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Adrift

The Story of a Castaway

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was a morning of early spring in New York harbor. On the shores of the two rivers that flow east and west of Manhattan Island and the great bay south of it yachts were being overhauled, their engines oiled, their sails repaired, their furniture uncovered. Indeed, everything was being done to prepare them for commission.

From the dock of a yacht club in the East river a party was pulled in a dinghy to a trim auxiliary craft anchored a short distance out in the river. It had already been prepared for a lengthy trip. They were Dr. and Mrs. Mortimer and their daughter, Evelyn, a girl of eighteen. Frederic Doerr, engaged to Evelyn, went out with the others to the yacht, but after going down the companionway, ostensibly to inspect the cabin, but really to bid each other a fond goodbye, the young couple returned to the deck, and Doerr was pulled ashore. There he lingered while the anchor of the yacht was got up and began to steam down the river. Then, with a last wave, which was returned by his young fiancée, he turned away.

Dr. Mortimer and his family were bent on a cruise in southern waters. It was late in the season for a land trip to the south, but not on the ocean, and it was their intention to visit Cuba, the Panama canal and other objects of interest, remaining ashore only a day or two at a time.

They had reached a point off the coast of Florida and were steaming along at midnight in a fog when there came a crash. Those in their berths below arose, dressed hastily and went on deck. Down in the hold the water was coming through a hole. Dr. Mortimer examined it and, believing that the yacht would surely sink, went on deck again and told his wife and daughter that they had better prepare for such a result. Mrs. Mortimer preferred to die aboard the yacht rather than commit herself to the black waters, but Evelyn, remembering her lover and that it was her duty to try to live for him, suffered her father to get together articles for a raft, and when he had bound them together and lashed her to it he launched her upon the deep.

This was unfortunate. The water did not gain in the yacht as rapidly as had been expected, and when dawn came and the fog cleared away there was a steamer on the port bow not a mile away. Assistance was immediately afforded, and the pumps were manned. Before the day ended the yacht was in position to pursue its journey and arrived safely at a Cuban port.

The sun shone down on the stretch of white beach on the fringe of palms bending in the soft south wind. Blake Worthing at the wheel of his motorboat idled in these pleasant Florida waters, wondering if it was time to return to his cottage on the beach and waiting for his mother's signal that luncheon was ready.

Something strange came bobbing over the waters toward him. In the distance it looked like a gray island. Later it resolved into various articles of a ship with a human being lashed upon it. As soon as Blake made this discovery he turned the motorboat about and met the approaching raft.

When he had made it fast to his own craft he gently touched the sea soaked bundle of humanity and discovered it to be a girl—a girl so pale and lifeless that he believed her to be dead.

His mother met him at the little pier and took the bundle from his arms. She was a tall, majestic woman, strong and vigorous and young.

"Where did you find her, Blake?" asked Mrs. Worthing.

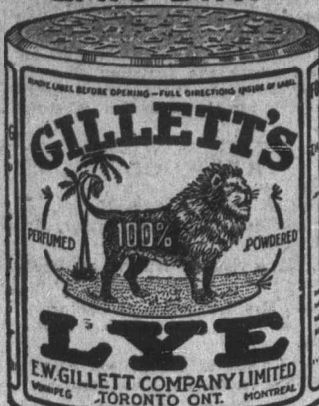
"I'm going over to Barnacle after the doctor—the best you can for her, mother," said Blake, as he changed his wet clothing and hurried off up the beach.

Mrs. Worthing put the castaway into her little spare room under the cottage roof, and with the help of Mandy, the maid, she endeavored to bring consciousness to the girl.

But in vain. It was not until after the physician had arrived and worked over her for another hour that at last the girl opened a pair of forgetful blue eyes and smiled faintly at the anxious face bent above her. Then she went to sleep.

She did not awake until morning, and Mrs. Worthing discovered that while she remembered many things about the dreadful wreck of a vessel

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



bound for South America, she could not piece together her past life or identify herself completely.

"My name," she said slowly, "is Evelyn Ames—my father is Dr. Ames—and we were taking a vacation—father—oh, my poor father!" Then she broke down and cried because she could only guess her father's fate. She could not even remember where she had lived, and although Mrs. Worthing and her son labored patiently to brighten the dulled memory their efforts were in vain.

"Please don't bother about me. I cannot remember," she would cry wearily.

Mrs. Worthing was not ill pleased at this. She had always longed for a daughter, and now she proposed to adopt Evelyn Ames for her own. Blake, who had fallen in love with the beautiful castaway, smiled secretly and thought that if he had his way the stranger would be his mother's daughter, but she would also be his wife.

