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The Angel

By MARTHA MITCHELL

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"But she can't wait forever for him to propose, plan for their house and ask to have the wedding day named," said Mrs. Cogdal. "I believe a word or two put in wisely might suggest the thing to him."

"Yes, I know, Jennie," sighed her daughter, the Angel, "but you promised when Dan first began coming here that you would not spoil Beauty's prospects with him by hinting at our poverty."

"Poverty, nothing!" snorted good-natured, voluble Jennie; "don't you know Howard has said a dozen times that he and Bess might have had their comfortable bungalow a year before they did if he had realized that five of you were dressing on an income hardly sufficient for three."

"Yes, dear, I know, and thanks to your clever fingers, we four are still fairly decent on that same income 'hardly sufficient' for three." She patted her mother's fat hands lying idle in her lap as she spoke. "You know Dan isn't like Howard. Howard had skimped along at home and, anyway, he loved Bess better."

"Well, doesn't Dan love Beauty, I'd like to know?"

The Angel turned to her. Jennie was irritable for once in her easy-going, pleasure-loving life. The Angel could not understand it. Her mother had always been so far from irritable and had been so much of a regular chum that her girls fondly called her "Jennie," with no thought of irreverence or disrespect. "Mother" simply didn't fit her; she was "Jennie," with a heavy mop of faded goldish hair above a face still childishly pretty and fair. But her body didn't agree with her face, for she was frankly fat and pudgy. Her feet were always a trial; they were numbers too small to support the weight of her body. "Jennie" was seldom in evidence when company was about, but her presence was always felt, and she was referred to as often and as fondly by all the sisters as if she had been a seventh wonder. The Angel regarded her severely. "Why, Jennie, you are actually peevish, and, judging by your tone, one would think you doubted Dan's affection for Beauty."

"Well, Beauty is getting restless, and that young reporter on the Star, Ted Hammer, keeps hanging around. Beauty must have a new dancing frock for the Millard's ball, and I don't know where it is coming from." She sighed heavily. "Honestly, Angel, I sometimes feel that it isn't worth while to try to catch a wealthy husband. Just a medium one ought to satisfy even Beauty. I doubt if she would be any happier in a fourteen-room house than she would be in a four-room one. If she loves Dan and not his money, four rooms would be sufficient, and if she doesn't, why forty-four wouldn't make her happy."

The Angel laughed outright. "Why, Jennie Cogdal, who ever heard of you philosophizing thusly—you who are a living, sunny philosophy all by yourself. Get up and don your most comfortable bedroom slippers, and we'll saunter forth for a stroll around the vegetable garden! Mayhap the sweet spring breeze, the babbling brook and the singing of many birds will restore you to your former care-free state of mind, and—"

Jennie seized her and shook her roughly. "If it weren't for your foolishness and fun, the Cogdal family would be a stale bunch of beauties," she said.

"Well, Jen, if we couldn't all be beauties, we surely needed to be foolish." She smiled her impish, crooked smile. "There is just one good thing about being homely, and that is that one needn't worry about losing one's beauty; and if one's complexion weakens, why, faded lavender crepe de chine plus a packet of diamond dye is a golden brown, transforms weak-tea complexion into rich cream." She patted down the folds of a miraculously transformed dress which had been discarded as "impossible" by an elder sister. The Angel was honestly, undeniably homely. Her hair was of no particular color and did not curl; her nose nondescript like the rest of her face; her teeth even, but not white. In most stories all homely girls have beautiful dreamy eyes, but the Angel's eyes matched her face; they were neither gray nor blue, but in between the two. True, she had a mellow contralto voice, but nobody ever thought of asking her to sing except after a picnic supper around a campfire, when every one else was too well content to do anything except listen. And, too, she had her inimitable crooked smile.

As unlike her as it is possible for a twin to be was the Beauty—tall, graceful, with fair, wavy hair, deep, innocent blue eyes, full, red lips and a skin of baby fairness. From early baby-

hood she had been called a beauty, and, in order to defend the homely twin, their mother had always said, "Yes, Beauty is a beauty, but Lulu is an angel!" Thus they had been known, until now, at nineteen, nobody thought of them as Beauty and Lulu, but as Beauty and Angel.

By her beauty and grace the Beauty had walked into the hearts and homes of the city's most exclusive set, and when at seventeen, she was singled out by Dan Ames, the one really unattached man of the town, her sisters had coaxed, threatened and bribed Jennie to forbear mentioning how her daughters' cleverness at household

management and sewing kept them well dressed on their tiny income plus the salaries of Mary and Edith, who taught school. Beauty might as well have their chance, and Dan was well worth any girl's time, from many points of view. For two years he had been impartially nice to all four of the girls. They all adored him. His high-powered motor car was ever at their service, Beauty always beside him on the front seat. But lately Beauty had grown restless and Dan seemed preoccupied and uninterested, unless it was at a picnic supper.

