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Start without cranking.

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Best by every test.

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LOVELL'S BAKERY

When you spend a dollar you expect to get a dollar's worth. When you get our bread you get your money's worth.

BREAD 6c. PER LOAF

NEILSON'S BULK CHOCOLATES

"THE KIND THAT ARE DIFFERENT"

LOVELL'S BAKERY

PHONE 73.

Pointed Paragraphs

He's a busy man who pleases his friends.

The proof of the pudding may be in the doctor's.

Matrimony is the destroyer of many pleasant entanglements.

When the opportunity arrives to be a hero a man is usually sound asleep.

It is better to have loved and lost than to pay alimony after winning.

Men who are truly great forget to remind other people of their greatness.

A black eye indicates that the owner looked for trouble and got it.

A woman's idea of a man with loose habits is one who often gets tight.

The contents of the pocket often have a good deal to do with the fit of the trousers.

A fool shows his folly and knows it not, but a wise guy knows his folly and shows it not.

It takes a smart man to dispose of his property in a way that will shut out the lawyers as well as the relatives.

Every failure is a step toward success, and this may explain why often some men fail the richer they become.

The most obstinate corals and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

Who Captured Him?

Was It a French War Detective or a Pretty Girl?

By JOHN Y. LARNED

When the great European war broke out Arthur Eggleston, a young American reporter, anxious to make his way in the world, full of the vigor of youth and not averse to adventure, saw his opportunity. He took the first steamer for London that sailed and in due time arrived at that city.

Crossing the channel with a contingent of British troops, he landed at Ostend during that period when the German forces were hammering at the forts of Liege and the French and British forces were gathering to resist the invasion into France. He applied for permission to attach himself to the British headquarters, but was refused on the ground that no newspaper correspondents would be allowed to accompany the army. At the French headquarters he received the same response to his application.

Eggleston, having crossed the Atlantic ocean and the British channel to report the big fight, determined to follow in the allies' rear, hang about their flanks, anything except get in their way and report what he could gather. He found himself at Lille when the allied armies had begun their retreat, but before they had reached that city. He also found "the General Safety," a detective force used to hunt down and eradicate spies. When one is hunting for any particular thing the identity of which is doubtful he is very apt to find it. With a lot of spy hunters in the field a scarecrow set up to keep the crows away from the corn is not safe.

Eggleston was walking in Lille one day when a file of French soldiers under the command of a lieutenant came down the street, stopping persons here and there. The American did not dream of danger and, when they reached him and the officer demanded to know who he was, where he had come from and where he was going, told him that he was a newspaper correspondent looking for news. The officer, not being satisfied with this, informed him that he must take him to the headquarters of the General Safety.

Eggleston was conducted to a building in a room of which an officer, sitting behind a desk, regarded him ominously. The Frenchman began asking him questions in French, and Eggleston understood most of them, answering without hesitation, but when his questioner branched into German the American showed plainly that he did not understand. It did not at once occur to him that the man suspected him of being a German spy and was trying to catch him. Presently Eggleston bethought himself of his passport and produced it. This established the fact that he was an American, and he was thereafter treated with great consideration.

Eggleston spent some time in Lille without being permitted to go near the armies. One day he was walking along a residence street when he heard a feminine voice say in French:

THIS WOMAN WAS VERY UNHAPPY

Physically and Mentally Worn Out—Tells How Nervous and Crying Spells Were Ended by Vinol.

Monmouth, Ill.—"I was weak, worn-out and nervous. I had no appetite and was getting so thin and discouraged, one day I just broke down and cried when a friend came in and asked me what was the matter. I told of my condition and how nothing I took seemed to do me any good. Vinol was suggested. I got a bottle and before it was half gone I could eat and sleep well. I continued its use and now my friends say I look ten years younger, and I am well, healthy and strong. I wish I could induce every tired-out, worn-out, nervous woman to take Vinol."—Mrs. HARRIET GALE, Monmouth, Ill.

There are many over-worked, tired-out careworn, nervous women in this vicinity who need the strengthening, tissue building, and vitalizing effects of Vinol, our delicious cod liver oil and iron tonic, and so sure are we that it will build them up and make them strong that we offer to return their money if it fails to benefit.

