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A Young Fellow

By H. H. Duncan

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A young fellow started out in real estate, and real estate, when one is young and just beginning, is almost as barren of business as the first year's practice of a lawyer. But the young man had an office, with his name in gold leaf on the glass in the door.

As he sat in his swivel chair before the empty roll top desk and eyed the sign, he became dissatisfied. The letters seemed to mock, to tantalize, to tease him. He determined to look up the office and go see Florence. Just as he was about to put his idea into execution, a visitor crossed his threshold. It was Mr. Thomas Henry, father of Florence, and one of his father's most intimate friends.

"Mr. Henry, I am glad to see you," stated the young man cordially, as he rose to greet the older man. "It was good of you to look in on me."
"I was just passing," said the elder man, "and I thought I would drop in for a moment's rest. How's business, Frank?"

"Neither good nor bad," replied the young man cheerfully. "There isn't any."
"Ugh! That's rather fierce."
"Oh, don't take it seriously, Mr. Henry," remonstrated the young man, shunning pity. "I'll pick up some day. I'm not a bit discouraged."

"That's the way, Frank," approved Mr. Henry. "I'm glad to hear that you're proving—or rather promising to prove—worthy of your friends. One of them said to me today, 'He'll make good. I'll guarantee that he will.' That's what one person thought about your future in real estate."

"Who said that?" asked Frank eagerly.
"I didn't know any business man here in town held that opinion. They all said the field was overcrowded and that I was a fool for launching out in it. Who was he?"

It was rather awkward for Mr. Henry. He hesitated. "It wasn't exactly a business man, it was Florence." He looked keenly at the young man as he mentioned his daughter's name and smiled. The young man was not at all disconcerted. On the contrary, he seemed as much elated as if Thomas A. Edison had been his indorser. Of course, poor reader, you can't understand this, as you don't happen to know Florence.

"She's a mighty dear girl," the young man declared. "Do you know, Mr. Henry, she's all right, even if she is your daughter."

Mr. Henry looked at the young man for a cue, and found him grinning. "Frank," declared Mr. Henry, his brow wrinkling, "I'm up against it. I wish you could help me out on a little deal—a big deal, rather. But it's hopeless. The most experienced men in the business have fallen down on it."

"What's the deal, Mr. Henry?" asked the young man. "Give me a chance."

"You couldn't do anything," replied Mr. Henry rather sharply, "unless it would be to drug the old man. It's that Jackson block business, Frank. You know Mr. Jackson, a client of mine, has been wanting that half block for an office building site. He's bought every foot of land from Walnut street clear through to the alley, a solid half block, all except that little lot on which old man Boyd has his shack of an office. That little one-story shed is all that stands in the way of a new building. For my client, I've offered him four times as much as the ground is worth or will ever be worth, but still he holds out. He's jealous of Jackson, that's all. I can't get him to give in. I've tried every way through all kinds of people."

Mr. Henry stopped and scowled. He glanced around the room, scowled at the empty wastepaper basket, at the book shelves, at the filing cabinet, and even out the window, where a ten-year-old girl, who was passing, a very good girl, probably, who no doubt helps wipe the dishes at home, and takes care of her little brother, was badly frightened, because she thought Mr. Henry was scowling at her.

"Boyd lives just the other side of the half block, doesn't he?" asked the young man.

"Yes, he does," growled Mr. Henry. "What has that to do with it?"
"Everything, if it's worked right," declared Frank. "Do you want me to buy that twenty feet for you?"
"You get a check for a thousand dollars if you do," promised his friend, "and we'll allow you fifteen for the lot."

"Will you give me a week, Mr. Henry?" The young man was excited. "I will," replied Mr. Henry, looking at him in bewilderment.
"And take the deal out of the hands of the agents?"
"To this Mr. Henry was willing."
"All right," answered the young man, "it's your lot."

"I do," declared Frank. "I'll start the ball rolling right away. Kindly remember me to Florence, will you, Mr. Henry? Tell her I'll call just as soon as I bring about this deal. I'll have something important to tell her. Spring the lock as you go out, will you?"
Frank bolted into his coat, grabbed his hat and, leaving Mr. Henry glued to one of the installment-plan chairs, darted down the street.

"Hello, Sam," called the young man, after he had traveled several blocks. "I was looking for you." A large negro, carrying a basket of ashes toward an old horse and wagon, wiped his hand on an overall leg and greeted the young man.

"The powerful glad to see you."
"How's Mrs. Smith and the babies?" inquired Frank.

"Fine, sir, fine. You jes ought to see my little boy, Mr. Frank."
"And how's the band?" asked the young man.

"Say, Mr. Frank!" shouted the negro, kicking over the basket of ashes in his excitement, "you jes ought to hear that band now. I've been practicin' em regular every night, and they're gettin' on fine. You ought to hear 'em play the 'Swanee River.' Mr. Henry, it would make tears melt in your mouth. Ob course, I hab my troubles, y' understand, Mr. Frank," the negro continued, "Ebry bandmaster has his troubles, Mr. Frank. Now take that nigger trombone player. He's all right on volume, Mr. Frank. He's fine on volume. You could hear him four miles, I reckon. But the feller won't play in tune. When we're playing flats he's playing sharps, an' he's always a couple of notes ahead of the rest. An' the cornet, an' some of the others, ain't what they should be, but I see practicin' 'em. We'll get together all right after a while."

