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When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended 'Fruit-a-lives' to me and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them; and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your wonderful fruit medicine."

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### Restoring Returned Soldiers

With commendable enterprise and foresight, Canada is carrying on an extensive work in restoring her invalided soldiers. At the close of the year there were 113 institutions (of which the Military Hospitals Commission conducted 71) caring for convalescent soldiers. In these, there were 11,395 beds, in addition to 2,500 beds used in clearing depots. There were 10,000 under treatment, 3,000 men enrolled for vocational training and 869 men being taught new trades. These numbers are constantly increasing and the Military Hospitals Commission is expanding its activities to meet the growing needs adequately.

## A Needless Deception

By LILLIAN HALL CROWLEY

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

"Now, mother dear," said Jane, "we simply must fix up the horrid house some way. I can't have Ted's mother see such a place."

"Why make pretense, daughter? This is the way we have lived for the last four years."

"Yes, I know," answered Jane, "but it isn't really our way of living. We are only waiting until father's peach crop is a success. But to an outsider—this place looks as if it belonged to a Hill Billy. It would class us with them forever."

"Doesn't she like you for yourself, Jane?" asked her mother anxiously.

"Yes, of course, she has been a perfect dear ever since Ted and I became engaged. She made my last week in college the brightest of all for me."

"Well, dear, what could we do to this room?"

"We'll do a lot of things to it. In the first place, I asked Ted to bring his mother and sister the day father is in town to be gone all day. I know he wouldn't have any sympathy with the way I feel about this and it will all be over by the time he gets back."

Mrs. Wilson and her daughter were sitting early one summer morning in the only downstairs room in their house. They had come from Pennsylvania four years before when Nathaniel Wilson had inherited all he had in a peach orchard in the Ozarks, where one crop with favorable weather conditions would bring him a fortune. He had worked hard to bring his orchard to a state of perfection, but always some unfavorable occurrence hindered the long-looked-for bumper crop.

When his wife had protested against their going to the farm, because Jane's education might be hindered, he had assured her that there was a good university in the town a few miles away and that Jane should have every advantage. He had been able to keep his word and Jane, who had just finished high school in Pennsylvania, entered the college. She was now graduated and again home for the summer.

She had always been a great help to her mother when she was home. She made all the clothes for the family, put up fruit, cooked, and even helped her father out of doors. She had learned many things in college, about milk and butter, trees and shrubs, all of which practical knowledge was useful on the place.

During her last year of college life love had come knocking at the door of her heart in the person of Ted Somerville. He belonged to one of the wealthy families of the town and his mother was a social leader. They had been very happy in their love, and their joy was complete when Ted's mother showed instant fondness for the young girl her son had chosen.

Everything had gone along smoothly until now, when Jane realized what an impression her miserable little home might make on Mrs. Somerville. The one large room was kitchen, dining room and living room, while upstairs were two bedrooms.

The house, with a few pieces of furniture, had been on the farm when Mr. Wilson had bought it. The family had brought no furniture with them except a few old bedsteads. They meant to use the house only until such time as they had money from the big peach crop. Everything hinged on that.

Mrs. Wilson, never very strong, had lost interest in keeping up her house or her own appearance, and her husband was too busy to notice.

Now here was her daughter stirring her out of her usual calm lethargy.

Jane hauled out a carpet that had been packed around one of the precious pieces of old mahogany and had since reposed, folded, on the floor of the closet under the staircase.

"Come," said Jane peremptorily, "let's put down this carpet."

"But—Jane, I never tacked down a carpet before!"

"No, but you have seen them after they were put down. Come, mother dear. Let's hurry."

After the carpet had been put down Jane looked around with satisfaction until her gaze took in the windows.

"No curtains! Mother, haven't you any?"

"I've never had the heart to make curtains for a room like this," replied Mrs. Wilson forlornly.

Jane ran to an old chest of drawers, relie of better days, and took out a bolt of white material belonging to her wedding outfit. "Now we'll have curtains for all these windows. The view over the mountain will be lovely, and we'll have lots of flowers."

Jane had called in a couple of the men working in the orchard to carry the kitchen stove out to the back of the house.

"You see," she instructed, "when I

go in and out for the tea things it will look as though we had a kitchen out there, besides keeping this room perfectly cool."

"Yes, I see."

"Now, mother, you run up stairs and I'll finish. When you get far enough along I'll do your hair, and, for goodness sake, put on a corset! Get out the one you bought a thousand years ago in Philadelphia. Let out the strings, but get into it somehow."

"I haven't had one on for over two years."

"You simply have to get into one now and you must pull it tight enough to get into that white muslin dress I

made for you last summer and which you never wore."

