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Fruit juice is Nature's own remedy.  
"FRUIT-A-LIVES," the famous  
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"Fruit-a-lives" improves the Skin  
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By its cleaning, healing powers on  
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50c. a box, 6 for 2.50, trial size 25c.  
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Bread that ensures ready and com-  
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Lovell's Bakery

A new kitchen utensil that resembles  
a spoon with a perforated bowl ending in  
three narrow fork tines has more than  
fifteen uses.

A bathroom novelty is a spring wire  
bracket to be clamped to a faucet, so  
shaped as to hold either a tumbler or a  
cup of soap securely.

In 48 hours patriotic women in Penn-  
sylvania recently raised over \$26,000 to  
be used in case of war.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so po-  
tent as Mother Graves' Worm Extermi-  
nator, and it can be given to the most  
delicate child without fear of injury to  
the constitution.

Posts as house surgeons in English  
hospitals, heretofore held by men are  
now being offered to women.

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Watford people should know that a  
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glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler's-ka,  
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This simple mixture removes such sur-  
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treatment helps chronic stomach trouble.  
Adler's-ka has easiest and most thorough  
action of anything we ever sold. Tay-  
lor & Son, druggist.

## Ben Potter's Proxy

It Proved to Be a  
False Friend

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Ben Potter was a cowboy down in  
that part of the western part of North  
America where the Mexicans have al-  
ways been in evidence. Ben was as  
brave as a lion where a man adversary  
was concerned, but had a constitution-  
al fear of the fair sex. A little gun  
play wouldn't faze him a bit, but to  
tell a woman he loved her was beyond  
the scope of his audacity. One day he  
came across a greaser who kept par-  
rots for sale.

Ben Potter stood in front of the par-  
rot's cage and poked a tentative fore-  
finger at the beautiful green and yel-  
low bird whose yellow markings edged  
with black added to its gorgeousness.

"You're dead certain she can talk?"  
he demanded of the storekeeper.

"Kin a duck swim?" retorted the  
storekeeper testily.

"What kind of talk can she hand out?  
I don't want no swear words, mind,  
Dawson—it's for a lady—it's for my  
sister," said Ben laboriously striv-  
ing to cover up the fact that the par-  
rot was for Linda Day, who was not  
his sister and who he fervently hoped  
would never offer to be a sister to him.

"No swear words!" chuckled Daw-  
son. "Will you hear that?" he went  
on addressing the bird. "Tell the gen-  
tleman pretty things, Polly!"

"I love you," croaked Polly, with a  
wicked glance at Ben.

Ben flushed hotly. If that was the  
sort of talk Polly indulged in she was  
just the bird Ben needed to convey  
the story of his tender but diffident  
passion to Linda Day.

The deal was concluded, and Polly  
and her cage were transferred to Ben  
Potter's hands. He arranged to leave  
them there until dark.

"I shan't be going back again till 9  
o'clock," he said casually.

"There won't anybody know you've  
bought a hansom parrot if you sneak  
it home in the dark," said Dawson in-  
nocently.

"That's just what I'm calculating on,  
you idiot," snapped Ben coolly, as he  
turned and went down the street, his  
boot heels clicking on the board walk  
and the brim of his hat flapping in the  
breeze.

"I love you," chuckled Dawson as he  
shook a finger at Polly. "Oh, you Pol-  
ly! And oh, you Ben Potter!"

It was after 9 o'clock when Ben Pot-  
ter called for his parrot. He had  
bought a new blanket, which he wrap-  
ped around the big cage, leaving an  
opening at the top.

"Good night, Polly," he called down  
the opening.

"Get out!" growled Polly crossly.  
Dawson gave vent to an exaggerated  
yawn.

"I'm about closing up now," he mut-  
tered to hide a smile. "Hope you like  
the bird. If you get tired of her hand-  
ling out that line of soft talk, why, you  
can teach her something else, you  
know."

"Sure thing," said Ben as he left the  
place.

As he went galloping home to the  
Twin Star ranch, the trail unwinding  
before him like a broad white ribbon,  
he held the cage on the pommel of his  
saddle and wondered what Linda Day  
would say to his strange gift.

