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PALMISTON, June 20th, 1914.
"Stomach Trouble and Distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-a-lives,' your famous fruit medicine, and they completely relieved me. To-day I am feeling fine and a physician, meeting me on the street, asked the reason for my improved appearance. I said, 'I am taking Fruit-a-lives.' He said, 'If Fruit-a-lives make you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can.'"

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Voters List-1915
Municipality of the Township of Warwick, County of Lambton.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in section 9 of "The Ontario Voters' List Act," the copies required by said section to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Warwick, on 27th day of July, 1915, and remains there for inspection, and I hereby call upon all voters to take immediate proceedings to have any errors or omissions corrected according to law.
Dated at Warwick this 28th day of July, A.D. 1915.
N. HERBERT,
Clerk of Warwick.

The Dragon Seal

Its Mystery and Its Solution.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mason tilted back in his chair and stared across the China sea, where a passing steamer slid through the oily waters. The little whitewashed hut with its tiny veranda facing the sea and its bit of garden looked like a dozen others of its kind which formed the muddy little Chinese village.

Albert Mason had lived there ever since the late uprising. He had become separated from his tourist party and, to his own great amazement, discovered himself a prisoner on a piratical looking craft which fled before the wind at night and lay hidden in obscure harbors during the day.

One day the junk had nosed into the soft mud of the Chekang shore, and Mason had been conducted to the little hut.

"Here," said his captor, a bland looking, cold eyed Celestial, "here you stay, thief of the world, until you give up the dragon."

"Dragon?" echoed Mason, hearing for the first time the charge against him. "Do you believe that I've kidnapped part of your menagerie?"

The official shrugged his shoulders, and his companion pulled his sleeve, speaking in Chinese, which of course Mason did not understand.

"Let the foreign devil stay here awhile enjoying his own company. Soon he will disgorge."

"He may escape," said the other cautiously.

"He will not," said the villainous looking captain. "He cannot go beyond the confines of his own garden. The place is guarded night and day."

So Mason stood on the veranda of the hut and watched the junk go teetering away to the dim north whence they had come.

He never forgot that first evening when, after he had eaten fish and rice and drunk tea, he had stepped on the veranda.

He walked down the path to the end of the garden and looked at the moon. Why not escape tonight—or must he wait until his guards relaxed their vigilance and then make the effort?

"Now or never," he muttered and pressed against the gate that opened upon the muddy bank above the rest-less waves.

The gate resisted his efforts—it was as if some great weight held it closed. Then came a bloodcurdling growl, and there stepped into the moonlit space before the stockade a huge striped form with eyeballs like flame and a breath like pestilence.

Mason fled to the other gate, and again he met the flaming eyes and the jungle smell.

Men guarded him by day; a man eating tiger and his mate, kept watch by night.

Like a madman he flew into the house and locked the doors.

A year and a day passed, and the captain of the junk came and asked him if he would give up the dragon. And Mason, raving with anger, bitterly refused, although he knew not what the man meant. And the captain smiled and went away.

And now two years and two days had passed and the junk had not made her second visit to the prisoner.

His position was a singular one. He was innocent of having broken any law of the country—of having committed any crime. In his baggage there was not a single thing that he had not brought from home, except a few toys, grotesque straw animals, gayly colored, which he had purchased from an insistent street vender. The very next day he had been trapped with some hand luggage and spirited away from Shanghai.

"It's a case of mistaken identity," he told himself over and over again as he restlessly tramped the garden paths, envying the freedom of the birds swinging in space and the fishermen off shore.

Back home there, in New Hampshire, his wife and children were mourning him as dead. It was an agonizing thought.

He went to his worn traveling bags and listlessly turned over the contents. There was little clothing left. That which he wore was in tatters. There were pictures of his family, his case of medicines for an emergency, the straw toys—that was all. His trunks, if unclaimed, were still in Shanghai.

The medicines were getting low. He had been obliged to take most of the quinine pills during his frequent attacks of chills and fever. There was a little brandy left—he was saving that for some great emergency—and two



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STICKY FLY CATCHER

unopened bottles of chloroform. These were tightly sealed with wax, and the contents appeared to be inviolate. He had brought it to use when adding to his collection of lepidoptera, but his cases and his butterfly nets and his pins and other paraphernalia were in the trunks.

Chloroform, a willing servant, he mused, his dark thoughts running on, eliminating himself from his horrid existence.

And then, like a lightning flash revealing unsuspected avenues of escape, came the idea.

The remainder of the day he was nervously excited. He took the pictures of his family, the brandy bottle and the quinine, the straw toys and his one clean shirt and made a package, which he belted around his chest under his clothing. He cooked and ate an enormous quantity of rice and fish; then he threw himself into his hammock and slept heavily until 10 o'clock.

He shook himself into wakefulness, slung a jug of cold tea from his shoulder and went into the garden.

In one hand he carried a large bath sponge tied to a strong stick. In the other hand he carried a bottle of chloroform. At the nearest gate he paused and looked through at the outstretched form of the jungle cat. She was accustomed to Mason's presence there and did not even stir. With steady hands he soaked the big sponge with chloroform—the bottle was large, and the sponge was dripping.

