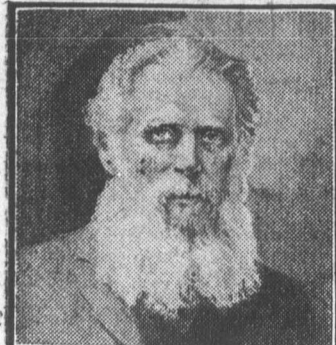


A FAMILY REMEDY FOR MANY YEARS

Used "Fruit-a-tives" With The Best of Results.



GEORGE MCKAY, Esq.

KIPPEN, ONT., June 17th, 1913. "I have used them for indigestion and constipation with the best results, and I heartily recommend them to anyone similarly afflicted. These troubles have left me completely and I give 'Fruit-a-tives' full credit for all this. A nicer pill a man cannot take."

The enormous demand for "Fruit-a-tives" is steadily increasing, due to the fact that this wonderful fruit medicine gives prompt relief in all cases of indigestion, constipation, Sour Stomach, Rheumatism, Chronic Headaches, and Neuralgia, and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

CHANNY FARM

Shorthorn Cattle and Lincoln Sheep
Present offering — Sheep of both sexes, a grand lot of lambs, also a few yearling rams and ewes.

FARM FOR SALE

WEST HALF OF LOT 2, CON. 4, S. E. R. Warwick, 100 acres, all under cultivation. On the premises are a good frame house, frame barn with stable and granary, all new. Well fenced and tile drained. Two acres orchard, very best of loamy farm land, well watered by creek running through it. Situated in one of the best localities in the township for cultivation or grazing purposes. For further particulars apply to J. F. ELLIOT, Watford, July 29th, 1914.

FARM FOR SALE

GORE TWO, FOURTH CONCESSION, S. E. Township of Warwick. About 120 acres. Good large new brick house with basement. Bank barn 42 x 62 feet, 22 foot posts. About 300 apple trees, 7 acres of good maple timber, 6 acres of fall wheat, 25 acres of fall plowing, balance seeded down. Well tile drained, no broken land, good water, 6 miles from Watford, good roads, close to school and church, rural mail delivery and telephone. Extra good farm for grain or pasturing. Apply to F. ELLIOT, Watford, Ont.

HARRY WILLIAMSON

Sleigh Manufacturer; Rippling, Turning, Planing, etc., and all kinds of general repairing will receive our best attention.
ST. CLAIR ST. WATFORD (OLD SALVATION ARMY BARRACKS)

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

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MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 657 St. St., Washington, D. C.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST	
Accommodation, 109	8 44 a.m.
Accommodation, 111	2 55 p.m.
Chicago Express, 1	9 09 p.m.
GOING EAST	
Accommodation, 110	7 43 a.m.
New York Express, 6	11 02 a.m.
New York Express, 2	3 00 p.m.
Accommodation, 112	5 16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent Watford

The Wooden Soldier

How He Drew the Enemy's Fire by Lighting His Pipe.

By CAPTAIN F. A. MITCHEL

In Virginia in 1862 a Federal captain was standing on a rise in the ground looking down a turnpike which extended through a depression and, rising again, entered a small town half a mile away. Hearing horses' hoofs behind him, he turned and saw his general, attended by his staff, riding toward him. "Turn out the guard, the general commanding!" cried the picket.

"Never mind the guard," said the general, and, riding to the point where the captain had been standing, looked at the town beyond with a wistful eye. "Turn out the guard, the general commanding!" cried the picket.

"There are thirty under my command distributed over a quarter of a mile. But right here I have eight men and a sergeant."

"Have you seen any indications of the enemy in the town?"

"None whatever."

"The general turned away with evident reluctance. 'I wish you,' he said, 'to keep a sharp lookout for the Confederates there. The place is of great strategic importance to us in this campaign. By tomorrow morning General D.'s brigade will come up and, provided the enemy has not already done so, will occupy the town. I am hoping that he will be in time, for the fate of this campaign rests with that position. If the enemy comes in there tonight he will fortify it and we shall not be able to drive him out without a hard fight, which in our present condition would not be practicable. Keep a sharp lookout and keep me advised.'

"May I not advance my post to the town, general?"

"No; that would involve an advance of the entire picket line."

