

TIRED, NERVOUS HOUSEWIFE TOOK VINOL

Now She is Strong and Well

Berkeley, Cal.—"I was nervous, irritable, no appetite, could not sleep, and was always tired, so my housework was a great effort. After many other medicines had failed Vinol built me up and made me strong. I have a good appetite and sleep well. Every nervous, weak, ailing woman should try it."—Mrs. N. Edmunds, 2107 Dwight Way, Berkeley, Cal.

We ask every nervous, weak, run-down, ailing woman in this town to try this cod liver and iron tonic on our guarantee to return their money if it fails to help them.

TAYLOR & SON, DRUGGISTS.

GET THE BEST. IT PAYS.

**ELLIOTT
Business College**

Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto.

Is noted throughout Canada for high grade business education. Great demand for our graduates. Open all year. Enter now. Write for Catalogue.

W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

**CENTRAL
Business College**

WATFORD, ONT.

Is recognized as one of the most reliable Commercial Schools in Canada. The instructors are experienced and the Courses are up-to-date. Graduates are placed in positions and they meet with success. Students may enter at any time.

WRITE AT ONCE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

D. A. McLACHLAN, Principal.

Sarnia Business College

has excellent facilities for fitting young people for business and office positions. Write for information.

W. F. MARSHALL, Principal.

PLUMBING

HEATING

TINSMITHING

Special attention to
repairing, etc

C. H. BUTLER

PHONE 85-2. WATFORD

A. D. HONE

Painter and Decorator
Paper Hanging

WATFORD - ONTARIO

GOOD WORK

PROMPT ATTENTION

REASONABLE PRICES

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

RESIDENCE—ST. CLAIR STREET

Broken Links

By A. W. PEACH

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Miss Copeland paused on her way down the dusky corridor and listened—there was no doubt in her mind that her suspicions of the past week were well founded. Thirteen years of city life—most of it spent in the boarding house which had been her only home—had not hardened nor driven away the deep, maternal tenderness which had gone out to many a wail which had drifted into the house.

She knew that in that room a girl was crying—weeping in the low, subdued, silent way that is ever significant of a breaking or homesick heart. She went on to the door of her room, and then paused again. She remembered the shy, refined, girlish woman, who with her young husband had come to the room early in the week. Something was wrong, greatly wrong; and quietly Miss Copeland turned back, ready to meet the insolent word, the dumb, impassive face of one who welcomes no kindly interference.

She knocked softly, but heard no answer; then she opened the door. She saw the slight form of a girl stretched on the bed, her dark hair in disarray, her eyes covered with slim hands, her shoulders heaving.

"My dear, may I help you in some way?" Miss Copeland asked gently. "I am simply an old maid living in the house when I am not a business woman. I wish I could help you," the older woman said, a bit eagerly, for the beauty of the girl, her evident refinement, and her grief, appealed to her.

"Thank you—but you cannot help me. I am afraid—and I must be brave." The girl sat up suddenly, brushing her dark hair into place. "But when Norman—he is my husband—is away, I have my blues out. He is trying so hard, and father has been so—so terribly unkind!" The tears seemed again to be coming.

Miss Copeland spoke hastily. "Now suppose you tell me about it. I am in charge of a number of girls in a great office—almost a mother confessor. See if I can't help in some way, will you?"

The dark eyes were wistful. "I have no mother I can remember—and I have wanted one so much—to talk to!"

"Then make believe I am your mother; you see, I am an old maid—but I love children. You see—I have suffered a little. I understand. So tell me. My name is Della Copeland." The girl clasped her hands tensely for a moment, then the tight fingers relaxed. "It's simple—it seems so, anyway. You see Norman and I learned to love each other. Father was angry. You see Norman worked in one of father's mills. He said I was too young—I know I am, but we loved each other, and the years don't count, do they?"

"No, my dear, love knows no faints," Miss Copeland answered faintly.

"I told father I would have more years to be happy with Norman. But he—he was stern, and harsh, and unkind. Then we learned he was planning to send Norman away—to South Africa. We—we simply couldn't stand that. I wanted Norman to marry me, right away; he wouldn't without father's consent, but father wouldn't even see him. Then he told me he was going to send me away. I told him I would not go—the dark eyes began to gleam, and the listener guessed that the father's spirit was in his child—that I would marry Norman. He told me I did not dare. I did."

The girl looked wearily toward the window. She went on, a bit more quietly:

"We were married. Father had Norman discharged. He refused to see me. I did not beg, nor shall I, though I know he loves me. The worst is, everywhere Norman goes for work in his special line father's influence stops him from securing it. Norman—oh, he has been so brave, so kind and so uncomplaining. He is trained in one kind of work, but he's trying to do what he can, and it's hard now."

