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LOUIS LABRIE.

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**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

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FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

A HERO INDEED

A Happening at Quince Harbor

By CLARISSA MACKIE

In Quince Harbor village every man is a fisherman. We, the inhabitants, have been brought up as one people, and when anything happens here we all have to hear about it. Perhaps if there were newspapers published every day for us to read about what is going on in the big world we would be less interested in each other's affairs.

Captain Barnabas Fish—every man who owns a boat, be it motorboat or tug, is called captain—has the principal sense of humor among us, and when there is nothing to do and the fishermen, their wives and daughters get together, dependent on one another for amusement, we usually rely on the captain to help us out.

One evening just before supper a lot of us were at Captain Fish's when some one said that nothing had been going on in the village lately and it would be a relief even if there'd be a fire or something to wake us up.

Captain Barnabas Fish slowly filled his pipe and packed the tobacco tightly in the bowl with one huge thumb.

His weather beaten countenance was always a barometer of his mental condition, and now, as I watched his blue eyes twinkling merrily, while his generous mouth endeavored to keep itself straight and in proper order, I scented interesting happenings in Quince Harbor village.

Mrs. Fish was sewing rags for a carpet which she said was much needed in the spare bedroom, which I as paying guest was occupying after my custom, and I was sitting idly enjoying the lovely panorama of the village snuggling among the hills that ran down to the harbor, which was half embraced by lines of sandy bluffs.

Captain Barnabas emitted a throaty chuckle. Maria Fish glanced at him sharply, and I inclined my best ear in his direction.

"For the land sake, Barnabas Fish, what's the matter?" ejaculated Maria at last. "You've been actin' all mornin' as if you was chuck full of something funny and was dyin' to tell it out. Did anything happen at the engine company's meetin' last night?"

Captain Barnabas scratched a match, lighted his pipe and puffed slowly for several moments.

"It was something I heard at the meeting," he admitted; "something that happened to Ananias Sline."

"Why is it," I asked, with interest, "that wherever Ananias Sline is things begin to happen right away?"

"Because he's so deceitful and cat-footed that he's always making trouble for somebody," was Maria's prompt answer.

"Likewise amusement," added Captain Barnabas. "It seems this happened last week while we was over to camp meeting at Rockybrook, so we missed it. I was in the bank the very next morning, and as I came out Ananias was polishing the front windows. I thought he looked mighty sour, and, says I in kind of a joking way, 'What you been up to now, Ananias?' And he turned on me like a spiteful little cat, and, says he, 'None of your gold-darned business!' So I shifted my helm and steered clear of him, but I knew something had happened to upset him. That night he came to me for help, but he was close mouthed about his trouble.

"Last night at the engine house when the meeting was over some of 'em got to telling stories about fires, and all to once they fell to laughing fit to kill over the fire that started in the widder Rowell's house the night we was over to Rockybrook camp meeting. So me, not being there and not knowing about it, the chief told me the story, and it explains why Ananias is so glum just now and why he looks on all the world as his enemy.

"To begin, it seems that the widder has staying with her a woman canvasser from Little River, her name being Phoebe Pringle, and for looks she's quite a trim sailing little craft—not so tubby as the widder—with a tongue as sharp as her shoulder blades and little black eyes that snap you up sharp."

"She came here," interrupted Maria, threading her needle. "Miss Telham, you remember that impudent little gossip that tried to sell me a cookery book—me who can cook all around anybody who ever wrote a cookery book!"

I remembered the episode of the canvasser, and I had enjoyed her battle of wits with Maria Fish, who justly prided herself on her culinary triumphs.

"Well, it seems Ananias met this

NO ALUM



Miss Pringle three times a day at the widder's hospitable board, as they say in story books," went on the genial captain, "and, her being kind of fascinating as well as some younger than the widder, who considers herself engaged to Ananias, I s'pose you know, ma'am, and the Pringle woman, being fascinating."

"Humph!" sniffed Maria scornfully. "Yellow as saffron!"

"Well, yellow was becoming with her black eyes," said the captain solemnly, "and her being fascinating to Ananias, he got to paying her teeny little attentions, like passing the butter without her asking for it and helping her to pudding sauce three times and forgetting all about the widder Rowell, who didn't get any."

