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HER DOWRY

It Was Discovered After the Wedding

By MARK TRAVERS

It was 11 o'clock at night. Hackstaff entered his living room and, throwing himself into his chair, sat gloomily thinking. He had just come from Mildred Thorne's. He had proposed to her and had been refused.

His refusal was a more bitter disappointment to him because he had expected an acceptance. There had been a good deal of backing and filling on Mildred's part, but that is not unusual in courtships. Hackstaff had noticed that if he met one of her balking by a balking on his own part she had come round very quickly. But all the while Mildred was listening to the dictates of her heart. Her mother was telling her that if she married Hackstaff she would prove herself a fool.

Mrs. Thorne was an old woman. She had accumulated some funds by saving—no one knew how much. She and her daughter lived in the house on the hill where Mildred had been born and lived very plainly. They owned the place and raised on it all they ate. Consequently their expenses were confined to what they wore, and they seldom bought any new clothes.

Mildred knew a great deal about her mother and her mother's affairs that the world did not know. She knew that her mother was a miser; not only that she was a miser, but that she was in constant terror lest she should lose her savings. Her husband had been unlucky as an investor, and his wife had no confidence in ever getting back any funds that were put out at interest.

But Hackstaff knew nothing of all this. He was a young farmer much interested in putting his farm on a paying basis. His was not the haphazard way of the uneducated farmer. He had taken a course at an agricultural college and when he put seed into the ground, barring effects of weather, knew exactly what it would produce. He was aware that Mildred was obliged to live economically and supposed that this was because she had very little to live on, which, since there was no income except what she placed produced, was true. Hackstaff lived alone. If he could have won Mildred Thorne the world would have looked very bright to him, for he had everything to make a home except a wife, and, having set his heart on her, he would be satisfied with no one else.

He sat on the night of his proposal brooding over his disappointment and thinking of the dull, lonely life before him. Mildred had accompanied him to the door and bidden him adieu there. She seemed to share his disappointment or, at least, to sympathize with him in it. He had not gone far from the house when he heard Hector, the watchdog, she always let loose before going to bed, bark. Then all was still.

At 1 o'clock in the morning Hackstaff still sat brooding. He did not go to bed because he had no desire for sleep. Suddenly there was a ring on the telephone bell that sounded at that time of night when all else was still like an alarm. Wondering who could be calling him at such an hour, he sprang to the instrument and took down the receiver.

"Great heavens! That was Hector's bark!" It had been the last sound he had heard from the Thorne place after his departure, and there was no mistaking it for Hector's. The shrieks, the barking, the sounds of a scuffle reached as though to another room. Hackstaff called, but received no answer. The only sound he heard was the ticking of a clock.

Out into the night shot the young farmer, descended the declivity into the valley between his house and the Thorne's and ran up the hill. He found the front door open, but all was dark within. Climbing the stairs three steps at a time, he stood in the upper hall and listened, for he could see nothing. He always carried a box of matches in his pocket and, striking one of them, opened a door.

Mildred was lying on the floor. The light of the match glimmered before her eyes roused her, and, seeing Hackstaff bending over her, for an instant she seemed to be trying to collect her faculties; then she grasped Hackstaff's wrist with a frantic grip, and the flame of the match went out.

"There are matches on the bureau," she said, endeavoring to regain something of her equanimity.

"Are you hurt?" asked Hackstaff,

grooping. "I think not. I must have fainted." Lighting another match, he lit a candle standing on the bureau. By this time Mildred was on her feet, but she seemed unable for a time to collect her faculties. Hackstaff begged her to tell him what had occurred, but she made no reply.

"Then came the muffled moan of a dog. Hackstaff was sure it was Hector's bark. It served to recall to Mildred what had happened. She attempted to break away from Hackstaff, but he held her.

"Tell me what to do," he said, "and I will do it. You are not in a condition to act yourself."

"Let me go," she said hysterically. He released her, and she staggered to her mother's room, Hackstaff following with the candle. Opening the door, Mildred found her mother in bed bleeding from several wounds. Hector, who had been shut up with her, was licking her.

A few words were all the explanation accorded Hackstaff at the time. A man had effected an entrance into the house. Crossing the yard, he had evidently been too quick for Hector, but the dog had followed him into the house. Mildred, hearing her mother scream, had gone to her aid, taking in the situation, had grasped the telephone receiver and had only time to call Hackstaff's number when the man pulled her away. Then followed the shrieks, the barking of the dog Hackstaff had heard as the burglar dragged Mildred from the instrument, threw her into her room and shut the door. Hector had defended her, but the man had succeeded in shutting him up in the room with Mrs. Thorne.