"Gee whiz, I'm glad it's night!" he  
muttered as he neared the ranch. Sud-  
denly he paused and looked around at  
the moonlit spaces of the cattle range.

"Why not give it to her now?" he  
asked himself. "They'll sure hand me  
a line of jolly if they see this thing at  
the bunk house. Why, it might up and  
say it loved 'em."

He wheeled his horse and dashed  
down the trail, turning the right when  
he reached the three cottonwoods that  
marked the cross trail leading to the  
Widow Day's ranch.

He was glad that the bunk house  
was dark and that the big dance in  
Red Spider had evidently drawn all  
the men away for the evening.

He guessed that Linda Day might be  
sitting calmly reading in her living  
room with a gun beside her on the  
table. She was perfectly able to take  
care of herself, and yet she was far  
from being masculine. It was her mix-  
ture of fearlessness and soft woman-  
liness that made her fascinating to the  
rough cowboys of the Red Spider dis-  
trict.

Ben Potter knocked briskly at the  
door. He knew that Linda hated a  
soft, sneaky knock. It "gave her the  
creeps," she admitted.

In a moment she stood there, framed  
in the lighted doorway.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Potter," she

## ROYAL YEAST MAKES PERFECT BREAD

said pleasantly. "Won't you come in?"  
she added hospitably.

"No, thank you," murmured Ben—"at  
least only to put this on the table for  
you. I heard you say you wanted a  
pet, so I found this one."

He followed her into the living room  
and placed the cage on the table. He  
took off the blanket and revealed the  
parrot sitting sleepily on the perch.

"For me? How very kind of you!"  
cried Linda Day, as she gazed at the  
brilliant bird. "I think they are too  
amusing, Mr. Potter, and it is a bit  
lonely here sometimes. Polly and I  
shall become great friends," she con-  
fidedly as she tapped the cage with  
her slender finger.

Polly writhed uncomfortably, cocked  
a glassy eye at her new owner and  
murmured throatily:

"Bye-bye! I'm going to bed now!"

"How cunning!" cried Linda. "Poor  
polly shall go in this nice dark corner,  
and tomorrow I will have a hook placed  
for her in the window. It was very  
thoughtful of you, Mr. Potter." She  
glanced up at Ben's embarrassed face.

His blue eyes looked at her wistfully,  
and his lips trembled as if words were  
eager to betray his love; but he was so  
very diffident, she thought regretfully,  
when he finally turned away and with a  
hurried good night made for the front  
door.

In the safe shadow of the yard where  
he had mounted his horse Ben called  
back the important message he had to  
deliver. His tone was elaborately care-  
less.

"By the way, Mrs. Day," he flung  
over his shoulder, "that parrot can  
speak a few words, and what she says  
is—just what I think, only I can't  
find words to say it—you understand."

He could not see Linda's tender smile  
as she closed the door and went back  
to the living room.

"As if a goose couldn't understand,"  
she murmured gleefully. "You great  
big, brave, bashful little boy!" This  
last remark was addressed to the small  
snapshot picture of Potter which she  
kept hidden in her needlework. If Ben  
Potter had known about that picture  
he would have expired from very joy.

He had left it there one evening, and  
when he inquired for it the widow had  
been unable to find it—even while she  
fumbled with trembling fingers in her  
work basket.

"Polly—Polly Potter!" laughed the  
widow joyously. "You've got to wake  
up and tell me that story tonight—un-  
derstand? I can't wait another min-  
ute." And she gently withdrew her  
covering from Polly's cage and brought  
it into the bright light of the evening  
lamp.

It was five minutes before Polly  
awakened sufficiently to exercise her  
vocal powers.

"Polly," whispered Linda, her soft  
eyes shining and her sweet face aglow,  
"Polly, dear, what have you got to say  
to me?"

Polly, disgruntled because of this  
rude awakening for her slumbers,  
was in a diabolical temper.

"Want to say—eh? Want to say—  
eh? You're a busybody—there's only  
one girl in the world for me and her  
name is—her name is—gr—gr—grrrr!"  
wheezed Polly.

