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"In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill with Acute Stomach Trouble and dropped in the street. I was treated by several physicians for nearly two years, and my weight dropped from 225 pounds to 160 pounds. Then several of my friends advised me to try 'Fruit-a-lives'. I began to improve almost with the first dose, and by using them, I recovered from the distressing Stomach-Trouble—and all pain and Constipation were cured. Now I weigh 208 pounds. I cannot praise 'Fruit-a-lives' enough". H. WHITMAN.
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Pte. Percy Mitchell
Pte. R. Whalton
Pte. Thos. Lamb
Pte. J. Ward
Pte. Sid Brown
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Pte. G. M. Fountain
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Pte. J. Stillwell
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Sergt. Clayton O. Fuller
Gunner Russell Howard Trenouth.
Pte. Nichol McLachlan.
Corp. Clarence L. Gibson
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THE KISS STEALER

He Was Very Adroit In His Thefts

By F. A. MITCHEL

The railroad, like everything else, is a development. The first rails were strap iron on wooden beams. The first car was a stagecoach, then several stagecoaches together mounted on wheels. Then came the passenger car of the present day, only much smaller. When these cars were pulled through a tunnel the passengers were left in total darkness. Indeed, the lighting of railway cars passing through tunnels is a feature of recent years.

When Tom Arnold was about to return to college for his sophomore year he was asked if he would escort a little girl who was going in the same direction to boarding school. Tom didn't like being burdened with the care of a "little girl," but he couldn't very well decline. When he saw his charge he didn't mind taking care of her so much as he had thought he would. Lucy Atwood was fourteen years old, but tall enough for a girl of sixteen. She was very demure and appeared to be utterly devoid of conversational powers. Her protector, having reached the advanced age (to her) of eighteen, probably filled her with such awe as to prevent conversation with him.

But if Miss Atwood was tongue tied she was very pretty. There is nothing more delicate, to a young man especially, than a pair of pink coral lips. Lucy's complexion was as soft and downy as a peach, and her lips were a combination of beautiful curves. Tom couldn't keep his eyes off them. He was young and a sophomore in college, a combination that can occur but once in a man's life. His thoughts, his arguments, therefore were sophomoric: "I have been burdened with the care of a tongue tied kid without recompense. It behooves me to look out for my own reward. I don't know any payment that would suit me better than just one kiss of those lips. In half an hour we'll get to the tunnel. It requires three minutes for a train to go through it, and one can do a great deal in three minutes."

This was the basis of a plan Tom formed. Before reaching the tunnel he would go into another car, first noting the exact position of his charge. As soon as the train plunged into darkness he would re-enter, make his way to where Lucy sat, take the kiss and retire. Some time after the train had emerged into the light he would go back to his seat, yawn, take up a newspaper and begin to read as if unconscious of anything eventful having happened.

It was a very pretty scheme, but more tempting to a youngster of eighteen than to a full fledged man. There was one thing about it, however, that Tom didn't like. The kid had been placed in his care, and he didn't consider it quite honorable to avail himself of the situation to take what didn't belong to him. But the more criminal the act, the more horror attached to being found out, the more attractive the scheme.

Tom sat looking sideways at those lips, before which every vestige of honor faded. Nevertheless as the train approached the tunnel his courage began to fail him. What an awful thing for him to do! But how nice! Suppose the girl should scream and some one should grab him! The very thought gave him the shivers. But he was at an age when the greater the risk the greater the temptation. He felt, and great was the fall thereof.

He had often been through the tunnel and knew the approaches well. Some ten minutes before the train reached it he told his charge that he would go into the smoking car for a while if she didn't mind sitting alone. She said she didn't, and Tom, having noted that the seat was the third one from the door on the right, left the car. He didn't smoke, fearing that the odor of tobacco would give him away. He sat looking out through a window, a prey to numerous emotions. When the train entered the tunnel, summoning all his resolution, he hurried into the car he had left and counted the seats on the right by putting a hand on each till he came to the seat required. Folding Lucy in his arms, he took the desired kiss. There was a smothered cry, followed in a few moments by the sound of an opening and closing door, then no other than the rattling of the train.

When daylight came again several passengers who sat near Lucy looked in her direction for an explanation of the cry they had heard. She gave no indication of anything unusual. She

was wiping the dust from her face with her handkerchief. She would remove a portion of it, look at the smudge it had made on her handkerchief, then rub off some more, scrutinizing it also, especially in one corner.