Carefully he poked the stick between the bamboo uprights and pressed it close to the nose and mouth of the sleeping tigress. She stirred and, as if enjoying the unaccustomed sensation, grasped the sponge in her huge paws and muzzled it sleepily. She did not even stir when Mason squeezed a heavy duck bag through the palings and tossed it over her head.

He hastened to the gate at the end of the garden and performed the same operation with the fiercer male beast.

His hands were trembling now, for he must make haste. He could not hope that the anaesthetic would do more than stupefy the beasts for awhile. There was not enough of it, and the conditions were not favorable.

"Just ten minutes—give me ten minutes' start and I'll take my chances with sharks rather than stay here another minute!" he muttered savagely.

The garden gate opened, and he stepped over the inert form of the striped guardian.

He slipped and slid down the muddy bank until he reached the water's edge. The full moon guided him to the group of fishing boats drawn up on the beach. In a moment he was pushed off from shore and was poling his frail craft into the track of moonlight that led to freedom.

Off to the southeast there showed a faint light—some northbound steamer. So fearful was he that he might miss the precious opportunity and so absorbed was he in the management of the strange boat that Mason failed to notice the ominous silence that brooded over the waters; the shuddering, licking sound of the oily waves.

Suddenly the moon was blotted out by a swift onrush of ink clouds and the hot breath of the wind.

Surely death stared him in the face. It was riding now on the wings of the approaching typhoon.

And all the while that red light bobbed and disappeared, and now the steamer showed a blessed green light. He could see them alternately—port and starboard. She had changed her course and was coming before the wind, straight toward the tiny sampan tipping up and down on the swell.

One minute after Mason had been rescued by the great ocean liner the typhoon struck with shrieking force.

Perhaps the tidal wave that followed tossed the sampan back on its native shore; perhaps the hungry wave leaped the embankment and tore away Mason's hut and the snarling guardians. He never knew. He never cared.

They put him in a cabin and gave him what he asked for—hot water and soap and clean garments—and he cared not for filthy typhoons. He was back among civilized people. He was free from that mysterious imprisonment.

A year later he had almost forgotten it. He was back in New Hampshire, going daily to his business in Concord. His family welcomed him home as one from the grave, and his children play-

ed with the straw toys he had bought from the street vender.

Albert Mason had other troubles now. Business was bad, and bankruptcy stared him in the face. Unfortunate investments had depleted his assets. The years he had wasted in the hut on the China sea had undermined his prosperity.

He went home and talked it over with his wife, a helpmate indeed.

They smiled at the children playing on the floor. The youngest brought a broken toy to his father. It was one of the straw animals Mason had brought home from China.

"The frog and the cat and the bird are quite well," said the baby earnestly, "but my dragon feels very sick!"

"The dragon, eh?" repeated Mason, examining the hollow interior of the curly tailed, red fanged toy. "I don't wonder. Molly, look at that!"

He withdrew his fingers and dangled before his wife's amazed eyes a golden chain, from which hung a magnificent girdle clasp of jade set with diamonds and rubies, the insignia of some Chinese military official. And carved on the face of the jade was the deep cut figure of a dragon inclosed in a seal.

"The dragon!" he muttered dazedly. "You were carrying it all the time," his wife added. "It must have been within the toy when you purchased it. What a mystery it all is!"

"Some one has pulled off incriminating evidence upon me," laughed Mason. "I'll write to Wayne in Shanghai and see if there is any chance of finding the owner. If there isn't—well, Mason & Co. will continue to do business. Hurrah!"

Two months afterward came Wayne's letter, from which I quote: "Impossible to trace. China has turned over, you know. Mandarins have suicided, been assassinated and others cashiered. You better keep it as a reward for your time of imprisonment."

"But I wouldn't go through the experience again for double the price," said Mason grimly.

SAVED THE TOWN.

The Fisherman Lied, Stuck to His Story and Got a Surprise.

More than two centuries ago, when an allied English and Dutch fleet, under Admiral Russell, approached Les Sables d'Olonne, on the bay of Biscay, to bombard it, a difficulty arose. The conformation of the shore partly concealed the settlement behind a ridge, and they did not know how to train their guns. But they had captured a fishing smack in the bay, and Admiral Russell summoned the fisherman, Daniel Fricaud, and ordered him to tell exactly how the town lay and where in all order to destroy its principal buildings. Fricaud, who appeared to be a poor, ignorant fellow, very much frightened, pointed to a pier with a group of old, rickety buildings. The admiral was doubtful, but the trembling fisherman assured him that just beyond and almost exactly in range was the market square, the very heart of the town.

"Do you understand," asked the admiral sternly, "that if you are telling me a lie I shall soon find it out and have you hanged from the yardarm of my ship?"

"I know," answered the fisherman, "and if I have lied you must hang me. I can only tell you—it is there that you should aim your guns."

