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Rochon P.Q., Jan. 14th, 1915.  
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FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

## Indisputable Evidence

### A Christmas Story

By IDA SPEED

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When Miss Cecilia Cary came to this western country from back east to teach music she was regarded as a rank outsider.

Old man Seeberger, whose word ain't worth 10 cents, but whose signature is worth all of \$10,000, said the first Sunday she sung before preachin' that when she got up on them high notes she put him in mind of a bronc when it's been thrown and gits to gaspin' and wheezin' as the rope is tightened.

But old man Seeberger's opinion was not shared by all the male population of Clanahans, for them boys shore swarmed, and, rattle the planner and holler her vocal singin' as she would, she couldn't git 'em to settle.

She went to boardin' with the Widow Hughes when she first come. Bill Hughes was gittin' up some horses one day and was doin' a fast piece of ridin' when his mount turned over with him. Gopher hole, you know, Bill under the whole works.

Never spoke afterward, and in two hours his pretty young wife was known as the Widow Hughes, and in spite of much persistent courtin' she's known as that yet.

It looked once like her and Red Martin was goin' to make a hitch up of it, but that seemed to fizzle out, and he was one of the leaders with Miss Cary when she first come, for Red is the leadin' kind.

He done in this case same as he had with several women before—hit the trail to Arizona with a herd, right when he seemed to have a walkover, and Hick Fuller and Sam Harman took his place so complete he never was missed.

Now, maybe you've noticed how a woman does about a solitary diamond ring. If her folks give it to her or she buys it herself she'll always try to let on like it come from her beau.

If a feller gives it to her she'll intimate that it's a present from her pa.

So nobody knew where nor just when Mrs. Hughes come by her ring. In fact, very little was said or thought about it, as Bill had a accident policy, until she raised a great hue and cry about it bein' stole.

Chances are few for robbery here, where everybody knows everybody else and there ain't no suspicious characters, such as crooks, hoboes, promoters and the like, so it shore looked plumb odd when Miss Cecilia Cary moved over to the Citizens' hotel to board and simultaneous begun to wear a diamond the size as the one the widow Hughes had lost, only in a woman's ring instead of a heavy settin' like Minnie Hughes had wore.

This would not have looked so bad by itself, but Adolph Warner, who was the postmaster and express agent, knew that Miss Cecilia had sent off a small registered package one day just before she changed her boardin' place.

He said he remembered it particular, because while she was waitin' for her receipt at the postoffice window Red Martin got up from off the creaker box he was settin' on back by the stove and told her it she was ready to go he would walk home with her, as he was leavin' as soon as the rest of the outfit come by.

Adolph said she told Red all right and that she was goin' to be on the move that day too.

Red says, "Where to?" And she tells him the Citizens' hotel, and he says, "Good," and then Adolph handed the receipt to her, and they walked out together.

Some days later she gits a express package about the size of the one she sent off by mail, and then she comes out in that diamond ring.

Well, Minnie Hughes never accused nobody, but she hinted powerful, and folks come to cool off on Miss Cecilia.

She never seemed to notice it, but just played her hand with Sam and Hick, who stood by her manful and knocked the whey out of a feller or two apiece who merely related the facts in the case concernin' Minnie Hughes' ring.

There was some talk of takin' pupils away from Miss Cecilia, but as her patrons had paid six months in advance in order to git her to come they didn't quite give way to their feelin's to that extent.

The kids she gives lessons to all was crazy about her anyhow, and they was all learnin' fast.

In the store one day the little Harman girl, Sam's sister, was holdin' her teacher's hand, and she says, "Miss Cary, where did that pretty ring come from?"

Miss Cary looked around like she was seelin' who'd heard, and her face got

## NO ALUM



awful red.

"I haven't got any change with me," she says to the Harman muchacha, "but let's see if my credit is good for a dime's worth of peanut candy and a dozen apples."

And she shuts the kid's mouth by stuffin' it full of trash to eat.

Things rocked along until Christmas, with more talk of that ring than anything else, and then folks begun to try to decide what they'd like to have so as to give it to some of their family or friends for a Christmas gift, and gossip turned to the big dance that was to come off on the night of the 25th, with fireworks before and after.

Christmas eve five of them pesky cowboys from the Lazy M blew into Clanahans with a flourish of six shooters and rope and drag off everybody's due that they can reach, leavin' us in a fix when the norther come up Christmas mornin', so that the hall where the dance was to be pulled off, bein' the only two story buildin' in the burg and havin' a big heater in it, was resorted to by young and old as a warm refuge from the storm.

Hick Fuller had Miss Cecilia Cary's company for that night, and it seemed like all the boys tried to make up for the way the rest of the population had treated her.

Minnie Hughes had got so she'd hardly speak to her and give her dirt to her back pretty near every time she opened her mouth.

The dance was more'n half over and the old ladies and children had gone home to bed when Cecilia sets down in one of the front windows to rest between dances.

There was a whole bunch around her, and from the place where the stair steps come up into the hall you could only see the top of her golden head with a band of light blue ribbon around it.

Minnie Hughes had crowded close to where Cecilia sat lookin' awful pretty in her black dress against the white shade, which was pulled down behind her.

Some of the boys offered Minnie some preserved cherries, which they was all eatin' out of the bottle with their fingers. But she declined.

"I'm wearin' my gloves tonight," she says, looking hard at Cecilia's diamond, for she was boilin' over with rage and jealousy at Cecilia bein' the belle of the ball in place of her, as had been the case for a long time.

