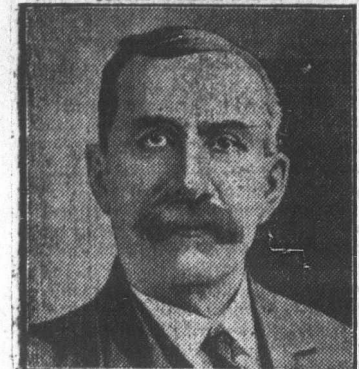


WILL WE EVER WALK ON AIR?

Brain Of Thought Inspired By A Letter
About "Fruit-a-Lives"



MR. D. McLEAN
Orillia, Ont., Nov. 28th, 1914.
"For over two years, I was troubled with Constipation, Drowsiness, Lack of Appetite and Headaches. I tried several medicines, but got no results and my Headaches became more severe. One day I saw your sign which read 'Fruit-a-Lives' make you feel like walking on air. This appealed to me, so I decided to try a box. In a very short time, I began to feel better, and now I feel fine. Now I have a good appetite, relish everything I eat, and the Headaches are gone entirely. I cannot say too much for 'Fruit-a-Lives', and recommend this pleasant fruit medicine to all my friends."
DAN McLEAN.
"FRUIT-A-LIVES" is daily proving its priceless value in relieving cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble—General Weakness, and Skin Diseases. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-Lives Limited, Ottawa.

Business and
Shorthand
Westervelt School
—Y. M. C. A. Building—
London, Ontario
College in Session Sept. 1st to July
Catalogue Free. Enter any time.
J. W. Westervelt, Principal

CENTRAL
Business College
STRATFORD, ONT.
ONTARIO'S BEST
BUSINESS COLLEGE
Our instructors are experienced. Pupils get individual attention and graduates are placed in positions. We are receiving applications we cannot meet. Students may enter at any time. Send for our free catalogue and see if it interests you.
D. A. McLACHLAN - PRINCIPAL.

PIANOS
Bell, Gerhardt, Heintzman, Marten
Orme.
Organs
Bell and Doherty.
Sewing Machines
White, Standard, and New Home
Rotaries, Raymond and New
Williams.
Renfrew Standard Gasoline Engines
Start without cranking.
Renfrew Standard Cream Separators
Best by every test.
Gramophones, Records and Supplies
of all kinds.
H. Schlemmer
Sole Agent

But a physician who takes life seriously is not always a dangerous man. Men are like potatoes—they never know when they will get into hot water. When got off a good thing, no one ever said: "I always liked that joke." Some men resemble pyramids—broad at the foundation, but rather narrow at the top. The imprudent man reflects on what he has said and the prudent man on what he is going to say.

HIS BOYS

How They Won a
Mother

By AGNES G. BROGAN

It was a very bedlam of screaming sounds below which caused Mollie to swing wide the casement of her study window.

What could it mean, this riot of noise in a house supposedly vacant? For the owner's assurance that the house next to the bungalow was unoccupied had been one of Mollie's reasons for renting the place in the country.

Here, far away from city distractions, she might fittingly finish the clever serial for which a publisher waited. But now! From a rear door of the neighboring house came a rushing line of boys, boys bareheaded, boys shouting, leaping good naturedly at each other's shoulders—five of them.

Indignantly Mollie descended to seek explanation of this intrusion from her housekeeper.

"Sure, they moved in last night," said Nora, "and devil a wink of sleep did I have all night. No one left to look after them but an old red face of a cook, and the father ridin' off this mornin' in his automobile."

Disconsolately Mollie wandered out into her well kept garden, the spirit of writing destroyed. Mr. Boffin, the cat, came scampering wildly from his customary seat on the garden wall, his exit evidently hastened by a well aimed missile.

"Dear me," cried Miss Mollie, "this will never do! Peace, indeed, and quiet and all the desirable advantages promised by that real estate man! Well, we shall see!" And then her gaze fell upon one small lonely brother seated in a sunny corner of the old veranda. Near to the touch of his thin white hand rested a wooden crutch, and presently, bearing his frail weight upon it, the little cripple swung himself out into the garden.

