

THIS is no time to be practising False Economy. Don't imagine because you have a fire on that it is cheaper to bake your own Bread and Cakes. Remember, you must have extra heat, and you know the cost of wood and coal these days! So Save your Fuel and Buy your Bread and Cakes from

**LOVELL'S**

**MEDICAL.**

**JAMES NEWELL, PH. B., M.D.**  
L. R. C. P. & S., M. B. M. A., England,  
Corner 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 13 B.

**W. G. SIDALL, 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, Arks, and 1st and 3rd Thursdays, of each month.

**G. 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. MCGILLIQUDDY**

**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. Sidall's office.

Winter Term from January 2nd

**CENTRAL Business College**  
WATFORD, ONT.

We employ experienced instructors give thorough courses, give individual attention to pupils and place graduates in positions. This school is one of the largest and best Commercial schools in Canada.  
Write for free catalogue concerning our Commercial, Shorthand or Telegraphy departments.

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

**Made the Supreme Sacrifice**

WATFORD AND VICINITY  
Lt.-Col. R. G. Kelly  
Capt. Thos. L. Swift  
Sergt.-Major L. G. Newell  
Pte. Alfred Woodward  
Pte. Percy Mitchell  
Pte. R. Whalton  
Pte. Thos. Lamb  
Pte. J. Ward  
Pte. Sid Brown  
Pte. Gordon Patterson  
Pte. F. Wakelin, D. C. M.  
Pte. T. Wakelin  
Pte. G. M. Fountain  
Pte. H. Holmes  
Pte. J. Stillwell  
Pte. Macklin Hagie  
Sergt. Clayton O. Fuller  
Gunner Russell Howard Trenouth.  
Pte. Nichol McLachlan,  
Corp. Clarence L. Gibson  
Signaller Roy E. Acton.

**Genevieve and Georgiana**

By Osborn Jones

"Why don't you say it right out then, Tom—that you love her better than you do me?" Nell had saved this thrust for the climax of their little breakfast table spat that morning. There were no tears in her eyes nor tremors in her voice, but her pulse was running high and her cheeks were aflame.

"Nell, it isn't fair to say things like that. Of course I don't love her better. I love her in an entirely different way. And the whole point is that I invited her here for Thanksgiving 'way last Fourth of July, and if I didn't have her she would be disappointed. It isn't that it would make any special difference to me personally."

"But if you didn't tell me you had invited her, how was I to know? If you had told me you had invited your mother—"

"I don't see why you always call her my mother. Why don't you call her 'mother,' the way Dot does Ted's mother? You act as if she was no relation to you, and, to her face, you called her 'Mrs. Bradford' the last time she was here."

"But she isn't my mother and I just can't say 'mother' to her."

"She is your mother," snapped Tom. "Oh, I don't see how you can say so at all. Mamma is my mother and it would be just dreadful to call your mother, 'mother.'"

"But you needn't call her 'Mrs. Bradford.'"

"Well, what shall I call her, then? You don't call my mother anything. You just say 'you' when you talk to her." Then, after a sob, "Tom, I think it is just shameful for us to be scrapping this way about our mothers."

"But how are we going to settle it if we don't talk it over? You want your mother to come for Thanksgiving and I want mine."

"And, of course, we couldn't have them together," put in Nell, and, as Tom muttered an "of course" she added with mock cheerfulness and a smile that was only lip deep: "At least we agree on one thing. It would be too much to ask them to come together. They haven't an interest in common and they would be perfectly miserable. Tom, if you have any good reason why your mother should come instead of mine I'd really like to hear it."

"In the first place, she's a lot older," began Tom.

"Oh, Tom, how can you say that. Perhaps she is in years, but my poor mamma isn't as strong as yours is."

Tom snorted. "Frail, and weighs more than I do!"

"Tom, how can you be so horrid?" "Well, suppose the only thing to do is to draw lots about it," said Tom. "You know, before I was married, I thought maybe it was going to be so I could make a home for mother here with us, and now I don't even feel free to invite her here for Thanksgiving."

