

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought The Joy Of Health After Two Years' Suffering



MADAM LAPLANTE
85 St. Rose St., Montreal, April 4th.
"For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant Headaches, and had Palpitation of the Heart so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from Pain in the Back and Kidney Disease.
I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Heart Trouble, no Constipation, no Pain or Kidney Trouble and I feel like a new being—and it was 'Fruit-a-tives' that gave me back my health."

MADAM ARTHUR LAPLANTE.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Battalion Brooches Military Rings Numerals—Crests

We have a most complete stock of all Military Souvenirs.

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El Fair Clear Havana Cigars
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Choice
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UNIONISTS MET TO CONSIDER THE NEW SETTLEMENT

It is Thought That Party as a Whole Will Accept It.

Unionists Met. 0A3C 00000
By Special Wire to the Courier.
London, July 8.—The meeting of Unionists to consider the terms of the proposed Irish settlement was held yesterday at the Carlton Club. A. Bonar Law, secretary for the colonies, presided. The meeting also was attended by the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Robert Cecil, who presented his resignation as a result of dissatisfaction with the government's attitude, but subsequently reconsidered his action. Sir Edward Carson and other leaders.
The Exchange Telegraph Company says no resolution was submitted to the meeting, but that the situation was discussed, and it was decided to await developments before taking any decisive action.
A second meeting of the Unionists was held yesterday afternoon. Some of those present opposed the Irish agreement, but it is understood that the party as a whole will accept it.

Villa Bandits at it Again

By Special Wire to the Courier.
Washington, July 8.—On instructions from General Carranza, the Mexican embassy yesterday advised the state department of the virtual destruction of a de facto government force Wednesday by a large Villa band at Carraltes, Chihuahua, and suggested that the American border patrol exercise all possible vigilance to prevent the outlaws from raiding into the United States.

Readers Going Out of Town

Readers of The Courier may have their paper sent to any address in Canada or the United States during the summer months by mail, phoning or sending their new address to Telephone 139, The Courier.



I.—The Guardian of the Accolade

By O. HENRY

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NOT the least important of the force of the Weymouth bank was Uncle Bushrod. Sixty years had given of faithful service to the house of Weymouth as chattel, servant and friend.

Of the color of the mahogany bank furniture was Uncle Bushrod—thus dark he was externally; white as the uninked pages of the bank ledgers was his soul. Eminent among the bankers of the town was the presence and prestige of a Weymouth to give them enterprise, lacking of the presence and prestige of a Weymouth to give them enterprise, lacking of the presence and prestige of a Weymouth to give them enterprise.

In the old Weymouth homestead—the red brick, white porticoed mansion, the first to your right as you crossed Elder creek coming into town—lived Mr. Robert Weymouth, the president of the bank; his widowed daughter, Mrs. Vesey, called "Miss Letty" by everyone, and her two children, Nan and Guy. There also, in a cottage on the grounds, resided Uncle Bushrod and Aunt Mallindy, his wife. Mr. William Weymouth, the cashier of the bank, lived in a modern, fine house on the principal avenue.

Mr. Robert was a large, stout man, sixty-two years of age, with a smooth, plump face, long gray hair and fiery blue eyes. He was high tempered, kind and generous, with a full smile and a formidable, stern voice that did not always mean what it sounded like. Mr. William was a milder man, correct in deportment and absorbed in business. The Weymouths formed the family of Weymouthville and were looked up to, as was their right of heritage.

Uncle Bushrod was the bank's trusted porter, messenger, vassal and guardian. He carried a key to the vault, just as Mr. Robert and Mr. William did. So, there were ten, fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in sacks of silver stacked on the vault floor. It was safe with Uncle Bushrod. He was a Weymouth in heart, honesty and pride.

Of late Uncle Bushrod had not been without worry. It was on account of Marse Robert. For nearly a year Mr. Robert had been known to indulge in too much drink. Not enough, understood, to become tipsy, but the habit was getting to hold upon him, and every one was beginning to notice it. Half a dozen times a day he would leave the bank and step around to the Merchants and Planters' hotel to take a drink. Mr. Robert's unusual keen judgment and business capacity became a little impaired. Mr. William, a Weymouth, but not so rich in experience, tried to damp the inevitable backflow of the tide, but with incomplete success. The deposits in the Weymouth bank dropped from six figures to five. Past due paper began to accumulate, owing to injudicious loans. No one cared to address Mr. Robert on the subject of temperance. Many of his friends said that the cause of it had been the death of his wife some two years before. Others hesitated on account of Mr. Robert's quick temper, which was extremely apt to resent personal interference of such a nature. Miss Letty and the children noticed the change and grieved about it. Uncle Bushrod, who worried, but he was one of those who would not have dared to remonstrate, though he and Marse Robert had been raised almost as companions. But there was a heavier shock coming to Uncle Bushrod than that caused by the bank president's toddles and juleps.

