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580 Casgrain St., Montreal.
April 20th, 1915.

"In my opinion, no other medicine in the world is so curative for Constipation and Indigestion as 'Fruit-a-tives'." I was a sufferer from these complaints for five years, and my sedentary occupation, music, brought about a kind of Intestinal Paralysis—with nasty Headaches, belching gas, drowsiness after eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried pills and medicines of physicians, but nothing helped me. Then I was induced to try "Fruit-a-tives", and now for six months I have been entirely well. I advise any one who suffers from that horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation with the resultant indigestion, to try "Fruit-a-tives", and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit you will receive." A. ROSENBERG.
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The GYPSY'S CHARM

A Halloween Story
By CLARISSA MACKIE

Molly Ditson looked out from the farmhouse on the hill, shading her eyes with her hand. She saw a wagon lumbering along the road loaded with camp equipage and human beings.
"I do believe they're gypsies," said Molly.

She watched them till they turned off the road and encamped on the edge of the old field woods.
A man's figure was walking in the road. Molly watched him, too, and saw him stop and look at the gypsies unloading their camp furniture. He spoke a few words to them and passed on.

"Joe Morton," remarked Molly to herself. "I wonder what he said to them."
Molly descended the hill and, entering the wood, saw a gypsy woman approaching her.

The slender, dark eyed nomad carried a shawl wrapped bundle that proved to contain a sickly infant. The young mother's sad face brightened when she saw Molly's friendly smile.

"Lady," she pleaded, "my little baby so sick. I can get no good milk. He will die!"

"No, no!" protested Molly. "No baby shall starve for milk in Oldfield woods! Sit down here on the leaves, and I will go home and get some milk for you."

"You are very kind, beautiful lady," murmured the weary mother as she sank to the ground and laid the whimpering infant on the soft leaves.

"Peoples say: 'Not give to gypsies, they steal enough!' But, lady, my peoples no steal!"

Molly smiled as the woman's head nodded once or twice and then settled into repose beside that of the little child.

"I mustn't tell Hannah that the milk is for a gypsy," she thought as she turned into a steep path that led directly up to her father's orchard.

"Hannah does detest the whole tribe, but that baby is starving for milk, and he shall have it. The very idea of refusing milk when Hannah feeds it to the pigs every night!"

In spite of her defiance of Hannah Mix, the elderly housekeeper, Molly was wary enough to approach the milk house by the back way. She opened the door and stepped within its cool shelter. A little stream trickled under the stone floor, and Hannah had her jars of milk and crocks of butter set in the water.

Molly lifted down a shining pail, filled it half full of rich morning's milk and escaped with her booty to the wood. As she approached the gypsy she noted that the woman was sitting up, wide awake, staring after the disappearing form of a broad shouldered man.

"Who was that?" asked Molly sharply.

"A prince," said the woman, displaying two silver half dollars in her brown palm.

"A prince!" mocked Molly. "That was only Joe Morton."

Fifteen minutes later Molly was bidding the gypsy woman and the smiling baby farewell. The woman carried the pail of milk, and her dark eyes were very grateful.

"Wait, lady!" she called suddenly. And, setting the pail on the ground, she fumbled in her gay calico pocket and finally brought out a little box. From the box she extracted a gold ring, whose sole ornament was an extended hand.

"Wear this ring, lady," said the gypsy solemnly. "Some day will come a handsome stranger who wears another ring like it, and the hands on the two rings will fit together in a clasp. It is a charm that never fails to work. The handsome stranger will be your husband."

Molly slipped the ring on her engagement finger, kissed the baby and then lifted mirthful eyes to the earnest face of the woman.

"I thank you for the beautiful ring," said Molly sweetly. "But I am never going to marry. What then?"

"You cannot help it, wearing the charm," the woman nodded wisely.

Molly tucked a silver coin in the brown fist of the baby, and, promising the woman that she would leave another pail of milk at the top of the path on the following morning, they parted.

At supper time the telephone rang, and a merry voice informed Molly Ditson that as this was All Halloween it was proposed that the young people of the neighborhood should descend on the Ditson house for the evening.

"Good!" cried Molly as she hung up

NO ALUM



the receiver. "Hannah Mix, have you got anything in the house to feed fifty hungry folks?"

"Lord, help!" screamed Hannah, secure in the knowledge that she had a well filled larder. "If they can put up with crullers and cider and nuts and apples I don't care how many there be!"

By 8 o'clock the old house was ringing with laughter and music. Mr. Ditson was playing the violin, while a dozen couples danced in the long dining room. Molly was everywhere at once improvising games for the evening.

Mrs. Oliver Bunce nudged her nearest neighbor as Molly flew past. "It's a wonder Molly wouldn't take up with Joe Morton," she commented.

"Molly ain't never going to get married, so she says," cackled Miss Susan Libby.

