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ROCHON, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915.
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I consider that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives' and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches—'try Fruit-a-tives' and you will get well". CORINE GAUDREAU.
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H. Schlemmer
Feb 15

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S GASTORIA

Her Atonement

A Story For Memorial Day

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

The summer of 1863 was an eventful period of my life. I was then a girl of eighteen, and the war between the states was at its height. I was living in Pennsylvania just north of the Maryland line and on a road leading up to Gettysburg.

One morning persons began to pass our house, making all the haste they could. Some of them were on foot, some in vehicles of different kinds, and nearly all carried articles of furniture or household utensils. When asked why and whence they were moving so hurriedly they said that a great army of Confederates was advancing to invade the northern states.

We held a family conclave to decide what to do. We were all Union sympathizers and knew we had nothing to expect from the southerners. But it didn't make much difference which side we were on, for the fences were sure to go for firewood, and soldiers who are bent on pillage don't mind which side they loot. We decided to stay at home and protect our property as far as we could. We buried the valuables—some silver and a little jewelry—and I walked back and forth over the ground under which it lay so that the recent digging might not be noticed. Father took down his fowling piece and started off northward to join the Federals.

When he had hidden everything that was hidable we waited. Father and the boys—the boys had long ago enlisted in the Union army—had always kept guns in the house for hunting and two or three revolvers. After father's departure I found that one revolver had been left, and I took it and put it in my pocket—for women had pockets in their dresses in those days—not knowing but that I might have occasion to use it.

It seems to me now, an old woman, that I must have been a plucky girl, though I didn't think so at the time. Indeed, the idea of a horde of men, with weapons to kill, sweeping over us like a cloud of locusts was enough to terrify any one. I felt the danger, but I kept my self possession. And I have noticed all through my long life that it is the unexpected that happens. Vice versa; the expected does not happen. Surely this was illustrated in the first locust which came in advance of the swarm. A young fellow in gray uniform, with gold braid on his sleeves, rode up to the house. I was on the porch. He took off his sombrero, smiled and said in the most deferential manner and voice:

"Can you tell me if there is a road leading eastward within a few miles north of us?"

There was certainly nothing to be afraid of in this young fellow, and I bravely answered:

"I can, but I won't."
He seemed rather amused than offended at my blunt reply. At any rate, he smiled, showing a set of very white teeth.

"You are a Unionist, I suppose?" he said.
"I am," was my firm reply.
"Then you are quite right to refuse information to a Confederate."

He looked up the road, hesitated, then spoke again.
"Would your Union sympathies prevent your giving me a crust of bread? I've been on the go for twenty-four hours with not a bite."

This was certainly not what I had dreaded. I had pictured a lot of rough men coming to the house and helping themselves to what they could find without asking permission. Here was a handsome young man deferentially begging a crust of bread.

"I will give you what we have," I replied and went into the house. He dismounted and, throwing the bridle rein over a picket in the fence, followed me. The cook had run away with other fugitives, and since there was no one to do anything but myself I set some cold meat and bread and butter on the table and made a cup of coffee. The young man was really hungry—indeed, he seemed famished. And it did my heart good to see how he enjoyed the coffee.

"That's the first cup of real coffee," he said, "that I have tasted in more than a year. You northerners have no idea what privations our southern people are enduring. The blockade has cut us off from every luxury."

While he was eating I was wondering why he wanted to know about a road running eastward. I asked him some questions, which he answered frankly, and from his replies I learned



that he was an officer on the staff of a general commanding one of the corps of the Confederate army and that he wished to reach the general commanding troops on the road next east and running parallel with the one on which we were. In his sword belt was a folded paper, which I presumed he was carrying to this commander.

The only persons in the house besides myself and the officer were mother and Aunt Charlotte, and they had locked themselves in a room on the second floor. My eyes were fixed on the paper the young man carried, and, womanlike, I was curious to know what was in it. Then the idea popped into my head to do my country a service by appropriating it. Had I been a man this might have been easy, for I had a revolver in my pocket and could produce it instantly, while his own pistol was in a holster on his hip. A man might have pointed his weapon at him and ordered him to throw up his hands, then possessed himself of the paper. But this was a good deal for a woman to do. At any rate I shrank from it. I determined to use more feminine means.

I noticed that it was difficult for him to keep awake while he was eating. There was nothing surprising in this, for I have heard that in wartime a man may pass several days without sleep, and many a man has slept under fire. When he had finished his meal I went to the cupboard where father kept his cigars and, taking the box, offered it to the officer. He opened his eyes with delight, and taking one bit off the end, and I lighted a match and held the flame to the cigar.

