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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

TABITHA'S TONGUE

A Woman's Privilege Is to Change Her Mind

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When Tabitha Trotter folded up her sewing and went home the ladies of the Farther Light Missionary circle sighed unanimously.

"No one speak, please," whispered Mrs. Ames, "the silence is so blessed!" Then they all laughed and tongues wagged.

"Did you ever hear any one run on so?"

"Tabby Trotter never did let a body get a word in edgewise!"

"There's no interrupting her either."

"I think one who lives alone is apt to talk much more when among people than those whose families act as safety valves." The minister's wife spoke defensively of the absent member.

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Ames. "Be that as it may, I know Tabby was a chatterbox when she was a child, and it's a habit that can't be broken now."

"We are all glad to hear the news," defended Mrs. Berry, the minister's wife. "And Tabitha never repeats scandal, and she doesn't say anything unkind."

"I know one thing," asserted Mrs. Ames, looking around at the interested women. "I know that Tabby's tongue cost her a husband!"

"Sally Ames!" gasped a dozen voices. "It's a fact. You remember that man who bought the Allen place—Martin is the name. When he came four years ago he was quite attracted to Tabby. She was so tickled over his attentions that she talked him most to death. I heard say that he compared her to a phonograph; said he could buy a talking machine and shut it off when he was tired! Of course he couldn't do that with a wife."

A slight smile greeted this story, but Mrs. Berry's face wore a displeased look.

"Tabitha was well rid of any man who would speak so of a woman," she said sternly.

Mrs. Ames looked uncomfortable. How was she to explain that David Martin never actually had said those words? What she had repeated was a conversation which had taken place at her own table between members of her family, and in the repetition she had made a better "story" by crediting David Martin with the remarks.

The Farther Light circle broke up and went home—that is, all of them dispersed to their homes and the preparation of supper excepting Miss Fanny Bond. Miss Bond turned in at Tabby Trotter's gate and went around to the side door.

"I'm telling you as a friend," said Fanny in a scared tone as she got up to leave, for already she was regretting having repeated Mrs. Ames' idle gossip—"I'm telling you because you're my friend."

Tabby Trotter's round, rosy face paled, and her blue eyes became very hard and cold.

"Thank you, Fan," she said slowly. "You are a good friend." And the laugh which followed the remark sent Miss Bond hurrying home feeling like the sneak which she was.

"Is that how he explained it?" thought Tabitha.

And all the rest of the evening Tabby went sullenly about the house. The song which was ever on her sweet lips was stilled. In silence she went to and fro and at last to bed.

Tabby Trotter's tongue certainly was still that evening.

The next day Mrs. Ames happened into Tabby's kitchen.

"I want to borrow some eggs. I don't know what's got into my hens," she explained, sitting down by a sunny window.

"How many?" asked Tabby.

"A dozen will do if you can spare 'em."

"Certainly."

Sally Ames took her little basket of eggs and set it on the floor beside her chair. "What's the news, Tabby?"

Tabby was making sugar cookies. She deftly rolled out a sheet of yellow dough and cut out the circles with a star shaped cutter.

"What's the news?" repeated Mrs. Ames.

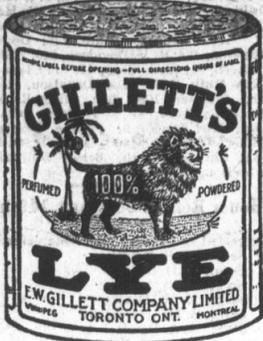
"Haven't heard any," said Miss Trotter.

"I thought perhaps you'd heard when Annie Smith was going to be married. I heard she was making pillow cases."

"Haven't heard," said Tabby tersely. "What's the matter with you, Tabby?"

"Nothing."
"Yes, there is."
"Why?"
"You don't say much. You're mad about something, Tabby Trotter."
"I'm not mad. I'm glad."

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



Mrs. Ames picked up her basket and opened the door.

"Come and see me when you've got time," she called back. "I'll want to hear all about your cousin Ellen's operation."

"H'm!" responded Tabby in a non-committal manner.

Sally Ames hurried home much perturbed.

At the dinner table her family marked her preoccupation of mind and made inquiry.

"Oh, law," she sighed. "I don't know what's come to Tabby Trotter. She's close mouthed as can be. Can't get a word out of her!"

Her husband laughed indulgently. "That's like you, Sally. The other day you complained because she talked too much. Tabby's a cheerful, little soul."

At that moment Tabby looked anything but cheerful as she sat on her back doorstep sewing. Once in awhile her gaze shifted from her work to the quiet bay which lapped the sand beyond the back fence. On the sand was a rowboat tied to a stake.

Out on the bay a motorboat chugged slowly from shore to shore. With her eyes closed Tabby could have told you that it was David Martin's boat and that he was in it, perhaps going over to the village for supplies and the mail, for David's place was on a neck of land jutting into the harbor, and the shortest way to the village was by water rather than by the highroad.

The boat vanished around a point of land, and Tabby's needle stopped flying to and fro. A tear dropped, and then another, and another fell unheeded on the white seam.

The chickens that loved the sound of Tabby's voice stood aloof, wondering. Her black cat purred questions that remained unanswered.

