

NO MORE KIDNEY TROUBLE

Since He Commenced to Take "Fruit-a-tives"

78 LEES AVENUE, OTTAWA, ONT. "Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-tives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-tives', and I know now what I have not known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain!" WALTER J. MARRIOTT. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Is Your STOVE OR FURNACE Ready for Winter?

Now is the time to see that they are put in proper shape. Get your supplies and repairs from us.

FURNACE PIPES STOVE PIPES ELBOWS, etc. C. H. BUTLER PHONE 85-2, WATFORD

INSURANCE J. H. HUME. AGENT FOR FIRE, ACCIDENT AND SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES. REPRESENTING Five Old and Reliable Fire Insurance Companies. If you want your property insured call on J. H. HUME and get his rates. ALSO AGENT FOR P. R. Telegraph and Canada Permanent Loan and Saving Co. Ticket Agent for C. P. R.—Ticket to all points in Manitoba, Northwest and British Columbia

THE LAMBTON Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company. (Established in 1875) JOHN W. KINGSTON PRESIDENT JAMES SMITH VICE-PRESIDENT ALBERT G. MINIELLY DIRECTOR THOMAS LITHGOW DIRECTOR GUILFORD BUTLER DIRECTOR JOHN PETER MCVICAR DIRECTOR JOHN COWAN K. C. SOLICITOR J. F. ELLIOT ROBERT J. WHITE FIRE INSPECTORS ALEX. JAMIESON AUDITORS P. J. MCHWEN W. G. WILLOUGHBY, MANAGER AND WATFORD. SEC. TREASURER PETER McPHEDRAN, Wanstead P. O. Agent for Warwick and Plympton.

A. D. HONE Painter and Decorator Paper Hanging WATFORD - ONTARIO GOOD WORK PROMPT ATTENTION REASONABLE PRICES SATISFACTION GUARANTEED ESTIMATES FURNISHED RESIDENCE—ST CLAIR STREET

A Roman Scarf By EMILY S. WINDSOR (Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.) Miss Minerva's knitting fell to the floor, as, rising hastily, she adjusted her spectacles, and peered out of the window.

The door leading into the kitchen was open, and Elizabeth Ann had seen Miss Minerva's agitation. "I wonder what it is this time," she muttered, as she poured hot water into a pan, preparatory to washing the dinner dishes. "Yes'm," she answered in response to Miss Minerva's excited call of "Elizabeth Ann!"

"That horrid dog from the next place is chasing Peter. Run and put the little beast out!" As Elizabeth Ann crossed the yard, a large black cat, closely followed by a Scotch terrier, whisked past her and in at the kitchen door. The dog wagged its tail, and frisked around Elizabeth Ann.

"Oh, Flip, why do you worry poor, old Peter so? Go home, sir," she said severely. The terrier trotted after her to a remote corner of the yard, where he submissively crept through a gap in the fence which separated Miss Minerva's property from the adjoining place.

A man at work on the other side threw down his hoe, and came up. He was tall and spare and was clad in blue jean trousers and checkered shirt. "Flip tresspassin' again?" he asked. "He was chasin' Peter," said Elizabeth Ann. "It was the chickens this morning, Mr. Dobbs."

"Keeps you pretty busy, doesn't it?" Elizabeth Ann laughed. "I don't mind it, it's fun," she said. "She always did set great store by Peter, but Flip can't abide him. Still he wouldn't hurt the critter."

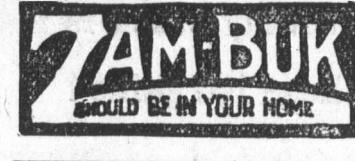
"Miss Minerva doesn't like dogs," said Elizabeth Ann laughing again. Mr. Dobbs chuckled. "I reckon it's more the dog's owner that she doesn't like," he said. "I must go back," said Elizabeth Ann in a regretful tone. "Good-bye, for now, Mr. Dobbs."

"Mighty interestin' child for only bein' eleven, too," said Mr. Dobbs, reflectively, stroking his grizzled beard, as he looked after Elizabeth. "Wonder what Minerva Collins'd say if she knew me and her is such friends." As he resumed his hoeing his thoughts went back to the years when the relations between him and Miss Minerva had not been in their present strained condition; to that unlucky evening when a discussion arose as to the proper mode of baptism. He had contended that sprinkling was sufficient, and Miss Minerva had held out for immersion. That was long before Elizabeth Ann had come to live with her aunt. Mr. Dobbs had often told her about the quarrels.