"Poor child!" sighed the girl in ever ready sympathy and retreated thoughtfully to her room again and her seat before the casement window. From this viewpoint she could see the lively brothers vainly trying to climb her garden wall to reach the hollyhock row which bordered it.

"If they dare!" she murmured, with flaming cheeks. But the cherished blossoms were just out of reach of the grimy fingers; then, with upraised agile face, the little crippled brother leaped against a nearby tree and, much to the enjoyment of the others, deliberately lifted his wooden crutch and with straight aim knocked from the hollyhocks their brilliant blossoms.

"Oh!" cried Mollie, and "Oh!" again, and rushed down to deal with the offender. It was necessary to make the circuit of the great house, which had been empty yesterday, and to knock loudly at the close fastened door. When this was opened the red faced cook confronted her, and Mollie, pointing toward the limping culprit, asked, still a little excitedly, if the boy's mother was there and if she might see her.

"Tim's mother?" asked the cook; then she stared curiously at the girl. "Why, Tim's mother's in the hospital, havin' an operation."

Again Mollie experienced the same helpless sensation which had come over her at sight of Tim upon the veranda, the little crutch close at hand. "I did not know," she said. "I am sorry. Perhaps you could—could keep the child from being so mischievous. He's ruined my choice flowers. He has been spoiled no doubt," she added leniently, "left to grow up unpunished because of his weakness. If his father—"

The woman interrupted with a coarse laugh. "Spoiled?" she mocked. "Unpunished? Tim, come here!" Quite cheerfully the little fellow obeyed. Quickly the woman's rough fingers, which could also be gentle, rolled back the lad's white waist. "There," she pointed—"there's welts, there's marks where he's been punished."

Mollie drew back in horror. "Oh, no!" she cried protestingly. "Surely no father could be a brute like that!" But Tim exhibited his scars proudly as scars of battle. "Sure," he said, "I've been licked!"

Then Mollie's anger turned to pity. "You poor little thing!" she cried. "They did not know how to teach you. Come with me, Tim, and let me tell you about the flowers."

"You see," she explained as he hobbled along at her side, "they were just little seeds at first, planted in an empty garden. And the sun came along and did its warming work, then the rain, and the wind, and—the spring. The little seeds had a hard, brave fight of

it; but, after all, the green sprouts came peeping above ground, then the stalks, and after, oh, ever so long a time, the green tiny leaves, next the buds unfolded slowly, slowly and then—"

The boy's eyes widened expectantly. "Then," finished Mollie, "came the flowers—the wonderful, glorious flowers." Her voice fell sadly. "And in a thoughtless moment you killed them all! I'll tell you," she added at the boy's conscience stricken face. "You may come over and gather all the flowers you want, but don't kill them."

The lad sank down upon the porch step of Mollie's home, and his small eyes regarded her shrewdly. "Say," he asked, "after all I did you'll let me come over here? You'll let me have your flowers?"

The girl nodded. "Well, you are a good sport," said Tim, and their laughter mingled together. "But you must be good," she admonished him. "You must be my knight errant and guard my garden."

And so faithfully did Tim perform this task that Mollie was called hastily one day by Nora to bandage an offending brother's head upon which Tim had used his one weapon of correction—the crutch.

Mollie watched each morning with eyes which tried to be sternly disapproving as the master of the lawless household entered his waiting car. It was difficult to frown continually upon one so gayly happy.

And the man's own brow would wrinkle perplexedly at the girl's forbidding salute in return to his friendly "Good morning."

Mollie wondered if the suffering wife in the hospital had no influence at all over those cruel blows. She heard him call to the boys quite savagely one evening. "You stop that!" Seizing upon the first excuse for intervention at hand, she picked up a tray of Nora's freshly baked cookies and ran to the garden wall. "Here, boys," she called over its top, "I've something for you." In an eager medley they came and, when they had been rewarded, as swiftly departed.