"I am sure I don't see why you should have your mother here any more than I should have mamma."

"And, of course, we couldn't have them both!"

"Oh, of course not. They would never hit it off."

And wisely, as they thought, the Bradfords stopped here on the one point on which they agreed and with something of an armistice, Tom Bradford went to his office.

No, there was nothing at all, in the common acceptance of the word, congenial about Mrs. Bradford, Sr., and Mrs. Cole. Mrs. Bradford, at sixty since her children had grown up and made families for themselves, had grown so used to playing the role of "old lady" that, in spite of her active body and nimble mind, she felt that her proper sphere in life ought to be in the inglenook of some son's or daughter's replace, her task that of mending other people's children's stockings or putting patches on their outworn clothes and her proper headgear a sheer white muslin cap, topped with ribbons of faded lavender color. Yet, at heart, Mrs. Bradford was still the active, energetic woman she had been when, during the lifetime of Major Bradford, she had led social activities in thriving army posts and, through her tact and more than ordinary discretion, had held her place as social arbiter and leader.

Mrs. Cole was of the housewifely type. She was more interested in ketchup and mustard pickles than dinner parties and after-dinner small talk. At sixty-odd she was better able than ever to do just what she had to do all

her mature years—to keep a family of youngsters in health and happiness on the maximum income. Her husband had been a small professor in a small town, and experience had made her expert in the art of thrifty housewifery. And just when she felt herself most able, she found herself dispossessed of her life job and life interest. She, too, felt the fitness of the lavender-bowed white muslin cap of old-womanhood.

So, you see, the mothers of the Tom Bradfords, were distinctly different, and one would think that the only ties that could possibly have drawn them together were the facts that their children had married each other and that they happened to live in the same large city.

A week after Tom and Nell had had their breakfast-table scrap—several had followed since then, and Nell was losing sleep and Tom was losing weight—the mothers chanced to meet at the counter of a department store in the shopping section of their town, some hundred miles from the place where Tom and Nell made their home.

At first they bowed and smiled as women whose children have married usually do—and with more effort at saccharine politeness than actual cordiality.

Mrs. Bradford was buying lavender ribbon and when she saw Mrs. Cole, she, too, was buying lavender ribbon. It had come to both the women that ribbon of that shade would better suit their roles in life than the pink and yellow and green ribbons that they naturally would have chosen as ornamentation to their white frocks and negligees.

Perhaps it was this that made Mrs. Bradford assume an attitude toward Mrs. Cole that was so totally different from the attitude usually adopted by women whose children have married each other. At any rate Mrs. Bradford did approach Mrs. Cole with an air of camaraderie and two hours later Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Bradford, both looking particularly debonaire, were sipping tea together—not in the inglenook of either one's fireside but in a very fashionable and not at all sedate hotel where the orchestra alternately murmured the latest waltz or whanged out the most extreme of one-steps.

They talked long and understandingly, and when they came to leave at the portal of the hotel, Mrs. Cole held out her capable, plump hand of the housewife to Mrs. Bradford's, that was slender and blemishless.

"Well, good-by, Genevieve," she said, albeit with a little tug at that last, unaccustomed word.

"So long, Georgiana," replied Mrs. Bradford, with a firm pressure of the hand. "The kiddies will know all in the morning."

The next morning the kiddies—Tom and Nell Bradford—received letters from their mothers and each one waited for privacy to read the letter.

This was the one from Mrs. Cole that Nell took from the folds of her bodice and read as soon as Tom had gone offceward.

"Dear Nell:

"What dears you and Tom were to invite me for Thanksgiving, and, if I hadn't made other plans, I should most surely have come. But I have some precious, important business on foot and I must attend to it. Mrs. Bradford and I have seen a good deal of each other lately, and we have a little enterprise on foot that will take up most of our time, so we have decided to run down to one of the resorts for Thanksgiving day and make the last arrangements. I've always wanted to get out and do something for myself, and now that your children are all settled in life I'm having the chance. Mrs. Bradford is writing to tell you the details of the enterprise and we shall soon have our prospectuses ready to send you a more detailed account of our undertaking. I am feeling splendidly. Don't worry about me, and take good care of yourself. I must close now, as I have a date with the tailor and another with the hairdresser. I'm having my hair done in the French roll, which I think makes me look a lot spryer than parted."