"And she's never taken any notice of me since. I tried once to make it up. And it was strange about that, too," he had added thoughtfully. Elizabeth Ann had wondered how he had tried to make it up, but had not liked to ask. "Did you see him on his own side before you came back?" asked Miss Minerva when Elizabeth Ann went back to her interrupted dish washing. "Yes'm," answered Elizabeth Ann. "Nasty little beast!" ejaculated Miss

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of Dr. H. H. Mitchell

A FREE BOX Here's a chance to prove to your own satisfaction, and at our expense, that Zam-Buk does end pain and heal sores and skin diseases. Mail this advertisement and 1c stamp (for return postage) to Zam-Buk Co., Dupont St., Toronto, and we will send you free box.



Minerva. When the last dish had been placed in the closet, and the kitchen put in spotless order, Elizabeth Ann went into the sitting room.

"If everything's done you may have the afternoon to yourself," said Miss Minerva, who was now tranquilly knitting, and Peter curled up on a cushion near her.

Elizabeth Ann stood awhile looking out of the window. She was undecided whether to go down to the fence and talk with Mr. Dobbs, or to go up to the attic. But she saw that it was beginning to rain, and reflected that Mr. Dobbs would not continue hoeing, for he had been having rheumatic twinges lately. So with some regret, she decided in favor of the attic, for, great as were the charms which the latter place had for her, Mr. Dobbs' society possessed a stronger attraction. He told her such interesting stories, and listened to all of her confidences so attentively, and he never told her not to be foolish, as Miss Minerva had done when she had ventured to communicate her thoughts to her.

"Don't get into mischief," Miss Minerva called out as Elizabeth Ann left the room. There was an old-fashioned trunk of odds and ends which Miss Minerva had told her she could have to play with provided "she kept them tidily." Elizabeth Ann had not yet explored to the bottom of the trunk. She would do so today. There were pieces of ribbons and lace, ends of embroidery, some bunches of artificial flowers and various other articles of last-of-its-kind. Under all, on the bottom of the trunk something was folded in white tissue paper. Elizabeth Ann opened it, and a long Roman striped silk scarf fell out in glistening folds. It was soft and fine, and of beautiful coloring, the ends deeply fringed. Elizabeth Ann gave an exclamation of delight. She had a passion for rich colors, and this was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Severe plainness of dress was part of Miss Minerva's creed.

Elizabeth Ann smoothed out the soft folds again and again. It would make such a lovely sash, she thought. How had her aunt ever thrown it aside? She passed it about her waist and tied it in a bow with loops that fell to the bottom of her skirt. A ray of sunlight flashed through the attic window. Why, it had not rained much after all. She would run down to the orchard, and see if Mr. Dobbs were out. She must show that scarf. Mr. Dobbs liked pretty things, too. So she crept quietly downstairs, and avoiding the sitting room, went out of a side door. If Miss Minerva saw her with the scarf on, she would tell her not to be foolish.

Miss Minerva was still knitting placidly, and Peter purred at her feet, when, chancing to glance out of the window, she beheld a sight which made her suddenly sit up stiff and erect in her chair. Mr. Dobbs crossing her yard! He came on with a long, rapid stride that in a few moments brought him to her sitting room door, which he opened after a warning knock. Miss

Minerva turned her stern gray eyes upon him in cold inquiry. He held a gay-colored silk scarf in his hand. "Minerva, why didn't you send it back as I asked you, and then I'd know—and not waited and waited as I did for months?" he asked reproachfully, as he looked alternately at the scarf and Miss Minerva.

The latter made no answer, and Mr. Dobbs went on: "Our not agrestin' on sprinklin' or 'merision made no difference. When a man asks a woman to marry him, he naturally looks for an answer." "Jonathan Dobbs will you tell me what all this means?" she asked frigidly. He held out the scarf. "Why didn't you send it back, if you didn't want me?"

Miss Minerva stared at him in ever-growing astonishment. "I don't know what you are talking about. Send it back? I never saw the thing before." "Is that really so, Minerva?" he asked eagerly. "It's not my habit to lie," replied Miss Minerva, icily. "I've often had misgivings that there was some mistake. I never had the courage to ask you about it, for you know how you treated me when we met. Turned away your head and—"

Miss Minerva rose impatiently. "What are you talking about? What have I to do with that silk thing?" "Well, Minerva, I'll go over the whole thing. I 'spose you remember our argument about baptism. I talked the way I did just to tease you, but you took it all for earnest. Now, I had had it in mind for a long time to ask you a certain question, and a day or two after our misunderstanding I was down to the city on business and saw a lot of silk things like this in a shop window, and the ladies was wearin' them around their necks—so I just thought I'd buy one and send it to you, and at the same time ask you that question. I writ a little note and sent with it. It was tellin' you if you was willin' to be Mrs. Dobbs to wear it to meetin' the next Sunday, and if not to send it back. But you didn't wear it to meetin', and you didn't send it back."