"Have you asked your father to forgive you?" Miss Copeland asked hesitatingly.

The girl's slight form stiffened and the watcher saw the pride of race stern on her features. "Never! I shall never do that! He must ask us to return!"

Miss Copeland pondered a minute, her hopes sinking as she thought.

"Will you tell me your name?" she queried.

"Why, I should have told you. I'm

proud of it, Miss Copeland—Mrs. Norman Barker. My own name is Laurel Jeffery—father owns the Wellston mills."

A long silence fell between them. It was broken by steps that, approaching slowly, quickened as they neared the door. In came a tall, good-looking young man, whose gray eyes could not brighten the shadows beneath them.

He was introduced to Miss Copeland by a proud wife. Taking advantage of her first opportunity, Miss Copeland slipped out and hurried to her own room. There she stood in its silence and dusk, thinking. Finally she reached a decision.

"It is very foolish, very, very; but I shall go and see her father. Those brave, courageous young hearts must not suffer."

With her decision made, she sat in the dusk near the window of her room, dreaming—dreaming of a lost girlhood, an empty womanhood, and brooding on the gray and quiet years that lay before her—lonely paths for the walking of lonely feet.

The maid at the door softened her voice. "Mr. Jeffrey says that you must give your name and state your errand, please."

Miss Copeland smiled. "Tell him I have come over two hundred miles for five minutes of his time."

The maid hesitated, but went in. A moment later she returned smiling. "He is in the library, where you may see him."

Through the great hall she walked to the door where the maid stood and quietly entered the room.

A man of powerful build rose heavily from a chair, laid down his paper and lifted a strong, stern face. With lips parted he stood as if hypnotized, his gray eyes staring; then the harsh lines seemed swept from his face, a sudden overwhelming wonder and joy took their place. He stepped forward with outstretched hands.

"Della! Della! It is you—it is you—oh—"

"Yes, Stephen, it is I—but you must not hold my hand," she said, smiling faintly.

"I shall hold it until I am sure I have you here! Della, where have you been? Why have you come? Do you remember—"

"Stephen, are you so glad to see me?"

"Glad to see you! I have been hungry for the sight of your face for fifteen years! Why didn't you answer my letters? Why—" He stopped, making an effort to calm himself.

"Let's sit down," she suggested quietly. "Ah, Stephen, why bring back the old years and the old regrets? I was willing to marry you, you remember, but you didn't have the courage to go against your father's will. You remember, he would have nothing to do with me, you—"

"His voice was hoarse. "My God! If I only had had the courage! These years, Della, these years—years—of memories—" His head dropped. "I was a coward—but it's not too late, Della. You—why, the years have been kind to you—are you—"

"Married? No!" She shook her head sadly. "I couldn't—with my memories."

"Wait, Stephen. I came to see you. You say you wish you had opposed your father. Let me tell you something—"

She leaned over, and tenderly she told him of the young couple in the dingy boarding-house room, of the slight, brave young girl, of the young husband covering a dread of the future with a present smile. Then she told him their names.

He started to his feet. "My little girl—there! I wanted to teach them a lesson—I forgot my—lesson. I was a coward and—my God! I have paid for it." He turned to her. "I am going to put a call straight to your house—where is it?"

Her heart throbbled at his words. "Stephen, they will be wild with joy!" She gave him the call as she imagined the scene to be enacted in that far away room of despair.

He shouted the call into the telephone, brushing aside some remonstrance with an abrupt word. He clung to the receiver while he waited—a picture of eagerness.

"Then—'Hello! Laurel!'—'Father!'—'Yes, father!'—'I want you to come home! You and—Norman!'—'There—there—there—little girl!'—'Yes, pack up, and come'—'I've been a pig-headed ass'—'Yes, you bet we will!'—'Come right away!'"

He turned from the telephone. His eyes were quiet, his face calm. She thought as she watched him that the years had been kind, indeed, to him.

She rose, feeling as if into her heart had entered again the silence and the emptiness, while soon for him the last shadows would pass. "Now, I must go—"

He sprang up and laid his hands gently yet firmly upon her shoulders. His voice was vibrant, yet tender. "You are never going—never, Della, if I can keep you. Now that chance has brought you, no one lives who can

take you from me. I was too much of a coward once to take you, and you had too much pride to come to me; but, my dear, we simply must save something out of the years—they must not all be lost years. Don't you love me even a little?"

Her head sank. "Stephen, I have always loved you and always shall; but—very softly and very quietly—" "Youth is past—and the dreams of youth."

Putting his arm about her, he drew her to him. "I know, oh, I know, my dear, but youth is not all." His voice was shaking. "The springtime and summer have gone—but the Indian summer—let's enjoy it together!"

