

### SHE RECOMMENDS "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Mrs. Corbett Read the Advertisement and Tried It

Avon, May 14th, 1914. "I have used 'Fruit-a-tives' for Indigestion and Constipation with most excellent results, and they continue to be my only medicine. I saw 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised with a letter in which some one recommended them very highly, so I tried them. The results were more than satisfactory, and I have no hesitation in recommending 'Fruit-a-tives' ANNIE A. CORBETT. Time is proving that 'Fruit-a-tives' can always be depended upon to give prompt relief in all cases of Constipation and Stomach Trouble. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives 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

FALL TERM FROM AUG. 30 CENTRAL Business College STRATFORD, ONT. This is Ontario's best practical training school, with COMMERCIAL, SHORTHAND and TELEGRAPHY departments. Our courses are thorough and instructors are experienced. We place graduates in positions. Write for our free catalogue at once and see if it interests you. D. A. McLACHLAN - PRINCIPAL.

PIANOS Bell, Gerhardt, Heintzman, Marten Organs 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

CHANTRY FARM KERWOOD Shorthorn Cattle -AND- Lincoln Sheep ED. DeGEX, 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

A grouchy man thinks he laughs best who laughs least. Why doesn't the self made man never suffer from remorse? Even a color blind man can tell a green-back when he sees it.

### HIRAM'S JOY-RIDE

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

HIRAM SPENDLOW and his wife sat over a late "snack" of macaroni-and-cheese and mince pie. Hiram had just been reading an article in a magazine about those aerial greynobles known as Zeppelins and as he munched he ruminated. "I'd like fust rate to hev a ride in one o' them things, Mirandy!" he said.

His wife had taken up her knitting again to knit off a needle before retiring. She sent him a glance of derision over the top of her glasses. "Land sakes, Hi!" she said, and then added, "Ain't yew quit eatin' yet?" Hiram helped himself to a fourth plateful of the macaroni-and-cheese. Miranda yawned.

"Wall, I'm off to bed, Hi," she announced, putting her work aside. "Mind and see all 'em doors are locked." In the process of time her husband ascended creakily the stairs. It was after he was in bed that he remembered Miranda's injunction to see to the fastening of the doors. There had been a series of burglaries in the neighborhood, so he must not overlook this duty. He rose stealthily so as not to waken his wife, who was snoring placidly by his side, and having slipped on some garments, he went downstairs and fastened the front door. Then he went to the south-west side of the house where a small door leading out into the garden stood wide open.

How beautiful the moonlight was! Hiram stepped out upon the verandah and stood gazing up at the glorious silyer orb that rode the heavens.

Hist! What was that? He pricked up his ears and went forward a few steps to the fence. A whirring sound, like the drumming of a hundred partridge filled the air. But this was the month of May and a closed season. The sound became a prolonged buzz. Hiram sprang over the fence and dashed across the orchard, and then down the long slope to the river bank. He saw something that at first glance appeared to be a whale lying upon the water, but he rubbed his eyes and looked again. This time it seemed to be a huge inflated canvas cigar, and below it he now discerned a long car fitted out with an engine whence the throbbing sound proceeded.

A Zeppelin! Hiram lost no time in covering the remaining distance between him and the wonderful craft and, as he ran panting down the hillside, he spied a man tinkering above the engine. The man turned at his approach and stood upright. He wore an aeronaut's cap and goggles and a long belted overcoat. "What be yew doin' here, stranger?" Hiram demanded. "Hoeh der Kaiser," responded the man gutturally. "Eh?" asked Hiram, sharply. The aeronaut strode over to Hiram with a gait like a prize gander out-a-walking, and fetched down his big hand heavily on his shoulder—Hiram's thimble-clad shoulder. "Hoeh der Kaiser," he grunted again. "Speak English," said Hiram irritably, shrinking under the blow from the mailed fist. "What be yew doin' on my property, eh?"

