

## CONSTANT PAIN AFTER EATING

The Tortures of Dyspepsia  
Corrected by "Fruit-a-lives"

ST. MARTIN'S, N.B.  
"For two years, I suffered tortures from Severe Dyspepsia. I had constant pains after eating; pains down the sides and back; and horrible bitter stuff often came up in my mouth.  
I tried doctors, but they did not help me. But as soon as I started taking 'Fruit-a-lives', I began to improve and this medicine, made of fruit juices, relieved me when everything else failed."  
MRS. HUDSON MARSHBANK.  
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.  
At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

### MEDICAL.

**JAMES NEWELL, PH. B., M. D.**  
L. R. C. P. & S., M. B. M. A., England.  
Coroner County of Lambton,  
Watford, Ont.  
OFFICE—Main St., next door to Merchants Bank. Residence—Front street, one block east of Main street.

**C. W. SAWERS, M. D.**  
WATFORD, ONT.  
FORMERLY OF NAPLES OFFICE—Main Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kelly. Phone 13 A. Residence—Ontario Street, opposite Mr. A. McDonnell's. Night calls Phone 13B.

**W. G. SIDDALL, M. D.**  
WATFORD - ONTARIO  
Formerly of Victoria Hospital, London.  
OFFICE—Main street, in office formerly occupied by Dr. Brandon. Day and night calls phone

### DENTAL.

**GEORGE HICKS,**  
D. D. S., TRINITY UNIVERSITY, L. D. S., Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Post graduate of Bridge and Crown work, Orthodontia and Forensic work. The best methods employed to preserve the natural teeth.  
OFFICE—Opposite Taylor & Son's drug store MAIN ST., Watford.  
At Queen's Hotel, Arkona, 1st and 3rd Thursday, of each month.

**G. N. HOWDEN**  
D. D. S., L. D. S.  
GRADUATE of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, and the University of Toronto. Only the Latest and Most Approved Appliances and Methods used. Special attention to Crown and Bridge Work. Office—Over Dr. Kelly's Surgery, MAIN ST.—WATFORD.

**Veterinary Surgeon.**  
**J. McGILLICUDDY**  
Veterinary Surgeon,  
HONOR GRADUATE ONTARIO VETERINARY College, Dentistry a Specialty. All diseases of domestic animals treated on scientific principles.  
Office—Two doors south of the Guide-Advocate office. Residence—Main Street, one door north of Dr. Siddall's office.

**YOU CAN SUCCEED**  
**CENTRAL Business College.**  
WATFORD, ONT.  
ONTARIO'S LEADING COMMERCIAL SCHOOL makes success easy. We have three departments: Commercial Short-hand and Telegraphy. We give individual instructions and students may enter at any time. Graduates are placed in positions. This is your opportunity as there is a great call upon us for trained help. Write at once for particulars.  
W. J. Elliott, President.  
D. A. McLachlan, Principal.

**Made the Supreme Sacrifice**  
WATFORD AND VICINITY  
Lt.-Col. R. G. Kelly  
Capt. Thos. L. Swift  
Sergt.-Major L. G. Newell  
Pte. Alfred Woodward  
Pte. Percy Mitchell  
Pte. R. Whalton  
Pte. Thos. Lamb  
Pte. J. Ward  
Pte. Sid Brown  
Pte. Gordon Patterson  
Pte. F. Wakelin, D. C. M.  
Pte. C. M. Kestain  
Pte. H. Holmes  
Pte. J. Stillwell  
Pte. Macklin Hagle  
Sergt. Clayton O. Fuller.  
Gunner Russell Howard Trenouth.  
Pte. Nichol McLachlan.  
Corp. Clarence L. Gibson  
Signaller Roy H. Acton.

## The Father's Helper

By Osborn Jones

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When Dick Stoner, after a stormy and galloping sort of seaside courtship, had actually heard Madeleine return all his vows of devotion he thought his struggles to win her as his wife were practically over. Madeleine was visiting a boarding school chum when the romance occurred, and for that reason, perhaps, Dick had forgotten that Madeleine probably possessed parents and that those parents might have something to say before permitting their eighteen-year-old beauty to become Mrs. Dick Stoner. But Dick knew that, as parents usually rated sons-in-law-to-be, he was not undesirable. His record at college and in business since then, though not actually brilliant, was clean and progressive, and any father-in-law or mother-in-law-to-be would not have much difficulty in discovering that his share of the Stoner fortune was a large one.

So it seemed as if the matter was settled till, after a sudden burst of enthusiasm on the part of Madeleine, as they sauntered in and out around the sand dunes at the seashore, she suddenly changed her tone and her eyes grew round.