And in the meantime the Worthing could find no trace of the nameless vessel on which Evelyn had sailed for Rio Janeiro. There had been no vessels lost, and investigation showed that there was no physician by the name of Ames who might be the father of Evelyn. They advertised and wrote letters, and in the end they were no wiser than before.

Then one fair morning, while the sun shone on the summer seas and the wind murmured among the palms, Blake Worthing told Evelyn of his love. Blushing she gave her heart and hand into his tender keeping. Mrs. Worthing, delighted at the outcome, gathered them both to her heart.

It was when the engagement had been two weeks old that a blow came to Blake Worthing. He was preparing to go to Barnacle, where the offices of his fruit industry were situated, when he heard a sharp scream from the front veranda.

He dashed downstairs and found Evelyn gazing, pale and wide eyed, at the ocean.

"Dearest, what is the matter?" he asked.

She shuddered and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, Blake, I have remembered!"

"Remembered? That is splendid, dear. Tell me."

"My name is Evelyn Ames Mortimer—my father is Dr. Ames Mortimer of New York—and, oh, Blake, how can I tell you?" Her slender shoulders shook with sobs.

"Tell me," he gently urged.

"I cannot marry you," she breathed.

"Why not?"

"I have remembered"—tragically.

"You have remembered what?"

"That I am already engaged."

"You are engaged? You were engaged when you sailed away? And you had forgotten that?"

She nodded listlessly.

"Then you do not love me," he said, rising and drawing his hands away from her grasp.

But she clung desperately to him.

"Ah, I do—I do love you, Blake! That is the misery of it all. I look back and think of Frederic Doerr, and I wonder how I could have dreamed of marrying him."

"Let me think it over, Evelyn," said Blake as he went away. All day while he dictated letters or interviewed customers Evelyn's pale, frightened face came between. Toward night he sent a telegram to Frederic Doerr's address in New York, and the second day afterward he met him at Barnacle station and took him to the cottage.

Frederic Doerr was a tall, thin, dark man with grave eyes and a preoccupied manner. He appeared to be extremely nervous when speaking of Evelyn, although he talked freely of her father, Dr. Mortimer, who had been saved.

He told Worthing how the Mortimers had sailed on a private yacht, and in the excitement following a collision, with visions of immediately sinking, Evelyn had been lashed to a raft and cast adrift.

The storm tossed yacht had reached a Cuban port, and Dr. Mortimer, although giving his daughter up for lost, had made every effort to find her. It was strange that the threads of inquiry instituted by the Worthing and Eve-

lyn's father had never crossed. "She has told us of her engagement to you," said Blake in his blunt way. "You will want to see her alone, I suppose."

"If you please. I think you and Mrs. Worthing had better be present," said Doerr nervously.

So when Blake told Evelyn that he had brought her fiancée to see her and that her father was still living her joy in the latter news was dampened by the approaching interview with the man she had ceased to love.

"I must keep my promise to Frederic," she assured Mrs. Worthing, as they descended the stairs. "He said once that he did not care to live if I would not marry him."

Mrs. Worthing smiled wisely, but her arm tightened around the shrinking girl's waist as they entered the living room.

"Evelyn!" cried Doerr, starting forward with outstretched hands. "How delighted your father will be! I wired him at once of your safety."

He made no attempt to embrace her, and Evelyn was manifestly relieved.

The Worthing turned to leave, but Frederic Doerr put out a detaining hand.

"Please do not go," he said, with embarrassment. "There is something I must confess, and Evelyn will need her friends around her. I am ashamed to say that—his voice dropped almost to a whisper—"I have been faithful to Evelyn Mortimer, one of the sweetest girls God ever created! Believing her to be dead, I permitted myself to be attracted by another woman—and, to make a long story short, I am married. I am no longer free."

Frederic Doerr did not expect the demonstration that followed his news.

Mrs. Worthing clasped her hands and cried for joy, while Blake opened his arms to receive Evelyn Mortimer.

"Why, nobody seems to care very much," remarked Mr. Doerr, with a whimsical smile.

Then Mrs. Worthing took him outside and explained, and while they were gone Blake and Evelyn sealed their betrothal with a long kiss.

"You belong to me, sweetheart," whispered Blake. "The sea gave you to me—you drifted into my heart."

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Apple Snowballs.

Bolt two teacupfuls of rice in milk until nearly done; then strain it, pare and core as many apples as there are portions to be served, put a small quantity of sugar and a clove in each apple, lay on a small floured cloth, covering each with rice, tie each ball separately and then boil the apples are tender. Half an hour will usually be enough. Serve with a good Rocky mountain sauce.