"What is her name—tell it to me, Pol-  
ly, dear," coaxed Linda, eager to hear  
the sweetest story ever told, even  
through the medium of the strange  
proxy Ben Potter had chosen. "Tell  
me the name of the girl he loves!"

"Her name is—ha, ha, ha! Her name  
is Maud—there! Lead me to my little  
bed!" choked Polly, wrathfully. "Maud,  
I love you dearly—Maud—Maud—  
Maud! Where are you, dearie? I'm  
waiting for you—it's a great joke—  
joke—ha!"

Linda's eyes were full of tears.  
"You horrid thing!" she cried, "TH  
not have you in the house. I thought  
had taught you some—something else!"

"Oh, the deuce!" cried the parrot, im-  
patiently. "Trouble all the time."

Linda threw the blanket over the  
cage, blew out the light and went up  
to bed. The next morning she got up  
and wrote a note to Ben Potter.

"Please come and get your parrot,"  
she wrote, crisply, "it is impossible  
for me to keep it."

It was a very much abashed and dis-  
concerted cowpuncher who rode up to  
Linda's door the next evening.

Linda Day stood in the sitting room  
staring resentfully at the form of Pol-  
ly, who was swinging in her cage.

"I'm sorry you don't like the bird,"  
said Ben awkwardly. "What seems to  
be the matter?"

"Every—everything!" cried Linda,  
very near to tears.

"I guess I made a mistake," said  
Ben slowly, his heart sinking down  
and down in bitter despair. "You  
didn't like the message I sent you?"

Linda flashed an indignant glance at  
him.

"Of course it is a matter of perfect  
indifference to me whether you love

a girl named Maud," she said coldly.  
"Maud! Maud who?" he demanded  
dazedly.

"Oh, Maudie," shrilled Polly—happy.  
"I forgot to kiss you goodbye! You're  
the girl for me! I love you!"

"There!" cried Linda Day laughingly.  
"I'll kill Dawson for this," said Ben  
Potter in a cold, deadly tone.

"What do you mean?" she breathed  
hurriedly. "You'll not kill any one,  
Ben Potter. Where did you get that  
parrot?"

"I bought her from Dawson a few  
hours before I brought her here," said  
Ben grimly. "She repeated some  
words—that I wanted to tell you—and  
I thought—I never thought that she  
might know some other words—and—  
and—see here, what are you doing?"

He leaped toward the cage and  
snatched from Polly's inquisitive beak  
the needle book, which had been lying  
close to the bars of the cage.

From the needle book there fell a  
small picture, and he picked it up and  
glanced at it.

There was his own gallant young  
form astride his new horse. He turned  
shining eyes upon Linda's blushing,  
downcast face.

"Oh, Linda, Linda!" he said softly.  
"And you had it all the time!"

Linda's pretty head drooped lower as  
he came close to her. She did not re-  
sist when his arms enfolded her.

"Ah, I love you!" cooed Polly sud-  
denly.

Ben laughed gently.  
"That's what I wanted Polly to tell  
you for me," he whispered in Linda's  
pink ear.

"But I knew that long ago," cried  
Linda saucily. "But, Ben, you can tell  
me again—now!"

The Point.

The "point" is a place which a great  
many people claim to see, but very few  
care to get to. They will travel all  
around it, but to go right through to it,  
to make an attempt to arrive at it, is  
quite beyond them.

The singular thing about this is that  
everybody is urging them on to do it.

"If you will only get to the point,"  
says the world, "it will be an immense  
help." Then all the psychologists, so-  
ciologists, theologians, orators and hu-  
morists declare they are going to—im-  
mediately.

The point laughs at them all.  
"I'm safer," says the point. "You'll  
never get me!"

A Cautious Judge.

"Safety First" seems to be the motto  
of some of the judges in the West In-  
dies. When an alien prisoner is brought  
before them they consider the possi-  
bility of a gunboat from the culprit's  
native land popping in to make trouble.

It is told that a Haitian magistrate, on  
examining a prisoner, found that he  
was from Switzerland.