"Very well," Mrs. Wilson smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm and tried to catch the same spirit.

Jane had arranged the flowers to her own satisfaction when her mother came downstairs.

"I am sure I can never fasten this dress; I'm all out of breath now."

"Never mind, you won't need any breath. I am going to do everything. There you are. Now sit down while I fasten these earrings. There—you look just like a has-been-lady."

"I feel as if I were going to be presented at court."

"You are!" said Jane. "Now, mother, you must keep that chair because it is the most comfortable one. I have placed the best one here for Ted's mother, so that her back will be to the back door. Then this chair for Bessie—Bessie is so young and happy, she won't know she isn't comfortable. She mustn't see behind the door, either. I'll fetch the kitchen chairs I painted yesterday. They ought to be dry now."

"This is such a lot of trouble, Jane." "Yes, but once in a life time. Now, if you should want something, I'll get it, because if you get out of your chair you'll forget which one you sat in, and if you get into one of the others—all will be lost!"

The stage was all set for the play, when Ted, with his mother and sister, drove up to the door. The room had gone through a transformation. The carpet and dainty white curtains, the freshly-painted chairs, the tables arranged with books and flowers, a calm and happy mother and, best of all, a radiant Jane, presented a beautiful picture to even the most critical eye.

Jane noticed a puzzled look on the face of Mrs. Somerville when she looked at her mother. As she was warmly greeting Ted's sister Bessie at the time, Mrs. Wilson was oblivious to this.

For a moment Jane was dismayed. "I wonder if it is the earrings?" she asked herself, but she did not have time to worry about it, as she had to go out and make the tea. Everything was going on splendidly, and she was elated with her success.

"Just the time to do," thought she. When Jane came in for the last time she heard Mrs. Somerville ask her mother, "From what part of Pennsylvania did you come from, Mrs. Wilson?"

"From Ellcittown," Mrs. Wilson smiled reminiscently. "Ellcittown?" gasped Mrs. Somerville. "What was your name before you were married?"

"Grace Tompkins," answered Mrs. Wilson with a surprised look.

"Grace Tompkins, I was sure I had seen you before. I am Theo Alexander."

"Theo!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Wilson. "Is it possible? I had lost track of you entirely. Why, we haven't seen each other since the high school graduation."

"Yes, we all went to Europe after that. Father died there and we just stayed on until I met Dick Somerville in Paris. He was there for a year's study. Then we were married and came to live in Saylorsville, and have been here ever since. You are the first person from home I have met since we came."

"I am so glad to see you, Theo. Isn't it wonderful that our children met each other?"

"I didn't know any Wilsons in Ellcittown," said Mrs. Somerville, "so the name did not impress me."

"My husband's people moved there several years after you left, Theo. Nathaniel found work in the bank too, confining and we came here four years ago to make our fortune."

Jane stood, with teapot in hand, in bewildered surprise.

"Then I need not have tried to deceive you; you'd have loved mother anyway!"

Ted sprang to her side and put a protecting arm around her.

"What is it, dear?" he tenderly inquired.

"I know you'll all despise me. I made mother pretend we had more rooms—and the stove is out of doors—and we would be taken for Hill Billies—and I did it all!"

Ted took the teapot from the excited and weeping girl and seated her in a chair. Turning to Mrs. Wilson, he asked:

"What is Jane talking about?"

## Found New HEALTH

Of greater value than gold and silver is health restored. Up in the mining district of Larver Lake, Ont., Mr. Sid Castleman discovered something—that the high words of praise given to Gin Pills are true. Here is his story, in part.

"I had heard of your

## GinPills

FOR THE KIDNEYS

and decided to give them a trial at once, as I had been suffering for some time with my kidneys and urine. I sent my chum out to get them (about 60 miles) and I am pleased to inform you that in less than 6 hours I felt relief. In two days the pain had left me altogether. Today I feel as well as ever I did and my kidneys are acting quite naturally." (Full testimonials sent on request together with FREE SAMPLE of GinPills.)

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Mrs. Wilson, between smiles and tears, told of Jane's struggles of the morning and of her fears lest, being found in the old shack with scant furniture, her parents would be looked down upon by the great Mrs. Somerville.

At this everybody laughed and Ted laughed of all.

"Why, that's plucky, Jane. By George, but you're plucky. Let's have a look at the kitchen that isn't a kitchen."

By this time Jane was laughing with the rest.

"As if," said Mrs. Somerville, with a warm smile, looking at Mrs. Wilson, "anything could make Grace Tompkins better than just Grace Tompkins."

