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The Kittredge Case

A Story of a Queer
Old Man.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

That Colonel Kittredge was a queer old man was evident from the many queer things he did. In the first place, being rich and consequently constantly called on to give money for various purposes, he never gave a cent to any public institution. And when he gave to an individual he would conceal it in some worthless article and leave the beneficiary to find it. It was known that three different persons to whom he gave money in this way did not hit upon the donation for a long time after it had been made. How many gifts were never discovered at all nobody knows.

But the queerest thing the colonel ever did was to disown his daughter Anna when she married her cousin, Daniel Kittredge. She had been engaged to Kittredge for a long while before her marriage, and neither she nor any one else ever heard her father say anything against the young man or make the slightest objection to his daughter marrying him. At the wedding he gave the couple \$1,000, telling them to make it last as long as possible, for it might be a long time before they got any more.

Anna thought her father was joking. She had always been his pet, and she had no doubt notwithstanding these words that she could always get from him all the money she wanted. What was her surprise on her return from her wedding trip to find his house vacant and locked. He had gone away and did not return for months. When he did he would have nothing to do with her.

Those most charitably disposed toward Colonel Kittredge said that he was crackbrained, some even declaring that he was crazy, and it was reported that a former Kittredge had been sent to bedlam.

When Mrs. Daniel Kittredge became assured that there was no hope of her regaining her former influence over her father she accepted the situation and made the best of it. Her husband proved unsuccessful, and it is possible that the colonel, with his keen vision for practical things, had discerned some deficiency in his makeup, and this had been the cause of his strange action toward the couple.

Daniel Kittredge did not long after his marriage, leaving Anna a widow with one child, a daughter, Anita, a pretty child and a great consolation to her mother. Mrs. Kittredge was obliged to get on as best she could and without any assistance from her father.

The only thing the colonel ever did that was not queer was to die.

The day after the funeral the heirs gathered in the lawyer's office and listened to the reading of the will.

When Mr. Drayton had concluded his reading he looked around at five puzzled faces.

Then they burst into a chorus of vigorous protest, all save little Anita Kittredge, who was very white and trembling.

The other Kittredges had money, but Anita's widowed mother, the colonel's disinherited daughter, was poor and in ill health.

On his death bed the colonel had sent for his daughter.

"Forgive me, child," he had whispered with his last breath. "Don't misunderstand me. I have not forgotten you and little Anita, and you will be provided for. Those other Kittredges who are waiting like vultures—forgive me—Anna," and with the words, he had died.

Now, Anita, sole representative of her mother and nearest of kin to the colonel, listened to the words of the will which resolved itself into several bequests.

"To my cousin, Amos Kittredge, I bequeath all the books he has borrowed from my library and failed to return."

"To my Cousin Pauline Clark, whatever article of furniture, picture or bric-a-brac she may choose from my home."

And the following bequests were the same, each one was to choose some keepsake of the dead man, and each one was to receive the sum of \$100 in cash.

The residue of the estate was to be sold and the proceeds diverted to various charitable organizations.

After every effort had been made to break the will, the indignant heirs agreed to meet at the colonel's late home and choose some keepsake.

"I shall select the Khorassan rug in the drawing room," thought Pauline Clark. "It's worth \$5,000—and that will be something."

"And I," thought Amos Kittredge, "will borrow a few more books and keep those, too," he thought greedily,



although he was a rich man.
"And I," thought another, "will choose a piece of the Kittredge gold plate—it is valuable."

Anita Kittredge went up the path to the front door of her grandfather's house; she was a slender girl in her early twenties. She was bookkeeper in a stationery store in town and supported herself and mother in humble comfort.

Mr. Drayton, the lawyer, met her with a cordial smile.
"The vultures are gathered, Miss Anita," he said whimsically. "They are appraising the household goods."

Anita shivered.
"It seems so dreadful to do that when he is hardly through with them," she said.

"It was Colonel Kittredge's wish."
"And I must choose something for mother?"

"Yes, and something for yourself. What shall it be? The Chinese vases in the blue room?"

"Oh, no. Something more personal than that, Mr. Drayton."

Mr. Drayton's eyes twinkled.
"Then the Kittredge silver?"

Anita smiled. "What would we do with all that? Besides, mother wanted something very personal, something that really speaks of him. You know they were fond of each other, and if it hadn't been for grandfather's obstinacy I believe he would have forgiven mother."

"I am sure he was very remorseful for many years, but he possessed the Kittredge obstinacy to a degree. It darkened all his later days."

"I am sorry," said Anita, with tear-filled eyes.