The aeronaut pointed to the Zeppelin with an air of pride. "Will you der ride take up in der air, yet?" he asked in fair English and in a friendlier tone. Hiram gasped and blinked his eyes rapidly. A ride in a Zeppelin! It was a temptation—and yet his knees began to shake under him. What if the thing went out of kilter two or three miles up in the sky? But then—how cheery he would feel before Si Perkins and Jonas Pettigill to-morrow, when he was telling them about his experience, down at the village store!

"Why—I—I don't mind if I do, stranger," he said. "How do yew git into the blamed thing?" The aeronaut showed him how to climb over the bulwarks and then sprang into the carriage after his guest and seized the steering wheel.

Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8.00 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Up, up, up, they rose! Hiram caught his breath and clung to his host's arm like a terrified child to his mother. He could feel every separate hair in his head standing up, and down in the vicinity of his belt there occurred simultaneously a sensation of "all-poneness."

The great throbbing pulsating craft had now ascended among the lowest clouds and was speeding along at a tremendous rate. "Hey!" cried Hiram, clutching his companion's arm spasmodically. "Be yew goin' clean up to the moon?"

"What's eatin' you!" growled the other, and he pressed a speed-lever and began to sing: "Hileo, Hilo, das limmer, das glimmer—"

"How—how fast does this here bird go?" asked Hiram. "Two thousand and eighty-five kilometres an hour!"

"Gosh—all-hemlock!" Hiram peered earthward. "What's that long silvery thing down thar?" he demanded, pointing to a thread-like line like a piece of spinning cord, on the earth's surface. "St. Lawrence River."

"An' 'THEM things?" Hiram pointed to a cluster of brighter spots like an uneven chain of frankfurter sausages. "Great Lakes."

The aeronaut described a circle and started eastward again. "Whar yew goin' now?" "Ottawa," was the reply.

The aeronaut drew out a sheet of paper from an inner pocket and, lighting a match, held it over a series of dots and figures drawn in red ink. "Ja wohl!" he muttered. "What's that?" demanded Hiram. "Here we are," said the aeronaut, and he sloved down a bit and turned a crank at his side which kept the craft floating evenly along. "Take up a bomb." He pointed to a row of pear-shaped objects depending on chains from an iron rod in the carriage, which Hiram had not discerned before.

"Take one," he repeated as Hiram stared open-mouthed. There was nothing to do but obey, for the aeronaut's face wore a threatening look in the moonlight. "It's purty hefty," Hiram complained, lifting the bomb. "Hold it over—and when I say 'go,' drop it."

"What! And kill somebody?" "Drop it—or I drop YOU overboard."

Away far below shone a tiny cluster of lights. "Parliament Buildings," announced the aeronaut. "Go!"

Hiram's eyes started from his head. "I—I can't be a traitor to my country," he cried. "Ach Himmel! Drop it, I say!" shouted the German.

Down came the heavy fist on his shoulder again. It was useless to protest. Hiram dropped the bomb. "God forgive me, he cried. I hope it misses."

But it did not miss. Even as he spoke they heard the explosion below, and the lights went out on Parliament Hill. The Zeppelin travelled a short distance further eastward and again hovered like a huge bird of prey over a blur of lights. They could hear the "sounds of revelry by night" coming faintly up to them. A ball was in progress below, there.

"Governor-General's residence," said the aeronaut. "Drop another!" And poor Hiram, the cold perspiration standing out upon his face, obeyed, and another messenger of destruction fell upon the spot where the capital's beauty and chivalry were gathered.

"Say stranger," demanded Hiram, as the Zeppelin sped away eastward, ain't yew done enough damage for one night? I reckon we killed about ten thousand peaceable folks down thar!"

The stranger laughed a demoniacal laugh. "Ich ga bibble," he said. Which, being interpreted, is "I should worry."

The Zeppelin rose to an amazing height and became cloud-enveloped. Hiram's ears were filled with a whistling sound and his long whiskers parted in the centre and flew back like a split comet. The atmosphere was thin and hard to breathe in. A mist fell and stars were put out momentarily.

"Whar are we?" inquired the shivering Hiram. "Over Lake Ontario—in a fog." Foamy clouds flashed past them in their course as they rose again higher and higher. Big bright stars came out again and twinkled with a lightning-like velocity.

