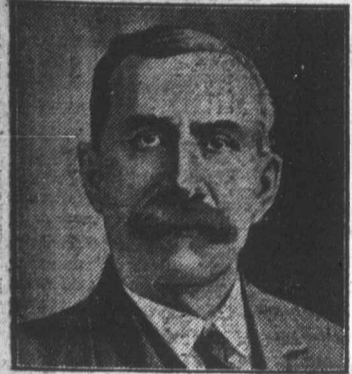


WILL WE EVER WALK ON AIR?

Train Of Thought Inspired By A Letter About "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. D. McLEAN

Orrilla, Ont., Nov. 28th, 1914.
 "For over two years, I was troubled with Constipation, Drowsiness, Lack of Appetite and Headaches. I tried several medicines, but got no results and my Headaches became more severe. One day I saw your sign which read 'Fruit-a-tives' make you feel like walking on air. This appealed to me, so I decided to try a box. In a very short time, I began to feel better, and now I feel fine. Now I have a good appetite, relish everything I eat, and the Headaches are gone entirely. I cannot say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives', and recommend this pleasant fruit medicine to all my friends'."
 DAN McLEAN.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is daily proving its priceless value in relieving cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble—General Weakness, and Skin Diseases. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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 Our graduates secure good positions and meet with success. In two days recently we received 14 applications for trained help. Many of these applications we cannot meet. Some calls offering from \$45 per month to \$1400 per annum remain unfilled. Write for free catalogue at once, it will interest you.
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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Sinclair Inn

Story of a Christmas House Party

By SARAH BAXTER

It was Christmas eve. A young lady, plainly dressed, emerged from Sinclair station and called a cab.

"Take me to the Sinclair House," she said to the cabman.
 There were two houses in the place, one the Sinclair inn, the other the residence of Mrs. Sinclair, a rich and fashionable woman. The hotel had been named for the Sinclair family, who had for generations been the mainstay of the town. Mrs. Sinclair, like most fashionable women of those days, had taken up a fad in the servant problem. Her theory was that servants should be treated with the same consideration as governesses, secretaries and persons of that ilk. They should associate with their employers, in small families, where there were but one or two persons, eating at the same table with them.

But Mrs. Sinclair was endeavoring to work out her theory for others, not herself. In her homestead in the village of Sinclair—everything was Sinclair in the place—her servants treated her with the utmost deference. It happened that when the lady who had just arrived at the station, Miss Mildred Abercrombie, was being driven to the Sinclair House Mrs. Sinclair was entertaining a Christmas house party. The cabman, who was very stupid and a recent comer to the place, got the two houses mixed in his mind and drove Miss Abercrombie to the private house.

Now, it happened that several of the guests were sitting in the wainscoted hall before a huge fireplace, on the hearth of which blazed the Yule log. Naturally they were merry, and their principal amusement was cracking jokes at one another. When therefore Miss Abercrombie entered and asked if the proprietor were in, one of the young men, Mr. Jack Edwards, arose and said politely:

"I am the clerk. Would you like a room?"

"Yes; I would like a room for the holidays."

The party sitting before the fireplace repressed smiles or hid them while Mr. Edwards took the lady's handbag and other light articles, set them in a corner, handed her a chair and said:

"Mrs. Sinclair runs this house. I will see her, and a maid will come and show you to your room."

With this he vanished and reported to the hostess that a pretty girl had arrived who had mistaken the house for a hotel and it would be jolly good fun to permit her to remain for awhile in ignorance. Mrs. Sinclair, who felt the responsibilities of an entertainer, seized upon the idea with alacrity, called a maid and, going to the new arrival, welcomed her and sent her immediately to a room. The young lady having gone upstairs, the hostess charged her guests to keep the secret from the new arrival, each one striving to carry out the joke.

An hour later, when the guests were dressing for dinner, Miss Abercrombie went downstairs to the hall or room used for lounging, where she found the hostess, whose manner was so friendly that she at once won her guest's confidence.

"I have come away from the city," said Miss Abercrombie, "to escape Christmas—not that I would not gladly welcome the holidays, but during the past few years I have lost all who might make them enjoyable for me. I felt this year that I could not remain at home, and, hearing of your family inn that it was comfortable and homelike, I concluded to pass the holidays here."