As Miss Minerva listened, her stern face relaxed and a softened light shone in her eyes. Before Mr. Dobbs had finished, she turned her gaze to the window, and there was a little flush in her cheeks. "I never had a note from you, and I never saw that scarf before," she said quickly. "I sent them by the hired man."

"That was the summer Consta Mabtie Simmons was with me. Likely I was out, and he left them with her. You know what a scatter-brain she is." The color had deepened in Miss Minerva's cheeks, and there was none of her accustomed severity of manner. She looked down at the scarf in Mr. Dobbs' hand. "But where did you get it now?" she asked suddenly.

"Elizabeth Ann found it in your attic, and—"

"Elizabeth Ann!" repeated Miss Minerva. "Never mind about her, Minerva—Will you take it? You know the conditions."

Miss Minerva took the scarf and looked at it closely. "It is a good quality of silk," she said quietly. "But you know, Jonathan, I'm too old to wear such gay colors."

Mr. Dobbs laughed contentedly. "Please yourself, Minerva, so long as you take it."

More's Capable Daughter. The demand that women shall be paid men's wages for men's work may represent a desire for justice rather than a desire for gain; but money fairly earned is sweet to the hand and heart.

"An open field, an even start, no handicap, no favor, and the same goal for all." Which reminds us that Sir Thomas More had a clearer perception of the value of woman's work and a finer sense of justice than some of his sex possess. "My Meg is better unto me than ten sons," he said, "and it maketh no difference at harvest time whether the corn were put into the ground by a man or a woman."—Agnes Repplier in Atlantic Monthly.

Condor Largest Bird of Prey. The eagle is commonly spoken of as the largest of the birds of prey. This is wrong. The largest is the condor, a South American vulture. The condor is a native of the great mountain chain of the Andes, especially in Peru and Chile. It lives in a region of perpetual snow, from 9,000 to 16,000 feet above sea level. The length of the male condor is about 48 inches, and the span of wings when extended is nine to ten feet. The plumage of the male is glossy black, with gray on the wings and white on the margins of the wing covers.

Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut, or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.

HOW TO FIGHT SPANISH INFLUENZA

BY DR. L. W. DOWERS. Avoid crowds, coughs and crows, but fear neither germs nor Germans! Keep the system in good order, take plenty of exercise in the fresh air and practice cleanliness. Remember a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean bowels are a protecting armour against disease. To keep the liver and bowels regular and to carry away the poisons within, it is best to take a vegetable pill every other day, made up of May-apple, aloes, jalap, and sugar-coated, to be had at most drug stores, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. If there is a sudden onset of what appears like a hard cold, one should go to bed, wrap warm, take a hot mustard foot-bath and drink copiously of hot lemonade. If pain develops in head or back, ask the druggist for Anurie (anti-uric) tablets. These will flush the bladder and kidneys and carry off poisonous germs. To control the pains and aches take one Anurie tablet every two hours, with frequent drinks of lemonade. The pneumonia appears in a most treacherous way, when the influenza victim is apparently recovering and anxious to leave his bed. In recovering from a bad attack of influenza or pneumonia the system should be built up with a good herbal tonic, such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made without alcohol from the roots and barks of American forest trees, or his Ironie (Iron tonic) tablets, which can be obtained at most drug stores, or send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

Auctioneer J. F. ELLIOT. Licensed Auctioneer For the County of Lambton. PROMPT attention to all orders, reasonable terms. Orders may be left at the Guide-Advocate office.

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 NAPIER OFFICE—Main Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kelly. Phone 13 A. Residence—Ontario street, opposite Mrs. 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 26.

DENTAL. GEORGE HICKS, D. D. S., TRINITY UNIVERSITY, I. D. S., Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Post Graduate of Bridge and Crown work, Orthodontia and Porcelain 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 Thurston, of each month.

C. N. HOWDEN D. D. S., I. 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.

FOR SALE Twenty good Shorthorn females, young cows and heifers; also one four-year-old Scotch bred bull, sire and dam imported. Everything guaranteed right and all registration papers furnished. Have decided to reduce the herd and give more attention to the sheep. No reasonable offer refused for one or more. ED de GEX, Kenwood P.O.

As do... people... plus... for farm... E... imp... Can... this will duct... ness... A... for... proc... hold... this... I... For... are... paid... I... for... proc... cou... way... mon... Can... E...

Victrola You cannot fully appreciate the pleasure derived from Victrola until you have one in your own home. The Victrola world's standard... graphs and... of the world's musical artists... duced only or records. No matter what you desire—popular dances, military marches, patriotic selections, the world's greatest bands, or the standard compositions of old Masters—have all these in your own home at a price that is as often as... Come in and I will let you see our wonderful line and let us tell you how easy it is to have a Victrola in your home. Harper WATFORD