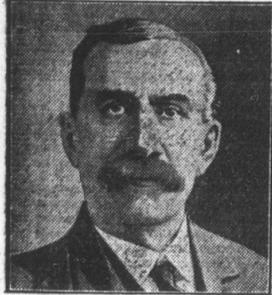


WILL WE EVER WALK ON AIR?

Train Of Thought Inspired By A Letter About "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. D. McLEAN

Orillia, Ont., Nov. 23th, 1914.

"For over two years, I was troubled with Constipation, Drowsiness, Lack of Appetite and Headaches. I tried several medicines, but got no results and my Headaches became more severe. One day I saw your sign which read 'Fruit-a-tives' make you feel like walking on air. This appealed to me, so I decided to try a box. In a very short time, I began to feel better, and now I feel fine. Now I have a good appetite, relish everything I eat, and the Headaches are gone entirely. I cannot say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives', and recommend this pleasant fruit medicine to all my friends". DAN McLEAN.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is daily proving its priceless value in relieving cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble—General Weakness, and Skin Diseases. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Here's What You Get In Lovell's Bread

Nut like flavor a sweetness that you look for

A crisp thin crust that has flavor. A nice, white, well-risen loaf, that retains its flavor for days, and cuts without crumbling.

Every slice not only a delight, but a source of vitality, alive with the matchless nutrition of Manitoba's richest wheat.

Bread that ensures ready and complete digestion.

TRY A LOAF
Lovell's Bakery

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A Practical Decision

Of Two Evils Choose the Lesser

By ELEANOR MARSH

There are rare instances of girls marrying men charged with some contemptible crime, the evidence of the man's guilt being overwhelming and no explanation whatever being offered. Several such cases have come to light when it has been suspected that the accused was made a scapegoat to screen some royal personage. I have one such case in mind that occurred in England twenty years ago. A baronet played baccarat with the heir to the throne. The baronet was accused of cheating. No defense was offered. At the height of the excitement an American girl married the supposed scapegoat. No explanation has ever been made.

It would be hard to find a case of love sacrifice more pronounced, even if the bride is convinced of the innocence of the husband.

A case something like this happened in my professional life. I was sitting in my office one morning when I received a telephone call that a man who had been arrested and was being held at a police station desired to see me. I went to the station at once and found the prisoner in the garb of an ordained minister. The name entered by the police was Jimmy Whiffles, alias the Rev. Miles Staples, alias Slippery Jim. I learned from the police that he was a sneak thief and confidence man, his last role being that of a three card monte sharp traveling with a circus.

The police had been looking for him for some time, but he must have had a confederate to keep him posted as to their movements, for whenever they proceeded to take him he was not there. The night before I was called for they had received a telephone message that they would find Slippery Jim in canonicals at the Ackley hotel. They went there and learned from the clerk that a man in clerical dress had come to the house during the evening.

Piloted by the clerk, a sergeant and two men went to the reverend gentleman's room and knocked. When he opened the door and saw the police he assumed surprise, which was to have been expected. He was told to put on his clothes and when he took them up for the purpose feigned to be dazed, wondering how they got into his room and declaring that they were not his and asserting that he was Arthur Poindexter and had come to the city late the evening before to visit his fiancée, the daughter of one Hugh MacDonald, a merchant in high repute. His name was on the register as Arthur Poindexter.

Such is a synopsis of the matter from the time of his arrival at the hotel to the moment of my arrival at the police station. He was conducted to a private room, where I was left alone with him. I asked him why he had sent for me, and he told me that he had asked the sergeant for the name of a criminal lawyer and I had been recommended.

Notwithstanding the apparent complicated condition of the case it seemed to me to be very simple. All he had to do was to send for his fiancée or some member of his family for identification. I proposed this to him, but he did not seem to place the reliance on it that I did. He said that during the winter he had made a trip to Florida, where he had met the lady who had become his fiancée. He had not yet met a single member of her family. Indeed, he did not see how the young lady herself could vouch for him. She had accepted him after a couple of months' sojourn at the same winter resort, her acceptance, of course, being conditional upon his presenting satisfactory credentials and the approval of her parents.

This certainly put a more serious phase upon the matter. Whatever faith the girl might put in him, her family would likely take the ground that she had met a scamp, who had fortunately been exposed before any serious harm had been done. I changed my mind about notifying Miss MacDonald or any of her family until I had had time for consideration. Indeed, the prisoner seemed greatly distressed at the idea of her being informed of his plight until he was ready to prove that he was not the man he was accused of being.

The case was puzzling. He claimed to have gone to the hotel in an ordinary business suit. When he was awakened by the police there on the chair on which he had placed his clothes was a suit evidently worn by a clergyman. But the most damning proof against him was that in a

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

rogues' gallery was a photograph of the Rev. Miles Staples, and if it was not a photograph of the prisoner it was certainly very like him. I asked him if he had a brother who had gone to the bad, and he replied that he had no brother whatever nor was any member of his father's family living.