The letter that Tom opened in the sanctum of his office was longer, for Mrs. Bradford was of a more literary bent than Mrs. Cole. It told of the venture in full. She and Mrs. Cole, who had been seeing a good deal of each other of late, had gone into partnership. They had decided to open a girls' boarding school. "Georgiana is such a splendid housewife and I know so many people whose children we could get that all we need is the teachers and, as one can always get inexperienced young persons at reasonable rates to do the teaching, there will be no trouble on that score."

"And by the way," remarked this mother, "you were very foolish to apologize for not asking me to come for Thanksgiving. As it happens, Georgiana and I are going off to the seashore, so I couldn't have come anyway."

"Thank Nell for her kind little letter, too. And, Tom, do, for mercy sakes, tell her not to call me 'Mother.' I know it must be hard, for I am really,



**THE KIDNEYS**  
between  
**30 and 40**

Whatever else you do, keep your Kidneys regular and active. Their work is of vast importance to your health and at the first evidence of trouble, often occurring from the thirtieth to the fortieth year, take a treatment with

**Gin Pills**  
FOR THE KIDNEYS

The Kidneys' work is to filter impurities from the blood. Evidence of something wrong with the Kidneys may be recognized quite easily—pains in the sides and back, rheumatic twinges, constant headaches, swollen joints, restless sleep and urinary troubles. Gin Pills are the quickest and most effective remedy you can take.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers.

Sample free if you write to  
**National Drug & Chemical Co.**  
of Canada, Limited, - Toronto  
U. S. Address: No-Drugs, Inc.,  
202 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. 111

not her mother, and I won't be anyone's mother-in-law. Tell her to call me Genevieve."

**May Account for Colors.**

What was the color of the original man? There is an old legend that Adam was red, based on the assumption that it was red earth (triturated "old red sandstone," perhaps) from which the Almighty molded him; but Tabari, the Arabian theological historian, asserts that, when God wished to make Adam he instructed Gabriel to bring him a handful of every sort of clay—black, white, red, yellow, blue and every other kind. This, perhaps, was intended to explain how Adam's descendants became so many-colored. DeQuatrefages, who championed the monogenist idea, found reasons for thinking that the first human species had a yellowish complexion and red hair.

**Read Up, Bill.**

"How did Bill happen to be arrested?" "Left his car in the street all night without complying with the Biblical injunction."

"Didn't know the Bible made any ruling on the subject?" "Oh, yes, it says 'let your light shine.'"

**Napoleon and St. Raphael.**

Two events of great historic interest have written the name of St. Raphael, a little sea bathing and winter resort in France, large in Napoleonic annals. It was here that the future emperor landed on his return from his Egyptian campaign in 1799, and it was from here, just fifteen years later, after causing every throne in Europe to totter and after redrawing the map of the whole continent to suit his imperial will, that he embarked for his brief period of exile on the island of Elba.

**Where He Slept.**

"Mamma," said small Henry, "I don't believe Solomon was half so rich as they say he was." "Why not?" queried his mother. "Because," replied the youthful student, "it says here 'and he slept with his fathers.' If he had been very rich I guess he would have had a bed of his own."

**Odious Comparison.**

Drill Sergeant—I say, Smith, have you any idea how slow and stupid you are? Private Smith—I don't know, Drill Sergeant—Of course you don't, but let me tell you that an Egyptian mummy is friskier compared with you.

**Appearances.**

Do not judge by appearances. The man who sings bass at church is not necessarily the boss at home.

**Contentment.**

Contentment is the sweet satisfaction of knowing that you have more of this world's goods than you can possibly use.

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving scar.