Mr. Robert had a passion for fishing, which he usually indulged whenever the season and business permitted. One day, when reports had been coming in relating to the bass and perch, he announced his intention of making a two or three days' visit to the lakes. He was going down, he said, to Reedy lake with Judge Archibald, an old friend.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Now, Uncle Bushrod was treasurer of the Sons and Daughters of the turning Bush. Every association belonged to made him treasurer with out hesitation. He stood A1 in colored circles. He was understood among them to be Mr. Bushrod Weymouth of the Weymouth bank.

The night following the day on which Mr. Robert mentioned his intended fishing trip the old man woke up and rose from his bed at 12 o'clock, declaring he must go down to the bank and fetch the passbook of the Sons and Daughters, which he had forgotten to bring home. The bookkeeper had balanced it for him that day, but the can



Mr. Robert Came Out With a Large Hand Satchel.

celed checks in it and snapped two elastic bands around it. He put but one band around other passbooks.

Aunt Mallindy objected to the mislaid at so late an hour, denouncing it as foolish and unnecessary, but Uncle Bushrod was not to be deflected from duty.

"I done told Sister Adaline Hoskins," he said, "to come by here for dat book tomorrow mornin' at seven o'clock for him. 'De rashness and audacity of de thing he had come to do struck him fully. He would have been happy could he have turned and fled from the possibilities of the famous Weymouth writhe. But again he saw, in his fancy, the white, reproachful face of Miss Letty and the distressed looks of Nan and Guy should he fail in his duty and they question him as to his stewardship.

Braced by the thought, he approached in a straight line, clearing his throat and pounding with his stick so that he might be early recognized. Thus he might avoid the likely danger of too suddenly surprising the sometimes haughty Mr. Robert.

"What the devil are you doing out at this time of night?" called the clamant, clear voice of the gray ghost.

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A Great Convenience

is an electric plug placed in the wall beside your ironing board. Have us put one in.

T. J. Minnes
Phone 301 9 King St.

2000s line ———— got jet and then looked longingly about the bank—lingeringly and fondly, Uncle Bushrod thought, as one who bids farewell to dear and familiar scenes.

Now he caught up his burden again and moved promptly and softly out of the bank by the way he had come, locking the front door behind him.

For a minute or longer Uncle Bushrod was as stone in his tracks. Had that midnight riffer of safes and vaults been any other on earth than the man he was the old retainer would have rushed upon him and struck to save the Weymouth property. But now the watchman's soul was tortured by the poignant dread of something worse than mere robbery. He was seized by an accusing terror that said the Weymouth name and the Weymouth honor were about to be lost. Marse Robert robbing the bank! What else could it mean? The hour of the night, the stealthy visit to the vault, the satchel brought forth full and with expedition and silence, the prowler's rough dress, his solicitous reading of the clock and noiseless departure—what else could it mean?

And then to the turmoil of Uncle Bushrod's thoughts came the corroborating recollection of preceding events. Mr. Robert's increasing intemperance and consequent many moods of royal high spirits and stern tempers; the casual talk he had heard in the bank of the decrease in business and difficulty in collecting loans. What else could it all mean but that Robert Weymouth was an absconder—was about to fly with the bank's remaining funds, leaving Mr. William, Miss Letty, little Nan, Guy and Uncle Bushrod to bear the disgrace?

During one minute Uncle Bushrod considered these things, and then he awoke to sudden determination and action.

"Lawd! Lawd!" he moaned aloud as he hobbled hastily toward the side door. "Sech a comeoff after all dese here years of big doins' and fwe doins'! Seamlous sights upon de yearth when de Weymouth fambly done turn out de doors and 'besters!' Time for Uncle Bushrod to clean out somebody's chicken coop and eben matters up. Oh, Lawd! Marse Robert, you ain't gwine do dat. 'N Miss Letty an' dem chillun so proud an' talkin' 'Weymouth Wey' you of I can. 'Spec you shoot Mr. Nigger's head off ef he fool wid you, but I'm gwine stop you ef I can."

Uncle Bushrod, aided by his hickory stick, impeded by his rheumatism, hurried down the street toward the railroad station, where the two lines touching Weymouthville met. As he had expected and feared, he saw there Mr. Robert standing in the shadow of the building waiting for the train. He held the satchel in his hand.

When Uncle Bushrod came within twenty yards of the bank president, standing like a huge, gray ghost by the station wall, sudden perturbation seized him. The rashness and audacity of the thing he had come to do struck him fully. He would have been happy could he have turned and fled from the possibilities of the famous Weymouth writhe. But again he saw, in his fancy, the white, reproachful face of Miss Letty and the distressed looks of Nan and Guy should he fail in his duty and they question him as to his stewardship.

