

APPLES, ORANGES, FIGS AND PRUNES

Are The Four Fruits Used in
Making "Fruit-a-lives"

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" is the only medicine in the world that is made from the juices of fresh ripe fruits. Thus, it is manifestly unfair to say, "I won't take Fruit-a-lives because I have tried other remedies and they did me no good." On the other hand, the fact that "Fruit-a-lives" is entirely different from any other preparation in the world, is just why you should give it a fair trial, in any trouble of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys or Skin. "Fruit-a-lives" is composed of the active principle of fruit and the greatest nerve tonic ever discovered. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

SOCIETIES.

Court Lorne, No. 17 C.O.F.



Regular meetings the
Second and Fourth
Mondays of each
month at 8 o'clock.
Court Room over
Stapleford's store, Main
street, Watford.

B. Smith C. R., J.
H. Hume R. Sec. J. E. Collier, F. Sec.

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. Vail, Agent Watford	

Honor Roll, C Company 149 Batt

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
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. S. H. Cooper
Corp. C. Killen
Corp. C. B. Sisson.
L. Corp. A. I. Small
B. Q. S.—B. C. Culley
C. Q. S.—C. McCormick
Pte. A. Banks
Pte. A. Dempsey
Pte. J. R. Garrett
Pte. H. Jamieson
Pte. G. Lawrence
Pte. R. J. Lawrence
Pte. C. P. 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, Bagler
Pte. S. L. McClung
Pte. J. McClung
Pte. C. Atchison
Pte. H. J. McFeely
Pte. H. B. Hubbard
Pte. T. A. Gilliland
Pte. D. Bennett
Pte. F. J. Russell
Pte. E. Mayes
Pte. C. Haskett
Pte. S. Graham
Pte. W. Palmer
Pte. H. Thomas
Pte. F. Thomas
Pte. E. Trenouth
Pte. E. A. Shaughnessey
Pte. W. Zavitz
Pte. W. J. Sayers
Pte. Lot Nicholls
Pte. John Lamb
Pte. Eston Fowler
Pte. E. Cooper
Pte. F. A. Connelly.
Pte. F. Whitman.
Pte. Edgar Oke.
Pte. White.
Pte. McGarrity.
Pte. Wilson.
Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer.

Under normal conditions France makes
25,000,000 pairs of gloves annually.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

The O'Shaughnessey Strain

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD

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Under proper conditions "Killarney" as a tune is all right.

But there are circumstances which make even "Killarney" a consummation to be devoutly wished for—not! Say, for instance, when it is played on a cornet next door between 10:30 and 11 p. m.—played very badly, with many breaks and false notes.

It had lost every iota of its charm for young Mr. Timothy O'Shaughnessey Scanlon. And when that evening the operator of the tortured instrument next door essayed some very uncertain double tonguing human endurance could go no further.

Scanlon, with a nervous shiver, irritably pushed the papers across the littered table in front of him, tore off his green eyeshade and jumped up to pace the room with his fingers stuffed into his ears.

The door of the little bedroom was pushed open, and Mary Scanlon, every gray hair on her head bristling with wrath, came in.

"How'll ye ever be doin' yer lessons, Timmy, if that spalpeen next door kapes his wheezy foghorn goin' like this?" she demanded, looking sympathetically at her distraught son.

"Sure, I can't be doin' 'em, mother," Timmy confessed. "It's worse than ever tonight. I'm near wild wit' the blamed uproar av it."

"What are yer goin' to do about it?" she asked with blazing eyes.

"What is there to do?" asked Timmy wearily. "I don't see nothin' but to move—to find some place where there won't be nothin' of this kind goin' on to disturb me."

Mary Scanlon's eyes narrowed. A disgusted pucker showed itself on the forehead just above her upturned nose.

"Ye'd be drove out, would yer?" she said between set teeth. "Ye'd let yer self be ousted outter the house we've lived in for five years be them upstart Brennans that moved in next door only last month."

Mrs. Scanlon turned on her heel and went irritably out of the room, slamming the door after her by way of giving emphasis to her momentary feelings.

This did not tend materially to soothe Timmy's overwrought nerves.

