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ROCHON, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915.
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I consider that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives' and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches—try 'Fruit-a-tives' and you will get well". CORINE GAUDREAU. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. All dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Leut. R. D. Swift, Scout Officer.
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Sergt. M. W. Davies
Sergt. S. H. Hawkins
Sergt. E. A. Dadds
Sergt. W. C. McKinnon
Sergt. Geo. Gibbs
Sergt. H. Murphy
Sergt. C. F. Roche
Corp. W. M. Bruce
Corp. J. C. Anderson
Corp. J. Menzies
Corp. S. E. Dadds
Corp. H. Cooper
Corp. C. Skilken
Corp. C. E. Sisson
L. Corp. A. I. Small
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C. J. S.—C. McCormick
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Pte. J. R. Garrett
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Pte. G. Lawrence
Pte. R. J. Lawrence
Pte. C. F. Lang
Pte. W. C. Pearce
Pte. T. E. Stilwell
Pte. A. H. Lewis, Band
Pte. G. A. Parker
Pte. A. W. Stilwell
Pte. W. J. Saunders
Pte. A. Armond
Pte. W. C. Aylesworth, Band
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Pte. S. L. McClung
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Pte. C. Atchison
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Pte. H. B. Hubbard
Pte. G. Young
Pte. T. A. Gilliland
Pte. D. Bennett
Pte. F. J. Russell
Pte. E. Mayes
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Pte. H. Thomas
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Pte. W. Zavitz
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Pte. John Lamb
Pte. Eston Fowler
Pte. E. Cooper
Pte. F. A. Connelly
Pte. F. Whitman
Pte. Edgar Oke
Pte. White
Pte. McGarrity
Pte. Wilson
Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer.
Pte. L. H. Aylesworth, Band.

SAVED BY A WOMAN

An Episode of the Peninsular War

By ALAN HINSDALE

When the Duke of Wellington was fighting the French in Spain in 1809 to 1814, gaining one victory after another, naturally the Spanish people were in an unsettled condition. In all countries when there is war there are persons who pretend to belong to one side or the other—sometimes both sides—either doing secret service or partisan work or engaged in robbery.

Alfonso Fernandez, a youngster of twenty-three, hated both the French and the English, expecting that, whichever conquered, Spain would have a foreign yoke about her neck. Fernandez, who commanded a small body of mounted men, would harass either side alike. Sometimes he would attack a supply train of the British, then the very next day, when they were pursuing the French after one of their many victories, he would be found in the van of the English ranks sabreing those Frenchmen who were unable to keep up with their retreating companies.

Fernandez was the son of a Spanish grandee and highly educated. One day he was riding at the head of his men through a rural district not far from Talavera, when screams were heard in advance. Fernandez put spurs to his horse and, followed by his troops, rode around a bend in the road through trees that obscured his vision, and, emerging into the open, came to a gentleman's country place that was being looted by stragglers from the French army.

Dashing through the gateway and up to the house the Spaniards attacked the marauders and drove them off. Fernandez himself found a young lady struggling with a French grenadier and cut him down.

Naturally those occupying the place were very grateful for their deliverance, and Donna Maria Matelina's heart went out to her preserver. The troop encamped, or, rather, bivouacked on the grounds of her home and received everything they needed that the place afforded. For some time they made it a base of their operations, striking out in different directions, always returning after a foray. But their absence were neither so frequent nor so long as they had been, for the leader spent much time dallying with Donna Maria.

Nevertheless the harassing Fernandez gave the French about this time was sufficient to excite the ire of Colonel Pierre Villiers, who vowed that if he could catch the "bandits," as he preferred to call them, he would hang every one of them. The colonel sent out a scout after one of Fernandez's attacks on a French outpost to follow him at a distance and discover his lair. The scout returned with the information that Fernandez himself spent much time at the Matelinas, but as for his troop they had no stopping place.

The more time Fernandez and Donna Maria spent together the more deeply they fell in love with each other and the more reckless Fernandez became in exposing himself to attack from his enemies. But a woman readily scents danger to the man she loves. The lady frequently expressed disapproval at her lover's remaining with her when his men were away, pointing out how easy it would be for either the French or the English to take him while he was alone. But whenever he consented to leave her she was sure to ask him to take the risk just once more.

Meanwhile Fernandez's band, under the leadership of his lieutenant, was harassing the French night and day. It being known what force was making all the trouble and it not being known that Fernandez himself was dallying with his beloved, he incurred all the obloquy of these attacks.