Mollie found herself looking directly into the man's smiling eyes. "You are very good to my boys," he said. Mollie hesitated, in anxiety to say the right word.

"One can do so much more," she remarked, "by kindness—than by force." "I agree with you." The man's tone was hearty. "And," continued Mollie, "little Tim was, no doubt, too frail for much schooling, but—he has such an apt mind—if he had but—half a chance now." Her viewpoint was his regret, but the man was most amenable. "I know," he said. "I intend to see that Tim has a good education."

Mollie turned slowly away—again that helpless feeling of defeat. "His mother," she asked perfunctorily—"is she doing well?"

"Very well, they tell me," the man replied. He sought to detain her as she went up the path. "I'm going to take Tim in to see his mother tomorrow." So, in strange contradiction of emotion, Mollie gathered her choicest flowers, and when upon the morrow the shining automobile waited before the next house door she went forth in her white ruffled frock to place the roses in Tim's thin arms.

"You will give them to your mother," she said. It was hard to reconcile this tender father who settled Tim, the little cripple, so carefully among his cushions with that unspeakable father whose cruelty had scarred the same small body.

In the evening the man came back alone. "I had to leave Tim there in the hospital," he explained. "It seems he was not as well as they at first thought. The broken limb has not mended as it should, and it has to be forcibly broken again. He wants you. He says he can bear it better if you are there, holding his hand." The man's voice broke off huskily, and Mollie raised a pale face.

"I shall be ready to go with you in the morning," she said. So as they entered the hospital room the boy looked up with his own cheerful grin. "I knew you'd come," he told Mollie. "You're a good sport."

The girl laughed shakily as she pressed her tear wet face to his. "You must show me now," she said, "what a 'good sport' you can be."

"Sure," Tim answered bravely. When it was all over Mollie turned to find the man's eyes fixed upon her in a sort of worshipful adoration. Warmly he grasped her trembling hand. "You are one of God's angels," he said softly.

So across the still motionless body of the little lad they gazed wonderingly into each other's face as at the birth of some new joy.

"Say," murmured Tim's weakly returning voice, "don't let them keep me here. Make him take me back to the country. You—make him." His entreating eyes were on Mollie. "Tell do whatever you say. He's dead stuck on you."

Mollie turned about breathlessly. "Oh," she cried, "he doesn't know what he is saying. He is quite out of his mind." But the man regarded her

"Tim does know," he replied, "just what he is talking about." Then as Mollie stood staring speechlessly the boy again spoke. "He is good," said Tim—"most as good as you are. Doesn't he come down to the hospital where homeless kids are getting better of different things, and doesn't he pick out a bunch of 'em and carry them out to his 'get well house'? 'You come along,' he says to me, 'and I'll fatten you up in the country,' and my mother didn't care where I was, and my dad had broken my leg."

"Your father?" breathed the girl incredulously. Little Tim nodded. "They're me downstairs," he explained succinctly. "Oh," cried Mollie remorsefully. Shamedly her eyes met those of the man. "And I've been thinking," she confessed—"thinking you were that father, blaming you all along."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the man. His tone was eloquent. "Gee!" echoed little Tim. "But, say," he added quickly. "Won't you get him to take me back to the country?" "I'll make a bargain with you, Tim," the man began steadily. "I will promise to take you back for an indefinite time if you will try to persuade her to take me for good and all—later."

With a sudden tremulous laugh Mollie inhaled the boy in her arms, while Tim winked back over the girl's bowed head. "She will," said Tim confidently. And she did.

TAKAKE!

The story of Jack the Giant-Killer has always fascinated. One small boy destroyed a great menace. So it is with the wonderful TAKAKE, which unaided destroys the Giant Pain. Headaches, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, and ALL nervous affections, fly before it to their utter destruction.

Because you have used all other remedies without results, is the best reason for using TAKAKE, which gives quick and permanent relief in the most chronic cases. One of its many attractions is its absolute freedom from any habit forming drug.

One box and the result will show you that like little Jack, you can live happy ever after.