I now had an object and softened my manner toward him decidedly. Pointing to a lounge, I invited him to take a nap on it. He protested against the nap, but could not refrain from stretching himself upon it for a few whiffs of the cigar. I asked him if he would not take half an hour's doze, provided I would awaken him at the end of that time. He positively refused, though he confessed that he had had no sleep for two days. While he was refusing to sleep he passed into slumber.

He had hardly fallen asleep before I had the paper from his belt. I read it and it proved to be a message to a general on another route just when and where to meet the corps on our road and march together toward Gettysburg. Leaving the young man sound asleep, I went outside, mounted his horse and galloped away northward.

It was evening when I reached the camp of one of the corps near Gettysburg and delivered to the general the dispatch. He read it with great interest and said that it indicated what the southern forces were intending. Then he sent it to the commander of the Federal army.

All was changed when I reached home. An army—or part of one—had swept over the place, but though the fences and other articles that could be moved were gone, the place was not injured beyond repair. Our buried valuables had not been disturbed. The officer from whom I had taken the dispatch had, of course, vanished. Notwithstanding the service I had rendered the Union cause my heart smote me for the position in which I had placed him.

Then a boom coming down on the north wind announced the great historic battle that proved to be the turning point of the war. For three days we listened to the booming, like distant thunder; then down the road came the Confederates in retreat. They did not stop, but we expected another visitation when the Federal army would follow them. This, however, did not occur at once.

The Confederates left numerous wounded men in the different houses along the route, and we all took hold to care for them. I was very busy preparing such articles as they needed. Several wounded men were quartered at our house, but I left them much of the time to the care of my mother and my aunt, while I devoted myself to the production and distribution of supplies. This led me to a great number of the neighboring houses.

One day I went to a farmhouse to leave some lint. When I entered the living room, where several wounded men were lying on cots, there, pale and helpless, lay the officer whom I had robbed. Though I had done a legitimate deed of war, I felt as guilty as if I had run a knife into him. Perhaps if I had met him strong and well I should have triumphed over him. As it was, I was seized with a desire to atone for what I had done.

I did not dare face him and beat a hasty retreat. But the next day, summoning my resolution, I returned and walked into the room where he was lying. He recognized me at once, but I did not receive the look of reproach,

of bitter antagonism that I deserved. "I presume," I said, "that you despise me?"

"Why should I despise you? All is fair in war." Then, with that pleasing smile with which he had greeted me the first time I saw him, he added, "and in love."

It would be impossible to express my feelings as I stood over him looking down upon him, that smile on his face, which grew sad as he thought of the disadvantage that had accrued to his cause through his yielding to the fatigue which had overcome him.

"Forgive me," I said.
"I have nothing to forgive."
"I will do what I can to atone for what I have done. I will nurse you back to health."

"I shall feel a pride in being nursed by so brave and energetic a woman."

I kept my pledge. I devoted as much of my time to him as I could spare from my work for his wounded comrades. And when he had recovered he declared that my tender care had saved his life.

Three years later he reminded me of my words, "I will do what I can to atone for what I have done," and declared that it would require a lifetime of devotion on my part to enable him to bear the position in which I had placed him with his commander and brother officers. I replied that my life would be devoted to that purpose.

We are now an aged and feeble couple. Our grandson is an officer in the United States army, and my husband participated in the war between his united country and the Spanish at the end of the last century.

Faultless in Preparation.—Unlike any other stomach regulator, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of long study of vegetable compounds calculated to stimulate the stomachic functions and maintain them at the normal condition. Years of use have proved their faultless character and established their excellent reputation. And this reputation they have maintained for years and will continue to maintain, for these pills must always stand at the head of the list of standard preparations.

Suspicious.
"Let me show you 'Love Letters of Wise Men,'" said the clerk in the book emporium.

"Are they signed?" asked the cautious bookworm.
"Yes, indeed; every one of them."
"Then they must be forgeries. Wise men never sign their names to love letters."

Incredible.
"I was talking with Professor Hooz last night. You know he's just back from an exploring expedition to central Africa."
"Did he make any important discoveries?"
"Well, he says he found a race of people so uncivilized that they had never even heard of moving pictures."

Box Trees of Aalsmeer.
Aalsmeer, Holland, is noted for its strawberries and the clipped box tree. This local industry, which has been brought to a perfection unknown elsewhere, has been carried on for at least 200 years, as the village records show. The nurseries are most curious and interesting. In the rich peaty soil box trees grow in every size and shape.

Practical Mother.
"That woman next door is a thoroughly practical woman. Hear that rumbly sound?"
"Yes. But what's practical about that?"

"Why, she's roller skating round her kitchen, taking off flesh and getting the baby to sleep at the same time."