**POEMS IN PATOIS.**

**"Nor" Shor' Verses' Come From New Brunswick.**

Another Canadian poet who is finding his material in a part of the Dominion not hitherto treated in verse has just come before the Canadian public. In "Nor' Shor' Verses" Richard D. Ware has put into poetic form the dialect spoken by the people who live on the north shore of New Brunswick, between the Miramichi and the Bay of Chaleur. Mr. Ware tells us in his short introduction that most of the people who live in this part of Gloucester are French, descendants of the old-time Acadians. These Canadians, that is the fishers, the farmers, and the lumbermen among them, speak a broken English to enable them to mix with their English fellow-citizens, who do not attempt to talk French. In their patois, Mr. Ware has written his poetry. It is hardly necessary to add that one is reminded at once of the inimitable Habitant poems of the late Dr. Drummond, but in spite of that fact Mr. Ware has put individually into his work. His verses tell of different phases of the life of these workers, and sketches into them a nice appreciation of Canadian scenery. In a poem like "The Silver Thaw" for example, one gets a picture that calls to mind familiar scenes:

W'en de storm she go an' de sun he shine  
Ba gee, it mak' great sight,  
W'en all de fol' an' hush an' vine  
Mak' rainbow wit' de light:  
De win' she mak' dem jump an' play,  
An' 'shin' in de ear  
Sew' little bell lak cloches des fays  
Meex een de air you hear.

There are many little bits of description as effective as that in Mr. Ware's slender volume of poetry. One only regrets that it is impossible to quote one of the longer poems in full to demonstrate how Mr. Ware catches the atmosphere of the country and suggests the character of these men, with their primitive humor. But space will only permit the use of one of the shorter poems, which does not show the writer at his best. It is entitled "The Teamsters":

Aw, de hault's well moos' done;  
An' doder touch o' sun  
Surs mak' de road a fright, altogether.  
De ice she goin' fast an' eet never  
boun' to las'  
Onless dere com' a shif' o' nor'-'weg'  
wedder.  
De renner grit an' grin'  
An' de track dey leave behin'  
Ost' right down to de groun' in forty  
place.

De bridge, dey see all bare,  
An' she meltin' every'er,  
Ost' right down to de groun' in forty  
place.  
Haultin' 'ell on de rigin' an' de trace.  
To Tracadie, to Tracadie,  
Any man who say can 'ave de job for  
all o' me.  
Laitin', shiftin', every load,  
Haultin', crawlin', down de road,  
De't de trip we mak' to Tracadie.

De't w'en we all got t'rough,  
De fir's 'ting dere's to do  
Is mak' de start de nearee' place is  
hardly  
Wit' som' 'squeare face' up to Joe  
For de giner an' de hoe  
Or 'leette drink off Charley' ole French  
brandy.

He say "'ave dis one w' me,  
An' de b'yes dey all agree,  
An' de bottle go a'tackin' 'cross de  
table.  
'Tis dere' jos' a leette full—  
Den dere's jos' an' doder pull  
An' we go an' get de horse out in de  
stable.

Trottin' 'ome from Tracadie,  
From Tracadie, from Tracadie,  
Anyman and everymen feel jos' as fine  
as me.  
Jinglin' janglin' up de road,  
Every b'y's a proper load  
W'en he start away from Tracadie.

**He Caused a Panic.**

The early days of the oil industry were not unattended with serious hazards to life, but modern invention has in a considerable degree minimized these dangers. Moreover, with growing scientific knowledge of petroleum, many fears once entertained have been dissipated. In 1860 the people of Western Pennsylvania were thrown into a panic by the proposal of a stranger, claiming to be an European scientist, to shoot a white-hot bolt into the bowels of the earth through an iron pipe driven to a great depth for the purpose. By the ignition of inflammable gases, thought to exist in the great cavities beneath the earth's crust, the promoter expected to produce a sufficient explosion to lay bare the subterranean reservoirs of oil. The Pennsylvania populace, instead of viewing this proposal with the distrust and apathy traditionally accorded the first efforts of inventive minds, possessed sufficient imagination to picture the possible results, and were so convinced that the scientist minimized rather than exaggerated the feasibility of his undertaking, that they selected a small but representative committee to hang him on the spot. Because he had conspired to disturb not only the peace but the actual foundations of society in Pennsylvania he was taken into custody and solemnly warned to desist. Less than a year afterward nitro-glycerine was being exploded in large quantities deep down in the earth to shatter the rock and give an outlet to the oil without disturbance to the landscape.—Victor Ross in "Petroleum in Canada."