It seemed to me that unless I could find the party who had telephoned the police of his presence at the Ackley House I would have a difficult job to prove he was what he claimed to be. I had no great confidence in the identification of his friends, for once throw a doubt on a person's identity and one may get evidence against him as well as for him. But the ultimate proving that he was Arthur Poindexter was not the fundamental point, for he might be Poindexter and all the rest of his aliases as well.

I suggested attending to the matter of bail at once, and, this having been disposed of, I took my client from the jail, he bought other clothes and we went to my office. What was of immediate concern to him was that he was expected by his fiancée, and his nonappearance would trouble her and count against him. Nevertheless we both agreed that we had better get together such evidence as would convince her—if it were possible to convince her—that her lover was what he pretended to be and his arrest was a mistake.

The only evidence I sought which my client did not furnish was at the hotel. I questioned the clerks there, but none of them had any special memory as to Mr. Poindexter's arrival, and it would not have counted for much if they had.

Having made this investigation I returned to my office, where I found my client, who presented his credentials, which were as follows: Arthur Poindexter was a gentleman of means, given to travel. He suggested my telephoning his bankers, which I did, and they vouched for him. I also telephoned several of his friends in his home city, whose stories all agreed. I became convinced that he was what he purported to be and that some trick had been played upon him, by whom or for what purpose I could only conjecture.

Having made up my mind to this, I proposed to him that I should call upon Miss MacDonald and explain the situation. I could plead her fiancée's cause to better advantage under the circumstances than he could himself. He agreed with me, and I set forth on my quest.

I have pleaded many causes before a jury, but never one requiring such care as this. I was obliged to keep constantly in mind that, with the exception of a season at a winter resort, my client was a stranger to the lady. I proceeded with the utmost caution, stating the case from the reverse of which it has been stated here. I pictured her lover coming to town, buoyed with expectation of seeing her the day after his arrival; his being obliged to spend a night at a strange hotel; his going to bed and being awakened to find that a mistake had been made; his astonishment at seeing a clergyman's clothes where he had placed his own; his horror at being led away to a police station. Then I gave her the information I had elicited concerning her lover's identity and the excellent character that had been given him by his friends.

The young lady heard me through without a word, then astonished me by her marvelous penetration into the intricacies of the case.

"I would not think," she said, "of introducing to my family as my fiancée a man under such a charge. Some one, for some unknown purpose, has turned him over to the police as a criminal. He suffers from a misfortune which is as much mine as his. You may prove that he is Arthur Poindexter, but I don't see how you can prove that Arthur Poindexter is not a confidence man. In other words, I see no hope for him. As to my action in the matter his misfortune only draws me closer to him. What do you propose?"

"What I propose is made much easier for me and for my client and for you by your remarkable appreciation for the conditions. Two courses are open to him: Either to stand trial, pleading not guilty, or to jump his bail, which

would be a bagatelle for one of his means, and disappear."

"Which do you recommend?" she asked after some thought.

"The latter course."

She sat thinking. I arose from my seat, went to a window and stood looking out, giving her time to consider. Presently she said:

"Tell him, please, that if he decides to follow your advice I will marry him and go with him. But on no account will I inform my family of what I intend to do. It would only make trouble for all of us without changing my resolution."

I returned to my office, where I found Poindexter and reported with enthusiasm what I considered his fiancée's noble sacrifice. I was some time in convincing him that the best thing he could do for both parties was to accept it. A marriage was arranged for the next day at my office, and immediately after the ceremony the bridal couple went on board a steamer sailing that night for a foreign port.

In due time an article appeared in a newspaper stating that Arthur Digby, alias Jimmie Whiffles, alias the Rev. Miles Staples, sneak thief and confidence man, had jumped his bail, taking with him as his wife a young lady well known in the highest social circles.

Naturally the marriage made a great stir in the social world and, for that matter, among those who did not know the parties.

Two years later Mr. and Mrs. Poindexter returned to America vindicated. The real Jimmie Whiffles, Rev. Miles Staples, etc., was captured and made the following confession: One evening in the Ackley hotel he saw a man who resembled himself. Jimmie was in canonicals at the time, and after the man (Poindexter) had gone to bed he stole up to his room, unlocked the door with a pair of pliers, stole the inmate's clothes, went to a bathroom, took off his canonicals, put on the stolen suit and replaced the former in the sleeper's room without awakening him. Then Jimmie went to a telephone booth and notified the police where they would find their quarry.

Practically the young couple's decision was a wise one. Of two evils they chose the lesser.

FANCY HATBANDS IN FAVOR.

Some of the Pretty, Frivolous Things That Appear This Season.

Fancy adjustable hatbands are a feature of the new millinery and appeal to the woman whose longing for variety is hampered by a limited purse. They furnish an excellent means of introducing daring touches of color in an otherwise dark street costume and are adaptable to the stiff crowned, narrow brimmed models as well as to the soft spruced hats of felt and beaver for which they were originally designed.

