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By Order of Court

By Archey Cameron New

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Sleepy desolation settled more thickly on the courthouse square at placid Euclid Corners as the mercury steadily rose in the tube and the county seat sizzled under the fierce summer heat. Even the few horses hitched outside the general store while their masters dawdled on the steps with old Zeb Marks, were too lazy to brush aside the flies that swarmed about their sweaty flanks.

In the old courthouse across the square the county clerk and his single assistant, perched upon their high wooden stools, scrawling at the docket, bemoaned the fate that kept them there while the summer recess afforded some of their more fortunate brethren a chance to get away to cooler climes. But off in one corner of the old gray building, in a small chamber, rather imperfectly cooled by a large electric fan, lounged one individual who seemed to care not whether the rest of the world was sizzling. For behind a desk, heaped high with law books, stenographers' copies, blue-prints and papers of every description, his feet encased in large, roomy galoshes, and resting on the desk before him, a huge silk "kerchief" wrapped about his seamy neck and an old green eyeshade perched atop his broad, humorous nose, old Judge Bates sat drowsily staring at the printed page before him, his thoughts afar off.

And into his musings, as if it were a dream, there stole the sounds of the rustle of a woman's dress, and suddenly he turned his head toward the half-opened door, and brought his feet abruptly to the floor. For a young, deliciously cool little apparition in a thin blue frock, revealing a white, rounded throat and a slender, graceful figure from the top of her glorious golden head to the tip of her tiny slippers, advanced toward him, a troubled look in her big blue eyes.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed the judge, kindly, rising and extending his horny brown paw and grasping her slim white hand cordially. "Little Ruth Marston. What brings you in town today?"

"I came—for advice," faltered the girl nervously.

"Well, this is the place," said the other, smilingly. "Here—sit down." And he graciously brushed the dust from an old armchair and beckoned the orphaned daughter of his old law partner to be seated. "What is the trouble?"

She regarded him a moment in doubt, then plunged ahead.

"I—er—er," she stammered, and he leaned forward and patted her hand reassuringly.

"Go ahead," he urged, in a kindly tone. "Don't be afraid, Ruth. You're just like my own daughter. Is it—er—a love affair?"

She stared and looked into his keen eyes before replying.

"Y—yes," she admitted, blushing furiously. "I—wanted to know if I could—that is, can a young man—go back on you whenever he wants to?"

"So," he exclaimed. "Is that it? Who's the feller? Is he all right, Ruth?"

"I—I don't know as I ought to tell you," she continued, "but I thought maybe I could sue him for breach of promise."

"What!" almost yelled the judge. "A daughter of Sam Marston suing a man for breach of promise? Never. My dear girl, where's your pride? The idea!"

She dropped her eyes and blushed more furiously than ever.

"Well, I thought—" she started, then breaking into tears, she cried, through clenched hands, "but, judge, I love him so! And I do want him. He's so fine, so noble. And maybe it's my fault. He—"

The judge, who was gazing at her sympathetically, felt a wave of paternal interest surge through him, as he reached forward again and patted her arm.

"Come, come," he soothed her. "Brace up and tell me all about it. Breach of promise suits never bring 'em back. Maybe there's another way. Tell me, who's the man? And what's the trouble?"

"It's John Summers," she answered brokenly, and the judge jumped again. "Not that young feller that's practicing law over th' way?" demanded the judge, incredulously. "What! Well, see here, he's a nice boy. Tell me the rest."

"Well," she continued, "he was going with me until papa died. Then he started to grow cold. He stopped coming to the house, except once in a while, and then he didn't come at all. And—now he's going with the girl next to us. They moved here from the city six months ago, and he's boarding at her house. They're always together. What can I do?"

The judge bit an end off his plug of tobacco and settled back in his chair to think. Young John Summers! Why, he was one of the brightest and finest young men that practiced before him. Upright, honorable, always courteous to the court and considerate to his clients—what few he had! There was something back of it. But what? For a few moments he shut his eyes, and it seemed to her that he had drowsed off again. The old clock on the wall ticked away the minutes and she was getting impatient—a bit angry—for it seemed as if her father's friend had deserted her in her hour of extremity, when his eyes opened and he brought his fist down on the desk heavily, jolting a few papers to the floor.

"See here," he told her, "you leave this to me. I'll tend to it."

"But, judge," she demurred, gently, "I—I have no right to trouble you—about that. You—"

"Never mind!" he interrupted, running his hand contentedly over his broad, bald pate. "Jes' leave it to me. Us old fellers don't have much fun these days. Nothin' new to interest us. This here business will give me something new to think about. Now, you jes' run along, and come back here—let's see—a week from today. That's it—a week from today."

And he settled back again in his chair and seemed to be drowsing. She started to speak, then checked herself, and, looking at him doubtfully, half lovingly, she tiptoed from the room and closed the door.

A clean-limbed young man, with a girl at his side, emerged from the Burns cottage, laughing merrily. They swung down the village street in step, he carrying a suitcase, and she a large box. On the opposite side, from behind the wide trunk of an oak, there stepped a gray-haired but vigorous old gentleman, and, starting after them, he shook his fist at their backs menacingly.

