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The War Against Health Is Quickly Ended By "Fruit-a-tives".



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East Ship Harbour, N.S.

"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches, and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicines seemed to help me. Then I finally tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effect was splendid. After taking one box, I feel like a new person and I am deeply thankful for relief from those sickening headaches."

Mrs. MARTHA DEWOLFE.
"FRUIT-A-TIVES", the medicine made from fruit juices, has relieved more sufferers from Headaches, Constipation, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine. 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.

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Mr. Bowser Laughs

And So Do Mrs. Bowser and the Cat.

By M. QUAD.
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The other night as Mr. Bowser settled down to his newspaper and cigar the cat leaped up on his lap, and Mrs. Bowser noticed that he didn't knock her head off at once. He is not exactly down on cats, and the Bowser cat had been an inmate of the family for many years. But Mr. Bowser is rather erratic. Sometimes he seems to love cats, and again his glare of malevolence sends them hustling for life.

Mrs. Bowser sat reading a book, and all was quiet and content within the house. Even the cook had broken her last dish in doing up the dinner dishes. The cricket on the hearth was getting ready to chirp when there came a sound like a human chuckle.

Which was it and who was it? The sounds were repeated, and Mrs. Bowser looked up. Mr. Bowser was the guilty party. He chuckled again as he finally stroked the cat. Indeed, his chuckle became a cackle, and the cackle finally reached the ha! ha! stage.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser in tones of astonishment.

"N-ot-hing—n-ot-hing 'till." "But there must be. You are looking red in the face and trying your hardest to laugh." "I was thinking of—the cat—ha!" "What about the cat? She seems to be all right."

"Yes, she seems to be a right—ha! ha!" Mrs. Bowser stood up in her astonishment and looked at him. Mr. Bowser



"KITTY, KITTY! COME HERE, OLD CAT!" Mr. Bowser returned her look and continued to stroke the cat. After half a minute he asked:

"You seem to think it funny that I love our cat. Haven't you always noticed that I just doted on her?"

"Not by a jugful, Mr. Bowser. You have almost kept her in terror of her life ever since she came to us." "She knows better than that, doesn't she?" said Bowser as he lifted the cat up against his cheek. "I have always thought her the best cat in the world and sometimes I have hurried home to dinner more on her account than on any other. Nice cat. Good old cat. I wouldn't have anything happen to this cat for a hundred dollar bill—ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Bowser moved toward the telephone with the object of communicating with the family doctor about Mr. Bowser's mental condition, but he stopped her with the question: "Mrs. Bowser, how old do you call our blessed old cat?" "Why—why—I was thinking about it a day or two ago and I made out that she was about twelve years old," she replied.

"That old? How good and kind of her to live that long. I hope she will live another twelve years to comfort this home. She will always find in me a friend and protector. Mrs. Bowser, should I ever learn that during my absence at the office you had perpetrated an act of cruelty toward this dear old cat I should certainly make you answer for it—ha, ha, ha!"

At this point the cat leaped to the floor and took up her quarters under the lounge. If the cricket on the hearth intended to chirp he gave it up, and only the voice of a street peddler came faintly to break the silence. Mrs. Bowser was more than astonished, but there was something more to come. All of a sudden Mr. Bowser half shriek-

Every 10c Packet of
WILSON'S FLY PADS
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

ed out with laughter and bent double in his chair and pounded his leg with his fist as he uttered his ha, ha, ha's! "Excuse me, dear," he replied as he straightened up and wiped the tears from his eyes. "Of course it was foolish of me, but I got to thinking. Once in a while one does think, you know."

"Even about cats," she sneered. "Yes, about cats. I think I will take a little walk and drop in and see the druggist for a bit of a chat."

"As Mrs. Bowser sat alone for the next half hour she wondered and wondered if anything serious was to follow Mr. Bowser's strange exhibition. The cricket on the hearth was getting ready to chirp when there came a sound like a human chuckle.

Next day Mrs. Bowser had shopping to do in the afternoon, but before starting out she said to the cook: "Maggie, I want you to keep your eye on the cat while I am gone."

"Is she going to run away, mum?" "I don't think so, but she may be carried away."

"By the cat and dog wagon, mum?" "I can't say, but somehow I feel that something will happen to her unless she is watched. If Mr. Bowser comes home unexpectedly make an excuse to keep your eye on him."