The negro smiled hopefully.
"Sure you will," agreed Frank.
"Where do you practice, Sam?" he asked.

"We've been playin' in a barn back of my house. It's a tolerable enough place when it don't rain. It's looking for a better place, but don't seem to find none. We can't afford to pay much rent."

"Sam," stated the young man, "I'm interested in music, and I'm interested in your band. How would you like American hall for your practices?"

For an answer, Sam grinned like a man on a holiday.
"I can't promise it to you any longer than a week."

"Das all right, Mr. Frank," responded Sam. "A week's better 'n nothin'."

"Want to start to-night, Sam?" asked the young man.

"Yep, seben o'clock. Play straight through till leben."

"Fine," declared Frank. "I'll explain a little, Sam. The reason I'm renting this hall for you is because I want to treat the neighborhood to some good music. See?"

"Yes, sir," answered Sam. But really, you know, he didn't.

"If things work out the way I expect them to," promised Frank, "I'm going to buy your band new uniforms."

"Good heavens, Mr. Frank! Real ones, blue with gold braid? An' a drum-major hat for me to march in?"

"Surest thing you know," answered Frank, grinning. "Only be sure to have the band play loud. You know I want all the neighborhood to be sure to hear the music." This Sam guaranteed.

"And see here," added the young man: "If you don't care, I'd like to be known as the manager of your band. May I?"

"Ob course," magnanimously. "I'll be a big thing for the band; Mr. Frank Lucas, manager."

"And remember this, if anybody comes up and wants to cut out the music—some people like music, others don't—or threatens to kill the trombone specialist, you tell 'em I'm manager of the band, and send 'em to me, will you? Tell 'em I'm running the circus, will you?"

"I shore will," promised Sam. "I don't want no scraps wid nobody, I don't. An' I'll thank you, sir. The band'll give 'em good concerts all week—nice loud ones. So long, Mr. Frank."

Well, it all came out as we expected. A week's music from Sam's band rehearsing "Swanee River" each night from seven until eleven o'clock in the hall directly opposite his residence, was all the music Mr. Boyd could stand. He remonstrated with Sam in vain—he was sent to Mr. Frank Lucas. The police told Boyd, when he complained that they had no right to interfere so long as the band was orderly. At last Mr. Boyd went to Frank. Frank explained to Mr. Boyd that he had been thinking of moving his band to another part of the town, but that he was interested in buying a certain strip in the Jackson block

DANGER TO SYSTEM UNLESS ACTION IS TAKEN

Ignorance alone can excuse neglect of the health when all indications point to kidney trouble. Everyone should know that from the hour the kidneys fail to remove the poisons from the blood stream, these poisons are accumulating ready to cause sickness, pain and suffering.

How are you to know that the system is in danger from poisoning? One or more of the following symptoms should leave no doubt in your mind. If you are the victim of backache, pains in the back or sides, or lumbago, be sure nature is calling for better kidney action. Take Gin Pills.

At the first twinges of Rheumatism, swollen ankles and joints, or any other manifestation of uric acid poisoning, take Gin Pills. Dozens of Testimonials prove Gin Pills to be the sovereign remedy.

Take the warning given by constant headaches, restless nights, dizziness when you stoop, frequent chills, bladder urinary trouble, or constipation, and turn to the remedy which is so sure that it is sold on the money-back guarantee—Gin Pills.

Gin Pills are sold by all dealers—50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. A free sample will be sent if you address your request to the National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto; or to the U. S. address, Na-Dru-Co Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. 121

Boyd saw the plot, but from bone-crazy, he forgot his jealousy and sold the property for its true value, \$5,000.

In return for the deed, Frank received from Thomas Henry \$15,000, as per agreement. Frank's ledger read: "Received fee, \$1,000. Profit, \$10,000." The band removed to its old quarters. But marched the following Sunday in new uniforms. Then the cash account in Frank's ledger was credited with \$500, charged to personal account. With the \$500 Frank purchased a solitaire for Florence.

Taking No Risks.

An M. P. who had to speak in a northern town traveled up from London the night before, taking only a small handbag with him. The train was very late in arriving, and the M. P. engaged a room at the first hotel he came across. A servant showed him his room and, after shuffling a bit, said:

"Please, sir, my instructions are, when a man hasn't any luggage to ask him to pay in advance."

"But I've got luggage!" said the M. P., indignantly, pointing to the little handbag.

"I know, sir," said the servant, sternly. "But you've stayed too long on that already!"—London Answer.

Miller's Worm Powders 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 tonics in their efforts upon the digestive organs, restoring them to healthful operation and ensuring immunity from further disorders from such a cause.

Soldiers at School.