Then putting her arms around Jane and pressing a kiss on the girl's tear-stained cheek, she said:

"You ought to have seen the ugly house we lived in our first year. I am proud of you for Ted's sake. He will have a helpmeet in one who will not be balked by obstacles. Come, do give me some more tea!"

### Practice at Driving.

"He is pretty good at driving a truth home."

"Yes; he's good at driving anything home. He started in early life with some."

Miller's Worm Powers are par excellence the medicine for children who are suffering from ravages of worms. They immediately alter the stomachic conditions under which the worms subsist and drive them from the system, and, at the same time, they are tonic in their efforts upon the digestive organs, restoring them to healthful operation and ensuring immunity from further disorders from such a cause.

### FOOD FOR THE AGED.

Some Diet Rules For Those Who Are Advanced In Years.

Libraries have been written on diets for business men and actresses, but little thought has been given what aged people should eat. "Superintendents of homes for the aged show absolute ignorance of the diet that really changes necessity," writes Dr. I. L. Nasher in the Medical Review of Reviews.

With advancing age there is less strength and activity. For these reasons the amount of food should be diminished. The loss of teeth in old age is nature's signal that an aged person should no longer eat meat, the only food that needs to be thoroughly masticated. "It is not necessary suddenly to discontinue the use of meat. There should be a gradual reduction, and only the light meat of young animals and fowl should be taken."

There is no definitely prescribed diet for old age, but there are a few rules that can be followed: The total amount of food must be diminished. It must be thoroughly cooked and finely chopped. Vegetables containing much cellulose should be freely used. Foods should be given in a liquid, semi-liquid or mush form, and dry foods should be avoided. Foods should not be given at shorter intervals than four or five hours.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## ROLL OF HONOR

### Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving The Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION  
Thos. L. Swift, reported missing, since June 15, 1916, 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. Blum, 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, J. Burns, F. Burns, C. Blunt, Wm. Auterson, S. P. Shanks, Pte. Walter Woolvett.

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY  
Lorne Lucas, Frank Yerks, Chas. Potter.

33RD BATTALION  
Percy Mitchell, died from wounds Oct. 14th, 1916; Lloyd Howden, Geo. Fountain, killed in action Sept. 16, 1916, Gordon H. Patterson, died in Victoria Hospital, London.

34TH BATTALION  
E. C. Crohn, S. Newell, Stanley Rogers, Macklin Hagle, missing since Oct. 8, 1916; Henry Holmes, killed in action Sept. 27, 1916, Wm. Manning, Leonard Lees, C. Jamieson.

### 29TH BATTERY

Wm. Mitchell, John Howard.

70TH BATTALION  
Ernest Lawrence, Alfred Emmerson, C. H. Loveday, A. Banks, S. R. Whalton, killed in action Oct. 1916, Thos. Meyers, Jos. M. Wardman, Vern Brown, Sid Brown, killed in action Sept. 15, 1916, Alf. Bullough, C. F. A., Corp. V. W. Willoughby.

28TH BATTALION  
Thomas Lamb, killed in action.

MOUNTED RIFLES  
Fred A. Taylor

PIONEERS  
Wm. Macnally, W. F. Goodman.

ENGINEERS  
J. Tomlin

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS  
T. A. Brandon, M. D., Capt. W. J. McKenzie, M. D., Norman McKenzie, Jerrold W. Snell, Allen W. Edwards, Wm. McCausland.

135TH BATTALION  
N. McLachlan, killed in action July 6th, 1917.

3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C.F.A.  
Alfred Levi

116TH BATTALION  
Clayton O. Fuller, killed in action April 18th, 1917.

196TH BATT.  
R. R. Annett.

70TH BATTERY  
R. H. Trenouth, killed in action on May 8th, 1917; Murray M. Forster.

142ND BATTALION  
Austin Potter.

GUNNER  
Russ. G. Clark.

R. N. C. V. R.  
John J. Brown

ARMY DENTAL CORPS  
Elgin D. Hicks, H. D. Taylor.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS  
Frank Elliot, R. H. Acton.

Arthur McKereher

98TH BATTALION  
Roy E. Acton.

64TH BATTERY  
C. F. Luckham.

Harold D. Robinson

65TH BATTERY  
Walter A. Restorick.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS  
Lieut. M. R. James.

If the name of your soldier boy does not appear in this column, kindly notify us and it will be placed there.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

### TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST:  
Accommodation, 75.....8 44 a.m.  
Chicago Express, 13.....12 31 a.m.  
Accommodation, 83.....6 44 p.m.

GOING EAST:  
Accommodation, 80.....7 48 a.m.  
New York Express, 6.....11 16 a.m.  
New York Express, 2.....2 52 p.m.  
C. Vail Agent, Watford