Moreover, the wabbly double tonguing blatting forth again at that inauspicious moment, he strode to the window and threw it wide.

"Hey!" he yelled to make himself heard above the din. "Hey, hey, over there!"

"Killarney" ceased momentarily.

There came the sound of a window in the next cottage slamming open.

"Well, what's the nature av the trouble?" asked Mr. Brennan calmly.

"I'll have a writ out on yer for disturbin' the peace and bein' a public nuisance," quavered Timmy, his courage already ebbing.

"Will yer so?" taunted the other. "Mayhap yer'll be findin' I have a right be law to practice as much as I choose in the house that none av yer money is payin' the rent av."

Whereupon he slammed down the window and immediately "Killarney" blared tunelessly forth as if propelled into the night by a pair of gigantic bellows.

Mrs. Scanlon, hanging out the week's wash in the back yard next morning was accosted by Mrs. Brennan, who stepped to the dividing fence between the two cottages and glared savagely and forbiddingly at her neighbor.

"Mrs. Scanlon, ma'am," she counseled, "yer Timmy don't want to be startin' nothin' wit' my Eddie. He's likely to get marked up for life if he goes to talkin' to Eddie and to sarsin' him like he done last night, and all because Eddie is practicin' a bit on his cornet, which he's doin' fine on, if I do say it."

"Why, Eddie was all for goin' right over to yer place and givin' Timmy what for right off for the nasty talk he give him. I had to hold on to Eddie and fair push him back and do all I could to quiet him down."

Something hot and choking seemed to rise to Mary Scanlon's throat, hah strangling her.

"And glad I am yer do be broachin' the subject, Mrs. Brennan," said she. "I've a word or two of me own for you. Yer Eddie had better learn that there's some other folks round here has a few rights; also it might be well for him to remember that Timmy has the blood of the O'Shaughnesseys in his ma'am."

"While you was
Eddie I was hav

MAGIC READ THE BAKING LABEL NO ALUM POWDER

hangin' on to ye in an awful time wit' Timmy, me fingers grippin' his coat tails, ma'am, and me pleadin' wit' his tearful, ma'am, not to go over and be indacent to the Brennans.

"They was new neighbors and per haps did not know as yet what was expected in a respectable neighbor hood, they havin' just come here froa hivin' knows where."

There were pancakes for supper at the house of Scanlon that evening. Pancakes for supper always made Timmy rather suspicious. Their frequent appearance usually meant that his mother had some especial favor to ask of him.

Nor had the last of them disappeared before Mrs. Scanlon was telling him the tale.

"I had some words wit' that Brennan woman next door when I was hangin' out the clothes this mornin'," said she.

Timmy, looking at her set lips and hard eyes, felt uncomfortable premonitions, but he said nothing.

"Cruel, hard words she used," Mrs. Scanlon went on; "words no lady would 'a' thought of usin'. And—and the upshot was that I told her yer wouldn't do a thing to that fat Eddie, of hers if he went to tootin' that trumpet of his again."

Timmy said nothing as he took his lamp, his green eyeshade and his books from the kitchen shelf and went upstairs.

Tonight, as if in insulting defiance, the cornet's blasts began as soon as Timmy's light showed in his bedroom. Something seemed to snap in Timmy's tortured head. He had no intention of doing what he did.

Nor did he stop to count the hardships when he tore out of the room and down the stairs, while Mary Scanlon's eyes glowed and her breath quickened and the color came and went in her cheeks.

Ten minutes later Timmy was back—that is to say, what was left of Timmy was back.

And there it all might have ended had not Mr. Brennan, by way of fittingly celebrating his triumph, come out on the tiny veranda directly beneath the suffering Timmy's windows and shattered the peaceful air of the night with great and crashing excerpts from "Killarney," played noisomely with the full power of his mighty lungs behind them.

This was too much for the O'Shaughnessey blood in Mary Scanlon.

Forgotten was Timmy and his cuts and bruises. Forgotten everything save that Eddie Brennan was there on the next piazza sending forth his brazen notes of victory and challenge.

Never was there an O'Shaughnessey who could have stood that.

Blindly she groped down the stairs, behind the door, blindly she tore out of the house and straight toward those hateful sounds.