She looked up with tears in her eyes. "Yes, I forgot—there is Indian summer—Stephen—Stephen!"

Signs of a Good Time.

Mrs. Flatbush—"Did your children enjoy themselves at the neighbor's party yesterday?" Mrs. Bensonburst—"They must have. We've had a doctor twice to Beatrice and three times to Bobby today."—Yonkers Statesman.

Civilian Suffering.

"Didn't that wild demonstration upset your nerves?" "Completely. I'm suffering from rail shock."

Miller's Worm Powders prove their value. They do not cause any violent disturbances in the stomach, any pain or griping, but do their work quietly, so that the destruction of the worms is imperceptible. Yet they are thorough, and from the first dose their is improvement in the condition of the sufferer and an entire cessation of manifestations of internal trouble.

We imported over \$400,000,000 worth of goods or products from the United States last year. The C. T. C. thinks that by a little extra effort these could be produced in Canada.

The value of the British trade preference to goods from within the Empire, now actually working, means millions of dollars to Canada. "The Canadian public apparently have not grasped the significance of this yet," is one statement made to the Canadian Trade Commission.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had. m

Our Aim—Satisfaction WATFORD SHAVING and HAIRDRESSING PARLORS

Hot Baths and Laundry agency in connection.
Dry Cleaning a Specialty.
Razors Honed.

W. N. FLEETHAM - Proprietor.
Successor to B. E. Fulcher.

CHANNY FARM

Do you want to increase your egg supply? Try a few utility Black Leghorn Eggs, only \$1.50 per 15; special rates for 100 or more. Hand-some, hardy and regular "egg machines." An ideal farm fowl. Or are you aiming at a good table fowl and winter layer? Try the Silver Grey Dorking. Cockerels 9 to 10 lbs. at 6 months. Can spare a few settings only.
ED de GEX, Kerwood P.O.

INSURANCE

J. H. HUME.

AGENT FOR
FIRE, ACCIDENT AND SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES.
REPRESENTING
Five Old and Reliable Fire Insurance Companies

If you want your property insured, call on J. H. HUME and get his rates.

—ALSO AGENT FOR—
P. R. Telegraph and Canada Permanent Loan and Saving Co.

Ticket Agent For C. P. R.—Ticket to all points in Manitoba, Northwest and British Columbia

THE LAMBTON

Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

(Established in 1875)
JOHN W. KINGSTON - PRESIDENT
JAMES SMITH - VICE-PRESIDENT
ALBERT C. MINNELLY - DIRECTOR
THOMAS LITHGOW - DIRECTOR
GULFORD BUTLER - DIRECTOR
JOHN PETER McVICAR - DIRECTOR
JOHN COWAN K. C. - SOLICITOR
J. F. ELLIOTT - FIRE INSPECTORS
ROBERT J. WHITE - AUDITORS
ALEX. JAMIESON - AUDITORS
P. J. McEWEEN - AUDITORS
W. G. WILLOUGHBY, MANAGER AND Watford.
SEC.-TREASURER
PETER McPHEDRAN, Wanstead P. O. Agent for Warwick and Plympton.

IT'S SIMPLY MARVELLOUS

the way Zam-Buk relieves the burning and irritation of eczema," writes Miss A. Gallant, of St. Nicholas, P.E.I. "For a year I suffered with this disease, and tried all kinds of remedies, but nothing helped me until I used Zam-Buk. The continued use of this herbal balm has completely cured me. "Although it is now two years since this cure was effected, there has been no return of the disease." Zam-Buk is equally good for ringworm, scalp sores, pimples, boils, teething rash, "barber's rash," ulcers, old sores, abscesses, bad legs, blood-poisoning, piles, cuts, burns, scalds and bruises. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25.

Zam-Buk

Auctioneer

J. F. ELLIOT.

Licensed Auctioneer
For the County of Lambton.

PROMPT attention to all orders, reasonable terms. Orders may be left at the Guide-Advocate office.

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., opposite Bell Telephone Central. Residence—Front street, one block east of Main street.

C. W. SAWERS, M. D.
WATFORD, ONT.

FORMERLY OF NAHIER) OFFICE—Main Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kelly. Phone 15 A. Residence—Ontario street, opposite Mr. A. McDonnell's. Night calls Phone 13B.

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 26.

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 Thursday, of each month.

G. N. HOWDEN
D. D. S., L. D. S.

GRADUATE of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, 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. Sidall's office

Do you consider your bread a Luxury as well as a Necessity? If so, then you want the best. Our ever-increasing trade and satisfied customers are reasons why you will not be disappointed if you give us a trial.

Now is the time for Weddings and your wedding will not be complete unless you have one of our cakes.

F. H. Lovell

BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM PARLORS

Boost W. S. Stamps.