Colonel Villiers, having learned that Fernandez visited a certain place, made up his mind to take him there. He sent one or two expeditions there, but at the time Fernandez was away with his troop. The Frenchman, not wishing to frighten the bird away, concealed the fact that they were after him. But they did not deceive Donna Maria.

Colonel Villiers, eager to take the man who was annoying him, finally put a watch on the house Fernandez frequented and, one evening when it was reported that the Spaniard was there, concluded to go in person to capture him. Putting himself at the head of a dozen men—Fernandez's men were not with him—the colonel led them to the house where the lovers were dallying, surrounded it with his men, then closed in upon the premises. Fernandez and Maria were sitting



on a bench in the flower garden when suddenly they heard steps approaching, accompanied by the jingle of spurs. Both jumped to their feet and retreated to the house, screened on the way by high growing plants common to tropical countries, and closed a door behind them without having been seen. Discerning from a window the forms of men without, the lovers suspected that Fernandez was in danger, and Maria at once began to think of a place to hide him, for escape was obviously impossible. She led him upstairs to a bedroom and put him in a closet. Fernandez had never been beyond the ground floor of the house

and did not know in whose apartment he had been hidden. The closet door was locked, and he was in the dark. It was not long before the bedroom door was violently thrown open and there was a tread of boots on the floor.

"What means this intrusion?" he heard spoken in a voice which he recognized as Maria's.

"Pardon, senorita," said a man's voice, "but there is a man in this house who is wanted. We must find him."

"In a lady's chamber?"

"I regret to disturb you."

"You mean that you regret to insult me?"

"That is not intended."

"You come into my room when I am in bed and yet you do not intend to insult me?"

"God forbid that I, a French soldier, should insult a woman."

"Will you take the word of a lady?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then I am an unmarried woman. Is it not an insult for you to look for a man in a maiden's bedroom?"

"Certainly, senorita, provided the man is not some near relative."

"There is no near relative of mine in this house. My father is at the capital. I have no brother. Would that I had to protect me from this indignity!"

This evidently had a marked effect on the man, for after a humble apology he closed the door, and all was still. In a few moments the closet door was opened, and Maria, in a double gown, stood before her lover.

"Get into the bed," she said, "and I will take your place in the closet. When they do not find you in other parts of the house they will return and search this room."

As she stepped out of the closet she was about to go in when steps were again heard without. Maria took the key from the outside of the closet door and put it on the inside, but she did not close the door.

"Have you your pistol?" she asked hurriedly.

"Two of them."

"Well, be guided by what I say to any one who comes to the room."

Fernandez got into the bed with his clothes on and covered himself up. Maria had blown out the candles in the room, and it was dark. She stood within the closet, the door open and her hand on the knob.

Colonel Villiers had sent his men to search the house, and when the man who had failed to search Donna Maria's room returned and reported that he had been prevented from doing so by motives of delicacy for a woman the colonel started at once to make the search himself. But the colonel was a gentleman of France, and the work before him was not to his taste. Going to Maria's bedroom, he knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Maria.

"Pardon me, senorita, but I must search your room. I am sorry to—"

"I give you warning," interrupted Maria, "that I will not suffer insult a second time. I have armed myself, and whoever desecrates the privacy of my chamber shall receive a bullet for doing so."

The colonel, though he disliked to intrude upon a woman forcibly, was not afraid of one who opposed him in a masculine way. He opened the door and entered. His figure was plain enough to one in the room, but he could see nothing.

He took two

steps beyond the lintel when a pistol cracked from the bed and he fell in a heap on the floor.

"Quick! Change with me!" cried Maria as she darted from the closet to the bed. As Fernandez passed her she seized a pistol from him and hurried into bed. Fernandez took position in the closet. The exchange had scarcely been made when the colonel's men, having heard the shot, appeared before the chamber door and saw their commander lying in the opening.

"Carry him away," said Maria from the bed. "If any of you approach me I will serve you as I served him."

The men drew back at this. But in another moment one of them asked whether, if they attended to the colonel, they would have to do so under fire.

"So long as you attend to him," was the reply, "you are safe. All I ask of you is to respect me."

At this one of them raised Villiers, who had a bullet in his lung, and, seeing that he was alive, took him up and carried him into another room. Maria called to Fernandez:

"Now is your chance. The men have lost their leader and are busy ministering to him. Go before they again turn to continue the search for you."

"Rather you go before they return for their revenge. I will join you."