"Now," said the lawyer briskly, "suppose you walk around and select some things. Take your time. Anything that is not already chosen is yours. So make a wise choice."

At a distance he followed Anita around the house, watching her anxiously, as if fearful that she might make an unwise choice.

Once Anita paused before her grandfather's desk. It was a huge affair of mahogany and stood in the library. But another heir had chosen it, feeling certain that its secret drawers and hiding places must give up some untold wealth or at least another will.

How disappointed he must have been when all he discovered was a package of canceled bank checks and some worthless mining stocks!

In the dining room Anita lingered longest.

Over the mantelpiece hung two portraits. One was that of her grandfather, and the other her grandmother. They were finely executed in oils, and she had often heard her mother speak of them and wish that she might even have a copy of her parent's pictures.

Pauline Clark, passing through the room, saw Anita regarding the portraits.

"My dear child, you are never going to be so sentimental as to choose those portraits?" she asked, in horror.

Anita nodded.
"I shall choose one for mother, and the other for myself," she said gravely.

"Little goose," laughed Mrs. Clark as she went out to give orders to her chauffeur to make room in the limousine for the Khorassan rug.

Anita turned her head and saw the lawyer standing beside her.

She was looking keenly at her.

"Have you made a choice, Miss Anita?" he asked.

"Yes," said Anita. "I have chosen the portraits—one for mother, and the other for myself. They are my grandparents, you know," she added.

"I know, Miss Anita. Your grandfather was quite right," said the lawyer. "Shall I send the pictures down to you?"

"If you please, Mr. Drayton."

He glanced at his watch.

"The others have all gone home with their belongings. My motorcar is outside. Suppose I take you and the portraits home now."

"Thank you, that will be so nice," agreed Anita, and she helped the lawyer remove the portraits, dusting them carefully before placing them in the tonneau of the car.

When they reached the little cottage where Anita lived Mr. Drayton carried the pictures into the house and hung them in the living room where Mrs. Kittredge could see them from her easy chair.

As the lawyer turned to go, he said to the tired looking girl:
"Will you invite me to tea tomorrow night, Miss Anita?"

"Of course! We shall be so glad to see you," she cried.

The next evening Mr. Drayton appeared, visibly excited. With him was his clerk, a grave faced, earnest young man whom Anita had met several times.

"I brought Tom along with me. There is a little matter of business to be transacted," said the lawyer, as Anita

led another plate for Tom Baldwin. After the pleasant little meal, which was rendered very festive by Mr. Drayton's offering of flowers and a box of bonbons, the lawyer turned to Anita.

"Miss Anita, your grandfather was so certain that you and your mother would choose those portraits as your share of the inheritance that he prepared a surprise for you. Tom, you are tall; hand me the portraits."

Under the wondering eyes of Anita and her mother Mr. Drayton removed a thin linen covering from the back of the frames and disclosed layer after layer of valuable stocks and bonds worth in all many hundred thousands of dollars, half of the colonel's large fortune.

"This is the inheritance which goes to you two, the ones who scorned worldly value and chose the pictures because you loved the originals. In my safe at the office is a document which sets forth this entire transaction and makes it quite legal. In the meantime, accept my congratulations!"

And so Anita Kittredge and her mother came into their rightful inheritance and bought in the mansion on the hill and all its contents. As for Tom Baldwin, he rose rapidly to fame and in time married Anita, and they all live together on the hill, where Lawyer Drayton is a frequent visitor.

When Mrs. Clark heard of the hidden fortune she gasped indignantly:
"Of course I would have chosen the portraits if I had only known what was hidden there!" And to add to her bitterness the Khorassan rug proved to be a clever imitation and worth perhaps a hundred dollars.

GLYCERINE AND BARK PREVENT APPENDICITIS

The simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-ika, astonishes Watford people. Because Adler-ika acts on BOTH lower and upper bowel. ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour stomach or gas. It removes such surprising foul matter that a few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. THE INSTANT, easy action of Adler-ika is astonishing. Taylor & Son, druggists.

Love of Country.

"Dulce et decorum pro patria mori." "It cannot be expressed, what a deal of charity that one name of country contains. 'Amor laudis et patriae pro stipendio est.'"

"The Decii did se devovere, Horatii, Durii, Scaevola, Regulus, Codrus, sacrifice themselves for their country's peace and good."

'Una dies Fabios ad bellum miserat omnes;

Ad bellum missos perdidit una dies.'

"One day the Fabii stoutly warred, One day the Fabii were destroyed."

