

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought The Joy Of Health After Two Years' Suffering



MADAM LAPLANTE

35 St. Rose St., Montreal, April 4th.

"For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant headaches, and had palpitation of the heart so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the constipation was dreadful. I suffered from pain in the back and kidney disease.

I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried "Fruit-a-tives" as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no headaches, no palpitation, no heart trouble, no constipation, no pain or kidney trouble and I feel like a new being—and it was "Fruit-a-tives" that gave me back my health."

MADAM ARTHUR LAPLANTE.

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 Bait

- Corrected by Lieut. R. P. Brown.
- Lieut. W. H. Smyth, Headquarters at Ottawa.
- Lieut. R. D. Swift, Scout Officer.
- Lieut. R. P. Brown.
- Sergt. W. D. Lamb
- Sergt. M. W. Davies
- Sergt. S. H. Hawkins
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- 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
- B. 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. Stillwell
- Pte. A. H. Lewis, Band
- Pte. G. A. Parker
- Pte. A. W. Stilwell
- Pte. W. J. Saunders
- Pte. W. C. Aylesworth, Band
- Pte. R. Clark, Bugler
- Pte. S. L. McClung
- Pte. J. McClung
- Pte. C. Atchison
- Pte. H. J. McFeely
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- Pte. White.
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- Pte. Wilson.
- Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST	
Accommodation, 75	8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 3	11 19 a.m.
Accommodation, 83	6 44 p.m.
GOING EAST	
Accommodation, 80	7 48 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. Vall, Agent, Watford

A Stranger In a Strange Land

He Found a Strange Custom, but Was Equal to It.

By ALAN HINSDALE

A man left an eastbound train passing through a region west of the Missouri river and inquired for transportation to a point out of the line of travel. He was unmistakably English in the appearance both pertaining to himself and his clothes. But instead of the rugged physique of many Britishers he was rather small, and his pale cheeks gave evidence of ill health.

There was a difference of opinion as to how he could best reach the point he was aiming for. Some said the road was rough and the gentleman did not look as if he had the strength to stand the jolting of a wagon. Others said that if he went on horseback he would be equally shaken up. The wit of the locality suggested that there were road agents along the line of travel and it was as much as a man's life was worth to pass over it. In saying this the joker nudged the man next him, as much as to say, "Reckon I'll skeer him out of it."

The stranger listened to these suggestions with evident interest, except the one about the road agents, this not seeming especially to interest him.

He succeeded in hiring a team to take him to his destination and was driven by the owner, who, wondering at an Englishman wearing apparel by no means like any other in that region, was inclined to question him as to why he was there. But the gentleman was tactful and gave him no satisfaction. Indeed, after the driver had abandoned his attempt to pump the stranger the Englishman asked a few questions for himself.

"I've heard," he said, "that out here there's what they call 'gun play,' that there are men who think no more of putting lead into a fellow than into a dog."

"Oh, that sort of thing used to be practiced out here," was the reply, "but we're civilized now and don't do it any more. At least it's not practiced near the railroad, where the country has been settled, and court law has taken the place of gun law. But away from the railroads there are spots where the rough element has congregated, and there's still more or less free shooting. This region where you're going is one of that kind. I wouldn't advise any man to go there without a couple of revolvers slung under his coat."

"They say," remarked the stranger, "that when there is shooting going on it's the man who 'gets the drop,' as you say out here, on his enemy and shoots quickest who comes out ahead."

"That's about it," said the other. The stranger turned from the use of the revolver to the products of the country and learned that horses were raised there and the point he was making for was a center of a horse raising territory, from the fact that it comprised fine grazing lands. The stranger asked about the price usually paid for an average horse and the best way of getting horses to market and seemed interested in getting all the information on the subject that was to be had. But he didn't admit that he was personally interested in horsemanship.

On reaching their destination—a hamlet of half a dozen houses—they drew up before a store building which was the only one in the place that was not occupied for dwelling purposes except a saloon. As the Englishman alighted he attracted the attention of a couple of men standing on the porch of the saloon.

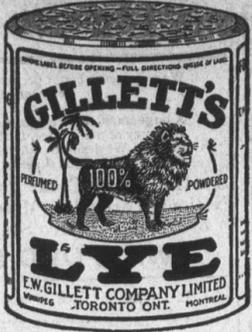
"Just look at that, Pete," said one of these men, referring to the stranger. "Did you ever see anything so purty in your life? Do you ketch on to the glass eye—and the hat?" The Englishman wore a helmet. "Just think of you or me sportin' sich a lookin' thing as that on our heads. And see the yaller things on his shoes, all buttoned up so ladylike."

"Shouldn't wonder if we could get some fun outen him, Bill," said the other. "Let's ask him in for a drink." Meanwhile the Englishman was making inquiries for a man he had come to meet. The two men on the saloon porch approached him, and Bill addressed him in this wise:

"My friend, I don't know who you are or where you come from, but it's the custom o' this place to treat all strangers hospitable, and me and this yere gent invites you to step into the saloon and have somethin'."