"What! You, to whom the church has not united me?"

"We will go to a priest."

"Go, then; I will follow you."

In another moment Fernandez was on a trellis without the window, and Maria followed him. Reaching the ground, they ran among the plants till they made an exit from the place.

A short distance from their starting point was a chapel. On reaching it Fernandez rapped on the door of the priest's house beside it.

"Father," he said when the priest opened the door, "I desire to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to this woman."

The pair were admitted and taken to the chapel. There they were married in haste and continued their flight. But there was no necessity for haste. Those they had left behind were too much engaged with their colonel to follow them. They made good their escape, and the next seen of them they were in Madrid.

When Spain was relieved from the great Napoleon Fernandez became prominent in the cortex.

Miller's Worm Powders not only exterminate intestinal and other worms, but they are a remedy for many other ailments of children. They strengthen the young stomach against biliousness and are tonic in their effects where the child suffers from loss of appetite. In feverish conditions they will be found useful and they will serve to allay pain and griping in the stomach, from which children so often suffer.

Over the Bridge of Sighs.

Nine times out of ten it is over the Bridge of Sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill placed or disappointed affection. We recover and we find ourselves new beings. The intellect has become hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wrecks of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Inconsistent Doctor.

"Why are you so sore at Dr. Jones?" "The old hypocrite charged me \$10 for advising me to confine myself to a diet of crackers and milk, and the very next evening I saw him in a restaurant blowing in my ten on lobsters and trimmings."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Islam and Dancing.

Mohammedanism forbids dancing, and it is only by special permission that the master of a house is released from this law, for, according to the Koran, this form of amusement is not one of the pleasures permitted in paradise.

Opinions.

"A man may change his opinions." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "but a man who changes them too often need not have troubled himself to have any in the first place."—Washington Star.

Precaution.

"I am no sentimentalist. I am a man of deeds and few words. Will you marry me, Mabel?" "First let me have a look at the deeds."—Baltimore American.

Had Gone the Rounds.

"He—So you refuse to accept my ring? Editor's Daughter—I do, sir; its known circulation is against it."—Boston Transcript.

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—Mrs. A. C. Brown, 39 Clifton Ave., Niagara Falls, Ont.

There is nothing that will bring comfort and renew hope to the invalid so surely as good news. When the vital forces are at a low ebb and everything seems useless, a ray of joy and assurance will stimulate the weary body to new effort and energy. A letter from a loved one has turned the tide in many a siege of sickness.

Doctor Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., has good news for every suffering woman. Write him to-day and tell him your troubles, and he will send you just the right advice to restore you to health and bring back the roses to your cheeks, and without charge. His "Favorite Prescription" has been the rescue of thousands of suffering women. Many grateful patients have taken Dr. Pierce's advice.

Mothers, if your daughters are weak, lack ambition, are troubled with headaches, lassitude and are pale and sickly, Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just what they need to surely bring the bloom of health to their cheeks and make them strong and healthy.

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If the pure glycerin be exposed for a long time to a freezing temperature it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy, but these crystals being once melted it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congealed state.

If a little water be added to the glycerin no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, amid which the glycerin will remain in its natural state of fluidity. If suddenly subjected to intense cold pure glycerin will form a gummy mass which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized.

Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.

The Tibetans.

The Tibetans are not beautiful. How could they be when by their own confession the national ancestry runs back to the king of the monkeys and a hobgoblin?

Bonvalot says of them, "The very bears are better looking." The type is midway between the Eskimo and the Chinese. Broad, flat noses, without visible bridge; no eyebrows, wide mouths, full lips, oily skins, hair as coarse and straight as horsehair and short, square, ungainly figures—these are the elements of the unpleasant picture.

Real, Nevertheless.

"What is the political difference," inquired the man from back home, "between the citizen who is about to vote and the citizen who has already voted?"

"A mere distinction of terms," responded Congressman Hammatt. "The one who is about to vote is a good fellow, while he whose ballot already has been cast is a good thing."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Quite a Distinction.

"Politician, isn't he?" "Oh, no, he's a statesman."

"Well, what's the difference?"

"A statesman, my dear chap, is one who is in politics because he has money. A politician, on the other hand, is one who has money because he is in politics."—Boston Transcript.

Setting Him Right.

"Happiness," declared the philosopher pompously, "is only the pursuit of something, not the catching of it."

"Oh, I don't know about that," answered the plain citizen. "Have you ever chased the best car on a rainy day?"—Dallas News.

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