Scarcity of Bottles.

Empty bottles are being collected and sold by Boy Scouts in Belfast. The scarcity of bottles at present makes this a very remunerative occupation. The movement originated with the Boy Scouts' Association, of which the Lord Mayor is president, the idea being to raise funds to provide a recreation hut at the front.

Escaloped Cabbage.

Cook cabbage in boiling salted water until tender, drain and chop if desired, put in a buttered baking dish, pour over a white sauce, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

Raisin Clusters With Salted Almonds.

Take small clusters of selected raisins, make a small incision in blossom end of each raisin and remove the seeds. In each incision force a salted almond, leaving more than half the almond exposed.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes.

Wash, pare, and cook in boiling water until tender or use canned sweet potatoes. Cut in lengthwise slices, put in a buttered baking dish, spread with butter, sprinkle with sugar, and bake until brown.

A sharp appetite doesn't mind a dull knife.

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What Is Uric Acid?

THE CAUSE OF BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL AND SUDDEN DEATH.

Ever since the discovery of uric acid in the blood by Scheele, in 1775, and the bad effect it had upon the body, scientists and physicians have striven to rid the tissues and the blood of this poison. Because of its overabundance in the system it causes backache, pains here and there, rheumatism, gout, gravel, neuralgia and sciatica. It was Dr. Pierce who discovered a new agent, called "Anuric," which will throw out and completely eradicate this uric acid from the system. "Anuric" has proved to be 37 times more potent than lithia, and consequently you need no longer fear muscular or articular rheumatism or gout, or many other diseases which are dependent on an accumulation of uric acid within the body. Send to Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., for a pamphlet on "Anuric," or send 10 cents for a trial package of "Anuric Tablets." If you feel that tired, worn-out feeling, backache, neuralgia, or if your sleep is disturbed by too frequent urination, go to your best drug store and ask for Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets. They are put up in 50-cent packages. Doctor Pierce's reputation is back of this medicine and you know that his "Golden Medical Discovery" for the blood and his "Favorite Prescription" for the ills of women have had a splendid reputation for the past fifty years.

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SHRINES IN CHINA.

One on Mount Omei Often Lures an Enthusiast to Death.

On the climbing hill roads in western China on the lower slopes of Omei, the sacred mountain, may be seen now and then a motley procession of Chinese of all ranks wearing strings of "cash" around their necks and carrying yellow bags, bound for the presence of the many shrines. The strings of cash are for the mendicants, inseparable concomitant of worship in the orient. The road leads upward through forests of ash and pine, pleasantly cool after the heat of the eastern plains. Some of the weathered are carried on uncomfortable little wooden saddles strapped to the backs of coolies, but the majority seek salvation on foot. As one pants higher and higher one comes to the first of the monasteries, a new structure, low and cool. Almost all the monasteries are new.

Mount Omei is uncomfortably close to heaven in some ways.

Lightning bolts strike the buildings frequently, and the whole top has been burned over again and again. Nevertheless more than 2,000 monks dwell here, and to fulfill all their duty the pious must burn tapers before sixty-two shrines. There is the Hall of the Tranquil Heart and the Gate of Heaven, through which you come to the Monastery of Everlasting Joy.

The most beautiful spot on Mount Omei is a jutting ledge above an almost bottomless precipice.

The spot is called the Rejection of the Body. Many a mystic, intoxicated by endless distance and dizzying height, has solved here all the problems of religion by a single step over the brink—Argonaut.

Vastness of South America.

The vastness of South America is little understood. I travel about 30,000 or 40,000 miles each year trying to cover my circuit. It takes me longer to go between the extreme points, from Panama by steamer down the west coast and on through the strait of Magellan to Amunco, Paraguay, than it would take to go from San Francisco to Cairo and back to Glasgow.

You think of Bolivia as a little country.

It is as big as Germany, Austria and England. Peru is as large as all the United States from Nova Scotia to Indiana, from Canada south to the gulf. Argentine equals all the United States west of Omaha. Brazil is a United States with another Texas added. The resources of that vast area are in keeping with the bigness of the continent.—Homer C. Stantz in World Outlook.

How a Bird Dresses.

As bird fashions do not change, two suits a year are quite enough for most birds, but they need to take great care of them. Each separate feather must be cleaned and looked over and the useless ones pulled out. These feathers are not packed close together, you know, but lie loose and have places between filled with air. When a bird wants to get warmer he lifts his feathers so that these air spaces may be larger. But if his feathers are tangled or wet and dirty he could not keep the head in his little body and would, of course, die.