"I'd forgotten about father," she said. "He will never let us do anything we want to—we are a great trial to him, you know, and I don't know how in the world I can ever be married if he doesn't consent. I just couldn't elope."

Dick didn't like this intrusion of an objecting father-in-law. It was much nicer hearing Madeleine's glib praise of his own many virtues and good features. So he tried to persuade her that the father whom he had never seen was not such a gruff sort after all and that it would be an easy matter to "bring him around."

"You haven't any idea how strict he is," Madeleine protested. "He's a professor of psychology and this year he's trying to write his greatest book—and, well, it is very hard to be the father of five daughters and Arthur and Bennet and write a book on psychology. It's hard to be the father of five daughters anyhow, he says, especially when they are the kind of daughters that we are."

"Why can't he shift responsibilities till the book is done?" suggested Dick. "Couldn't your mother manage to keep you within bounds?"

"Oh, mother's just as busy as she can be mending us and darning us and planning meals and things. She has a 'mother's helper' to help her and still she never seems to have time to breathe. And poor old father said he was going to try to get a 'father's helper'—to make his task of being our father easy, just as mother does with her 'mother's helper.' So far he hasn't found anyone that wants the job."

"What would this 'father's helper' have to do?" asked Dick, rather amazed at the turn of Madeleine's conversation.

"Oh, I suppose he would have to help Bennet with his Greek and spank Arthur, and he'd have to come to meals and see that we were all there and maybe say grace, and sometimes just happen in the drawing room when Minerva's suitors were there. Minerva's the stunner, you know, and she has just oodles of suitors, and mother says that father ought to appear once in a while just to show that there is someone keeping track of how often they come. But father can't stand that sort of thing. And I suppose the 'father's helper' would have to scold me sometimes because I am so reckless when I ride—mother keeps at father to scold me for it, but he hates to; and he would have to scold the servants when mother couldn't manage them, and sometimes, if one of us girls didn't have an escort to a dance, I suppose the 'father's helper' would have to go with us. Father ought to, mother says, but he hates to."

"My Greek is a little rusty," announced Dick, when Madeleine had finished her monologue, "but I think I'll take that position. You say your father hasn't found anyone for it. All right, I'll make tracks for your place tomorrow and by the time you have come home I'll be installed and perhaps one of the first things I can do will be to show father that it is to his interest to let his daughter Madeleine become Mrs. Dick Stoner."

When Madeleine reached home at the end of that week she found the young man whom her father had recently employed to be identical with

the man to whom she had recently become engaged, except that he was dressed in dark blue serge and her fiancé had inclined to light tweeds and white flannels. Besides he spoke in a voice that was subdued and the speech was free from slang—not very much like the explosive discourse of the man to whom she had recently engaged herself. And besides, the man she had known at the seashore had been eager to see her alone and often, whereas the new inmate of her father's home, after having been introduced to her, seemed not to notice her. It was not till the following day that they did chance to come upon each other in the library.

"We mustn't try to meet each other on the Q. T. at all," Dick began. "Those brothers of yours are just the sort to find it out, no matter how we try to conceal it. We can stand it this way for a while. Your father has been telling me his troubles this morning. He's especially worried about you—you wretch. He tells me you worry him so he can hardly write, says you ride the wildest horse in the stable, go off in the woods unattended and otherwise render him incapable of the high degree of concentration that he needs to complete his book. He asked me to watch you especially and to suggest a way to tame you. I'd no idea you were such a wild creature—you wonderful, sweetest girl—there, I couldn't help it that time—but I won't steal another till I am no longer playing this role. It would spoil everything if anyone suspected."

The next communication Madeleine had from the new employee was written and slipped into her hand as she passed him one evening on the stairs. It was brief and dictatorial. "In order to accomplish the aim in view you must become even more unruly. Do everything you can except risk your life. Fake a runaway or two and get lost in the mountains if you can do it safely."

Though Madeleine did not exactly understand Dick's motives in this instruction she followed it to the letter, and even the calm-eyed mother, who took the shocks and anxieties incident upon being the parent of five high-spirited daughters and two sons as serenely as anyone could, became overwrought with worry when, for the second time in a week, Madeleine returned home from a wild ride only after the faithful blue-serged "father's helper" had gone out in search of her.

The next day the professor tried in vain to write a chapter of his book, for his publishers were beginning to press him for the complete manuscript. After wasting hours in the bootless effort he called for the young man he had recently employed.

"Did you reprove Madeleine severely for her escapade yesterday?" he asked. "You know how it tries me to have to attend to that sort of thing—still, unless you are very severe I shall have to take her in hand."