A saucy catbird in the blackberry bushes that was wont to hold animated conversations with little Miss Trotter challenged her in vain while he tilted to and fro on a twig.

"Tabby Trotter crying?" they all seemed to ask. "Why, she is the most cheerful friend we have hereabouts. Tabby never cries."

After that every one noticed a great change in Tabby Trotter. She became very silent. She rarely spoke except in monosyllables, and her friends wondered what had happened.

They missed the pleasant cheeriness of her voice. As Mrs. Berry remarked one day at a Farther Lights meeting: "I'd rather hear Tabitha talk too much than not at all. I miss her merry tongue. I hope no one has been so unkind as to repeat what Mrs. Ames said about her."

Sally Ames looked uncomfortable, and Fanny Bond blushed fiery red.

But no one answered the remark.

"It's Fanny Bond's work," thought the minister's wife resentfully.

A few weeks later there came a fierce summer storm that lashed the harbor into a fury of whitecapped waves and bent the trees to the ground.

As darkness came on Tabitha lighted many lamps to make her rooms cheerful, and, opening her old piano, she poured out her long repressed feelings in song after song.

Once as she paused to turn over the sheets of music the storm beat in greater fury against the glass doors. The waves thundered on the beach.

"My tongue won't trouble any one tonight," she thought bitterly. "No one can hear me above the storm."

But Tabitha was mistaken. Out on the bay a motorboat battled helplessly with the waves. The engine had been flooded and was quite useless. David Martin grasped the spare oar, and, paddling with one hand, he tried to bale out the boat with the other, all the while keeping an anxious eye on the pall of darkness.

But no answering gleam of light rewarded his watchfulness. Blackness all around, overhead and beneath.

Back of him somewhere was the narrow channel that led into the sound. The tide was pulling him around. Death awaited him on the jagged rocks, where the water swept like a millrace.

"If I could make out Trotter's point and get in the lee of it I would be all right," he panted, for, strong man that he was, David was feeling the strain.

Suddenly there was a lull in the storm, and on the silence floated a woman's voice singing "Nancy Lee" in a wild abandon that seemed to defy the storm.

"Tabitha's blessed voice!" muttered David, bringing the boat about so that the voice was on his starboard quarter. "There! Lights! They must be her house. She will not mind if I land there, even if she doesn't want to marry me!"

Again the storm broke over him, and darkness blotted out the lights, but only momentarily. Every now and then he glimpsed the lights in Tabitha's windows until at last, spent and worn, he felt the boat lifted high on a wave and flung crashing on the beach beneath the lights.

Before he fainted David uttered a feeble shout.

Tabitha heard David's cry. Love's ears are keen, and she had loved David Martin even while she refused to marry him, believing that she loved her freedom better. But when she learned through Fanny Bond that David had said Tabitha talked too much for a wife Tabitha had tried to kill her love for him and failed, oh, so forlornly!

David opened his eyes on Tabitha's sitting room floor in front of a blazing log fire. Tabitha knelt beside him, pulling off the wet oilskins on her speckless carpet. Tears were running down her rosy cheeks.

David smiled and got up. "Don't cry about me, Tabby, dear," he whispered.

"I can't help it," sobbed Tabitha. "Smile, then. You saved my life. The sound of your blessed voice—well, you know I love it. You're such a cheery little thing."

Tabitha's tears stopped flowing. So David really liked to hear her talk! All the doubt and suspicion fled forever, leaving faith and trust.

"If you can get along with my tongue, David," she whispered. "I've changed my mind."

David whirled her into a wet embrace. "Bless the child! Isn't it a woman's privilege to change her mind and ratify her tongue?" And for obvious reasons Tabby could not answer him.

Naturally So.

"She's been so conceited since they managed to get a player piano."

"Well, dear, player piano owners do as a general thing put on airs."—Not timore Americans.

The Sense of Taste.

Scientists say that the flavor of food and drink does not come to us through the sense of taste. The latter can only furnish sensations corresponding to the chemical composition of substances taken into the mouth. Although almost infinite in their variations, these sensations are few in number, comprising sweetness, bitterness, saltiness and sourness, with their numerous degrees of intensity.

The distinctive flavors of food do not come from chemical action and are therefore not perceived by the sense of taste, but by the olfactory nerve by which the sensation is transmitted to the brain.

This explains why one's food does not taste "right" when he is suffering from a cold.

Two of a Kind.

A lady selected some purchases in a store, asking that they be kept for her until the next day. When she returned she could not remember who waited on her. After puzzling over the matter, she approached one and asked:

"Am I the woman who bought some embroidery here yesterday?"

"Yes'm," replied the girl, stolidly, and turned to get it.—Christian Register.

Simply Couldn't.

"Now, son," said the lawyer, "you were guilty of various misdemeanors today and must be taken to task."

"I apply for a stay of proceedings, pop, and a change of venue to ma."

And how could a good lawyer refuse such a request?

Envious.

Howell—I'm engaged to Miss Rowell. Congratulate me, old man. Powell—I would if I did not know that in her case a nomination is not equivalent to an election.

On His Part.

"Tom out of work again? Why, I thought he had a steady job?"

"Oh, the job was steady; Tom wasn't."

All men have their frailties, and he who looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks.

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 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. Auterson
- 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

- 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