Vinol is a delicious preparation of the extract of cod liver oil and phosphate of iron and contains no oil.

T. B. Taylor & Sons, Druggists, Watford.

"Monsieur, have you any news of the armies? Will they come this way? We are all packed ready to move."

Turning, he saw a pretty girl leaning out of a window. He had studied the French language at school and had picked up a Frenchman on the way across the Atlantic, with whom he had talked incessantly in order to gather enough French to enable him to get on in France. So he replied as best he could that he was profoundly ignorant of what was going on at the front; he was trying to get there, but thus far had been unsuccessful. Noticing that the French was not of the best, the girl asked him if he were not English. No; he was American. The English were very popular since they had come to assist the French, but before that Americans were the best liked. An elderly lady came to the window, anxiously asked for news and gave Eggleston an invitation to come in. He accepted it. A glass of wine was brought out, and the three sat discussing the probabilities of the family having to leave their home and cart their belongings across country to the coast, as the Belgians were doing.

And so it happened that Eggleston, instead of writing up the thunder of guns, the explosion of shells, the rattle of rifles, the groans of the wounded, spent several days dallying with a pretty girl, at the end of which time, since he did not go to the guns, the guns came to him, and while they were yet in the distance he helped his fellow-Legrees to remove their effects—or a small portion of them—to a cart he secured for them and saw them on their way to the southward, after which he began to do some work as a war correspondent.

Eggleston, keeping as near the retreating French and English lines as he dared, preceded their retreat toward the capital. When the tide turned he was on the allies' left flank and one day after witnessing some very hard fighting went into a town on the west bank of the river Oise to write up copy and send it by courier to the coast to be forwarded.

He was sitting in the writing room of the only hotel in the place when a man came in and, bending over him, began to peruse what he was writing. "Are you a censor?" asked Eggleston, looking up with a scowl. "I am an officer of the General Safety corps, monsieur. Who are you?" "I am an American newspaper correspondent, writing an account of today's battle and in a hurry."

"No, American."

"I would like to see your passport, monsieur."

Eggleston took his passport from his pocket, threw it on the table and went on writing. The man picked it up, opened it, read it and compared the personal description with the correspondent.

"Eyes blue, hair light. The Germans all have blue eyes and light hair."

"Germans? What do you mean?"

"Don't you see that the passport reads, 'A citizen of the United States?'"

"Monsieur, you may as well own up first as last. You are a German spy."

Eggleston pushed back his chair and stared at the man.

"German spy? Why, my dear fellow, I am an American. Can't you read English?"

"The passport has been stolen. The Germans took it from an American. You need not try to deceive me. We have received a warning."

"What warning?"

"A German who has lived in England, who speaks English like a native, who looks like an Englishman, armed with the American's passport, is within our lines for information. We have received orders to look out for him and if we take him to shoot him at once. Come."

Eggleston paled. He was aware that the keen scent of spy hunters was leading the detectives to make short work of suspicious persons and supposed he was to be taken out to be shot.

"But, monsieur, I was in Lille a few days ago, where I made the acquaintance of those connected with the General Safety. They will vouch for me."

"Ah, but they are not here," with a shrug of his shoulders. "And I must suffer as a spy because those who are able to identify me are not here."

"That is one of the hardships of war. We can take no risks. Besides, those men in Lille may have been deceived in you."

"When did the Germans capture the passport you have referred to?"

"Yesterday."

"I met the General Safety detective last week."

At this moment another man came into the room and looked at Eggleston as a bound would look at a hare in which he was about to set his teeth. The two Frenchmen talked together in a low voice. Eggleston thought it better not to seem much troubled about the matter and, taking up one of the sheets before him, pretended to read. A third man was called into

the room, who, having been instructed, approached the American and said to him in German:

"If you will confess your life will be spared."

Eggleston, who did not understand a word of what was said to him, but recognized that it was in the German language, replied:

"Nicht verstein."

This was quite enough for the Frenchman, who held that the "nicht verstein" was full proof that the suspect was a German. However, after deliberation they concluded to refer the case to some one higher up; so they placed Eggleston under guard for the night.

But the allies were at that time too busy fighting for any one in authority to pay any attention to an individual case. The next morning, no reply having been received concerning the suspected spy, his captors concluded that it was best to take no risks, but shoot him, though they did not like to do so on an uncertainty, for in case he should be what he pretended they would be liable to get themselves into trouble.