Plain colored ribbons in the new, bright shades as well as in striped and blocked effects, combining two colors in sharp contrast, are the most used for adjustable hatbands. Many of these are so woven as to pass for hand knitted bands and have a convenient elasticity which makes them easily adjustable to any size crown. Others are of a stiff ribbed silk similar to belting and fasten under the flattest of tailored bows.

Double faced ribbons, showing a dark shade on one side and a vivid coloring on the other, are among the most satisfactory for fancy hatbands, as they are capable of almost endless variety in adjustment.

Feeding the Birds.

Whenever boy scouts take a winter hike a chance offers for that good turn to be done. By taking along a few pounds of cornmeal or a bagful of breadcrumbs and scattering some here and there in sheltered spots in the woods for the birds a great deal of substantial comfort and happiness may be given. After heavy snows, when fallen weed seeds and insects are covered up, or especially after sleet storms, when everything edible is coated over beyond possible finding for several days, many a little feathered "tummy" gets empty, and birds, with their excessive vitality and the necessity of keeping up a high normal temperature, are quickly weakened by lack of food and fall victims to resulting cold. It is not a rare thing to find many small sojourners in the winter woods frozen to death after a cold snap.

SCHOOL TEACHER

Wards off Nervous Break Down

Alburtis, Pa.—"I am a teacher in the public schools and I got into a very nervous run-down condition. I could not sleep and had no appetite. I was tired all the time. My sister asked me to try Vinol. I did so, and within a week my appetite improved and I could sleep all night and now I feel well and strong."—ROSA M. KELLER, Alburtis, Pa.

We guarantee Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, for all weakened, run-down conditions and for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis.

Taylor & Son, druggists, Watford

Misery in Back, Headache and Pain in Limbs.

Dear Mr. Editor—For more than a year I suffered with misery in the back, dull headache, pain in the limbs, was somewhat constipated and slept poorly at night until I was about ready to collapse. Seeing an account of the wonderful qualities of "Anurie" prepared by Doctor Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., I sent for a box, and before using the whole box I felt and still feel improved. My sleep is refreshing, misery reduced, and life is not the drag it was before. I most cheerfully recommend this remedy to sufferers from like ailments.

Yours truly, W. A. ROBERTS.

NOTE: You've all undoubtedly heard of the famous Dr. Pierce and his well-known medicines. Well, this prescription is one that has been successfully used for many years by the physicians and specialists of Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for kidney complaints, and diseases arising from disorders of the kidneys and bladder, such as backache, weak back, rheumatism, dropsy, congestion of the kidneys, inflammation of the bladder, scalding urine, and urinary troubles.

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

I know of one or two leading druggists in town who have managed to procure a supply of "Anurie" for their anxious customers in and around this locality. If not obtainable send one dime by mail to Dr. Pierce for trial package or 50 cents for full treatment.

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

Here is a Beauty Diet.

Soups: Fresh fish, vegetable broth, clear.

Fish: Raw oysters, fresh fish, boiled.

Meats: Fat bacon, boiled or broiled; chicken, game (all springy).

Farinaceous: Cracked wheat, oatmeal, rice, sago, hominy, whole wheat bread or biscuits, rye bread, graham bread or rolls, crackers, dry toast, milk toast, macaroni.

Vegetables: Mashed potatoes, green peas, stringbeans, spinach, cabbage, cucumbers, cressets, lettuce, celery.

Desserts: Plain milk pudding, junket, rice and milk, sago and milk, stewed fruits (all without sugar).

Drinks: Weak tea (no sugar), milk, buttermilk, toast water, pure water (cold or hot).

Thoroughly masticate all foods and eat slowly.

Deviled Sardines on Toast.

Materials.—Two tablespoonfuls butter, a tablespoonful dry mustard, one-half teaspoonful salt, a teaspoonful lemon juice, sardines, one-third cupful butter, a tablespoonful Worcester's sauce.

Directions.—Beat the two tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, add the mustard, salt, sauce and lemon juice.

Scute the sardines for about six minutes in the remaining butter and when nearly done add the creamed mixture. Heat the whole thoroughly and serve on toast.

Questions and Answers.

The following is an amusing game. Each player writes a question. On another slip of paper he writes an answer to the question. The questions are collected and put in a hat. Then the answers are collected and put in a different hat. Both are well shaken. Then each player draws a question and an answer. The result is very funny. For instance:

"Do you like roses?"

"Yes, with mustard."

"Do you like roast beef?"

"Those that smell nice."

Not Fair.

"Say, Bob," asked George, "is it true that schoolteachers get paid?"

"Certainly it is," said Bob.

"Well, then," George said indignantly, "that ain't right. Why should the teachers get paid when we kids do all the work?"

The New Dress.

I've a new dress, don't you see, Robb redbreast in the tree?

Tell me what you think of it! Do you like it? Does it fit?

Don't you wish you wore a dress instead of feathers? Now, confound feathers are such funny things, I could never use your wings.

Still I guess they suit you best, just as all girls should be dressed. As I am, so do not mind. If you think I've been unkind.

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