Hector was of the hound breed and keen of scent. Hackstaff was anxious to follow the burglar, and after neighbors had been called he left in pursuit led by Hector and armed with a revolver Mildred gave him. The dog quickly took the scent, and the two pushed out into the night on an errand of vengeance.

Hector kept his nose to the ground without barking. There was no water in which the robber could lose the scent, and if there had been it is doubtful if he would have used it, for he had not much reason to suspect that he would be so quickly followed, and he had shut the dog in the room with his victim.

Hackstaff felt so deeply the outrage that he thought little of a meeting with a man who was doubtless armed and would shoot to kill. On went Hector with his nose to the ground, and on went Hackstaff some twenty yards behind him. This pursuit had continued for some time and day was breaking when Hackstaff heard in a thicket ahead a simultaneous grovel of the dog and the cry of a man. Running forward, he saw by the dim light a man on the ground and the dog at his throat.

Cocking his revolver, Hackstaff pushed forward and saw that the man had evidently been taken unawares by the dog. He had lain down to rest or to sleep perhaps, and Hector had him at a disadvantage. So fierce was Hector's attack that his enemy had all he could do to resist his grip and no time to draw a weapon. He gasped to Hackstaff to call the dog off, and Hackstaff, covering him with his revolver, did so. Then, directing him to put his hands above his head, he disarmed him and, ordering him to rise, began the march homeward.

Hackstaff, after persuading Hector to let go his victim's throat, being absorbed in the man, thought little about the dog. Presently Hector came trotting along with a little cotton bag in his mouth. Hackstaff took it and put it in his pocket.

Drawing the burglar to a road, Hackstaff waited till a farmer driving a team came along, then put his prisoner on the wagon and took him to the jail at the county seat, where he was locked up. Then Hackstaff set out to the Thorne's. He found a crowd about the house and learned that Mrs. Thorne had been mortally wounded. Since Mildred was attended by friends, he did not disturb her, going at once to his own home.

Mrs. Thorne died the next day, as much from shock as from wounds. It was not till the day after the funeral that Hackstaff went to see Mildred. She told him that in her refusal of him she had been influenced by the fact that her mother needed her and she did not believe that she would be happy or make him happy so long as her mother lived. She was ready to marry him, but he must take her with no dowry except the place in which she lived, which was of little value. She had supposed that her mother had some money hidden away, but nothing had been found.

Hackstaff gladly accepted this withdrawal of her answer to his proposition, and since Mildred was now entirely alone an early marriage was arranged. The burglar was tried, but since there was no evidence forthcoming except the scent of a dog that he was the man who had committed the murder the jury refused to convict him. But he was a hardened

criminal and was wanted for an offense, for which he suffered.

A short time after the marriage of Hackstaff and Mildred Thorne the husband one day put on the coat he had worn on the night of the murder. Putting his hand into a pocket, he drew forth a little bag.

"I wonder where that came from," he said, looking at it curiously.

"What's in it?" asked his wife. Thursting his hand in the bag, he drew forth a number of diamonds. Then he remembered Hector's trotting beside him with the bag in his mouth while he was engaged with the prisoner.

It turned out that the diamonds had been taken from Mrs. Thorne on the night of the murder, and they proved to be worth \$30,000.

The robber had thrown them away when captured. How he knew they were in the house and Mildred did not know of it is a story in itself.

After all, Mildred's dowry was satisfactory to herself and her husband.

As for Hector, he lived from that time forward the life of a prince of dogs. His mistress insisted upon having him with her night and day. Since her husband was not with her in the daytime she relied upon the dog for protection. What induced Hector to pick up the bag the robber threw away is hard to determine. It was certainly a case of rare canine intelligence.

TRANSPARENCIES.

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When you are out walking you often find beautiful leaves, ferns or delicate flowers that you wish you could keep. There is a way to do this that requires no special skill.

Smooth out each tiny leaflet of a fern so that its shape will be perfect. Press it between newspapers and change them daily for the first few days.

The materials that you will need to make transparencies are a sheet of Japanese paper, either gray or brown or a dull shade of green, a jar of paste and a pair of scissors.