The roar of battle at times sounded nearer and at times more distant. On one occasion when the guns were louder Eggleston's captors decided to remove him to a town farther west. During the journey they were about to cross a road running north and south and had stopped to let a train of refugees pass when among the latter Eggleston caught a glimpse of the pretty girl he had met in Lille.

"Mademoiselle!" he shouted.

Louise Legrie turned and, seeing the American who had assisted the family in the hour of need, clasped her hands with French fervency and called her mother's attention to him.

A halt was called, and the refugees and the detective came together for a conference. Both mother and daughter were horrified when they learned that "le bon Americain" was to be shot as a spy. They told the story of having seen him in Lille about a week before and how he had assisted them. This was proof positive that he was not traveling on a captured passport, for he had shown it to an officer of the General Safety corps in their presence, and Louise, who had never seen a passport before, had examined it from curiosity.

Eggleston's captors apologized for having intended to shoot him as complacently as if they were doing so for having unintentionally joggled him in passing. They dismissed him, and the last seen of him he had joined the Legries, and that is the last that has been heard of him. His reports to his paper suddenly stopped. There are those who suspect that this ending of the story is incorrect and that he was really shot as a spy. But such persons do not consider that there is always danger of a man being carried away by a pretty girl even if there are plenty of warriors handy to do the job.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson

Von Bernstorff Beaten

In a recent issue the Copenhagen Journal, the Berlingske Tidende, published the following story from a correspondent at Luxor as a specimen of the entertaining items of war news which are circulated—and believed—in Egypt:—(Canaan Time, under cover of darkness, made an exceedingly audacious but successful flight to London. It made its way to London, flew in through a window, took King George V. prisoner, and brought his majesty to Germany without the smallest accident.

An unbelieving Arab asked the narrator how such a big machine could get through a window. Thereupon the narrator pointed to a wealthy officer's house which has particularly large windows, and said:—"If Captain X, who is an ordinary mortal like you and me, has such big windows, what sort of windows must King George have, who is King of England and Emperor of India?"

Milner's Worm Powders were devised to promptly relieve children who suffer from the ravages of worms. It is a simple preparation warranted to destroy stomachic and intestinal worms without shock or injury to the most sensitive system. They act thoroughly and painlessly, and though in some cases they may cause vomiting, that is an indication of their powerful action and not of any nauseating property.

The Communion plate which belonged to H.M.S. Bulwark, destroyed at Sheerness by the explosion of November 26th, is destined to become an historic relic. It was actually saved undamaged, after being blown upright into the air from the ruined ship. The case containing the chalice, paten, etc., fell into the water close to the formidable, and was picked up by one of the boats of that ship. The sacred vessels were intact without a single scratch.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice, etc. Don't Die in the House. 15c. and 25c. at Drug and Country Stores. m12-nb

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th, 1914.

"After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-tives'. I suffered so much that I would not dare eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did not wish to try them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improving until I was cured. While sick, I lost several pounds, but after taking 'Fruit-a-tives', I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well—in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to 'Fruit-a-tives'."

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU

"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest stomach tonic in the world and will always cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, "Heartburn", Dyspepsia and other Stomach Troubles.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

SOCIETIES.

Court Lorne, No. 17 C.O.F.

Regular meetings the Second and Fourth Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock. Court room over St. John's store, Main street, Watford. J. Smith, T.C.R. J. H. Hume R. Sec. J. E. Collier, F. Sec.

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Trains leave Watford Station as follows:
GOING WEST
Accommodation, 108 8 44 a.m.
Accommodation, 111 2 55 p.m.
Chicago Express, 1 9 09 p.m.
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Accommodation, 110 7 43 a.m.
New York Express, 6 11 02 a.m.
New York Express, 2 3 00 p.m.
Accommodation, 112 5 16 p.m.
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| Family Herald and Weekly Star | \$1 85 |
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| Scientific American | 4 75 |
| Mail and Empire | 4 00 |
| Morning London Free Press | 4 00 |
| Evening London Free Press | 3 00 |
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| Evening London Advertiser | 3 00 |

Enough

"Why are you for the Allies?" a Toronto man asked a solemn-looking American, who looked as if there had been much suffering in his life. "Is it because you abhor Prussian militarism?"