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

**ROLL OF HONOR**

**Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving The Empire**

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION  
Thos. L. Swift, reported missing since June 15, 1915, Rich. H. St. ford, Bary C. Binks, L. Gunn Ne killed in action, Arthur Owen O'N. Newell, T. Ward, Sid W. Alf Woodward, killed in action, Cunningham, M. Blondel, W. B. R. W. Bailey, A. L. Johnston, Johnston, G. Mathews, C. Man W. G. Nichol, F. Phelps, H. F. S. E. W. Smith, C. Toop, C. Far Ward, killed in action, F. Ward D. C. M., killed in action, T. Ward wounded—missing, H. Whitte Hardy.

**PRINCESS PATRICIA'S G.L.I.**

Gerald H. Brown  
18TH BATTALION  
C. W. Barnes, Geo. Ferris, Ed. Watson, G. Shanks, J. Burns Burns, C. Blunt, Wm. Antiesac P. Shanks, Pte. Walter Woolve  
2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY  
Lorne Lucas, Frank Yorks, Potter.

33RD BATTALION  
Percy Mitchell, died from wound Oct. 14th, 1916; Lloyd Ho Geo. Fountain, killed in action 16, 1916, Gordon H. Patterson, in Victoria Hospital, Lo

34TH BATTALION  
E. C. Crohn, S. Newell, St. Rogers, Macklin Hagie, missing Oct. 8, 1916; Henry Holmes, in action Sept. 27, 1916, Wm. King, Leonard Lees, C. Jamieson

**29TH BATTERY**

Wm. Mitchell, John Howard  
70TH BATTALION  
(Ernest Lawrence, Alfred Emma o' H. Loveday, A. Banks, S. R. ton, killed in action Oct. 1916, Meyers, Jos. M. Wardman, in action, Sid Brown, killed in Sept. 15, 1916, Alf. Bullough, A., Corp. V. W. Willoughby.

**28TH BATTALION**

Thomas Lamb, killed in action MOUNTED RIFLES  
Fred A. Taylor  
PIONEERS  
Wm. Macnally, W. F. Goodn  
ENGINEERS  
J. Tomlin

**ARMY MEDICAL CORPS**

T. A. Brandon, M. D., Capt McKenzie, M. D., Norman McK Jerold W. Snell, Allen W. Ed Wm. McCausland.

**135TH BATTALION**

N. T. McLachlan, killed in July 6th, 1917.

**3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C**

Alfred Levi

**116TH BATTALION**

Clayton O. Fuller, killed in April 18th, 1917.

**196TH BATT.**

R. R. Annett.

**70TH BATTERY**

R. H. Trenouth, killed in on May 8th, 1917; Murray M ster.

**142ND BATTALION**

Austin Potter.

**GUNNER**

Russ. G. Clark.

**R. N. C. V. R.**

John J. Brown

**ARMY DENTAL CORPS**

Elgin D. Hicks, H. D. Tav

**ARMY SERVICE CORPS**

Frank Elliot, R. H. Acton, Arthur McKeocher

**98TH BATTALION**

Roy E. Acton.

**64TH BATTERY**

Harold D. Robinson

**65TH BATTERY**

Walter A. Restorick.

**ROYAL FLYING CORPS**

Lieut. M. R. James.  
If the name of your soldier is not appear in this column, kindly us and it will be placed there.

**BRAND BRINKS**

**TIME TABLE**

Trains leave Watford Station as  
GOING WEST  
Accommodation, 75..... 8.4  
Chicago Express, 13..... 12.3  
Accommodation, 83..... 6.4

**GOING EAST**

Accommodation, 80..... 7.4  
New York Express, 6..... 11.1  
New York Express, 2..... 2.5

C. Vail Agent, W