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ing it from his hand. "Why-why, I never thought to ask her," the man admitted. "Have you a trunk check, Car'lyn?" "They sent you up here with only that bag?" Mr. Stagg said with some exasperation. "Haven't you got any

clothes but those you stand in?"

Carolyn

of the

Corners

By

RUTH BELMORE

ENDICOTT

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(Continued from page 6.)

Aunty Lose seemed to take some

time to digest this; but she made no further comment in regard to the mat-

ter, only saying:
"Let us go into the house, Car'lyn

May. You must take off your hat and bathe your face and hands." Carolyn May Cameron followed the

stately figure of Aunty Rose Kennedy into the blue-and-white kitchen of the

old house, with something of the feel-ing of a culprit on the way to the

Such a big kitchen as it was! The little girl thought it must be almost as big as their whole apartment in

Hariem "put together."

The little girl took off her plain black hat, shook back her hair and patted it smooth with her hands, then

plunged her hands and face into the

was all washed away and a fresh glow came into her flowerlike face. Aunty

Such a dignified, upright, unrespon-

sive woman as she seemed standing there! And so particular, neat and

Carolyn May, as she dried her face

and hands, heard a familiar whine at

the door. It was Prince. She won-

dered if she had at all broken the ice

for him with Aunty Rose.
"Oh," the little girl mused, "I won-

Her what she will say to a mongorel."

CHAPTER IL

Going to Bed.

Mr. Stagg had fastened Prince's strap to the porch rail and he now came in with the bag.

seph Stagg?" asked Aunty Rose, tak-

"Is that all the child's baggage, Jo-

immaculate was this kitchen !-

drawn for her at the sink.

Rose watched her silently.

sin of cool water Aunty Rose had awn for her at the sink. The dust

"Mrs. Price said—said they weren't suitable," explained the little girl. "You see, they aren't black."

"Oh!" exploded her uncle.
"You greatly lack tact, Joseph Stagg," said Aunty Rose, and the hard-ware dealer cleared his throat loudly as he went to the sink to perform his pre-supper ablutions. Carolyn May not understand just what the woman meant.

"Ahem!" said Uncle Joe gruffly, "S'pose I ought t've read that letter before. What's come of it, Car'lyn

May?" But just then the little girl was so deeply interested in what Aunty Rose was doing that she failed to hear him. Mrs. Kennedy brought out of the pan-

LY & Lin Die Diate, on which work scraps of meat and bread, besides a goodly marrow bone.

"If you think the dog is hungry, Car'lyn May," she said, "you would better give him this before we break our fast."

"Oh, Aunty Rose!" gasped the little girl, her sober face all a-smile. "He'll be de-light-ed."

She carried the pan out to Prince. When the door closed again, Mrs. Kennedy went to the stove and instantly, with the opening of the oven, the rush of delicious odor from it made Carolyn May's mouth fairly

Such flaky biscuit—two great pans full of the brown beauties! Mr. Stagg sat down at the table and actually,

smiled. The little girl took her indicated place at the table timidly.
"Joseph Stagg," said Aunty Rose,

sitting down, "ask a blessing."
Uncle Joe's harsh voice seemed suddenly to become gentle as he rever-

ently said grace. Stagg was in haste to eat and get back to the store. "Or that Chet Gormley will try to make a meal off some of the hardware, I guess," he

said gloomily. "Oh, dear me, Uncle Joe!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "If he did that, he'd die of indignation."

auigestion," agreed her uncle.

Aunty Rose did not even smile. "Bless me!" Mr. Stagg exclaimed

Aunty Rose? That yaller letter?" "A telegram for you, Joseph Stage," replied the old lady composedly.
"Well!" muttered the hardware fealer, and Carolyn May wondered if he were not afraid to express just the emotion he felt at that instant. His

suddenly. "What's that on the mantel,

face was red and he got up clumsily to secure the sealed message. "Who brought it, and when?" he asked finally, having read the law-yer's night letter.

"A boy. This morning," said Aunty Rose, utterly calm. "And I never saw it this noon," grumbled the hardware dealer.

Mrs. Kennedy quite ignored any

suggestion of impatience in Mr. Stagg's oice or manner. But he seemed to lose taste for his supper after reading the telegram.

"Where is the letter that this Mr. Price wrote and sent by you, Car-lyn?" he asked as he was about to depart for the store. The little girl asked permission to

leave the table and then ran to open her bag. Mr. Stagg said doubtfully: "I s'pose you'll have to put her some-where—for the present. Don't see what else we can do, Aunty Rose.

"You may be sure, Joseph Stagg, that her room was ready for her a week ago," Mrs. Kennedy rejoined, quite unruffled. The surprised hardware dealer

gurgled something in his throat.
"What room?" he finally stammered. "That which was her mother's, Hanaah Stagg's room. It is next to mine and she will come to no harm there." "Hannah's!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg.
"Why, that ain't been slept in since she went away."