Some twenty minutes after the train had left the tunnel Tom Arnold came back and sat down beside his charge. Had Lucy looked him in the face she would surely have seen signs of guilt which, despite his efforts, he was unable to conceal, but she was looking out through the window and did not give him a glance.

Tom was delighted with the success of his scheme. It was not the kiss

which had married each other and that they happened to live in the same large city.

A week after Tom and Nell had had their breakfast-table scrap—several had followed since then, and Nell was losing sleep and Tom was losing weight—the mothers chanced to meet at the counter of a department store in the shopping section of their town, where Tom and Nell made their home.

At first they bowed and smiled as women whose children have married usually do—and with more effort at saccharine politeness than actual cordiality.

Mrs. Bradford was buying lavender ribbon and when she saw Mrs. Cole, she, too, was buying lavender ribbon. It had come to both the women that ribbon of that shade would better suit their roles in life than the pink and yellow and green ribbons that they naturally would have chosen as ornamentation to their white frocks and negligees.

Perhaps it was this that made Mrs. Bradford assume an attitude toward Mrs. Cole that was so totally different from the attitude usually adopted by women whose children have married each other. At any rate Mrs. Bradford did approach Mrs. Cole with an air of camaraderie and two hours later Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Bradford, both looking particularly debonaire, were sipping tea together—not in the inglenook of either one's fireside but in a very fashionable and not at all sedate hotel where the orchestra alternately murmured the latest waltz or whanged out the most extreme of one-steps.

They talked long and understandingly, and when they came to leave at the portal of the hotel, Mrs. Cole held out her capable, plump hand of the housewife to Mrs. Bradford's, that was slender and bluishless.

"Well, good-by, Genevieve," she said, albeit with a little tug at that last, unaccustomed word.

"So long, Georgiana," replied Mrs. Bradford, with a firm pressure of the hand. "The kiddies will know all in the morning."

The next morning the kiddies—Tom and Nell Bradford—received letters from their mothers and each one waited for privacy to read the letter.

This was the one from Mrs. Cole that Nell took from the folds of her bodice and read as soon as Tom had gone offeward.

"Dear Nell:

"What dears you and Tom were to invite me for Thanksgiving, and if I hadn't made other plans, I should most surely have come. But I have some precious, important business on foot and I must attend to it. Mrs. Bradford and I have seen a good deal of each other lately, and we have a little enterprise on foot that will take up most of our time, so we have decided to run down to one of the resorts for Thanksgiving day and make the last arrangements. I've always wanted to get out and do something for myself, and now that you children are all settled in life I'm having the chance. Mrs. Bradford is writing to tell you the details of the enterprise and we shall soon have our prospectuses ready to send you a more detailed account of our undertaking. I am feeling splendidly. Don't worry about me, and take good care of yourself. I must close now, as I have a date with the tailor and another with the hairdresser. I'm having my hair done in the French roll, which I think makes me look a lot spryer than parted."

The letter that Tom opened in the sanctum of his office was longer, for Mrs. Bradford was of a more literary bent than Mrs. Cole. It told of the venture in full. She and Mrs. Cole, who had been seeing a good deal of each other of late, had gone into partnership. They had decided to open a girls' boarding school. "Georgiana is such a splendid housewife and I know so many people whose children we could get that all we need is the teachers and, as one can always get inexperienced young persons at reasonable rates to do the teaching, there will be no trouble on that score."

"And, by the way," remarked this mother, "you were very foolish to apologize for not asking me to come for Thanksgiving. As it happens, Georgiana and I are going off to the seashore, so I couldn't have come anyway."

"Thank Nell for her kind little letter, too. And, Tom, do, for mercy sake, tell her not to call me 'Mother.' I know it must be hard, for I am really

SERVICE TO THE NATION DEMANDS GOOD HEALTH

War is bringing home to every man, woman and child the fact that service to the nation is not a matter alone for the soldier and sailor and munition worker.

There is work, necessary work, for everyone to do, in the way of thrift and production and to do this work, health is the first essential. Even the most willing will find progress is slow if the health is bad.

Probably the most common complaint among those doing unaccustomed tasks is backache. Work may cause a tired feeling that will easily pass off but this backache that almost doubles one up is an indication of a condition of the system that needs treatment. The kidneys are giving evidence of their weakness and the sufferer should be thankful for the timely warning given by this pain.

The quickest and surest relief from backache is a treatment with Gin Pills. Gin Pills are the tested specific for the healing of the kidneys. Anyone who wishes to perform his or her full duty to the Nation in these strenuous times will find relief from backache in Gin Pills.

