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GOING WEST  
Accommodation, 75..... 8 44 a.m.  
Chicago Express, 3..... 11 19 a.m.  
Accommodation, 83..... 6 44 p.m.  
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Accommodation, 80..... 7 48 a.m.  
New York Express, 6..... 11 15 a.m.  
New York Express, 2..... 3 02 p.m.  
Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.  
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# What's In A Name?

## Sometimes There Is a Lot of Trouble

By F. A. MITCHEL

Caspar Kneibltz's great-great-grandfather was a German. He was not a Prussian nor a warrior, but a Hanoverian and a professor. Indeed, the old fellow was a bookworm, who, if a fly had attacked the tip of his nose, would have been too absorbed in his studies to have defended himself. And if the fly had succeeded in arresting his attention he would not have injured the intruder for the world. He would have opened a window and put it out.

His son, Caspar, was called to the chair of a university in France. Thenceforth the family became French. The men, of course, kept the German surname, but by the time the fourth Caspar Kneibltz came this was all the German there was about them. Not one of them could speak a word of German, and the third Kneibltz had given his life for France in the war of 1870.

When Germany advanced into Belgium to seize Paris, Caspar Kneibltz of the fourth generation, the hero of this story—if the word hero is a proper appellation—was twenty-one years old. He was only deterred from joining the colors by being so desperately in love with Hortense le Verrier that he was unable to tear himself away from her, though it must be admitted that if he had been able to master his own feelings sufficiently to leave her she would not have let him go.

For a Frenchman to have a German name accrued to his disadvantage as soon as the war broke out. Caspar Kneibltz was at last driven to part with his beloved Hortense on this account. When others had joined the colors and Caspar remained at home it was suspected that the reason he did not go to the war was because of German sympathies. When he came to know of this suspicion he was much pained. He told Hortense that he must not listen to the voice of love any longer and at once began to make preparations to go to the front.

Of course he met with great opposition. Hortense was sure that she would never see him again and that her life would be lighted. He tried to reassure her, but in vain. However, since the suspicions of his countrymen that he was loyal to a country he had never seen and of whose language he did not know a word had been aroused his resolution was taken.

In order to make the separation easier for his sweetheart he promised to write her a letter every day that it would be possible for him to write. Another thing she insisted on which would not likely be possible was that after every battle, if he came out alive, he telegraph her to that effect. Caspar fully realized the crowded conditions of the telegraph lines, especially immediately after a battle, and that they were under control of the government, but he had not the heart to make it known to the girl, thus denying her this crumb of comfort. However, not knowing what possibilities might arise, he drew up a cipher code by which he might add a few endearing words of information concerning himself.

It was decided by the lovers that they would be married before a separation that might last forever. The ceremony was performed privately with few persons present. Within a week after its conclusion Caspar departed for the front.

While Caspar's loyalty to France was not questioned by those who knew him personally, his name at once excited suspicion in strangers. He had scarcely broken away from the clinging Hortense and gained his regiment before he began to be looked upon as a possible German sympathizer, though why he should be in the French army if he was loyal to Germany was not explained. Truth is that many a man loyal to France or England who had German blood in his veins experienced a like suspicion.

Caspar joined the army as a private and would have been promoted had it not been for his German name. Several times he distinguished himself, and officers immediately above him having been killed off, there were vacancies. But when it came to a question of filling them and Caspar was proposed his name caused his rejection. "What! Lieutenant Caspar Kneibltz to command Frenchmen? Impossible!" Of course Caspar knew nothing of this; he only knew that when vacancies occurred he was not promoted. It did not trouble him, for his heart was with his dear Hortense, and all he desired was that the war should be ended and he might return to her.

**MAGIC READ THE LABEL**  
NO BAKING ALUM POWDER

AS luck would have it, Caspar found a friend, an operator in the military telegraph department. One day when he was feeling very homesick Caspar went to the office and asked his friend to send a dispatch for him. No fighting was going on at the time, and the telegraph was not very busy, so the friend told the lover that if he would leave his message with him he would endeavor to smuggle it through between messages for the government. Caspar left his message, which the operator put on file without looking at it and when a convenient time for sending it arrived took it up for the purpose.

He was surprised to see that it was in cipher. Not feeling at liberty to send a cipher message, the operator laid it aside. When Caspar came again to inquire if it had been sent and was told that it was held because it was in cipher Caspar looked so disappointed and begged so hard that it be put over the wires that his friend promised to do so, though he feared trouble would result. Caspar assured him that there was nothing in the dispatch that would be of the slightest injury to France, and this turned the scale.

M. Larrabee, deputed to examine telegrams received in Paris, was sitting at his desk when an operator handed him Caspar's dispatch. The moment he read the name of the person to whom it was addressed and noticed that the message was in cipher his face assumed the expression of one who had unearthed an announcement to German sympathizers that Paris was about to be attacked by a hundred Zeppelins.