"I reprov'd her very severely, sir," replied Dick, "but if you will pardon me for saying so, I think reproofs are of little avail."

"Something must be done, man," said the professor peevishly. "I can't let her go on this way wearing out my nerves. Can you think of any possible remedy—some way of calming the wild creature down a little? Mind you, I am very fond of Madeleine—very fond of her—but I can't let her go on in this way."

"I anticipated such a question," said Dick solemnly. "For that reason I studied the girl's nature. Again, pardon my frankness. I think that, young as Madeleine is, she would overcome her rather hoydenish ways if you permitted her to—to become engaged—possibly to contemplate a rather early marriage."

The professor studied the carpet for several minutes, then without looking at Dick, he said: "Yes, that might be just the thing. But Madeleine is not like Minerva. Minerva has some dozen of suitors—they quite drive me distracted. But Madeleine, poor child, has no such charms and fascination as Minerva. Frankly, I do not think there is anyone who wants to marry her, and I am quite sure that she cares for no one."

It was here that Dick hesitated. He had not planned just what to say when he had led the professor up to this point, so he, too, studied the carpet for a full minute and then looked at the professor with embarrassment that he could not conceal.

"But if there were someone who did care for her devotedly and for whom she cared in return—would you consent then?"

The professor was too much of a psychologist not to guess that the young man was speaking of himself, though perhaps in his present mood he could not conceive how a seemingly sane young man would choose to assume the task of being Madeleine's husband.

"Mr. Stoner, my hand. Forgive me when I tell you that from the time I first saw you I realized that there was something in your nature that would find harmony in Madeleine's. My knowledge of psychology is not all theoretical, you see. And in spite of

## MEN AND WOMEN TO EARN MORE MONEY

The most powerful single influence in greater production, and consequently in greater earning power, is the energy of the worker.

To work his or her best, the worker must be in possession of perfect health. So many who start the day's work with full vigor, tire as the day's work goes on and are forced to make frequent stops to relieve an aching back.

This backache is not due to the work, but to defective kidney action, and will disappear if treatment with Gin Pills is resorted to.

We have a number of testimonials on file from men who have had to give up work on account of backache, rheumatism, and the various ills that follow poor kidney action. Gin Pills enabled these people to resume steady work again, with the vigor of youth and all the happiness of unlettered activity.

We will gladly send a free trial of Gin Pills to all who feel the need of this tested remedy, or we urge you to buy from your dealer on the strict understanding that your money will be returned by us if Gin Pills fail to benefit your particular case, accepting your word on this matter. Gin Pills are 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Write for sample to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, or to the U.S. address, Na-Dru-Co Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. 122

what I have just said, I realized as you have just done that what Madeleine really needed was a husband. So you see my little scheme has worked. But Madeleine is a very sweet girl, in spite of her hoyden ways, and I know you will be happy."

**Motorcycle Knocks Beer Out.**  
Edward Moscow of Carmel, N. Y., was hurled from his speeding motorcycle in a collision with a large deer in the darkness outside this village. He escaped uninjured, but the deer was knocked out, and it lay stunned on the road for an hour. Moscow believed the rays of his searchlight dazzled the deer, for as it emerged from the brush at the roadside and got in his path, it suddenly turned and charged, head-on, catapulting into the ditch and the motorcycle was wrecked. The deer remained motionless. Moscow took his broken motorcycle to a garage, and when he returned for the carcass of the deer, which he supposed was dead, he found it had recovered and fled.

**Too Hard to Damage.**  
Rastus—Yo' any yo' wife hit yo' ta de haid wid a plate? I don't see no marks on yo' haid.  
Ephraim—No, but yo' should hab seen dat plate.

Spare the children from suffering from worms by using Miller's Worm Powders, the most effective vermifuge that can be got with which to combat these insidious foes of the young and helpless. There is nothing that excels this preparation as a worm destroyer, and when its qualities become known in a household no other will be used. The medicine acts by itself, requiring no purgative to assist it, and so thoroughly that nothing more is desired.

**German Out-pigs the Pig.**  
Having tried a substitute for almost everything, the Germans, we are told, are stopping short of nothing in their attempt to make certain new foods take the place of those made scarce by the war. The latest report says that a sausage dealer in Berlin has been fined \$500 for selling sausage made of macerated rubber, finely ground hair and gelatin. His camouflage product contained no liver, no flesh, and no fats. At that, it was probably as digestible as some so-called sausage on sale in this country.—Popular Science Monthly.

