

THE BLESSING OF A HEALTHY BODY

Has Not Had An Hour's Sickness Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. MARRIOTT
73 Lees Ave., Ottawa, Ont.,
August 9th, 1915.

"I think it my duty to tell you what 'Fruit-a-tives' has done for me. 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. During the 3 years past, I have taken them regularly and would not change for anything. I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-tives', and I know now what I haven't known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain".

WALTER J. MARRIOTT.

Box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.
At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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 Mr. A. McDonnell's. Night calls Phone 13B, 2.

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

DENTAL.

GEORGE HICKS,

D. D. S., TRINITY UNIVERSITY, L. 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 Thursdays, of each month.

C. N. HOWDEN
D. D. S., L. 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.

CENTRAL Business College.
WATFORD, ONT.

Ontario's Best Commercial School

Courses are thorough, the instructors are experienced, students get individual attention and graduates are placed in positions. During 3 months we turned down over 300 calls for trained help. This is the school for those who want the practical training and the good positions. COMMERCIAL, SHORTHAND and TELEGRAPHY departments. Get our free catalogue. It will interest you.

W. J. Elliott, D. A. McLachlan,
President. Principal.

A MARINE CHASE

It Was For a Crook and \$50,000

By WARREN MILLER

The most interesting chase I ever had in all my experience as a detective officer was for Simpson, who had robbed the — National bank of \$50,000 in currency. Simpson was located in New York by the police, or was supposed to be, and his problem was to get out of the city with the plunder. The problem of the police was to arrest him with the funds on him.

My being called into the case arose from certain information that came from Philadelphia. The chief of police of that city gave out information that a small steamer no bigger than a canal boat that had been laid up for some time had been purchased and was being put into commission. The owner could give no satisfactory account of the sale or who was the real purchaser. Indeed, they had become suspicious of the use to which she was to be put and had advised the police to be on the lookout.

The way we got on to Simpson's connection with the steamer was this: An anonymous letter was received at police headquarters which stated that he had chartered a single sticer at New London and was intending to make for Canada in her. Had we not heard of the Philadelphia matter we would have been on the lookout in the direction of New London. As it was we inferred that Simpson had written the anonymous letter to put us off the track. But if this were so he had not counted on our being in a position to put these two bits of information together.

As soon as I arrived at Philadelphia I went to the dock where the suspect was lying. Without appearing to be interested in her I made a mental note of everything in her outward make-up. She was evidently such a boat as is used for carrying passengers short distances between a city and its outlying towns. She had a single stack, was moved by a propeller and was painted white. The name on her stern was Peter Muller.

There were no signs of her leaving port, and I got the idea that I was off the track. I employed a man to watch the boat and made a visit to the police department, hoping to get some more information concerning her. They told me they thought they had traced the new ownership of the Muller and it was all right.

Had it not been for this information I would have watched the boat myself or at least taken better measures to keep advised of her movements. As it was I went to my hotel and to bed early, being tired. I was awakened at 3 o'clock in the morning by a bellboy, who ushered into my room the man I had placed on watch. He told me that he had gone to sleep about midnight and was awakened by a puffing. Opening his eyes, he saw the Muller going out.

I chartered a tug, and, having received information that my quarry after making the ocean had gone northward, I followed in hot haste. The Muller must have had good motive power, for despite the fact that we put on all steam she kept ahead of us. We saw nothing of her, but upon inquiry learned that she was several hours ahead of us, making northward.

Before leaving Philadelphia I had telephoned the New York police department of what had taken place, but whether or not they took steps to head off the fugitive nothing came of my notification. I kept on, guided by inquiry alone all day, but all day gaining on the Muller. When night came on I felt that temporarily at least I had lost her, for at night she could go where she pleased without her movements being noted.

However, I reasoned that the Muller would not know that she was being chased and would therefore not be likely to attempt to throw me off her track. At any rate, I determined to put into the first available port and try to pick up information of the fugitive the next day. This I did and in the morning started again northward, making inquiries along the way. About noon I got the first information. The Muller had been seen about five hours ahead of me, still pointing northward.

In this way I followed the fugitive for several days. The last I heard of her was off Cape Cod. She was then pointing for Portland. I now saw her object. She would make for Casco bay, in which there are several hundred is-



lands, among which she would have an excellent opportunity to lose herself. There would be both advantage and disadvantage in this to me. I would have her cooped within a limited area, for she could not go on with safety northward, there being no harbor between Maine and the St. Lawrence river. But to find her among the islands of Casco bay would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. At the same time I might hunt her down by the same process of inquiry I had already pursued. I made Portsmouth, where I learned that the Muller had been there. A man had come ashore to buy provisions, answering to a description of

Simpson. It was evident from this that he did not suppose he was following, or he would not have taken the risk of going ashore unless disguised. This theory turned out to be wrong, as will appear later.