"Then, the widder watching them like cat and mouse, it seems Ananias took to writing poetry to Miss Phoebe and leaving it around where she'd be likely to find it. One day he made a poem and dropped it in one of her rubber overshoes in the hall rack, and Miss Phoebe wore that poem underfoot all one rainy day before she found it, all damp and muddy. Another time he dropped a poem in her umbrella, that being handy, too, in the front hall, and when she opened it in front of the postoffice some silly girls got hold of it when it dropped out, and Miss Phoebe had to pretend she didn't know where it came from.

"I guess Miss Phoebe as well as Ananias was having a hard time, both of 'em being under the widder's eagle eye. But it was worse for Ananias, for he had to keep two jealous females apart and—"

"I told you he was double dealing and cat footed," interrupted Maria.

"Well, to make my story short, it seems that the night of the fire the widder Rowell had been burning some rubbish in her kitchen stove and when she went to bed there were some rags smoldering there. In some way the fire was stopped up—swallows' nests in the chimney, I guess—and along about midnight the house was filled full of smoke.

"The widder screamed 'Fire!' and ran out into the road in a blue flannel nightgown, and Miss Phoebe screamed herself hoarse as she stood beside her, she wearing a pink flannel—ahem!" said the captain hurriedly, in response to a warning glance from his wife's eye.

"I don't see why them details are necessary," chided Maria severely. The captain scratched his chin thoughtfully.

"Seems funnier to think of the two of 'em, one in blue and t'other in pink—well, Maria, I'm going on with the story.

"Seems Ananias had been out to a lodge meeting and he was just getting home when it happened, and he found them hollering fire. Cap'n Charlie Willis had already telephoned to the engine house, and there was nothing for Ananias to do but try to save some of the valuables.

"It was an exciting scene, Cap'n Charlie says. The widder was hollering for Ananias to go in and save her pocketbook and her gold watch from under her pillow, and Miss Phoebe was screaming at him if he loved her to go and do the same kindness for her.

"So Ananias, being brave in some ways, tied a handkerchief over his mouth and sailed into the house. He had to grope his way around upstairs to find their pillows with the treasures under them and not trying to save anything of his own he staggered downstairs again and gave the widder a bundle tied in a handkerchief and another one just like it to Miss Phoebe. Then, being a little man and not much stamina to him, he just fainted away from swallowing too much smoke. Just then the fire company arrived, towing the engine, and by the time they'd flooded the widder's dining room and kitchen they discovered that the fire was in the stove and nowhere else, but the smoke was all over the house.

"Cap'n Charlie says that them three was the maddest people he ever saw. Both the wimmen being caught dishabily, as Miss Pringle said, was bad enough, but it seems that Ananias had mixed up the bundles under their pillows, and while the widder had Miss

Phoebe's watch and pocketbook and a small cargo of Ananias' poems to her one of them was called. 'To my Phoebe Bird,' why Miss Phoebe had the widder's watch and money and a package of Ananias' love letters tied with a blue ribbon—Maria, do you sleep with my love letters tied with a blue ribbon under your pillow?" demanded the captain, turning to his good wife.

"Do go on, Barnabas. We're dying to hear the rest of it," urged Maria.

"Well, the rest of it was a terrible wrangle between the widder and Miss Phoebe Pringle when the two ladies exchanged private and personal property and private and personal opinions of each other, and their opinions wasn't flattering, neither. As for Ananias, when he found out what had happened he gave himself up for lost, and naturally he come to me to weather the gale. Miss Phoebe went hot foot back to Little River, while the widder's been busy cleaning up her house."

"And where's Ananias been keeping himself all this time?" asked Maria suspiciously.

Captain Barnabas removed his pipe from his lips and pointed out to the bay where his ship, the Indus, lay at anchor, enjoying an idle old age in her home port.

"Ananias shipped aboard the Indus the very next day, and if you look you will see his little dory bobbing out toward her now. I reckon he's got his victuals in a basket, and he cooks for himself, and he'll have a quiet, peaceful time till the widder Rowell forgives him and sends for him to come back again."

"How about Miss Phoebe Pringle and her blighted affections?" I asked curiously.