"I can understand your feelings perfectly," replied the hostess, "and we will endeavor to alleviate your loneliness so far as possible. My guests are all in rapport and will be happy to receive you into the circle."

"I have heard of a lady of your name in the city who is endeavoring to solve the servant problem."

Mrs. Sinclair pricked her ears. An idea came and developed into a purpose.

"That Mrs. Sinclair is a connection of mine and I am a convert to her theory. I have not dared, however, to put it in practice all at once, but am experimenting by treating certain of my—assistants, I call them—as my equals. My clerk, of course, is superior to a servant, and in his case I have no trouble. I have one maid who, being more refined than the others, is treated as one of us. My butler is treated likewise. Then, too, several of my lady guests, having been captivated by the new idea, are putting their maids on the same footing with themselves."

"That's very nice," replied Miss Abercrombie. "I have always pitied a poor



girl in a family keeping but one maid—the lonely life she is forced to lead. I assure you that while a guest in your house I will do all in my power to carry out your benevolent plan."

Mrs. Sinclair excused herself and hastened upstairs to coach her guests before they should come down to dinner that their dupe had been prepared to consider some of them servants. Bob Elliot, an inveterate joker, was appointed to play butler, the regular butler lending Bob a livery. Miss Sterling, a success in private theatricals, was uniformed as chief maid for the inn, and several other girls were to play ladies' maids. All preliminaries having been attended to, the guests one by one went down to dinner.

At one end of the table sat Mrs. Sinclair, at the other Bob Elliot in butler's livery. Next to Elliot Miss Abercrombie was given a seat. There were one other man in livery and three girls in the black dresses and white caps and aprons of maids, the ladies' maids sitting next their mistresses and ministering to their table wants.

Bob Elliot was a very attractive young man. Moreover, he had a sympathetic way with him, and after pretending for awhile to have some doubts as to Miss Abercrombie's treatment of a butler as an equal and finding her complaint he became a charming dinner companion. He and Miss Abercrombie were soon noticed by the rest of the company, to be oblivious to every one except themselves.

Mr. Elliot, a college postgraduate, had been considered not only a good fellow at the university, but very bright. He now occupied an assistant professorship at his alma mater. When the attraction between him and Miss Abercrombie became noticeable the other guests looked at one another meaningly.

"What if there should be a match?" whispered one.

"If his mother were here she would take him away," said another. "She thinks that a poor professor should marry some money. This girl, judging from her clothes, is as poor as he."

Put a number of young persons of opposite sex under the same roof with nothing to do but make merry and flirt, and those who are naturally assimilative will very soon assimilate. Professor Elliot, alias Robert the butler, soon became absorbed in Miss Abercrombie, and vice versa.

The second day after her arrival Miss Abercrombie went to the hostess, confessed that she was a seamstress and, since the Sinclair inn was altogether too expensive for her, said she must leave at once, whereupon Mrs. Sinclair told her she might pay what she could afford. This somewhat dampened the enthusiasm of the house party, for a seamstress was persona non grata to most of the men and all the women. From this time on all except Elliot gave their attention largely to other matters. He, despite the fact that Miss Abercrombie had turned out a seamstress, seemed unable to withdraw his attentions from her.

The guests were invited for two weeks. After the first week they tired of keeping up the sham that had been devised and would have abandoned it but for the hostess, who would not consent. Despite her efforts to prevent, most of them turned a cold shoulder to Miss Abercrombie. Professor Elliot's position was complicated. He was playing a part humbler than Miss Abercrombie's position. How could he abandon it and become his real self? What he had entered upon as a joke, when revealed, would likely not be considered such by the girl, but offensive. Supposing he confessed his true character, he did not care to marry a seamstress, and she would consider that he had won her dishonorably.

A young person of either sex when once thoroughly in love is likely to throw prudence to the winds. Elliot forgot his mother's plans for him—the fact that as a college professor he should marry a woman of some means; that a seamstress would likely have a lot of relatives that would not at all accord with the families of his associate professors. One evening, sitting alone in the gloaming with Mildred Abercrombie, while "the fiftful freight danced upon the wall," he forgot himself so far as to make love to her, and that, of course, with an honorable man led to a confession of who and what he was and a proposition of marriage.