"It is quite fit, then," said Aunty "that it should be used for her child. Trouble nothing about things that do not concern you, Joseph Stagg," she added with, perhaps, additional sternness.

Carolyn May did not hear this. She now produced the letter from her law-

"There it is. Uncle Joe." she said. "I-I guess he tells you all about me

"Hum!" said the hardware man, clearing his throat and picking up his "I'll read it down at the store." "Shall—shall I see you again to-night, Uncle Joe?" the little girl asked

wistfully. "You know, my bedtime's half-past eight." "Well, if you don't see me tonight again, you'll be well cared for, I

haven't a doubt," said Uncle Joe shortly, and went out. Carolyn May went soberly back to

her chair. She did not eat much more. Somehow there seemed to be a big lump in her throat past which she could not force the food. As the dusk fell, the spirit of loneliness gripped e tears pooled be eyelids, ready to pour over her cheeks at the least "joggle." Yet she was not usually a "cry-baby" girl.

Aunty Rose was watching her more closely than Carolyn May supposed. After her third cup of tea she arose and began quietly clearing the table. The newcomer was nodding in her place, her blue eyes clouded with sleep

and unhappiness. "It is time for you to go to bed, Car'lyn May," said Aunty Rose firmly. "I will show you the room Hannah Stagg had for her own when she was

"Thank you, Aunty Rose," said the

little girl humbly.

She picked up the bag and followed the stately old woman into the back hall and up the stairway into the ell. Carolyn May saw that at the foot of the stairs was a door leading out upon the porch where Prince was now mov-

ing about uneasily at the end of his leash. She would have liked to say "good night" to Prince, but it seem better not to mention this feeling to

The fading hues of sunset in the sky gave the little girl plenty of light to undress by. She thought the room very beautiful, too.

you need any help, child?" asked Mrs. Kennedy, standing in her soldierly manner in the doorway. If was dusky there and the little girl could not see her face. "Oh, no, ma'am," said Carolyn May

faintly. "Very well," said Aunty Rose an

turned away. Carolyn May stood in the middle of the room and listened to her descending footsteps. Aunty Rose had not even bidden her good Like a marooned sailor upon a des-

ert island the little girl went about exploring the bedroom which was to be hers—and which had once been her mother's. That fact helped greatly.
Then she looked at the high, puffy bed.
"How ever can I get into it?" sighed

Carolyn May.

She had to stand upon her tiptoes in her fluffy little bedroom slippers to pull back the quilt and the blanket and sheet underneath it. The bed was just a great big bag of feathers!

the little girl. "And if I do get inte and down till I'm buried, and won't ever be able to get up in the morn

The window was open and she went to it and looked out. A breath of honeysuckle blew in. Then, below, op the porch, she heard the uneasy movements of Prince. And he whined. "Oh, poor Princey! He doesn't now what's become of me," thought

Carolyn May.

Downstairs, in the great kitclen,
Aunty Rose was stepping back and
forth, from table to sink, from sink to dresser, from dresser to pantry. As the daylight faded she lit the lamp which swung from the ceiling and gave light to all the room.

It would have been impossible for the wisest person to guess what were the thoughts in Aunty Rose's mind. A glad little yelp from the dog tied to the rail of the perch sounded sud-Even Aunty Rose could not mistake that cry of welcome and she knew very little about dogs—to their credit, at least. She had heard no other suspicious sound, but now she crossed the room with firm tread and opened the porch door. Yes, a little white figure was down there hugging the whining mongrel. Carolyn May's tearful face was

raised from Prince's rough neck. "Oh, Aunty Rose! Oh, Aunty Rose!" she sobbed. "I just had to say good night to somebody. Edna's mother came and heard our prayers and tucked us into my bed after my papa and mamma went away. So it didn't seem

"But tonight-why! tonight there isn't anybody cares whether I go to bed or not! But Prince! Prince, he knows just how-how empty I feel? "You would better come in now and

wash your face and hands again be-fore going to bed. That dog has been lapping them with his tongue. Sobbing, the little girl obeyed. Then she would have gone back up the stairs without a word had not Aunty

Rose spoken. "Come here, Carolyn May," she said quite as sternly as before.

The little girl approached her. The

old lady sat in one of the straightest of the straight-backed chairs, her hands in her comfortable lap. The wet blue eyes were raised to her comed face timidly.

"If you wish to say your prayers here, before going upstairs, you may, Carolyn May," she said.

"Oh, may I?" gasped the little girl. She dropped her hands into Aunty Rose's lap. Somehow they found those larger, comforting hands and cuddled into them as the little girl sank to her knees on the braided mat.

If the simple "Now I lay me" was familiar to Aunty Rose's ear from long ago she gave no sign. When the



If the Simple "Now I Lav Me" Was Familiar to Aunty Rose's Ear She Gave

earnest little voice added to the for mal supplication a desire for the blessing of "Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose" the latter's countenance retained its

She asked a blessing upon all her friends, including the Prices, and even Prince. But it was after that she put the timid question to Aunty Rose that proved to be almost too much for that good woman's studied calm.