After your fern is pressed you must decide upon the shape of the picture that you wish. For an oblong, which is perhaps the best, cut two pieces of the Japanese paper of the same size, large enough to cover the fern and leave a quarter of an inch margin around the four sides. Paste the fern lightly to one of these pieces of Japanese paper, being careful to make it lie perfectly flat and smooth. It is a good plan to use very little paste, just enough to make the fern stick fast to the paper.

On top of the fern is placed the second piece of Japanese paper, which is glued to the first piece of paper around the outer edge. Here you have your picture ready to be framed.

The next point to be decided is what color frame you will use. Perhaps you will decide on a dull gray, finding that it blends in very well with the delicate, tender green of the young fern. Again you cut two equal oblongs of the colored paper about two inches wider and longer than the oblongs of the Japanese paper. Cut out the centers of these oblongs, and the space thus made must be a quarter of an inch smaller, both in width and length, than the picture. You will notice that when you lay the frame on top of the picture it will cover the extra quarter of an inch of Japanese paper, or, in other words, the frame will overlap the picture a quarter of an inch. Paste the frame firmly to the picture around this center opening and then, turning the picture over, paste down the second piece of colored paper in the same way, so that your picture will be framed exactly alike on both sides.

Now, after the outer edges of the frame have been glued together the picture will be complete. By adding a bit of gray ribbon by which to hang it up your transparency is ready to be hung in the window.

You can make all sorts of transparencies, of all shapes and sizes, using dainty, delicately colored flowers or thin feathery grasses or some little leaves—anything, in fact, that is flat and can be pasted between the two pieces of transparent Japanese paper. Often ferns with just one garly colored flower will make a beautiful transparency.

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A TRIP TO THE NORTH-WEST

By Mr. Peter Anderson

(CONCLUDED)

Next morning Ethel and I and baggage went out by motor boat to the English Mission where Armstrong had left the horses. and a Swede who was to accompany us went round on horseback. Swede's name was awkward to pronounce so we called him Jack. Some time was lost there in making arrangements about getting our gear to the crossing we did not started till on in the afternoon.

We took the trail a distance of eighty miles through the woods. Jack and I ahead on horseback Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong in the motor. We went about fifteen miles and came to a little patch of prairie and camped for the night. Mosquitoes were very troublesome. We were up and off early morning. The flies and mosquitoes were very hungry. We had a fare of lard and tar which we used on the horses and also a preparation which we smeared on our faces and though it did not improve our personal appearance it added materially to our comfort.

After a couple of hours drive we reached the Hart river. It was much swollen from the recent rains and the flats were flooded. Bates who was setting up a picture show at the crossing ahead of us. He had his stuff roughly constructed boat. A wife and little boy were going with him. Ethel away with them in a raft, as the approaches to the river were washed out and awaited the return of the boat. The Indians owned it wanted it on its return we had to find some other means of getting to the raft. As Jack and I were mounted we rode in to the depth of the water. We had no very far before our feet were in water, but we got through to where the land rose a little and could see where we were going. We soon came to a much place. A man with a four team asked me to watch his horse and he took my horse and rode to the depth. Our own horse followed him. About the mid horses got down and they had a hitch. A man with a big team in and pulled our rig over river. The owner of the four team led my horse on the old and waded back. I rode wagon. He had a stove and the water came into the wagon got up on top of the stove horses got down and he had a hitch and I was left in the lake hitched on to our democrat's back and took me and part load over. Two teams then and brought the wagon. We up and drove along the river raft. We unharnessed the and drove them into the river they swam to the other side the rig on to the raft, across the river, pulled it to a flats to land, hitched up and our way. I never knew before was a Hart river. I know is now.

We still had a long journey wretched trail. A person wonder how people ever drove road to put it in such a There had been no rain for week and the mud would be in the bad places. We not very far apart. They right across the trail to the logs on either side and nothing for it but to Sometimes when the hills were still up on the ordur front wheels down in the conveyance stood up at a gerous angle. Such a mud and water broken coils loads that had been used out of holes present made not very desirable. The whole road should be both ends, placed "ac fare." Although the road lay through a stretch of country, covered with growth of poplar from inches in diameter and up to fifty or sixty feet with The banks of the Pe between nine hundred and feet above the water at t We locked the wheels an in safety. There are hundred inhabitants in Wooden buildings with, ance of being put up in railway construction.