

## FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

### To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Because They Did Her Good

Rochester, P. Q., Jan. 14th, 1915.  
 "I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with 'Fruit-a-tives'.  
 I consider that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives' and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches—try Fruit-a-tives and you will get well". CORINE GAUDREAU.  
 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.  
 At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

### Honor Roll, C Company 149 Batt

- Corrected by Lieut. R. P. Brown.  
 Lieut. W. H. Smyth, Headquarters  
 Lieut. R. D. Swift, Scout Officer.  
 Lieut. R. P. Brown.  
 Sergt. W. D. Lamb  
 Sergt. M. W. Davies  
 Sergt. S. H. Hawkins  
 Sergt. E. A. Dodds  
 Sergt. W. C. McKinnon  
 Sergt. Geo. Gibbs  
 Sergt. H. Murphy  
 Sergt. C. F. Roche  
 Corp. W. M. Bruce  
 Corp. J. C. Anderson  
 Corp. J. Menzies  
 Corp. S. E. Dodds  
 Corp. H. Cooper  
 Corp. C. Skillen  
 Corp. C. E. Sisson  
 L. Corp. A. I. Small  
 C. Q. S.—B. C. Culley  
 C. Q. S.—C. McCormick  
 Pte. A. Banks  
 Pte. F. Collins  
 Pte. A. Dempsey  
 Pte. J. R. Garrett  
 Pte. H. Jamieson  
 Pte. G. Lawrence  
 Pte. R. J. Lawrence  
 Pte. C. F. Lang  
 Pte. W. C. Pearce  
 Pte. T. E. Stilwell  
 Pte. A. H. Lewis, Band  
 Pte. G. A. Parker  
 Pte. A. W. Stilwell  
 Pte. W. J. Saunders  
 Pte. A. Armond  
 Pte. W. C. Aylesworth, Band  
 Pte. R. Clark, Bugler  
 Pte. S. L. McClung  
 Pte. J. McClung  
 Pte. H. J. McPeely  
 Pte. H. B. Hubbard  
 Pte. G. Young  
 Pte. T. A. Gilliland  
 Pte. D. Bennett  
 Pte. F. J. Russell  
 Pte. E. Mayes  
 Pte. C. Haskett  
 Pte. W. Palmer  
 Pte. H. Thomas  
 Pte. F. Thomas  
 Pte. B. Trenouth  
 Pte. E. A. Shaunessy  
 Pte. W. Zavitz  
 Pte. W. J. Sayers  
 Pte. Lot Nicholls  
 Pte. John Lamb  
 Pte. Eston Fowler  
 Pte. E. Cooper  
 Pte. R. A. Connelly  
 Pte. P. Whitman  
 Pte. Edgar Oke  
 Pte. White  
 Pte. McGarrity  
 Pte. Wilson  
 Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer.

Mothers Value This Oil.—Mothers who know how suddenly croup may seize their children and how necessary prompt action is in applying relief, always keep at hand a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, because experience has taught them that there is no better preparation to be had for the treatment of this ailment. And they are wise, for its various uses render it a valuable medicine.

## Be Honest With Yourself And Us

Figure out at the cost of flour and see for yourself if you can bake as cheap as we can supply you.  
 All we ask is that you figure honestly.  
 Bread at 8c for 1 1/2 lbs. is there any other food as cheap?

## Give Ours A Trial

# LOVELL'S

## A DOUBLE ROBBERY

By ELINOR MARSH

Miss Emily Granger, a maiden lady of thirty-eight and nervous, had never been fifty miles from her quiet country home. Then came the announcement that an aunt had died and left her a house and lot in a distant city. There was a mortgage of \$1,000 on it, which Miss Granger desired to pay off. No other way of doing this suggested itself to her than to take currency to the person holding the mortgage and receive in return a release. So she drew the money from her bank and started on her journey.

Now, the problem before her of taking care of herself was quite enough without having to look out for her thousand dollars. She arrived at her destination at 11 o'clock at night and was driven to a hotel. A night clerk received her and told her that the only room he could give her contained two beds, and one of them was already occupied by a lady. Since there was but one other hotel in the place and that was undesirable Miss Granger was obliged to accept a roommate.

Being shown to the room, she noticed that the two beds were at opposite ends of it. On one side was the door, opposite which was a window. The roommate was apparently asleep. Miss Granger disrobed, and taking the money from that part of her clothing in which she had pinned it, she put it under her pillow. Then she went to bed and to sleep.