The general rode away. Private Tom Bixby, who had been standing at attention beside the road and had heard what had been said, dropped the butt of his musket on the ground and resumed the position of a picket on the lookout. The rest of the afternoon his mind was on the town and the question which side would get there first. At sunset he was relieved and ate his supper. Then, lighting his pipe, he sat down on the ridge and smoked and looked for signs of soldiers in the town on the other side of the valley. When it was dark he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, went to his captain and, saluting respectfully, said:

"Captain, it seems to me that, considering we can't see what's going on in the dark, some one should reconnoiter."

"You may go if you choose."

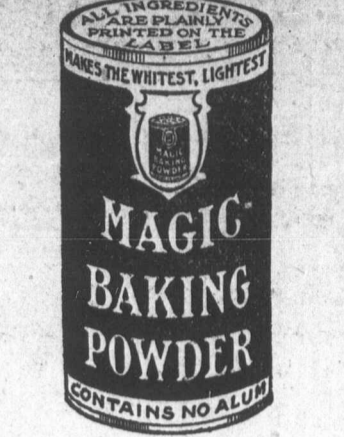
"All right. I'll just walk down the road and up the other side of the valley, near enough to see if there is any stir, and if there is I'll come back and let you know."

Tom sauntered away into the darkness. On reaching the edge of the town he saw citizens moving about, but no soldiers. The people went to bed early, and when everything was quiet Tom made an entry. Passing a shop under a sign "Otto Schmitt, Tobacconist," Tom, thinking it a good opportunity to replenish his stock of tobacco, went inside. After buying what he wanted he fell into conversation with the proprietor, who, being a German, had no especial affiliation with the Confederate cause. Before the shop stood the figure of a man lighting his pipe. Schmitt, who was an ingenious mechanic, had made it himself for a sign. With one hand the figure held the pipe, while in the other was a match. In the pipe bowl was tobacco. A rubber tube led from the pipestem into the store. Schmitt by pulling on a wire could light the match and smoke from the shop. Tom noticed the mechanism near the shop window and asked what it was. Schmitt not only explained it to him, but put it in operation.

An idea popped into Tom's brain. If he had that figure and connections on the side of the town from which the Confederates would approach possibly he might make them believe that the Federals had got ahead of them and had occupied the town. He took Schmitt into his confidence and told him that if he would lend him his sign and help him carry it to a new location he thought the Federal general might pay him very handsomely—that is, if the ruse succeeded.

The German hesitated. Most of the citizens of the place were Confederate sympathizers, and he feared that if his

NO ALUM



not became known he would suffer for it. But Tom assured him that if the town was unoccupied by the Confederates at daylight the Federals would surely enter it in force, and the hope of profit went over. He shut up his shop, put out the lights, and an hour later, when not a footstep was to be heard on the street, he and Tom carried the figure to the road by which the Confederates would be likely to advance. Reaching an eminence on which a picket could be seen from a distance, they set up the dummy in the middle of the road. Tom could not take off his Confederate uniform, but he could put his own over it, which he did, and rested his musket in the hollow of the arm holding the pipe.

Schmitt meanwhile was making the attachments, filling the pipe and leading the tube to a convenient place of concealment, behind which he had Tom took position and waited.

It was 11 o'clock when they set up the dummy. A wagon passed into the town a half hour later, but Tom and his assistant heard it coming in time to remove the figure and set it up again as soon as the team was gone. This was the only interruption that occurred. At 1 o'clock Tom heard a distant sound like the rumbling of artillery over a bridge. The wind being from the south, the sound very faint and Tom's hearing acute, he judged that whoever was crossing the bridge was miles away. He wished he could be in two places at once. He would have liked to go back and hurry up the Federals who were coming and remain where he was at the same time.

In another hour the sounds of an approaching force were unmistakable, and not much later the tramp of men was audible. Then down the road Tom heard an officer order skirmishers to deploy, covering the road and each side of it.

"Light up," said Tom to Schmitt.

There was a tiny flash, which rose and fell as Schmitt pulled on the tube, while clouds of tobacco smoke rose from the pipe. There was just light enough to reveal the figure to those advancing without their being able to see that it was a dummy.

There was a crack, and a bullet jarred the wooden soldier.

"Stop smoking," whispered Tom, and, screened by the darkness, he ran to the figure, which still stood bravely on its feet, and, seizing the musket, fired a shot that went singing down the road. Then, drawing his revolver, he fired three shots in quick succession.