Fifty thousand Englishmen lost their lives willingly near Battle Abbey in defence of their country. P. Aemilius speaks of six senators of Calais, that came with halters in their hands to the King of England, to dye for the rest. This love makes so many writers take such pains, so many historiographers, physicians, etc., or at least as they pretend, for common safety, and their country's benefit. —Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

They Found a Mine.

An exciting time was experienced a few days ago by the crew of the steamer Clermont, when nearing Leith. A mine was sighted floating right in the track of the vessel. A boat was lowered from the steamer and a rope made fast to the mine in order that it might be towed to the nearest patrol boat. There was a choppy sea, so that the work of getting the ropes around the mine was of a hazardous character. The men succeeded, however, in securing it, but after towing for a quarter of an hour the mine blew up, sending smoke and water to a great height, and fragments of the mine fell aboard the steamer.

Spats.

One of those things not generally known is that the wearing of spats originated as a compliment to the killed regiments who wore them in the Indian Mutiny. The glorious deeds of the Highlanders in that campaign made them popular heroes, and the public adopted many things in dress in imitation of Scotch uniforms. Among these things were spats, and they have never been out of fashion among smart people since the days of Sir Colin Campbell.—London Chronicle.

Comfort for Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exhausting as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find ready relief in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, a preparation that has established itself by years of effective use. There are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with Parmelee's.

WHAT ONTARIO FOLKS SAY.

Hamilton, Ont.—"This is to state that I have received great benefit from the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Some time ago I was run down and weak, suffered loss of appetite and was miserable. Four bottles of the 'Prescription' cured me up in fine shape; it is a wonder for me and I can recommend it very highly to women who are ailing."—Miss MARY MILLER, 127 Hess St., Hamilton, Ont.

Brantford, Ont.—"Some few years ago I got in a very much run-down condition. Was very weak; could not do anything; had no strength at all. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; I only took five bottles and it put me in splendid condition. I felt better than I had for years. Other members of my family have used this medicine and found it equally as beneficial. I can highly recommend it to weak women."—Mrs. A. GILSON, 71 Brighton Row, Brantford, Ont.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes women happy by making them healthy. There are no more crying spells. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well.

Like an open book, our faces tell the tale of health or disease. Hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, listless steps, sleepless nights—tell of wasting debilitating disease some place in the body. It may be one place or another, the cause is generally traceable to a common source.

Get the "Prescription" to-day—either in liquid or tablet form—if you want to better your physical condition speedily.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Keep the body clean inside as well as outside.

HOW AEROPLANES SIGNAL.

Soot Clouds and Mirror Flashed Brought Into Use.

To a commander the value of a military aeroplane is its power to locate hostile artillery and direct gunfire, rather than its bomb-dropping possibilities. Thus it is very necessary that a pilot several thousand feet in the air should be able to communicate with the headquarters staff on earth so that he may convey the necessary information for the guidance of gunners hurling shells at targets miles ahead which they cannot see. The French are using a very ingenious method of signalling from an aeroplane by means of soot clouds. An apparatus filled with lampblack rests near the hand of the aviator, and when he presses a lever some of this soot passes down a pipe and is discharged in a black cloud. The pipe is so delicately arranged that the clouds may be small or large. The operator can spell out the Morse telegraphic code in little clouds, and they can be read from earth when the aviator is four thousand feet high.

Another clever means of signalling from aircraft is that carried out by means of lamps and mirrors. A lamp which has a flash of 10,000 candle-power sends piercing rays of light through a tube fitted with powerful magnifying glasses. When a message is sent the operator directs his flasher in the required direction, presses a button, and a brilliant light flashes out, long or short, according to the pressure. The officers on earth receive the message and may send a reply in the same way, being provided with similar mirrors and lamps. The rays of light sent out are almost as bright as sunlight, so that they can be seen with the naked eye for a distance of four miles in the daytime and at night for a distance of eight miles.

When military aviators wish to drop a written communication to earth without descending they utilize an ingenious bomb. This contains the document, and the projectile is weighted so that it falls sharp-end first. As the end strikes the ground a trigger is released which sets fire to a torch on top and thus the location of the bomb is indicated day or night.

The stationary balloons which are being used in large numbers at the Front are in constant communication with earth though they float at a height of over a thousand feet. Telephone wires are attached to the guide rope which secures the aircraft to earth, and the observer aloft and the officers on earth exchange messages by telephone as simply as though they were carrying on a business conversation in the city.

Keep it Awake.

"My boy," said the successful merchant, "never let your capital lie idle. Remember that money talks, but it doesn't talk in its sleep."

Ups and Downs.

"Oh, well, everybody has his ups and downs!"
"That's right. Just at present I'm down pretty low because I'm hard up."

"Remember to a hard up man means one who is long without catching it—Viney."