The Angel never refused to sing, because Dan, at least, didn't talk while she sang. Often he didn't laugh at her jokes and stories, either, and one night when she convulsed her audience with a recital of her feelings when her first "special article" had been accepted by the Morning Star, he did not even smile. She had had various "specials" since then, but she never mentioned them before Dan. "Money and success are so trivial to him," she said, with a mock shudder. It was as if he had said, "Don't ever mention your elation over a bit of money, young lady; it is so plebeian."

Tonight there was to be another picnic, and Jennie had decided that she would take the situation in her own hands and mention the fact that Beauty was nineteen now—a year older than she had been when she was married.

Beauty had gone away with Ted Hammer and had promised that they would meet them at the park, where they were to have the picnic, so she said that the Angel or Jennie might have her seat beside Dan this once.

The Angel made many delicious sandwiches and salads; deviled eggs and squeezed lemons, keeping up a rapid-fire of jest and fun the while; so when Dan's car drew up at the door the hamper was packed and Jennie's good humor was restored.

If Dan felt any discomfort or disappointment at the Beauty's nonappearance and promise to meet them at the park, he did not show it, and he promptly assisted the Angel to the seat beside him.

The picnic was gay enough except that the Beauty and Ted Hammer did not appear; and Jennie was undeniably nervous, laughing hysterically at the Angel's sallies, and watching Dan closely.

Dan was having a good time; there was no denying that when he dared the Angel to run him a race to the certain crooked tree far across the bend of the pond. He outran her shamelessly and stood laughing, hat in hand, as she staggered up. Seizing a dead branch, she bore down on him while he dodged off and around the tree, saying, "Now, Angel, don't, really; you just can't run, that is all," and his tone changing, "Come here and sit on this crooked limb. I want to tell you something."

The Angel looked at him quizzically. "All right, fire away; but I'll tell you now you will get no sympathy from me. I'm not to blame for her running away with Ted, but if I had been you she would not have gone—"

"Oh, yes, you are to blame, Angel." She listened; had he said "Angel"? It didn't sound like it, but that was surely what he had said. "You surely are to blame for Ted's raise from fifteen per cent to twenty, because a man may not reasonably be supposed able to take care of a wife on fifteen dollars; but twenty is a different matter."

"But, Dan, I didn't ask the editor of the Star for a raise for Ted—"

"Oh, you didn't; you didn't? Well, what does that imply, adorable, crooked smile mean, then, except that the dearest, most adorable, beautiful Angel might be induced to marry a duffer like me if Beauty were safely bestowed on somebody who loves her? Angel, Angel, there are so many beauties, but just one— Let's make it a double wedding!"

The Angel's inevitable mirth twinkled through her crooked smile as she said, "What a 'special,' Dan; what a story this would make!"

Writers' Unfinished Stories.

Several years ago a writer published in a magazine the beginnings of a half dozen stories that he had never carried to an end, with a note saying that all writers had such manuscripts tucked away in their desks. He might have added that those stories were also tucked away in the consciousness and operated silently and inexorably in the weakening of the will. Those half dozen beginnings were all good. They



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piqued curiosity and they introduced interesting characters.

The writer would have done far better to finish them all, better for his reputation, his income and his force as a worker.

Way down deep in the mind, perhaps in the sub-conscious, those stories pleaded to be told, those characters asked for life.

A Tongue Twister.

"She stood at the door of the fish sauce shop welcoming him in. How fast can you say that?"

Here is another about the famous duel between Shott and Knott. It reads as follows: "Shott shot the first shot, and the shot Shott shot shot Knott. The shot Knott shot shot not Shott, so Shott, shot again, and once more the shot Shott shot shot not Knott, but the shot Knott shot shot Shott, so Knott won notwithstanding."

Caution.

"Your speeches are not very interesting."

"It may be a mistake to make a speech too interesting," replied Senator Sorghum. "It's better to say things in a dull way so that they won't be remembered in case you want to change your mind."

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.

COLOR CAPRICES

Scarfs and collarettes of tulle in all colors are worn with thin frocks. Leaves of colored beads make a charming decoration for the hair.

Yellow is one of the favorite colors for bridesmaids' dresses.

Heliotrope embroidery is charmingly used with lemon-colored crepe.

Pale rose and pale gray make a charming combination for an evening dress.