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COAL AS USUAL AT RIGHT PRICES



McLAUGHLIN WINS 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Prizes in "Reliability Tour"

On June 9 and 10 the Ottawa Free Press held their Annual Reliability Tour from Ottawa to Gouverneur, N.Y., via Prescott, Ont., and Ogdensburg, N.Y. Rules of contest were drafted to show superiority both in stability of car and driver, who had to drive his own car. No experienced chauffeurs were permitted.

The prize-winners in the contest were:
1st PRIZE—Silver Shield presented by the Ottawa Free Press; ten golden sovereigns presented by C. H. Carlisle of the Goodyear Co. of Canada; G. B. McKay, driving a McLaughlin car; score, 1,000 points.
2nd PRIZE—Silver Cup presented by Mayor Julius Frank of Ogdensburg; E. E. Code (McLaughlin), score 998 points.
3rd PRIZE—Silver Cup presented by Mayor Nelson Porter of Ottawa; F. Wilson (McLaughlin), score 996 points.
4th PRIZE—Half Drum of Veedol, presented by J. Millen & Sons, Limited; Dr. E. E. Pallister (McLaughlin), 995 points.
5th PRIZE—Sterling Silver Wrist Watch, presented by ex-Alderman Sam Rosenthal; W. H. Kent (Dodge), 993 points.
6th PRIZE—Electric Headlight, presented by C. G. Keyes, of Keyes Supply Co.; Sam Rosenthal (Overland), 988 points.

The race was started and run in exceedingly wet weather, over roads bad enough in dry weather, and the tour became not only a "Reliability Contest," but an "Endurance Contest."

J. H. MINSHALL
DEALER
Garage Opposite Ker & Goodwin's
PHONES: Res. 1379, Gar. 2168

The war had been in progress year when Germany celebrated twenty-fifth anniversary of the receipt of the forlorn little island of Heligoland in exchange for certain lands and rights in East Africa. In those days our relations with many were excellent, for it was in the previous year, 1889 that Kaiser's secret ambition had stirred by a sight of the asser British Fleet at Spithead.

The possibility of Germany becoming a naval power of importance never entered the heads of Government of the day; they gazed at Heligoland without troubling to mention the matter to the Lord of the Admiralty.

The value of the island, when Germany or to us, has been a constant source of debate in the circles ever since the discovery that for Germany's future lies on the water, and these critical days the subject is intensified by the forecasts that will happen to Heligoland during the war. Since it first came into the session the German military have made a spoils child of Heligoland. Twenty years ago it was a health resort, its contented party upon fishing but now it is catering for the thousands of day makers that visited it in season. When the mail neither the German nor the British making, but they brought the sian atmosphere that soon made it felt. The civil population rapidly died down to the san that prospects seaward under cliffs at the eastern end of the land to a small corner of the land' above.

Advance parties of military eers came across from Cux measuring and sketching the blasting, to gauge the defensibilities of their latest post. There followed hordes of parties, and bit by bit the island was laid along the O disappeared, and vast caverns into the bowels of the earth their place.

These were to be the elements for the great guns, subterranean passages were ed to connect them one with another and with a central distribution for ammunition, where it reputed to be stored a supply and shell sufficient to feed the during a three-year siege. are laid along the undergrounds, and electrically driven can deliver the charges and jettyles much faster than to be used.

German guns, constructed "built-up" system, hoop after of steel being shrunk on the barrel, are admittedly longer than for instance, the wire guns of our own fleet, though latter have superiority in the reactions that quite outweigh defect; but even a German gun not last through the continuing age of a three-year bombardment. It is, therefore, of the great significance that in the spring large numbers of heavy guns reported to have been landed island, although no mounting known to have been prepared them, nor any accommodation enlarged garrison to have been vided. They were clearly mounted when the original pons should give out. The Heligoland could, under any stance, ever be called upon stand a three year attack grossly fantastic; but in the ters, if the German is got at all, he likes to err on the side of safety.

The Heavy Guns on Heligoland are Krupp 12-inch, 30-calibre guns, to report, during the last there have been mounted of 16-in. fortification guns, which weights 2,028 pounds these main guns are mounted in great armored casemates the earth and protected armored hoods of enormous mass, while invisible galleries er guns are recessed into the cliffs like the second ment of a pre-Dreadnought ship.

It has already cost over \$30,000,000 to build and to their satisfaction, and 1912 some exceedingly to the matter is of such portance that it is necessary to quote lowing remarks of an It Journal of very high standing as I believe they have viously been brought to

Every passing year has seen Canadian Ford sales mount by thousands of cars—because, under almost every conceivable condition, the car has proved itself a splendid all-around utility.

It has sold on its record for dependable and economical performance—not on the rosy promises of its makers.

The man who selects a Ford is backed in his judgment by more than eighty-five thousand satisfied motorists in the Empire. Has this a significance for you?

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Ford Runabout \$480
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Ford Coupelet - 520
Ford Sedan - 520
Ford Town Car 780
L.O.B. Ford, Ontario

All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

THIRD SECTION

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in Guns Kept
Sums of Money
Make it a Str

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All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.