"Toronto," announced the speed demon as a new blur of light appeared on the starboard side. "Stranger, I want yew to put me off," said Hiram. "I ain't got on enough clothes!"

He was obliged to raise his voice to a shout before his companion heard him. "Put me off at once! I ain't goin' another step."

But the other only laughed exultingly, and accelerated the speed. They flew like a torpedo. "Hoeh der Kaiser!" roared the German.

"Gimme that wheel," cried Hiram wrathfully. When they were tried out in Toronto, where they were made, they were taken across all kinds of ground which for the most part would have seemed impracticable to motor traffic. And that in despite of the terrific weight of the conveyance itself and what it carried. This is what actually happened at the tests:

First, the armored car had to descend into the steep ditch at the roadside and then ascend. Down went the front wheels—then rose as easily over the far side of the ditch as though it were nothing. Then the rear wheels were in the ditch, and they, too, climbed the steep bank with ease.

"How much weight have you on thar?" demanded a farmer onlooker, thinking of the mud-holes which had stumped him in his own buggy. "Yon fellows can't be carrying a real load and doing stunts like that, too."

"Can't we?" retorted the engineer in charge of the test. We've two tons of machinery and two tons of extra weight on board. Watch."

Earlier in the day a hollow in the field had been filled with soft clay. Towards this the car was now directed. The front wheels striking the soft spot sank to the hubs, but plowed steadily ahead, undaunted. The rear wheels sank even deeper, if that were possible, and still the car moved forward through the clay.

The new Canadian armored car careered up hill and down, over logs that stood within half an inch of the height of the hubs from the ground. Front wheels over, then rear wheels. With one side high and the other low, through shifting sand or slippery clay, the car moved forward or backward with ease.

"Why," said the farmer, "that thing could climb a stairs."

"Climb a stairs," snorted the engineer. "This car can climb steeper than a stairs. A forty-five or forty-nine degree slope won't faze it."

It can be operated from either end, backward or forward. Each wheel is geared to the engine independently of the others. Accident might lame two or three wheels, or their footing might be poor—yet the fourth wheel could drag the monster along.

The engine is self-starting and the lights electric, so as to enable them to be flashed on and off at will. The turret can, if necessary, be covered in as a protection against snipers whilst dashing through a village or under trees in which they might be located.

As for the work of such a car it can do everything that cavalry and artillery combined can do. It can go ten times as far and three times as fast as cavalry. It can dash out of the lines at 30 to 30 miles an hour, pull up behind a wood while its crew get out and reconnoitre, and it is back again and safe before the enemy realize what has happened.

As a matter of fact nothing but a lucky placed shell can do it any harm, and that is purely a matter of chance. Usually it is employed only when traveling at speed and heavy guns cannot be manipulated to hit it. Other purposes for which it is invaluable are sudden attacks—to blow up bridges or rail heads with dynamite, to destroy small clusters of houses where enemy sharpshooters or machine guns may have concentrated.

In the present stage operations in Flanders they are not paramount in importance. But the moment the forward movement takes place, then, in combination with aeroplanes their value cannot be estimated. They will reduce any retreat, however well ordered, to a rout. If the French and British had had enough of them at the German retreat from the Marne, the aspect of the war to-day would be very different from what it is.

So when the great drive commences, you will surely be hearing of the great work of the Canadian armored cars.

For Sprains and Bruises.—There is nothing better for sprains and confusions than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It will reduce the swelling that follows a sprain, will cool the inflamed flesh and draw the pain as if by magic. It will take the ache out of a bruise and prevent the flesh from discoloring. It seems as if there was magic in it, so speedily does the injury disappear under treatment. It

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

OH, SUCH A HEADACHE! Nearly everyone has ripping, tearing headache at times. Disordered stomach—sluggish liver does it. Cheer up! Here's the real relief—Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They put the stomach and bowels right. All druggists, or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto. CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

### The Dreadnought of the Land

Forty armored automobile cars went out with the second Canadian Contingent and are now doing invaluable work for the Empire on the fields of Flanders.