"What's that for?" asked Schmitt.

"They'll think it a signal for our troops in the town to warn them that the enemy is coming. They won't dare come on against an unknown force. My opinion is that if our troops come up before the enemy can see that there's no one here except three men, one of them a dummy, we've won. You can't do anything more here. Suppose you go down the road on the other side of the town and hurry up whoever is coming. If this game succeeds you'll be well paid, I'm sure."

Schmitt set off through the town, having little over half a mile to go to reach the Union picket post.

It was now about an hour before dawn. Tom kept his position on the ridge, from which he sent an occasional shot, always changing his position between shots to make the enemy believe that they were fired by different men. The fire was not returned, for the enemy could see no one to fire at. They were very quiet. Tom's fear was that they were moving around to push forward on his flank, where they would not meet with any opposition whatever, and the fact that the town was unoccupied would be apparent.

For the greater part of an hour Tom stood between the Confederates and the town. He was within sound of the troops below and could hear the usual noises made by soldiers on the march, halted while the commanding officer deliberated as to what he should do. That was the longest hour Tom ever spent in his life. Every minute he expected to hear the command "Forward!" given and to see through the darkness a dim mass coming up the road. His imagination served him many a trick. At one time a stump appeared to be a Confederate standing

with his musket to his shoulder; at another he was sure that he heard the tramp of men coming nearer and nearer.

But all these proved to be nothing but scares. The Confederate commander was not minded to walk into a death trap that he could not see.

In some twenty minutes after Schmitt left Tom he came near the picket post and made himself known. He was admitted to the lines and rushed to the general, not far distant, who, on hearing his story, ordered a regiment under arms instantly and pushed forward. In this he disobeyed an order of his superior, but took the risk. In less than fifteen minutes the men were marching toward the town and, under Schmitt's guidance, to the point held by Tom Bixby and his wooden support. Silently ranging themselves along the ridge on each side of the road, they waited the dawn and the coming of the brigade that was supposed to be advancing.

As soon as it was light enough to see the enemy he was discerned drawn up in line of battle at the foot of a declivity. An officer on horseback in the middle of the road was looking up through a pair of glasses. But he could see few of the Federals, for their colonel had posted the men where they would be concealed. However, he made himself known to the Confederates, who withdrew out of range.

Before sunrise the tramp of men was heard in the town, and it was evident to those at the front that the expected brigade had arrived. They had no sooner been distributed at the weaker points when the general commanding the Confederates ordered a part of his force to feel them to determine their strength. After some desultory firing, becoming convinced that the town was occupied by a force strong enough to hold it against him, he withdrew his army.

When all was over the Federal general rode out to inspect Tom Bixby's Quaker soldier. Never before was an officer more delighted. The desired result had been accomplished and he had been vindicated in disobeying orders. He asked Tom what he could do for him, and Tom told him whatever he did must be for Schmitt, whose tobacco sign had won.

Tom was given a commission, and Schmitt was appointed to a sutlership, which he found very profitable.

CHILDREN AND THE TRUTH.

A Famous Psychologist Points Out the Importance of Training in This Line. H. Addington Bruce says in the Pictorial Review:

"There is a tendency on the part of many children to deviate frequently and sometimes startlingly from the ways of truth. Usually, to be sure, children's lies are comparatively harmless to all except themselves, but they may be and are to a greater extent than most persons imagine attended by exceedingly serious, even disastrous, consequences to others. It is, for example, a well established historical fact that in the sixteenth century 100,000 people were executed for witchcraft on charges based mostly on lies told by children. In our own country the Salem witchcraft delusion, with its sad record of persecutions and executions, was distinctly a product of children's lies.

"No child, it may be safely said, is ever born into this world a liar. Neither is any child ever born into the world a saint. The child in the beginning of its life is simply an amiable entity of nerves, tissues and muscles co-ordinated and governed by an indwelling principle—call it spirit, soul or what you will—that expresses itself to good or bad purpose according to the influences brought to bear in the course of the child's development. There may be, it is true, inherited defects of physical structure—especially defects of brain organization—that make a child peculiarly responsive to influences for evil, but even these can usually be counteracted by proper training. On the other hand, given improper training, the child with the best brain organization in the world is quite likely to develop into an inveterate liar and blackleg.