"Switzerland," he mused. "Switzer-  
land has no seacoast, has it?"

"No seacoast, your honor," said the  
interpreter.

"And no navy?"

"No navy, your honor."

"Very well, then," said the judge, "I'll  
give him a year at hard labor."

The Nice of Austria.

"The Nice of Austria" is the name  
by which Gorizia, or Gortitz, is known  
among its habitues, owing to its mild  
climate. Curiously enough, the city  
furnishes a link with the French Bour-  
bons, for in a Franciscan convent there  
lived the Rembrandt of Charles X. of  
France, the last of the Bourbons; of  
the Duke of Angoulême, his son, and  
of the Duc de Chambord, who died as  
recently as 1883. Gorizia, under Aus-  
trian rule, was the capital of the crown  
land of Gorz Gradisca and first appear  
in history toward the close of the  
tenth century, when it was bestowed  
on the church. It is still the seat of an  
archbishop, and its special industry,  
significantly, perhaps, has long been  
the printing of Hebrew books for the  
east.—London Spectator.

In Jungleland.

Chimpanzee Fortune Teller—You will  
have a long and happy life.  
Miss Elephant—How do you know?  
Chimpanzee Fortune Teller—I can  
tell it by your trunk line.

Hollow Shafts.

By careful experiments it has been  
proved that a solid column subject to  
bending strains is no stronger than a  
hollow one. Consequently all iron  
shafts are made hollow, and the steel  
shafts which drive the screws of steam-  
ships have a hole bored down the cen-  
ter so that the weight may be reduced.

Penny Weddings.

Until 1645 marriage feasts, known as  
"penny weddings," were held in Scot-  
land. Each guest paid a penny or a  
small sum of money to defray the ex-  
penses of the feast. If any money was  
left over it went toward the furnishing  
if the new home.—Exchange.

Idleness wastes a fortune in half the  
time that industry makes it.—Samuel  
Smiles.

## GinPills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Why Recommended

"My case was very serious and I was so  
sick that everybody expected my death any  
day. No suffering could ever be worse than  
what I had to endure.

I could feel at first the gravel passing  
through my bladder but now I am as strong  
as ever. I weigh about 20 lbs. more than  
when I started to take Gin Pills.

I beg you to publish my letter so that  
people may know what Gin Pills had done for  
me. The first box relieved me a good deal,  
eight boxes were sufficient to cure me en-  
tirely, and bring me back to perfect health.

(Sgd.) ISIDORE THOMAS,  
Tillet Road, Glen, N.B."

GIN PILLS are sold by all druggists,  
50c. a box; six boxes for \$2.50.

National Drug & Chemical Co.  
of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

## ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford  
and Vicinity Serving  
the Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION

Thos. L. Swift, reported missing  
since June 15th, Rich. H. Staple-  
ford, Bury C. Binks, L. Gunn Newell,  
killed in action, Arthur Owens, B  
C N Newell, T. Ward, Sid Welsh,  
Alf Woodward, killed in action, M  
Cunningham, M. Blondel, W. Blunt,  
R. W. Bailey, A. L. Johnston, B. A  
Johnston, G. Matthews, 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. Whitsett, B  
Hardy.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C.L.L.

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION

C. W. Barnes, Geo. Ferris, Edmund  
Watson, G. Shanks, C. Jamieson, J  
Burns, F. Burns, C. Blunt, Wm.  
Aulterson, S. P. Shanks.

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

Lorne Lucas, Frank Yerks, Chas.  
Potter, Rus. G. Clark.

33RD BATTALION

Percy Mitchell, Lloyd Howden  
Geo. Fountain, Gordon H. Patter-  
son, died in Victoria Hospital, Lon-  
don.

34TH BATTALION

E. C. Crohn, S. Newell, Stanley  
Rogers, Macklin Haggle, Henry  
Holmes, Wm. Manning, Leonard  
Lees.

70TH BATTALION

Ernest Lawrence, — Emmerson,  
C. H. Loveday, A. Banks, S. R. Whol-  
ton, Thos. Meyers, Jos. M. Wardman,  
Vern Brown, Sid Brown.

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

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