"Aunty Rose, do you s'pose I might ask God to bless my mamma and papa, even if they are lost at sea? Somehow I don't think it would seem so lonesome if I could keep that in my prayer."

CHAPTER III.

"Well-She'll Be a Nulsance." Mr. Joseph Stagg, going down to his store, past the home and carpenter shop of Jedidiah Parlow, at which he did not even look, finally came to his disturbed had he been by the arrival of his little niece that he forgot to

question and cross-question young Chetwood Gormley regarding the possible customers that had been in the store during his absence.

"And I tell you what I think, motion," Chet said, with his mouth full, as supper that evening. "I think he coming's going to bring about changes, Yes, ma'am!"

Mrs. Gormley was a faded little woman—a widow—who went out sewing for better-to-do people in Sunrise Cove. She naturally thought her box Chetwood a great deal smarter than other people thought him.

"You know, mother," he said, out this evening of the arrival of Caroline.

this evening of the arrival of Carolys May, "I never have seen any great chance to rise, workin' for Mr. J Stagg."

"But he pays you, Chet," his mothe "Yep. I know. Don't be afraid I'll leave him till I see something better." he reassured her, "But I might be clerkin' for him till the cows come home and never see more'n six or eight dollars a week. But now it's apt to be different."

"How different, Chet?" she asked "You know Mr. Stagg's as hard a nails—as hard as the goods he sells," declared the gawky boy. "Mind you he don't do nothin' mean. That ain's his way. But he don't seem to have a mite of interest in anything but his shop. Now, it seems to me, this little niece is bound to wake him up. He calls her 'Hannah's Car'lyn.'

"Hannah Stagg was his only sister." said Mrs. Gormley softly. "I rem

"And she's just died, or something and left this little girl," Chet continued. "Mr. Stagg's bound to think of something now besides business. And mebbe he'll need me more. And I'll get a chance to show him I'm worth something to him. So, by and by, he'll put me forward in the business," said the boy, his homely face glowing. "Who knows? Mebbe it'll be Stagg & Cormley over the deer see that Gormley over the door one of the Stranger things have

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Perhaps even Chetwood's assurance would have been quenched had he just then known the thoughts in the hardware merchant's mind. Mr. Stagg sat in his back office poring over the letter written by his brother-in-law's lawyer friend, a part of which read:

From the above recital of facts you will plainly see, being a man of business your-self, that Mr. Cameron's financial affairs self, that Mr. Cameron's financial affairs were in a much worse condition when he went away than he himself dreamed of.

I immediately looked up the Stone-bridge Bullding and Loan association. Is is even more moribund than the papers state. The fifteen hundred dollars Mr. Cameron put into it from time to time might just as well have been dropped integheses.

You know he had only his salary as

You know he had only his salary off decent to him, when they saw his health breaking down, to offer him the chance of going to the Mediterranean as correspondent. He was to furnish articles on "The Debris of a World War"—stories of the peaceful sections of Europe which have to care for the human wrecks from the bat-tlefields.

care for the numer.

It rather cramped Mr. Cameron's immediate resources for your sister to go with him, and he drew ahead on his services in the service of It rather cramped Mr. Cameron's immediate resources for your sister to go with him, and he drew shead on his expense and salary account. I know that Mrs. Cameron feared to allow him to go alone across the ocean. He was really in a bad way; but she proposed to comeback immediately on the Dunraven if he improved on the voyage across.

Their means really did not allow of their taking the child; the steamship company would not hear of a half-fare for her. She is a nice little girl, and my wife would have been glad to keep her longer, but in the end she would have to go to-you, as, I understand, there are no other relatives.

Joh, as, I understand, there are no other relatives. Of course the flat is here, and the furniture. If you do not care to come on to attend to the matter yourself, I will de the best I can to dispose of either or both, Mr. Cameron had paid a year's rent in advance-rather an unwise thing, I thought—and the term has still tem months to run. He did it so that his wife, in her return from abroad, might have yo worry on her mind. Perhaps the flat might be sublet, furnished, to advantage. You might state your pleasure regarding this.

this.

You will see, by the copy of your brother-in-law's will that I enclose, that you have been left in full and sole possession and guardianship of his property and affairs, including Carolyn May.

And if somebody had shipped him a crocodile from the Nile Joseph Stags would have felt little more at a loss as to what disposal to make of the creature than he felt now regarding his little niece

'Well-she'll be a nuisance; an aw ful nuisance," was his final comment, with a mountainous sigh.

Thus far, Aunty Rose Kennedy's at titude towards the little stranger had been the single pleasant disappoint ment Mr. Stagg had experienced. Aunty Rose was an autocrat. Joseph Stagg had never been so comfortable in his life as since Mrs. Kennedy had taken up the management of his home, But he stood in great awe of her.

He put the lawyer's letter in the For once he was unable to respond to a written communication promptly. Although he wore that band of crepe on his arm he could not actually realize the fact that his sister

Hannah was dead. any time these fifteen years he