"Humph! If I was a girl I wouldn't be putting on any airs about being a man hater, not when there was such a fine young man as Joe. Good evening, Molly. We were just wondering when you were going to settle down and get married," said Mrs. Bunce as Molly paused before them.

Molly wrinkled her pretty nose. "You know I am going to become a dear, delightful little spinster like Susan Libby," she protested, dropping a light kiss on the offended Susan's ear.

"Dear, delightful little sauce box!" snapped Susan as Molly darted away. Joe Morton came along, humming a tune under his breath. He smiled in his large, friendly way upon the two good gossip.

Mrs. Bunce put out a freckled hand. "Joe," she said, with heavy humor, "Susan and I are wondering when you're going to get married and settle down in that new house you built last spring."

"So am I," was Joe's noncommittal reply, and his dazzling smile took the sting from his answer. He moved away, still smiling and his eyes dreamily fixed on Molly Ditson's white clad form in the distance.

"That's right; follow the butterfly!" muttered Mrs. Bunce darkly.

While the older people discussed neighborhood affairs youth was making merry in the rambling old place. In the kitchen some were bobbing for apples, while others tested fate with melted lead or roasting chestnuts.

Joe Morton followed the lead of his friends and entered into all the games with an amusing gravity. When his dark head emerged dripping with water from a tub, there was a great red apple held in his strong white teeth.

"Joe always gets what he goes after," said Oliver Bunce approvingly.

Joe Morton heard the words, frowned for an instant, then, shaking the drops from his head, smiled grimly.

"If that is the case," he muttered. "I might as well go and get what I want now. This Halloween tomfoolery isn't necessary."

He picked up a towel from the snowy pile Hannah Mix had provided, dried his hair and face and went out of the kitchen into the back porch.

He had noticed that Molly went out that way.

In the midst of the revelry Molly suddenly remembered the milk she had promised the gypsy.

"I shall be so sleepy in the morning I can never get up in time," she thought. "Suppose I slip out to the milk house now and take it to the path! I can be back in time for the mirror tricks. It's only a quarter to 12 now." So Molly disappeared from the kitchen and tripped

MRS. CLAYTON'S LETTER

To Run-Down, Nervous Women
Louisville, Ky.—"I was a nervous wreck, and in a weak, run-down condition when a friend asked me to try Vinol. I did so, and as a result I have gained in health and strength. I think Vinol is the best medicine in the world for a nervous, weak, run-down system and for elderly people."—Mrs. W. C. CLAYTON, Louisville, Ky.
Vinol, which contains beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptones, and glycerophosphates, is guaranteed to overcome all run-down, weak, devitalized conditions.

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

in the winding that led through the kitchen garden to the milk house. The moon was shining brightly, and the pumpkins were listening with frost. The little stream murmured its way among the stones.

The moon shone directly through the uncurtained window of the little stone floored room, and the glistening pails and pans gave back subdued reflections.

Molly reached for a pail and dislodged a great new milk pan. It fell into her outstretched hands, and its shining surface reflected her charming face.

At that very moment a church clock in the village struck the hour of midnight, the magic hour of the entire year for all believers in charms. And who is young that does not believe?

And in that witching instant a shadow stole across the milk pan mirror, and Molly noted with freezing blood that another face was reflected beside her own. A warm breath mingled with hers: there was the not unpleasant fragrance of tobacco; a pair of strong arms encircled her shoulders and two hands clasped hers so that the pan fell clattering to the ground.

Molly stared down at the hands. They were strong and brown and well shaped, and on the little finger of one hand gleamed a small gold ring on which was a tiny left hand—extended as if to clasp another.

And the other ring and tiny hand was on Molly's engagement finger! What about the gypsy's prophecy and the gypsy's charm?

"Oh-h-h!" breathed Molly suddenly.

"Molly, darling!" murmured Joe Morton's voice.

"Joe!" she cried faintly, and it is significant that she did not withdraw from his embrace. "Where did you get—that?"

She touched the little ring on his hand.

Then he saw the one on her finger and marveled.

"The gypsy woman gave it to me," he admitted. "I gave her a little silver for the kid, it looked so sick, and she—er—said my future wife would wear the mate to it—and is—she Molly?"

"I am sure she is, Joe!"

And Molly, the man hater, nodded shyly.

So Joe, still reaching long arms through the window of the milk house, drew the ring from his finger and slipped it on Molly's left hand. It settled down close to the other ring, and the two hands fitted together and clasped firmly.

And so the gypsy's charm became Molly's betrothal ring. When Molly wanted to return to the house and complete the evening's games Joe held her back for one last kiss.

"I'm going to carry the milk down to the orchard path," he said. "I'm not going to try any more stunts tonight, sweetheart. Fate cannot offer us anything better than we now have, and I couldn't be any happier!"

Molly waved her hand as he strode up the path with the pail of milk, and the moonlight gleamed on the little ring which the gypsy had called a love charm.

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 tonical in their effects where the child suffers from loss of appetite. In febrile conditions they will be found useful and they will serve to allay pain and griping in the stomach, from which children so often suffer.

