than the full blown bersagliere as he swaggers along the street of an Italian town in his dark blue uniform, with its rich red facings, and on his head, set at a rakish angle, the famous wide brimmed black slouch hat adorned with large, heavy, drooping plumes of green cocks' feathers.

Bersaglieri, by the way, is pronounced ber-sar-i-lary.

When on the march the bersaglieri never walk as do other soldiers, but always go at a sort of quick trot. These 25,000 or so men are among the most perfectly drilled troops in the world. Every single bersagliere, apart from being a man chosen for his endurance, is a fully trained athlete.—Westminster Gazette.

An Idol With Diamond Eyes.

The famous Orloff diamond was once the right eye of the great idol Serringham in the temple of Brahma. This precious gem was stolen at about the beginning of the eighteenth century by a French soldier who had made a pretense of being converted to the Hindu religion in order to gain the confidence of the priests and admission to the temple. The Frenchman first sold the diamond for £2,000. On the next turn it was bought by a banker of Constantinople for £12,000. The banker kept it until 1774 and then sold it to the Russian empress for £90,000 and a life pension. The gem has been in the Russian royal family ever since. As it is now set in the imperial scepter of Russia it presents a flattened, rose cut surface and weighs exactly 194 1/4 carats.

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. Whitsitt
- B. Hardy

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S G.L.I.

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION

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

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

- Lorne Lucas
- Frank Yerks
- Chas. Potter
- 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

- W. D. Lamb
- 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