**Ancient Thessalonica.**  
Salonica, in the days when St. Paul addressed his Epistles to the Thessalonians, was not modern, for it was built about 315 B.C. on the site of an older city called Therme, and was named by its founder after his wife, a sister of Alexander the Great. It has always been a place of importance, as it is the chief harbor of Macedonia, and was a point on the ancient highway from Rome to the East. With a few fine buildings, like the old mosque which had been in turn a temple of Venus and a Christian church, it has always been a collection of houses largely of wood and therefore highly inflammable in the extreme continuous heat of summer.

**An Illuminated Number.**  
On one side of a new electric porch light are grooves into which figures can be slipped to make it serve as a house number either by day or night.

**AN OIL WITHOUT ALCOHOL.**—Some oils and many medicines have alcohol as a prominent ingredient. A judicious mingling of six essential oils compose the famous Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and there is no alcohol in it, so that its effects are lasting. There is no medicinal oil compounded that can equal this oil in its preventive and healing power.

## PERSIA'S NATIONAL DRINK

Sherbet is the Popular Beverage in That Thirsty Country.

The great beverage in Persia is sherbet, which is plentifully supplied and of which there are many varieties, from the bowl of water with a squeeze of lemon to the clear, concentrated juice of any sort of fruit to which water is added to dilute it.

The preparation of sherbet, which is done with the greatest care, is a very important point in so thirsty a country as Persia and one to which much time is devoted. It may be either expressed from the juice of fruit freshly gathered or from the preserved extract of pomegranates, cherries or lemons, mixed with sugar and submitted to a certain degree of heat to preserve it for winter consumption.

Another sherbet much drunk is called guzangeben. It is made from the honey of the tamarisk tree. This honey is not the work of the bee, but the product of a small insect or worm living in vast numbers under the leaves of the shrub. During the months of August and September the insects are collected and the honey is preserved. When used for sherbet it is mixed with vinegar, and, although not so delicious as that made from fruit, it makes an excellent temperance beverage.

Only among the rich and fashionable are glasses used. In all other cases, sherbet is served in china bowls and drunk from deep wooden spoons carved in pear wood.

## SOLDIERS' UNIFORMS.

They Are Not Khaki, but "Cotton O. D." or "Wool O. D."

In speaking of the uniforms worn by the soldiers in the regular army and the militia do not speak of them as khaki. It is incorrect, says the Kansas City Star, because the soldiers do not wear khaki, and, besides, the soldiers are not at all partial to the word. The uniforms worn now are described by the war department as "Cotton, O. D." or "Wool O. D." The "O. D." means olive drab and is descriptive of the color of the uniforms. Cotton uniforms are worn in the summer and wool in the winter.

Khaki is a word of East Indian origin, meaning dusty, and comes from the word khak, meaning dusty. It is a clay or dust colored cloth, originally coming from India. It was first worn by the native British troops and later by all British troops serving abroad or on campaign.

It was later adopted by the United States government for both field and colonial service because of its serviceable qualities and because it was supposed to make it harder for the enemy to detect soldiers. The color of the uniforms was supposed to merge into the color of the ground.

Khaki is lighter in color than olive drab, and the khaki cloth is said to be superior to the cotton uniforms now being worn in the army.

**The Church of Gold.**  
There is no structure just like St. Mark's, in Venice, in the world. Its bulb shaped domes and minaret-like belltowers remind the visitor of the orient. It seems more like a Mohammedan than a Christian temple. In the facade are scores of variously colored marble columns, each one a monolith and all possessing an oriental history. Some are from Ephesus, others from Smyrna, others from Constantinople and more than one even from Jerusalem. St. Mark's is the treasure house of Venice, a place of pride as well as prayer. The work of beautifying this old church was carried on for five centuries, and each generation tried to outdo all that had preceded it. The walls and roof are so profusely covered with mosaics and precious marbles that it is easy to understand why St. Mark's has been called the "Church of Gold."

**Gallei and the Swinging Lamp.**  
The boy Gallei, sitting with hundreds of others in the Cathedral of Pisa on a Sunday morning, saw an attendant draw aside the heavy hanging lamp to light it and then let it swing. Many other eyes saw the same thing, but there was only that pair in Gallei's head which really observed what happened. He alone noticed that as the swings of the huge lamp became smaller and smaller they always took the same time. He proved it by counting them with his pulse. He had made a great discovery, out of which grew the pendulum clock and the accurate measurement of time.

**Praise For the Growlers.**  
"The growlers," says a Georgia philosopher, "are the boys that keep the world moving, for when folks are growing all the time the world stops to ask the reason and straightway finds a remedy for the trouble. If the world paid any attention to the optimists things would be at a standstill. Taking it for granted that everything's O. K. is the end of progress."

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**