At the same time an arm brushed her aside.

"This is no affair of yours, mother."

Go home, and leave him to me," said a cool, calm voice behind her.

"Ye didn't suppose I could stand it to hear him crowin' over me like this any more than you could, did ye?" he asked. "Maybe he did lick the Scanlon half av me, but he ain't trimmed the O'Shaughnessey half yet, and he never will, neither."

"Wot?" cried Eddie Brennan, his face black with wrath as he stepped to the edge of the veranda. "Ain't yer had enough?"

"We ain't even begun yet," said Timmy pleasantly and jumped on to the porch.

Stepping back and clutching the pickets of the dividing fence with both hands, Mrs. Scanlon gave voice to shrill and involuntary little squeals of delight as Timmy grabbed the mottled cornet, wrung it from Eddie Brennan's fingers and sent it crashing to the floor of the porch.

Locked tight in each other's clutches they swayed and staggered and stamped about the porch, but even in the stress of those crucial moments Timmy did not forget the hated instrument over it they trampled time and again to a fine accompaniment of bending metal and breaking valves. And anon Timmy would manage to land a heel upon it with sufficient force to materially further its rapid progress toward the scrap heap.

Brennan, seeing Timmy's game, let out a bellow of rage.

Also the sight of the broken and twisted instrument did not tend to calm him.

With a mighty effort he managed to break from the clench, stepped back and shot a straight arm left at Timmy's face, which Timmy sidestepped as it went past his ear with ominous and all too suggestive proximity.

The force of the blow, mispent as it was, whirled Brennan to the very edge of the porch. Before he could recover his balance Timmy had unloosed his right with a force he never dreamed it possessed.

It caught his opponent flush on the left cheek.

He shot off the porch, landed on his stomach in a last year's petunia bed, and before he could struggle to his feet Timmy, with a flying leap, was on his shoulders, his fingers ruthlessly clutching his foe's ears and driving Eddie Brennan's nose deeper and deeper into the straw and the loam of the petunia bed.

"Say ye've had enough!" raged Timmy.

"Enough!" panted Brennan's mouth, buried somewhere in the straw.

"Say it again," howled Timmy, "and say it louder. It sure sounds good to me!"

"Aw, be decent about it, Timmy!" pleaded Mrs. Scanlon, stepping forward from the fence. "Lave the poor, licked lad up and come away. Don't rub it in no more. Remember—he's yer neighbor!"

Mrs. Scanlon, carrying up a well filled breakfast tray to Timmy's room next morning, smiled proudly at the scarred and battered countenance on the pillows.

"Take a look out here, Timmy, lad," said she, setting down the tray and stepping over to the window to raise the drawn shade, "and give a hurroo for the O'Shaughnesseys as ye look for the dawn o' peace in peace after this. There's three furniture vans backed up next door. Them Brennan folks is movin'!"

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-ika, 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-ika is surprising. Taylor & Son, druggists.

A Callous Letter Carrier.

A woman from up state, who recently returned from a visit to friends in Brooklyn, remarked:

"I'm glad to get back home among my own kin and friends, where people ain't too busy or too unfeeling or too stuck up to take some interest in one another."

"Now, there's them postoffice folks down in Brooklyn! I found 'em actually hard hearted. Would you believe it, the man that brings round the letters to Mary's he's so queer and standoffish that when he handed me my husband's postal card telling me how my husband had fared and broke her arm, he never so much as opened his lips to give me one word of sympathy! No, sir, not even enough to say, 'Too bad!'"—Exchange.

Taking No Chances.

"I have called," said the complacent visitor to the office of the merchant prince, "to obtain a statement of your assets, and liabilities."

"Which of the mercantile agencies do you represent?"

"Neither. I am considering making an application for your daughter's hand, and it has always been my rule to be sure I'm married before I go ahead."

Long Winded Discussion.

"Pa, what is meant by filibustering?" "Talking against bustle, my son."

"Do you ever filibuster, pa?"

"No, my boy. With the exception of that imposed by physical exhaustion, there is no limit to the debates in this particular house."

Spiteful.

"Why do you hate me?" "He has been knocking me to the git I go with."