"Why, mum, Mr. Bowser wouldn't take the cat away, would he?" "Well, he was most too affectionate to her last evening. At any rate, keep your eye on the cat and Mr. Bowser." At 3 o'clock that afternoon two or three things happened at the Bowser mansion. The cook had kitchen utensils to scour and found that she was out of sand soap and obliged to go to the grocery for a supply. The Bowser cat awoke from a nap on the sitting room rug and passed out into the back yard and the sunshine to try a little promenade on the fence to get the kinks out of her legs.

The cook was at the grocery and inquiring for her soap and accepting the clerk's invitation to attend a picnic with him at the same time when Mr. Bowser drove up to the deserted house with a farmer in his wagon. It took him but a minute to rush through the house and find Mrs. Bowser and the cook absent. From a rear window he saw the "dear old cat" on the alley fence, and hustling back to the wagon he had the horses gallop around to the alley gate.

With an empty potato sack on his arm and a smile of hypocrisy on his lips he approached the innocent victim of his wiles with:

"Kitty, Kitty. Come here, old cat. I am going to give you a little vacation. That's right. Show your trust and confidence in one who has never betrayed you."

With that he dropped the feline into the sack and made for the wagon, and two minutes later Mr. Bowser, the Bowser cat and the farmer and his wagon were out of the neighborhood.

The cook had intended to make a two minute job of buying the soap, but, of course, it was twenty minutes before she got back to the house. Her mind being on that picnic, it was half an hour more before she looked around for the cat. Grimalkin was gone. Nor could an hour's hunt reveal hide nor head of her.

When Mrs. Bowser reached home no scouring had been done. No preparations for dinner, but nothing but tears and sighs and reproaches had taken place.

"The cat—the cat is gone, mum?" "The doleful news communicated."

"But I told you to keep your eye on her."

"I had to go to the grocery for soap." "Are you sure Mr. Bowser didn't come home?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"He might have come while I was at the store, mum."

Mrs. Bowser looked for the cat for the next half hour, and not finding or hearing of her she gave it up. Her mind was made up as to the fate of the cat, however, and the policy that she was to pursue was adopted.

Mr. Bowser came home at the usual hour, and he found Mrs. Bowser's attitude the same as usual. No excitement, no perturbation, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

Dinner passed off as usual. If there was suspicion abroad he did not feel that it rested on him. Once or twice during the meal he started to give a chuckle or a cackle, but at once suppressed it. It was only when he was seated again with a newspaper and cigar that he said in a careless way:

"It seems kinder lonesome without the cat around. I wonder where she is?"

"Oh, I guess she is around somewhere," replied Mrs. Bowser in equally careless tones.

"I should hate to have her lost at her age after having lived with us so long as she has."

"I am not worrying any."

Five minutes passed, and Bowser chuckled. Five more, and he said:

"Somehow I am afraid that we shall never see our dear old cat again."

"I think we shall," said Mrs. Bowser as she rose up and called to the cook through the tube:

"Maggie, is the cat down there?" "Yes, mum."

"Then bring her up. Mr. Bowser wants to see her."

And in another minute the cook came up juggling that "dear old cat," looking a little weary, but not much worse for wear. As she dropped the feline to the floor there was a purr of "home again," and Mr. Bowser raised his hands and exclaimed:

"It can't be! It can't be!" "But it is," laughed Mrs. Bowser. "She returned while we were eating dinner. It is a cat habit, you know."

Mr. Bowser looked from the cat to Mrs. Bowser and then back.

Mrs. Bowser looked from Mr. Bowser to the cat.

Then they both chuckled and smiled and grinned and burst out laughing, which was continued for five long minutes. Mr. Bowser put his arm around her and asked to be forgiven.

And the cat chuckled and smiled and laughed with them. It was the first time in years that Bowser had not threatened divorce, but he was seeing the funny side of things.