"Well, John Summers," grated Judge Bates between his teeth, for it was he who had been watching the house opposite for nearly an hour. "So you're jittin' Ruth, eh?" He started to mutter something else, when a sudden resolution seized him and he swung across to the watched cottage and rang the bell.

"Judge Bates!" exclaimed Mrs. Burns in surprise, as she opened the door. "What brings you here?"

"I want to see young Summers," he answered, jumping at an excuse.

"Why, you just missed him," answered the woman; "he and Katherine just left. She's going back to the city for six weeks. He's taking her to the station. You see, Kit's going to marry John's brother. He works up in the city. Wanted her to come up and help pick out the furniture."

Judge Bates stood and gaped. He stared at him in amazement, and he caught her stare and brought himself back to earth with a bump.

"Can—I—er—would you," he stammered confusedly, "show me his room? I—er—I'd like to see how the young man is fixed."

"Why—no!" answered the surprised Mrs. Burns, taken aback at the unusual request. "This way, judge."

Judge Bates prowled about John Summers' room, and several times paused and took various photos in his hand, then set them down without comment. Five minutes later he left the house, but a humorous twinkle had set in the corners of his keen old eyes and there was a grim set to his lips, as he ambled back toward the courthouse.

It was early morning, three days later, as Judge Bates sat across his desk from John Summers. For several seconds he had stared at the young man silently, then he broke into speech.

"You're a funny mixture, Summers," he was saying. "You're a whopping big fellow, and a darn fine man. I kinda reckoned you was a bit proud. But th' fool part of it is—stoppin' speakin' to a girl jes' 'cause she's got money an' you haven't. Hang it, boy, haven't you got gumption enough to be lookin' forward? D'y'e expect t' be poor all your life? Y' got th' counselin' for th' plow works over t' Grandin. An' you're th' lawyer for the two Smith old maids. You're gettin' on. What's the matter with you?"

"But I haven't as much as Ruth has, judge," stubbornly persisted the young lawyer. "And I don't want her for her money."

"Stop!" thundered the judge, bringing his fist down upon the desk. "Stop before I—before this court loses its temper. Now, see here, you proud young fool, God bless you. I'm trustee for Ruth's money and her two brothers and sister, besides. Now I'm getting too old for that job. It's about time it went to a younger man. The

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law allows 7 per cent commission on the estate. That, with what you've got now, will be as much as Ruth's got. D'y'e see?"

"Yes, but—" John started to protest, but again the judge exploded.

"No buts," he snapped; "you're appointed trustee for the Marston estate—to take effect at once. It's—it's an order of this court. And what's more—ye'll find Ruth over there in the next room. You've had your fill at looking 'round your room at her picture. Now, go get a good look!" And a second later a resounding smack from the next room acquainted Judge Bates with the fact that the order of court had been obeyed.

Knockers.
"Oh, well, her complexion is the real thing, at any rate."

"I don't care. Her smile is artificial."

"That's not so bad."

"Furthermore, she kisses all her woman friends effusively. That's a sure sign of a deceitful nature."

Just So.
"It might help a lot."

"Eh."

"If some of our bureau fighters would take their ferocity to the front."

Why He Loved It.
"He used to vow he loved the ground she walked on."

"The ancestral domain, eh?"

"Yes. Pretended he loved the ground she walked on, and now he's trying to mortgage a lot of it."

Had Enough Trouble.
"Darling, I have decided to speak to your father tonight."

"Oh, not tonight, Alfred. He has cut himself shaving, missed a train, broken his glasses and lost an umbrella—all since this morning."—Browning's Magazine.

Miller's Worm Powders not only make the infantile system untenable for worms, but by their action on the stomach, liver and bowels they correct such troubles as lack of appetite, biliousness and other internal disorders that the worms create. Children thrive upon them and no matter in what condition their worm-infested stomachs may be in, they will show improvement as soon as the treatment begins.

Why They Have Green Backs.
Why the United States banknotes are printed with green backs is not generally known, although there is a most excellent reason for it. The great drawback to paper currency, says the Baltimore American, is the likelihood of its being counterfeited, and therefore experts are constantly at work to contrive ways of making it impossible to copy such bills.

Stacy J. Edson was the man who in 1857 invented the green ink that Uncle Sam uses on his bank bills. The ink, which was patented, is anti-photographic—that is, it cannot be photographed, nor can counterfeiters in trying to get a facsimile of the notes move it with alkalis. The secret of the ingredients of the ink of course is carefully preserved.

An Arabian Titbit.
Cheese today is not common among the Bedouin Arabs, butter being preferred. There is a substance closely corresponding to cheese mentioned in Samuel. This consists of coagulated buttermilk, which is dried until it becomes quite hard. It is then ground, and the Arabs eat it mixed with butter.

He is twice a conqueror who can restrain himself in the hour of victory.—Cyrus.

Over 50 per cent of the munition works in Lyons, France, are women.

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THE PLATE ON THE MUMMY.

Curious Story of a Prophecy That Was Fulfilled.