"I haven't got any diamond to show off now," she says, spiteful.

"That's too bad about your ring," says Cecilia, sympathetic. "What do you suppose could have become of it?"

"It's on your finger," says Minnie, her lip curlin'.

Cecilia went white.

She snatched the ring off and held it toward Minnie. At the same moment she braced her shoulders as though she'd been struck at, and then, before anybody realized it, there was a quick, dull sound, and out of the window she fell, for it was open, and the thin strip of wood in the shade had snapped. Below was the only piece of sidewalk sidewalk in Clanahans.

It was so sudden everybody seemed paralyzed except Hick Fuller, who had presence of mind enough to grab one black satin toe, and in less time than it takes to tell it he had jumped to his feet and pulled her back from death, a pale, sick girl with a pretty badly sprained back.

Anyhow, that second was not too brief for a very important thing to happen. The conscience of every man and woman in that room got a wrench that brought them back to a sense of justice, so they were ready to receive Red Martin when he bounded into their midst.

He had heard and seen it all on his way across from the head of the stairs; he had pictured her maimed form on the stone walk below, and the sneer had all but made him faint, though he was plumb dauntless as a broncho buster and would fight a bear.

"Oh!" Cecilia says when she saw him bendin' over her. "Oh, but I'm glad you are back! Here's your ring," she says as she holds it out in her hand. "Tell them."

"It ain't my ring, girl," he says. "It was, but it's yours now," and he puts it back on her third finger and holds her hand to his lips.

She half set up on the bench where

we'd laid her, then fell back pale as a sheet.

"Somebody run for water," begs Red, helpless and skeered.

"I'm all right," she says, stern and dignified. "But why does Mrs. Hughes say she once wore this ring?" and she draws her hand away from him.

"She did wear it," says old Red, with a groan. "She kept it for me a year I had no safe place to keep it, and Bill and I were always pals. I ought to have told you. That's why I asked you to change your boardin' place. Minnie didn't like it when I asked her for the ring, and I was so afraid"—here he broke off and looked sheepish—"I was afraid she'd say somethin' to make you distrust me," he ends.

"But what about the package you sent off?" says Adolph, too interested in gettin' the mystery cleared up to keef for buttin' in.

"The package that I sent? When?" Cecilia asks.

"The day Red left," says Adolph.

"Oh, that!" she says and looks straight at Red in a meanin' way.

"It's none of their business," he says, furious.

"Tell them," she orders him. "Don't you see they have thought all along that I took her diamond? It must be explained."

Red got that dead beat look again.

"She sent back the plain gold engagement ring to the man she gave up for my sake," says Red. "I took my diamond to be set in a ring to fit her finger and had it expressed back to her, and she's goin' to marry me at once," he says through clenched teeth.

"And now," he says, gittin' on his feet and doublin' up his fists while the crowd edged back. "If that ain't enough and any pryin', scandal aingin', long tongued son of a lyin' father wants to know any more about her and me collective or her or me individual let him meet me down there in front of this hall and help himself to the grapes."

He glares at the whole lot of us a moment; then he turns and takes Cecilia's wraps from Hick Fuller, who has brought 'em up, and he asks her gentle if she can walk downstairs and across the street to the Citizens' or shall him and Hick carry her?

Nobody noticed till afterward that Bill Hughes' widow was gone.

### Gray Hair.

A Chinese philosopher says there is an ounce of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

### Longfellow's Grave.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, is buried in Mount Auburn cemetery, Boston.

### The Longest Rivers.

If the seven longest rivers of the world were put end to end they would lack 500 miles of encircling the earth.

### London.

The Romans built London about the year 50 A. D., but London wall was not built until 306 A. D.

### The Reason.

"The first year of married life is always the most troublesome. After a couple passes that safely the great danger of separation is over."

"Why do you say that?"

"It usually takes a man a year to learn the futility of arguing with his wife."

### Tearing Sounds.

The ear can be trained to accustom itself to the sound of the tearing of various materials. The noise accompanying the tearing of cotton is unlike that of linen. The warp has its voice and the filling quite another, the former being shrill, while the latter is apt to be dull.

### Those Dear Girls.

Alice (just engaged)—What do you think Jack said to me last night? That if he had to choose either me or \$10,000 he wouldn't look at the money. Marie—Dear, loyal fellow! Wouldn't like to risk the temptation, I suppose.—Boston Transcript.

### Curiosity.

Gladys—Why are you going to all that trouble to open that letter so carefully, Maud? Maud—Oh, I had a quarrel with George and intended to send his letter back unopened, but I just thought I would see what he said before I returned it.

### Never.

Mr. Willis—But why don't you take your bank book in to have it balanced?

Mrs. Willis—I don't want that snoopy looking cashier to know how much money I've got in there.—Pittsburgh Press.

### The Indispensable Boy.

Caller—How is your new office boy getting along these days? Lawyer—Oh, fine! He's got things so mixed up now that I couldn't get along without him.—Boston Journal.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave. The flame upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of the dead.—Hazlitt.

## 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  
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  
Wm. Auttersson  
S. P. Shanks

#### 2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

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

#### 33RD BATTALION

Percy Mitchell Lloyd Howden  
Gordon H. Patters., died in Victoria Hospital, London.  
Geo. Fountain

#### 34TH BATTALION

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

#### 70TH BATTALION

Ernest Lawrence  
—Emmerson  
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

#### 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