"What did he tell her?" "What my salary is."

Out to Be In.

Never be in your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you; because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.—London Answers.

Extremely Careful.

"I want a careful chauffeur, one who takes no chances."

"That's me, sir. I require references or salary in advance."—Judge.

The Jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh.—Schiller.

If you really believe in Safety First, get a box of Takake pills for your sleeplessness, neuralgia, or rheumatism for they are absolutely harmless, and are sure to relieve you. Fifty cents a box at your druggists, or by mail from the Georgian Mfg. Co., Collingwood, Ont. 1

WOMEN OF CANADA.



Fort Coulonge, Quebec.—"I am happy to tell you that your medicine did me wonderful good. I was troubled with weakness and I tried wines and other things but received very little benefit. I was young at the time and knew very little about medicines till a lady friend came to me with a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I became strong and a year afterward had twins."—Mrs. J. Bradt, Fort Coulonge, Quebec.

Thousands of women right here in Canada who are now blessed with robust health cannot understand why thousands of other women continue to worry and suffer when they can obtain for a trifling sum Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which will surely and quickly banish all pain, distress and misery and restore the womanly health.

Young mothers who preserve the charms of face and figure in spite of an increasing family and the cares of growing children are always to be envied. "Favorite Prescription" gives the strength and health upon which happy motherhood depends. It enables the mother to nourish the infant life depending on her, and enjoy the happiness of watching the development of a perfectly healthy child.

A GREAT BOOK THAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE.

Over a million copies of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" are now in the hands of the people. It is a book that everyone should have and read in case of accident or sickness. Send fifty cents (or stamps) for mailing charges to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and enclose this notice and you will receive by return mail, all charges and customs duty prepaid, this valuable book.

LAWS THAT ARE NOT LAWS.

Many Statutes in England That Simply Could Not Be Enforced.

There are many written laws in England which the unwritten law permits us to break. One of the most surprising of these is playing football. Strictly speaking, football is illegal.

"Whereas there has been heretofore great disorder caused by a company of lewd and disorderly persons using that unlawful exercise of foot ball at their pleasures" are the opening words of an act of parliament passed in 1602, and any one who "uses that unlawful exercise" is still liable to a fine of twelve pence.

"Why don't you take the pledge?" This piece of advice is offered every day by magistrates to what the police call "confirmed drunks" when they appear in the courts, and excellent advice it is. But, all the same, in offering it the magistrate is breaking a law himself.

According to an act of Edward VI's reign, which has never been repealed, people who conspire with or induce others to abstain from certain drinks and foods are liable to imprisonment as rogues and vagabonds. You may take the pledge yourself, but you may not advise other people to.

Do you go to the theater? Of course you do. And do you stay to see the last act? Again, of course, you do. But by witnessing that last act you are breaking the law.

An act which has been on the statute book for more than 200 years declares that persons assembling or causing other persons to assemble in any "booth, theater or place of public entertainment" after 10 o'clock in the evening are violating the written law.—Pearson's.

GET READY FOR OLD AGE.

Start Saving at Once if It Be Only a Cent a Day.

I care not how humble the circumstances of any reader may be, they are not too humble to enable him or her to begin to save and to prepare for the time in life when the vacation of old age must be taken. Remember that the earlier you begin the more you will have and that if you save but a cent a day at the end of the year you will have set aside nearly \$4. That is something to begin with.

Persons are heard to say, "I can't save; I don't know how, and I can save so little that it never will amount to anything!" All wrong. You can save, if you begin with only a single cent, a five cent piece, a dime or a dollar.

The principal point to remember is that your money will earn something for you if you will only set it aside for that purpose, and it will work day and night while you are sleeping, working or resting. One hundred dollars in the savings bank at the end of the year will be worth \$104, as it will earn 4 per cent interest. The same amount invested in a good bond will earn you \$5 or \$6 by the close of the year.

Better than all, you will have established the habit of thrift and saving. When once you have accumulated a \$100 bond or two the rest will come much easier, and you will be surprised and delighted to realize that you are not left without means of support. It is a good thought to be ready for the vacation that must come with old age. —Jasper in Leslie's Weekly.