Visitors at museums often comment on the sadness of the present state of the Egyptian mummies who were buried with such great care in hope that their rest might never be disturbed. But such thoughts never enter the minds of natives who pillage their ancestors' graves, nor do they disturb the more civilized explorer. To a superstitious person, however, a story of a mummy that R. Caton Woodville tells in "Random Recollections" might have a sinister meaning.

After the ill fated expedition to relieve Gordon, Walter Ingram brought to London the mummy of an Egyptian high priest that he had bought from an Arab near Assuan. When he unrolled the mummy he found on its chest a gold plate, upon which was inscribed: "He who disturbs my rest and takes me to a distant land shall die a violent death. His bones shall never be found. They shall be scattered to the four points of the world."

Shortly afterward Ingram went to Somaliland on a big game expedition. He had a four bore rifle and when in the elephant region got two good tuskers. So he lent his rifle to one of his companions, who had not so heavy a weapon, to give him a better chance of bagging an elephant. He himself mounted a pony and went off with three Somalis, armed with a 450 express, which shoots bullets of only 200 grains, to bag an antelope or perhaps a panther.

As luck would have it, Ingram came upon a fine old rogue elephant with a magnificent pair of tusks. It was too great a temptation to be resisted. Galloping up to the elephant, the hunter fired both barrels at the beast's forehead from about fifteen yards. The bullets flattened upon the animal's skull and only made him very angry. Ingram galloped out of reach and reloaded, rode up and fired again, with a similar result; again galloped away and reloaded, and so on until he had expended all of the cartridges.

As he was galloping away after his last shot, with the furious brute in pursuit, his pony suddenly stopped stock still, apparently for no reason whatever. The elephant thundered up, whisked the hunter out of the saddle, dashed him to the ground and trampled him to death. The tragedy occurred in the bed of a dry nullah and was witnessed by the three Somalis, who had climbed for safety to the tops of trees. They were armed only with spears, which, of course, were useless weapons against the elephant. After the brute had gone they climbed down, dug a hole with their spears, placed the body of poor Ingram in it and returned to camp with their sad story.

Some time afterward Mrs. Ingram, the hunter's mother, sent out an expedition to find and bring back to England the remains of her son. The spot was found, but two rainy seasons had passed, and the dry nullah had become a roaring river that had washed away the remains to the four points of the earth. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled.

Don't Shut Yourself Up In an Office.
The man who shuts himself up in an office makes a great mistake, thinks Thomas E. Wilson, the Chicago pacifier. In the American Magazine he says: "The trouble with the executive who is too inaccessible is that he loses more by the arrangement than anybody else. In shutting others out he shuts himself in—away from the numerous advantages of personal contact and points of view. There's nothing like looking a man in the eye and hearing his story to get at the meat of a situation. Most executives prefer to have everything brought to their attention in writing. That plan may be a time saver, but my own experience has been that it will pay to get all information possible by face to face interviews."

Lessons Learned by Divers.
Experiments made by the British admiralty and the United States navy prove that deep sea diving is feasible. It has been found that the shorter the time a diver takes in getting to the bottom the better, because his body absorbs less nitrogen. Also, the diver must have at least one and one-half cubic feet of air per minute at all depths. Lacking the legs of the diver's suit increases his stability and permits him to come to an erect position with ease. It also lessens the danger of his falling or being suddenly blown to the surface.

A Ready Witted Parson.
The evening lesson was from the book of Job, and the minister had just read, "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out," when immediately the church was in total darkness.

"Brethren," said the minister, with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the electric lighting company."

ROLL OF

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27TH REGT.—

Thos. L. Swift
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C. N. Newell, T.

Alf. Woodward,
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R. W. Bailey, A.
Johnston, G. Ma
W. G. Nichol, F. I.

E. W. Smith, C.
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D. C. M., killed in
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PRINCESS P.

Gerald H. Brov
18TH I
C. W. Barnes, G.
Watson, G. St.
Burns, C. Blunt
P. Shanks, Pte.

2ND DIVISION
Lorne Lucas,
Potter.

33RD
Percy Mitchell
Oct. 14th, 1916
Geo. Fountain, I
16, 1916, Gordon
in Victoria.

34TH
E. C. Crohn,
Rogers, Macklin
Oct. 8, 1916; H
in action Sept. 2
ning, Leonard I.

29TH
Wm. Mitchell
70TH I
Ernest Lawrence
C. H. Loveday, A.
ton, killed in act
Meyers, Jos. M.
Brown, Sid, Brov
Sept. 15, 1916,
A., Corp. V. W.

28TH
Thomas Lamb
MOUNT
Fred A. Taylo
PIC
Wm. Macnall
ENG

J. Tomlin
ARMY ME
T. A. Brando
McKenzie, M. D.
Jerrold W. Snell
Wm. McCauslan

135TH
N. McLauch
July 6th, 1917.
3RD RESERV
Alfred Levi
116TH
Clayton O. F.
April 18th, 1917

196
R. R. Annett
70TH
R. H. Trenor
on May 8th, 19
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142ND
Austin Potter
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Russ. G. Ch
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John J. Brow
ARMY D.
Elgin D. Hic
ARMY S.
Frank Elliot
Arthur McK

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Roy E. Act
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ROYAL
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