"And by the word 'training' is meant much more than the formal imparting of ideas of morality by pious exhortation. Formal education in morality, there should be, but it cannot amount to much unless accompanied by the more powerful education of example and by an intelligent effort to study and meet the child's individual mental and physical needs."

A Medical Need Supplied.—When a medicine is found that not only acts up on the stomach, but is so composed that certain ingredients of it pass unaltered through the stomach to find action in the bowels, then there is available a purgative and a cleanser of great effectiveness. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are of this character and are the best of all pills. During the years that they have been in use they have established themselves as no other pill has done.

It appears from the Berlin newspapers that all the bathing beaches on the east coast of England are "fortified," just like Coney Island, presumably,

Sovereign Cure for Rheumatism

Mrs. E. W. Hazlett, 103 Wyandotte Street, Windsor, Ont., says there is only one Kidney Remedy in the world for her—GIN PILLS.

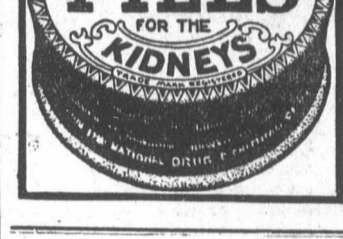
"GIN PILLS, I know from personal experience, are the sovereign remedy for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble in any form. I was cured by them after months of suffering. I was helpless—had several doctors and many other remedies but all failed to cure me. Then I tried Gin Pills with the result that I am well to-day. I heartily recommend them to any person suffering from Kidney or Bladder Trouble."

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

cure because they act directly on the Kidneys and Bladder—soothing and healing the inflamed tissues, and neutralizing uric acid.

Trial treatment free—Regular size, 50c. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50 and every box sold with our spot cash guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Sold in the United States under the name "GINO" Pills.

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



Italy's Earthquake

Rome, Jan. 14.—The toll of dead and injured in the great earthquake that has swept over Central and Southern Italy has not yet been made up, but all advices reaching Rome indicate the ever-growing extent of the disaster.

Towns with thousands of inhabitants have been overthrown, and from some of these comes details which show an immense loss of life. The estimates ran tonight from 25,000 to 50,000 dead and injured, and yet there are several sections, which undoubtedly felt the earthquake in full measure, from which no estimates can be obtained. The Tribuna estimates the dead at between 23,000 and 25,000.

In the ancient territory of Marsi, which includes Avezzano, the victims are placed by some at 20,000. Only a small minority of the inhabitants, who numbered approximately 10,000, are left.

Fifteen other towns and villages in that section have been laid waste. King Victor Emmanuel is on the scene at Avezzano and 30,000 soldiers have been dispatched to the various centers where the force of the disturbance was greatest.

Italy as a nation has arisen again to give succor, as she did at the time of the Messina earthquake, six years ago, to those who have fallen in this latest catastrophe from which the country has suffered.

It is in Demand.—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market, and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.

Female stenographers in New York city number over 33,000.

Over 10,000 women are now out of employment in Cleveland.

During the last two years 964 sets of twins were born in Texas.

Symmetry in the feminine form is the ideal of a new course to be instituted at the University of Pittsburgh.

A New York judge has handed down a decision that the money saved by a wife out of the allowance given her by her husband is not hers, but his because he originally earned it.

Four women out of six who tried for a position as bacteriologist in the Philadelphia board of health succeeded, while but one man of nine passed the examination successfully.

In Great Britain and Germany there are thousands of men who, because they have married foreigners, are interned as "alien enemies" in the country in which they were born and have spent their whole lives.

So that she could earn a little extra Christmas money, Mrs. Henry Stedman of Terre Haute, Ind., donned men's clothes and went into the mines with her husband, where she managed to keep up with her better half in digging coal.

The Buffalo Express recalls Wolfe Tone's declaration that if an Irishman is to be roasted another can always be found to turn the spit, but the fact remains that Ulstermen and Nationalists are fighting side by side on the plains of Flanders.

The Terror of Asthma comes like a thief in the night with its dreadful throttling, robbing its victim of breath. It seems beyond the power of human aid to relieve until one trial is made of that remarkable preparation, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Then relief comes with a rush. Life becomes worth living, and, if the remedy be used persistently, the disease is put permanently to rout. Take no substitute. m