I looked for a week among the islands of Casco bay for the Muller without getting any trace of her whatever. Then one morning when I went up from below I saw a boat anchored in a cove that answered to her except that the latter was a lead color, while the Muller was white. It happened that we had for two days had one of those fogs that float in from the ocean in that region. This put me on to a train of thought. My father had been in the volunteer navy during the war between the states, and he had told me that ships attempting to run the blockade of the Confederate ports were painted a light gray, this being the color best adapted to concealment, especially in the gray of the morning. This, together with the resemblance in all except color between the Muller and this boat I was looking at, suggested to me that the fugitive had been repainted. During a two days' fog there had been ample opportunity to do this.

I at once ran over every point I had noted when the Muller was lying at Philadelphia, and this gray boat before me corresponded with her in every particular. I at once gave orders to steam for her. We were lying at anchor at the time, and the fires were banked. Before we could get the anchor up and sufficient steam on the gray boat got off and disappeared around a point of the island.

She had evidently been waiting for the return of a boat that had gone ashore and started without any appearance of haste as soon as it reached her. I did not believe—if she were the Muller—that she suspected we were after her. In order that she might not know that we were I avoided all appearance of haste, though I was immensely impatient. When we finally got off I purposely went around the island on the other side from the suspect. When we next saw her she was steaming along deliberately.

Looking eastward I saw a low bank

of fog on the horizon and feared that we would be caught in it before reaching the suspect. I ordered on full steam, but the fog bank rose rapidly and we were soon enveloped in it.

That was the last glimpse we got of the gray boat for another week, when in passing a narrow inlet in the mainland I saw her at the further end partly concealed by overhanging trees. I at once ordered our course altered, and we entered the cove. I now felt easy, for she could not get out of the inlet without our intercepting her. As we sailed, on drawing closer and closer, I noticed that she was lying at anchor, but no one was on deck. No move was made to get away from us, and when we drew up within a cable's length of her we saw plainly that no one was aboard of her. I got into a small boat, was pulled alongside of her and got aboard. Every entrance to her cabin was locked. There was reason to believe that those who were cruising in her had gone ashore and had left her under lock and key to avoid losing what she contained.

On pulling toward her I had noticed the name on her stern. It was the Seminole of Jacksonville, Fla. My suspicions of her were lulled by this till I remembered that no such small craft from Florida would be likely to make its way up to Maine. Besides, the letters had been evidently fresh painted.

I felt such confidence in her being the vessel I was looking for that I sent to my tug for implements, broke open the doors to the companionway and went below. Everything indicated that the crew had gone ashore. There was no steam on—indeed, no fires in the furnaces. I searched her for evidence as to what she was or to whom she belonged, but could find not a scrap of anything to give the information. I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that she belonged to a party who were cruising for pleasure. So I fixed up the door as well as I could and got back to my tug.

The captain, after hearing what I had to say about the matter, said that he would go aboard the Seminole and have a look for himself. I concluded to go back with him. Having obtained access to the cabin, he led the way straight to the furnace and opened the door. All was dark within the firebox. The captain scratched a match and held it inside the box. Then he took out a package. I snatched it from him, unrolled it and exposed a large package of bank bills. On being counted they turned out to be the amount I was after, lacking about \$2,500, which had evidently been paid for the boat and other expenses.

I asked the captain how he had come to suspect that the money had been hidden in the firebox, and he said that when an examination had been made of the interned German liners at Hoboken at the time the break was made between the United States and Germany he had been on hand and seen pieces of the machinery of one of the vessels taken from an unused furnace.

The rest of the story remained for some time a mystery. Then one of the Simpson's crew, who at the time did not know what he was hired for, revealed the facts. Simpson got word of the fact that we were inquiring for him and during the two days' fog repainted his boat and changed her name. Being caught in the cove, he had little time for deliberation. He resolved to make the pretense that had deceived me, trusting his plunder to the firebox rather than taking it with him. There was nothing for him to do after we found the plunder but to make off without it and save himself a term in state prison.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

Fifty Wooden Ships.

Fifty wooden steamers of a uniform size of twenty-five hundred tons will be added to the ocean-going tonnage of Canada within the next twelve months. The first of them will be launched this fall and on the others good progress is reported. The ships are those which are being built for the British Government through the agency of the Imperial Munitions Board. About thirty are in yards on the Pacific coast, and the others at Atlantic or lake ports. From five to nine months is the time required for completion. Simultaneously with ships of steel construction the various ship building plants are stocked with orders to their full capacity for the coming year.

HAS MANY QUALITIES.—The mas who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is armed against many ill. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throats; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

SUFFERED FROM BACKACHE RHEUMATISM, DROPSY.