"Mille tonnerres!" he exclaimed. "Has it come to this? Do the enemy send cipher messages to their spies in Paris over our telegraph lines? To Mme. Kneibltz, 21 Rue Pomponier. Could there be better evidence that this message is intended for one of the horde of German spies in our midst, who are watching our every act?"

Taking up a telephone receiver, he called up the officer in charge of the military telegraph and informed him of the message, stating that he did not doubt that it had been surreptitiously sent in the expectation that it would be delivered by some one in the telegraph department who was working secretly in the German interest. Colonel Bombardier, the officer telephoned, directed that the dispatch be sent to him and, after receiving and examining it, called a council of war to decide what to do in the premises.

When the council assembled experts in interpreting cipher telegrams were introduced and began the work of translating it. This was not easy to do, for it consisted in certain sentences which doubtless had a meaning for the receiver. However, the experts, not daring to acknowledge that they could make nothing of it, gave a possible translation, admitting that they could not vouch for its correctness. The meaning they placed upon it was that it announced a meeting of the German spies in Paris to receive one high in the German secret service.

Meanwhile Hortense was arrested and taken to Colonel Bombardier's office, where she was kept in an anteroom awaiting the result of the work of the experts. In time she was called in to face an array of men who looked ready to send her to the gallows. "Frau Kneibltz," said the colonel, "do you speak French?"

"I don't speak any other language," was the meek reply.  
"Do not try to deceive me. You are German, as your name indicates. A dispatch in cipher addressed to you has been intercepted. It is an announcement that an officer of high rank in the German secret service is coming to Paris to meet the spy corps in Paris."

This was said because if it were the true interpretation of the dispatch the young woman would likely collapse. She did no such thing. She simply looked at her accusers wonderingly.  
"Who is Caspar?" asked the colonel severely.  
"Monsieur, he is my husband. Has anything happened to him?" she asked, palling.  
"You play your part well, but it will not serve."  
"Have you a dispatch from him to me? Oh, give it to me!"  
After a conference it was decided to read the dispatch aloud to her. The colonel began with the first sentence, "The weather is very fine," and asked her what it meant. She did not need the key to tell him; she knew it by heart.

"I am well," she replied.  
The second sentence read was, "Yesterday it was hot."  
Hortense, somewhat abashed, replied, "Sweetheart, I love you."  
The members of the council looked at one another incredulously. Again, "We are expecting cooler

weather tomorrow."  
"That means a thousand kisses," replied the bride, dropping her eyes to the floor.  
"This climate is trying."  
"I shall never see you again till France is victorious."  
"The mud is very deep."  
"Goodby, sweetheart. I shall love you forever."

Several of the men who had been impressed with Hortense's gentleness, honesty and, above all, that she was essentially French smiled. Colonel Bombardier's countenance assumed a shamefaced expression. He stood with the dispatch in his hand wondering what next to do.  
"Colonel," said one of the council, "you've struck what they call in America a mare's nest."  
"The case," said the colonel, maintaining an official tone, "will be better examined into by a woman. I shall send Mme. Kneibltz to Mme. Leblanc, head of our woman's detective bureau, and if she reports favorably the prisoner will be discharged."

Mme. Leblanc, instead of assuming the pomposity of the officers, began by soothing the poor little bride and soon discerned that she was wrapped up in her husband and had no other concern. Hortense produced the cipher code, and Mme. Leblanc saw that every sentence in it was nothing more than a love message. Then she reported to Colonel Bombardier, who pigeonholed the matter.  
When Hortense wrote an account of the affair Caspar Kneibltz applied to his superior to be entered on the army roster as Charles Nightingale.

# MORE MEN THAN WOMEN HAVE APPENDICITIS

Surgeons state men are slightly more subject to appendicitis than women. Watford people should know that a few doses of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika, often relieve or prevent appendicitis. This mixture removes such surprising foul matter that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. The INSTANT, easy action of Adler-ika is surprising.—Taylor & Son, druggists

**Kentish Ale.**  
Kentish ale, according to Mr. Hilaire Belloc, is the most "potent" brew obtainable to-day, and that reputation it has maintained since the days of Henry II., when the old chronicler Giraldus Cambrensis rated it higher than the ale of any other country. During the reign of Henry VI. Kentish ale was made the subject of a special edict, which forbade any man in the country making more than 100 quarters of malt for his own use at one time. This was due to the fact that the vast quantities of potent ale found in the cellars of the Kentish gentry at the time of Jack Cade's rebellion went far to foment and increase the boldness of the rioters.—London Chronicle.