Deduction.
"What conclusion did you draw from your study of that ancient Egyptian inscription?" asked the professor of archaeology.
"Why," replied the superficial student, "I decided that the old Egyptians had their comic artists the same as we have."

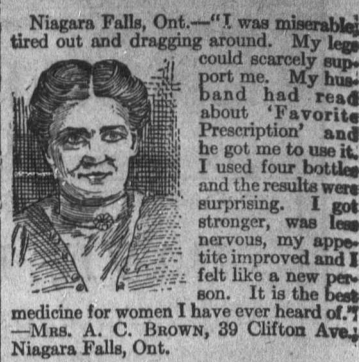
Hugging a Delusion.
Willie—Father, what does hugging a delusion mean? Father—Well, my boy, young Mr. Strong is an instance. He thinks your sister Clara is only twenty-two.

A Little Learning.
Walter—Will you have coffee, sir? Diner—Sure. Bring me a large demitasse.—Chicago Herald.

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Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

AN IMPORTANT LETTER FROM NIAGARA FALLS.



—Mrs. A. C. Brown, 39 Clifton Ave., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Niagara Falls, Ont.—"I was miserable, tired out and dragging around. My legs could scarcely support me. My husband had read about 'Favorite Prescription' and he got me to use it. I used four bottles and the results were surprising. I got stronger, was less nervous, my appetite improved and I felt like a new person. It is the best medicine for women I have ever heard of."
—Mrs. A. C. Brown, 39 Clifton Ave., Niagara Falls, Ont.

There is nothing that will bring comfort and renew hope to the invalid as surely as good news. When the vital forces are at a low ebb and everything seems useless, a ray of joy and assurance will stimulate the weary body to new effort and energy. A letter from a loved one has turned the tide in many a siege of sickness.

Doctor Pierce, of the 'Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., has good news for every suffering woman. Write him to-day and tell him your troubles, and he will send you just the right advice to restore you to health and bring back the roses to your cheeks, and without charge. His 'Favorite Prescription' has been the rescue of thousands of suffering women. Many grateful patients have taken Dr. Pierce's advice.

Mothers, if your daughters are weak, lack ambition, are troubled with headaches, lassitude and are pale and sickly, Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just what they need to surely bring the bloom of health to their cheeks and make them strong and healthy.

It is not a secret remedy because its ingredients are printed on wrapper. Sold in either tablet or liquid form.

WHITE OF THE MOON.

What Causes Fair Luna, in Its Color, to Rival Pure Snow?

The moon has no light of its own and shines through being illuminated by the sun. What sort of surface must the moon have to reflect the light so whitely as it does? This question is put forcibly in a letter to Nature from J. Evershed of Srinagar, Kashmir, who describes the moon as far whiter and more brilliant than the snow clad summits of the Himalayas when these are still lighted by the sun. He writes:

"Why does the moon appear so white if it is composed of rocks similar in reflecting power to those on the earth? The rock surface of the moon should reflect far less light than the cloudy surfaces of Venus and Jupiter, and it would be of interest if those who know would explain the apparent whiteness of the moon as seen in daylight."

"A direct comparison of the moon with terrestrial rock surfaces illuminated by sunlight is possibly to some extent vitiated by the superimposed blue light scattered by the intervening air, which may affect the color of the moon. Yet it is very difficult to believe that this can convert the gray and browns of rock surfaces into an almost pure white."

"On several occasions in this valley I have compared the waning moon, setting behind the Pir Panjal mountains and, of course, in full sunlight, with extensive snow fields. These snows are perhaps fifty miles distant, and there is a considerable amount of blue scattered light superposed on the snow, although less than on the moon. Also the light absorbed by the atmosphere is approximately and may be exactly the same for each if one considers the whole path of the light from sun to snow and thence to the observer. When the air is transparent enough to see the moon clearly it appears to me to be distinctly whiter than the snows, which seem dull and yellowish in comparison."

Mr. Evershed throws out the suggestion that the moon's surface may be covered with ice.

Concentration.
"My daughter," says the first mother proudly, "is the most popular girl in town. Why, we counted them up one day, and she has no less than fifty-three gentlemen admirers. Isn't that splendid! It must seem so very different to have a daughter like your Irene, who has but the one suitor."
"Yes," crisply retorts the other mother, "but I would beg you to remember that my daughter has landed her one beau, while your daughter is wondering which of the fifty-three is coming to the point."

"Peddler's Acre."
Lambeth "old" church has numerous historic monuments, and in one of the windows is the full length figure of a peddler with his pack, staff and dog. This is supposed to represent the unknown person who presented "Peddler's acre" to the parish upon condition that his portrait and that of his beloved canine companion should be preserved in the church and that his dog should be given a grave in consecrated ground.—London Saturday Review.