"No."

"Is it that you fear Germany's desire to expand, to absorb foreign lands? Is it that you dislike the German character?"

"No," replied the solemn-looking individual.

"Well, why are you for the Allies?"

"Because," said the other with a persuasive air, "I once ate some sauerkraut."

Experiments With Fa

The members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union are to state that for 1915 they are to distribute into every township material of high quality from grasses, clovers and alfalfa, as follows:

- 1 Testing two varieties of timothy
- 2a—Testing O.A.C. No. 21 bl and emmer
- 2b—Testing two varieties of timothy
- 3—Testing two varieties of timothy
- 4—Testing two var. spring wheat
- 5—Testing two var. buckwheat
- 6—Testing two var. field peas
- 7—Testing two var. spring ryegrass
- 8—Testing two var. of soy, for Japanese beans
- 9—Testing three var. husk corn
- 10—Testing three var. mangrove
- 11—Testing two var. of sugar beets for feeding purposes
- 12—Testing three var. Sweet turnips
- 13—Testing two var. fall turnip
- 14—Testing two var. carrots
- 15—Testing three var. fodder silage corn
- 16—Testing three var. sorghum
- 17—Testing two var. sorghum
- 18—Testing grass peas and two of vetches
- 19—Testing ripe, kale and cabbage
- 20—Testing three var. clover
- 21—Testing two var. alfalfa
- 22—Testing four var. grasses
- 23—Testing three var. field peas
- 24—Testing two var. sweet corn
- 25—Testing three grain mixtures for grain production
- 30—Testing three grain mixtures for fodder production

Any person in Ontario may claim one of the experiments for 1915. The material will be furnished in the order in which applications are received, while they last. Each applicant should send a second choice, as the material experiment selected as first choice may be exhausted before his application is received. All material will be free of charge to each applicant, produce will, of course, be the property of the person who conducted the experiment. Each person applying for an experiment should write his name and address very carefully, and send the name of the county in which he resides.

C. A. ZAVI, Director, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, March, 1915.

What Would You Do With Kaiser?

The above question was asked readers of Beck's Weekly. We received some of the answers given, while all sorts of punishment for him—put him in an iron cage with a poodle (outside) and let him die of

Put him in exile on St. Helena him on trench bread and black would not allow him to have any matter.

Make him and his sons, surround Belgian widows and orphans, work their own hands for the rest of their lives at rebuilding Louvain.

Set him adrift on one of his own bound and handcuffed, with a tin of dynamite and a time bomb.

Put him on St. Helena and tort with visions of the women and children he has killed.

Put him in a cage, on the public of every city in the Empire, that might tell him what they thought of him.

Let him live in a cage, for "Venge mine," said the Lord, "will I condemn him to earn his living by operating a street wagon plaiting two ton cables, 'Marseillaise' and 'Britannia,' selling Union Jacks as line.

Place him in a cage with the Sultan of Turkey and exhibit him in a cage the benefit of the Belgian sufferers.

I would do with Kaiser. I would do that all your other readers have said.

"If you'll Go, I'll Go"

Say that to some friend who leaves him Saturday night. Of you will mean that you will go to Sunday if he will go too. That is way to start off. If you are und which church to attend, select it your mother used to go to. You go far wrong. Any fellow's mother ought to be good enough for next Sunday give up the lazy habit. Have your best clothes on.

Put 'em on and start out with you up and your shoulders back. You ing one of the best things you ever your life and if you keep it up you never be sorry. And you'll be sure to see how good it feels to be in c And above all things, if there is con tional singing, don't merr the book and bluff at singing. Fill u lungs and let out the music. You'll it, all right. You may have for the words but the tune, never.

Your mother used to sing it! Sh be a happy woman when she know boy is in church.

Trade in Watford and you will 30 home satisfied.

Relief from Asthma. Who can scribe the complete relief from su which follows the use of Dr. J. D. log's Asthma Remedy? Who can press the feeling of joy that comes its soft and gentle influence reliev tightened, choking, and suffocating made asthmatic affliction a thing a past for thousands. It never fails, druggists everywhere have sold years.