Imagine a huge car with a highly powerful engine, the whole of it from front to back covered in completely with a miniature house of half to three-quarter inch tempered steel because of the penetrative power of modern rifles. This small armored fort on wheels contains room for five or six passengers, namely, a chauffeur, two or three riflemen, and a man to work the machine gun in the steel turret which stands out above the centre of the car, and which is capable of being turned in every direction while the car is going at full speed.

Such are the formidable land dreadnoughts which, with 300 of the best type of young Canadian mechanic soldiers, are held ready for the deadly work of cutting up the German retreat when the great drive materializes in dead earnest. And for these wonderful instruments of death, roads are not an absolute necessity. When they were tried out in Toronto, where they were made, they were taken across all kinds of ground which for the most part would have seemed impracticable to motor traffic. And that in despite of the terrific weight of the conveyance itself and what it carried. This is what actually happened at the tests:

First, the armored car had to descend into the steep ditch at the roadside and then ascend. Down went the front wheels—then rose as easily over the far side of the ditch as though it were nothing. Then the rear wheels were in the ditch, and they, too, climbed the steep bank with ease.

"How much weight have you on thar?" demanded a farmer onlooker, thinking of the mud-holes which had stumped him in his own buggy. "Yon fellows can't be carrying a real load and doing stunts like that, too."

"Can't we?" retorted the engineer in charge of the test. We've two tons of machinery and two tons of extra weight on board. Watch."

Earlier in the day a hollow in the field had been filled with soft clay. Towards this the car was now directed. The front wheels striking the soft spot sank to the hubs, but plowed steadily ahead, undaunted. The rear wheels sank even deeper, if that were possible, and still the car moved forward through the clay.

The new Canadian armored car careered up hill and down, over logs that stood within half an inch of the height of the hubs from the ground. Front wheels over, then rear wheels. With one side high and the other low, through shifting sand or slippery clay, the car moved forward or backward with ease.

"Why," said the farmer, "that thing could climb a stairs."

"Climb a stairs," snorted the engineer. "This car can climb steeper than a stairs. A forty-five or forty-nine degree slope won't faze it."

It can be operated from either end, backward or forward. Each wheel is geared to the engine independently of the others. Accident might lame two or three wheels, or their footing might be poor—yet the fourth wheel could drag the monster along.

The engine is self-starting and the lights electric, so as to enable them to be flashed on and off at will. The turret can, if necessary, be covered in as a protection against snipers whilst dashing through a village or under trees in which they might be located.

As for the work of such a car it can do everything that cavalry and artillery combined can do. It can go ten times as far and three times as fast as cavalry. It can dash out of the lines at 30 to 30 miles an hour, pull up behind a wood while its crew get out and reconnoitre, and it is back again and safe before the enemy realize what has happened.

In the present stage operations in Flanders they are not paramount in importance. But the moment the forward movement takes place, then, in combination with aeroplanes their value cannot be estimated. They will reduce any retreat, however well ordered, to a rout. If the French and British had had enough of them at the German retreat from the Marne, the aspect of the war to-day would be very different from what it is.

So when the great drive commences, you will surely be hearing of the great work of the Canadian armored cars.

For Sprains and Bruises.—There is nothing better for sprains and confusions than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It will reduce the swelling that follows a sprain, will cool the inflamed flesh and draw the pain as if by magic. It will take the ache out of a bruise and prevent the flesh from discoloring. It seems as if there was magic in it, so speedily does the injury disappear under treatment. It

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

### Prayer for Health

To be read twice each day for 365 days in each year. I open my whole nature to Thee, Universal Spirit, that I may be receptive to Divine influence.

It is the earnest desire of my soul that I be made every whit whole. May every cell in my body be vitalized with clean and pure thoughts. May every disease or lack of ease dissolve and disappear naturally, so that ease and peace may come instead.

May I ever be just and considerate toward my fellow man and honest with myself, free from criticism, suspicion, envy, hatred or jealousy.

May I breathe freely and deeply, thereby stimulating the circulation of my blood, which is vital to life. May my vision be clear and bright so that I can see only the good.

May my hearing be perfect so that I can listen. Listen to the voice of God and all that is good, and be closed to every adverse suggestion.