Four thousand Canadian soldiers have volunteered for classes which the Canadian military authorities are conducting at various English camps under the supervision of Sir Richard Turner. Assisted by a representative committee, instruction is given in all subjects desired, including agriculture, business, English, and modern languages and classics. Officers not available for active service form the instructional staff, provided they were prominent in educational work in Canada. These classes are designed to form the basis of work which the Canadian universities planned for vocational training of the troops, which Dr. Tory of Alberta University was appointed to organize.

English opinion holds that Canadian authorities are very advanced in all concerns affecting the welfare of the soldiers.

Etiquette.

After a spell at the front army officers are sometimes apt to forget the niceties of military etiquette, says The London Chronicle. The other afternoon at Victoria station a commanding officer was spotted by a member of the military police, who reminded the homemaker that he was not carrying his gloves. "Gloves!" exclaimed the C.O. "Where I come from you're often lucky to appear in trousers!"

NO ASTHMA REMEDY LIKE IT. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is distinctly different from other so-called remedies. Were this not so it would not have continued its great work of relief until known from ocean to ocean for its wonderful value. Kellogg's, the foremost and best of all asthma remedies stands upon a reputation founded in the hearts of thousands who have known its benefit.

FIGHT OFF WORRY.

Do Not Waste Nervous Strength and Energy in Useless Fretting.

The immediate cause of neuralgia is poison in the blood. Therefore our object is to keep the blood pure and healthy, as it is only when the blood is poor that the neuralgia poisons develop in it. Poor blood is caused by lack of sleep, lack of fresh air, improper food and overfatigue, by too little exercise and by mental worry.

Nothing is easier to say than "Don't worry" and few things so difficult to carry out. But by "don't worry" the doctors mean do not waste valuable nervous strength and energy in fretting over things beyond your control. Make a point of putting all anxiety from you during meals and, above all, when you go to bed. Train yourself to think of something cheerful as you try to go to sleep. Otherwise your sleep will be harassed and fitful and will do you very little good.

He was a wise man who made it a rule to think of nothing disagreeable after 10 o'clock at night. He at any rate could never have been a victim to neuralgia.

Keep up the general tone of the nervous system and you will have little difficulty in keeping off nervous ailments, notably neuralgia.—London Mail.

MADE MALTA A GARDEN.

The Island Was Once Merely a Rock in the Mediterranean.

What Malta was like before the Maltese found it one cannot imagine, says The Manchester Guardian. Presumably there was some soil somewhere, hidden among the little valleys that scar the golden rock. But there was very little soil. Most of the island must have been just plain rock, with nothing in particular to recommend it.

But somewhere in the dawn of history there came an industrious, ingenious race and proceeded to make the best of it. They have been doing that all down the centuries, till now they have reduced it to a fine art, and the barren rock is a garden from end to end.

They realized, those clever Maltese, that, although they might not have earth enough to grow their food, there were plenty of people who had enough and to spare. So they sent their ships abroad, and the ships came back loaded with just plain earth. This earth they took and spread on the ledges of their rocks and sowed their seed and reaped their harvests and prospered exceedingly, till now fruits and flowers might be a fitting name for the island.

Study the Words.

Noah Webster started with 70,000 words. That was in 1828, when the first edition of his dictionary was published. In the next edition, that of 1864, the list had grown to 114,000. Noah had died in the meantime, but his heirs and assigns continued his work. In 1890 a total of 175,000 words were listed. Since then the number has more than doubled. It is now about 400,000.

Of course nobody could be expected to learn all those words, nor is it necessary. Whenever in your reading you come across a word the meaning of which is not entirely clear to you drop your book or newspaper, as the case may be, and consult the dictionary. Don't delay. If you do probably you will never look the word up. It is surprising how many words one may add to one's vocabulary by this simple method.—New York Times.

An Egyptian Delicacy.

Every country has its own little delicacies, and Egypt is famous for its kabobs. The kabob is broiled meat, but it is broiled in so ridiculous a fashion as to be really funny. The peddler uses a little charcoal furnace something like that in use by our plumbers. In it he keeps up a small but hot fire. Attached to the side of the furnace are a lot of iron skewers. When a customer approaches the hawk takes a small piece of meat, mutton or goat, the latter being the most popular, cuts it with a sharp knife into a long ribbon, winds it around the skewer and places it upon the charcoal fire. Some of the drippings are collected and, with a little salt and spice, make a pleasant sauce for the kabob when it is done.

The Pepper Vine.

The pepper vine grows best in a wooded valley where there is plenty of moisture and abundant foliage to protect it from the heat of the sun. It is given a rude sort of cultivation. The growers plant it, keeping the grass from its roots, and when the tree near which it is planted has no lower branches strings or poles are placed in proper position to enable the vine to climb the tree. It needs no further attention.

Bringing the Paradox Home.

"Pa, what's a paradox?"
"It is when the impossible happens."
"Then we had a paradox here this evening." Ma said you couldn't possibly be expected home before midnight because you had an excuse for staying downtown.

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