She was awakened by hearing some one moving in the room and that which resembled a white cloud passing across a dark sky passed without further sound to the door and seemed to go through without opening it. Miss Granger raised herself in bed and kept her eyes fixed on the apparition, repressing a desire to scream until it had disappeared. Then it occurred to her that what she had seen was her roommate. This led her to thrust her hand under her pillow. Her money was gone.

Getting out of bed, she turned on a light. True enough, the woman was gone, and so was her clothing. Near the door a stocking lay on the floor. Miss Granger picked it up. A wad of something in it was evident. Miss Granger, with woman's intuition, thrust in her hand and withdrew a roll of bills.

Miss Granger was counting the roll of bills when she heard persons in the hall. Hastily turning off the light, she jumped into bed. She had scarcely done so when the door was opened, and the night clerk, entering, turned on the light. He was followed by a half dressed woman.

"This lady," said the clerk, "accuses you of having stolen some money belonging to her."  
 "That's exactly what the horrid thing did to me!" cried Miss Granger, trembling with excitement.  
 The clerk looked puzzled.

"She took it from under my pillow," continued the lady, "and put it in her stocking. Then she tried to steal out of the room without my knowing it. But she dropped the stocking, and I've got my money back."  
 "Oh, my goodness gracious!" cried the roommate. "What a story to back up a theft! I heard you moving about the room, and—"

"You didn't hear any such thing," retorted Miss Granger. "I didn't get out of bed till after you had left the room."  
 "Maybe you were nervous," said the clerk to the roommates. "The last person to occupy this room complained of mice in the walls."  
 "Why don't you make her show what she's got?" replied the roommate to the clerk.

"Did you have money with you?" asked the clerk of Miss Granger, "when you came here?"  
 "Yes, a whole lot of it."  
 "How much?"  
 "A thousand dollars, besides money for expenses."  
 "Let me see it."  
 Miss Granger produced the roll she had taken from the stocking.  
 "What denomination?" asked the clerk before making an examination.  
 "Ten \$100 bills and \$30 in smaller bills."  
 The clerk opened the roll and found a ten, two fives and six one dollar bills.  
 "Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Miss Granger.  
 "You contemptible thief!" snarled the roommate triumphantly.  
 Miss Granger did not hear. Without remembering that there was a man present and she was in her nightgown, she jumped out of bed and began to pull it about. While she was doing so the clerk took up another roll of bills from under the head of the bed. Opening them, he found that they tallied with Miss Granger's description of her lost funds.

## NO ALUM MAGIC READ THE LABEL BAKING POWDER

"What rot," he exclaimed impatiently, "to make all this racket for nothing! I'll know better another time than to put two women in the same room."  
 He gave each lady her funds and was about to depart when the roommates refused to pass the rest of the night in the same apartment with Miss Granger, and he was obliged to put her in another chamber. Miss Granger locked herself in, but there was no more sleep for her that night. The next morning she paid off the mortgage and found herself infinitely more contented and happy with a bundle of canceled documents than with good money.

## MORE MEN THAN WOMEN HAVE APPENDICITIS

Surgeons state men are slightly more subject to appendicitis than women. Watford people should know that a few doses of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka, often relieve or prevent appendicitis. This mixture removes such surprising foul matter that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. The INSTANT, easy action of Adler-i-ka is surprising.—Taylor & Son, druggists.

## THE GRAND PROMOTOR

By M. QUAD  
 Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Major Crofoot stood looking out of one of his office windows with his hands thrust deep in his pockets and a look of meditation on his face. He was meditating about his landlord. He was now \$70 in arrears for his room and board, and when he came home to dinner he might find his trunk in the hall.

Then, too, here at his office he expected every day to be hounded for office rent long in arrears.  
 In the midst of his meditations the major felt a touch on his elbow, and he turned around to behold his landlord with hand outstretched and to hear him say:

"Major Crofoot, your back rent of this office now amounts to \$60. Come down!"  
 "Only \$60?" smiled the major after swallowing hard for half a minute. "Why, I thought it was near a hundred! It won't take me over five minutes to fill out a bond in your name. I shall make one for \$500."  
 "No bonds—no checks—no promises—the cash in hand!" warned the landlord.

