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The Dangerous Condition Which Produces Many Well Known Diseases.

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THIS TROUBLE

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Mother's Emerald

A Love Story.

By AGNES C. BROGAN

When father first spoke of bringing the student to board I was glad. Any new companionship seemed promising. But when I considered that the student, being musical, might also be the possessor of an uncertain temperament my troubles appeared to be increasing. One like father was bad enough in any family, flying off on the slightest provocation into a fit of temper or, in his better moods, listening apparently with an appreciative smile as one related some personal incident, only to find at its conclusion that his mind had been engaged with some beloved "score." Nora, the cook, was my only comfort, and Nora had not what one might call an "understanding" mind.

Father told me his plan one evening with his customary tardiness. The student was to arrive at 8 o'clock and the south room to be prepared for his disposal. He was coming "free" upon condition of exchanging secretarial work for lessons. This alone was a recommendation to the student's musical ability. Father would receive no pupil without promise of skill. Excitedly he named the young man as "his discovery." Eric Knowlson's future, he said, was assured. So I went to mother's picture about it. I have a way of going to mother's picture if all my joys and perplexities to receive advice from its soft eyes. You see mother, left this world as I entered slipping out very silently before ever my baby arms could reach her.

"Mother," I sighed, "if we must have another man in this house, oh, let us hope that he may be a sane one!" My experience with men ended with father, and I fancied them all like him. Nora encouraged me in this belief. "They're all the very old devil," she said. And with her remark in my ears I ran into the music-room and incidentally also into the student. The sudden encounter surprised him as much as it did me. He had been removing his violin from its case, whistling softly. His whistle stopped abruptly. Then after we had stared at each other awhile he bowed.

"Eric Knowlson," he explained, "Mercy!" I exclaimed rudely, "I should never have guessed it. Not the violinist?"

"The same," he replied, "long hair and soulful eyes missing perhaps." He smiled. "Bound to be a failure, then. None of the essentials."

"I am Professor Ludlow's daughter," I stiffly reproved him, "and will show you to your room."

"It is my turn to say 'Mercy!' I never should have guessed it," the young man remarked pleasantly. "Your father has always spoken of you as 'my daughter, the housekeeper.' Naturally I imagined a staid, sensible appearing sort of person. Again, none of the essentials."

Suddenly my smile answered his. "You shall see," I challenged. So, with free and merry chatter, we found ourselves in the short space before dinner upon astonishingly friendly terms. It was father's forbidding presence which cast formality over the meal. Afterward, upon the top step of the stairs, I listened to their music, father at the piano, the student with his violin. And the sweet strains of the instrument at his charmed touch caused even me, surfeited with music, to linger. Into the "Spring Song" came a dominant, personal note, that was suddenly a clear, compelling call. Slowly I moved in answer down the stairs, then paused perplexedly in the doorway. The student smiled.

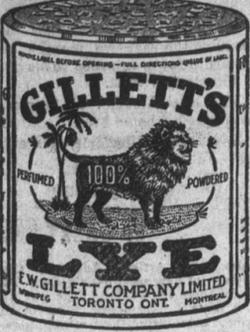
"I called you," he said daintily, "and I knew that you would come."

So our love began, abruptly, inexplicably.

One day Eric told me the story of his life. Uneventful it had been, yet one of sacrifice. His father, a violinist, had deserted Eric and his mother just as the lad was beginning to realize his inherited musical gift. After that he had quietly laid his ambition aside with his violin and turned to care for his mother. And now she was dead, now only had he dared to indulge his dreams, and father in a measure had made this possible. For himself money had not mattered, he said. There had been but one thing he coveted—a white marble stone for his mother's grave. This he must have. "And now there's you, Nance!" he cried. "I must have you!" Then he caught up my hand to look at my rings—mother's emerald and its tiny guard.

"Dear," he said

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



first I feared this costly ring might be significant. "Oh, no!" I told him. "It has been the betrothal ring of our family, handed down for generations. Father's mother placed it upon my own dear mother's finger, and now that she is gone father trusts it in my keeping."

"It is of great value," Eric said, his eyes suddenly aglow as he bent over the wondrous stone; then with his first sign of impatience my lover turned from me.

"What is it?" I asked him, troubled.

"The farring thought, perhaps, of our different stations," he replied—"your mother's costly emerald, my mother's unmarked grave."

