

When a mother detects from the writing and fretting of a child that worms are troubling it, she can procure a reliable remedy in Miller's Worm Powders which will expel all worms from the system. They may cause vomiting, but this need cause no anxiety, because it is but a manifestation of their thorough work. No worms can long exist where these Powders are used.

Use ELARTON SALT for HOME-CATTLE-LAND Unsurpassed for Strength and Purity. To be obtained from nearly every Store in this District or ELARTON SALT WORKS CO., Ltd. WARWICK, ONT.

ARE YOUR EYES GETTING BETTER? Your eyes are either getting better or they are getting worse. If your eyes need correction, any delay in getting glasses is slowly but surely damaging them.

Carl A. Class Jeweller and Optician

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Hospital for Sick Children COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Dear Mr. Editor,— Realizing that the trend of public opinion is swinging more and more towards the equalization of the burdens which each citizen of Canada must bear, that the helping of those who are unable to help themselves occupies a much larger place in our minds, may I draw your attention to the fact that this Hospital is accomplishing great things in a field that is untouched by any other organization.

The carrying out of this great work is your responsibility as well as that of the people of all Ontario. Every contributor to the Hospital is a friend, indeed, to these little mites of humanity, and has the satisfaction of knowing that the result of his individual contribution is bringing joy into at least one home by assisting to care for somebody's child.

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WATFORD - ONTARIO

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RESIDENCE—ST. CLAIR ST.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford station as follows: GOING WEST Accommodation, 111.....8.42 a.m. Chicago Express, 17.....12.40 p.m. Detroit Express, 83.....6.51 p.m. (a) Chicago Express.....9.11 p.m. GOING EAST Ontario Limited, 80.....7.48 a.m. Chicago Express, 6.....11.22 a.m. Express.....2.50 p.m. Accommodation, 112.....5.38 p.m. (a) Stops to let off passengers from Hamilton and east thereof and to take on passengers for Chicago. C. W. VAIL, Agent, Watford. LOOK AT YOUR LABEL

The Plum Pudding By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MARIAN had never before cooked at all to speak of until she had married Bert that summer. She had made a great success of it, but she was a little nervous.

Afterward when she realized that she had invited all of Bert's family and near relatives for a Christmas dinner. And that they had all accepted. "Now Marian dear," Bert had said, "just have a simple dinner. Don't bother about the frills. Our ordinary Sunday dinner will do beautifully. Anyone who gets our usual Sunday dinner is getting a fine meal."

"Well, I guess that is about all I can do—and for so many, too," Marian said. "You're a wonder to attempt it," Bert said admiringly. "But don't think you have to overdo it."

"For days and days Marian planned her Christmas dinner. She salted nuts, she made cranberry sauce. She ordered a fine young turkey. She wasn't nervous about the turkey—that was just about as easy as chicken.

Yes, she was planning to have the old-time Christmas dinner. She wouldn't tell Bert. She would surprise him. And then, if she did tell him, she might be more nervous about the things she had planned to do, feeling that he was going to be so proud of her that she couldn't fulfill his expectations of her success.

So she worked and planned and schemed. And that Christmas eve when Bert kissed her good-night she smiled to herself as she heard him say: "Well, it's quite true. People have always eaten too much at Christmas time in past years."

Bert's family all arrived in due season for Christmas dinner. "Well, were you nervous over your first turkey?" asked Aunt Emilina. And how happy Marian was that she could say that she hadn't been nervous and that it was going to come out all right, she thought.

"I bet it was a job making your first plum pudding," said Uncle George, and Bert looked angry and grieved. He didn't want anyone to make his Marian feel uncomfortable. And now his own family were doing it.

"Uncle George," Bert said, "we meant to tell you. We're not going to have one of those old-time dinners. We think that people have always felt wretchedly at Christmas, and after Christmas—indigestion and all. So we're just going to have a nice simple dinner."

Marian had left the room now. But she could hear the defending note in Bert's voice, and at the same time a note of sadness that their dinner was going to be so simple.

She wanted to rush in now and tell them all that it wouldn't be so simple, and to put her arms around Bert's neck and kiss him. He was standing up for her. And they were all trying to be critical. And she had invited them all to her house. This was the way they were accepting her hospitality!

"But, following a number more similar remarks on how did she get along with her mince pie, and did she burn herself salting the nuts, she at last announced that dinner was quite ready.

Admirably, increasingly admiringly, the guests ate and ate and ate. There was nothing that had ever been a part of a Christmas dinner that Marian did not have.

And Bert grew prouder and more beautiful of her by the moment! How Bert loved to boast of what she could do! At last came the dessert—mince pie

and apple pie and plum pudding, too. How Bert's eyes opened wide with surprise when he saw the pudding.

"What did you mean when you said you were going to have a new kind of a dinner without any of the Christmas trimmings?" asked Uncle George. "My wife likes surprises," Bert beamed. And after they had all gone, Bert said:

"They behaved atrociously, but oh! How proud I was of you. And Marian darling—"

"Yes, dear?" "The plum pudding was the best that has ever been served at any Christmas dinner at any time I know."