Sold by all dealers—50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Money back if you are not satisfied. Free sample on request to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, or to the U.S. Address, Na-Dru-Co Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

not her mother, and I won't be anyone's mother-in-law. Tell her to call me Genevieve."

May Account for Colors.

What was the color of the original man? There is an old legend that Adam was red, based on the assumption that it was red earth (triturated "old red sandstone," perhaps) from which the Almighty molded him; but Tabari, the Arabian theological historian, asserts that, when God wished to make Adam he instructed Gabriel to bring him a handful of every sort of clay—black, white, red, yellow, blue and every other kind. This, perhaps, was intended to explain how Adam's descendants became so many-colored. DeQuettefages, who championed the monogenist idea, found reasons for thinking that the first human species had a yellowish complexion and red hair.

Read Up, Bill.

"How did Bill happen to be arrested?"
"Left his car in the street all night without complying with the Biblical injunction."
"Didn't know the Bible made any ruling on the subject?"
"Oh, yes. It says 'Let your light shine.'"

Miller's Worm Powders not only make the infantile system untenable for worms, but by their action on the stomach, liver and bowels they correct such troubles as lack of appetite, biliousness and other internal disorders that the worms create. Children thrive upon them and no matter in what condition their worm-infested stomachs may be in, they will show improvement as soon as the treatment begins.

Nests on the Water.

It is almost unthinkable that a bird should build a nest on the water. Yet that is exactly what the grebes always do. With reeds, grass and plant stems the grebe makes a regular floating island, somewhat hollowed out on top, usually near the open water of a marshy or reedy lake. We have several kinds of grebes, but their nests are much alike, sometimes moored to the reeds, but usually floating freely on the water.

The Deacon's Philosophy.

No one ever gets to heaven before his time, and to most of us it's a long time coming.

The good Lord helps us to hold our ground while the old world's turning to the brighter side, but we seldom credit Providence with that good work.

Ever stop to think that there are just storms enough in life to make the rainbows we sigh for?

Just a Guess.

"What's all that pounding in the other room?" questioned a drummer while he was waiting to see the buyer.

"Dunno," replied the office boy. "I heard the boss say he'd got to frame a speech, and I guess he's doing it."

How It Happened.

"How did you happen to quit the stock market?"

"Well, my margin got very narrow and I sort of slipped off!"

Telling the Pull Man.

Dentist—Which tooth is it that troubles you, Sam? Pullman Porter—Lower Five, sah.

As a vermicide there is no preparation that equals Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

REGULAR HABITS.

They Go a Long Way Toward Building Up Good Health.

Regular habits for retiring must be considered as one of the best methods for securing good sleep.

The human body has a wonderful periodicity in all its spontaneous actions, and by studying these laws of the machinery of health may be made to work smoothly.

Witness one habit of waking at a certain hour to which we have been accustomed.

Regularity in eating is most important for health. The digestive tract will respond at regular times just as other habits will repeat themselves.

Proper food properly digested will do much for one's health and happiness.

It is a mistake to eat too much.

We should try to enjoy our meals by paying attention to the taste of food. Do not gulp it down. It should be masticated and tasted so as to stimulate those nerves which reflect their sense on the other nerves controlling the glands of digestion.

When you feel indigestion after eating a meal note the ingredients eaten and should it repeat itself try to convict the guilty food and dismiss it from your dietary.

Don't make eating a task, but make it a pleasure, so that the food will digest and be assimilated and applied to the different necessities of the activities of life.

Youth demands a greater variety and quantity of food than does old age and especially does it require more protein and meat.

Learning what foodstuffs best suit is one of the great educational tasks man has before him, for he no longer has the intuition of the lower animals. The latter seem to inherit a sense that directs them what is best for their body wants. The vast majority of animals can differentiate between poisonous and nonpoisonous foodstuffs.—Commissioner of Health Dr. Samuel G. Dixon of Pennsylvania.

WIDING THE WARSHIP.

Smoke Screens and How They Are Used in Naval Engagements.

The manner in which the density of the smoke screens is regulated during a battle is interesting. By partly shutting off the draft to her boilers a battleship is made to emit clouds of smoke which screen her from the enemy. But how can the stokers, who are far below deck, see the stacks so that they can regulate the smoke clouds to the proper density? By an electric "eye," says Popular Science Monthly. The eye is placed near the top of the smokestack, and it records the exact density on electric meters conveniently located in the boiler room.