Convinced that the man would not venture a deception, Admiral Russell ordered the bombardment to begin. A little while after shells had begun to fall behind the screening ridge and shabby wharf, and great columns of smoke arose, which rapidly increased in volume. It seemed that half the place must be on fire. Only when he thought its destruction nearly enough accomplished did the fleet withdraw—first releasing Fricaud and his fishing boat.

The fisherman, amazed and anxious, hastened to the town to learn what could possibly have happened, for he knew well that in the quarter that had been shelled there were only a few worthless sheds and storehouses. That was why, at the risk of his neck, he had pointed it out. Never for a moment had he thought of aiding the enemy to destroy his native place, and he had fully expected to pay the penalty. What could the smoke be?

It proved that the inhabitants had practiced a clever ruse. Seeing that the shells were falling exactly where they did the least harm, they had built huge bonfires to convey the impression of a conflagration. The trick had probably saved the town. It had certainly saved a brave fisherman from being hanged.—Youth's Companion.

Miller's Worm Powders are not surpassed by any other preparation as a vermifuge or worm destroyer. Indeed, there are few preparations that have the merit that it has to recommend it. Mothers, aware of its excellence, seek its aid at the first indication of the presence of worms in their children, knowing that it is a perfectly trustworthy medicine that will give immediate and lasting relief.

A woman never outgrows her emotions—she wears them out.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

To Relieve Colic.

Fennel water is an agreeable carminative in flatulence and colic. It relieves mild attacks of indigestion. Fifteen drops of fennel water (buy it from the druggist) in a little hot water every fifteen minutes until six doses are taken is the proper dosage for an adult. It may be taken in half teaspoonful doses in hot water three times a day between meals for two or three days if there is a great deal of intestinal rumbling and discomfort. Fennel does not cure any form of disease. It is a remedy for the temporary relief of pain or colic in digestive tract.

SUSPICION JUSTIFIED.

It Was Not a Mouse the Master Heard in the Kitchen.

The late Rev. Dr. Wightman, sitting one night later than usual engrossed in the profundities of a great tome, imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the cautiousness of a mouse; so, taking his candle, he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the passage, the servant began with much noise to rake out the fire as if preparing for bed.

"You're up late tonight, Mary."

"I'm just rakin' the fire, sir, and gunn to bed."

"That's right, Mary. I like timely hours."

On his way back to the study he passed the coal cellar door and, turning the key, took it with him. The next morning at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door and a request for the key to get some coal.

"You're up too soon, Mary. Go back to your bed."

Half an hour later there was another knock and a similar request, in order to prepare for breakfast. "I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary. Go back to your bed."

In another half hour there was another knock, with an entreaty for the key, as it was washing day.

This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying, "Go and let the man out." As the preacher shrewdly suspected, Mary's sweetheart had been imprisoned all night in the coal cellar.—London Mail.

The Way to Win Her
To win a maid who has not reached The knowing age of twenty, Just make her verses to her charms And rub it in quite plenty. Make her lots of little things, And don't omit the "honey." But after she has reached that age, You've got to make her money. Judge.

The Movie Craze.

"So you've just come from church How long was the sermon?"

"I should say about six reels."—Windsor State Journal.

What Is It?
If a poem's a poem, And rhythm is time, And both of them fill you with bliss; If prose is just prose, And a plot means a tale, Can any one tell "what is this?"—Pittsburgh Press.

His Standard.
City Nephew—So you didn't like the milkmaid chorus in that musical comedy I took you to?

Uncle Eben—No. According to my country ideas, George, the milkmaid ought at least to wear more clothes than the cow.—Puck.

The Fool of Fools.
Some persons marry on railroad trains, And some atop a skyscraper peak. But most foolish and brave are those Who marry on seven dollars a week.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Its Source.
Woodies—Did you ever know any body with as much savoir faire as Mrs. Jones?

Toddies—Faith, I never did, and they say her husband made it all in pickles, too.—Harvard Lampoon.

TAI

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About Lemons

Lemons are one of the most useful fruits in our domestic economy. Lemonade is an exceedingly wholesome drink. The juice from a half lemon squeezed into a glass of water and taken before breakfast is a fine tonic. The refuse left may be used to remove stains from hands.

Lemon juice and sugar made very thick is a great relief for a cough. A baked lemon is excellent for hoarseness and one often used by singers as a public speaker. Bake the lemon like an apple, then squeeze out the juice and add sugar to it.

Hot lemonade will break up a cold taken at the start. Lemon juice, glycerin and water make a most healing lotion for chapped hands. The dark streaks on the neck may be removed by rubbing lemon over the neck at night and morning.

Lemons rid the system of humors at bile and leave no evil effects. Weak debilitated people sometimes may greatly benefit by free use of their lemon juice should be diluted with water or sweetened sufficiently to lessen the burning sensation in the throat.

When Asthma Comes do not despair. Turn at once to the help effective—Dr. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. The wonderful remedy will give you the relief you need so sorely. Choking ceases, breathing becomes natural and without effort. Others, thousands of them, have suffered as you suffer but have wisely turned to this family remedy and ceased to suffer. Get a package this very day.