"I think it was a success," Marian smiled.

YULETIDE IN THE COUNTRY Christmas Day in the Old Farm Home Recalls Fond and Pleasant Recollections.

CHRISTMAS in the country. Christmas day in the old farm home. What pleasant memories it recalls to some of us, and what good times it will mean for many of us this year.

There really no place like the farm home for Christmas good times and jollity and good cheer. Here, if anywhere, prosperity and plenty abound, and in family gatherings and in neighborhood reunions, with an abundance of the fruits of our labor with which to spread our bountiful boards, old friendships may be renewed, new ones made, and even the stranger within our gates may be added to the list.

At Christmas time we may put into practice the real principles of neighborly living. Living close together does not always make neighbors. Speaking acquaintances are not always neighbors.

To be real neighbors we must have the spirit of neighborliness in our hearts which prompts us to get together once in awhile, to gather around a well-laden table and feast, and visit, and laugh and joke and have a rousing good time. To love our neighbor as we do ourselves, we have to know him pretty well, and there is nothing like these neighborly reunions as a means of getting acquainted.

It may be that some of us will have to do a little mental and spiritual housecleaning before Christmas day dawns. We shall have to rid ourselves of all the old rubbish of grudges, dislikes, jealousies and ill feelings which we will find pigeon-holed away when we begin to overhaul the accumulation of the years. You will have to throw all this into the discard before you can get into the real Christmas spirit, because the two will not mix.

If you have wronged your neighbor in any way, Christmas is a good time to make reparation. And if you feel that you have been wronged, why, just forget it, and the Christmas spirit and the Christmas "get-together" will do the rest. Christmas should be a time of peace and good will to all mankind, and not to a few favored friends. It should be a time of reviving old associations, of renewing old friendships, and of making new friends, and the peace and good will, the neighborliness and good fellowship thus revived should not be allowed to die out as the yule fires cease to burn, but should flow out in a plentiful stream to enrich our lives through all the days of the coming year.

A Christmas Sermon

TO BE honest, to be kind—to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but those without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should look on such an enterprise to be successful. There is indeed one element in human destiny that not blindness itself can controvert; whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted. It is so in every art and study, it is so above all the continent art of living well. Here is a pleasant thought for the year's end or for the end of life. Only self-deception will be satisfied, and there need be no despair for the despatcher.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, an excellent remedy.

Wedding Announcements and Invitations of the finest quality at The Guide-Advocate.

SO EASY TO BE WELL AND STRONG

Take "Fruit-a-lives" The Wonderful Fruit Medicine

805 CARTER ST., MONTREAL "I suffered terribly from Constipation and Dyspepsia for many years. I felt pains after eating and had gas, constant headaches and was unable to sleep at night. I was getting so thin that I was frightened.

At last, a friend advised me to take "Fruit-a-lives" and in a short time the Constipation was banished, I felt no more pain, headaches or dyspepsia, and now I am vigorous, strong and well."

Madam ARTHUR BEAUCHER. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

A Christmas "Suppose"

WE would not change the children's Christmas. But suppose all the grown-up people were to say to one another: "This year, instead of my giving you a present, let us club together and give our present to some poor child who will not have any Christmas. There are hundreds of them somewhere. Or, if we do not know of such a child, let us give our present to a hospital for children, a home for crippled children, for incurables, for the aged, the blind, the feeble-minded." This to be, of course, in addition to what we usually give to charities at this season. Why could we not try this as an experiment, and see what the result would be?—Christian Register.

Russia's Christmas Comes Late.

In Russia Christmas occurs 13 days after our own. Perhaps one of the most interesting customs of the season is the Russian Christmas feast, for old and young alike, for which they dress themselves in various masquerading costumes and visit house after house, accepting the hospitality of their neighbors. The Christmas season is also notable for the fact that the young girls try to find out whether they will be married during the ensuing year or not. Some of them at twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve, secretly go out into the street and ask the first man they meet what his name is. Whatever name he gives will be that borne by their future husbands—such is the belief. Some of the girls are very much disappointed when the name is not a nice one, or when the man, as he will sometimes, calls himself Satan or something similar.

HOME MADE

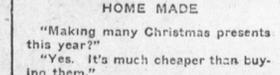
"Making many Christmas presents this year?" "Yes. It's much cheaper than buying them."

Chain Bracelet Gifts.

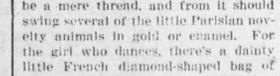
Such a gay, trifling, and sure-to-be-liked gift for a young school girl would be a very fine chain bracelet of white gold. It must be so fine as to be a mere thread, and from it should swing several of the little Parisian novelty animals in gold or enamel. For the girl who dances, there's a dainty little French diamond-shaped bag of black moire or brocade which is extremely new. Inside are tucked a wee mirror, powder puff and lip stick and a miniature change purse.

Asthma Victims.

The man or woman subject to asthma is indeed a victim. What can be more terrifying than to suddenly be seized with paroxysms of choking which seem to fairly threaten the existence of life itself. From such a condition Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought many to completely restored health and happiness. It is known and prized in every section of this broad land.



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