"Your kind attention is appreciated, I assure you," said the Britisher. "But seeing that I don't drink I must ask

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



"You to take the will for the deed."

"That's somethin' we never do in these parts," was the reply, "especially when a man's invited to drink. Perhaps you're not aware that with us 'refusin' to liquor when invited is considered an insult."

"Oh, you mustn't take it that way. I'm not in good health, and my doctor has forbidden my drinking spirits."

"Your doctor don't know what fine whisky we have in this yere country and how much good it'll do a sick man. Come on, stranger; we'll give you the best dose o' medicine you ever tuk in your life."

"I reckon, Pete," said Bill, "that seein' the stranger is a shriveled, miserable specimen we'd better let him off. It ain't no credit to force sich a ladylike purson as don't appreciate true hospitality."

"Well, then, suppose he sings us a song?"

"I'm no hand at singin'," said the Britisher.

"There's nothin' about singin'," Pete persisted, "to hurt a man's insides even if he's sick. Now, see here, stranger; you give us a song mighty quick."

He took a revolver from his hip, cocked it and brought it to bear on the Britisher, who, seeing that he must either sing or get shot, began to do the best he could in giving "Britannia Rules the Waves." He had scarcely given a stanza before Pete put a bullet so close to his ear that he stopped at once.

"See here, young feller," thundered Pete, "we don't want any such song as that! Give us somethin' American."

"I don't know any American songs," replied the Britisher. "I might teach you some money making tricks. I know one or two that you could practice on your friends to a profit."

The prospect of getting something by which he could "do" a friend caught Pete's attention. He asked what kind of trick the stranger meant and was told that the best explanation would be to show the trick.

"Have you got a coin about you?" he asked.

Pete fumbled in his pocket and pulled out half a dollar, which he tossed to the Britisher. The latter put it in the palm of his right hand.

"You see," he said, "that it's in the palm of my right hand. I put it up my sleeve this way. Now I take it out of my sleeve and put it in the palm of my left hand. I now put it up my left sleeve and take it out and put it in my left hand."

While he was doing this he was fumbling up his right and left sleeve. After placing the coin for the second time in his left hand he pulled his cuffs down over both hands; then, with fists closed, he extended one fist toward Pete and the other toward Bill.

"Which hand is the coin in?" he asked Pete.

"The left," was the reply.

"What do you say?" Bill was asked.

"Left."

Something cracked in the stranger's right hand, and Pete fell forward on the ground.

"Hands up!" to Bill.

Bill's hands went up in a hurry.

"Would you oblige me," said the Britisher to the man who had driven him, "by relieving the gentleman of his weapons?"

The driver acceded to the request and handed two revolvers to the Britisher.

This ended the episode. Pete was picked up, dangerously but not mortally wounded. Bill agreed to call the affair, of which he had not approved, quits, shook hands with the Britisher and was handed back his weapons.

At that moment a man rode up on horseback and, seeing the stranger, asked:

"Major Hollester?"

"Yes, Mr. Grierson."

"Well, let's proceed to business."

The two men withdrew from the others and after half an hour's conversation returned to them.

"Gents," said Grierson, "this is Major Hollester of the British army. He was wounded fighting the Turks and has since been in poor health. So they sent him over here to buy horses for the British army. I have just contracted with him for a thousand head."

"I'm sorry," said Major Hollester, "to

have put lead into one of your number. I've seen enough of that at Gallipoli and don't want any more of it."

"How did you get the drop on Pete and Bill?" asked a witness to the shooting.

The crowd seeming more interested in an explanation than in the apology, the major explained. Pulling up his sleeves, he showed slung to each arm by an elastic strap a Derringer pistol.

"You see," he said, "when I shoved the half dollar up my sleeve and pulled it down again I pulled one of these little barkers with it, so that when I extended my hands I had one of the weapons in each hand. I was ready then to fire, but so disliked hurting any one that I delayed a moment, as if carrying out the trick, asking this man Pete and then the other which hand held the coin. I wouldn't have thought of carrying arms in this peaceful country, but Mr. Grierson wrote me that there were some lawless characters about this location and it was the custom to wear arms. I have found the Derringer the best weapon for short notice and fixed a pair in my sleeves."

"What's the cross you wear on your watch chain, major?" asked a looker on.

"Oh, that's what they call the Victoria."

"What's that?" asked several persons at once.

The major looked abashed and, turning, walked away toward the conveyance in which he had come.

"I think," said Grierson, "that I can explain what that is. I received a letter stating that Major Edgar Hollester, V. C., would visit me for the purpose of buying horses for the British army. Noticing the V. C. tacked to his name, when I wrote my correspondent again I asked what it meant. The reply was that it stood for Victoria cross, a decoration given by the British government for bravery. I was also informed that Major Hollester had especially distinguished himself at Gallipoli and had been decorated therefore."

Major Hollester, having completed his contract for horses, was driven to the railway station and proceeded northeastward, entering Canada.

WATFORD ASTONISHED BY SIMPLE MIXTURE

Watford people are astonished at the INSTANT action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika. ONE SPOONFUL removes such surprising foul matter it relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. Because Adler-ika acts on BOTH lower and upper bowel, a few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. Taylor & Sons, Druggists.