Father coming in at this moment, I hastened to draw the tea table nearer the fire. Something was wrong with the alcohol lamp, so I drew my rings from my finger, bending to adjust it. Upon the mantel stood a small brass clock. Its high center spindle, with a sort of lattice-work beneath, made an excellent ring tray. Often I slipped my rings over the spindle, and there, hidden from sight, they safely awaited my pleasure. So I heard them now tinkle down to their place and came with a laughing remark to brighten Eric's sober mood. But it was unabated when Nora called me to the kitchen. After the evening meal there was no summons in the message of the violin. "Different stations," I repeated to myself pettishly. "What in all the world is worth having save only love and happiness?" Then I remembered my rings. I had left them upon the clock spindle.

Down the stairs I crept silently—the household might be sleeping. The light of a street lamp shining through the window guided me across the room. I felt for the rings. Just one was there. The emerald must be upon the floor, or perhaps the mantelshelf, or—I pressed the electric button. Father, entering unexpectedly, found me upon my knees after a last hopeless search.

"The ring, of course," he exploded. "You show it off to a penniless young vagabond, then leave it upon the mantelshelf—a fortune within easy reach of a stranger." Still muttering accusations, father went carefully over the polished surface of the floor, where no smallest glinting thing might hide. Then, as I had so many times done, he lifted each article from the mantelshelf. There were but four—the candlesticks, the clock and mother's picture. The ring had completely disappeared. For one long moment father eyed me in stern condemnation.

"You will make no mention of this loss," he commanded sharply, "nor let the adventurer know that he is suspected. In that lies our only hope of recovery. He shall be watched. He is the only person, excepting our two selves, who has either entered or left this room tonight. There is no possible way that the ring could have escaped."

It seemed all very true. But perhaps, I reflected, Eric had taken the ring for the night into his own safe keeping. In the morning he would smilingly chide me for my carelessness as he restored it. In the morning Eric was gone. Nora brought a note from him as I was dressing.

"Dearest," it read, "I am called away very suddenly. Will explain when I see you."

A sickening sense of the trade this news would bring forth from my father came over me. And if he should learn that the man was my lover, my

WEAK, AILING CHILD

Made Strong By Delicious Vinol
Lakeport, N. H.—"Our little girl 8 years of age was in a debilitated, run-down condition and had a stubborn cough so she was weak and ailing all the time. Nothing helped her until we tried Vinol. Then her appetite increased and she is strong and well, and I wish other parents of weak, delicate children would try Vinol."—Geo. A. COLLINS.

This is because Vinol contains beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptones and glycerophosphates which she needed.

Taylor & Son, Druggists, Watford, Ont., also at the best druggists in all Ontario towns.

promised husband! In my own heart was no thought of Eric's guilt.

"He's covered up his tracks pretty well," father said bitterly, "but we'll find him yet. That ring can't be disposed of without a sensation."

But they did not find him. My own eyes, filled with sad questioning searched mother's smiling ones. "Wait," they seemed to bid me—"wait!"

And at last Eric came. I was quite alone in the dusk, and at first he did not speak—just folded me close in his arms.

"It has been so long," I murmured brokenly, "and no word."

"There was so much to attend to," my lover said. "And I was hurrying back to you. On the way I stopped to place a stone—a fine, tall white marble one—on mother's grave."

Practically I endeavored to push him from me. Father stood before us, I had never known his wrath to reach such bounds. Inarticulately he raved, marking his accusations with a threatening fist, which, gesticulating, brushed from its resting place mother's picture. I stopped to pick it up, mechanically adjusting the catch of the heavy frame, then I stood breathless.

"Father!" I gasped. Eric's staring eyes turned toward me. The back of the picture was held in place by two broad strips of brass. In the lower of these pockets and evidently jarred from its wedding place gleamed the fateful emerald ring. For a moment we all stood looking at it.

"I don't understand," muttered Eric. "Don't you?" I cried, laughing through my tears. "Well, one evening I thought I had slipped the ring over the clock's spindle, but it bounded, it seems, turning down into the open pocket of mother's frame, hiding there close and tight. It is the betrothal ring of our family, Eric, handed down from parent to child. And, now, don't you see? Mother is giving it back to me to wear for you."

My lover came close; father was forgotten.

"Nance," said Eric, oh, so tenderly—"Nance, you'd take me like this, a penniless student? You'd believe in me through all false appearances against all the world?"

"Yes, Eric," I told him simply. Then he said: "I am glad I'm not quite so unworthy. My father died a few days ago. That's why I went away so suddenly. He sent for me when he was lying. He's left me all his money, Nance, and it's quite a lot."