"Have you lost confidence in me?" asked the major, with a worried look on his face.  
 "I lost it long ago, sir."  
 "I am sorry—very sorry. I was going to fill you out a bond of my Egg Forcing company, and the bonds stand at a premium, and you can take one over to the bank and sell it at par and carry the gold home in your pocket."  
 "No bonds," repeated the landlord.

"Well, Mr. Blake, I have just sent a thousand dollar bill over to the bank to get changed. If you will sit down for five minutes the boy will be back."  
 Mr. Blake sat down. There were several looks of doubt on his face. After one minute he was uneasy and shuffled his feet. After two minutes he was more uneasy and got up and walked to the door and back. After five minutes he looked out of the window to see if the major's boy was coming on the run with the handful of money.  
 Mr. Blake waited for twelve minutes and then rose and said:  
 "Major Crofoot, I believe you have lied to me!"

"I am getting uneasy myself," was the reply. "Do you think it possible, Mr. Blake, that the boy cribbed the money and has run away with it?"  
 "I think it possible that this office will be vacant within an hour." And Mr. Blake stalked out of the room and downstairs, while the major sat down to his desk and said to himself, with a great sigh of relief:  
 "Well, that is off my mind for another three months. Mr. Blake is not the man to climb four flights of stairs for a few dollars back rent."

Forty minutes had passed away and then the landlord, a deputy sheriff and two husky men entered the room, and a legal paper was served on the major, who read it and replied:  
 "Gentlemen, have you called to see about investments? I have a large list of them and none that pay less than 5 per cent."  
 The landlord and the others paid no attention to this statement, but seized

the furniture and carried it downstairs to the sidewalk. The task was quickly over. There was only the old desk, an old swiveled chair and two common chairs with lame legs. There was also a small coal stove which had been deathly cold nearly all winter. The major was a man who felt that it was cheaper to be frost bitten than to buy a quarter of a ton of coal.

He made no objections to the removal of the furniture, but followed downstairs and calmly took a seat at his desk and began writing out a protest. The landlord and the men went away, but a crowd gathered and there was a block of the sidewalk. Pretty soon a policeman came up and asked:  
 "Is this an eviction for nonpayment of rent?"

"It has that appearance," was the reply, "but, it being a warm, balmy day, I shall continue to do business as usual."  
 "But you can't," was protested.  
 "This crowd has got to be dispersed. If you don't find a room somewhere to move your things into I shall have to call the patrol wagon and have them carried to the station house."  
 "I will look for a room, sir," said the major, with proper dignity. "If I find one I shall hope that you will come around soon and let me show you my list of investments. There is some that I sell to policemen only."

The major rose up and walked half a block and then to the shop where his clothes cleaner did business. He went in and told the men how he was fixed. He was a German, and, having heard his story, he said:  
 "But you vvas owing me a bill of \$4 and I can't get her."  
 "We will call it \$3," said the major, with a liberal smile, "and I will pay you next week."  
 "You always say next week when I comes about my bill."  
 "But next week I shall probably sell \$10,000 worth of stock."

"Vhell, maybe you vwill," said the cleaner, after taking two minutes to think it over. "If you vvas in my shop I don't have to climb your stairs and you can't go out by der roof when you expect me to call."  
 And so Major Crofoot, grand promoter and with millions of money in the bank or elsewhere, moved into the humble shop and amid hanging suits and the smell of benzine is continuing his joyous career.

To Men Who Live Inactive Live.—Exercise in the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled to follow sedentary occupations and the inactivity tends to restrict the healthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand.

A Proud Moment.  
 "The proudest day of her life this is," said the woman who watched the third floor bride go out dressed in her prettiest frock.  
 "How do you make that out?" said another woman enviously. "I thought last Thursday was her proudest day. She got married then."  
 "Ah, yes, but today she goes calling for the first time and leaves one of her husband's cards with her own. Any married woman who can remember back that far will tell you that the first time she distributed the calling cards of some man who belonged to her was the day she truly felt her importance."—New York Sun.

Precedent.  
 "Have you ever had any experience in this business before?"  
 "No, sir."  
 "Ever thought anything about it?"  
 "No, sir."  
 "And yet you want me to appoint you general manager of this company. Where did you get the idea?"  
 "Well, you know that's the way our government appoints its cabinet officers."