13,000 Masons Have Enlisted.

Masonic symbols have become realities to eighteen thousand Masons who have enlisted in the Canadian overseas force; they have thereby interpreted into deeds the teachings and ideals of the ancient order. Their Masonic training fitted them for entrance into the khaki brotherhood, and many of them have been faithful unto death, notably the late Major-General Mercer, who was a Past Master of the Masonic order.

Ten thousand Masons have enlisted in Ontario; this is equivalent to almost nine battalions or over two infantry brigades.

He Saved His Quarter.

To salvage a twenty-five-cent piece for a five-cent fee, George Storey, a ten-year-old London lad, crawled through a small, murky, gas-laden, rat-infested sewer for a city block the other day. He brought the quarter out, and was hailed out in a weakened condition by his companions. He was in the drain for a considerable time.

Different Matter.

"I'm trying to sell that house I bought last year. I thought it would be an easy matter, but it isn't."

"What made you think it would be easy?"

"Well, the agent didn't have any trouble selling it to me."—Exchange.

Advice Concerning the Baby.

If the baby is pretty tell the mother that it is the very image of her; if it looks like something the cat dragged in intimate that it takes strongly after the old man.

Thought works in silence; so does virtue. One might erect statues to silence.—Carlyle.

Miller's Worm Powders will drive worms from the system without injury to the child. The powders are so easy to take that the most delicate stomach can assimilate them and welcome them as speedy easers of pain, because they promptly kill the worms that cause the pain, and thus the suffering of the child is relieved. With so sterling a remedy at hand no child should suffer an hour from worms.

Most Eminent Medical Authorities Endorse It.

Dr. Eberle and Dr. Braithwaite as well as Dr. Simon—all distinguished authors—agree that whatever may be the disease, the urine seldom fails in furnishing us with a clue to the principles upon which it is to be treated, and accurate knowledge concerning the nature of disease can thus be obtained. If backache, scalding urine or frequent urination bother or distress you, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, gout or sciatica or you suspect kidney or bladder trouble just write Dr. Pierce at the Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y.; send a sample of urine and describe symptoms. You will receive free medical advice after Dr. Pierce's chemist has examined the urine—this will be carefully done without charge, and you will be under no obligation. Dr. Pierce during many years of experimentation has discovered a new remedy which he finds is thirty-seven times more powerful than lithia in removing uric acid from the system. If you are suffering from backache or the pains of rheumatism, go to your best druggist and ask for a 50-cent box of "Auric" put up by Dr. Pierce. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak women and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the blood have been favorably known for the past forty years and more. They are standard remedies to-day—as well as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for the liver and bowels. You can get a large trial package for 10c. of any one of these remedies by writing Dr. Pierce.

Doctor Pierce's Pellets are unequalled as a Liver Pill. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Day. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Threatened the King.

The honor of knighthood is not one which appeals to everybody. Coke of Norfolk, who considered that he had a far better claim than the speaker to the designation of first commoner of England, strongly disliked the idea of a handle to his name. This fact was well known to George IV. When Coke was chosen to head a deputation praying the king to dismiss from his person and council those advisers who by their conduct had proved themselves alike enemies to the throne and people George announced that he would get even with him. "If Coke of Norfolk enters my presence," he declared, "I swear I'll knight him." The threat was repeated to Coke, who rejoined, "If he dares such a thing I swear I'll break his sword." And as the sturdy Norfolk squire was quite capable of doing this, George refrained from carrying out his threat.

Feet of the Chameleon.

In their tongue, their feet and their eyes chameleons differ remarkably from other lizards. Their feet, though possessing five toes, are divided into two grasping groups, looking like a hand in mittens, and only by close examination you perceive the presence of the two or the three opposing respectively, but so close together as to appear like one broad one. On the padded soles or palms of these grasping limbs you can feel and see the small—may one say—palp, which enable them to grasp so firmly that it is difficult to detach a chameleon from its foothold. These clinging feet, together with their prehensile tail, enable them to sustain themselves on the branches in the strongest gale.

Needn't Go Higher.

A drawing master, who had been worrying a pupil with contemptuous remarks as to his want of skill in the use of the pencil, ended by saying:

"If you were to draw me, for example, tell me what part you would draw first?"

The pupil, with a significant meaning in his eye, looked up into his master's face and quietly said:

"Your neck, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

Mother's Work.

"Father, you always seem to be in a better humor when you come home at night than when you go away in the morning," said the daughter.

"Of course," replied the parent; "you see I have some money in my pocket when I come home."

The Fruit of Search.

"Smifkins went hunting for a peach for a wife."

"Well, what happened?"

"He picked a lemon."

Be careful about doing things in a hurry, lest you do them in a hurry.—Youth's Companion.

Takake (pronounced take-ache) is the surest and safest cure for sleeplessness, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, and all forms of nervous exhaustion. Takake pills are fifty cents a box at your druggists, or by mail from the Collingwood Co., Collingwood, Ont.