Get TAKAKE! There is nothing the same or just as good. 50c at your druggist's, or 45c by mail from Georgian Mfg. Co., Collingwood Ont.

Passed It On.

Doctor—You have nervous dyspepsia, just the same as Brown had. His was caused by worrying over his butcher's bill. I directed him to stop worrying. Stranger—Yes, and now he's cured and I've got it. I'm his butcher.—Boston Transcript.

Fitting Mates.

"So the dressmaker married the tailor." "Yes. I don't know of a marriage where there could be two more fitting mates."—Baltimore American.

Only learn to catch happiness, for happiness is ever by you.—Goethe.

Cottage Cheese Accompaniments.

But cottage cheese with jelly, mixed with cucumber slices, minced nuts, chives or onion juice, with tomatoes in a salad or with spices. Salt before straining off the whey and then add a little cream and butter. Peppercorn chopped fine, when it is obtainable, adds especial piquancy, and chopped pimento is sometimes used when the cheese is made up into balls to be served on lettuce.

Pain cottage cheese is good in brown bread sandwiches, the bread well buttered first. The mixture with cucumbers is also good for sandwich filling. Cottage cheese combined with bread and fried is a famous Italian dish. Green peppers are sometimes stuffed with this cheese and fried. Cottage cheese may be cured, but keeps fresh only a short time. Wrap in paraffin paper to exclude the air and put in the refrigerator.

A Bird.

Peggie—Why do you say he is a bird? Folly—Well, he is chicken hearted and likes to wear a swallow tail coat and collars with wings. He is always acting the goose and he is a perfect jay.—Judge.

He Wanted to Know.

"Ma, what's that big round thing on wheels?" "The water wagon, my dear." "Is that the one Uncle Tom said pa fell off of?"—Boston Transcript.

Many of us who have courage enough for fighting lack the bravery to wait.

A Standard Medicine. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, composed of entirely vegetable substances known to have a revivifying and salutary effect upon the digestive organs, have through years of use attained so common a position that they rank as a standard medicine. The selling should remember this. Simple in their composition, they can be assimilated by the weakest stomach and are certain to have a healthful and agreeable effect on the sluggish digestive organs.

A MARVEL IN METAL

Story of a Steel Flea Made in Germany and Sent to Russia.

The Russian peasants, of course, are neither scientists nor technologists; but even they think that they can do a few things—and especially work metals—as skillfully as anybody. A century or two ago, according to a folk tale current in Russia, the goosdard (the czar) called together a dozen or more peasants who had a reputation for skill in the working of metals and exhibited to them a steel flea of natural size which had been "made in Germany" and had been sent to him, partly as a gift and partly to show the delicacy of the German smith's work. The goosdard handed it to the peasants on a plate and said:

"Look at that! You think that you can work metals, but I don't believe there's one of you can duplicate that steel flea."

The peasants said, "Perhaps not, butushka (little father), but if you will let us take the flea home we will see what we can do."

The czar consented, and they retired. A day or two later they reappeared, and with low bows presented to their monarch on a plate the same German flea, but without the expected duplicate.

"Ah!" said the czar. "You couldn't make another. I knew you couldn't." "Will your majesty deign to look at the flea through a magnifying glass?" replied the peasants.

A glass was brought, and upon close inspection it was found that the Russian metal workers had shod the German flea with steel shoes.—Outlook.

DEEP SEA EXPLORATIONS.

Fishing With a Line That Is Sometimes Over Six Miles Long.

The Albatross, the vessel that has been used by the oceanographers for some thirty years in deep sea explorations, fishes with a line three miles long, often four miles long, sometimes six miles long or over, a line of slender cable, but wonderfully strong, rolled off a deck winch by a sputtering steam engine, that will bring up from the ocean floor a three or four ton haul of sponges, crinoids, jellyfish, sea urchins, giant crabs, long white worms that break in two if you touch them, phosphorescent trees (really animals), sea cucumbers with hideous heads, starfish, devilfish, pelican fish, lantern fish, sharks' teeth, whales' ear bones, sea cows' ribs and scores of other extraordinary things.