This remarkably clever eye is simply a wire coil of selenium which is carried in a housing on the inside of the smokestack walls. An electric light, in another housing directly opposite, plays its beams of light squarely upon the wire. Now, selenium, as is well known, has the peculiar property of changing its resistance to an electric current when the light falling upon it changes. The weaker the light the greater the resistance, and vice versa.

Evidently, then, the denser the smoke emitted through the stack the weaker the light that gets through the smoke from the electric lamp and falls upon the selenium. By connecting the selenium with an electric meter and the ship's lighting mains the electric current going through the meter will be lowered by the increased resistance. The meter is very sensitive and shows the slightest change in smoke density. Moreover, it is calibrated to indicate exactly what the actual smoke density is, so that the stokers can regulate the cutoff of the draft to a nicety.

Glass plates are placed in front of the lamp and of the selenium coil to protect them from soot. The plates are kept clean by streams of compressed air directed against them.

Danger in Haste.

In a Vermont town they tell of a suitor who, after some years of devotion, finally proposed to the lady of his choice.

"But, Henry," protested the lady, "this is really sudden: You had better give me a week to think it over!"
"Very well, my dear," said Henry. "And," after due reflection, he added, "perhaps it would be as well if I thought it over myself at the same time!"

Imaginary.

"Father," said the little boy, "every now and then I hear you talking about somebody who was old enough to know better."

"Yes, my boy."

"What age is that, father?"

And the old gentleman after some thought replied:

"My son, there isn't any such thing. It's like the golden age—purely mythological."

ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving The Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION
Thos. L. Swift, reported missing since June 15, 1915, 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. Blum, 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. Hoop, O. Ward, J. Ward, killed in action, F. Wakelin, D. C. M., killed in action, F. Wakelin wounded—missing, H. Whitsett, I. Hardy.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C.L.I.

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION

C. W. Barnes, Geo. Ferris, Edmund Watson, G. Shanks, J. Barnes, J. Burns, C. Blum, Wm. Austerson, P. Shanks, Pts. Walter Woolcott.

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

Lorne Lucas, Frank Yerks, Chas. Potter.

33RD BATTALION

Percy Mitchell, died from wound Oct. 14th, 1916; Lloyd Hewder, Geo. Fountain, killed in action Sep. 16, 1916, Gordon H. Patterson, died in Victoria Hospital, London.

34TH BATTALION

E. C. Crohn, S. Newell, Stanla Rogers, Macklin Hagle, missing since Oct. 8, 1916; Henry Holmes, killed in action Sept. 27, 1916, Wm. Manning, Leonard Lees, C. Jamieson.

29TH BATTERY

Wm. Mitchell, John Howard.

70TH BATTALION

Ernest Lawrence, Alfred Emmerson, C. H. Loveday, A. Banks, S. R. Wharton, killed in action Oct. 1916, Thos. Meyers, Jos. M. Wardman, Ver Brown, Sid Brown, killed in action Sept. 15, 1916, Alf. Bullough, C. A., Corp. V. W. Willoughby.

28TH BATTALION

Thomas Lamb, killed in action.

MOUNTED RIFLES

Ered A. Taylor

PIONEERS

Wm. Macnally, W. F. Goodman.

ENGINEERS

J. Tomlin

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

T. A. Brandon, M. D., Capt. W. McKenzie, M. D., Norman McKenz, Jerrold W. Snell, Allen W. Edwar, Wm. McCausland.

135TH BATTALION

N. McLachlan, killed in action July 6th, 1917.

3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C.F.A.

Alfred Levi

116TH BATTALION

Clayton O. Fuller, killed in action April 18th, 1917.

196TH BATT.

R. R. Annett.

70TH BATTERY

R. H. Trenouth, killed in action May 8th, 1917; Murray M. Foster.

142ND BATTALION

Austin Potter.

GUNNER

Russ. G. Clark.

R. N. C. V. R.

John J. Brown

ARMY DENTAL CORPS

Elgin D. Hicks, H. D. Taylor.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Frank Elliot, R. H. Acton.

Arthur McKercher

98TH BATTALION

Roy E. Acton.

64TH BATTERY

C. F. Luckham.

Harold D. Robinson

65TH BATTERY

Walter A. Restorick.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS

Lieut. M. R. James.

If the name of your soldier boy not appear in this column, kindly n us and it will be placed there.

GRAND BURNING

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST

Accommodation, 75.....8 44 A.

Chicago Express, 13.....12 31 A.

Accommodation, 83.....6 44 P.

GOING EAST

Accommodation, 80.....7 48 A.

New York Express, 6.....11 16 A.

New York Express, 2.....2 52 P.