Handicapped.

"My dear, our automobile looks so cheap beside the one our neighbors have. We ought to get the latest make."

"I know we ought, but this is the only house I have to mortgage."—Baltimore American.

The Real Wish.

"Don't you wish you could see an old fashioned one ring circus?"
"No. I wish I were a boy again and could appreciate a little thing like a one ring circus."—Detroit Free Press.

Stinging.

Mr. Gnaggs—Oh, there are worse fellows in the world than I am! Mrs. Gnaggs—Don't be such a pessimist!—San Francisco Chronicle.

Patience, persistence and power to do are only acquired by work.—Holland.

First Footpaths in 1762.

The student of old London, noticing the whitened curbs in the streets today, is inevitably reminded that the institution of the footway is really of quite recent date. It was not indeed until after the Westminster paving act of 1762 that footways became at all general. Before that time man and beast took the same road. Many of the old iron posts, which are still to be seen in Regent street and elsewhere, showing the crown and the monogram of the Georges indicate the corners of these first footways.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloways Corn Cure. Try it.

What Is Uric Acid?

THE CAUSE OF BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL AND SUDDEN DEATH.

Ever since the discovery of uric acid in the blood by Scheele, in 1775, and the bad effect it had upon the body, scientists and physicians have striven to rid the tissues and the blood of this poison. Because of its overabundance in the system it causes backache, pains here and there, rheumatism, gout, gravel, neuralgia and sciatica. It was Dr. Pierce who discovered a new agent, called "Anuric," which will throw out and completely eradicate this uric acid from the system. "Anuric" has proved to be 37 times more potent than lithia, and consequently you need no longer fear muscular or articular rheumatism or gout, or many other diseases which are dependent on an accumulation of uric acid within the body. Send to Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., for a pamphlet on "Anuric," or send 10 cents for a trial package of "Anuric Tablets."

If you feel that tired, worn-out feeling, backache, neuralgia, or if your sleep is disturbed by too frequent urination, go to your best drug store and ask for Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets. They are put up in 50-cent packages. Doctor Pierce's reputation is back of this medicine and you know that his "Golden Medical Discovery" for the blood and his "Favorite Prescription" for the ills of women have had a splendid reputation for the past fifty years.

Doctor Pierce's Pellets are unequalled as a Liver Pill. One tiny Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Bizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ONE OF NATURE'S PICTURES.

A Green Heron and Something Else No Artist Could Paint.

I saw a simple picture of nature's painting once, which has returned to my memory again and again, and if it could be put on a canvas or fastened in a poem it would forever remain a masterpiece of art. And yet it was nothing but a green heron standing in the swift shallow current of a brook; with the diamond bright wavelets breaking around its slender legs and a tuft of water grass trembling beside it. I was lying, idly enough, at full length on the brook's bank, so that beyond the bird, as I gazed, opened a fairy-like landscape, over which a gentle breeze was blowing with an effect wholly indescribable, shaking tall flags and tossing the dragon flies about in the sunshine. The whole effect was cooling and tranquilizing, with a subtle hint in it of a land somewhere just out of reach where one might dream the lotos dream forever.

Now, a good artist might easily have painted the little scene so far as painting usually goes, but it would have required such genius as is yet to be born to imprison in the sketch the hint of what seemed to be just beyond the dreamy horizon. None but the most masterful genius would have been able to keep up to the sweet, quiet key of the coloring and yet be satisfied with the tender, wavering outlines and the soft, transparent shadows. The liquid tones of sound and color in the brook came so harmoniously to my senses, along with the motion of swaying flags and bubble headed waves, that the graceful bird, seen through half closed eyes, appeared to be a half faithful embodiment of the spirit of calm delight, knee deep in some tide of enchantment or romance.—Maurice Thompson.

CARE WITH ELECTRICITY.

Extreme Caution Should Be Used in Handling All Fixtures.

"Electricians think nothing of touching with their fingers a 110 volt or 220 volt A. C. or D. C. switch to ascertain whether it is alive or not," says the Electrical Experimenter. "On the other hand it is claimed in a number of authentic cases on record that 110 volts, such as is used for ordinary lighting circuits, has sufficed to produce fatal results to a human being. Therefore it behooves every one to take the utmost care in handling electrical apparatus of any nature, no matter whether it is a small toaster or an innocent looking electric light switch of the push button variety.

"A good point to keep in mind would be to exercise extreme caution in manipulating all lamp sockets or switches during or directly after a severe storm, which may have blown down high voltage wires so as to cause them to drop across low tension wires supplying house circuits.

"Those having electric lights in their homes should always exercise the greatest care in manipulating any of the devices connected to such services. In the bathroom especially they should never touch the socket or wall switch while standing in the bathtub or with wet feet on a floor where there is any water, as these accidents happen at the most unexpected moment. They are practically immune from danger if they would just take the trouble to see that they always stand on a dry floor."

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