Miss Abercrombie did not reproach him for having won her as an inferior when he was a superior. After a little thought she told him that she could not think of marrying one so far above her. He argued that she was refined and he would never be ashamed of her, but she gave no evidence that he had overcome her scruples.

When the party broke up it was regretted that Miss Abercrombie had turned out so low in the social scale, for otherwise the farce that had been played might have had a merry ending. As it was, few of the party took

the trouble to bid her goodbye. She gave Elliot the privilege of calling once at her humble home, giving him her address.

Soon after his return to his home he took a train for the city in which Miss Abercrombie lived and started for the address she had given him. The street was eminently respectable, and he thought there must be some mistake. When he reached the house he found it palatial. Thinking Miss Abercrombie had given him the address of a family for whom she was sewing, he paused, then went up to the door and rang the bell. A butler showed him into a drawing room and went away to announce the visitor.

Presently there was a footstep on the main staircase, and Miss Abercrombie entered the room. Her apparel was in accord with her present position, and he knew that she was a lady.

"Did you suppose," she asked, smiling, "that one who had been always used to a butler would mistake you for one?"

"What a fool I was to listen to the story that you were a seamstress! I should have known better."

"You played your part well."

"You played yours to perfection. You should be on the stage."

Then began a renewal of the courtship.

Elliot's mother was well pleased with his marriage, for his wife brought him a fortune. As for the guests at the Sinclair inn, they were surprised and ashamed, but young Mrs. Elliot and Mrs. Sinclair became fast friends.

HAD RASH 7 YEARS!

YET ZAM-BUK CURED IT.

"Never again shall I use cheap, common ointments, since I have proved how wonderful Zam-Buk is." So writes Mrs. Joe Valliere, of 903 Hale St., Escanaba, Mich. She adds: "For seven years I suffered with a rash on my hands, which all the ointments I used—and I used many—failed to cure. I had despaired of ever finding relief when I heard of Zam-Buk, and as a last resort determined to give it a trial. It was not long before I found that Zam-Buk is no ordinary ointment! Zam-Buk was proving itself capable of doing what all the other ointments had failed to do—it was effecting a cure. Naturally, finding this out, I persevered with it, and its use resulted in a complete cure. I have had no return of the rash since, so I know the cure is permanent. After seven years of useless trying of remedies, I appreciate the great healing power of Zam-Buk."

If you are troubled with eczema, ulcers, or eruptions, you will find Zam-Buk equally effective; also for ringworm, running sores, blood-poison, abscesses, pimples, cold sores, chapped hands, piles, burns, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc. All druggists and stores, 50c box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Refuse harmful substitutes and imitations.

A Candid Caller.

A small boy had been coerced into making an afternoon call with his mother. He had rebelled vehemently over the calling business, saying: "Aw, what you want to make me go there for? She hasn't any boys, and it won't be any fun."

But, dressed in his best suit, he had put on his company manners and had behaved very well indeed, and when their hostess served refreshments he began to feel glad that he had come.

When it came time to leave he held out his hand, saying gallantly:

"Goodby; I've had a good time"—and then, right while his young mother was beaming her approval, he added honestly—"a whole lot better time than I expected to have."

A Benevolent Refusal.

"Senator, I wish you would give me a job as your private secretary."

"Oh, my boy," responded the oily senator, "don't get mixed up with the government service. Nothing to it. Ruins a young man. Besides, I have promised that position to my son."

Cynical.

"Is he a good after dinner speaker?"

"If there is such a thing as a good after dinner speaker I presume you'd call him one."—Detroit Free Press.

Naturally.

"I saw Mabel buying rouge the other day."

"That gives color to the report that she paints."

Man's Adventurous Side.

There is always a temptation to cross a bridge which has been condemned, man being an adventurous cuss at heart.