Dear Mr. Editor—I wish to tell you of a recent experience I had when suffering from backache, weak back, rheumatism, dropsy, and congestion of the kidneys. I tried a new medicine called "Anuric," which has recently been discovered by Dr. Pierce, of whose medicines and Surgical Institution in Buffalo, N. Y., you have no doubt heard for years. This medicine acted upon me in a wonderful manner. I never have taken any medicine so helpful in such quick time. I do wish anyone in need of such a remedy would give it a trial. (Signed) G. H. HERR.

NOTE: Folks in town and adjoining counties are delighted with the results they have obtained by using "ANURIC," the newest discovery of Dr. Pierce, who is head of the INVALIDS' HOTEL and SURGICAL INSTITUTION, in Buffalo, N. Y. Those who started the day with a backache, stiff legs, arms and muscles, and an aching head (worn out before the day began because they were in and out of bed half a dozen times at night) are appreciating the perfect rest, comfort and new strength they obtained from Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets. To prove that this is a certain uric acid solvent and conquers headache, kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, if you've never used the "Anuric," cut this out and send ten cents to Doctor Pierce for a large sample package. This will prove to you that "Anuric" is thirty-seven times more active than lithia in eliminating uric acid—and the most perfect kidney and bladder corrector. If you are a sufferer, go to your best druggist and ask for a 50-cent box of "Anuric." You run no risk for Dr. Pierce's good name stands behind this wonderful new discovery as it has for the past half century for his "Golden Medical Discovery" which makes the blood pure, his "Favorite Prescription" for weak women and "Pleasant Pellets" for liver ills.

MEN WHO ENLISTED IN 149 BATT. AT WATFORD

Lieut. W. H. Smyth, Headquarters Ottawa.
Lieut. R. D. Swift, Scout Officer.
Sergt. W. D. Lamb
Sergt. M. W. Davies
Sergt. S. H. Hawkins
Sergt. E. A. Dadds
Sergt. W. C. McKinnon
Sergt. Geo. Gibbs
Sergt. H. Murphy
Sergt. C. F. Roche
Corp. W. M. Bruce
Corp. J. C. Anderson
Corp. J. Menzies
Corp. S. E. Dadds
Corp. H. Cooper
Corp. C. Skillen
Corp. C. E. Sisson.
L. Corp. A. I. Small
B. Q. S.—B. C. Culley
C. Q. S.—C. McCormick
Pte. A. Banks
Pte. F. Collins
Pte. A. Dempsey
Pte. J. R. Garrett
Pte. H. Jamieson
Pte. G. Lawrence
Pte. R. J. Lawrence
Pte. C. F. Lang
Pte. W. C. Pearce
Pte. T. E. Stilwell
Pte. A. H. Lewis, Band
Pte. G. A. Parker
Pte. A. W. Stilwell
Pte. W. J. Saunders
Pte. A. Armond
Pte. W. C. Aylesworth, Band
Pte. R. Clark, Bugler
Pte. S. L. McClung
Pte. J. McClung
Pte. C. Atchison
Pte. H. J. McPeley
Pte. H. B. Hubbard
Pte. G. Young
Pte. T. A. Gilliland
Pte. D. Bennett
Pte. F. J. Russell
Pte. E. Mayes
Pte. C. Haskett
Pte. S. Graham
Pte. W. Palmer
Pte. H. Thomas
Pte. P. Thomas
Pte. B. Trenouth
Pte. E. A. Shaunesy
Pte. W. Zavitz
Pte. W. J. Sayers
Pte. Lot Nicholls
Pte. John Lamb
Pte. Eston Fowler
Pte. E. Cooper
Pte. F. A. Connelly.
Pte. F. Whitman.
Pte. Edgar Oke.
Pte. White.
Pte. McGarrity.
Pte. Wilson.
Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer
Pte. L. H. Aylesworth, Band.

FARM FOR SALE

100 ACRES, being west half of lot 4, con. 13, township of Brooke. On the premises are a frame house and stable, good supply of water. Place all seeded down. For particulars apply to

ARCHIE A. FISHER,
R. R. 7, Alvinston.

FARM FOR SALE

EAST HALF of Lot 6, Con. 1, N. E. R., Warwick—100 acres. 80 acres cleared, 20 hardwood bush. Small orchard. For particulars apply to S. J. HARPER, Watford.

FARM FOR SALE

100 ACRES, East Half of Lot 25, on the 4th Concession of Warwick. On the premises are a comfortable brick house, two barns on concrete foundation, stable fitted with steel stalls and stanchions. Convenient to church and school. For particulars apply to THOS. A. GAULT, R. R. No. 4, Watford.

HAVE Bre is and mo food that It is good side crust last crust

LOV BAKERY AT

M Most per

in ju gr ic ar in li la to in

Maxwell

NOT

I N HOT most por room, Dinin aim to suppl us show you short notice.

Ager

H

FINE FURN