**Wrote a Famous Hymn.**  
The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who has just entered his eighty-third year, is one of the most prolific of living authors. He has now well over a hundred volumes to his credit. It is at least probable, however, that he will go down to posterity as the author of one hymn. "Onward, Christian Soldiers" is known in all parts of the English-speaking world. The hymn was originally written for a school festival at a church in Yorkshire of which Mr. Baring-Gould was at that time the incumbent. Printed for the first time in the columns of The Church Times in 1865, it has since found its way into practically every hymnal.

**Lord Derby and Pressmen.**  
Lord Derby makes a point of receiving some of the Press correspondents at the War Office from time to time, says London Opinion, and lets them fire questions at him with an entire absence of ceremony, though in the most good-natured fashion he does exactly as he likes about replying directly to their queries. The impression which Lord Derby leaves with his inquirers is one of extraordinary virility, coupled with quick-wittedness and bluff good humor. He gives them many a laugh for their pains, if they do not leave him overweighted with information.

**What He Would Do.**  
A British officer inspecting sentries guarding the line in Flanders came across a raw-looking yeoman.  
"What are you here for?" he asked.  
"To report anything unusual, sir."  
"What would you call unusual?"  
"I dunno, exactly, sir."  
"What would you do if you saw five battleships steaming across the field?"  
"Sign the pledge, sir."

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Tutcher*

# "HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP."

Sarnia, Ont.—"About 27 years ago I was taken very bad, my blood, too, was in bad shape. I got so I had to go to bed and I was there for over three months. I could not eat and suffered untold agony. I had three of the best doctors I could get but it just seemed nothing was going to help me. I had almost given up. I thought I would never be any better and was willing to give up and die rather than suffer as I was. A neighbor of mine told me of Dr. Pierce's wonderful remedies and I decided to use them. My husband bought me six bottles of "Favorite Prescription." I had not taken it long until I felt better. In less than six weeks I was out of bed, and in less than six months I was cured and have been well ever since. Do all my own work. I have raised three daughters, two are married and have children. They have used it and they are healthy, so are their children. I am sure it was all on account of my having them use the medicine.

"I keep all of Dr. Pierce's medicines in the house. Have "Favorite Prescription," "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Smart-Weed"—anything prepared by Dr. Pierce is good. I also have a copy of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, which I have had 26 years; it has been very valuable to me."—Mrs. J. Wax, 232 Ontario St., Sarnia, Ont.

If you are a sufferer, if your daughter, mother, sister needs help, get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in liquid or tablet form from any medicine dealer to-day. Then address Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and get confidential medical advice entirely free.

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# CAPTOR OF CAIRO CITADEL.

Passing of Colonel Watson Recalls a Famous Military Feat.

The death of Colonel Sir Charles Moore Watson, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.S., recalls that he was the friend and lieutenant of General Gordon, and that he was the daring captor of the Citadel of Cairo after the Battle of Tel-el-Keber. Sir Charles had warned the General and Colonel Herbert Stewart of the danger that Cairo might be burned, and pointed out the importance of the Citadel that evening. Accordingly, after the amazing scene at Abbasiya was over and 10,000 Egyptian troops had laid down their arms before 1,000 British cavalry, Colonel Stewart sent Sir Charles in command of scarcely 150 officers and men of the 4th Dragoon Guards and mounted infantry, to take the citadel which was known to be strongly garrisoned. They set out in the dark, and presented themselves by an unfrequented road at the Citadel gate. There Watson coolly ordered the officer of the guard to fetch the commandant and whom he came he was led to parade the garrison and march them out to Kasr-en-Nil Barracks. This audacious command was instantly obeyed. The keys were at once surrendered. Bugles were soon heard sounding the "Assembly" and while the few British troops were kept in the dark near the upper gate to conceal their scant numbers, 6,000 Egyptian soldiers marched out of the lower gate for more than two hours falling in by companies and "marching off as if they were quite accustomed to being roused up in the middle of the night and turned out by foreign troops."

# India and Germans.

German trade, said a speaker at a recent meeting of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, could not be prohibited without damaging Indian trade, but it should be transacted by British subjects, and all exports and imports should be carried in British steamers. If Germans were admitted into India after the war, said the speaker, they should be controlled and taxed specially. They should be registered and licensed, and should be prohibited from owning land and establishing or controlling banks, companies, or factories. They should be allowed to form clubs, associations, or societies. The chamber did not believe that the presence of German firms in India was essential to trade, and did not want them back. The president also urged that India should contribute substantially to the Imperial Navy.

# King of England and France.

It is generally known that in the first year of the nineteenth century the King of England still bore the title of King of France? It was on November 5, 1800, that the privy council, in consequence of the Irish union, decided that the Royal style and title should be changed from "George III, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith," to "George III, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith." The abandonment of the title of "King of France" led to our foreign official correspondence being carried on in English instead of French.—London Chronicle.