The confidence we have in ourselves gives birth to much of that we have in others.—La Rochefoucauld.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving the Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION

- Thos. L. Swift, reported missing since June 15
- Rich. H. Stapleford
- Bury C. Binks
- L. Gunn Newell, killed in action
- Arthur Owens
- F. C. N. Newell
- T. Ward
- Sid Welsh
- Alf. Woodward, killed in action
- M. Cunningham
- M. Blondel
- W. Blunt
- R. W. Bailey
- A. L. Johnston
- R. A. Johnston
- G. Mathews
- C. Manning
- W. G. Nichol
- F. Phelps
- H. F. Small
- E. W. Smith
- C. Toop
- C. Ward
- J. Ward, killed in action
- F. Wakelin, D.C.M., killed, in action
- T. Wakelin, wounded—missing
- H. Whitsitt
- B. Hardy

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C.L.I.

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION

- C. W. Barnes
- Geo. Ferris
- Edmund Watson
- G. Shanks
- C. Jamieson
- J. Burns
- F. Burns
- C. Blunt
- S. M. Atkinson
- S. P. Shanks

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

- Lorne Lucas
- Frank Yerks
- Chas. Potter
- Rus. G. Clark.

33RD BATTALION

- Percy Mitchell Lloyd Howden
- Gordon H. Patterson, died in Victoria Hospital, London.

34TH BATTALION

- E. C. Crohn
- S. Newell
- Stanley Rogers
- Macklin Hagle
- Henry Holmes
- Wm. Manning
- Leonard Lees

70TH BATTALION

- Ernest Lawrence
- Emmerson
- Geo. Fountain
- C. H. Loveday
- A. Banks
- S. R. Wholton
- Thos. Meyers
- Jos. M. Wardman

71ST BATTALION

- W. D. Lamb
- R. H. Trenouth

28TH BATTALION

- Thomas Lamb

ARMY MOUNTED RIFLES

- Fred A. Taylor

29TH BATTERY

- Wm. Mitchell
- John Howard

ANTI-AIRCRAFT

- Gunner Woolvet

PIONEERS

- Wm. McNally
- W. F. Goodman

ENGINEERS

- J. Tomlin

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

- T. A. Brandon, M.D.
- Capt. W. J. McKenzie, M.D.
- Norman McKenzie

135TH BATTALION

- N. McLachlan

Volu... LOCAL... THE CIVIL... Call them in G... MIGHT be... home guard... A sidewalk... good citizen.

Annual... On Tuesday... Recumbent Chapt... meeting with the... home of Mrs. H... hostess. The Re... on "Patriotism..." was disposed of... untidy of present... ber of the Ch... the Ontario Milit... a purse and \$... Mitchell, made a... ence to Miss Ree... Vice Regent, pre... being served by... through the end... and the singing... a close a most ple... at the home of M... ing. Election of... Regent—Mrs. J... 1st Vice Regent... 2nd Vice Regent... Standard Bearer... Treasurer—Mr... Secretary—Mrs... Sec...

The Secretary... ing the annual... 1915. 9 reg... been held since... average attenda... Work accomplish... in January as follo... gians valued \$500... gians valued \$2... valued \$3; conti... dresses, 4 waives... containing 12 ves... 11 nightdresses, 1... coat, 1 bale to... ing 10 sheets, 10... cloths and 21 co... Belgian infants... bandage, 3 large... socks and 4 pairs... Watford leaving... 20 pairs socks, 21... 8 pairs wristlets... Comforts for Can... quarts of jelly, j... \$2.50 soap \$4.50... \$2.25, gum, 2 lbs... sugar, 40 lbs. bot... socks and 2 har... in British hospit... Lady Ross, Motor... military district... \$50. "Soldiers me... ment of socks fo... pairs. Socks on... in. We go fort... us put forth mor... welfare and effi... largely on the w... CLA

Greatest B... Sarnia, Jan... Councilors of... county of Lan... the greatest b... Former Ward... county who w... back in the ei... others who ca... left the bound... present from... Fort Frances... herty gave an... Chairman, W... gave a short... growth of the... when Essex... one. He rem... wick, present... himself, were... had fathers th... responded to... of Petrolia;... Immigration... Government... was expected... shortage of... perented nex... Kenward of... sul Slater of S...

Reeve Turn... Warden of... This is the fi... a warden of... by acclamatic...

Library is... Mr. Fritz... later in su... cess in co... the buildi... to thus p... services a...