The Lesser Evil.  
 Old Grump—Why doesn't Ethel marry that young idiot? I'm getting blamed tired of his coming here so much. His wife—I believe I'd prefer to have him come here. If she marries him he'll stay here.

The Headache Excuse.  
 "Does your wife suffer from headaches much?"  
 "Only when I want her to do something that she doesn't want to do."

A Cruel Comparison.  
 "Why does he say that her face is like one of Browning's poems?"  
 "Because it has some hard lines in it."

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
 In Use For Over 30 Years  
 Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn*

## WOMAN SUFFERAGE.

### Its Was Time Aspect.

London, Eng. The women of England are doing their duty. They are taking care of the wounded, or if they cannot assist in work of that kind they are adding their savings to promote the good work. They are knitting and sewing for the soldiers at the front. The suffragists have given so little trouble to the government that it will undoubtedly soften the hearts of those in Parliament, since the "militants" have turned all their energies to aid the fighting men of England, and so suffrage may soon come after this terrible war is over.

Thousands of women in Canada have overcome their sufferings, and have been cured of woman's ills by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This temperance medicine, though started nearly half a century ago, sells most widely to-day, because it is made without alcohol or narcotics. It can now be had in tablet form as well as liquid, and every woman who suffers from backache, headache, nervousness, should take this "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce. It is prepared from nature's roots and herbs and does not contain a particle of alcohol or any narcotic. It's not a secret prescription for its ingredients are printed on wrapper.

Many a woman is nervous and irritable, feels dragged down and worn out for no reason that she can think of. In ninety-nine per cent. of these cases it is the womanly organism that requires attention; the weak back, dizzy spells and black circles about the eyes, are only symptoms. Go to the source of trouble. When that is corrected the other symptoms disappear.

St. Thomas, Ont.—"I wish to say for the benefit of other women who suffer that I recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a great help. I have personally recommended the same to many who in turn have been helped a great deal by its use."—Mrs. F. J. Bowden, 19 Oliver St., St. Thomas, Ont.

## WATCH YOUR TIRES.

No Matter How Good They May Be This Caution Is Necessary.  
 Many a car is sold on the representation that "the Blankmobile will run from 7,000 to 10,000 miles on a set of tires," and the motorist thus gleams the opinion that his tires need no attention for that length of time.

But no car dealer's statement or the maker's guarantee can influence good or bad luck, and it is largely the work of the latter that places the bit of broken glass, the sharp stone or the protruding nail directly in the path of the unwary tire. Such an obstacle will not necessarily penetrate the tire—the chances are that it will not—but a cut will be formed in the outer layer of rubber or tread, which, like an infected wound, will eventually spread and "infect" the entire surface.

A few moments spent in examining, cleaning and plugging the cut or hole will add thousands of miles to the life of the tire. The inexperienced motorist can form no conception of the readiness with which mud and water can enter the slight opening in the surface of the tire and by gradually working its way "under the skin" will tend to separate the tread from the outer layer of canvas.

In a few hundred or thousand miles this tread will be hanging in flapping shreds, worth no more than so much old rubber, and in order to be reclaimed the tire must be retreaded or used in connection with one of the several detachable treads on the market.—H. W. Slauson, M. E., in Leslie's.

## THE DEAD SEA.

Some Interesting Facts About This Curious Body of Water.  
 For a number of years many persons have declared the Dead sea, in Palestine, is diminishing, but a recent careful survey by experts has established beyond all doubt that the sea is steadily increasing.

At many points on its southern and eastern borders there are vast forests with large trees becoming submerged. The sea is about forty miles in length and ten miles wide at the broadest portion. Should it continue to enlarge it will take in valuable country, but, so far as known, there is no way to prevent this.

Mediterranean waters are 1,300 feet higher than the Dead sea level, but this is no proof the waters of the Dead sea are drying up.  
 A survey of the wonderful region of years ago shows islands that are now gone. It is declared these are covered. There is so much solid matter in the water that it makes about one-fifth, or 20 per cent, of the matter solid. It is so intensely salt and bitter that no creature can live in it.

The bed of the sea is rich with mineral deposits. Salts, copper, lead and zinc and marble are found in vast quantities, and experts are of the opinion there is a great deposit of petroleum beneath the vast body of water.  
 A man's body is lighter than the amount of water it displaces, and it is therefore impossible for a person to sink.  
 Vegetation is scarce and greatly stunted for miles about the sea.