Flax Shortage Feared.
The Regina Board of Trade has already taken the initiative in the matter of interesting some of the large Canadian manufacturers in putting on the market two flax machines known as a puller and breaker. For some weeks past the Board of Trade has been in correspondence with some of the large manufacturers of the east with a view to getting them started in the manufacture of these machines, which, it is claimed, would mean a boon to the farmers of Saskatchewan alone to the extent of about \$15,000,000 a year. Louis A. Hartvigsen, the representative of Old Country spinning and linen mills, has located in Regina, and is hard at work on a problem which faces the Old Country mills this year. The industry in England has always secured its raw material from Germany, Russia and Austria-Hungary, and now that conditions are such as to render a further commerce in this line impossible, the mill owners look to Canada to supply them with fibre.

War Must End Soon.
There is unconscious humor in some of the letters sent home by soldiers at the front. An instance of this found its way into print in a Toronto paper the other day in a quotation from a letter written to his mother by Arthur Keats, of the Queen's Own Rifles. Six young men, including three Keats brothers, went to the war from this home.

The young man wrote home: "The war won't last long. Italy is in with us, Charlie Stovall is going on fine, A. Jackson is all right, Charlie is all right, and I feel fine."

"The Kaiser will surrender when he hears this.—Canadian Courier.

Battle Scenes Banned.
No motion pictures showing actual fighting may be shown in Ontario, according to the course now being followed by the Ontario Board of Censors. Some of the films showing scenes of warfare are being recalled by the board in order to be re-censored. Neither authentic nor "faked" war pictures may be seen during the war, although there is no objection to views of the manoeuvring of troops or scenes that do not actually show troops in action.

Would Not Be So Cruel.
Allee—Now that you've broken your engagement with Jack, you will of course return the diamond ring he gave you? Betty—Certainly not. It would be a constant reminder of the happiness he had missed.—Boston Transcript.

One Exception.
"Two negatives are equal to an affirmative." "Not if her father says no and the girl backs him."—Baltimore American.

The primary vocation of man is a life of activity.—Goethe.

Worms in children, if they be not attended to cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

COUNTY OF LAMBTON Treasurer's Notice as to Lands Liable for Sale for Taxes A. D. 1915

Take notice that the list of lands in the County of Lambton liable for sale for arrears of taxes by the Treasurer of the County has been prepared by me and that copies thereof may be had in the office of County Treasurer.

And further take notice that the list of lands liable for sale as aforesaid is now being published in the Ontario Gazette in the issues thereof bearing date the 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st days of July 1915.

And further take notice that in default of payment of the taxes in arrears upon the lands specified in said list together with the costs chargeable thereon as set forth in the said list so being published in the Ontario Gazette before the day fixed for sale of such lands, being the 15th day of October A. D. 1915, the said lands will be sold for taxes pursuant to the terms of the advertisement in the Ontario Gazette.

And further take notice that this publication is made pursuant to Assessment Act 4, Edward VII Chapter 23 and Amendments.

Dated at Sarnia this third day of July A. D. 1915.
HENRY INGRAM,
Treasurer of Lambton,

Aug. 28-31 **Canadian National Exhibition TORONTO** Sept. 13
\$150,000 IN PRIZES AND \$150,000 ATTRACTIONS
"PATRIOTIC YEAR"

Model Military Camp
Destruction of Battleships
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WAR TROPHIES
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One Thousand and One New Things to See

REDUCED RAILWAY RATES FROM ALL POINTS

OUR CLUBBING LIST

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Family Herald and Weekly Star \$1 85
Weekly Mail and Empire..... 1 85
Weekly Farmers Sun..... 1 85
Weekly London Free Press..... 1 85
Weekly London Advertiser..... 1 65

Saturday Globe..... 2 00
Northern Messenger..... 1 40
Weekly Montreal Witness..... 1 85
Hamilton Spectator..... 1 85
Weekly Farmer's Advocate..... 2 35
Daily News..... 3 00
Daily Star..... 3 00
Daily World..... 4 00
Daily Globe..... 4 00
Scientific American..... 4 75
Mail and Empire..... 4 00
Morning London Free Press... 4 00
Evening London Free Press... 3 00
Morning London Advertiser... 3 00
Evening London Advertiser... 3 00

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
Trains leave Watford Station as follows:
GOING WEST
Accommodation, 75..... 8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 34 flag..... 12 13 p.m.
Accommodation, 85..... 6 39 p.m.

GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80..... 7 43 a.m.
New York Express, 6..... 11 11 a.m.
New York Express, 2..... 3 05 p.m.
Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent Watford

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