Father cleared his throat several times before we turned to listen. Then as he spoke we hardly knew his voice, it was all so soft and humiliated.

"Boy," he said; "boy, I've done you wrong in my thoughts. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive?" laughed Eric. "Well, I should say so, for if I haven't stolen your jewels I have stolen your daughter, that's sure."

Then father reached over and put the emerald ring in Eric's hand, while mother's eyes smiled at us all through the twilight.

In all infantile complaints that are the result of the deprivations of worms in the stomach and intestines Miller's Worm Powders will be found an effective remedy. They attack the cause of these troubles, and by expelling the worms from the organs insure an orderly working of the system, without which the child cannot maintain its strength or thrive. These powders mean health and improvement.

Public Streets.

Under the Roman-Dutch civil law the title to a public street was in the sovereign, and this rule obtained in New Netherlands until the country now comprising New York city was taken over by the English in 1664. The English common law, on the other hand, left the title to a public street in the owner of the adjacent land, with only "the right of passage for the king and his people."

On the Fly.

"So you want to know where flies come from, Tommy? Well, the cyclone makes the housefly, the blacksmith makes the freddy, the carpenter makes the sawfly, the driver makes the horsefly, the grocer makes the sandfly, and the boarder makes the butterfly."

For Greasy Woodwork.

Paint or woodwork that has become greasy should be cleaned with a cloth dipped in turpentine. Then wipe with a cloth dipped in water to which a little kerosene has been added.—New York American.

A man does not represent a fraction, but a whole number; he is complete in himself.—Schopenhauer.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

NEW STRENGTH FOR LAME BACK!

Letter Teller of Long-looked-for Prescription.

Dear Mr. Editor—I suffered from lame back and a constant tired, worn-out feeling. At times I was unable to stand erect and scarcely able to get around. It would usually come on at first with crick in small of my back. I took one box of Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets and my back commenced to get better soon after starting to take them. I did not have to walk doubled over as I did before using the "Anuric." It is the best remedy I have ever taken for what it is intended to relieve. I hope those who are in need of such a remedy will give the "Anuric Tablets" a trial. (Signed) A. G. DRAKE.

NOTE: Up to this time, "Anuric" has not been on sale to the public, but by the persuasion of many patients and the increased demand for this wonderful healing tablet, Doctor Pierce has finally decided to put it into the drug stores of this country within immediate reach of all sufferers.

Simply ask for Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets. There can be no imitation. Every package of "Anuric" is sure to be Doctor Pierce's. You will find the signature on the package just as you do on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the ever-famous friend to ailing women, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, proven by years to be the greatest general tonic. Send 10 cents to Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for large trial package.

At any rate don't give up hope of being cured of your malady until just a few doses of "Anuric" have proven that it will make you feel like a different person.

EDITOR—Please insert this letter in some conspicuous place in your paper.

FOR THE WEE TOT'S PLAY.

This Delectable Doll For the Children's Christmas.

Rag dolls are ever dearer to small hearts than are elegant ones. This fine one is embroidered on twill, her



GOING GARDENING.

flower basket being done in original colors. Small buttons, waist fashion, are stitched on as expressive eyes. Please observe that the cuffs match the cap.

Collars of Felt.

A new feature in blouses is felt trimming. Some of the georgette crape-models have collars and cuffs of felt attached to the blouse by bits of embroidery in the cross stitch or by French knots. Such blouses are cut low, V neck in front, with the felt collar turning down across the back. Blouses are as often seen with high collars as with low V cut, and there is a way of combining the two in a novel manner. A long, straight piece of chiffon of the same material of which the blouse is made is attached at the neck in the back and is brought around the throat and tied in a bow over the V cut or is crossed in front, with the two embroidered ends hanging over the shoulders in scarf fashion.

Many such novel ideas are to be noted in the blouses and especially the peplum embroidered blouses.

Pleasure in Well Doing.

Pleasure has a way of coming indirectly—where least you look for her and when least you expect her. She lurks in the happiness of work well done. She lingers in the consciousness of honest bookkeeping with life, and she always is to be found in the joy of growth and progress. In all these ways honest pleasure is to be found. This isn't meant to be a dull preachment against anything but work. But it does mean to say that happiness lies in doing and the consciousness of well doing.

A Fresher Way.

A yolk of egg will keep fresh for several days if a little cold water is poured over it.

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