The Albatross follows no beaten paths of commerce. She goes where other vessels rarely go. She explores forgotten corners of the seven seas, drops her great nets by day and by night, takes hundreds of soundings in uncharted waters and, after a cruise of months, brings home her trophies for final safe keeping in jars filled with alcohol and labeled with Greek and Latin names. This sort of work she has been doing for the forty odd years, ever since George W. Baird designed her engines for the United States Fisheries service in 1872. It is worthy of note that the Albatross was the first steel steamer built in America.—Cleveland Moffett in American Magazine.

Ale of the Car in a Railroad Wreck. A veteran railroad man gave a piece of valuable advice some time ago.

"If you ever get into a wreck," he said, "and have time to follow out this suggestion remember this: Always stand in the aisle. Most of the injuries that are suffered occur because the victim is crushed between the seats. If you are in the aisle you may be thrown forward and bruised a little, but there is much less chance of receiving serious hurts. It isn't always possible to get out of your seat before the crash comes, but if it is follow that advice."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Strong Paper.

A single United States treasury note measures three and one-eighth inches in width and seven and one-quarter inches in length. It will sustain without breaking lengthwise a weight of forty-one pounds, crosswise a weight of ninety-one pounds. The notes run four to a sheet, a sheet being eight and one-quarter inches wide by thirteen and one-half inches long. One of these sheets lengthwise will suspend 108 pounds and crosswise 177 pounds.

Modern Hostilities.

"A gossip is never willing to repeat unkind remarks to your face." "No," replied Miss Cayenne. "Gossip is a social attack conducted on the approved principles of modern warfare. You are not supposed to see the person at whom you are shooting."—Washington Star.

Identification.

"That handsome woman over there is a widow of one of the Jags brothers."

"Which brother is she the widow of?" "The dead one."—Baltimore American.

Children Cry

CAST

The Kind You Have Always in use for over 30 years

Castoria is a harmless substance, contains neither Opium, nor any other dangerous substance, and allays Feverishness. It has been in constant use for Flatulency, Wind Colic, Diarrhoea. It regulates the assimilation of the Food, giving the Children's Panacea.

What is Castoria?

Castoria is a harmless substance, contains neither Opium, nor any other dangerous substance, and allays Feverishness. It has been in constant use for Flatulency, Wind Colic, Diarrhoea. It regulates the assimilation of the Food, giving the Children's Panacea.

GENUINE CASTORIA

Bears the

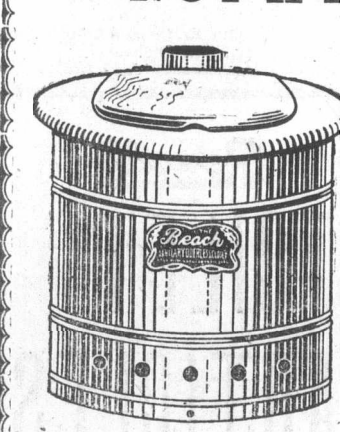
Castoria is a harmless substance, contains neither Opium, nor any other dangerous substance, and allays Feverishness. It has been in constant use for Flatulency, Wind Colic, Diarrhoea. It regulates the assimilation of the Food, giving the Children's Panacea.

In Use For The Kind You Have

THE CENTAUR COMPANY

\$10 A NECK

NOT A



\$10 T. DODD

CHANTRY FARM

Kerwood

Shorthorn Cattle

—AND—

Lincoln Sheep

ED. DeCEX, Proprietor

Kerwood Ontario

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Watford Station as follows

GOING WEST
Accommodation, 75 8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 3, flag 12 13 p.m.
Accommodation, 83 6 39 p.m.
GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80 7 43 a.m.
New York Express, 6 11 11 a.m.
New York Express, 2 3 05 p.m.
Accommodation, 112 5 16 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent Watford

The London Advertiser

THREE EDITIONS

Morning, Noon, Evening

Western Ontario's Greatest Daily

All the News all the Time

Rate by mail, any Edition, \$2.00 per year.

Circulation Dept., London Advertiser