"Homely as a scrag fence!" interpolated Maria.

"Miss Phoebe—why, she took her blighted affections back to Little River, and she's having the poems that Ananias wrote to her all printed in the Little River Echo with her own name signed to 'em, and Ananias is bitter against her, but he don't dare say a word."

"That's the punishment of the deceitful and the cat-footed," said Maria as she arose to prepare supper.

Ingenious Rimes.

Sir Owen Seaman is to be congratulated on his ingenuity in riming "Bagdad" with "swag, dad," but the palm for audacity in riming must remain with Browning, who matched "ramunculus" with "Tommy make room for your uncle us," or the seventeenth century bard who wrote:

The Duke of York a daughter had.
He gave the Prince of Orange her;
So now your majesty will see
I've found a rime for poringer.
—London Standard.

Welcome at Times.

"I wish a doormat," announced Mrs. De Style.
"Here is a very nice pattern," said the salesman, "with the word 'Welcome' woven into the fiber."
"I see. I suppose that will do if you can add the words 'Tuesdays and Fridays.'"

Preparedness.

"Darling, won't you marry me? I would die for you!"
"How sweet of you! How much are you insured for?"

"Tis far better to love and be poor than be rich with an empty heart.—Lewis Morris.

Steam Power.

The power of steam was known to the ancients, a mechanical contrivance in which it was used being noted by Hero of Alexandria about 130 B. C., but nothing came of it, and it was not till the seventeenth century that its power was again recognized.

A Dead One.

"He is a dead one" is not slang. It occurs in Longfellow's "Spanish Student." The clown Chispa says, "I have a father, too, but he is a dead one."

Much Harder.

"There is nothing harder than getting out of a bad habit."
"Yes, there is—getting into a good one."

Our duty is to be useful, not according to our desires, but according to our powers.—Amiel.

Beat Him.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," announced the man who prides himself on his blue blood.
"Huh!" snorted the man of red corpuscles. "Mine sailed in the ark!"

Not Acquired.

N. Read—How you stutter! Did you ever go to a stammering school? J. Terry—N-a-no, sir. I d-d-do this n-naturally.

To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own.—Abraham Lincoln.

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27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION

Thos. L. Swift, reported missing since June 15th, Rich. H. Stapleford, Bury C. Binks, L. Gunn Newell, killed in action, Arthur Owens, F. C. N. Newell, T. Ward, Sid Welsh, Alf Woodward, killed in action, M. Cunningham, M. Blondel, W. Blunt, R. W. Bailey, A. L. Johnston, R. A. Johnston, G. Mathews, C. Manning, W. G. Nichol, F. Phelps, H. F. Small, E. W. Smith, C. Toop, C. Ward, J. Ward, killed in action, F. Wakelin, D. C. M. killed in action, T. Wakelin, wounded—missing, H. Whitsitt, B. Hardy.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C.L.L.

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION

C. W. Barnes, Geo. Ferris, Edmund Watson, G. Shanks, C. Jamieson, J. Burns, F. Burns, C. Blunt, Wm. Anterson, S. P. Sharps.

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

Lorne Lucas, Frank Yerks, Chas. Potter, Rus. G. Clark.

33RD BATTALION

Percy Mitchell, Lloyd Howden, Geo. Fountain, Gordon H. Patterson, died in Victoria Hospital, London.

34TH BATTALION

E. C. Crohn, S. Newell, Stanley Rogers, Macklin Hagle, Henry Holmes, Wm. Manning, Leonard Lees.

70TH BATTALION

Ernest Lawrence, — Emmerson, C. H. Loveday, A. Banks, S. R. Wholton, Thos. Meyers, Jos. M. Wardman, Vern Brown, Sid Brown.

71ST BATTALION

R. H. Trenouth.

28TH BATTALION

Thomas Lamb.

MOUNTED RIFLES

Fred A. Taylor.

29TH BATTERY

Wm. Mitchell, John Howard.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT

Gunner Woolvet.

PIONEERS

Wm. McNally, W. F. Goodman.

ENGINEERS

J. Tomlin

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

T. A. Brandon, M. D., Capt. W. J. McKenzie, M. D., Norman McKenzie.

135TH BATTALION

N. McLachlan.