Crow blue satin with gold embroidery makes a dress of great richness.

A black and silver Egyptian robe of net is worn over a rose satin foundation.

Children's frocks have small animals in cross stitch on pockets, cuffs and collars.

The Coat Collar. Large collars of cloth or fur, hunched up round the neck with a monastic surliness, would be chosen by few women except at the peremptory dictates of fashion; yet a glance at the advertisement pages of any newspaper shows that no winter coat is up to date without the "huge" collar. If the giant collar lies flat on the shoulders the coat must be worn open; if the fastenings are closed, up goes the collar like a cowl about the ears. One cannot call it pretty; but it gives protection.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

SPEED OF THE GREYHOUND.

The Swiftest of All Four-footed Creatures.

Few people realize of what remarkable speed dogs are capable. Some statistics in regard to this have been gathered by M. Dusolier, a French scientist. After pointing out the marvelous endurance shown by little fox terriers who followed their masters patiently for hours while they were riding on bicycles or in carriages he says that even greater endurance is shown by certain wild animals that are akin to dogs. Thus the wolf can run between fifty and sixty miles in one night, and an Arctic fox can do quite as well, if not better.

Esquimo and Siberian dogs can travel 45 miles on the ice in five hours, and there is a case on record in which a team of Esquimo dogs traveled six and one-half miles in 28 minutes.

According to M. Dusolier, the speed of the shepherd dogs and those used on hunting ranges is from 10 to 15 yards a second. English setters and pointers run at the rate of 18 to 19 miles an hour, and they can maintain this speed for at least two hours.

Foxhounds are extraordinarily swift, as is proved by the fact that a dog of this breed once beat a thoroughbred horse, covering four miles in six and a half minutes, which was at the rate of nearly 18 yards a second.

Greyhounds are the swiftest of all four-footed creatures, and their speed is equal to that of carrier pigeons. English greyhounds, which are used for coursing, are able to cover at full gallop a space between 18 and 20 yards every second.

Crewless Raiders.

Once more the Germans have sprung a surprise on the allied forces, this time in the shape of a crewless raider that is electrically operated through a cable from a shore station. Already several of these craft have been encountered by British warships cruising off the Belgian coast, but at the moment of writing all such attacks have failed of result.

We learn from statements of the British Admiralty that these crewless raiders are electrically controlled boats propelled by two gasoline engines, partially closed in, and are capable of traveling at a high rate of speed. Each raider carries a drum with between 30 and 50 miles of insulated, single-core cable, which is paid out in the wake of the vessel and through which the mechanism is controlled from shore. The fore part carries a considerable charge of high explosive, probably from 300 to 500 pounds, which is arranged to explode on impact.

The method of operating the crewless raider is to start the engines after which the men leave the boat. A seaplane, protected by a strong fighting patrol, then accompanies the vessel at a distance of from three to five miles and signals to the shore operator of the helm. These signals need only be "start," "port," or "steady."

By an obviously clever grouping of the wireless idea, the high-speed gasoline craft, and the electrically controlled plan, the Germans have made use of the crewless-raider scheme in a 20th century way. They have not overcome the disadvantages of a trailing cable, to be sure; but they have overcome the problem of visibility, for the aerial observer in the seaplane which conveys the raider is at all times within visual distance. Since power to drive the craft is entirely self-contained and need not be transmitted through the cable, the Germans have been able to use a much smaller cable and thus overcome the difficulties in this direction. It is evident that they use a one-wire cable, depending on the salt water for the return current to complete the circuit.

Just how effective the crewless raider is in practice still remains to be proved.—Scientific American.

Conscientious Objectors.

Although Holland is not at war, it has its conscientious objectors, and the problem which they constitute may be brought more prominently before the Netherlands Parliament. An instance is related of a struggle between a party of soldiers and an objector, who refused to change his civilian for his military clothes. In the end the man sat naked in his cell for a day and a night, and was transferred from one prison to the other in like condition.

Men who have refused to do military duty in the Netherlands now number 150. Some proved not strong enough physically to endure imprisonment. The will of others was broken, and they were induced to take service. Others persisted in their attitude despite repeated sentences of months of imprisonment.

Elder-Ducks.

Elder-ducks are numerous everywhere in Norway. Being the producers of the valuable elderdown, a staple article of trade in Norway, they are rigorously protected by law, and are in consequence so tame as in many places to approximate to domestic fowl. The birds are regarded with far from friendly eyes by the fishermen, by reason of the damage they work among the spawning-beds of the fish. Lobsters in particular suffer severely from their depredations, the "fruit" of a female lobster being an especial dainty to the elder-duck.