May my feet be so acute that I can feel for others and be touched by tender and loving sympathy.

May my sense of taste be so perfect that only pure and wholesome food or drink shall enter my body.

May my sense of smelling be a quick sentinel to assist in the work of regeneration.

May the animal side of my nature—the tiger, the hyena, the pig and serpent, be gathered under cover in the Ark of Self-Control so that the Christ Spirit shall be the ruling factor in my life.

All this I ask in faith and humility. This prayer was given to me in the quiet watches of the night since the beloved companion of half a century was translated to a higher expression of life. To her sweet memory I dedicate it and send it forth with a sincere desire that it will bless and brighten every soul it contacts and may be instrumental in pointing many that are weary and heavy laden, toward the goal of health, happiness, prosperity and peace.

### The Western Fair

The Prize List offered this year by the Western Fair Association is the most liberal in its history. In the Live Stock Departments the prizes are exceptionally large. The horse stables have been disinfecting very thoroughly under the direction of Dr. Tamlyn, V. S., and every stall has been provided for a very large sheep exhibit, as last year tents had to be brought into service. A new sheep barn is being erected where accommodations have been provided for a very large sheep exhibit, as last year tents had to be brought into service. A new sheep barn is being erected where accommodations have been provided for a very large sheep exhibit, as last year tents had to be brought into service.

Earlier in the day a hollow in the field had been filled with soft clay. Towards this the car was now directed. The front wheels striking the soft spot sank to the hubs, but plowed steadily ahead, undaunted. The rear wheels sank even deeper, if that were possible, and still the car moved forward through the clay.

The new Canadian armored car careered up hill and down, over logs that stood within half an inch of the height of the hubs from the ground. Front wheels over, then rear wheels. With one side high and the other low, through shifting sand or slippery clay, the car moved forward or backward with ease.

"Why," said the farmer, "that thing could climb a stairs."

"Climb a stairs," snorted the engineer. "This car can climb steeper than a stairs. A forty-five or forty-nine degree slope won't faze it."

It can be operated from either end, backward or forward. Each wheel is geared to the engine independently of the others. Accident might lame two or three wheels, or their footing might be poor—yet the fourth wheel could drag the monster along.

The engine is self-starting and the lights electric, so as to enable them to be flashed on and off at will. The turret can, if necessary, be covered in as a protection against snipers whilst dashing through a village or under trees in which they might be located.

As for the work of such a car it can do everything that cavalry and artillery combined can do. It can go ten times as far and three times as fast as cavalry. It can dash out of the lines at 30 to 30 miles an hour, pull up behind a wood while its crew get out and reconnoitre, and it is back again and safe before the enemy realize what has happened.

In the present stage operations in Flanders they are not paramount in importance. But the moment the forward movement takes place, then, in combination with aeroplanes their value cannot be estimated. They will reduce any retreat, however well ordered, to a rout. If the French and British had had enough of them at the German retreat from the Marne, the aspect of the war to-day would be very different from what it is.

So when the great drive commences, you will surely be hearing of the great work of the Canadian armored cars.

For Sprains and Bruises.—There is nothing better for sprains and confusions than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It will reduce the swelling that follows a sprain, will cool the inflamed flesh and draw the pain as if by magic. It will take the ache out of a bruise and prevent the flesh from discoloring. It seems as if there was magic in it, so speedily does the injury disappear under treatment. It

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

George, said Hilda, looking up from the morning paper, "it says here that another octogenarian's dead. What an octogenarian?" "Well, I don't know what they are but they must be very sickly creature. You never hear of them but they are dying."

Holloway's Corn Cure takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it. Copper ore has been discovered in the Westmann Islands, which lie south of Iceland.

One tablespoonful of lemon juice and two of water makes an efficient gargle for a sore throat. Practically every part except the diaphragm and horn of a new talk machine that reproduces the actual records is made of cement.

A French investigator has given Julius Caesar the credit for being one of the earliest and most earnest opponents of race suicide. Thissen—The girl tangoing the should be a good swimmer. Thatten—Why do you say that? Thissen—Don't you see the fine oval hand stroke she uses?